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THE

ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

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A HISTORY OF THE WAR

BETWEEN

GREAT BRITAIN AND THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,

DURING THE YEARS 1812, 1813, & 1814.

"Ferrum quo graves Persæ melius perirent."

INTRODUCTORY CHAPTERS ON THE CAUSES OF THE WAR.

CHAPTER I.

From the Berlin Decree to the close of Mr. Jefferson's Second Administration.

21st Nov., 1806..........3rd March, 1809.

Preliminary remarks. An historical narrative which wilfully offends against truth, or distorts it to serve party purposes, is an imposture; and one that is devoid of feeling is a skeleton: the one, unprincipled; the other, spiritless and forbidding. We, in the discharge of our humble office, will strive to eschew both; keeping clear, to the best of our ability, of the lively, but prejudiced and disingenuous political pamphlet, on the one hand; and of the dry and meagre outline of the mere annalist, on the other. We write, jealously observant of truth, so far as we can discern it; but, at the same time, we are not ashamed to confess that we write with emotion,—as from the heart,—and a heart too, which, to its last pulsation, will remain true, we hope, to the glorious British constitution. To tell of gradual estrangement and final collision, where nature herself, no less than interest, urged to close alliance; to recite the afflicting details of war, where peace, to either side, was in an eminent degree prosperity, happiness, and wisdom; —this is our undertaking, and the occasion of it we well may, as we do, most conscientiously deplore. In such a strife of brothers, victory, even on our own side, is not recorded without pain,—the pain which a man feels when he discovers that the errors of human conduct have given him an enemy where, in the ties of common language and race, Divine Providence, he might argue, had designed that he should find a friend. The late war with the United States, is not the only contest in the world's history, which warns us that the permanent peace of nations, is not to be implicitly trusted to the mere physical circumstance of their being "*gentes unius labii*;" yet the consciousness that we have fought, even in self-defence, with those who speak the same tongue and claim the same lineage with ourselves, will be felt to damp the ardor of triumph in the moment of victory, and to cloud its remembrance afterwards. To this feeling we are not insensible; yet, at the same time, it would be affectation in us to disguise the satisfaction we derive from the conviction that the War of 1812 was attended with, at least, one good result. It shewed that Canada, as to her deliberate preference of British connection, and her devotion to the British throne, was sound to the heart's core. By declaimers in Congress—who refused to hear the voice of reason from the just and sensible minority in that Legislature —the loyalty of Canada was impeached,—spoken of as a thing of nought, to be corrupted

by the first offered bribe, detached from its hollow adherence to British rule by the first military proclamation, or daunted by the first gleam of the Republican bayonets. Transported with the genuine spirit of democratic inebriation, these Congress declaimers were never able, for a moment, to entertain the idea of loyalty, superior to all the arts and enchantments of democratic seduction, growing up to any extent under the mild and equitable and parental rule of Great Britain:—of filial love incorruptible, inseparably weaving itself round the time-honored institutions of a monarchy popular, free, and engrossing the hearts of its subjects. Disaffection, in their judgment, prevailed far and wide in Canada: disaffection, according to their confident but not very statesman-like vaticinations, was to afford them an easy conquest. The mass of our population were to rush into their arms: very different was the spirit which our invaders, when they crossed the line, found amongst us,—-they found a spirit, not fondly anticipating their embrace, but sternly prepared to grapple with them in mortal conflict; not pliant for proselytism, but nerved for battle; and they found that spirit (we say it not in bitterness, but we say it with honest pride), they found that spirit too much for them. Their invasion was repelled; and with it were repelled likewise their groundless imputations against the fidelity and attachment of the Canadas to the parent state.

Thus had Canada the credit of contributing her quota to the brilliant evidence which history supplies—in patriotic struggles and sacrifices such as the peasant-warfare of the Tyrol, and the conflagration of Moscow—that monarchy may evoke in its behalf a spirit of chivalrous devotion, and implant a depth of religious faith, equal even in the strength and vigor and courage of the moment, to democratic fervor, and infinitely superior to it in sustained effort and patient endurance.

As to the gallant spirit and the bold deeds of our adversaries, sorry should we be—with our eyes open to their merit—to depreciate them as they, in their imperfect knowledge of us, depreciated our loyalty. Whilst we frankly bear testimony to their skill and their valor, on the lakes and sea more especially; whilst we confess that the energy and the success with which they worked their diminutive navy commanded the respect, and even awakened the fears of Great Britain; we do not forget that their enterprise by land ended in discomfiture, and that Canada was greatly instrumental to that discomfiture. It was by the side of a mere handful of British troops that our Canadian militia achieved the expulsion of the invading foe; and, what is more, we do not regard it as an extravagant supposition that, had the Mother Country been unable to send them a single soldier, but regular officers only, to discipline and lead them, their own true hearts and strong arms—so thoroughly was their spirit roused—would, unaided, have won the day. Be this as it may; Canada did her part, and nobly too. Far be it from us to think of casting away or of unworthily hiding the laurels which she has gained; though most sincere is our desire to interweave with them for aye the olive branch of peace. Many of her native sons who took up arms in her defence, are still living amongst us, honored as they deserve to be; and so long as they shall be spared to us (and may Almighty God spare them long), we trust that political vicissitude will not bring them the mortification of seeing the great principle of British supremacy for which they bore the musket and drew the sword, falling into anything like general disrepute. And when, in obedience to the common destiny of men, they shall have been removed, may their spirit long survive them, animating the bosoms of an equally gallant and loyal race in generations yet unborn, and cherished as a pearl of great price by an affectionate mother country, in "the adoption and steady prosecution of a good system of colonial government."

We proceed now to take up, in the order of time, the causes of the war.

The Berlin Decree, 21st November, 1806.

Placed in a position of power, apparently impregnable, by his recent victory of Jena (14th Oct., 1806), which left the Prussian monarchy prostrate at his feet: but smarting still with the galling memory of Trafalgar, the French Emperor deemed the opportunity afforded by the complete humiliation of Prussia favorable for returning, as fiercely and as fully as he could, the terrible blow inflicted by Great Britain in the annihilation of his navy. Dis-

bled from attempting his revenge where the ruinous catastrophe had befallen him,—on the sea, from which his fleets had been swept by the skill and courage and maritime genius of his island-foe; he put forth the full strength of his passionate nature and his prodigious energies to accomplish on the land, where his arms had been hitherto irresistable, those plans for the destruction of British commerce, which —as Mr. Alison has described them—were owing to "no momentary burst of anger or sudden fit of exultation; but the result of much thought and anxious deliberation." These plans were embodied in the famous manifesto which is known by the name of "the Berlin Decree," having been issued on the 21st November, 1806, from the subjugated court of the unfortunate King of Prussia.

The Berlin Decree is an ordinance familiar to all, mainly through the medium of Mr. Alison's widely circulated history; but in order to make our present publication as complete in itself as we can, we will introduce the eleven articles of the Decree,* as they appear in that admirable work to which, no less than to its own extraordinary pretensions, the Berlin Decree is likely to be indebted for immortality.

Rigorous execution of the Decree.

It is undoubtedly correct to consider Buonaparte's anathema against British commerce as being, in one sense, extravagant and frantic, for it introduced a system of warfare unparalleled in the annals of civilized nations, and the menaces it expressed very far exceeded the ability of its author to carry them out. It is, however, quite contrary to fact, to represent it as a mere ebullition of rage, and a proceeding utterly Quixotic and impracticable. It said, in effect, to Great Britain,—"The French Emperor declares that you shall have no trade;" and, although the extinction of British trade was greatly beyond his power, there is no question that he was able to inflict upon it, and did inflict upon it, serious damage. The Berlin Decree was far from being a vapoury threat. It did not, by any means, resolve itself into empty air, but was rigorously executed; and the losses known to have been suffered under its operation were in many instances extremely severe. In the Hans Towns, for example, the proprietors of English merchandise were glad to be allowed to compound for their valuable goods with the large payment of £800,000. The Berlin Decree obviously, then, was not—as politicians in the United States would have it—a dead letter.

British Order in Council: 7th Jan. 1807.

Pressed by this unusual and threatening emergency, the British Ministry were evidently forced to adopt defensive measures. Accordingly, on the 7th January, 1807, the Order in Council, which will be found in the note below,* was issued,—being the first of those

* See Decree at end of chapter.

* BRITISH ORDER OF COUNCIL.

At the Court at the Queen's Palace, January 7, 1807.

PRESENT,

The King's Most Excellent Majesty in Council.

"Whereas the French Government has issued certain orders, which, in violation of the usages of war, purport to prohibit the commerce of all neutral nations with his majestys dominions; and also to prevent such nations from trading with any other country in any articles the growth, produce, or manufacture of his majesty's dominions; and whereas the said Government has also taken upon itself to declare all his Majesty's dominions to be in a state of blockade, at a time when the fleets of France and her allies are themselves confined within their own ports, by the superior valour and discipline of the British navy; and whereas such attempts on the part of the enemy would give to his majesty an unquestionable right of retaliation, and would warrant his majesty in enforcing the same prohibition of all commerce with France, which that power vainly hopes to effect against the commerce of his majesty's snbjects, a prohibition which the superiority of his majesty's naval forces might enable him to support, by actually investing the ports and coasts of the enemy with numerous squadrons and cruisers, so as to make the entrance or approach thereto manifestly dangerous; and whereas his majesty, though unwilling to follow the example of his enemies, by proceeding to an extremity so distressing to all nations not engaged in the war, and carrying on their accustomed trade, yet feels himself bound by a due regard to the just defence of the rights and interests of his people, not to suffer such measures to be taken by the enemy, without taking some steps on his part to restrain this violence, and to return upon them the evils of their own injustice; his majesty is thereupon pleased, by and with the advice of his privy council, to order, and it is hereby ordered, that no vessel shall be permitted to trade from one port to another, both which ports shall belong to, or be in the possession of France or her allies, or shall be so far under their control as that British vessels may not freely trade thereat; and the commanders of his majesty's ships of war and privateers shall be, and are hereby instructed to warn every neutral vessel coming from any such port, and destined to another such port, to discontinue her voyage, and not to proceed to

two memorable Orders which, unhappily, contributed to aggravate the prejudices previously entertained against Great Britain by a large majority of the inhabitants of the United States, and supplied the ostensible, but—as circumstances, to be hereafter noticed, entitle us to argue—not the real ground for the War of 1812. It is well to bear in mind that this Order was not the production of a Tory Ministry; but of a Whig Cabinet, headed by Mr. Fox,—a man who will hardly be charged with any bias towards the arbitrary exercise of the influence and power of the British Crown. It is still more important to remark that, when Mr. Munroe, the United States Minister in London, communicated the Order to his government, he did so with comments expressive of concurrence and satisfaction. "The spirit of this Order," observes Mr. Alison, "was to deprive the French, and all the nations subject to their control, which had embraced the Continental system, of the advantages of the coasting trade in neutral bottoms: and, considering the much more violent and extensive character of the Berlin Decree, there can be no doubt that it was a very mild and lenient measure of retaliation."

The Order in Council though strictly just, not perhaps the best course open to the British Government.

The issuing of the Order in Council, though just and defensible, was, perhaps, an infelicitous proceeding. The British Government might have tried instead one or other of two expedients, either of which, as matters turned out, would probably have answered better than that which was adopted. If they would not have been justified in treating the Emperor's fulmination with contempt; they might—on the one hand—have paused, at least, to ascertain whether neutral powers would acquiesce in his furious enactment. This would have put the United States to the test. Had they acquiesced, their French sympathies would have stood confessed, and the pretext of a grievance—not discovered until an interval of some months had elapsed*—in the Order in Council, would have been completely shut out; had they remonstrated; that would have been taking part with justice, and Buonaparte might have given way. Or—on the other hand—the boldest course of all might have been pursued, and the whole strength of our irresistible navy sent to lay waste the French coast from Ostend to Bayonne, which would soon have brought Buonaparte to reason, and made him consider deliverance from such a scourge—the severity of which he had good cause to know and dread—cheaply purchased by the abrogation of his Decree. The British Government, however, resolved on a middle course; and published the "Order in Council," which, whilst it was insufficient to repel the violence of the enemy, assisted afterwards to bring on collision with a neutral power. Still—as we have said. and will repeat—the Order in Council, if it were comparatively feeble and inefficient, stands nevertheless, as to justice, on a position perfectly unassailable.

The United States raise no voice against Buonaparte's Decree.

The alternative of observant inactivity might have been tried at the outset; but certainly could not have been long maintained; and must have given place soon to energetic resistance. Whilst the Berlin Decree was being unsparingly executed, the neutral nations of Denmark, Portugal, and the United States—by abstaining from remonstrance—received it, as we are warranted in considering, with at least silent acquiescence. The silence of the United States is the more to be deplored, because that country—remote from the theatre of war, and completely secure from any attempt of Buonaparte to shut up its ports—might have spoken out in frank and honest terms with safety. It is to be regretted, however, that the current of public feeling had already begun to set the other way. When tidings of the first aggression on the part of the French Emperor reached them, no voice

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any such port; and any vessel, after being so warned, or any vessel coming from any such port, after a reasonable time shall have been afforded for receiving information of this his majesty's orders which shall be found proceeding to another such port, shall be captured and brought in, and, together with her cargo, shall be condemned as lawful prize. And his majesty's principal secretaries of state, the lords commissioners of the admiralty, and the judges of the high court of admiralty, and courts of vice admiralty, are to take the necessary measures herein as to them shall respectively appertain.

W. Fawkener.

* The first notice of it is to be found in the President's angry message of October 27, 1807.

of public indignation was raised; no authoritative document emanated from the government indicating, even indirectly and in the mildest terms, their sense of the outrage which had been committed by the oppressor and trampler of Europe. Not a word even of expostulation was breathed by the great North American republic—independent as it was of Napoleon's iron-handed despotism, and deeply interested in British commerce; until the arm of French violence fell heavily on the ships of its own citizens; and, even then,—although confiscation followed on confiscation, and millions of francs accruing from the sequestration of American property enriched the French treasury,—the tone adopted by the President of the United States towards the French government, though petulant enough, was gentle and plaintive and supplicatory, compared with the strong and angry language frequently addressed from Washington to ministers and plenipotentiaries of Great Britain.

The affair of the Chesapeake, 22d June, 1807.

Whilst dissatisfaction was thus too evidently increasing on the part of the Government and inhabitants of the United States, an inauspicious enforcement of the right of search, by H. M. ship Leopard, against the American frigate, Chesapeake, contributed still further to agitate the public mind.

As it was known that several British seamen had deserted from different ships and vessels of H. M. navy, whilst lying at anchor in Hampton Roads, Va., and that, after the whole body of the deserters had openly paraded the streets of Norfolk, under the American flag, and protected by the Magistrates of the town, four of them, at least, had been received on board the U. S. frigate Chesapeake, Admiral Berkeley, then in command of the North American station, issued instructions for their requisition and removal,—the deserters having been previously demanded, but without effect, by the British Consul at Norfolk, as well as by the Captains of the ships from which they had deserted. About one month after the issuing of these instructions,—afterwards disavowed by the British Government, as an improper extension of the right of search to armed vessels,—Captain Humphries, of H. M. ship Leopard, 74 guns, on the 22nd June, followed the Chesapeake to sea, off Cape Henry, and in a few hours came up with her. On being hailed by the Leopard, and receiving an intimation that the Captain of that ship desired to send a message on board the Chesapeake, the commander of the latter vessel, Commodore Barron, hove to; whereupon a letter was sent by Captain Humphries, covering an order from Admiral Berkeley, in which the men known to have been received into the American frigate, and alleged to be deserters from the Melampus, were designated by name and claimed. Compliance with the order was refused by Commodore Barron, who replied by letter to Captain Humphries, denying that he had the men, intimating his unwillingness to permit the search, and adding that his crew could not be mustered for examination by any other officers than his own. Captain Humphries, on receiving this reply, fired a broadside into the Chesapeake, to which the latter vessel returned a few shots, in a confused manner; the Leopard then repeating her fire, the American frigate struck her colors. A boat was then put off from the Leopard; and the men were discovered and removed. In this affair the Chesapeake had three men killed and eighteen wounded, amongst the latter of whom was Commodore Barron; besides which the damage done to her hull and masts was considerable. The captured deserters were taken to Halifax and tried; and one of them, being found guilty of piracy and mutiny, was hanged. It is a circumstance worthy of notice,—as evincing on the part of the U. S. navy at the time a spirit gallant and resolute enough, though too irascible,—that Commodore Barron was censured and suspended soon afterwards by a naval court, for not preparing his vessel more fully for action, when there was sufficient time to do so, and thus incapacitating himself from making more than the slight and very ineffective resistance which he offered

This collision between the two vessels was specially unfortunate at such a juncture; but the hasty proceeding of the President of the United States served to make matters vastly worse. On the 2nd July following, he set forth precipitately an angry proclamation, in which, after reciting the transaction, in language calculated to inflame the public mind in a very high degree, he peremptorily "required all armed vessels bearing commissions under

the Government of Great Britain, then within the harbors or waters of the United States, immediately and without any delay to depart from the same, and interdicted the entrance of all the said harbors and waters to the said armed vessels, and to all others bearing commissions under the authority of the British Government."* This, in its bearing, was a hostile measure; for, at the same time that this interdiction of British vessels was proclaimed, the fleets of France had free access to the ports from which their enemies were thus imperiously excluded. And this step was taken, before the President knew in what light the British Government would view the act of its officer. The proclamation was, to a considerable extent, a retaliation of the violence complained of, for, by the sudden stoppage of supplies, it caused no small inconvenience and privation to many of H. M. vessels at that time in the harbours of the United States; whilst at the very moment when this method of self-redress was put in execution, a demand for satisfaction and reparation had been despatched to the British Government. That Government, before any suit for satisfaction had reached it, disavowed the act on the ground that "the right of search, when applied to vessels of *war*, extended only to a *requisition*, but could not be carried into effect by actual force." Captain Humphries was recalled and Admiral Berkeley suffered the severe disgrace of being superseded. In this frank and honorable spirit did the British Government,—before one word of complaint or expostulation had been borne across the Atlantic,—promptly and spontaneously testify their concern at the mistaken proceedings of their officer, and their cordial desire to make reparation. It will be apparent, we think, to every one that their treatment of the affair exhibits, in a very strong light, the President's proclamation as a measure premature and unjustifiable.

Right of Search,† In the American merchant service, about the time of the war, there were between *thirty* and *fifty* thousand of our seamen employed, many of them deserters, and liable to be reclaimed as such; and, as to the rest, their impressment was just as lawful from a merchant vessel of the United States as an English vessel; for surely their having sought the service of the United States,—probably for the very purpose of evading that of their own country in the hour of peril—did not absolve them from their allegiance, nor render nugatory the established law of nations, that "every State has a right to the services of its subjects, and especially in time of war." On the trial of the men taken from the Chesapeake, it was shown that three of them were unquestionably American citizens, but that they had entered the service of Great Britain voluntarily: the fourth, who was convicted of piracy and mutiny, and for these crimes hanged, was a native British subject.

We can readily understand that American seamen, whether native or naturalized—language, garb, appearance, and other characteristic peculiarities being the same in both cases, —may have been now and then mistaken for British seamen, and, as such, impressed into the service of Great Britain; but there is positively no proof, either that the impressment was made with wilful disregard of ascertained origin, or that the mistake

* American *Weekly Register*, 28th Sept., 1811.

† Extract from Mr. Sheffey's speech in the House of Representatives, on the bill to raise an additional military force—January, 3, 1812:—"He protested against waging a war for the protection of any other than native born American seamen, or those who were citizens when the independence of the country was achieved. It was enough to protect them while they remain within our territories. Within these we had a right to make regulations. But we had no right to make regulations on the ocean, which would conflict with the pretensions of all civilized nations, who claimed the allegiance of their native born subjects either by the divine right of the governors, or by implied compact. He should not inquire whether these claims were compatible with the rights of man. It was sufficient that they grew out of the established usages and principles of civilized kingdoms, which we had no right to controvert out of our own limits. He would therefore not protect any other than natural American citizens on the ocean. We did not deny the right of England to search for property; she went further, and claimed the privilege of searching for her seamen. The similarity of our manners and language occasioned her to abuse the privilege in some cases by the impressment of our seamen. This was not an abuse of principle but of honor. And before we go to war with her for impressment he would make her this offer: he would agree not to let any man enter our merchant vessels but a natural citizen of these United States."

occurred so frequently as to involve anything like the wrong and the suffering depicted in a proclamation of the President of the United States,—in which document it is stated, that "under pretext of searching for her seamen, thousands of American citizens under the safeguard of public laws, and of their national flag, have been torn from their country and from everything dear to them." The question, as it happens, was discussed, soon after the declaration of war, by an "AMERICAN CITIZEN," a member of the local legislature in one of the New England States, and evidently a man of talent and education. From a vigorous and lucid pamphlet, published by this writer, in opposition to the intemperate policy of his government, we borrow the following extract bearing on the "right of search:"—

"The whole number of sailors pretended to have been impressed from our ships, for fifteen years past, was 6258, out of 70,000, and of which, all but 1500 have been restored. Of this remainder, at least one half are probably British seamen, and of the residue it is probable that at least another moiety *entered voluntarily*. The whole number of British seamen in their marine, *or public ships only*, is 150,000, and in their merchant ships, over whom they have a perfect control, 240,000. Is it probable, we ask, that for the sake of gaining 1500 seamen, they would hazard the peace of their country."*

What the United States should have done, is simply this:—they should have taken effectual steps to prevent the entrance into their service of British seamen, during the war with France. This would have put a stop at once to the grievance. Instead of doing this, the merchant service of the United States offered them double the pay given to a seaman in a British ship of war, besides not disdaining to use other more direct allurements; so that, whilst Great Britain was striving to rally round her standard all the stout hearts and stalwart arms she could bring together *of her own sons* in a struggle for existence, the States of Maryland, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia were employing—for lucre's sake—three foreign seamen to one native American.

Some merchant vessels of the U. S. under British convoy.

It is a curious and significant circumstance that, whilst this exciting topic was in debate, instances were occurring of merchant vessels of the United States placing themselves under British convoy. Cases such as these, however, were no doubt rare; for, to say nothing of the hostile interpretation likely to be put upon them by France had they been numerous, there was, we fear, but little inclination on the part of citizens of the United States, to seek protection under the guns of a British ship of war. Still, few as they were, they may serve to suggest the reflection, how readily the national feeling on both sides might have been conciliated into firm and mutually profitable friendship, had the United States been able to perceive at once—as Washington had striven that they should perceive—that their interest, no less than their origin, bound them to Great Britain; and had they sincerely and strenuously labored, under that persuasion, to suppress their strangely misplaced and deeply prejudicial sympathy with France; a country, at that time the very antithesis of a popular State; ambitious, merciless, despotizing; seeking to enslave the rest of Europe, and herself virtually enslaved by as thoroughpaced a tyrant as the world has ever seen.

British Order in Council, 11th Nov., 1807, and Milan Decree.

The Treaty of Tilsit (7th July, 1807) having secured the adhesion of Russia to the Continental league, and established Buonaparte in his coveted position of supreme arbiter of the destinies of the Continent, it became imperative on the British Government to enact a more effectual measure than the Order of the 7th January, which not only was, in its actual bearing, comparatively lenient and mild; but had been very generally evaded, and afforded to Great Britain little or no protection against the extreme and unscrupulous proceedings of her adversary. In this condition of affairs, on the 11th November, 1807, the Order which we give below was issued* To this Order

ORDER IN COUNCIL

At the Court at the Queen's Palace, the 11th of November, 1807, present, the king's most Excellent Majesty in Council.

"Whereas certain orders, establishing an un-

* Mr. Madison's War, by a New England Citizen.

* The Government on this occasion were well supported by Parliament—in the Upper House by a majority of 127 to 61; in the Lower by 214 to 94.—Alison, vol. 3, p. 559.

Buonaparte, on the 17th December of the same year, replied by his Milan Decree, which put the finishing stroke to his excommunication of Great Britain.*

precedented system of warfare against this kingdom, and aimed especially at the destruction of its commerce and resources, were some time since issued by the government of France, by which "the British Islands were declared to be in a state of blockade," thereby subjecting to capture and condemnation all vessels, with their cargoes, which should continue to trade with his majesty's dominions:

And whereas by the same order, "all trading in English merchandise is prohibited, and every article of merchandize belonging to England, or coming from her colonies, or of her manufacture, is declared lawful prize:"

And whereas the nations in alliance with France and under her controul, were required to give, and have given, and do give, effect to such orders:

And whereas his majesty's order of the 7th of January last has not answered the desired purpose, either of compelling the enemy to recall those orders, or of inducing neutral nations to interpose, with effect, to obtain their revocation; but, on the contrary, the same have been recently enforced with increased rigour:

And whereas his najesty, under these circumstances, finds himself compelled to take further measures for asserting and vindicating his just rights, and for supporting that maritime power which the exertions and valour of his people have, under the blessing of Providence, enabled him to establish and maintain; and the maintenance of which is not more essential to the safety and prosperity of his majesty's dominions, than it is to the protection of such states as still retain their independence, and to the general intercourse and happiness of mankind:

His majesty is therefore pleased, by and with the advice of his privy council, to order, and it is hereby ordered, that all the ports and places of France and her allies. or of any other country at war with his majesty, and all other ports or places in Europe, from, which. although not at war with his majesty, the British flag is excluded, and all ports or places in the colonies belonging to his majesty's enemies, shall, from henceforth be subject to the same restrictions in point of trade and navigation, with the exceptions hereinafter-mentioned, as if the same were actually blockaded by his majesty's naval forces, in the most strict and rigorous manner:—And it is hereby further ordered and declared, that all trade in articles which are of the produce or manufacture of the said countries or colonies, shall be deemed and considered to be unlawful; and that every vessel trading from or to the said countries or colonies, together with all goods and merchandize on board, and all articles of the produce or manufacture of the said countries or colonies, shall be captured, and condemned as prize to the captors.

But although his majesty would be fully justified, by the circumstances and considerations above recited, in establishing such system of restrictions wish respect to all the countries and colonies of his enemies, without exception or qualification; yet his majesty, being nevertheless desirous not to subject neutrals to any greater inconvenience than is absolutely inseparable from the carrying into effect his majesty's just determination to counteract the designs of his enemies, and to retort upon his enemies themselves the consequences of their own violence and injustice; and being yet willing to hope that it may be possible (consistently with that object) still to allow to neutrals the opportunity of furnishing themselves with colonial produce for their own consumption and supply; and even to leave open, for the present, such trade with his majesty's enemies as shall be carried on directly with the ports of his majesty's dominions, or of his allies, in the manner hereinafter mentioned:

His majesty is therefore pleased further to order that nothing herein contained shall extend to subject to capture or condemnation any vessel, or the cargo of any vessel, belonging to any country not declared by this order to be subjected to the restrictions incident to a state of blockade, which shall have cleared out with such cargo from some port or place of the country to which she belongs, either in Europe or America, or from some free port in his majesty's colonies, under circumstances in which such trade from such free ports is permitted, direct to some port or place in the colonies of his majesty's enemies, or from those colonies direct to the country to which such vessel belongs, or to some free port in his majesty's colonies, in sucn cases, and with such articles, as it may be lawful to import into such free port;—nor to any vessel, or the cargo of any vessel, belonging to any country not at war with his majesty, which shall have cleared out under such regulations as his majesty may think fit to prescribe, and shall be proceeding direct from some port or place in this kingdom, or from Gibraltar or Malta, or from any port belonging to his majesty's allies, to the port specified in her clearance:—nor to any vessel or the cargo of any vessel, belonging to any country not at war with his majesty, which shall be coming from any port or place in Europe which is declared by this order to be subject to the restrictions incident to a state of blockade, destined to some port or place in Europe belonging to his majesty, and which shall be on her voyage direct thereto; but these execeptions are not to be understood as exempting from capture or confiscation any vessel or goods which shall be liable thereto in respect of having entered or departed from any port or place actually blockaded by his majesty's squadrons or ships of war, or for being enemies' property, or for any other cause than the contravention of this present order.

And the commanders of his majesty's ships of war and privateers, and other vessels acting under his majesty's commission, shall be, and are hereby instructed to warn every vessel which shall have

* IMPERIAL DECREE.

Rejoinder to his Britannic Majesty's Order, in Council, Nov. 11, 1807.—At our Royal Palace, at Milan. Dec. 17, 1807.

Napoleon, emperor of the French, king of Italy, and protector of the Rhenish Confederation:—

Observing the measures adopted by the British

Distressing predicament of the United States.

We can sympathise in the distress to which the United States, the only neutral power, were now exposed. The ocean, whose waves had borne for years vast wealth to their shores, whilst it was strewn with the wreck of Europ-

commenced her voyage prior to any notice of this order, and shall be destined to any port of France, or of her allies, or of any other country at war with his majesty, or to any port or place from which the British flag as aforesaid is excluded, or to any colony belonging to his majesty's enemies, and which shall not have cleared out as is here-before allowed, to discontinue her voyage, and to proceed to some port or place in this kingdom, or to Gibraltar or Malta; and any vessel, which after having been so warned, or after a reasonable time shall have been afforded for the arrival of information of this his majesty's order at any port or place from which she sailed, or which, after having notice of this order, shall be found in the prosecution of any voyage, contrary to the restrictions contained in this order, shall be captured, and together with her cargo, condemned as lawful prize to the captors.

And whereas countries, not engaged in the war, have acquiesced in these orders of France, prohibiting all trade in any articles the produce or manufacture of his majesty's dominions; and the merchants of those countries have given countenance and effect to those prohibitions, by accepting from persons styling themselves commercial agents of the enemy, resident at neutral ports, certain documents, termed, "certificates of origin," being certificates obtained at the ports of shipment, declaring that the articles of the cargo are not of the produce or manufacture of his majesty's dominions, or to that effect:

And whereas this expedient has been directed by France, and submitted to by such merchants, as part of the new system of warfare directed against the trade of this kingdom, and as the most effectual instrument of accomplishing the same, and it is therefore essentially necessary to resist it:

His majesty is therefore pleased, by and with the advice of his privy council, to order, and it is hereby ordered that if any vessel, after reasonable time shall have been afforded for receiving notice of this his majesty's order at the port or place from which such vessel cleared out, shall be found carrying any such certificate or document as aforesaid, or any document referring to, or authenticating the same, such vessel shall be adjudged lawful prize to the captor, together with the goods laden therein, belonging to the person or persons by whom, or on whose behalf, any such document was put on board.

And the right honorable the lords commissioners, &c. are to take the necessary measures herein as to them shall respectively appertain.

W. Fawkener.

Government, on the 11th of November last, by which vessels belonging to neutral, friendly, or even powers the allies of England, are made liable not only to be searched by English cruisers, but to be compulsorily detained in England, and to have a tax laid on them of so much per cent. on the cargo, to be regulated by the British legislature:

Observing that by these acts the British government *denationalizes* ships of every nation in Europe; that it is not competent for any government to detract from its own independence and rights, all the sovereigns of Europe having in trust the sovereignties and independence of their flag; that if, by an unpardonable weakness, and which, in the eyes of posterity, would be an indelible stain, such a tyranny was allowed to be established into principles, and consecrated by usage, the English would avail themselves of it to assert it as a right; as they have availed themselves of the intolerance of governments to establish the infamous principle, that the flag of a nation does not cover goods, and to give to their right of blockade an arbitrary extension, and which infringes on the sovereignty of every state; we have decreed, and do decree, as follows:

"Art. I. Every ship, to whatever nation it may belong, that shall have submitted to be searched by an English ship, or to a voyage to England, or shall have paid any tax whatsoever to the English government, is thereby, and for that alone, declared to be *denationalized*, to have forfeited the protection of its king, and to have become English property.

"II. Whether the ships thus *denationalized* by the arbitrary measures of the English government, enter into our ports, or those of our allies, or whether they fall into the hands of our ships of war, or of our privateers, they are declared to be good and lawful prizes.

"III. The British islands are declared to be in a state of blockade, both by land and sea. Every ship, of whatever nation, or whatsoever the nature of its cargo may be, that sails from the ports of England, of those of the English colonies, and of the countries occupied by English troops, is good and lawful prize, as contrary to the present decree; and may be captured by our ships of war or our privateers, and adjudged to the captor.

"IV. These measures, which are resorted to only in just retaliation of the barbarous system adopted by England, which assimilates its legislation to that of Algiers, shall cease to have any effect with respect to all nations who shall have the firmness to compel the English government to respect their flag. They shall continue to be rigorously in force as long as that government does not return to the principle of the law of nations, which regulates the relations of civilized states in a state of war. The provisions of the present decree shall be abrogated and null; in fact as soon as the English abide again by the principles of the law of nations, which are also the principles of justice and of honour.

"All our ministers are charged with the execution of the present decree, which shall be inserted in the bulletin of the laws.

(Signed) "Napoleon.

"By order of the Emperor, the Secretary of State.

(Signed) "H. B. Maret."

can navies, had ceased to be to them a safe highway to commercial affluence. Their ships, liable to be captured by one or other of the belligerents, could only at great risk carry on their commercial intercourse with either. But it must be remembered that the United States, not having interfered when their interposition might possibly have checked Bonaparte, and perhaps recalled him within the limits of international law, made no effort to arrest and remove at once the original cause of their subsequent misfortunes; so that it is impossible to say how far they had themselves to blame for those misfortunes. That the attitude which they might have assumed, had they chosen, was likely to have some influence on Bonaparte, can hardly be doubted. He thought it worth his while to manœuvre in various ways—at one time pillaging, at another flattering them—in the hope of either driving or coaxing them into a war with Great Britain. Their policy, therefore, was not a matter of indifference to him; so that we may not venture to say with what effect remonstrance from that quarter might not have been attended. As to the eminently characteristic avowal of attachment,—"His Majesty loves the Americans,"—which, after a while, he thought might answer his purpose better than spoliation, the people of the United States have no doubt made up their minds by this time as to what interpretation they ought to put on that declaration—as to whether it be genuine regard or shameless effrontery. His protestation of love may be accepted for what it was worth; but the fear of compelling the United States to throw themselves eventually into the arms of Great Britain might have induced him to treat a remonstrance from that republic with at least some respect.

Plea advanced by France and repeated by the United States.

It was pleaded by France, and the plea was echoed by the United States, that the British blockade of May, 1806, as constituting the first aggression, justified the Berlin decree; but the two cases were, in principle, widely different. The blockade declared by Great Britain embraced no greater extent of coast than the immense strength of the British Navy supplied the means of adequately watching; and special pains were taken beforehand, by communication with the Admiralty, to ascertain whether the coast from the Elbe to Brest could be guarded, and the blockade effectually enforced. The French Emperor, on the other hand, proclaimed the blockade of the entire coast of the British Isles,—no half-dozen ports of which could he have actually invested with his navy, shattered and almost extinguished as that had been, by the gigantic victories of Great Britain at sea. Thus to attempt, by means of a wrathful manifesto what the law of nations recognizes as the function only of a sufficient naval force—which naval force he had not—was an outrage on international law, not surprising in the man to whom the rights of nations were a fiction, and treaties meditated treachery and violence in masquerade; but it is incongruous and startling that such an outbreak of lawless and anti-commercial rage—such a mercantile excommunication of England, as we may call it,—should have ever found apologists on this side of the Atlantic, amongst a people, like the inhabitants of the United States, animated by an ardent spirit of commercial enterprise, and claiming, even in advance of Great Britain herself, the possession of free institutions.*

Liberality of the British Government before the Berlin and Milan Decrees.

The perfect honesty of the plea of absolute necessity, advanced by the British Government, agrees with their liberal and even munificent treatment of the United States, in regard to the commerce of that country, as a neutral State, prior to the Berlin Manifesto. In 1803, when hostilities with France were renewed, the commanders of His Britannic Majesty's ships of war and privateers, were instructed "not to seize any neutral vessels which should be found carrying on trade directly between the colonies of the enemy and the neutral country; provided

* Nine-tenths of the revenue of the United States was at this time derived from commerce; yet their bias lay with a man who was a downright hater of commerce; who evinced a sort of fanatical malice against commerce. His policy was to make France independent of commerce (a scheme wilder than the Crusades!); and in his efforts to realize this, he literally attempted to force nature herself into subservience to him:—"Enacting penal statutes to force the cultivator of the soil to employ his land in endeavouring to raise certain products in a climate ungenial to their growth: to plant beet instead of corn; and cotton and tobacco and indigo, where nature never intended them to grow."

that such neutral vessel should not be supplying, nor should, on the outer voyage, have supplied the enemy with any articles contraband of war, and should not be trading with any blockaded, (that is, *actually* blockaded,) ports." The generosity, and the value of this indulgence,—for indulgence it literally was, are to be appreciated from the fact, that it had been a law generally understood and acted upon for a century, at least, that "a neutral has no right to carry on a trade with the colonies of one of two, or more, belligerent powers in time of war." Great Britain, however, during her contest with revolutionary France, relaxed this rule in 1794, and still further in 1798, when permission was granted to neutrals to carry the produce of the French West Indian colonies, either to a British port, or to any one of their own ports. This relaxation had the effect of throwing the French carrying trade almost wholly into the hands of the United States, and from it the commerce of that country prospered amazingly,—great wealth being realised by American merchants, who were able to make a lucrative profit out of British munificence, and, as it was shown, to the detriment of British commerce. Even so late as 1806, when, to arrest the farther introduction of supplies into France from the United States, the blookade from the Elbe to Brest was declared, the interests of the American Republic were specially consulted, in an explanation communicated by Mr. Fox to Mr. Monroe, that "such blockade should not extend to prevent neutral ships and vessels laden with goods, not being the property of His Majesty's enemies, and not being contraband of war, from approaching the said coasts, and entering into and sailing from the said rivers and ports." We dwell complacently upon these concessions; we regard them with national pride; for they shew conclusively that the disposition of our Government towards the American Union was the very reverse of arbitrary, selfish, or oppressive. Now, if subsequently to the publication of the French decrees, Great Britain was compelled to adopt a different course, who, with a knowledge of her previous liberality, will suspect that any desire to impair the trade of the United States, entered into her motives, or that the step was other than, as the British Ministry represented it to be, an equitable "retorting of his own violence on its author's head," and as such, a measure of just retaliation.

Embargo Act of U. S. Congress, 25th Dec. 1807.

Despatches from the United States Minister at Paris—General Armstrong—were received at Washington on the 16th December, 1807, from which it appeared plainly that the confiscation of the American ship *Horizon** was merely the first enforcement of a *rule* which the French government intended to pursue; and that, consequently, it was no part of the Emperor's policy to exempt the United States from the operation of the Berlin Decree. Intelligence was brought at the same time, through London papers of the 12th November, to the effect "that orders in council were about to be issued, declaring France and the countries under her control in a state of blockade, a reference no doubt to the orders dated the day before, but which had not then been published, and were not until a week afterward."† At this period it was that the first step in the way of commercial restriction was taken by the United States. An embargo was laid on all the shipping in their ports, the measure being recommended to Congress, on the mere responsibility of the executive,‡ and passed with the utmost precipitation. "It prohibited the departure, unless by special direction of the President, of any vessel from any port of the United States bound to any foreign country, except foreign armed vessels possessing public commissions, and foreign merchant ships in ballast, or with such cargo as they might have on board when notified of the act. All registered or sea-letter vessels—the latter denomination including fo-

* This was the first confiscation of American property under the Berlin decree. and occurred on the 10th November, 1807. The Horizon had accidentally been stranded on the French coast; and the ground of confiscation was that the cargo consisted of merchandise of British origin.—*Hildreth.*

† *Hildreth.*

‡ On this occasion John Quincy Adams, who had recently abandoned the federal party and, unhappily, had lent the aid of his remarkable powers to the democrats, supported the government with vehement zeal. "The President, he urged, has recommended this measure on his high responsibility. I would not consider. I would not deliberate, I would act. Doubtless the President possesses such further information as will justify the measure."

reign-built vessels owned by Americans—which, during this restriction from foreign voyages, might engage in the coasting trade, were to give bonds, in double the value of the cargo, to re-land the same within the United States. "Thus"—Mr. Hildreth forcibly remarks in regard to the legislative proceedings of his own countrymen on this occasion—"on the mere recommendation of the executive, almost without debate, with closed doors, without any previous intimation to the public, or opportunity for advice from those most able to give it, was forced through, by night sessions, and the overbearing determination of a majority at once pliable and obstinate, an act striking a deadly blow at the national industry, and at the means of livelihood of great numbers; the real nature and inevitable operation of which seem to have been equally misapprehended by the cabinet which recommended, and by the supple majority which conceded it." The embargo thus imposed was afterwards made still more stringent by supplementary measures denouncing severe penalties, and excluding foreign vessels from the coasting trade altogether.

Mr. Rose's Mission.

On the 25th December Mr. Rose, envoy extraordinary of Great Britain, arrived in the United States, with instructions from our government to offer reparation for the affair of the Chesapeake. There was an indispensable preliminary, however, that the President's proclamation* of the 2d July should be previously withdrawn. Before this should have been done, he stated that he had no authority to enter on any negotiation, and even declined to specify the reparation which he was empowered to offer. As the President declined recalling the proclamation Mr. Rose returned home, and the settlement of the difficulty was postponed.

Public feeling in the States unfriendly to Great Britain.

Throughout the irritating discussion which ensued, the disposition of the American Republic is to be taken into account, as evidently operating to protract and embarrass negotiation.—That disposition was unquestionably the reverse of amicable towards Great Britain. Whilst the effort was made to remain strictly neutral, the heart of the nation was not in its profession of neutrality. Ever since the accession of the Democratic party to power under Mr. Jefferson—who was inaugurated into his first Presidency on the 4th March, 1801—the war spirit against Great Britain was steadily growing up, with some few exceptions, amongst the inhabitants of the United States. Under the administration of that rigid republican and philosopher of the Rousseau school, the idea of quarrelling with Great Britain seems to have become, by degrees, palatable rather than otherwise to the party who raised him to the chief Magistracy, and these formed a large majority. We do not forget, however, that in the very respectable minority, chiefly in the Eastern States, who participated not in the defiant spirit so widely cherished and exhibited towards Great Britain, were to be found that sterling part of the nation who, in point of fortune, talent, education, moral and religious principles, have always compared most favorably with the rest of their countrymen.

It is evident that the well known prevalence of a predilection for France and antipathy towards her adversary, must have materially influenced, in a manner injurious on either side to just and reasonable and advantageous policy, the controversy which preceded the declaration of war.

Whilst Great Britain had reason to be extremely cautious in negotiation, for, as we shall see hereafter, France had laid a deep plot

* "In whatever spirit that instrument was issued, it is sufficiently obvious, that it has been productive of considerable prejudice to his majesty's interests, as considered to his military and other servants in the United States, to the honor of his flag, and to the privileges of his ministers accredited to the American government. From the operation of this proclamation have unavoidably resulted effects of retaliation, and self-assumed redress, which might be held to affect materially the question of the reparation due to the United States, especially inasmuch as its execution has been persevered in after the knowledge of his Majesty's early, unequivocal, and unsolicited disavowal of the unauthorized act of Admiral Berkeley—his disclaimer of the pretensions exhibited by that officer to search the national ships of a friendly power for deserters, and the assurances of prompt and effectual reparation, all communicated without loss of time, to the minister of the United States in London, so as not to leave a doubt as to his Majesty's just and amicable intentions. But his Majesty, making every allowance for the irritation which was excited, and the misapprehensions which existed, has authorized me to proceed in the negotiation upon the sole discontinuance of measures of so inimical a tendency."—*Mr. Rose to Mr. Madison.*

against her through the United States!—the latter country, on the other hand, would jealously, but most unworthily, guard against conceding, except for its own obvious benefit, and not always even then, anything likely to strengthen the hands of the British Government in the terrible contest it was waging with that colossal despotism which threatened to bear down and obliterate, beneath its withering tread, the last vestige of free institutions in Europe.*

Additions to the U. S. troops voted by Congress, with supplies.

On the application of the President at this time, an addition was made to the army of 6,000 men, to be enlisted for five years unless sooner discharged. Authority was likewise given to him to raise 100,000 troops; whilst a subsidy of five millions of dollars was voted for the establishment of the arsenals, and for other military supplies.

Effect of the Embargo.

The effect of the embargo and its supplementary exacerbations—as we may style the rigorous enforcement-acts which followed it—was highly prejudicial to the United States. Their commerce had received the severest blow it had yet suffered, from the hands of their own rulers. Despair settled on the minds of all who depended for their livelihood on the sea. Merchants gloomily anticipated the time when their ships should sink beside their wharves, and grass grow in their streets. The British Order in Council—they said—had left them some traffic, but the acts of their own legislature had cut every thing off. By men who were never tired of asserting their free and inalienable right to the highways of the ocean, the ocean had been treacherously abandoned.

Non-intercourse Act, 1st March, 1808.

For the embargo was substituted, on the 1st March, 1808, a non-intercourse act, whereby all commercial transactions with either of the belligerent powers was absolutely prohibited, but the embargo was taken off as to the rest of the world. This act, however, contained a clause (§ 11.) authorizing the President, by proclamation, to renew the intercourse between America and either of the belligerent powers who should first repeal their obnoxious orders in council or decrees. "This non-intercourse act"—observes Mr. Alison—had the effect of totally suspending the trade between America and Great Britain, and inflicting upon both these countries a loss tenfold greater than that suffered by France, with which the commercial intercourse of the United States was altogether inconsiderable."

3d March, 1809.

Nothing of note occurred between the passing of the non-intercourse act and Mr. Jefferson's retirement from his second term of office on the 3d of March, 1809. He declined presenting himself for election a third time, both because—as he stated—he considered a third tenure of office would be alien from the spirit of the constitution, and because, as it seems, he was thoroughly weary of the cares and distractions of public life. On the eve of his retirement into private life his language was this —"never did prisoner released from his chains feel such relief as I shall on shaking off power." He was a man of great ability; but, unfortunately, both for Great Britain and his own country, his strong anti-British pre-

* In his message to Congress of 5th November, 1811, Mr. Madison, at that time president, spoke thus with reference to what he termed "the hostile inflexibility" of Great Britain—"Congress will feel the duty of putting the United States into an armour and an attitude demanded by the crisis, and corresponding with the national spirit and expectations." But four years before, upon the passing of the embargo act, *The Intelligencer*, an official journal, did not hesitate to write in this inflammatory strain:—"The national spirit is up. That spirit is invaluable. In case of war it is to lead us to conquest. In such event, *there must cease to be an inch of British ground on this Continent.*" And this was when the second Order in Council had only been heard of, but not yet made public. With a government, so fiercely thirsting for strife with Britain, was friendly negotiation likely to be successful? Was an amicable adjustment of difficulties possible with the spirit which possessed them? Hildreth cites a remarkable incident which exhibits, in a strong light, the unhappy hostility to England at this period (1807-8). How strong and prevalent this antipathy to England was, fully appeared on the floor of Congress. A suggestion by Livermore, of Massachussetts, that, since the United States were driven by invincible necessity to choose between the belligerents, a regard as well for commercial interests as for the independence of nations, ought to induce them to side with Great Britain, was received with marked indignation, almost as if there had been something treasonable in it."

judices stood very much in his way in administering, with impartiality and wisdom, the government with which during eight years he was entrusted. We can make allowance for the perplexities and annoyances of the time during which he held the reins of power; but, had Washington been in his place, with his dignified and sagacious views of relations with Great Britain, we have little doubt that he would have brought his country through the dark and trying time, not by nourishing the war-spirit as Jefferson did, but by firmly facing and repressir g it. It was an inauspicious circumstance that, just at that critical time, the chief magistracy of the United States should have been vested in a man whose heart was filled with hatred of Great Britain; and who had more than once patronized and placed in positions of authority disaffected subjects of the British Crown.* Liberally endowed, as he unquestionably was, with natural talent, this was greatly recommended and rendered in a very considerable degree practically influential, by agreeable manners and plausible address. As to his religious opinions, we believe that all that can be said in their favor is this—that he admired the morality of the Gospel. His belief in any of the articles of the Christian faith whatsoever would seem equivocal, if on no other account, from his letter to the notorious Tho mas Paine, in which he invited that avowed and immoral enemy of divine revelation to the bosom of his country, with "prayers for the success of his *useful* labors." A disciple—as he was—of that philosophy which overthrew the throne of the French monarch, and brought its unhappy occupant to the guillotine, his sympathies were thoroughly with France and against Great Britain. Nurtured under the congenial associations of French republicanism,† his sympathies—as with many others of his countrymen—were not stifled when republicanism in France had been fairly shackled and put under-foot by military and imperial despotism; so that his heart, it seems, still went lovingly with the ruthless soldiers of France, even when the "sacred" flame of republicanism had long vanished from the points of their swords. But, if Mr. Jefferson's administration, in point of French predilections, was bad, that of Mr. Madison, his successor, was vastly worse. Both were decided in their bias towards Napoleon Buonaparte; but whilst the former was too dextrous and wary to be made the tool of French intrigue, the latter—there is too much reason for believing—was completely entangled in its toils.

(To be continued.)

* Duane, for example, to whom Mr. Jefferson gave a colonel's commission in the U. S. militia, and the editorial charge of the Aurora newspaper, had been shipped off just before from Calcutta—having been detected in attempts to excite disturbance and insurrection in that city.

† We do not mean to say he approved of its bloody atrocities: perhaps the wildest democrat in the United States would have hesitated there.

BERLIN DECREE.

"1. The British islands are placed in a state of blockade. 2. Every species of commerce and communication with them is prohibited; all letters or packets addressed in English, or in the English characters, shall be seized at the post-office, and interdicted all circulation. 3. Every British subject, of what rank or condition whatever, who shall be found in the countries occupied by our troops, or those of our allies, shall be made prisoners of war. 4. Every warehouse, merchandise, or property of any sort, belonging to a subject of Great Britain, or coming from its manufactories or colonies, is declared good prize. 5. Commerce of every kind in English goods is prohibited; and every species of merchandise belonging to England, or emanating from its workshops or colonies, is declared good prize. 6. The half of the confiscated value shall be devoted to indemnifying those merchants whose vessels have been seized by the English cruizers, for the losses which they have sustained. 7. No vessel coming directly from England, or any of its colonies, or having touched there since the publications of the present decree, shall be received into any harbour. 8. Every vessel which, by means of a false declaration, shall have effected such entry, shall be liable to seizure, and the ship and cargo shall be confiscated, as if they had also belonged to England. 9. The prize court of Paris is intrusted with the determination of all questions arising out of this decree in France, or the countries occupied by our armies; that of Milan, with the decision of all similar questions in the kingdom of Italy. 10. This decree shall be communicated to the kings of Spain, Naples, Holland, and Etruria, and to our other allies, whose subjects have been the victims, like our own, of the injustice and barbarity of English legislation. 11. The ministers of foreign affairs, of war, of marine, of finance, and of justice, of police, and all postmasters, are charged, each in his own department, with the execution of the present decree."

VIEW OF COBOURG.—*See page 17.*

CITIES AND TOWNS OF CANADA.

COBOURG.

In the township of Hamilton, on the north shore of Lake Ontario, and at the lower end of a fertile and extensive valley, sloping upwards gradually from the water's edge, stands Cobourg, the capital of the United Counties of Northumberland and Durham. Built on a gravelly soil, the town enjoys the advantage of dry, clean streets, which are judiciously laid out, broad, and well planked on either side. Few places present from the Lake a more pleasing ensemble than does Cobourg, and the tourist will be still further gratified at finding, on landing, that this really pretty town requires not distance "to lend enchantment to the view," but that it is clean and well-built, presenting to the most careless observer evidences of daily-increasing and well-deserved prosperity.

In the engraving which accompanies this description, but few of the public buildings are to be distinguished,—Victoria College—the Court-House—and a portion of the Anglican Church. Victoria College is built on rising ground, somewhat in the rear of the town, and commands a fine view of the town and lake. It was completed in the year 1836, at a cost of nearly £12,000, raised by the voluntary offerings of the Methodist body in England and Upper Canada. The land on which the building stands was the gift of Mr. Spencer, a resident of Cobourg, and in June 1836 the Institution was opened under the name of the "Upper Canada Academy," by the Rev. Matthew Ritchie, who for the period of three years occupied the position of Principal. For six years the Academy continued in operation, and in the year 1841 application was made to Parliament, and a University charter was obtained, by which the name was changed to "Victoria College," and in June 1842, operations in the collegiate department commenced. The preparatory school, however, has been continued in connection with the College, and students are prepared for entrance on the collegiate curriculum, or receive such sound practical education as is fitting for those not intended for the learned professions.

In order to provide more fully the pecuniary means necessary for the efficient operation of the Institution, scholarships have been established designed to accomplish the two-fold object of securing a permanent endowment for the college, and affording to the holders of those scholarships the opportunity of obtaining an education for themselves or their friends, on the easiest and most advantageous terms.

We believe that we may state with correctness that the prospects of Victoria College were never more promising than at the present time—and that a larger number of students than at any previous period (115) are now enjoying the benefits of an education at this college. The winter session commences the last Thursday in October, and the summer session the third Wednesday in June.

In addition to Victoria College there are the following educational establishments:—The District Grammar School, Cobourg Church Grammar School, besides a great many other excellent private schools: the Diocesan Theological Institute was for many years in successful operation and produced several of the scholars who now adorn the pulpits of the Anglican Churches throughout the Province, it is, however, now merged into Trinity College, Toronto, where the same results, only on a more extended scale, are becoming visible.

The Court-House, which occupies a very conspicuous position in the plate, is a large and commodious building. Cobourg contains places of worship for members of the English Church, the Church of Scotland, Free Church, Wesleyan Methodist, Episcopal Methodist, Congregational, Bible Christian, and Catholic persuasions. The Banks and Insurance Office Companies all have branches, thriving establishments, and the man of business will find every facility for the conducting of his business. The Jail and Court-House, a handsome stone building, has been built at a short distance from the town, and forms the nucleus of a small village which has sprung up round it since its erection. A dredging machine is in constant operation, cleaning out the basin and forming a safe harbour of refuge, which on a late occasion, during almost a hurricane, afforded perfect shelter to the steamer *Princess Royal*, on her passage from Kingston to the westward.

The extensive cloth factory of Messrs. Mackechnie and Winans, is the largest establishment of the kind in the Province, and affords

employment to nearly two hundred hands. "The consumption of wool," says Smith's Canada, "amounts to about 225,000 lbs. per annum, 175,000 of which is Canadian, and the remainder imported; (we have reason to believe that we do not err in stating that the quantity manufactured has increased very considerably since Mr. Smith wrote,) every variety of cloth is manufactured in this establishment."* In addition to this important factory there are numerous grist mills, foundries, tanneries, gypsum mills, saw and planing mills, breweries, &c.

Steamers are daily callers on their passages up, down, and across the lake, while stages run in every direction.

In 1845 the population of Cobourg amounted to nearly 3400 souls; at the present time it is considerably over 4000 souls. "A short time since (*vide* Smith's Canada) a subscription was raised in Cobourg, for the purpose of constructing a bridge across the Otonabee river, a steam ferry-boat being at the same time intended to ply on Rice Lake, so as to give the inhabitants of Otonabee and the adjoining townships a passage to the lake." The undertaking, from some local causes, did not succeed at the time; but measures have since been taken to supply the wants of the trade of the back townships. The township of Hamilton is generally well settled and contains a large number of excellent well-cultivated farms, on which a large proportion of the fine cattle and sheep that annually carry off the prizes at our agricultural fairs are raised: to the improvement of the breed of sheep, in particular, have the farmers of these counties applied themselves, and the texture of the fabrics manufactured at the Ontario mills afford conclusive evidence of the complete success of their labors.

About two miles from shore, and nearly half-way between Port Hope and Cobourg, is a rock on which a light-house has been built by the government. Cobourg is distant from Toronto 70 miles, from Kingston 95, and from Montreal 293 miles.

* We applied to the head of this establishment for any information that might be interesting, but we regret to say that our application, as is almost invariably the case, has remained unanswered: we are consequently exonerated from any blame that might be otherwise imputed to us for passing over so curtly our notice of this, certainly the most extensive establishment in Upper Canada. We state this, that the public may judge how difficult a task it is to collect information, where we receive no assistance. Each one is quite ready to condemn on the score of *incorrect or insufficient information;* but, as is too often the case, is unwilling to contribute the information required, although, perhaps, the sole source from whence it can be obtained.

THE CHRONICLES OF DREEPDAILY.

No. VII.

CONCERNING THE DOMINIE AND THE DUCAT.

Doubtless the whole civilized world has heard tell of the memorable and never-to-be-forgotten contested election case of the Royal Burgh of Dreepdaily. I would therefore be but retailing "piper's news" if I rehearsed how Mr. Treddles McShuttle, the great Glasgow power-loom weaver, had the assurance to oppose Sir John Sumph for the representation of the Burgh, and on being defeated, brought the matter by petition before the House of Commons. It is advisedly that I use the word "*assurance*," in speaking of McShuttle's conduct. For three hundred years, at the most moderate computation, had the Sumphs been returned for Dreepdaily. The seat, in fact, had become an heir-loom, so to speak, to which the family had acquired a moral prescriptive right; and when the manufacturer made his appearance as a candidate, sober folk regarded him as but few degrees better than a common highway foot-pad.

Sir John, I need hardly observe, was returned with drums beating and colours flying, and his adversary being maddened at the defeat which he had so righteously sustained, and having, moreover, plenty of lucre to spare, (it was a perfect coining of sillar with the weavers during the war,) determined to bring the matter before Parliament.

For more than six months did the proceedings last, and I speak within bounds when I say, that two hundred witnesses, at least, on both sides of the blanket, were carried up to London, in order to answer such interrogatories as the lawyers might think fit to propound to them.

It would have been something extraordinary if I had been passed over in this general impressment. From time immemorial the barber's shop has been regarded as the fountain-head of news or intelligence of every description, and, accordingly, I received citations from each of the competitors. Little, if anything, could I say, either *pro* or *con*, on the matter at issue, but having an anxious craving to see the world, especially without cost to myself, I prudently held my tongue, touching the paucity of the information which I possessed.

Though my heart, as I have every reason to believe, is as courageous as any which doth not beat behind a red coat, yet truth constrains me to confess, that it gave many a flutter and throb, as I was packing my pockmantle in the back shop, on the night preceding my exodus from Dreepdaily. Never before had I been farther from that beloved spot than Glasgow, and that only once in my existence, when, at the pressing request of my cousin, Peter Pirn, I had officiated as his best man, on his marriage with Miss Jenny Dang. Now, I was about to visit, what I might call a foreign country, for my ancestors being all staunch Jacobites, had ever held the union of the kingdoms in especial dislike, and taught me to look upon the English as greater aliens than the French, who, from the earliest ages, had been allies of the Scottish nation.

However, as the Powheads had always been a valorous race, I determined that their reputation should suffer no tarnishment from me, so, adding an additional codicil to my last will and testament, and bracing my nerves with an extra cheerer of toddy, I completed the preparations for the road. It is proper to mention, that I kept up the better from considering that Mr. Paumie was to be my fellow-pilgrim, his attendance, likewise, having been required by Parliament. I had the greatest confidence both in the wisdom and prudence of the Dominie, who, moreover, having travelled on the Continent with young Lord Clayslap, as tutor, was fully acquainted with the ways and wiles of what he termed "the great world." Under such guidance and protection, I felt assured that the perils of my journey would be mightily diminished, and so, to use the words of the inspired Tinker of Bradford, "I girded up my loins, and was of good cheer."

It would clean exhaust the patience of my readers if I detailed all the events which occurred from the moment when I ascended the roof of the Kilmarnock and Glasgow stage-coach, till, with Mr. Paumie, I embarked at Leith, in the good smack, Dainty Davie, Gibbie Howison, master. Imagination must picture the stoun which went through my heart as I lost sight of my beloved shop, with my faithful journeyman, Job Sheepshanks, standing at the portal thereof, and wiping his eyes with the sleeve of his shirt. As for the Dominie, he fairly fell a greeting when, on passing the schuil his disciples, who were congregated upon the roof, saluted him with three valedictory cheers. Barely could he muster words to falter forth a *benedicite* upon the striplings, conjoined with a hope that they would respect the birds' nests and apples of the Burgh till his return. It was, indeed, a touching scene; but the dolour thereof was somewhat mollified in my estimation, when, on looking back, I descried the youthful brigade eagerly commencing preparations for a game at shinty. This latter fact I did not deem it necessary to communicate to their preceptor, who, for half the journey, dwelt upon the grief which his flock experienced at his departure. As the poet says—

"Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

As we were entering the Dainty Davie my attention was arrested by an elderly weather-beaten gentleman minus an arm, the anchor stamped upon whose buttons demonstrated that he either was, or had been, in the Royal Navy. Such indeed turned out to be the fact, this personage afterwards becoming developed to us as Lieutenant Trunnion, a grand nephew of the celebrated Hawser Taunnion whose achievements are set forth in the veritable history of Peregrine Pickle. The Lieutenant had lost his "fin," as he called it, at the battle of the Nile, and was now a gentleman at large, keeping Lent upon the frugal half-pay which his thrifty country had awarded him for services performed on her behalf.

"Gibby my hearty!" exclaimed the mutilated hero to our skipper—"do you think you will have a long passage this here bout?" Taking a survey of the horizon, the party thus interrogated replied "Indeed, I do, old messmate! the wind is chopping right a-head, and I should not wonder, from the season of the year, if it be three weeks before we behold the Tower?" "That is precisely my own opinion," rejoined the Lieutenant, "and so I will take a passage with you. My traps are in the Lord Nelson close at hand, all ready for sea, and I shall have them aboard before you can say Jack Robinson."

While this one armed navigator was absent in quest of his luggage, I could not keep expressing my surprise to the commander of the smack, at the singularity of his conduct. "If," said I, "the prospects of the weather

had been diametrically the reverse of what they are, then indeed, I could fancy a man, who had not much to do, taking a trip to London, for the pleasure of the thing. That any one, however, should seek to expose himself, with open eyes, to all the discomforts of a long and tempestuous voyage, far passes my simple comprehension."

But the skipper speedily explained this seemingly contradictory state of things. "The truth is," quoth he, "our vessels are admirable sea craft, we keep tables not to be excelled by any crack frigate in the service, and the fare which we charge is exceedingly moderate. In these circumstances, there are many half-pay officers, having no employment ashore or afloat, who frequently, like my old friend Trunnion, take a passage with us whenever there is a prospect of the trip being a protracted one. They do so, not only that they may get a breath of the sea air once more, which is as envigorating to them as a stiff glass of grog, but because they can actually live cheaper and better in our cabins than they could do in a lodging or inn."

In due time the Lieutenant made his appearance, and proved to be a most agreeable companion during the voyage, which, as anticipated, lasted more than twenty days. By good chance the wind though adverse was not overly high, and accordingly the Dominie and myself were spared much of the hideous torments of sea sickness. Only once was I constrained to "cast up my accounts" to use the language of navigators, and as for Mr. Paumie, on no single occasion did he play truant when summoned to the mess table by the steward's bell. Surely the owners could have made but scanty profit out of us during that cruise, for the viands which they provided for our sustentation might have won the affections of Heliogabolus himself, and our appetites, aggravated by the fresh breezes of the ocean, were sharp as the best razor in my possession.

Multiform and diverting were the stories which the worthy Lieutenant or "Ancient" as the Dominie used to call him, detailed to us over his grog. He had been in all quarters of the world, and met with as many adventures as the Seven Champions of Christendom. One of these which tickled us not a little, I may take the liberty of recounting, more be token that it possesses brevity, that characteristic at once of wit and a roasted maggot.

"When we were stationed at Bombay," said Trunnion, "in the Fire-eater, Captain Blueblazes, some of us made a party one day to visit the far famed caves of Elephanta. Never, before or since, have I beheld a scene which filled me with so much awe and admiration. Just conceive of an immense Temple cut into the face of a mountain, exhibiting rows of pillars formed of the native rock, and with gigantic figures of wierd and unearthly demons carved upon the walls, by a people of whom the most ancient traditions give us no certain account.

"When the first sensation of wonder had subsided, I was enabled to notice that the cave contained a visitor not belonging to our company. He was a little, snub-nosed, bandy-legged fellow, strongly indented with the small-pox, and with a keen, inquisitive-looking eye. No one, to all appearance could be more intensely wrapt up in contemplation than he was. Standing with arms folded at one of the extremities of the cathedral—if I may so term this triumph of heathenism—he seemed absolutely absorbed by the influence of the surrounding wonders. You could have sworn that he was just on the eve of falling down upon his knees and doing homage to the Deity of the locality. At length he broke silence, and exclaimed in an audible soliloquy, and with an accent which indubitably demonstrated that he was a son of the muslin-engendering town of Paisley—"*Guid guide us a' the day, but this is a deevlish place! It wud haud, seestu! mair than a thousand steam looms!*"

But if I go on gossiping at this rate we shall be at sea to the end of the chapter, so I shall make a long story short, by stating that the Dainty Davie arrived safe and sound, one fair evening at the Tower wharf.

Being a lover of truth and probity from my youth up, I cannot conscientiously say that the first sight of London inspired me with much admiration. Indubitably it is a perfect marvel for vastness, putting ye in mind o' a million Dreepdaily's, and the multitudes that throng its streets seem sufficient to populate a decently sized world. But when ye have said this, there is little else to add. Every thing has a sulky, smoked, clatty look; and as for the Thames about which poets have

made so many grand sangs, it resembles nothing else than the gutter of our main street seen in a rainy day through the magnifying glass of a showman?

Following the directions which we had received, we put up at a decent house of call, named Furnival's Inn, situated in High Holborn—or Hob'n—as the ignorant Londoners pronounce the word. It stood at the upper end of a big court or square, inhabited for the most part by lawyers, who had their bedrooms off their offices and took their breakfasts, and bit chacks of dinners at the tavern where we pitched our tents. As our expenses were paid by Sir John Sumph's man of business, we lived at rack and manger, never fashing our thumbs about the score, which I will be bound to say did not amount to a trifle.

Long as we had been on our voyage, we learned on our arrival, that our examination would not come on for at least a week, and so being masters of our time, and having nothing better to do, we employed ourselves in seeing every thing that was to be seen. During the day we inspected the public buildings, such as St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey, and at night birled our bawbees at the pit doors of the play-houses. At first I was a trifle shy of visiting these domiciles of Mahoun, having the fear of the Kirk Session before my eyes, more by taken that, I had once to thole a rebuke for witnessing *Patie and Roger*, acted by some strollers in Bailie Bellyband's barn. The Dominie, however, laughed my scruples to scorn. Though an elder, he belonged to the *moderate* side of the establishment, and could see no harm in a play, especially as the tragedy of Douglas was written by a minister. "Mind you, Peter my man," he would say—"that we are not now in the parish of Dreepdaily, but in the diocese of London, and being at Rome, may safely do as the Pope does!" As it was not for me to contradict my spiritual superior, I abandoned my opposition; but often when looking at the painted Jezebels, ranting and raving about love and murder and what not, I have looked round with a quietly sheepish glance, fearful that some of the Presbytery might be present and eye-witnesses of my sore backsliding! If I had had my senses about me, I would have remembered that had any Mess Johns been there to see me, their guilt would have been equal, and a fraction more, but an evil-doer is seldom a calm reasoner? Truly singeth the bard that

"Conscience makes cowards of us all!"

It was at a Theatre called *Saddler's Wells*, (though neither saddle nor pump could I discover about it) that the adventure which I am now to chronicle happened to Dominie Paumie.

On the night in question a great Professor of hocus pocus was to hold forth, in addition to the usual entertainments of such places, and as his fame was great Mr. Paumie elected that we should witness his cantrips. Remembering the unwholesome doings of Nong-tong-paw, I at first startled at the proposal, but the Dominie assuring me that the *enemy* had nothing to do with the matter, I consented to bear him company.

In order to avoid the crush, we determined to be gentlemen for once in our lives, and took our seats in the select quarter known by the name of boxes. It was St. Andrew's day, as I well remember, and my friend, though far from being *slewed* (as skipper Howison expressed it) had taken an extra tumbler of something more potential than pure water in honour of the occasion. Fractious, indeed, would be the moralist who could visit this indulgence with the pains and penalties of unforgiving censure! The Scotsman's heart warms in a strange land at the recurrence of his national festival, and he has so many old friends to toast, and so many loved scenes to commemorate that the malt naturally, runs a risk of getting above the meal.*

Just as we were entering the house, Mr. Paumie, who was behind me, cried out, "I say Peter, look out for pick-pockets! Some one, I fear, has been making free with my personal effects!" Nothing more passed till we had got out of the pressure, and seated ourselves in our places, when the Dominie anxious to discover the amount of his loss, began to make an overhawling of his pouches. To his great satisfaction he ascertained that he was quite as rich as when he left the inn—handkerchief, snuff-box, and *taws*, (which, from ancient habit, he always carried out with him to kirk or market,) being all in *statu quo*.

The investigation, however, was productive of astonishment as well as pleasure. Lurking

*Father Matthew did not flourish till long after the worthy barber's era.

in the corner of his pocket he discovered a silver coin, about the dimensions of a crown-piece, and evidently from a foreign mint. It bore all the marks of considerable antiquity, and indeed, when narrowly scrutinized, was found to bear the venerable date of 1505.

What could be the meaning of this unexpected windfall?

For a season Mr. Paumie sat in a brown study, gazing upon his newly-acquired treasure, when at length a bright thought seemed to light up his shrewd features, and he gave a dry, caustic chuckle, which he generally indulged in, when anything out of the usual track struck his fancy.

In the box, immediately opposite to the one which we occupied, was seated a stout, bluff-looking personage, evidently of the old school of gentlemen-farmers. He wore a capacious blue coat, garnished with huge gilt buttons, the pockets whereof were apparently of the dimensions of meal sacks. His hair was powdered and tied behind in a queue, and altogether he had a strong savour of an unsophistocated Yorkshire squire fresh from his hunter and fox-hounds.

Telling me to sit quiet and say nothing, Mr. Paumie arose, and went out, and presently I discovered him in the box of which I have been speaking. Pretending to be looking about for some one, he came behind the old gentleman, and dropped the newly-found piece of money into his pocket, which loomed conveniently open. So quietly and adroitly was the operation performed, that no suspicion was excited either in the recipient, or in any one else, and the Dominie having accomplished his seemingly incomprehensible mission, regained his former quarters, and seated himself at my side.

When I questioned him as to what his motives were for acting as he had done, the pedagogue nudged me with his elbow to hold my peace, whispering, at the same time, "Ask no questions, and you will be told no lies. When the pear is ripe, it will drop of itself." The Dominie, I may mention in passing, was as incorrigible a proverb-monger as Sancho Panza himself, and could enunciate them by the bushel, when the mood was upon him.

Presently the performances commenced and progressed much to the satisfaction of the audience. If I had time to spare, I could make your very teeth water by a recapitulation of the wonders which were then and there exhibited, but I hasten to the point more immediately in question.

By and by the Professor made his appearance upon the stage, and went through his manœuvres with a skill which fairly took away the breath of the beholders. He was a perfect master of his light-fingered trade, and more than once I had difficulty in keeping down the suspicion that he was in league with a certain individual who shall be nameless.

At last he reached what was evidently intended to be the climax and cope-stone of his operations. With much state and solemnity he drew forth from his purse a coin which he held up to the view of the beholders. "Ladies and gentlemen," quoth he, "you behold here one of the rarest pieces of money which is known to exist. It is a Venitian ducat, of a description never to be met with except in the cabinets of the most celebrated collectors." He then proceeded to detail the marks and features of the coin, which Mr. Paumie at once recognized as answering to those of the one which had been so unaccountably bestowed upon him. "Now," whispered he to me, with a knowing wink, "the goose is well nigh cooked!"

The conjurer continued:—"The trick which I am about to present for your approbation, has never been attempted by any human being save myself, and I bespeak for it your undivided attention. I take this coin,—blow upon it three times, thus!—touch it with my rod, and, presto! cause it to vanish from my hand, and fly into the coat-pocket of that gentleman in the boxes!" Here he pointed to Mr. Paumie, made him a bow, and begged that he would take the trouble to examine, and see whether the event which he had mentioned had not taken place.

Inspired, doubtless, by the potations he had drained in honour of the Land o' Cakes, the Dominie stood up with all the coolness of a cucumber, and pretending to draw forth the ducat, exclaimed, in tones of well-acted amazement—"Prodigious! Here is the very piece, sure enough! By the hook-nose of Julius Cæsar, but this is passing strange!"

Hereupon the assemblage broke forth into a salvo of cheering, much to the delectation and pride of Herr Herman, who looked mag-

nificent as the groom of the wardrobe to the Empress of all the Peacocks!

When the applause had subsided, the Dominie stood forward, and waved his hand for silence. "Mr. Necromancer," said he, "it is now my turn to dispose of this famous, and remarkable ducat! You behold it in my hand? (here he held up a five shilling piece.) Very well—I order it to take wing, and find a nest in the pocket of that worthy gentleman with the blue coat and pig-tail on the opposite side of the house!" Herman heard this address with blank amazement, glaring alternately at the Dominie and the Squire. The latter, after the first feeling of confusion, at being thus publicly singled out, had passed away, commenced a deliberate overhauling of the contents of his capacious pouch. Dog-whistles, cork-screws, hunting-whistles, tobacco-boxes, and handkerchiefs beyond number were lugged forth, and deposited in front of the box, the appearance of every fresh article being hailed by the democracy of the galleries with yells of laughter.

At length, the visage of the self-examiner assumed an air of the most bewildering astonishment and perplexity. "Od's bobs!" he shouted forth, "may I never crack a magnum of claret again, if the bewitched luck-penny be not in my pocket, after all! This beats cock-fighting, dash my wig and buttons!"

If the spectators' applause was loud before, it was now like to split the roof of the house! For more than a month thereafter my ears were ringing with the preposterous din, which far surpassed any thing I had ever listened to, the roaring of the Burn of Ayr not excepted!

As for the conjurer he looked as if he had gotten a bloody nose from some invisible pugnacious ghost, and pleading a sudden fit of indisposition, craved that the residue of his performances might be dispensed with for that evening. Indeed, it was self-evident that there was no sham-work in this plea. His hand shook like an aspen, and his knees knocked against each other as if engaged in a duel!

Just as the curtain fell a message was brought to Mr. Paumie from Herr Herman, craving the honor of an interview behind the scenes. Determined to see the joke to an end, the Dominie complied, and presently was ushered into the presence of the much wondering and sorely dumb-founded professor of legerdemain.

No sooner had he entered than the Herr, making him an obeisance down to the very ground, thus spoke in tones of almost whining humility. "Sir, in you I fully and freely own, that for the first time I behold my master in the mystic art! If it be not too presumptuous might I beg to be informed, how your most wonderful and magnificent trick was performed? Should money be an object to such an illustrious man I will not grudge five hundred pounds for the knowledge!"

Mr. Paumie looking cautiously around the apartment, as if fearful of being over heard, replied with a portentous shake of the head: "Money is not of the slightest avail in this case! The secret which you covet to learn can only be acquired by complying with conditions from which most mortals would shrink. In the first place you must burn the Bible, and renounce your hopes of salvation! Next * * * * * * * * * * * * * *"

The horrified Herman could listen no longer. Making the sign of the cross with one hand, and opening the door with the other, he implored the waggish Dominie to take his departure forthwith, and, if possible without carrying the end of the building along with him!

And so ended the never-to-be-forgotten adventure of Mahoun's ducat.

FROM THE HUNGARIAN OF PETOFI.

It rains,—how it rains!—
A pleasant rain this is,
For I'm with my love,
And fast shower the kisses.

With rain comes the lightning,
When storms break above:—
So blaze from thine eyes, dear,
The lightning of love!

But it thunders,—it thuuders!—
My dove, I must fly,
For here comes your mother;—
Good-by, love,—good-by!

—*Eliza Cook's Journal.*

A HOMILY BY COCKER.

The excesses of our youth (says a mercantile moralist) are draughts upon old age, payable with interest about thirty years after date.

OCCASIONAL SAYINGS AND DOINGS OF THE BLINKS.

CHAPTER VII.

"I will tell you what a slave is. A slave is he who watches with abject spirit the eye of another. * * * No man can be this unless he pleases. If he has fallen as to externals into another's power, still there is a point that at his own will he can reserve. * * * And if he that a misjudging world calls a slave may retain all that is most substantial in independence, is it possible that he whom circumstances have made free, should voluntarily put the fetters upon his own feet, the manacles upon his own hands?"

Godwin's Mandeville.

Our last chapter came to an untimely end, just as old Blinks surrounded by the members of his family, was about to recall the attention of Tom to the subject of his dog.

"Come and sit down here," said the old man drawing forward a chair with his right hand, and placing it in such a position beside him, that he could both see and hear to advantage the person who was to occupy it; "you promised to give me some account of that semi-wolf down stairs, and Frank is getting impatient to hear something more of his history since I have led her to believe there is a story connected with him."

"Oh, yes," said Fan, lifting her head quickly from its resting place, and shaking back her shining hair, as she arranged herself to listen, "it will be so delightful while we are all sitting round the fire; do tell us a story Tom, you used to be such a capital story-teller; and indeed you owe us something on his account, in consideration of the fright he gave us."

"Nay, if he frightened you he shall certainly make atonement," said the young man gallantly. "I hope my dear mother," (Tom was in the habit of so addressing Mrs. Blinks,) "you will allow me to call him up and introduce him; he has a rough exterior, but he improves vastly upon acquaintance, and I will make myself personally responsible for his good behaviour: his sagacity almost amounts to intellect, and he possesses in an exalted degree one or two old-fashioned qualifications, which, perhaps, on account of their rarity at the present day I value most highly; I mean, reverence for his master, and obedience." Here old Blinks put on his spectacles, and turned a curious glance towards the master alluded to, but said nothing; while Frank ventured to hint that such qualities, though highly creditable to his heart, said very little for his discrimination.

"I suppose," said John, "you have been teaching him a little of your sea discipline; knocking him over with a handspike occasionally when he was refractory, or some other gentle inducement equally persuasive."

"No!" said Tom, vehemently," I never struck him myself, nor allowed others to do so: indeed, for the latter, Boreas looks out for himself; and though wanting in words to express himself clearly, he has a way of speaking with his eye when threatened, which is very rarely mistaken."

"I hate these sneaking, crouching animals," said John, trying to draw him out, "I noticed the way he cowered at your feet upstairs; but I suppose you sailors are accustomed to exert such despotic authority over your own little floating dominions, that you expect everywhere else to meet with the same cringing obedience and submission."

Tom read in an instant the spirit in which this was spoken, and saw before him the schoolfellow of former days. He well recollected the contradictory spirit of the boy, and his love of argument, but he could not allow Boreas to lie under such a foul impeachment, and though he hated the mental exertion it would require to explain himself, he returned to the charge.

This was what John intended and had foreseen. He knew the inherent indolence of his disposition, and took a malicious delight in what he called "stirring him up." Tom continued:—

"There is a great difference between obedience, and obsequious subservience. The first is quite compatible with, nay, a necessary consequence of reverence, and what it springs from, love; the latter is the child of far other parents, viz., fear, hatred, and not unfrequently contempt."

"I deny the latter assumption," said John jumping up from his chair (he was hardly ever at rest for five minutes together,) and turning with his back to the fire so as to face his opponent, "I deny that obsequiousness can ever spring from contempt; we look down, it is true, upon those whom we despise, but we do not stoop to them."

"Oftener perhaps than you are aware. The relative positions in which men are placed, occasionally produce the strangest results; passion and the ebullitions of our true feelings becoming subservient to interest. The slave who crouches beneath the lash of his master, no less hates him for the power he holds over him, than he despises him in his heart for the tyrannical and cowardly manner in which he uses it. None but a coward will strike a man whose hands are tied, and the slave, be he dog or man, knows and feels this keenly as you or I: he despises the coward as we despise him; but his free-will is bound by the chain of circumstances, and while hate rankles at his heart, he stoops from fear in slavish servility and degradation of soul beneath the hand that bows him, because he feels that for the present he is altogether in its power, but the slave who crouches submissively at his feet to day, may put a knife in his throat to-morrow."

"Right, old fellow!" said John, striding up to him and giving him a hearty slap on the shoulder, "you're a trump after all. Those are my own sentiments. But I trust and

believe that many a man now lives, who born to a life of bondage, is yet spiritually free. You may trample a man's body under your feet if you possess the power, but no act save his own can ronder him in the true sense of the word a slave. Does it not seem a mystery, that free men, who own no such fetters as those you have discribed, should yet, from choice and an inherent meanness of soul, for the sake of filthy lucre, stoop to the position of moral slaves? Do not misunderstand me, Tom; no one respects the honest laborer in any capacity more than I. The position of my boy, Mike, if he does his duty uprightly, is intrinsically as honorable as my own: But then, there are men well educated and of good standing! I could show you some in this city, who will flatter and fawn upon you, and be the most contemptible lickspittles for the sake of the paltry five shillings you may spend in their shops,that ever disgraced their species by going upon two legs. I never meet such men without a sensation of disgust, nor leave them without feeling that they have offered an insult to my understanding, by supposing that I am such an idiot as to take their gilded plausibility for sterling coin: but they are great favorites with the ladies, and it is not to be wondered at; for if there is any door leading to a woman's heart which always stands open, that door is flattery."

"You impertinent coxcomb," exclaimed Frank, "the idea of such a schoolboy talking about the road to ladies hearts! You are prejudiced against poor Mr. Slimyways, for I know who you mean, and are as rough and uncivil when you meet him as a bear, more shame for you; but it makes no difference with him, for he is as polite and friendly towards you as ever."

"Confound his politeness! Yes, he sees I know him, and loves me none the better for the discovery, though he is as full of "wreathed smiles" as ever; but if he saw instead that he could dupe me, he would despise me as much as he already does some people of my and his acquaintance, whose money he pockets with such *delicate consideration*, or rather "wriggling lubricity." I have seen that man play upon the vanity and credulity of lady customers in such an impudent, but I suppose *fascinating* manner, that I have been tempted to knock his spectacles over his villainous little eyes with the back of my hand, as if by so doing I could unmask him." John lisped out the words italicized with such an excess of sham servility and mock politeness, and suddenly straightening himself up, delivered the last sentence in such a savage and threatening manner, that it was impossible to help smiling at his violent impetuosity.

"I have seen such characters in my travels," said Tom, "everywhere, and in all situations of life we find them: and often filling higher positions than the one your friend appears to occupy. This is only one of the many things in which man might with advantage take a lesson from his dog. Boreas will fawn upon no one but his master, and then only to show his attachment: he is civil and obliging to whoever treats him well, and is not afraid to show his dislike or his teeth to those who behave in what he considers an ungentlemanly manner. With shame to mankind be it spoken, he is with one exception, the truest, noblest, firmest friend I have ever made. Sunshine and storm, poverty, sickness and disgrace, make no change in him, save a more earnest solicitude to prove his devotion. His acts are the true index of his feelings. Fraud, duplicity and double dealing, are incompatible with his nature, which is clear and open as the day; and he does his duty without fear of punishment or hope of reward. He has been my pillow in places of danger, and has watched while I slept in safety. We have shared many a short allowance between us, and have mutually risked our lives to save that of the other. Orphan as I am, without father, mother or kin, he has filled in my breast the empty void, which, without some such kind and faithful inmate, would have been but a dismal vault, whose hollow echoes might only remind me of the dead."

Frank, young, warm-hearted and impulsive, felt that she could have thrown her arms round him as he concluded; but the feelings which do most honor to our hearts, are under existing rules of society, the very ones we are most desirous to conceal; and unless her eye told more than she intended, she was silent.

As Tom finished speaking he rose and left the room in search of his four-footed friend. "He's a strange composition that fellow," said John, as he closed the door; "Sometimes as light and trivial as the merest world-worshipper, whose highest ambition is to float like a bubble in its froth and foam, and yet evincing when you sound him, a depth of feeling and sensibility, of which many of our fine, fiddling ladies are altogether ignorant. There is something in his nature which seems to draw me to him, as to one whose worth I have long known and estimated; and yet, though in some respects the same, he is altogether most unlike what I remember of him as a boy. A unity of ideas, rather than of habits and pursuits seems to bind us. You had better take care, my fair Desdemona, (turning to Fan) or this fellow with his

"Moving accidents by flood and field,"

may prove another Othello."

"He is a striking instance" said old Blinks, unmindful of the latter part of his son's speech, and consequently of Frank's confusion, "of what I think Hazlitt has somewhere remarked; that peculiarities of mind, no less than of the features of men, are transmitted by descent, often at intervals of one or two generations. That boy can have no recollection of his father;

and yet their manner of thought and expression are exactly similar. I can almost fancy, if I close my eyes when he is speaking and look back thirty years, that I hear the voice of the dead. What is even more remarkable is, that their hand-writings are the same; though I doubt if he ever saw more than a few stray scraps of his father's correspondence."

As Tom's footsteps were heard approaching, the subject under discussion was dropped, and the next moment he entered the room, gravely followed by his dog.

"What a noble looking animal he is," said Frank, as Boreas who had leisurely made the circuit of the room, walked up to her, and pushing his black muzzle under her hand, seemed to invite her caresses, "I never saw anything like him before."

"I dare say not: although a native of this continent, he is, comparatively speaking, very little known beyond the bounds of his own country. He is an Esquimaux, born amidst the icy deserts of the frozen zone. Few dogs of his breed have enjoyed his opportunities, and being naturally of a sagacious temperament, he has made a profitable use of them. He has several times crossed the "Line," and is no less familiar with the melting beams of a vertical sun, than with the six months night of frost and desolation peculiar to his native land."

"And how came you, an eastern navigator, to get possession of a native Esquimaux dog," inquired old Blinks.

"It is a melancholy story," replied the young sailor, "and recalls scenes such as I would fain hope I may never witness again; scenes however which have a close connexion with much of my past life—and as such may interest you. If Frank is really in earnest in the wish she expressed, I will relate it."

"Do so, by all means," replied Mrs. Blinks—I am sure any part of your adventures will interest all present,"—and thus urged Tom began his tale.

CHAPTER VIII.

"The vessel now tossed through the low trailing rack of the tempest, is lost in the skirts of the thunder cloud."
Shelley.

"It is now nearly three years since, on a return voyage from Bombay, we encountered in the Bay of Biscay one of the most appalling storms it has ever been my lot to witness. I have seen, as you may imagine, a good deal of rough weather round the Cape, and have had a taste of a typhoon in the China seas, where we had to cut away our masts to right the ship, which was thrown upon her beam ends by the first fierce shock of the hurricane. All this you will admit was bad enough; but nothing I have ever been exposed to at sea, has left such a clear recollection of its horrors behind it, as one night during that fearful gale.

"I have since been told that ships at that time entering the channel, were driven by its irresistible fury, many hundred miles into the broad Atlantic, and I believe it; for though it raged with greater violence farther to the south'ard, it left many sad memorials of its devastating progress upon the shores of our own island. Had we been upon a lee shore, that night would have been our last.

"The wind in the morning had been westerly, and though blowing a good stiff breeze, was nothing more than common at that time of year: but the atmosphere was dull and heavy, and as the sun rose, its position in the heavens was marked by a murky, lurid redness, such as you may have seen at night upon the sky, indicating a distant conflagration. The wind, too, as the day advanced, backed round against the sun, freshening to a gale at noon, and blowing great guns from the south-east as night closed in; and such a night—it was as if no light had ever illumined it; a pitchy darkness, as if the spirit of night had descended with outspread wings upon the sea, and shrouded it in her murky embrace. Such, I thought as I vainly endeavoured to pierce the gloom, might have been its condition ere the morning of creation rose; when 'the earth was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep, and the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.'

"I cannot say that I felt afraid, for I did not; my spirit seemed to rise and expand in the awful majesty of that night; but that the very inmost depths of my soul were stirred I argue from the fact, that to this day, it often presents itself to me again in dreams. We were like a nutshell upon that raging sea: a mere bubble upon the mighty maëlstrom which roared and plunged around and beneath us. I never felt so deeply my own insignificance, and at the same time, the higher power which lived within me, and bore me up superior to its terrors. In that terrible night, I felt, if ever, the might of immortality,—felt, that though the next moment I might be engulphed beneath the waves; it was mine to live for ever, eternally, when time, and all that now floated upon its surface should be numbered amongst the things that were.

"It is impossible for me to express what I then felt; nor can I ever recall in their clear unclouded strength, the sensations which then overwhelmed me. I have since thought, that excitement, and the scenes which were passing around me, had rendered me temporarily insane; but if so, it was a glorious insanity, and death itself with all its horrors had lost its power over me. The free, bounding motion of the sea in a storm, has always possessed an inexpressible charm for me. I have never from a child known what it was to "sicken o'er the heaving wave," but have in its fullest sense realized and appreciated that fine sentiment in the Corsair:

"Oh, who can tell save he whose heart hath tried,
And danced in triumph o'er the waters wide;
The exulting sense, the pulses maddening play,
That thrills the wanderer of that trackless way."

"It must have been an exaggerated feeling of this kind, which took possession of me in that night. It was my watch on deck, and with a turn of a rope round my body, I was holding on to the belaying pins at the foot of the main mast. We had not a rag of canvas set: the little atom we had attempted to show, had been blown from the bolt ropes like gossamer; but the speed of the ship must have been terrific, for we were almost dead before the wind; and the soaring surges as they rose beneath her stern, seemed to hurl her headlong through the sky, until, as if exhausted, she would sink backwards, while the torn and seething billows foamed madly out from under her bows, seeming to laugh scornfully as they passed her in the race. Any one of those surges had we overrun them, would have rolled over us and engulphed us for ever: and I knew it—knew it then as well as I feel it now, but it did not affect me: what were the parting cry of a single mortal amidst the howlings of that dread storm! I remember looking steadily,almost firmly, into the eye of the pursuing gale, which whistled wildly, fitfully over and around us; and while it almost wrenched me from my firm hold, my spirit seemed to defy its power. But if I thought little of my own fate, I thought less of others; tho' many a gallant bark and fearless mariner, saw the light of morn no more.

"At last the dawn broke upon us,and gleamed with a red and wrathful eye upon the drunken revel of the elements, and lighted up the dripping spars of our spectre looking ship: and the wind which had wantoned wildly, unrestrained, through the dark and dreary night, seemed to cower and shrink away before it; coming and going in fitful gusts, as if uncertain whether to dispute its power or way; until by slow degrees as the round and glittering orb of day rose upon the heavens, it died away in low wailings upon the vexed and troubled sea.

"We had murmured at the storm while it was upon us, but it had become necessary to us; and now as we watched with wistful eyes its rapid departure, our only salvation seemed to depend upon its presence. The night storm had been appalling—but the morning calm, accompanied as it was by the unsubsided sea, was even more to be dreaded. The lofty masts and spars, which had defied the rude embraces of the gale, creaked and tottered like falling trees, as our vessel rolled helplessly in the trough of the sea. There was no rest to be found upon her; everything that was not firmly lashed to its place, rolled and bounded in wild confusion from side to side. Our seams were beginning to open, and soon the quiet rest of the sleeping winds had accomplished what their wildest fury had been unable to attain; but it was ordered otherwise, and a light westerly breeze springing up, we were enabled again to gather way, and lay our course with renewed hope to our yet distant island home.

"We had several passengers on board. What their feelings were during the period I have described it would be impossible to say. I saw little of them during the night; but the worn and haggard features I encountered upon entering the cabin next morning, told how fearful their mental sufferings had been. Amongst others were a newly married pair: the lady was young probably about eighteen, and more than beautiful. Her husband who was much older, was a captain in one of the Hon. E. I. C. native infantry regiments: he had seen some hard service under an eastern sky, and probably looked older than he really was; but he must have been at least fifteen years her senior; and, as report went on board, had amassed a considerable amount of money. Captain Paisley was a fine soldier-like fellow, and appeared doatingly fond of his wife.

"The cabin of an East Indiaman is a world in miniature. It is astonishing what free and social intercourse springs up during a four months voyage: a week at sea gives you a better insight into the character of a fellow-passenger, than a year in the ordinary way of associating on shore. You see him morning, noon and night; in sickness and in health, in good spirits and in bad spirits, and often without any spirits at all. One under such circumstances seems to cast away reserve, and to contribute to the best of his or her ability to the general amusement and interest of the whole. Personal narratives are in such circumstances common topics of discourse, and you thus necessarily become acquainted with much of the private history of your associates.

It was partly through these means,increased by the interest I felt in the youthful bride, and partly through what I gathered from occurrences which afterwards transpired, that I learnt such parts of her history as I am about to relate. She, like myself, had been born beneath a distant sky, and her native land was also my own. Like most other European children born in that climate, she had been early separated from her parents, and sent home to be educated and brought up under the care of a maternal aunt, then in England.

"Ah!" broke in old Blinks as if soliloquising aloud, "it is a terrible necessity and one of the many disadvantages under which a family-man labours, in the East. He must either see his children like hardy mountain-plants transferred to a hot-house, shoot up rapidly and luxuriantly around him, only to be prematurely blighted; or rend away the closest ties of his nature, by consigning his loved-ones, almost ere they have well known their father's voice

to the nurture and care of strangers: sending the soft and plastic minds of his children, to be moulded by other and often unknown influences, and to twine themselves round other than a parent's heart."

"I have felt it," said Tom, sorrowfully, as the old man concluded. "I am one of many victims to the evils resulting from it."

"So you were, my dear boy," said old Blinks, kindly, laying a hand on his knee; "I had forgotten that circumstance; indeed both myself and Mrs. Blinks have been so long in the habit of regarding you as our own child, that I could not naturally have remembered it: but I am interrupting your story, pray proceed."

"She was an only daughter," continued Tom, "and her father, Colonel Winterly, also an officer in our Indian army, had risen to a position of high rank and distinction in that distant land. He had long wished to retire, and join his child, unseen for many long years, but still tenderly loved, in his native country; but duty he fancied required that he should keep his post, and feeling that he could no longer be without her, he had written about a year previous to the time of which I speak, for her to join him at Calcutta; but seeds of mischief had already been sown, and were one day to bear bitter fruit. It happened that the aunt with whom she had been brought up, had a son at Eton; who had been in the habit very frequently of bringing a young friend and schoolfellow to spend the holidays with him at home. Sidney Bennington was a fine open-hearted boy; at the period of his first visit about sixteen years of age, and between him and Emily Winterly there had arisen a mutual childish attachment."

"The rising generation," interrupted old Blinks, "dream of putting on matrimony, as their father's did their first tail-coat, and at about the same period."

"I suppose we come to maturity earlier now," said John.

"No doubt," continued his father, "and hence the haggard old men of thirty, with a load of cares upon their brow, whom you meet daily. A man before he builds a house should first calculate whether he can pay for it when done, but young men now-a-days marry and build up a family without reflecting that

Children must be paid for."

"Not at all," answered Tom, "though personally inexperienced in such matters, I have witnessed so much misery as the consequence of marriages entered into unadvisedly on the part of others, that I willingly subscribe to all you have said. The aunt of Emily, however, had accustomed herself so long to consider her as a child, that an idea of the kind never entered her head, and the feeling between them increased gradually from one vacation to another, until the father of Sidney, who had far other views for the settlement of his son, became aware of the circumstance; and thinking that absence would soon eradicate any such transient feeling as had been aroused in the breast of his boy, determined on sending him a voyage in one of his own ships about to sail on a whaling expedition to the north-west. It wanted only a few weeks of the day of her sailing; but his mind being fully made up on the course to be pursued, this mattered little; and immediate preparations were made for his departure, care being taken as much as possible to prevent the meeting of the young couple before the vessel sailed:

"But he who stems the tide with sand,
Or fetters flame with flaxen sand;
Has yet a harder task to prove,
By firm resolve to conquer love,

Even in boys and girls. Certain it is; that young Sidney, by some means or other, outwitted his father, and held a stolen interview with Emily. The result was not difficult to anticipate; compulsory separation has much the same effect upon young love, as wind upon a smouldering fire. There were abundance of tears, vows, kisses and protestations of eternal love; and at the last moment of parting, they mutually exchanged rings, as a pledge that their love for each other should be as pure and endless as the circling gold. It is needless to describe it farther. Such scenes are of daily, hourly occurrence, though we walk in their midst, unknowing and unknown. Each mossy bank and shady knowe upon which we linger in our country walks, is, for all we know, wet with the tears and fragrant with the sighs of lovers, whose course the poet truly remarked:

"Never did run smooth."

The end, however, came at last, and they parted; and from that day to the period of her leaving England, no tidings had been received of the vessel or her crew. A return whaler had seen a ship, answering to the description of the one in which he sailed, moored under the lee of an iceberg in Baffin's Bay, about three months after her departure; and as the term usually required for making the voyage had long expired, the opinion was very generally entertained, even among seafaring men, that the vessel with all her crew had perished.

To this latter opinion she had herself become an unwilling convert, shortly before the arrival of her father's summons; and though to her young and simple heart, it seemed as if the star of hope had forever set; and that all places upon the desolate earth were henceforth alike to her, she heard his commands with sorrow and regret.

Her father was to her a stranger, no less in form and features, than in feelings and sensibilities. She recollected only a tall and handsome man, who in a transient visit, many long years before, had called her his Emily, dandled

her upon his knee and given her toys. Her mother, a delicate English flower, had long since withered in that sultry clime, and her aunt with a mother's kindness and fond attention, had supplied her place and claimed a mother's love. Her ties, her affections, were all in England, and her heart suffering keenly under its late afflictions, revolted at the thought of leaving, what to her had ever been home, and going forth among strangers; but the command had gone forth and must be obeyed; and under the care of some friends of her father's returning thither, she set sail with a heavy heart for Calcutta.

Here she was received with the greatest kindness by her father, and everything that luxury could give or art devise was placed at her disposal. For a while the novelty and excitement of the scenes in which she found herself, diverted her thoughts from sadder and sweeter recollections; flattered and caressed, she might have been eminently happy, but she had been brought up under other influences; her tastes had been formed under different circumstances, and moulded upon different models, her spirits which had been crushed by the silent and unknown suffering she had undergone at the fate of her childish love, could not yet recover their elasticity. The attentions which were lavished upon her, in time grew wearisome, and wealth and splendor but ill-supplied to her sensitive soul, the loss of her early attachments and the quiet and endearing comforts of her English home. The heath which grows and flourishes in the keen air and sterile earth of the rude mountain side, will lose all its freshness, strength and beauty, however carefully removed to what we in our short-sightedness might consider a warmer and more genial situation in the teeming vale below. She longed to return to those ever dear scenes of her childhood: she was like a bird taken from its dreary nest upon the barren and storm-beaten crag, and fed and fostered with all that nature could give or art invent, in a gilded cage. It loathes the dainties which an erring though kind intention places before it, and pines to soar again in freedom, half famished though it might be, amongst the wild and unhospitable regions which it yet looks back upon as its home.

"While in this unhappy state of mind, she received the attentions of Captain Paisley. He was, as I have said, a fine soldier-like fellow, with handsome features and good address; while she was even yet little more than a child, though a sensitive one. Her little heart was lonely in that distant land, and the loss she had so recently sustained had left a void in it which was doubly felt in a place where, with the exception of her father, in whom even yet she could not implicitly confide, she had no intimate friend. Captain Paisley was of all men the very one, from his kindness of heart and quick perception of the feelings of others, to gain her confidence and respect. Her vanity and self-love were flattered by his preference, and she felt grateful towards him for the kindly interest he appeared to take in her welfare; but though in every respect well-worthy of her love, her true feelings, of which as yet she knew but little, were not engaged. He soon perceived, for he was a man of discrimination, that her present position, however enviable some might have deemed it, was altogether distasteful to her: he saw that she was better fitted to adorn some quiet English fireside, such as remembrance painted, than to blaze in jewelled splendor, the meteor of a fashionable route: the current of his thoughts and ambitions was changed, as a stream rushing madly eastward will suddenly turn at some new and unexpected feature in its path and flow as swiftly to the west. The future offered to him now a new and not less pleasing prospect; no more he dreamed of high military honors gained in

"The imminent deadly breach."

"The gay and noisy camp 'and all the pomp and circumstance of glorious war' no longer lured him with their spirit-stirring voices: the silent tones of affection and home, like the noiseless beams of a summer sun upon an ice-bound sea, had melted his soul; and streams of pleasurable anticipation, the sweeter from their freshness, rolled in joyous currents through his breast.

"Hitherto she had paid but little attention to his suit, but now when he told her of his love for her, of the change which she had wrought in his tastes and inclinations, of his desire to return at once with her to their own happy England, to place her again amidst the scenes and friends of her childhood, and make her the chief ornament of his peaceful retirement; her heart heard him with such avidity, painted in such glowing colors the mere outline which his master-hand had traced, filling up all that was wanting to make a perfect picture of happiness and contentment; that in the flood of feelings which tumultuously gushed towards him, as the tides towards the moon, she, in the warm flush of her childish feelings, fancied that she loved him and gave him her hand.

"Woman is not meant to stand alone: if she does so, she unsexes herself and is no longer womanly. She is like the delicate creeper which springs up in the forest shade, amongst trees of all and various descriptions, clinging to the first which offers its rough and time-worn breast for her stay,—too often mistaking the bosom she leans upon. Carried aloft by some into places of honor and renown, and spreading over them even then a soft and delicious verdure. Falling with others who, while presenting a smooth and fair exterior, were hollow and rotten at heart, into the mire at their feet; but in all cases whether for good or evil, clinging affectionately still, whether

standing or falling, to the rugged stem round which it hath early entwined itself, and covering even its falling frailties with a kind and beautifying shroud."

"Why, Tom, my boy, you're growing poetical; I had no idea you had a taste that way, this is better and better," said John, involuntarily grasping his hand and shaking it, "we shall be sworn friends from this day."

"Poetry is the language of nature," replied his friend, "and consequently the natural voice by which man finds utterance. It is the voice with which God by the mouth of his prophets appeared to mankind, and he who is insensible to its silent but persuasive tones, has little to boast of beyond mere animal endowments. The words of truth are naturally words of poetry,* and so far as there is truth in my delineation, I am poetical, and no farther."

During the occurrence of this little scene, old Blinks and his wife had mutually exchanged glances of pleasure and satisfaction, and it was easy to read in the eager countenance of Frank how much she felt interested in the tale and its narrator.

"Captain Paisley had now retired from the service and with his young and lovely bride was returning to put the bright visions of both to the trial of actual experiment.

"But though nothing could exceed his kindness and attention to her, she had even before this time discovered her mistake. However much she might respect his character and appreciate his devotion, she felt that the true love which ought to have united them, upon her part at least was wanting. She saw when too late, that youth, inexperience and the longing desire she had felt to return, had blinded her as to the true nature of her feelings, and the consequences of the step she was taking. True, she was returning to the scenes and companionships of her childhood, but no longer as the child she had left them; three months of wedded life had given her a deeper knowledge of herself than years before: she felt towards her husband as she might have done towards a kind and indulgent father; she could not help respecting and admiring his character; but when she thought of Sidney and his unknown fate, she felt that with him was buried all that in her breast could claim the name of love."

Just at this particular period of the narrative there was a knock at the hall door, a few moments after which the servant entered the room and announced a visitor, Mr. James Daly; and a tall athletic young man advanced into the apartment and saluted the host and hostess cordially, shaking hands with John, and bowing courteously to Frank who had risen suddenly from her half recumbent position at the entrance of a stranger.

We must freely confess to those discriminating readers who have followed us thus far, that we perfectly agree with them, that the entrance of the stranger in the very middle of Tom's story is most inopportune and provoking. We feel, as our friends over the water would say, "riled" at it ourselves, and are inclined in one of their still more expressive phrases to "cut up dirt, and act kinder darned sarcy;" but what would it avail us? In this true and veritable history, he appeared as we have indicated at a moment when his room was more desired than his company, and having thus intruded himself and as it were incorporated himself with our occasional glimpses of the Blinks family, he must take the consequences, and whether of good or evil repute be exposed in all his beauty or deformity mental and physical, to that enlightened portion of the civilized world into whose hands these papers may pass.

It is needful however that we should know him again when we meet him, and for this purpose we will take a short run over him as he stands, and then let Tom conclude the history of his dog with as little delay as possible.

Tom rose as the new comer was introduced, and saw before him a tall well made young man, some 20 years of age; not so tall however as he might have been had he carried himself erect, for he stooped in his shoulders considerably. With his hat on he might have passed for a handsome man, for his features generally speaking were well formed; but as he now appeared with his hat off, the extreme lowness of his forehead with the hair encroaching upon either temple, gave him a most unintellectual look; and though he was evidently bent upon rendering himself as agreeable as possible, Tom felt a rising dislike towards him which he could in no way account for, almost before his introduction was completed.

"That's a formidable looking animal you have there," he remarked, as his eye encountered Boreas. "I suppose," turning to Tom, "he is yours?" Tom replied in the affirmative, and old Blinks took occasion to acquaint his guest, that at the time of his arrival they were listening to some incidents in his history.

Daly expressed a hope that his coming might not interrupt their amusements, and leaning forward in his chair was about to lay his hand upon the head of Boreas in a conciliating manner, which proffer of acquaintance Boreas repelled with a deep, smothered growl, of so threatening a nature that the young man hastily withdrew his chair to a safe distance upon the opposite side of the fire. Frank, too, at whose feet he was lying, had started involuntarily at his savage rejection of Daly's addresses, but Boreas rising to a sitting posture at the moment looked up in her face with

*The proverbial expression "there is more truth than poetry in it," is like many other things sanctioned by time and custom utterly false. Poetry is to truth what beauty and fragrance are to the flowers: impressing the outward senses—but leading through them to the heart. *Erro.*

such a kind and benignant expression of countenance that she became at once reassured, and resumed her seat, and at the general request of all parties, Tom Ferrers went on with his tale.

(*To be Continued.*)

LINES,
ON SEEING SOME AGRICULTURAL EMIGRANTS EMBARK.

God speed the keel of the trusty ship
  That bears ye from our shore,
There is little chance that ye'll ever glance
  On our chalky sea-beach more.
You are right to seek a far-off earth,—
  You are right to boldly strive
Where Labor does not pine in dearth,
  And the honest poor may thrive.
God speed ye all! ye hopeful band,
  O'er yon boundless path of blue;
But you'll never forget your own old land,
  Though wealth may gladden the new.

You'll often think of the blackthorn leaves,
  And the dog-rose peeping through;
And you'll never forget the harvest sheaves,
  Though the wheat was not for you.
You'll often think of the busy ploughs,
  And the merry-beating flail;
You'll sometimes dream of the dappled cows,
  And the clink of the milking-pail.
God speed ye all! ye hopeful band,
  With hearts still high and true;
But you'll never forget your own old land,
  Though wealth may gladden the new.

You'll call to mind good neighbour Head,
  And the widow down the lane;
And you'll wonder if the old man's dead,
  Or the widow wed again.
You'll often think of the village spire,
  And the churchyard green and fair;
And perchance you'll sigh, with drooping eye,
  If you've left a loved one there.
God speed ye all! ye hopeful band,
  With hearts still high and true;
But you'll never forget your own old land,
  Though wealth may gladden the new.

Perhaps ye leave a white-haired sire,
  A sister, or a brother;
Perhaps your heart has dared to part
  For ever from a mother;
If so, then many a time and oft
  Your better thoughts will roam,
And Memory's pinions, strong and soft,
  Will fly to your English home.
God speed ye all! ye hopeful band,
  O'er yon boundless path of blue;
But you'll never forget your own old land,
  Though wealth may gladden the new.

Eliza Cook.

SCRAPS FROM MY COMMONPLACE-BOOK.

BY CULPEPPER CRABTREE.

No. I.

FUNERAL OF OLIVER CROMWELL.

Evelyn, in his diary, under date 22d October 1658, mentions that he witnessed the funeral of Oliver Cromwell. It was very gorgeous, "but," he remarks, "the joyfullest I ever saw. There were none that cried but dogs, which the soldiers hooted away with a barbarous noise, drinking and taking tobacco in the streets as they went."

AN EDITORIAL PRESERVE.

The uninitiated can form but a very inadequate idea how precious, at times, an appetizing morsel of news is to the editorial brotherhood. When there happens to be a dearth of intelligence, a "cold-blooded murder," will make the eyes of the most philanthropical knight of the scissors and paste-pot to sparkle with heartfelt satisfaction. And though he may be a type and walking advertisement of all the domestic virtues, "an elopement" causeth his grinders to water consumedly.

There is a notable story of an English country editor, who, discovering that one of his neighbors had hanged himself in a sequestered out-house, would neither cut him down, nor mention the occurrence to any one, but kept the suspended body under lock and key for three entire days. He had an orthodox and a simple reason for this, apparently, unaccountable conduct. His paper appeared on Thursday, the broad sheet of a rival on Wednesday. "Do you think"—he triumphantly asked—"do you think I was going to say any thing about the suicide of neighbor Blue, and let that scoundrel over the way have the paragraph?"

WOMAN.

Witlings who make a constant practice of jeering and flouting at the gentler sex, would do well to ponder the following observation of that distinguished lawyer, Sir SamuelRomilly: "There is nothing by which I have through life more profited, than by the just observations, the good opinion, and the sincere and

gentle encouragement of an amiable and sensible woman."

MODERN LONDON.

London at the present day, with its two millions and a half of souls within seven miles of St. Paul's, has a population equal to one-half of that possessed by the whole kingdom in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

PASSABLE PUN.

The following is one of the most tolerable of the pun family, which we have recently met with. Whenever a wish is *father* to the thought, it will be a(p)parent!

WHAT IS A NEWSPAPER?

In England this is a question more easily asked than answered. Baryn Parke,recentlystated in the Court of Exchequer, that in the case of *Household Words*, the Bench were not agreed as to what constituted a newspaper, within the stamp act.

"Who shall decide when *Judges* disagree?"

HINT TO CONTROVERSIALISTS.

The learned and eccentric Bishop Wilkins gives the following sound advice to arguers. "It is an excellent rule to be observed in all disputes, that men should give soft words and hard arguments."

GENUINE POLITENESS.

Many definitions have been given of the word politeness. but, perchance, Col. David Crockett has furnished the most practical one. Crockett, speaking of the late Philip Hone, with whom he was in Congress, observed: "He was the *perlitest* man I ever knew, was Hone, cause why? He allers put his bottle of milk-punch on the sideboard before he asked you to drink, and then turned his back so as not to see how much you took."

FIGHTING BY MEASURE.

A locality, called *Fifteen Acres*, used to be a common place of resort for Dublin duellists. Sir Jonah Barrington tell us that a Hibernian attorney, in penning a challenge, called upon his antagonist to meet him "at the ground called Fifteen Acres, *be the same more or less*."

RICH WIDOWS.

Benjamin Franklin used to observe that wealthy widows were the only species of second-hand goods, that sold at prime cost!

WIT.

Wit is one of the few things which has been more frequently rewarded than defined.

A certain bishop said to his chaplain:—"What is wit? "The rectory of Z——— is vacant," replied the chaplain—"give it to me, and that will be wit." "Prove it," said the prelate, "Why, my lord," rejoined the petitioner, "it would be *a good thing well applied!*" He gained his request.

The dinner daily prepared for the Royal Chaplains in St. James's, was reprieved for a time from suspension, by an effort of wit. Charles II. had appointed a day to dine with his chaplains, and it was understoad that this step was adopted as the least unpalatable mode of putting an end to the feed. Whenever the monarch honoured his chaplains with his presence, the prescribed formula ran thus: "God save the king and bless the dinner." On this occasion it was the turn of the famous Dr. South to invoke the benediction, and he took the liberty of transposing the wonted words, saying: "God *bless* the King, and *save* the dinner!" "And it shall be saved!" exclaimed *Old Rowley*, who, with all his faults, could keenly appreciate genuine wit.

CANADIAN NEWSPAPERS PLEASE COPY—CANADIAN HOTEL-KEEPERS PLEASE READ:

Mrs. Swisshelm, who edits the *Pittsburgh Advertiser*, narrates the following incident, which occurred on a tour which she recently made through a portion of the United States: "When we sent for our bill, the landlord sent his compliments, and said, 'he did not make out bills against editors, but hoped that Mrs. S. would make his house her home whenever she came to Akron." This said Akron must be indubitably a literary *El Dorado.* Verily the Bonifaces of Canada might gracefully borrow a leaf from the book of their republican brother.

A DEFECTIVE TITLE.

It has been suggested by a wag sorely afflicted with *conundrumania* that Louis Napoleon, instead of being called *Bone-a-part*, should have conferred upon him the title of *Grab-the-whole.*

FOREST GLEANINGS.

BY MRS. TRAIL,

Authoress of the "Backwoods of Canada."

THE BLOCK-HOUSE.

CHAPTER III.

AN EVENING AT WOODLANDS—ALICE AND PHILIP.

(*Continued.*)

The lightning flashes not more swiftly from the cloud than the vivid red blood rekindled the ashen cheek of Sarah, as she replied:—"I came on no unworthy errand, Philip Harding. I have a message for you, Philip,—*that* brought me hither. Your father," and she spoke slowly and distinctly, "lies at the point of death: return and receive his last words. It was to tell you this that I came through the dark woods," and she turned away; his unkind manner had wrung her heart.

Philip staggered backwards, as if struck by some heavy blow. With all his faults he was generous and affectionate. All cause for offence was forgotten at that moment; he thought only of a dying father. Something akin to remorse filled his heart: the yearnings of his better nature were strongly felt. He had been rash, too, in his judgment of Sarah. The hot flush of shame rose to his temples, as he thought to what unworthy motives he had attributed her appearance at the cottage. Had it not been to save him from the pangs of self-reproach that this devoted creature had hurried through the lone forest at dusk-fall, and overcome by emotion and over-fatigue had sunk at the door.

Philip was not indeed aware that the proof of his love for Alice had stricken a death-blow to the hopes of the unhappy Sarah, and had been too much for her sensitive nature to bear. Hopeless and heart-stricken she now slowly turned away, as Philip said in hurried tones "farewell, Alice, dear Alice," and wrung the young girl's hands, lifting them for a moment to his lips, and pressing them to his breast: then turning to Sarah, he said, "You are tired and weak; come lean upon my arm and I will support you," as if to make amends by the altered kindness of his manner for his former harshness; but she refused his proffered help coldly and briefly, and they proceeded to retrace the path to the block-house in silence.

It was some relief to Philip when the trampling of a horses' hoofs met his ear, and at a turn in the forest-road he beheld his friend, Mr. Sackville, who wrung his hand, as he leaned down from the saddle, and said,—"Hasten, my dear boy, or you will be too late. Your father desires to see you, but is failing fast. I have tried to bleed him without effect. This has been a sudden and I fear a fatal stroke of apoplexy." Then assuring him that he would be over early in the morning, Mr. Sackville bade Philip good night.

From Sarah, Philip now gathered the particulars of the sudden attack which had taken place during a violent altercation between his father and mother, a matter of only too frequent occurrence,—she had been summoned by a strange cry. On entering the sitting-room, Sarah beheld Mr. Harding lying on the floor, black and convulsed, his eyes fixed and starting from their sockets apparently in the agonics of death.

"And my mother?" asked Philip.

"She stood with folded arms, silently regarding him as he lay at her feet."

Philip shuddered. "What apathy towards the husband of her bosom!"

"Fortunately, one of the sawyers chanced to come up to the house on an errand, and with his help, I got your father laid upon his bed. Mr. Sackville rode past a few minutes after this, and sent me off to summon you, Philip, for your father gasped out your name, and so I hurried away."

"Did my mother render any assistance in this extremity?"

"She paced to and fro the stoop, but would not look upon your father's face. Philip, I do not think she cared to look upon the dying man, in spite of her high spirit."

They now reached the dwelling-house, and Philip, springing up the steps, was hastening to his father's room, when his mother, laying her hand on his arm, detained him.

"Mother, let me see my father,—let me speak with him," said Philip stifling the agitation, and speaking slowly and distinctly.

"It is useless, Philip," she answered, sinking into a chair, and covering her face with her clasped hands, "he is dead!" There was a convulsive motion of the body, a movement of the tightly clasped hands, but no tear fell nor sob broke forth to tell the grief of the newly made widow.

Philip gazed upon her in mournful silence for a minute. He then rose, opened the door, and entered the silent chamber of the dead. With terror-blanched cheek, he gazed upon the dark and rigid face of his father. How changed within a few brief hours! It was the first time he had ever looked upon death. He knelt down beside the bed and wept and prayed: his heart was softened: forgotten at that moment was all his father's harshness, all his faults. He remembered only how often he had rebelled against his authority,—how often he had disputed his will and irritated him by contradiction. He thought of his love to him in his boyhood, and his tears flowed fast.

"Mother," he said, "let us pray. It is good for those who are in sorrow to pray. Did my poor father pray before he died?"

"He cursed me with his last breath."

A deadly shudder seized the young man, as he listened to this awful declaration.

"And me—me, mother,—his only son?" he gasped forth.

"He asked for you, Philip,—he desired you to care for Sarah—for—for your mother—that is all. Leave me: this is a sudden blow! I cannot think—I cannot talk. Leave me to myself," and the young man, accustomed to obey her stern commands, left the room and continued to pace the verandah till the streaks of early dawn lightened the eastern horizon He had listened all night to the never-ceasing foot-fall of his mother, as she paced through that lonely room. He had watched, with almost superstitious awe, the dark flitting shadow of her tall unbending figure, as it passed and repassed the window. There was something so unlovely, so unnatural, in that stern, pale, tearless countenance. Grief there was none—a restless moan—a stifled groan, was all she gave vent to. The workings of that iron heart what mortal could penetrate?

It was great relief to Philip when he heard the kind soothing voice of his friend, Mr. Sackville, who came to give directions in regard to the last rites to be performed for the dead, and to offer such consolations as his friendly heart suggested as most desirable to allay the grief that this melancholy event had called forth.

"Philip," he said, when the young man had become more composed, "has your father left no will, or private letters, or papers?"

"I do not know of any. I have made no search: I have not yet had time to think of these things."

"My young friend, it is necessary that this should be attended to. Much of your future welfare may depend upon it. I doubt, my young friend, that there was much want of harmony between your father and mother?"

"They lived in constant warfare, sir."

"I feared so; your mother seems a woman of violent temper. Yet, Philip, remember that she is your mother—your only surviving parent. She needs your care and support, in her now desolate widowhood. I trust you will do your duty by her."

"It has ever been my desire to do so. But, Mr. Sackville, must I confess my fault? I love her not. I have been accustomed to bow beneath her iron sway; to tremble at the glance of that cold, hard eye,—but love her I could not—and I cannot. In spite of my father's harshness, still there were times when he would relax, when his heart would overflow with tenderness and love; and then I loved him, yes, with all my heart—a heart that yearned for love, and found it not, till you, sir, became my friend."

The warm grasp that met Philip's outstretched hand, as he said this, brought tears into his eyes.

"Philip, I love and esteem you, and feel for you scarcely less than a father's interest," said the good man, in a voice broken by emotion. "Never forfeit that respect. In all your trials look to me, and I promise to aid you to the best of my poor abilities."

"Mother," said Philip, some hours after this conversation had taken place, "did my father leave any papers, or letters, or any will?"

"Who directed you to ask?" was the evasive reply.

"It is necessary that I should make myself acquainted with them, if he have."

"There are none of any consequence. Of course everything remains as it was. I am mistress here," and she rose and left the room, leaving no opportunity for further discussion.

Philip bit his lip. "Mistress here," he repeated, and his thoughts flew towards some gentler mistress,—some more loveable ruler of the household.

CHAPTER IV.

THE FUNERAL—THE DISCLOSURE.

The funeral rites were ended; the few scattered inhabitants from the distant settlement that had been summoned, as was the custom, to assist in the interment of the dead, had gone away, after having been courteously treated at the Block-house. Mr. Sackville read the burial-service. In remote places (for it is now many years ago) the funeral rites were performed by the nearest or eldest friend of the deceased,—a simple head-stone or young sapling, or, if a catholic, a wooden cross, being the only memorials of the dead. The spot selected was at the foot of a silver birch, near the stream in the glen, but on the rising ground, to ensure the grave from inundations, which usually occur after the melting of the winter snow.

Full of mournful reflections, Philip turned his steps to a secluded spot, not far from the mill, but had not proceeded far when he beheld Sarah sitting on a block of stone, at the foot of a thorn-tree that grew on a little grassy mound in the glen.

He paused, struck by the girl's attitude. She was sitting with her head bent down upon her hands, her elbows resting on her knees; her long black hair, of which she was usually so proud, all unbound, fell like a veil over her arms, and hung down till it almost swept the ground. She did not notice his approach till he was close beside her, and laying his hand gently on her head, said, in a voice of much kindness:—"Sarah, why sit you here all alone? Come, come, bind up your hair, and dry your tears; we cannot recall the dead," for he thought she was fretting for his father's death.

She mechanically obeyed his injunction, and bound the masses of silken hair like a turban above her forehead, and then said in a low subdued voice,

"Philip, let us leave this place: it is dreadful to me. We will leave it and go together. I will work for you; I am young and strong; we cannot starve."

"What nonsense is this, Sarah?" angrily replied Philip, stamping his foot vehemently on the ground. "It cannot be. It is impossible. I will not leave this place."

"It is because you will not leave Alice Sackville," scornfully remarked Sarah, drawing herself up and fixing on Philip her wild flashing eyes; then as she marked the angry glance and reddening cheek of her companion, she lowered her voice and said—"Your life will not be safe within these walls. She hates you: her heart is hard as iron. What she dares that she will do,—I know her well. Even now, this very day, she tauntingly declared her intention of forcing you to quit that house. She says she holds some paper, signed by your father, which wills it all to her; and that you must quit her house ere long."

"O, monstrous! A mother drive her son from his father's roof, and that ere his body is cold in his grave! And can this be my mother—the mother that bore me?"

"That is she not, Philip! You are no child of her's."

"I thank my God if these words be true!" passionately exclaimed Philip. "But hark you girl! If you deceive me,—if this be false!" and he sternly grasped her arm, and looked into her face with a searching gaze; but Sarah shrunk not from his scrutiny.

"Philip, I repeat, that woman is not your mother; neither was she your father's lawful wedded wife. Your own mother, if she be still living, is in England. The time is come when you must know all, and I will tell you what, I would long since have told you, but for the love I bore your father; for he was kind to me in my childhood, when I was a poor orphan girl, with no one to care for me."

It were difficult to enter into the various feelings that agitated the heart of the young man, as he listened with breathless interest to the tale that his companion now imparted to him.

"And first, Philip, I must tell you somewhat of myself, though that is not much, for of my own parentage I know little. I know not who was my father. My first recollections were of a small mud-walled cabin on the borders of a green waste, skirted by a thick grove of copse-wood, full of primroses and violets and bluebells, where I used to play and pick the flowers, when I was a very, very small child. I have some faint recollections of my mother; she was dark, very dark-skinned; her hair was of jetty blackness, like mine, but it fell in thick twisted curls to her waist. I used to climb her knees to wind it about my fingers and tie it in all sorts of knots. I have some faint recollection that your father used to come occasionally to the cottage and take me in his arms and kiss me, and call me his gipsy girl."*

"Well, Sarah, what has all this to do with my mother?" interrupted Philip, with some impatience in his manner.

"Be quiet," she answered; "I must not be put out. Have patience, rash boy! and you shall hear in time, but I must tell my own story my own way."

"My mother died, Philip, when I was but a little child. I was ill of a scarlet fever, to which she fell a victim. When I recovered I was alone, only an old withered woman was with me, and soon after that I was taken away to the parish work-house, where I remained for several years. I was taught to read and sew and write a little, and then I was bound out, as they termed it, for seven years. I recollect the day; your father it was that came and chose me out from a number of other girls. He spoke kindly and lovingly to me, and I felt glad to leave that dull old place and go away with him. He bade me not to cry, but said I should be well dressed, and have a dear babe to nurse; and I dried my tears and laughed with joy. Well, Philip, he took me to his home, and there I saw his fair young wife, your own mother. She did not take as much notice of me as your father did. Not many weeks after I had been brought to your father's house, you, Philip, were born, and I loved you from the moment that I first held you in my arms: you seemed, as it were, a gift of God to me; something to love and cherish and care for. I loved you too well: my love for you caused me to commit a great crime.

"But now I will tell you something about your mother. She was the daughter of a clergyman: her name was Ellen Grantley. Her own mother died, and her father, your grand father, married a widow, with one daughter, a year or more older than his own motherless girl. Your mother was small and delicate, very fair, and, thought by many, pretty. Her eyes were blue and her hair golden; but she was not a woman of strong mind: like her frame, it was weak, and timid, and delicate.

"It was whispered among the servants in the house, that she loved your father better than he loved her; that he married her for money, and that his heart was with her step-sister, Margaret Wilson,—that Margaret Wilson who, for so many years, has usurped your mother's place,—your reputed mother.

"She it was, who coming into your father's house, as an invited guest, by every woman's wile that she so well knew how to practice, robbed your poor mother of your father's love, if, indeed, she ever possessed it.

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* The reader may draw his or her conclusions from this circumstance. and it is a probable inference that Sarah was the daughter of a gipsy girl, by Philip Harding's father. The girl herself seems to have been unconscious if it were so.

"Stung with jealousy, your mother openly charged her step-sister with the guilt, and that before strangers who were present—an offence that she never forgave. From that time, scenes of violence were of frequent occurrence, and at last an appeal was made to your grandfather to interfere,—not from your mother, but from his artful step-daughter, who had gained the upper-hand over him as well as every other person on whom she exercised her witch-like influence. Most people took your father's part, and despised your mother as a weak, jealous woman. Your grandfather also chid her, and talked much of the injury she was doing to her husband and to her innocent step-sister. Your mother, nearly broken-hearted, confined herself chiefly to her own chamber, or to the nursery. She loved you so passionately that she could scarcely bear you out of her sight, even while it was necessary to carry you out for health-sake. She would say, as she clasped you to her heart,—'She has robbed me of my husband's love, but she cannot rob me of my child, my darling, my only earthly joy!' Alas! Philip, she little knew what that bold, bad heart was capable of in its depths of dark revenge. And now, Philip, I must confess my own errors, but remember that I was a child, Philip,—I was but a child, acting under an evil influence, which had already beguiled older and wiser heads than mine."

And here Sarah paused, tears fell fast from her eyes: they were the workings of a noble remorse. Philip was silent; he knew her vehement temper, and he feared to rouse it. After a few minutes she resumed, in a low and subdued voice:—

"Philip, I know now it was wrong, very wrong, but at that time I was jealous of your mother's love for you, my nurse-child. I envied every caress she won from you. I was a child—but a young child. I had no one but you to love,—none but you to love me; and it was my warm nature to love with all my heart, and mind, and strength, as they taught me God only should be loved. I often wished that I could take you away to some spot, where I could have you all to myself; where you could not see your mother, and love her better than you loved me. I loved your father, too, for he was kind to me, kinder than your mother was. He bought my secrecy to much that I would have revealed to your mother.

"I took a strange interest in the stolen meetings, that I only was privy to, between the guilty pair, and they rewarded me with gay ribbons and trinkets and sweetmeats, and praises of my beauty.

"Yes, Philip Harding, it was they who made me vain," and the poor girl sighed as she said it.

"Well, I must be brief. One day, your mother, roused to a state of madness, almost, by her wrongs, taunted your father and Margaret Wilson, before some guests, at her own table. I was not present, but it was a sad scene of confusion, as I heard. That evening the lovers met in secret, and vowed vengeance upon your mother's head by eloping, I think they called it, and taking you away with them as a punishment, the most painful to her that they could devise. I was to bear them company, to be your nurse; and my heart fluttered with joy, because that you would then be all my own; there would be no one—no envious mother—to share your love with me. It was cruel,—was it not? Oh, yes! I feel and know that it was devilish to tear the babe from its poor desolate mother, and leave her to pine in loneliness of heart, uncertain of its fate; and yet I—yes I, Philip, (nay, do not look so reproachfully upon me, or you will break my heart,) stole to your sleeping mother's bed, and took you from her side. It was your birth-day: you were one year old that day. Can you wonder if the remembrance of that day is full of pain and anguish to me? It seems written with a pen of fire on my heart and brain! It was a day of woe and crime!

"We lived near the sea-side, within one short mile of the seaport town of ——. A short walk, and then an open boat took us to a vessel lying in the bay. It was a merchant ship, bound for the coast of America. It had doubtless all been arranged beforehand, for I must tell you that they took away all the valuables that they could carry; among other things, they robbed your poor mother of her box of trinkets—things of some value in gold and jewels. I packed all your clothes, Philip, even to some toys that had been sent you by your god-father and aunts. I coveted them as treasures for you; and so we left England forever. At first all was so new to me that I felt strange and uneasy, but soon I grew reconciled to the change. Your father and Miss Wilson at first were all kindness to me, though even then I began to see traits of her haughty, imperious temper; and I early noticed how little love she bore to you, and how spiteful she looked if your own father did but bestow upon you one kind caress.

"We lived at Charleston, where your father got employed by a timber merchant, and obtained an excellent salary, and they lived in great comfort for many years, till the breaking out of the war with England; then your father was away for some time with the soldiers, first on one side, then on the other—so people said. But though there was much trouble and many families suffered, we did not, for your reputed mother was a good provider: she took care to live when others perished.

"When we had been about three years in this country, another son was born to your father, by her who passed as his wife; and

this child she loved with all her heart. There was a sort of fierceness in her love, like that which a lioness or tigress might feel for her young; and as her love for her own child increased, her hatred to you grew with it. At last, God, to punish her for her wickedness, sent a deadly sickness into our house. You fell sick and then little Gideon,—for so she called your brother. You recovered, and her child died. It was by no care of her's that you lived, Philip; but for me, you would have perished from neglect. And O! it was fearful to witness the wild despair of that mother when she looked upon the face of her dead son. But I will not dwell upon these things, or tell you all the miseries that followed, for she bore no more children to your father, and her heart seemed scorched and withered. You have seen and felt this from your youth upwards. She possessed the power over us all that a strong bad mind can exercise over the weak and helpless. Your father's spirit seemed to quail before her. I think she knew something that he desired not to be made public. She was his evil genius, his tempter, and would have been his betrayer, if he had ventured to rebel beyond mere words.

"But for your sake, Philip, I would have left them both, for I was now a young woman of sixteen, and there were some who sought my hand, but I cared not for them. All my affections were centered upon you, my child; and sometimes I thought, that but for the troubles that had broken out, I would have gone away with you, and restored you to your own poor mother; but, Phillp, I could not do it; and so I continued to share the fortunes of your father and Margaret Wilson, that I might be ever near you, to be your friend and guide, and to supply to you the place of the mother from whose care we had torn you. We moved from one place to another; at last we settled on this spot, but peace has never been within our walls, for it is said Philip,—so I have heard,—that there is no peace for the wicked.

"While we abide with that wicked woman, I feel as if the curse of God were on us. I think that she is glad that your poor father is dead, that she may grasp all he has left, for she is as covetous as a miser of gold. But, Philip, remember, she is not your father's lawful wife, and has no legal claim to any of his property."

"Why did you not tell me of these strange things before, Sarah?"

"Because I dared not; for not my life only but your's, would have been endangered." Sarah paused, then added in hurried, hesitating tones—"And, O! Philip, must I tell you, that this bad woman bribed me to silence? She told me that when you were grown up that I should be your wife. And I—and I—fool that I was, cherished that thought in my heart—till now—till with my own eyes I saw your love was with Alice Sackville," and Sarah bowed her blushing face upon her hands to hide it from the stern unloving gaze of him on whom she now feared to look.

"Sarah," said Philip, after a minute's painful silence on both sides." This was of a piece with the rest of this vile woman's fiendish conduct. Dismiss such unnatural thoughts from your mind: brought up in your arms, dandled on your knees, loving you as a nurse and mother, or at least eldest sister, how could it ever enter into my head to make you my wife? Forget that such an idea was ever given birth to, or I shall shun you and hate you, and abandon the spot where you are with horror."

A torrent of passionate, agonizing tears gushed forth at these words, but after a few minutes of violent agitation, the woman's pride came to her aid, and, wiping her tears, she said mournfully,—"Philip, I never thought to have heard words like these from your lips,—but you are right. It is unseemly in one of my age and low estate to have loved one of your's. If I had not been a vain, weak fool, I might have reasoned better. I should have known that it was but one of her wicked wiles to lead us both to ruin. Forgive me, Philip," she continued, raising herself, and holding out her hand to him, "forgive me, pity me, but do not hate—do not despise me, and I will never again shock you with my unhappy, misplaced affection,—even though my heart break, I will subdue it. Ah, Philip! pardon and forgive me for the wrong I did you, in aiding to rob your poor mother of you; but the sin has been deeply repented of, and sorely punished."

Philip was moved by the distress of his companion. Her self-devotion to him, her constancy, her disinterested affection, touched his heart. He wrung her hand with much emotion, and said—"Take comfort, Sarah. I forgive you, from my heart. Act as you have promised, and God will give you comfort and strength: for me, I shall ever regard you as a dear sister, and faithful generous friend." And so they parted.

That day, Mr. Sackville, aided by Philip, made a search for a will; and folded within the leaves of an old ledger, was found one, purporting to be the last will and testament of the deceased, in which all his landed and other property was left to his wife, Margaret. This will, of course, was valueless as a legal document, as soon as it could be proved that Margaret Wilson was not the lawful wife of the testator. While steps were being taken to invalidate the will, Philip gladly availed himself of Mr. Sackville's invitation to reside with him and his daughter.

CHAPTER V.

A MYSTERY—THE CONFLAGRATION.

Sarah, for some days after Philip's leaving the block-house, had remained as usual with her mistress, coming up, from time to time, to speak with Philip; but some days elapsed and she did not appear, and Philip became anxious and uneasy, lest mischief should have befallen her, and so, one morning early, accompanied by his friend, Mr. Sackville, he bent his steps towards the mill by the valley path. As they wound their circuitous way by the stream, they became sensible of a dense cloud of smoke hovering above it, and soon it seemed to fill the whole glen.

"There must be fences or the woods on fire," observed Mr. Sackville. "Let us ascend the hills again, Philip, for the wind is driving it down upon us."

"It is the mill!" exclaimed Philip, in great alarm, as a burst of flame surmounted the dense volume of smoke, and leaped upwards; and now the roaring, crackling of the fire was heard on all sides. . Philip was right; the mill and all its timber were fast consuming beneath the power of the raging element. No earthly power could check its fury; and the next thought was the block-house and its helpless inmates. By quitting the valley, and gaining the road above, they were enabled to obtain a view of the scene of destruction. The blackened beams and smoking ruins alone marked the spot where the dwelling-house had once stood. How the fire had originated, and through whom, remained wrapped in mystery. No living creature was there to tell the tale; and whether the fire had broken out in the night, when the inhabitants were asleep, or whether they had fallen victims to its fatal effects, or had saved themselves by timely flight, was a matter of doubt.

All was horror and distraction on the part of Philip, who forgot his own losses in the terrible thought of the loss of life involved in the conflagration.

No light was ever thrown upon the burning of the mill and dwelling: all was a mere matter of vain conjecture. Whether it had been the result of accident, or the revengeful act of his reputed mother, who had left the place previous to having ignited the buildings,—was one of those vague guesses that people are apt to make, when the truth cannot be elicited. One thing was certain, that after the charred beams and brands were removod, human bones, black and calcined by the fire, were found on what had once been the hearthstone of the sitting-room. Possibly, the mistress of the house had fallen asleep in her wicker chair, and a spark catching her dress, had caused first her own destruction, and then that of the old log building: the destruction of the mill, with the dry piles of lumber below, was the natural consequenee of the burning premises above. That Sarah had also perished, there seemed to be no doubt; and Philip long lamented and mourned over the untimely death of this devoted friend.

In course of time, the block-house was rebuilt, the mill was again restored, and Philip, now a cheerful, happy man, brought to his home a smiling, lovely bride, to rule his house and bless his hearth, and all things went well with the young couple. A thriving village sprang up beyond the hills that bounded the valley. The mill was a source of honest wealth, and the voice of joy was in their happy dwelling when Alice became the delighted mother of a healthy babe—a little Philip, the living image of its father,—a great compliment to him, as the nurse and mother both assured him. And months passed on: the infant grew and throve, and was the delight of the whole household,—for where was there its equal for infant beauty and intelligence, in the admiring eyes of father, mother, grandfather, and nurse?

* * * * * * * * *

The evening summer sun was pouring its flood of golden light upon the wood-crowned hills, glancing upon the foaming waters of the mill stream, and stealing through the quivering leaves of the hop-vines that shaded the stoop, casting their dancing shadows athwart the gay Indian matting that served to carpet the small parlor, and playing in fanciful lights and shades upon the netted coverlet that hung over the birch-bark cradle in which the little Philip slept. His young mother sits beside him, busied with her knitting-pins and balls of yarn: a dark shade intercepts the sun-light and she looks up with a bright smile, thinking to meet the admiring, loving glance of her husband's eyes, resting upon his slumbering treasure; but no—a stranger is there—a female, clad in the sombre garb of a widow; her hair, white as silver, is scarcely seen beneath the close lawn cap; her brow is furrowed, and her thin fragile figure is bent with weakness and age. Such was the appearance of the stranger that now, with hands clasped together, and eyes rivetted upon the face of the sleeping child, met the eyes of Alice.

With the natural vanity of the young mother, Alice supposed the charms of her little son had attracted the attention of the wayfarer, and laying aside her knitting, she hastened to the door and courteously invited the widow to come in and rest herself, and take some refreshment.

In tremulous accents, the stranger replied: "They told me that I should find my son here, madam—my babe. Ah! if you have him, restore him to me! Give me back my child, my dear, dear lost child;" and hurrying past the terrified and astonished Alice, she snatched the infant from the cradle, and clasped the struggling affrighted child pas

sionately to her breast, while tears, like rain-drops, fell upon its face.

Awakened by her frantic caresses, the little Philip screamed and held out its arms to its mother, who implored to be allowed to quiet it, gently observing—"These little ones are so frightened: he is not used to strangers."

"He does not remember me!—he has forgotten me! Ah! I was afraid this would be so,—they so soon forget!"

Alice, alarmed at the singular manner of her strange guest, hastened to the door at the sound of steps advancing. It was Philip, and by his side a female—that female she recognized as the long-lost Sarah.

"This, Philip, is your mother," she said, "but her mind is not quite right. You need not be alarmed; she is quite gentle, but you must humour her. See! she thinks your little son is the babe, even yourself, whom she lost more than twenty years ago. The grandson will be to her as the son. She knows not the time that has elapsed,—to her it seems but as yesterday."

And so it was; the bereaved mother had been attacked by brain fever, after the elopement of her husband and the abduction of her child. After a long and severe illness, reason partially returned, and she became as rational as formerly, except on this one subject, the loss of her babe. All other griefs seemed to have been swallowed up by this one engrossing thought—"My child lives; I shall see him again before I die." "Time," as the poet says, "gives such wondrous easing." She ceased to grieve, but she did not cease to hope; and, strange to say, as age deadened all other feelings, the maternal flame burned brighter and brighter. A sort of harmless monomania took possession of her mind, and she sewed and smiled, and smiled and sewed, and talked to her friends of the dear little head that was to be adorned with the fine point lace caps that she worked, and the fair neck and arms that were to be graced by the frocks and robes she embroidered: trunks and chests of fine needle-work were stored against his return. The idea that the lost babe had grown up to man's estate, never seemed to cross her mind. It was the babe, and only the babe, that lived in the mother's heart.

And Sarah, that devoted creature, full of the noble determination of re-uniting the mother and son, regardless of all difficulties, had left the block-house some days previous to the fire; and taking advantage of the protection of some French lumberers and their wives, returning to the coast, accompanied them, and after many difficulties, found her way to Boston; here she engaged in service till she had earned money sufficient to pay her passage to England, and finally found herself in the seaport town of ——, from whence she had sailed so many years previous. She learned that Mrs. Harding was still living in affluence, her father having long been dead.

It needed but little persuasion on the part of Sarah to induce the widow to accompany her to America, for the sake of once more beholding her lost child. The result has been told.

Philip looked with melancholy interest on his mother; she received his attentions with thankfulness, and seemed grateful and gratified by his kindness; but it was upon the infant Philip that all her love was lavished; she dressed him in the fine linen that her fingers had worked for his father, and absorbed in her newly-found treasure, she found a balm for her wounded heart.

And now my tale is nearly told. Not long after this, the block-house, the mill, and all the lands belonging to Philip Harding and his father-in-law were sold, and the families migrated once more to England.

Sarah accompanied them no farther than Boston; for she was wooed and wedded by the captain and owner of the ship which had brought her out to England, when she sailed on her mission of love; and though she had no living children, she saw her name perpetuated in the fast clipper-built ship—"The Sarah of Boston."

The principal events of this story are founded on facts with which the authoress was acquainted some years ago.

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

There is more romance in every-day life than is dreamt of in the philosophy of every-day people, and more sympathy and sentiment than is outwardly shown; for fashion unites with this cold world to repress our best feelings, and conceal, under the specious appearance of indifference or unconcern, all that nature intended should form the gentle basis of the mind of woman.

These modern checks on our humanity soon render the heart more fitted for the stern realities and rude necessities of life, by frequently becoming cold, calculating, selfish, and disinterested.

It fortunately happens, that *music* is the master key to the sensibilities of most people, in kindly disclosing the stores of tenderness of those whom modern custom has failed to make completely apathetic.

In an excursion to the county of Wicklow, with a select few, well chosen from the *nonconformists* of the modern system, we stopped at the beautiful village of Enniskerry, on the domain of Lord Powerscourt, to visit a pretty Gothic cottage, kept as a sort of lodging-house for invalids who seek the salubrity and temperature of this almost tropical air.

After partaking of a late breakfast, or rather a second edition of the *first*, and preparing again to mount our cars, in coming down stairs, I heard a sweet and plaintive voice singing the beautiful air, "*Oh, leave me to my sorrow!*" accompanied by the piano-forte. I was chained to the

spot. I had heard that song, with repeated pleasure, by one now no more, in my country, and, now distant from the home of my childhood, it seemed to possess a double charm in reviving thoughts of home, hallowed by the memory of the dead. In approaching nearer, to hear the concluding lines,

> "Time brings forth new flowers around us,
> And the tide of our grief is gone,"

the door opened, and an elderly widow lady appeared. She bowed, while I apologized for my apparent rudeness; but what parent is there who will not forgive a delighted listener to the accomplishments of an only child? She had observed the very unfashionable fear which some local remembrances had called forth, and begged I would enter the room, saying, Jessy should repeat the song for me.

"Jessy, my love," said the mother, "oblige this lady, of the party just arrived, by repeating your last song." She gracefully consented, and sat down to the instrument, but soon after left the room.

"I am at a loss to conjecture," said the anxious mother, "the cause of my daughter's illness; she was once gay and cheerful." "Then is it left for me, a stranger to explain the cause?" I asked, overlooking her music book: "The selection alone of these songs convinces me, that she has had some blight in her affections—some tender string has been touched by sorrow." "Oh, no! cheerful society is all my child requires, with this fine air; and let me hope," continued she, "that I may have the pleasure of your company on your return." "If possible," I promised; "if not, some other day soon shall find me your guest." Jessy now entered the room, and strengthened her mother's invitation.

The route, on our return, lay in a different direction, so that the promised visit was deferred until some other opportunity. Near three weeks elapsed ere it suited my convenience to go to Enniskerry, and, on my entrance to the village, I anticipated how cheerfully I would rally the invalid out of her low spirits, by discouraging every thing sentimental or plaintive, either in conversation or music, and how gaily I would parody "*Love's young dream*" for her.

With a bounding step, and a heart as light as a May morning, I approached the cottage. Some of the household appeared in the act of removal, for there was a cart at the door, and some few trunks and a writing desk were placed in it. The door was soon open, but my entrance was stopped by two men bearing a piano-forte, packed in a case, followed by the owner of the cottage, in tears. I felt my heart sink, and was unable to speak.

"Oh, procrastination! how didst thou accuse me at this moment!" She who had interested me was now beyond recall; and her widowed mother far from my consolation; and the very instrument which had imparted such momentary delight was going too. I could not look upon it without a pang; and in this last trace of the once lovely Jessy, I thought of the words I had first heard her sing, and again they seemed applicable —"Oh, leave me to my sorrow!"

Such is the power of music in reviving years, scenes, and days gone by—in sympathizing with the sufferer in concealed sorrows, and in awakening our best feelings in the memory of those who have but gone before, to another and a better world!

THE MUSIC OF NATURE.

BY WILLIAM SMITH.

There's music in the whispering wind,
  That bears at eventide
The fragrance of the scattered flowers
  That deck the mountain's side;
There's music in the gushing stream,
  There's music in the sea—
There's not a spot but hears a tone
  Of Nature's melody.

There's music in the distant roar
  That trembles on the breeze,
There's music in the surging tide
  Of ruffled angry seas;
In every pealing thunder's voice
  That booms along the sky,
A tone is struck on Nature's harp—
  And it is melody!

There's music in the wailing winds
  That stir the slumb'ring might,
And shake the sea-foam from the locks
  Of mermaids dancing light;
There's music in the early breeze
  That bears on golden wing
A thousand touching minstrelsies
  From warblers of the spring.

The lark trills forth his strains above,
  The sparrow on the ground;
On either side there's melody
  And no place silent found.
The strings of Nature's harp are long
  From pole to pole they span;
Ten thousand minstrels touch the chords—
  The listener is man.

A TALE OF THE OLD SPANISH WARS.

FOUNDED ON HISTORY,

By William Smith, "Author of "Alazon and other Poems."

CHAPTER V.

In coming from Ronda, the day being extremely hot, Kempthorne supposed he had exposed himself too much to the hot sun, and used too little caution in his draughts of the cold springs by the wayside; as he was taken with a sort of low fever which reduced his strength sadly without actually confining him to his couch. The physicians prescribed the waters of a mineral spring, at the foot of the mountains a few miles from Ronda. Thither he went by easy rides, taking with him his own servant, Acton; he found the place an old decayed place of note, with the ruins of baths and palaces of Moorish construction, beautiful in

their desolation—and a convent of busy monks there established, very officious, but withal very hospitable and ready to oblige. He was permitted to go in and out without serious annoyance; but his servant was taken in hand by some of the monks, who laboured most assiduously for his conversion; Acton, however, was a Puritan, and while he abhorred hierarchs and prelates, and much more, monks, was full of a zealous energy which could adapt itself to many emergencies, and on this occasion he in his turn had high hopes of inducing the brotherhood, from the prior downward, to renounce their profession and creed, and adopt his. Kempthorne was amused at this double attack; seeing, what his servant did not, that the deference with which the monks listened to Acton's harangues arose from their national politeness; while their attempts upon his faith were dictated by a real intention of good, according to their ideas of right.

He was soon able to take daily rides of considerable length with benefit and pleasure to himself. Being a short distance only from Ronda, he made many journeys thither; at first from politeness, and to learn Maria's condition, and afterwards for the sake of company and conversation. He found that Maria grew more lovely on acquaintance. Her mind was uncommonly acute in its perceptions, while her education had furnished her with stores of solid information seldom acquired in that day by females. Her disregard of the rigorous mandates of fashion in dress and deportment only showed her native appreciation of beauty and fitness both in manners and attire; furnishing a striking contrast to the affected ways of many of the ladies of rank whose company she kept.

The house had large grounds attached, with labyrinths, bowers, and fountains; and in this garden Kempthorne and Maria passed many a happy hour. The Spanish guitar, an instrument in Spain, of the softest and sweetest tone, was in her hands the very embodyment of musical plaintiveness. She was deeply versed in the old Moorish lore, and had many of their legends and their airs, still played in Spain, soft and wild as the wailing adieu of Moorish maiden to the vine-clad steeps of Granada. Led out of her usual reserve concerning her own history, by the narrative of the state of affairs between the monks of the healing spring and his servant Acton, she confessed one day that she was under an implied promise to enter a convent herself, "there are but few persons in the world," said she, "that a young girl would be willing to link her destinies with, and one of the most repulsive of all men in my eyes was the Count Alfonso Marado. He was destitute of all gentleness, without a spark of native nobility of soul, and utterly incapable of affection. Yet he was courted and flattered, he was rich, was young, was called handsome, and did me the honor of treating me with more respect than he generally treated women. I was then a girl of sixteen, and rather than marry such a man, (and his suit was favored and pressed by Don Manuel,) I spoke of a wish to join a convent. The death of the Count prevented the completion of that sacrifice, (for so I considered it;) but I still lie under the half-promised penalty of a conventual life. A girlish promise, at sixteen made to escape an impending evil, is brought to bear upon my sense of honor now, when I see the subject in a clearer light, and totally differ (though in secret,) from many of the tenets there inculcated, and openly condemn many of the practices of these institutions. I had been taught to believe that convents were the bulwarks of truth and the depositories of religion for many ages, and it may be so still; but yet there are drawbacks enough in the system now to hinder me from immolating myself on the altar of perhaps a blind zeal, and shutting myself up from the world which needs so much the good offices of us all."

She paused, and rose hastily, as if convinced that she had said too much, and went to her own room. At dinner she was quite reserved and Kempthorne thought, sad.

Just before his departure, she had been playing on the guitar, some wild and mournful airs; and when he rose to go, she lingered at the window without noticing his preparations for departure, until he advanced to give her his parting compliments. Her guitar rested on the window, and one hand lay over it—he raised her fingers to his lips and murmured "adios! Maria." She turned her eyes upon him, and when her glance met his, his eyelids dropped. He could face death at the cannon's mouth unmoved, but he could not meet her glance without emotion, for her eyes were full of tears. "Maria," said he softly, "I am but rude in speech and may offend, but if there be aught beneath the sun that John Kempthorne can do, or say, or think, to tend to dry that tear of thine, even to death itself it shall be done!" "I am weak and foolish Senor." said she, "and sometimes betray feelings unworthy of me. You can give me naught but your kind wishes, your——" she hesitated for a word,—your—respect" she added suddenly.

Circumstances prevented Kempthorne from taking his lately daily ride to Ronda until the second day from the one we have spoken of. He

found the Senora Felipe in an evidently ungracious mood, and on enquiring for Maria was told that "Dona Maria could not be seen to-day." He went off in no good humour, and rode long and far to distract his thoughts. The consequence was that he was seized during the night with a fresh attack of fever, and did not leave his room for a week. Meanwhile he had sent Acton several times to enquire of Maria's welfare, who returned with the information that she was from home, but where, or on what account, he could not discover. He mentioned, in a passing manner, that the first time he went, he saw Father Avarando the Inquisitor, come out of the house. "Hark thee, Acton!" says Kempthorne, "I have cause to know that Dona Maria is fearful of being secluded in a convent; I also know that she is at heart as good a Protestant as thou; and my judgment is that Avarando is laying some plot to secure her for the monasteries, Now, bestir thee, for I am helpless at present, and discover something in this matter."

"Master Kempthorne," answered the sailor, "I will attend the Inquisitor as the pilot-fish does the shark, and stick to him faster than the barnacles did to Drake's keel on a three years' cruise." Kempthorne smiled at the whimsicalities of his servant; and confessed bitterly to himself that after all he could give him no specific instructions nor advice.

About ten days passed in this manner; little or nothing being discovered of what Kempthorne wished most to know, when one afternoon Don Manuel presented himself. He was kind and engaging as ever; showed unfeigned pleasure at the favorable state of his friend's health, Kempthorne being rapidly recovering; regretted exceedingly his inability to come sooner, having heard of his relapse; and urged his return to Malaga as soon as his convalescence would warrant. Kempthorne after promising this, spoke of Maria, and frankly stated that he had been greatly agitated by her sudden disappearance, and the unaccountable coldness of his reception from Senora Felipe; so much so as to affect his already precarious health. "Senor," said Don Manuel, "let there be nothing but frank dealing between us. Maria has been irrevocably and voluntarily devoted to a monastic life for some years. It was time that her vow were performed, and your presence, believe me," said he, extending his hand, "I speak to you as to a brother,—your presence, it was thought tended to indispose her to assume the initiatory step in this matter; and by the advice of her confessor and others interested in the welfare of her soul, I have sent her to the Sisters of Mercy, in Seville, to perform her novitiate. Pardon the seeming mystery that prevented you from giving her an adieu; it was better for her peace. A few months hence, when she has been in some degree weaned from the world, she will visit us for a few days.

CHAPTER VI.

Five months had passed. Kempthorne had mingled in the gay company of Malaga, even to surfeit of pleasure. He had been a caressed and welcome visitor at the castle of the Marquis D'Amaral, who had urged him to enter the Spanish service, promising him the highest honors and emoluments, though without success; he had ridden for days among the lofty ridges of the Sierra Nevada, or on the beach that stretched away unbroken even to Carthagena; he had pulled for hours and hours along the coast in a boat, caring not whither he went; he had sat on cottage steps or under trellised vines, and listened to endless tales and legends of the Moors; and he had shut himself up for days in Don Manuel's library, poring over illuminated chronicles, and strange and bewildering manuscripts, and rare tomes of the earliest imprint;—all this he did, yet could not beguile recollection. The image of Maria haunted him continually. He would often stand and ask himself "am I acting honorably to Guilmas, to harbor such dreams. When he knows in some manner her feelings, and yet sends her to a nunnery, do I act honorably to draw her, even in fancy, from her destiny?"—and yet as often would a beating at his side and a swelling at his throat give themselves tongues and answer "yes!"

Maria at length came. She was accompanied by a sister from the convent at Seville; a woman of almost passionless features, whose animation, if she ever possessed any, had been long parched up in the drought of ascetic observance. Maria wore a white veil the symbol of her novitiate; while her companion was enveloped in the black habit of the sisterhood. Maria looked pale and pensive, and seemed uneasy and constrained in the presence of her companion, whom she called Sister Ursula. She had partially acquired the low tone of voice in vogue among the monasteries, but not yet the placid and staid expression of countenance so often met with, and of which Sister Ursula furnished so admirable a model. Kempthorne found few opportunities of speaking to Maria at all, and never alone, till Acton came to his assistance. Of his own accord, he assumed such an anxious expression of countenance, and seemed in such perplexity about the soundness of

his creed, and so pointed were his appeals for instruction and guidance, that Sister Ursula, moved by that spirit of proselytizing so common amongst all creeds, devoted a great proportion of the attention to him she had intended for Maria. She would argue with him for hours at a time, and when he appeared to be thoroughly convinced, would give him what was really good advice at great length. Next day, however, another doubt would apparently present itself, and the whole ground was to go over again. During these conversations or arguments, Kempthorne had many interviews with Maria, and learned from her what he most feared, that her present situation was none of her seeking. She suspected Father Avarando of having something to do with her removal, as she had seen him at her grandmother's house; and the same night was informed by Don Manuel, who had that day come to Ronda, that she was to proceed with Fernando next day to Seville.

She looked forward with dread to the day, not now far distant, when the assumption of the black veil should shut her forever from the world. "I know," said she, "Don Manuel too well to hope anything from him. His sense of an obligation or vow is such, that he would spurn me from his presence if I would dare to speak of breaking my promised engagement; and I have too much consideration for his happiness to acquaint him with what would but torture his feelings, but would not change his determination.

"Would that I could save you, Maria!" exclaimed Kempthorne.

"What mean you, Senor?"

"Would that I had some cottage in England, as I see it now, with the green sod at our threshold, and the linnet 'neath our eaves, where the cuckoo sings and the daisy springs, and the sun goes dreaming through a fleecy sky; where true love nestles, flies, and sings, and comes for warmth into your bosom—there would I shelter thee from the sun, and guard thee from the cold; I would win thee from thy sadness, I would sing thee into smiles;—I would love thy country for thy sake, I would bless even poverty and want with thee."

"Senor, it cannot be, *but we shall meet in Heaven!*"

"Maria," said he with voice as rich and low as her own guitar, "if, before that hand of thine is laid upon the altar in an irrevocable renunciation of the world, I am free to return to England, would you think it desecration to lay it in mine, where my heart should be to meet it?"

"Senor, Don Manuel would never consent."

"Don Manuel is willing to sacrifice your feelings and happiness to a promise made under fear and restraint, as he then was to sacrifice you to ambition and wealth; and the worse for you *and for me*, though none the more pardonable, that he considers it connected with his honor and your own—besides, Don Manuel may never know it; he goes to Malta in a few weeks to pay his term of service to the order, and may never return now that Spain will have fewer attractions; or if he does, will surely forgive one whom he loved so well, whose only crime was herself to love."

"Senor, God's will be done! We shall at least meet in Heaven, shall we not?"

"Yes Maria! no veils are taken there, nor hearts broken!"

Here Sister Ursula was heard approaching. A silent pressure of the hand, and a whispered word of hope and faith, and Kempthorne quitted the apartment.

Time sped on, and changes came. Maria had gone back to Seville attended by Fernando and Martin, Don Manuel himself setting her forward two days' journey. The knight was making preparations for joining his brethren of the White Cross at Malta, and was looking out for some opportunity of sending Kempthorne to England, having told him that he had no wish to keep him longer in captivity, much as he coveted his society. About this time Luis again made Kempthorne's acquaintance. Circumstances led to a certain degree of familiarity between them, sufficient for our captain to discover that the man's love of money held every other feeling in abeyance. He resolved accordingly; and Luis was soon bribed to go to Seville and open a communication with Maria. About three weeks afterward he again made his appearance, telling Kempthorne that there was no one in the world trusty enough for a messenger, and besides he could not afford to pay one, and so had come himself to tell him all he had learned.

Just at this time a French vessel was ready to sail for Brest, and the Knight had stipulated for a passage for Kempthorne, his mate Lincoln, and his servant Acton. Kempthorne had already an understanding with the French captain, and hastened the messenger to Seville, with a fresh supply of money and copious verbal instructions, and a small billet for Maria, ambiguously worded in English for better security.

The ship sailed. Don Manuel's adieu was warm and generous; the officers of the ship were pleasant and social; the weather was delightful, and all things wore a prosperous appearance. In due time they anchored in the harbor of Cadiz; a

voyage being seldom made in those days without calling at almost every friendly port on the way. Here Kempthorne was quite at home, having been there often before.

He soon made his arrangements for going to Seville in an assumed character. He accompanied a merchant, who was in his confidence, as a body servant; performing the meanest offices with all due alacrity. Lincoln and Acton were to come separately, a day or two apart, with other portions of the merchandise which was being transported to the interior.

They all rendezvoused without accident, and found Luis there before them. He affected to have been robbed on the way, and had to be comforted with an extra bonus. With the assistance of his friend the merchant, our captain procured a light and strong boat, and a moonless night was appointed to effect the liberation of Maria. The convent was situated on the Guadalquiver, the detached buildings of the establishment running quite to the water. A small chapel occupied an angle of the grounds, close to the brink of the stream, and was connected by a secret passage with the vaulted apartments of the main building. It was near this chapel that Luis had directed the boat to be lying about eleven o'clock on the night in question.

The night came; dark as could be desired—with thick black clouds sweeping across the sky, and scarcely a star in sight. A stout two-oared boat with Kempthorne in the bows; an agile Spaniard, Jorge Carvajal by name, a trusty servant of the friendly merchant Diaz at the helm, and Lincoln and Acton at the oars, was on its way to the place of rendezvous; creeping up the stream under shadow of the huge overhanging walls and buttresses of old Seville. Not a word was spoken; every man knew his duty, and all the probable contingencies had been so well discussed, that no orders were needed. The boat passed silently the steps leading down to the water, then suddenly stopped; when Carvajal, taking a short oar which he had, sculled the boat noiselessly into a sheltered covert, with the prow within a yard or two of the end of the steps, and there she was held by the oars of the English sailors. Not the slightest sound was heard from the boat—not a limb was moved, nor a head turned, but each man awaited in silence the slightest signal for action.

Soon a dark figure—so dark as only to be seen on the top of the steps in relief against the sky, and then lost, crawled down the steps and felt for the water. As soon as that was reached it raised its head and whispered hoarsely "Castile"

"Arragon!" said Kempthorne, in the same cautious voice, heard only by the ear to which it was addressed, and by the crew in the boat.

The figure crawled up the steps again, and vanished over the little horizon that bounded the view of the adventurers.

A few seconds elapsed, and something again showed itself in relief against the sky, and again crawled down into the thick darkness.

"Arragon!" said a voice in a suppressed whisper; "Castile!" said Kempthorne, the signals being this time reversed; and the boat was pushed forward by a light stroke of the oars till the bows touched. Kempthorne stood with one foot in the boat and one on the lowest step, and stretched out his arms, for the darkness was total.

"Sir Thomas!" said he in a voice husky with emotion, giving the last signal.—"Rutledge!" whispered Maria, completing the name of her grandfather, as she came trembling within his grasp. He lifted her into the boat and got in himself, pushing it off with his foot as he entered; and the boat glided out into the middle of the stream, as the darkness was now impenetrable.

They rowed hard for about two hours, when by the advice of Carvajal, they slackened their efforts somewhat, while he steered the boat near the right bank of the stream. His object was to discover two great trees standing close by the water, and which formed his only landmark in this thick darkness. It was after half-an-hour's sailing that they were descried, and immediately after passing them the boat was run sharply into a creek, where the overhanging shrubs rendered the darkness such as might be felt.

Here the boat was grounded, and Jorge informed the company that this was their first destination, and that the first danger was passed. Kempthorne handed Maria out on the sand, and the men drew the boat up on the beach, and then Jorge led the way through the bushes. As it was impossible to see anything, and the ground was unknown to the rest of the party, Jorge pulled a short piece of rope from his pocket, and pressing it into each one's hand, started off without a word, pulling at the cord. Much amused at this original method of showing the way, the rest followed briskly; and after crossing a large meadow and two or three small enclosures, found themselves under the balcony of a large dark-house, inhabited by a priest, brother of the merchant Diaz, who was himself within.

The house, though dark without, was light enough within, and a sumptuous entertainment awaited the newly-arrived guests.

"Permit me, father," said Senor Diaz, ad-

dressing his brother "to present to you the friend of whom I have spoken, Senor Kempthorne; and his affianced bride, Donna Maria Guilmas; and to pray that you will join their hands in marriage, according to the rites of our holy church."

"Children," said the priest, standing before them in his robes, with the white hair falling over his temples, his dark eye speaking pleasantly, and a smile of satisfied benevolence on his lips.—"Children, where God gives love between his creatures, man should never thwart it; and where the vow is mutually desired, the church ought of right to sanctify and receive it; and I had rather that our convents and abbeys should be desolate, than tenanted with broken hearts.' The priest then according to the rites of his church, and in the presence of the assembled witnesses, received from them the irrevocable vow, and joined their hands, with his blessing. Maria blushed as she looked at the nuptial ring on her left hand and the written attestation of marriage by the priest, and then looked up to smile; while Kempthorne stood with a glow upon his noble face, and the light of soft affection in his eye. He kissed her warmly, and then they arranged themselves at table.

Time passed merrily on; but after an hour the priest began to be anxious for their safety, and proposed that Jorge and Acton should bring the boat down to a point in the bend of the river below the village hard by as there was a ferry there and there might be danger of detection in passing with all aboard. This was agreed to, and they departed, Diaz and his servant were to return immediately to Seville to prevent suspicion, and so Kempthorne and the merchant parted at the house of the Padre with all the regrets of warm and generous friendship. The Padre gave them his hearty blessing, as Jorge, who had now arrived to say that the boat was ready, led them off; and they struck out once more into the pitchy darkness of the night. They were soon all seated in the boat, Kempthorne this time at the helm, and Maria close beside him, and the faithful Jorge Cavajal, after warmly shaking hands with all the rest, and kissing the fair hand of Maria, amid showers of blessings and good wishes, pushed them off.

Once more upon the bosom of the "chainless Guadalquiver," with the dull sound of the steady oar, and the low hum of whispered love at the stern of the boat, broken by the motion of the helmsman, as he "guides her way,"—with the ripple of the inky waters underneath the gunwale—and erewhile the breaking light and flushing glory of the morn—and then the bright and sunny day, when autumn weds with winter, in that genial clime where green leaves laugh at Christmas—and then the night again; toiling now—for human arms are not of iron—first one at the helm and then another—and then the second day, when the great sand-bars and vast extended mouth of the river is past, and the blue Atlantic opens out before them, with a speck upon its bosom far to the left; and the speck grows bigger and assumes a shape, and soon is hailed the ship bound for Brest; and the wanderers are on board, wearied and watchworn, but safe from pursuit, with the world and its joys before them.

CHAPTER VII.

Cromwell had passed away. The old order of things was again established, and the nation opened its eyes too late to the consciousness of the splendid opportunity that was lost of establishing the liberties of England at the restoration of Charles II. The smothered embers of discontent blazed forth in 1688, but at the time of which we write all was calm on the surface of public events. The gay and dissipated court pursued its heartless pleasures, and the notorious cabal perverted the public weal into the channels of private ambition and aggrandizement. Out of the reach of the court however, domestic felicity and rural peace sunned themselves in many a quiet valley, and plenty stood smiling o'er many a lovely landscape; and down in Devonshire, with antique gables, and tasteful shrubbery around it, with overhanging oaks—and the great chalk downs, with their velvet verdure stretching away like mighty waves to the horizon—was a house, like many another house in England, with peace without and love within, with childish voices ringing in and out its casements, the swallows twittering round its roof or perched upon its clustered chimneys, and great house-dog shaking himself up to listen for coming footsteps, and then bounding off to meet the comer—the master of the house; who came with firm step, and open brow, and a ribbon at his breast: Sir John Kempthorne, commander of His Majesty's ship, the Resolve, now lying at Plymouth.

A few days after, Sir John was in London, with some reports on the works at Plymouth, for the Lord High Admiral; and quite unexpectedly met Commodore Ven in the street. The Commodore was in high good humour, very like a man flushed with victory; and shook Sir John warmly by the hand when they met, and turning took his arm and went on in company with him.

"Commodore," said Sir John, "I hear pleasing

accounts of your late success—captured a Spaniard and three of his convoy in the straits?—that was well done, two or three more such would make an Admiral!"

"Truly," remarked the Commodore, "our men did nobly; and the Don would not strike till he was completely crippled. A noble fellow was the Don, and as well-bred a gentlemen as ever trod a quarter-deck. A knight of Malta, by the way. Is it not strange, Sir John, that these knights will engage in the wars of Christian states, instead of spending their valour on the infidels, as bound by their laws?"

"I doubt if they are as strict as of old in that respect," said our knight, "but I am afraid they would make England an exception even if they were; for indeed they have no reason to be grateful for the manner in which the order of Saint John was used in the time of King Henry. Their estates were confiscated, the order suppressed, and the knights themselves loaded with indignities, even to the peril of their lives. Whatever may be said of the institution, I can bear witness to the noble dealing of some of the knights belonging to it. I knew not that your prisoner was a Hospitaller when I passed the Tower this morning, or I should have been fain to enquire for a brother knight to whom I owe many obligations, and not the least, for my lady, who was his ward." Here the conversation passed into other channels, and they soon afterwards parted.

The next morning Sir John waited on the Lord High Admiral, and having completed his business, obtained an order of admission to the Tower, and thitherward bent his steps. What was his surprise on finding that the prisoner he had come to see was none other than Don Manuel Guilmas. He was equally surprised to see Kempthorne, and many queries were mutually proposed and answered. At the very outset, Kempthorne confessed frankly the share he had taken in the abduction of Maria, and gave a rapid sketch of his subsequent successes in life. Guilmas, who had believed Maria dead, was greatly astonished at this recital.

"Just before I set sail for Malta," said he, "I heard from Seville that Maria was drowned; whether accidentally, was not proved. A small silk scarf of hers was found on the steps leading down to the Guadalquiver; and as she had been remarkably cheerful and happy, her death was considered accidental—these were all the particulars I could learn. Well, I have mourned for her as dead, and now that she is alive and happy, I cannot reproach her." Kempthorne cut short the interview by saying that the Lord Admiral was just leaving London, and that he *must* see him before he went, but would be back in a couple of hours at farthest.

He hastened to whence he came, and soon agreed as to the ransom of Guilmas. He never told the sum it cost him, but it cannot be supposed to have been a trifle.

He was soon at the Tower with an order of release touching the prisoner, and two hours more saw them on their way for Devonshire. Sir Thomas Rutledge, the grandfather of Lady Kempthorne, who had forgotten all his ancient wrath, was there, and there was a merry meeting on the night of their arrival.

The old Knight staid with them for some time; but his joyousness gradually faded—he was like a bird in a strange clime. The White Cross which he had upheld in the face of the Turk in Candia, Rhodes, and Barbary, lived now only in his thoughts—there was no symbol of it in England; and he pined for the sunny South again.

"Rest with us!" Maria would plead, "there is none of your name or race in Spain, and why should we part?" It was all in vain—he still pined for home. "Oh," said he, "for the sunny hills and the clear blue sky of Spain! Far away from this misty sea,—where the blue wave comes from a date-grown shore, and the orange fragrance and the notes of song come stealing through your windows!—where the glorious banner of St. John is free to float and gather heroes 'neath its folds; and *I* here, like a cast-away limb of a glorious tree—no! I must *home* again!"

And home he went. Maria in her tears went with him to Plymouth, and then they parted. Sir John had made every provision for his comfort, paying for everything generously. The grey-headed Knight of Malta left them a soldier's benison, and went his way. We have little else to relate. It is merely stated in history that Sir John Kempthorne lived to be a Rear Admiral, deserved and received many honors, and died in 1679.

"Cœlum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt."

HORACE.

1.

Well the ancient poet knew,
What my soul has long proved true;
All in vain we mortals try
From our inmost thoughts to fly.
If at home we fail to find
Satisfaction for the mind;
Other lands in vain we choose,
Disappointment still pursues.

2.

Oh, how restlessly we range
O'er this earth from change to change;
Ever toiling onward still,
Be the present what it will.
Happiness, like maiden shy,
While we follow, still will fly;
But when far our footsteps roam,
Weeps our harsh neglect at home.

3.

In this life whate'er we sow,
Will around our footsteps grow;
Joys, since Adam was beguiled,
Must be planted—cares grow wild.
Yet how many wander blind
Through this garden of the mind,
Or but cultivate the seeds
Of the vilest, foullest weeds.

4.

Idleness, where'er we go,
Is the root of every woe.
Action disciplines the will,
All our duties to fulfil.
From thyself disdain to fly;
Up, and labour manfully—
Then shall self thyself approve,
And all nature whisper love.

"Erro."

SKETCHES IN SCOTLAND IN "AULD LANGSYNE."

MARY O' PIRLY-HILL.

CHAPTER I.

"O weel do I mind o' the folk at Lindores,
Though it's lang since I had ony troke at Lindores,
The lang winter night
Flew owre us fu' bright.
Wi' the sang, an' the dance, an' the joke, at Lindores."
James Stirling.

About the twenty-first year of our age, we spent a winter and part of the following summer. in a retired village in Stirlingshire. At first we had few or no acquaintances in the place; but a letter of introduction, from a friend to a relation of his, was the means of procnring us excellent lodgings. Our landlady was all that we could wish—cheerful, cleanly, kind, and attentive; and our landlord, a worthy, honest, roystering, rolicking mortal, with a strong natural propensity to all kinds of fun and diversion, which even the cares of a family could hardly subdue; but still, he never permitted this tendency to interfere with the duties of his daily occupation—a master mason. Amid all his fun and frolic, he kept always a steady eye on the "main chance."

The inhabitants of the village and neighbourhood seemed generally to have arrived at that happy state so ardently desired by Agur; that is, they were "neither poor nor rich." But perhaps we err not when we say, that they thought otherwise themselves, for, to the majority of them, wealth alone seemed to give superiority. Wherever this feeling exists in a community, it has a strong tendency to cut up society into classes; the wealthiest man being looked upon, as a matter of course, as the best; at least, it was so to a considerable extent in this place. In the neighbourhood there was one extensive landed proprietor, and he was looked up to with all the respect and reverence due to a king. At the head of the "aristocracy" stood the lairds, that is, the possessors of some fifty or sixty acres, less or more, of land, little better than the "howling wilderness," for the whole parish, as well as a good way beyond it, was of very inferior quality. These lairds looked upon themselves, and were looked upon by others, as persons of some consequence; and, as a mark of respect when spoken of, or spoken to, they were always named or addressed as the "laird," or, what was far more common, by the name of the place they possessed; such as, for instance, Whiterigg, Greenhill, Bogside, &c.—"Hoo's a' wi ye the day, Whitelees? an hoo's a' at hame?" "Thank ye, Birniehill, hoo are ye yoursel', an' hoo is the gude wife an' the bairns?" These may be taken as a sample of the way in which these really worthy people greeted each other. These, with the tenants that rented a hundred or sixscore acres of land, with the more opulent of the feuars in the village, formed the upper class, or, as they were called, "the better kind of folk." The "democracy" was formed, as is usual, of tradesmen and labourers. And it is but justice to state, that although these distinctions were quite observable on many occasions, yet they neither gave rise to overbearing or haughtiness on the one side, nor envy or insolence on the other.

It was customary then, and it may be so still, for anything we know, for the young people to have two balls in the village about the commencement of the year, the upper class holding their's first, and in two or three weeks their followers and imitators, the lower classes, their's. Dancing and merrymakings of all sorts were our besetting sins; so here was a temptation which was irresistible. Friendships are in general easily formed among young people; and accordingly, before we had been many weeks in the place, we had made the acquaintance of several young folks, both male and female, and had also made up our mind, although we had said nothing about it to any one, to attend the ball of the latter class, to which we had received two or three invitations. We certainly should, in one respect, have preferred attending the other one, for we were then ambitious to "go ahead," as Sam Slick more recently has said; but how were we to get admission? We had no claim to prefer, and to ask admission as a favour was what we could not bring ourselves to. It happened, however, that our landlord belonged to the patrician rank, as being the possessor of a "land" of houses, which brought him in some twelve or fifteen pounds yearly. His social qualities fitted him admirably for taking the lead in all kinds of merrymaking, and he had been elected for that year, as he had been for several preceding ones, as a sort of master of the ceremonies, assisted, of course, by a committee. Several meetings took place preliminary to the "grand affair," all of which were held in his house, and

in our room too! We again and again offered to withdraw, but were not permitted, as they declared they had nothing private to discuss. Being deeply skilled, as we imagined ourselves, in all the mysteries of the ball-room, we were referred to as a "gude authoritie" in all disputed points; and our decision gave so much satisfaction generally, that we were unanimously chosen a member of the order of "respectables" at the last of these meetings. "There is glory and honor for us!" thought we; "up higher yet our bonnet. No pretensions! no solicitations on our part! none; merit, pure merit, is for once rewarded." Pretensions, forsooth! why, if an inventory had been at that moment taken of all our worldly goods and chattels, the sum total should scarcely have amounted to as much as that of the tailor's, who, in the words of the old song, had but

> "Three needles—a' his stock—
> The prentice had the thimble broke,
> The sheers belang'd to ither folk,
> The bowkin was his ain, O,"

Flattering as this trifling mark of respect was to our vanity, we were mortified to think that we could not accept of it, so far as the attending of the ball was concerned, and that for two reasons. First, and chiefly, the exchequer was rather at a low ebb with us at the time, owing to some previous irregular expenses or other, and we were not in the possession of ways and means to replenish it at so short a notice. As for borrowing, we "everly" abhorred it, and would have suffered any privation rather than have had recourse to it. Then, in the next place, where were we, a comparative stranger, to get a partner of befitting rank in so short a time? The first reason we kept to ourselves, but the second we pretended to put great stress upon; so, having duly thanked them all for the honor conferred, &c., we stated our objection, "sorry, very sorry (as we were) that we could not avail ourselves of their unprecedented kindness—hoped we should be better prepared by another time—wished them a merry meeting," and so forth. Several remedies were proposed for our accommodation, to all of which, for good and sufficient reasons, we were as adamant. At length we agreed to attend as a spectator; this we could safely do, as, not being clogged (begging the ladies' pardon) with a partner, we should have the time at our own disposal; and as we knew that there were several "reckonings" in the course of the evening, we could easily withdraw before our last shilling came to be in request. This compromise satisfied all parties, and every one seemed happier than another in anticipation of the important event.

The appointed day came round in due course; and by six o'clock in the evening, four or five of us were busily employed in placing chairs, planks, and whatever we could lay our hands upon, for seats, in a large unfinished room, used for the most part as a sort of "granrie" (granary), but which had been cleared out and scrubbed up for the occasion. In one corner of the room was placed a kitchen table, and upon it a plentiful supply of materials for making whisky-toddy. In the opposite corner stood two barrels on end, three or four feet apart, upon which a scaffolding of deals was erected, and on this were placed two chairs for the fiddlers; Between the barrels and about them sat two or three huckster wives, with baskets containing oranges, raisins, and several sorts of trash intended for confectionaries. Many a town-bred beau and belle would no doubt have turned up their noses at the sight of such a ball-room; but country folks are less fastidious; at any rate, we all thought the place "fu weel," seeing we had a loft floor to dance upon, a thing not to be had everywhere in a country place.

By the time that things were put in their proper places, the dancers came pouring in, to the number of three dozen or so, male and female. The night was clear, sharp, and frosty, so that, what from the pure air, a smart walk for a mile or two, and the excitement proper to the occasion, there was a fresh, vigorous, healthful flush on every cheek—a flush which all the appliances of art can never equal, and only poorly imitate. As the greater proportion, if not all, of the company were neighbours or acquaintances, there was little restraint or awkwardness, except, perhaps, on some "young thing," such as her of whom so sweetly sings Macneil, "just new come frae her mammy," or some raw lad who had got a coat on his back and a hat on his head for the first time (an all-important event). The greetings might be a little noisy and boisterous, to be sure, but they had that honest, sincere, heartfelt kindness about them which cannot be conveyed ceremoniously, however much of "itchy-katie" (etiquette) there may be. There are many people still—many worthy people, too—who rail against (as they call it) "promiscuous dancing." They must rail on for us! We cannot agree with them, we never could. Dancing has its abuses—granted; and so has everything else; but are we to deny ourselves a little occasional innocent recreation, because it is possible to abuse it? Certainly not. For our part, we never yet saw a score or so "of young folks" met to amuse themselves in this way—their countenances beaming with joy, countenances on which care has not yet planted a wrinkle, their every wish, every endeavour, only to please and to be pleased—but we felt a gush of happiness which we have rarely experienced on any other occasion.

Having no partner of our own to attend to, we had leisure enough to notice and form an opinion of every young woman present. This to us was an agreeable occupation, for we have ever taken great delight in female society; and, like most young country lads, was willing to be thought "a sad rogue among the lasses." Our success in amusing some silly, raw, "young thing," and in tickling the fancies of some others of a certain age, had made us look upon ourselves, forsooth, as a sort of lady-killer in a small way, and, as we had no intention of allowing our gallant talents to go to rust, we missed no opportunity of exercising them.

Among the company present, there was one fair Eve, who, from the moment we set our eyes upon her, gave us a wound within; and yet she was not the most beautiful of them either, but there was a something in her air and manner that seemed to us to give her a superiority over every other. Her dress was plain, but neat. She was rather tall, well proportioned, and her outline was well filled up and rounded, approaching if anything to plumpness, and her every motion and

action free, easy, and unrestrained. Her countenance, though occasionally a little pensive—the effect, perhaps, of reflection—was sweetly agreeable and engaging, and strongly indicative of serenity of mind, keen perception, self-reliance, and firmness of purpose; nor was there wanting a trace of that kind of pride which gives dignity.

She danced well, and, like almost every other good dancer, was fond of it; but she was badly matched with a "Johnny Raw" of a partner. He was a farmer—a sober, industrious, well-behaved young man, well-to-do in the world: but he was entirely out of his element in a ball-room. Dancing he knew as much about as one of his own bullocks. Even in a common "foursome," he was a downright "John Trott." His address was blunt, boorish, and awkward. Ignorant, moreover, of, as well as careless of practising, those little civilities and attentions which every woman thinks herself entitled to, but for his "weel-stocked mailin," he was no very great favourite among the lasses.

Country-dances and reels were the order of the night, for waltzes, gallopades, and polkas were not then heard of; so a country-dance he behoved to try, and it was really laughable to see his stupid, bewildered looks, as he was hauled and pushed about, three or four voices bawling out at the same time, "This way, Bauldy;" "Han's across;" "Cast aff, Bauldy;" "Hook your partner, Bauldy;" "There, set noo—that's it, lad."

By dint of hauling, bawling, pushing, jerking, and drawing about, Bauldy kept on his feet until the dance was concluded; then, wiping the sweat from his brow with his coat-tail, he placed himself down beside us, asking us at the same time, if we would take his place when it was next his turn, adding, good-humouredly, "Before he wad gang through ane o 'thae deevesome, hook-your-partner, doon-the-middle, crinkum-crankum things again, he wad sooner plough twa o' the roughest rigs in a' the parish—by his feth wad he."

We had foreseen all this in some measure, and our heart bounded with joy in the prospect, so that we were not slow in accepting his proposal. We asked him to introduce us to his partner, and explain the matter to her, which he did in his own awkward way; and we were vain enough to suppose that the lady was nowise displeased with the exchange; no great compliment, however, at the best. Now that we had a closer inspection of her, she seemed to be younger, and had more of raw simplicity about her, than we had at first imagined; so that we thought that we might safely practise a little flirtation with her.

It was not long until it came to our turn to take a part in the dance, and we availed ourselves of every opportunity that occurred to pour into her ear some flattering nonsense, which we thought quite irresistible, but every word of which, we very soon found, her good sense enabled her to set down at its proper value. Inly mortified as we were, that our very best and hand picked "luve words" should make no impression on this, as we thought, raw muirland "Jenny," we could not at the same time but greatly respect her penetration, and resolved to make her acquaintance at least, if nothing more. When the dance was over, we placed ourselves beside Bauldy, took some refreshment with him, "to our better acquaintance," asked permission to have another dance with his partner on our own account—a favor which was at once vouchsafed, and welcome.

The dancing had hitherto been carried on in that sort of dull, formal, dancing-school fashion, as if it had been a task, which we detested, and we could easily guess that our partner was of the same opinion. Therefore we were resolved to break up this dead, lifeless jog-trot, if no one else should. We hinted this to our partner; and, when it came to our turn to throw off, we admonished the fiddlers to apply a little more grease to their elbows, and away we went like lightning. The example was infectious, and couple after couple came rattling down after us, as if they had been dancing on a springboard. By the time we got through the dance, somehow or another our partner and self had got wonderfully pleased with each other, although we had scarcely spoken a word to her during the whole time. Chemists tell us, that certain atoms of matter have such an affinity to each other, that, when they are brought within a specific distance, they rush into contact. Whether this applies to human atoms, is more than we can tell; but this we know, that she exerted a powerful attraction over us, and, so far as we could judge, there was, at least, nothing repulsive about us to her.

When we had done, we took our place again at the table; but this time Bauldy was moody, and rather sulky, and yet he was in good spirits, for he had made pretty free with the punch-bowl, and was, in sailor phrase, "nearly three sheets in the wind." Nothing would serve him but having a dance himself—ay, and taking the head of it, too; observing, that although he was "nae bred dancer, he wasnae a blockhead, but could dae what ither folk did." This was loudly cheered by some, as being productive of no little fun, so Bauldy started to his feet, firmly resolved to accomplish that, by strength and clumsy agility, which could only be accomplished by skill and practice. The music struck up, and to it he went, dashing through and through, kicking, flinging, and stamping, regardless of the figure, regardless of time, and regardless of the safety of any one present; driving the men this way and that way, flinging about the women, and rumpling their dresses; and treading on the toes and feet of all and sundry; but all would not do: he was fairly brought up to a stand-still, amid roars of laughter.

Every one was highly amused with his conduct but his poor partner. She, half in pity, half in anger, took him by the hand, as he stood staring, with a bewildered, stupid, sheepish look, led him to his seat, and, thoughtlessly perhaps, asked us if we would finish the dance with her. This was a request with which we were but too proud to comply; so we flew to it with double spirit and animation, our friend Bauldy eyeing us with a scowl of mortification and jealousy on his brow, "gulping" down at short intervals glass after glass of punch. This, we thought, boded no good to us; yet we did not mind it much, for we had something more agreeable to think of at the time. To tell the truth, we fear we gave by our conduct but too much cause for the excitement of the "green-eyed monster" in the poor fellow's mind, for we doubt that our lips came near—accidentally, of course—if they did not actually come in

contact with, her burning cheek; but among "country folks" freedoms (so-called) of this kind are allowed.

When the dance was finished, we handed her to her seat, and turned round to go to our own; but, to our surprise, there was Bauldy confronting us, with his eyes flashing fury. He spoke not a word, but aimed a blow, which, if it had taken effect, would have brought us to the ground, although we had been a ox. We had barely time to ward it off, partly by springing back, and partly by throwing up our arms. If we had been allowed a moment for reflection, he was the last man in the room we should have chosen to try conclusions with in this way, for in weight and personal strength he was far our superior. We were not, however, altogether a novice in the use of our fists; besides, no man likes to show the "white-feather" in the presence of ladies, however weak may be his constitutional bravery. So, in the slang of the "ring," we were not slow in returning his compliment by "planting a right-hander," with hearty good-will, in his "bread-basket," which nearly doubled him up, and sent him staggering backwards. We saw our advantage, and were about to follow up our blow with another, intended to "broach his claret," and at the same time make him measure his length on the floor, but, before we could come on, our arm was arrested, and a hubbub ensued that baffles description. The men roared, the women screamed; some cried, "Put them out!" others, "Keep them in!" One party bawled out, "Let them try it!" another, "Keep them separate!" The latter prevailed, for we were pushed, or rather carried, to opposite ends of the room. For many reasons, we felt ourselves to be in no little peril, and believed that we had small chance of "fair play;" but our blood was up, and we were determined to defend ourselves to the very last. Our object was to lay hold of a bottle, a candlestick, anything, in short, and, standing in a corner, to hold out desperately: and to effect this purpose, we struggled, kicked, and strove, but only to the exhaustion of our own strength, for we were held as fast as if we had been a wedge driven into a growing tree.

Amid the turmoil, we caught a glimpse of the poor occasion of all this mischief. She was standing as if fixed to the spot, and deadly pale. The moment our eyes met, her animation seemed to us to be in some measure restored, for she threw her innermost thoughts into her countenance—a faculty which she possessed above any we have met with—and her look spoke as plain as a look could speak, "Oh, if you have any regard for me, let there be no more of this!"

We felt the appeal, and instantly became passive. "Well, well," thought we, "surely they will not be so savage as to murder us outright; and, if we must submit to a 'thrashing,' it will not be the first time, and with such odds there can be no disgrace." No one, however, seemed inclined to do us the smallest injury, and every one stood staring at another, as if in doubt of what was next to be done. We saw their difficulty, and told the company, that if they would allow us a little liberty, we should soon end the matter. This, after some consultation, was agreed to; so, with a body-guard more numerous than ever we are likely to be honored with again, we stepped up to our opponent, and told him, that it was a shame in both of us to break in on the harmony of the assembly with our squabbles—that it would be more manly to settle our misunderstandings elsewhere, when and where we found it convenient—that, for our part, we should prefer to shake hands at once, and let all the past be forgotten. The latter proposal met with a murmur of applause, and we were in no dread that Bauldy would accept the first, for the falter of his tongue and the blanch on his cheek convinced us that things of this kind were out of his way. He looked, however, as ferocious as he could, muttered something about taking his own time, and sullenly turned away. We also turned round, and made the best apology that we could for our part of the squabble, threw down half-a-crown as our share of the "reckoning," and, taking "good-night," walked towards the door. But our exit was opposed by all. Every one declared, that if we had done wrong at all, we had made ample amends; "an' if ither folk wad only dae half as muckle, there wad be nae mair aboot it." Our landlord—than whom no Irishman that ever flourished a shillelah at Donnybrook Fair ever gloried more in a "row"—got between us and the door, caught our hand, and squeezed it in his horny fist, until he made the very bones crack; whispered into our ear we had behaved nobly, and, leading us to a seat, told us to sit down unless we were desirous to have a "bout" with him next.

This turn of affairs greatly disconcerted poor Bauldy. He stared first one way, then another; then, going to where his partner sat, desired her abruptly to rise and go home. She told him to "sit doon, an' compose himsel' a wee," and she would do so; but to this he would not listen. Again he urged the same request, adding, that if she refused him, he would send for him she durst not refuse. This unmannerly, unmanly threat made the blood rush to her face. She looked at him for a moment with withering scorn and contempt, then told him that "he micht dae as he thocht fit," but that she would not leave the room with him in the state in which he was. To this he made no reply, but sulkily walked off. "Never mind him," cried several voices at once. "He'll rue this nicht's wark," said another. "He's aff to Pirly-hill though, in the meantime, Ise warrant him," said a third. "Weel, weel, let him gang," quoth a fourth; "but we shanna lose our New-Year's-day dance for him or his crabbit temper. Come, wha fits the floor wi' me?" A score, at least, started to their feet, and the dancing was resumed.

A consultation was held meanwhile by the committee, the upshot of which was, that three or four of them left the room, taking Mary—for that was her name—along with them. We were not allowed to sit idle, every one in turn offering us a dance of his partner. Things went on tolerably well for about an hour or so, when a sort of whisper ran round the room, and a number of the company left it; those who remained still keeping frisking away.

At length, a frank, rattling young fellow, with whom we had formed a little acquaintance, came in, and desired us (*i. e.*, me) to follow him, telling us, that we should likely be wanted shortly,

adding, as we went along, "Pirly-hill has made an unco blaw-up aboot this silly affair. That born idiot—de'il nor ye had knockit baith the een oot o' his head—has tell't a thousan' lees aboot it; but never mind; he's weel pacefied noo. But, Aelic, man, speak him fair, an' never mind what he says, or he'll be at ye in a minute, for he's as quick as gunpouther, an' yet a kinder man or better neebor is na to be fand within the boonds o' the parish this day."

As we entered the room, which was nearly choke-full, we caught a glimpse of a rough, hard-featured, boorish-looking, middle-aged man, sitting at a table, on which his elbow rested, with his chin resting again on his hand; while he looked intently, to appearance, on the candle that was burning before him. Three or four parties were all speaking to him at the same time, exorting, "wheedling," coaxing, and explaining to him. If they had not carried conviction to his mind, they had at least tired him out, for he lifted his head from his hand, and said, peevishly, "Weel, weel, weel, say nae mair aboot it; it's a' by noo, an' canna be helpit. But whar's the lan'-loupin' fallow that's bred a' this mischief? I've ne'er set my een on him yet." At this, an opening was made, and we were led forward to the table. Up went his hand to shade the light of the candle from his eyes; then he set about examining our dimensions with a look of surprise and disappointment. We suppose he had expected to see a giant, for, after surveying us for some time, he exclaimed, as if to himself, "An' Bauldy maun be a muckle, saft, thowless haggis, after a', to let a smally chield like that ding him. I'm no sae yaud as I hae been, or onything like it, but I'm thinkin', if things cam' to the warst, I could warsle a fa' wi' thee mysel'. Na, ye needna say a word—yer peace is made up for ance; but I'm jalousin', my lad, ye ha'e been in mair toons than our ain wee clachan, an' that yer han's are mair ready at breakin' anither man's heed, as at workin' a turn o' hard wark. Come, noo, Mary, my woman, what says thoo (thou)? Are we gaun hame thegither, or is (are) thoo gaun back tae the ball room, tae mak' oot the nicht wi' this rin-the-kintra joe o' thine?"

Mary, who was sitting by his side, laid her hand on his arm, and, looking archly in his face, with great address, said, "'Deed, na, faither, I'll do nae sic a thing. My fit shanna enter the ball-room this nicht unless ye gang wi' me yersel'; an' then if there's ony mair fechtin', ye'll see yersel' wha's to blame."

"Yes, ye'll gang," cried a lively, light-hearted "gilpy," with a pair of roguish, sparkling eyes, which had done no little execution, young as she was; "yes, ye'll gang, Pirly-hill, an' I'll ha'e a dance wi' ye mysel'—yes I will," fastening on his arm, like a briar, at the same time.

"An' I'll ha'e anither, an' a kiss into the bargain," shouted a bouncing, buxom quean, with cheeks as red as her top-knots, laying hold of his other arm.

"Hoot awa', ye daft tawpies," rejoined Pirly-hill, trying in vain to shake them off gently, "gie wa', gie wa' wi' ye; what wad I dae amang ye wi' my ilka-day claes on, an' tacketty shoon forbye."

"Say na' a word aboot it, na', Pirly-hill; ye're unco weel. Sae jist come awa'; them that disna like ye can let ye alane," was the response. And away they went with him—one on each side, and three or four pushing behind.

Peace and order being now completely restored, the dancing commenced with life and spirit. What was wanting in grace was amply made up by vigour and agility, and in a short time "the mirth an' fun grew fast an' furious," the punch began to operate, and all ceremony and restraint were laid aside.

On this, as on all similar occasions, an excellent opportunity is presented of watching and noting the emotions of the human mind, as they exhibit themselves in various ways in different individuals. But, independent of this, it is not a little diverting to observe the clumsy agility, the rude imitation, the uncouth caperings aad gambols, of many of the performers. Several couples, perhaps, go through the different figures neatly enough, and without any apparent effort; others stamp, kick, fling, and "wallop" about, reminding one strongly of the clumsy antics of as many draught horses turned out to grass. Others, again, of a more sober and sedate turn of mind, with eyes intently fixed on the floor, keep becking, bobbing, shuffling, and stumping away, as earnestly as if they were performing some laborious task.

At last comes the "cream" of the thing. When the dance is done, the fiddler draws out a few chirping, cheeping squeaks on the fiddle—the well-known signal for "kiss your partners"—then what a hurly-burly. Some wanton wag, like he who erst sung of Habbie's death, seems to have some kind of prescriptive right of "kissin' the lasses, hale scale a'," he glides through the crowd, bestowing "smack on smack," easily, neatly, on every young woman who comes in his way; while all the resistance made on the part of the "lasses" almost provokes a second infliction of the same kind. Others keep "rugging, and tugging, and worrying" away at each other for a long time—at length a hearty, slashing smack announces the accomplishment of the feat. Some young, raw, bashful, "laithfu'" lad, partly "daized" with "love an' drink," for the first time in his life, stands gaping and "glow'rin'," and looking wistfully on, "willin' to try, but afraid to venture." At last, fired by the example of others, he takes "heart o' grace," and, in a fit of desperation, flings his arms about the neck of some big, blowsy, broad-shouldered "Jenny;" but, for whose condescension, he might as well attempt to kiss the weathercock. For a little, she flings him about with great ease; and—with a laughing "skirl" of "e-e-eh, Jock, ye daft sorra—e-e-eh, Jock; oh! stop, Jock"—then turning round her head in a right direction, offers a "flying shot," at which "Jock lets fly;" but ignorant of the laws of motion, puts on the nose what was intended for the lips. A hearty, good-humoured "thwack" between the shoulders rewarded him for his awkward attempt; while the young, simple lad—proud, but half ashamed of his exploit—hangs his head, licks his lips, smirks and giggles, and actually conceives himself to be now a man.

Amid the turmoil of capering and kissing, we (*i. e.*, I) had many reasons for keeping within the bounds of moderation. Every moment we could spare we were by the side of Pirly-hill, who, now

that he had been told what we were, and "wha I had come o'," and being now satisfied, moreover, that we were "nae blaakguard toun chap, or rin-the-kintra clamjamfry," to use his own words, "but belangin' tae kent folk, an' as it war ane o' oursels," was all attention; and he actually knew more of our pedigree, at least by the mother's side, than we did ourselves. We had tact enough not to let this opportunity slip of endeavouring to impress him with some favorable opinions of ourselves, so we talked with him about "horses, ploughs, and kye," and other country matters, until we daresay he thought we were the most learned young man in the room in matters of this kind. As for his daughter, although blithe and cheerful with others, with us she was somewhat reserved, which, all things considered, we liked her all the better for. Indeed, the more we saw of her, the better were we pleased with her. To us she seemed to be a character entirely new, or at least very different from that of any other young woman that we had ever met. Her seeming self-command, good sense, and discretion, would at any time have commanded our respect, and perhaps esteem; but having already (unconscious to herself, we firmly believe) evinced some little partiality in our favour, these feelings were, we will not deny, mixed up with others of a more tender quality, for, when we handed her to or from her seat, a strange confused nervousness came over us; and when we adjusted any portion of her dress, or replaced a stray ringlet—and her's was the loveliest auburn—we thought we felt the blood rush to our very finger ends. Then, again, when our eyes met—which was oftener than once—a blush was unconsciously called up, as if each of us had revealed something that we would rather have concealed. An unconcerned spectator would probably have seen more in this than either of us saw ourselves; but, as everybody had their own affairs to attend to, and our conduct towards her being nowise remarkable beyond that of respect, no other notice was taken of it.

CHAPTER II.

A little before midnight, Mary hinted that it was time to retire, a proposal we heard with pleasure, as all the money left in our pocket by this time would scarcely jingle; so we did not greatly oppose her wish. Her father, who was comfortably seated, and "getting fu' an' unco happy," thought it was "time enough," but nevertheless rose and left the room with us. During the ceremony of shawling and bonneting, we were almost tempted to steal a kiss, even in the presence of the father, for we thought we had never seen any one look so charmingly. On our way home, the old man politely stepped out a little in advance, so as to leave us by ourselves, which, however, seemed not to be altogether agreeable to Mary. By the way, how easily is a hint comprehended, and how readily we act on it, when it comes from the object of our affections? We are not quite sure that we did not imprint a—a—you know what, reader—on her rosy lips, in a quiet way. However, both of us, walking up briskly towards the father, and taking hold of his arm, we (*i.e.* I) requested him "to tak' time, an' tak' kent folk wi' him." This little piece of self denial, if such it was, on her part—for we had no hand in it, although we got all the credit—raised us higher than ever in the old man's estimation. Nothing would satisfy him but that we should go into the house, to which we were fast approaching. This proposal we by no means approved of, for we well knew that it takes no little firmness of nerve to enter a farmer's house for the time, in the capacity of a wooer, and to stand the sidelong, searching glances of the old folks and the gaping stare of the younger members of the family. But in we behoved to go, and in we went. We soon made ourselves at home, took a "whang" of the cheese, a "wee drap" out of the bottle, and had a roystering crack into the bargain. We had entertained the hope that Mary would see us to the door, if but for a minute; but no, this duty the old man performed himself, and, taking us by the hand, told us "to be a gude lad, an' no to be a stranger, but to leuk in at an orra time;" and slipping a good oak sapling into our hand, told us to keep the middle of the road in going home, then bade us farewell. This last act of kindness gratified us exceedingly, for we saw by it, not only that we stood high in his favor, but it had crossed our mind several times that it was possible that our motions were watched, and that we might catch a sound "thrashing" before we got home, an expectation in which we were happily disappointed.

Every out-of-the-way occurrence makes a wonder among country folk. Our squabble with Bauldy brought us some notoriety, and the taking his sweetheart from him, too, was held to be a complete triumph, and, in strict accordance with poetical justice, for 'None but the *brave* deserve the fair.' But conscious of no great merit, either in the one case or the other, we quietly pocketed the compliments and congratulations that were offered us, and gave ourselves very little concern about the matter, having got something else to think of—so we tried to persuade ourselves. The truth is, that although we were certain that as yet we had not got our death "frae twa blue een," yet we strongly suspected that we had at least caught a wound from "twa lovely een o' bonnie blue." This we should willingly have concealed from even ourselves, for we pretended to look upon it as a weakness to allow any impression whatever to take such a firm hold of our mind, that an ordinary effort could not shake it off. But it would not do. The more we struggled, the more did this same tender feeling cling to us. We felt abstracted in company, fond of musing, of solitary wandering, and continual pondering on the same subject. In a word, any one with a particle of discernment might have seen that "the sweet youth was in love." We tried to reason, to ridicule ourselves out of this mumping, moping frame of mind, but all to no purpose. Then came the sage conclusion, "Well, if we have got a scratch, it is not the first time (we were wrong though, we only thought so). This bonny muirhen of ours has not escaped altogether skaith free; shy as she is, she will yet give us another chance, and then, spite of her witching glance and winning smile, we'll find her neither better nor worse than an ordinary woman; so 'swith away' all this silly, whining feeling; we're too old a 'sparrow to be caught with chaff.'" Bravo, Aelic!

Some two or three weeks passed away in this half-misty, half-sunshiny state of mind, during which we kept as much out of company as possible; not that we shut ourselves up—far from it; on the contrary, every hour we could spare was spent in taking "daunderings" into the country, especially—must we confess it?—in the direction of Pirly-hill, for somehow or other we thought a sight of the house did us good. Seeing that nine days—the allotted time for a wonder to last—were past, we thought we might safely venture to the kirk. During the time of the sermon, as we were taking a casual peep about us, who should we see but our Mary sitting at some distance from us. A look of kindly recognition was instantly exchanged; but, thinking the eyes of the whole congregation were fixed upon us, our faces were instantly buried in our hands. We cannot very well say how it was, but after this it so happened, that at certain times, such as the rising up or sitting down of the congregation, our eyes met exactly at the same moment, but in such a way that even a close observer would have pronounced it to have been by chance. But, chance or not, we felt every one of those speaking glances, in the words of the old song, "gae to our heart wi' a twang." Henceforward, so long as we remained in the place, the minister himself did not attend church more regularly than we did. Practice, it has been said, leads to perfection, and we firmly believe it does, for it was wonderful how soon we learned to convey a world of meaning in the silent language of a rapid, hurrying glance—silent did we say? no words are half so expressive, half so eloquent, in matters of love! Robert Burns, with more than even his usual felicity, admits the force, in many of his best lyrics, of this kind of language; and every one conversant with it knows well that words may deceive, but looks never; in short, that is the language of nature for expressing every tender and endearing emotion.

We have said that we made great progress in understanding each other in our own way. Then it came about that we met in the entry (porch) leading to the church-door at the dismissal of the congregation, and were half jostled and squeezed together—all by chance again, of course. Then, by and by, in those same very agreeable crushes, we found her hand locked in ours, by chance, too; and in this way, with faces averted, and seemingly unconcerned, looking at this or at the other thing, we were carried to the door with the crowd, a gentle squeeze of the fingers, and the slightest possible pressure in return, as much as to say, "all right, made us (*i. e.*, me) the happiest being in existence for days afterwards.

However, pleasant and encouraging as all this was, still it was silent. Accordingly we resolved to speak, at all hazards; but how to do so was the question. We tried once or twice to make up to Mary as we left the church-door, but she guessed our intention, and went off like an arrow to join some member of her family, or some acquaintance. We tried to slip a few lines into her hand, requesting an interview, but this was rejected, and pressed back into our own, which almost drove us mad, and set us to ponder on what appeared so much inconsistency. After making due allowance for maidenly modesty and that natural reserve which is the greatest charm a young woman possesses, at times we almost convinced ourselves that we had fallen in with a consummate flirt, who was practising her arts at the expense of our simplicity. "If this is her object," we thought, "she shall find herself sadly mistaken: neither she nor any woman born shall keep us dangling at her tail, to use us as she likes and when she likes. Affection we can requite with affection, be it ever so strong, but we have none to bestow where there is not something of the same kind in return. It becomes us to make the first advance, and to follow it up for a time; but if our addresses are met coldly, or if our object is to be gained by sheer importunity—kneeling, protesting, swearing, ranting about "flames," and "darts," "icy bosoms," and all that—no woman shall have to complain for any great length of time of our intrusion. No, no, the flame must be mutual, not all on one side, or it shall not burn at all with us; ay, and if any woman attempts to impose upon us, she may perhaps, find that two can play at the same game.

The bare suspicion that we were made a dupe of would have gone far to cure us, if we could have staid away from church; but to the church we must go, to show (was this all, fair ladies?) that we were not afraid of being trifled with, forsooth. But a look put all suspicion out of sight; every little action on her part seemed so natural, so artless, so genuine, that our chains became more firmly rivetted than they were before. There was one way we knew well would have procured us a private interview, namely, by going directly to Pirly-hill any evening, and stopping an hour or two with the family; but this, for many reasons, we could not venture upon. In the first place, it would have been the whole talk of the parish for a month, a thing we abhorred, for in love—that is, where the affections are engaged—the secrecy of it is half its beauty, at least so it appeared to us. In the next place, we knew that we should be subjected to hints and questions from the old folks, which, in present circumstances, we should have been not altogether willing to answer. Then, again, we looked on love as a very commonplace affair, unless it was so contrived as in some way to throw a little romance into it. Then, to be be-praised, put forward, "wheedled," if we chanced to be a favourite with "faither an' mither, sisters an' brithers;" and to be "glunched" at, "snashed" at, sneered at, if we were not. Oh, patience, patience! thou universal remedy for every ailment, fret and fume as we may, to thee we must have recourse at last. Our stock of this virtue was never very great at any time, and in this instance was exhausted to the very dregs; still we doated on, loved on, hoped on.

At length the mist began to clear away, and our prospects accordingly brightened up. It came about in this way. A sewing-school was kept within a few doors of our lodgings in the village, which was attended by several girls from the country. As they could not go home to their "meals," each of them brought a bit o' bread and cheese, or something of that sort, with her, and four or five of them left these with our landlady until the "interval." These "bread-and-butter misses," as a late noble poet would have called them, and ourselves, very soon got on easy terms.

In good time for us, a youuger member of the family at Pirly-hill was sent to this sewing-school, a nice girl of twelve or thirteen. She was very shy and modest at first, but before she had been many days at school, she became as mad a romp as the best of them, and, of course, a favorite with us. We had a volume of songs, which she took a particular fancy for, and asked the loan of it. After some "haggling," we told her that we should make her a present of it, and take it to Pirly-hill ourselves, provided she would promise to come out some night, and bring her sister along with her to receive it. She said little at the time, but the next day the sly thing took an opportunity of telling us in private that she would do as we had asked, naming an early evening, and hour and place of meeting. There is perseverance rewarded at last! we thought; but what a world of time will the intervening hours occupy. However, although they did not hurry themselves in the least for us, they did slip past, as they ususlly do, and long before the time appointed on the night in question we were at our post. At length two figures appeared, which made us feel put about, and yet, after all, it was only that agitation which makes the swelling heart play "pitie-patie." There was a good deal of embarrassment on both sides; but the presence of little Maggie kept all right so long as she stopped with us, which, however, was not long, for the little gipsy knew well enough what was what, and, pretending to see that all was quiet "aboot the house," left us. We could do no less than see what had become of her. In passing, we noticed the door of an out-house standing invitingly open, and proposed to step in for a "quiet crack;" but no! A little force is sometimes needful with refractory people, and a little force was used. In accordingly we both went, and sat down on a "bottle" of straw, also with a little persuasive force. Well, what next? "Never felt so embarrassed in our life—never. Should have given the world for the use of our tongue;" but it seemed to be tied up. We sat for a minute or two in silence, until the very awkwardness of our situation made us both burst into a fit of laughter. This broke the spell; and, long before morning, she would have passed her word for us that we were not "tongue-tackit." We had much coyness and modesty to contend with, for, until then, we believe that she never had "kept company" with a "laud" (lad, lover) in such a place in her life before; but, in spite of these obstacles, we never passed a few hours so agreeably with any human being; and, long before we parted,

> "I ken'd her heart was a' my ain,
> I loved her maist sincerely,
> An' kiss'd her owre an' owre again,
> Amang the rigs o' barley,"

or rather in a place fully as comfortable in a cold night as the "rigs o' barley." The parting hour came on a good deal faster than it was wished, and we separated with, "happy to meet, sorry to part, but happy, happy, to meet again."

(*To be continued.*)

Talent is the lion and the serpent; Genius is the eagle and the dove.

Prudence is rightly symbolized with three eyes, regarding the past, present, and future.

TELLE EST LA VIE.

A mimic world is found in me,
Of storm and sunshine, land and sea;
Come, let us read the mystery:
An ocean sleeps within my side,
Like to the sea's o'erwhelming tide;
The breast from which its muffled roar
Is echoed back, is as the shore
Which marks its barriers; each emotion,
The gentle winds that stir the ocean;
And pleasure, like a placid day,
Bids its vexed billows tranquil lay.

2.

But Passion comes:—Its surges rise
Like waves that bound to meet the skies,
When the rude tempest fitfully
Pours its wild fury on the sea.
The tide which lay so late at rest,
Roars like a torrent in my breast,
Whose headlong waters seem to roll
In wild career above my soul,
And reason, like a bark astray,
Founders upon the stormy way.

3.

And should the skies again grow fair,
Yet, what a scene of woe is there!
Love unrequited, feelings torn,
Like weeds upon the wild waves borne:
The thoughts of happiness o'erthrown,
Like clouds across the welkin blown,
While hopes that are to float no more,
Like wrecks are cast upon the shore.
Oh! tho' the tempests breath hath died,
'Tis long before the waves subside!

"Erro."

THE VINEGAR PLANT.

A few years ago, the attention of domestic circles began to be aroused by the reported introduction "from India" of a wonderful plant, possessed of the property of converting treacle and other saccharine fluids into excellent table vinegar. This rumour created an inquiry after the plant by thrifty housewives; and the excitement subsequently produced by the frequent suggestion of the subject at dinner-parties, led to the speedy diffusion of the vinegar-plant as a useful, we might almost add, indispensable article in private families. Nor was this retarded by the reports promulgated by some mischievous botanists, that the use of vinegar so produced would insure the development of vinegar-plants in the stomach!

The vinegar-plant does not exhibit any of those peculiarities which our ordinary ideas associate with a *plant*. It may be described as a tough, gelatinous substance, of a pale-brownish colour; and to nothing can it be more appropriately com-

pared than to a piece of boiled tripe. It is usually placed in a small jar containing a solution of sugar, treacle (golden syrup), and water; and after being allowed to remain for six or eight weeks in a kitchen cupboard, or other warm situation, the solution is found to be converted into vinegar, this change being due to a kind of fermentation caused by the plant. While this change is going on, the further development of the plant proceeds; it divides into two distinct layers, which in course of time would again increase in size and divide, and so on, each layer being suitable for removing to a separate jar for the production of vinegar. The layers may also be cut into separate pieces for the purpose of propagating more freely. The solution necessarily causes the vinegar to be of a syruppy nature; but not to such an extent as to communicate a flavor to it; when evaporated to dryness, a large quantity of saccharine matter is left.

When this remarkable production was brought before the notice of scientific men, it was difficult to form an opinion respecting it. The microscope showed it to have an organized structure; but its peculiar character, and its remarkable *mode of life*, differed entirely from any other known production. It has been instrumental, however, in opening up a new field of inquiry, and recent investigations show that it is not a solitary form of organic life.

The vinegar-plant has been assigned a place in the large and obscure order of fungi. It is, in fact, a familiar species of mould, but in a peculiar stage of development. Dr. Lindley and most other botanists regard it as the *Penicillium glaucum* (Greville).

It must not be supposed that what is usually called the vinegar-plant is always the mycelium of *Penicillium glaucum.* There may be many distinct species which assume the form when placed under the required conditions, and all of them may have the power of producing vinegar.

Mould of various kinds, when placed in syrup, shows the same tendency as the vinegar-plant to form a flat, gelatinous, or leathery expansion. This is well shewn by Professor Balfour, in a paper recently laid before the Botanical Society of Edinburgh, "On the Growth of various kinds of Mould in Syrup." The results of his experiments are as follows:—

I. Some mould that had grown on an apple was put into syrup on 5th March 1851, and in the course of two months afterwards there was a cellular, flat, expanded mass formed, while the syrup was converted into vinegar. Some of the original mould was still seen on the surface, retaining its usual form.

II. Mould obtained from a pear was treated in a similar way at the same time; the results were similar. So also with various moulds obtained from bread, tea, and other vegetable substances, the effect being in most cases to cause fermentation, which resulted in the production of vinegar.

III. On 8th November 1850, a quantity of raw sugar, treacle, and water, was put into a jar, without any mould or other substance being introduced; it was left untouched till 5th March 1851, when, on being examined, it was found that a growth like that of the vinegar-plant had formed, and vinegar was produced, as in the other experiments. The plant was removed into a jar of fresh syrup, and again the production of vinegar took place.

IV. Other experiments showed, that when the syrup is formed from purified white sugar alone, the vinegar is not produced so readily, the length of time required for the changes varying from four to six months. There may possibly be something in the raw sugar and treacle which tends to promote the acetous change.

The professor exhibited specimens of the different kinds of mould to the meeting, some in syrup of different kinds, and others in the vinegar which had been formed. Several members of the society expressed their opinions on the subject. Dr. Greville remarked that he had no doubt of the vinegar-plant being an abnormal state of some fungus. It was well known that some fungi, in peculiar circumstances, present most remarkable forms; and Dr. Greville instanced the so-called genus *Myconema* of Fries, as well as the genus *Ozonium.* Even some of the common toad-stools, or *Agarics*, present anomalous appearances, such as the absence of the pileus, &c., in certain instances. The remarkable appearances of dry-rot in different circumstances are well known. Although syrup, when left to itself, will assume the acetous form, still there can be no doubt but the presence of the plant promotes and expedites the change. Professor Simpson observed, that the changes in fungi may resemble the alternation of generations so evident in the animal kingdom, as noticed by Steenstrup and others. In the *Medusæ* there are remarkable changes of form, and there is also the separation of buds, resembling the splitting of the vinegar-plant. Mr. Embleton remarked, that in the neighbourhood of Embleton, in Northumberland, every cottager uses the plant for the purpose of making vinegar.

From the account we have given of the vinegar-plant, it will be seen that the numerous reports as to its introduction from India and other distant climes are probably without foundation. Whatever may be the history of individual specimens, certain it is that the plant in question is a native production. It will also be seen by those acquainted with botanical investigations, that the great difficulty in arriving at correct conclusions respecting the plant, was the absence of properly developed examples. We still want investigations as to the *species* which undergo this remarkable development. The recent researches of the Rev. Mr. Berkeley and others show that the fungi, above all other plants, are pre-eminent for abnormal variation.

We ought to observe, that the remarkable mode of propagation possessed by the vinegar-plant—in the absence of reproductive organs—by means of dividing into laminæ, is quite in accordance with the merismatic division by which many of the lower *algæ* propagate.—*Chambers' Journal.*

THE LAST OF THE TROUBADOURS.

In reading of the recent excursions which our aspiring neighbour, the president of the French republic, has been making throughout France, our eye is caught by the word "Agen," the name of one of the towns at which he halted. In that

place, situated on the Garonne, about a day's voyage south of Bordeaux, there lives a man commonly called the Last of the Troubadours—a peasant-poet, writing for Languedoc and Provence—a man who sings and speaks and writes in the provincial language or *patois* of the surrounding district, but in such a way as has made him enthusiastically welcomed all over the south of France. The name of this man is Jacques Jasmin. He is a hairdresser, keeping a little shop in Agen. He is about fifty-one years of age, strong, vivacious, frank, full of passionate energy, entertaining the utmost confidence in his own powers, but using them with the greatest good sense relatively both to their management and to the objects and manner of their employment. While we know that he is really popular to an extent of which we in our staid England can hardly form a conception; that his songs and poems are in the mouths of the countrymen who labour in the fields or sit by the firesides; that when he recites before assemblies of perhaps 2000 people, the ladies tear the flowers and feathers out of their bonnets to weave them into garlands for him; we know, likewise—and this is the most remarkable thing of all—that he has a rule of diligent labour, of revisal and correction, which he follows as conscientiously as if his taste and principle had been fashioned in a classical school. Two volumes of his poems have been translated into modern French, and are printed side by side with the originals; and to these a third has recently been added, which contains several things particularly worthy of note.

Through the kindness of a friend, some of his more recent pieces have reached us, and it is clear that he continues to improve. He is in every way, in so far as we can understand him, a very singular specimen of the poet of the people. An inability to enter into other nationalities than our own, may prevent our rating him quite so high as his countrymen say he deserves; but we certainly do see that his plan of operation is a rare, a striking, and a most effective one. He stands in the exceedingly odd position of a troubadour and a classic combined. Though professing to disdain extempore effusions, he is both quick and clever at them; but for nothing in the world will he forego the delight of doing all the justice to his favorite subjects that the most elaborate and careful treatment can enable him to render. His are no "touch-and-go" compositions. He tells the story of the people in fictions so exquisitely true, so replete with beauty, yet so familiar and peasant-like, that we can recall nothing similar to these compositions in the whole round of popular poetry. Crabbe may be as genuine and hearty—and there are among his poems some, of which Jasmin often reminds us—but Crabbe was the priest of the parish, and painted from an eminence; while Jasmin stands in the crowd below, and sketches the groups among which he mingles.

Jasmin knows nothing of ancient rules, yet he is as severe as any master of antiquity in self-judgment. Still more strange is it, that this Poet of the Peasants has never disdained his original profession, but continues as usual to lather and shave the chins of his countrymen, and to dress the ladies' hair. More strange yet, he refuses all pay for his recitations. The simple announcement of his name is enough to draw immense audiences, and his appearance excites an enthusiasm, compared with which that of a London crowd for Jenny Lind, is described as cold and faint. When he is on one of his missions, undertaken for religious or charitable purposes, he does not refuse to scatter impromptus in return for hospitality and compliments; but not for the best of objects will he permanently degrade his art. He will give out to the public at large only what he has carefully designed and matured. A sketch of one of his poems, entitled *Crazy Martha*, may give some idea of the subjects in which he most delights, and his manner of treating them.

Martha was a poor girl, well known in the town of Agen as living thirty years on public charity: one whom, as Jasmin says, we little rogues teased whenever she went out to get her small empty basket filled. For thirty years, we saw that poor idiot woman holding out her hand for our alms. When she went by, we used to say: "Martha must be hungry, she is going out!" We knew nothing about her, yet everybody loved her. But the children, who have no mercy, and laugh at everything sad, used to call out: "Martha! a soldier!" and then Martha, who dreaded soldiers, used to run away. So much for fact; but now comes the question: "*Why* did she run away?" Jasmin, he says, sat himself down to answer this question, at some thoughtful moment when the image of the poor maiden, graceful even in rags, presented itself to him; and after having diligently sought out her previous history through a number of channels, the result was the following relation:

It was a beautiful day, and the clear pure waters of the river Lot were murmuring on their banks, when a young girl walked up by its side with a disturbed and anxious look. In the next town, the young men of the village were engaged in balloting for the conscription. The young girl had a lover there; her fate was entwined with his; and her whole aspect shewed how deep and heartfelt was her anxiety. In her heart she prayed, but she could not keep still. This maiden was Martha. Another girl, too, was there; she also had trouble in her eye, but not profound like Martha's. This was Annette, a neighbour's daughter. The two girls talked together of their doubts and fears, but each in her own way. At length, Annette took alarm at her friend's intensity of anxiety. She endeavoured to soothe her: "Take courage; it is noon, we shall soon know; but you are trembling like a reed. Your look frightens me. If James should be chosen, would it kill you?" "I don't know, indeed," replied Martha. Forthwith, Annette begins to remonstrate: "Surely you would not be so foolish as to die of love—*men* never do—why should women? If my young man, Joseph, were to be drawn, I should be very sorry; but I should never think of such a thing as dying for him."

So the loving and the light young maidens go on discoursing. The drum is heard at a distance; it draws nearer; it announces the return of those who have been fortunate enough to escape. Now, which of these two girls will have the happiness of beholding her beloved? Not Martha, alas! The thoughtless, gay, joyous Annette is to be the favored one, for Joseph is there among the youths who have drawn the fortunate number. As for James, he is drawn, and he must go. A

fortnight afterwards, Annette, who would have been so easily comforted, is married; and James takes his sorrowing farewell of poor Martha. If war spares him, he promises to return with a whole heart to her. So ends the first part or canto of the piece.

The second begins: the month of May returns again; and it is painted only as the southern poets can paint it—how often in the troubadour songs do such pictures as these return?—

> May, sweet May, again is come,
> May, that fills the land with bloom;
> On the laughing hedgerows' side
> She hath spread her treasures wide.
> She is in the greenwood shade.
> Where the nightingale hath made
> Every branch and every tree
> Ring with her sweet melody.
> Sing ye, join the chorus gay,
> Hail this merry, merry May!
> Up, then, children! let us go
> Where the blooming roses grow;
> In a joyful company
> We the bursting flowers will see, &c.

But in the midst of all this happiness, poor Martha sings her sad song alone:—"The swallows are come back; my own two birds are come to their own old nest. No one has separated them as *we* have been parted. How bright and pretty they are! and round their necks they wear the little bit of ribbon which James tied upon them when they pecked the golden grains out of our clasped hands."

Poor Martha! she sings and complains, sick at heart and ill in body; for a slow fever has come upon her, and she seems to be dying. Just at that juncture, a kind old friend, guessing the cause of her decline, does a beneficent act with a view to her restoration. He sells a vine, gives her the money, and with this commencement of a fund, Martha labours incessantly, hoping to get the means of buying her lover's freedom. Her kind friend dies: this is discouraging; but still she proceeds. She sells the dwelling he had bequeathed to her, and runs with the money to the priest of the village.

"Monsieur le Curé," she says, "I have brought you the whole sum. *Now* you can write: buy his liberty, I beseech you; only do not tell him *who* has obtained it. Oh, *I* know full well that he will guess who it is; but still do not name me, nor feel any fear about me, for I can work on till he comes. Quickly, good, dear sir—quickly bring him back." Thus the second part closes.

The third begins:—Now comes the difficulty of a search for the missing lover; for in the time of the Emperor's great wars, it was no easy matter to follow out the career of a conscript. The kind priest was skilful enough in his own field: he could hunt out a sinner in his sin, and bring him back to the fold, but to find a nameless soldier in the midst of an army—one who had not been heard of for three years—was another thing. However, no pains were spared. Time went on, and still Martha worked to replace part of what she had expended, and to have something more to bestow. The news of her persevering love was spread abroad, and everbody loved and sympathised with her. Garlands were hung on her door, and little presents against her bridal were prepared by the maidens. Above all, Annette was kind and eager. Thus every one considered her as betrothed, and the marriage only waiting for the bridegroom. At length, one Sunday morning after mass, the good priest produced a letter: it was from James. It told that he had received the gift of freedom; that he was coming the next Sunday. Not a word was said of his real deliverer. Having been left in the village a foundling, his notion was, that his mother had at length made herself known, and done this kind action. He exulted in the thought.

The week passes away, and after mass the whole population of the village awaits his coming, the good priest at their head, and Martha, poor Martha, by his side. The view which our poet gives of the scene—of the village road—of the expecting parties, is in the highest degree beautiful and artistic. All on a sudden, at the distant turn in the road, two figures are seen approaching—two soldiers: the tall one, there can be no doubt about; it is James, and how well he looks! He is grown, he is more manly, more formed by far than when he went away; but the other, who can it be? It is more like a woman than a man, though in soldier's clothes; and a foreigner too—how beautiful and graceful *she* is; yes, it is a *cantinière*. A woman with James! Who can it be? Martha's eyes rest on her—sadly, and with a deathlike fixedness; and even the priest and the people are dumb. Just at that moment, James sees his old love. Trembling and confused, he stops. The priest can no longer be silent. "James, who is that woman?" and trembling like a culprit, he answers: "My wife, monsieur—I am married." A wild cry issues from the crowd—it is Martha's; but she neither weeps nor sighs: it is a burst of frantic laughter—thenceforth her reason is gone for ever.

This is the touching story which Jasmin has elaborated from the idea of poor crazy Martha. We have sketched it as a fair specimen of his manner of dealing with a suggestive fact; but in truth one grand charm can in no way be made known to the English reader. Reading his poems through the medium of a French translation, printed side by side with the original, we cannot but see how condensed and expressive is Provençal. It has been well defined as "an ancient language, which has met with ill-fortune." During the twelfth century—from 1150 to 1220—it had reached a high degree of perfection, having been the first of those to which the Latin gave birth after the inroads of barbarism. 'You find in it a mixture of Spanish, Italian, and Latin.' This first-formed modern tongue was violently arrested in its progress at the commencement of the thirteenth century in the wars of the Albigenses. There was no political centre, however, in the land of its birth, and it fell into disuse, and became merely a patois. Jasmin has imposed on himself the singular task of using this language, not exactly as now spoken in any one place, but as it was written in its purer times; and wherever he goes, he is understood, even by the Catalonians. Sometimes he brings up an ancient word, and sometimes coins one of immediate affinity to the old, but always with discretion and good sense. An amusing anecdote of him has been recorded lately. During one of his poetical wanderings in the south, it seems he was challenged by an enthusiastic patois rhymer to a round of three

subjects in twenty-four hours; both poets to be under lock and key for that space. This is the answer of our troubadour:—

"Sir,—I received only yesterday, on the eve of my departure, your poetic challenge; but I must say, that had it come to me at ever so opportune a moment, I should not have accepted it. What, sir! you propose to my Muse, who delights in air and liberty, the confinement of a close room, guarded by sentinels, where she is to treat of three given subjects in twenty-four hours! Three subjects in the space of twenty-four hours! You terrify me! Allow me to inform you, in all humility, that the Muse you are for placing in so dangerous a predicament, is too old to yield more than two or three verses a day. My five principal poems [they are here named] cost me twelve years' labor, and they do not amount in all to 2400 couplets. The chances, you see, are not equal. Your Muse will have performed her triple task before mine, poor thing, has found herself ready to begin.

"I dare not, then, enter the lists with you; the steed which drags my car painfully along, and yet comes at last to its journey's end, is no match for a railway carriage. The art which produces verses, one by one, cannot enter into combination with mechanism. My Muse, therefore, declares herself conquered beforehand, and I fully authorise you to register the fact.

"I have the honor to be, sir, yours,

"JACQUES JASMIN.

"*P.S.*—Now that you know the *Muse*, please to know the *Man*. I love glory; but never did the success of others disturb my repose."—*Chambers' Journal.*

THE LITTLE ANGELS.

Earth, thou art lovely, but brighter far
The land for which in our dreams we sigh,
Shining beyond the evening star
In light unlooked on by waking eye;
Where spirits shake from their wings sublime
The dripping spray of the tide of Time.

2.

O, blighted hearts in this world of care,
Pale outcasts trodden beneath our feet,
May beam in glorious radiance there,
Where the pure in heart find a welcome sweet:
And things which now wear a golden gleam,
Be dross in the land of which we dream.

3.

'Tis the land to which from the harbour, earth,
All life, like ships on the wide, wide sea,
A gallant fleet, loose their sails at birth,
And steer their course for eternity:
And many attain that smiling shore,
And many founder to rise no more.

4.

And some there are, little souls so light,
Earth's cold attractions cannot them keep;
Who rise distilled to the starry height,
Like exhalations from that great deep:
Springing like pale Aurora's fire
Straight to the zenith of their desire.

5.

Taken away like the morning snow,
Pure, undefiled by the storms of even;
Gathered like buds unburst, to blow
In light serene at the gate of heaven;
The little angels, whose tender feet
For time's rude travel were all unmeet.

6.

O, father! gazing with fevered eye
Upwards towards those starry spheres;
O, mother! striving unseen to dry
That bitter fountain, a mother's tears;
Was it not thus with the gentle one
Who left thee with the declining sun?

7.

Lifted gently from earth's cold breast,
Ere fleshly longings had found a name;
Ere sound of knowledge the lip confest,
Or aught save tears from the soft eye came;
Like Memnon's statue voice to emit
First, when heaven's glory lighteth it.

8.

These are they who have known no sin,
Save having sprung from a sinning tree;
And Christ's atonement shall let them in
Through those bright gates with a welcome free;
And joy celestial, unmixed with pain,
Shall hail the wanderers home again.

9.

Ye little cherubs! how oft beside
Thy couch of anguish, while here below,
Have we all tenderly, vainly tried
To keep thee when thou hast turned to go;
And deemed it almost a sin to stay
The spirit that fain would flee away.

10.

Thy silent sufferings we have seen,
And fain around thee an arm had thrown,
But felt that a greater stood between,
And claimed the seraph no more our own;
And veiled our eyes as the treasure lent,
Back to the God who gave it, went.

11.

I cannot weep when an infant dies:
Ah! mourner, turn from the little bier;
To the high heavens rear thine eyes,
Thy tender loved one is there—not here;
It came and found thee too prone to stay,
And went before thee to show the way.

12.

O! weep not for it, lift up thy head,
Thy tears are wasted—thy grief mis-spent;
Go—follow on where thy babe hath led,
As humble, childlike, and penitent;
And study here to inherit well
The world where the little angels dwell.

"Erro."

A CORNISH CHURCH-YARD BY THE SEVERN SEA.

Perhaps there is no county in all Great Britain less known to the bulk even of the more intelligent portion of the community than Cornwall. Its geographical position has hitherto isolated it, and it will probably be very long ere railways introduce any material alteration either in the character of the people or in the aspect of the land. The knowledge of Cornwall popularly diffused in England, usually amounts to this—that it is a desolate peninsula, barren and treeless; that it contains inexhaustible mines, extending far under the sea; that its miners and peasantry speak a *patois*, quite unintelligible to the people of any other part of England; that it boasts a St. Michaels Mount and a Land's End; and that its natives have, from time immemorial, enjoyed the unenviable notoriety of being merciless *wreckers*, devoid of the milk of human kindness. How unmerited this last stigma is, as applied to modern Cornishmen, the anecdotes we have to relate will sufficiently indicate.

The church of the remote village of Morwenstow, in Cornwall, is close on the Severn Sea, and the vicar's glebe is bounded by stern rifted cliffs, 450 feet high. Orkney or Shetland itself, perhaps, does not contain a more wild and romantic place than Morwenstow. "Nothing here but doth suffer a sea-change." Fragments of wreck everywhere attest the nature of the coast. If an unfortunate vessel is driven by a north-west or a south-west gale within the Horns of Hartland and Padstow Points, God help her hapless crew! for she is doomed to certain destruction. Along the whole coast there is no harbour of refuge—nothing but iron rocks. Here the roar of the ocean is incessant, and in stormy weather appalling. Mighty waves then fling themselves against the giant cliffs, and bursting with thundering crash, send their spray in salt-showers over the land. The life led by the dwellers near these solitary cliffs can be but dimly imagined by the inhabitants of inland cities. During the long dark nights of winter, they listen between the fierce bursts of the tempest, expecting every moment to hear the cry of human agony, from the crew of some foundering bark, rise above the wild laugh of the waves; and when morning breaks, they descend to the rugged beach, not knowing whether they may not find it strewn with wrecks and corpses. So tremendous is the power of the sea on this particular part of the coast, that insulated masses of rock, from ten to twenty tons in weight, are frequently uplifted and hurled about the beach. Whatever stigma once attached to the people of the coast as wreckers, who allured people to destruction, or plundered and murdered the helpless crews cast ashore, a character the very reverse may most justly be claimed by the existing generation. Their conduct in all cases of shipwreck is admirable, and nobly do they second the exertions of their amiable and gifted pastor, the Rev. R. S. Hawker, whose performance of his arduous duties is appreciated far beyond the boundaries of old Cornwall.

Many a startling legend of shipwreck can the worthy vicar tell you; and he will shew you at his vicarage, five figure-heads of ships, and numerous other melancholy relics of his "flotsam and jetsam" searches along the coast of his parish. In his escritoire are no less than fifty or sixty letters of thanks, addressed to him by the relatives of mariners whose mortal remains he has rescued from the sea, and laid side by side, to rest in the hallowed earth of his church-yard. Let us visit this church-yard with him, and we shall see objects not seen every day "among the tombs"; and hear stories which, melancholy as they are, give us reason proudly to own the men of Cornwall as our fellow-countrymen.

Not to speak of the numerous scattered single graves of drowned sailors, three entire crews of ships here rest together. Nearly all their corpses were found by the vicar in person, who, with his people, searched for them among the rocks and tangled sea-weed, when the storms had spent their fury; and here they received at his benevolent hands solemn and befitting Christian sepulture. As a local paper well remarked at the time:—"Strangers as they were, receiving their last resting-place from the charity of the inhabitants upon whose coast they were thrown, they have not been piled one upon another, in a common pit, but are buried side by side, each in his own grave. This may seem a trifle; but reverence for the remains of the departed is a Christian virtue, and is associated with the most sublime and consolatory doctrines of our holy religion. They who thus honor the dead, will seldom fail in their duty to the living." We cordially echo this sentiment.

At the foot of one group of graves stands the figure-head of the Caledonia, with dirk and shield. The gallant crew sleep well beneath its shade! The Caledonia was a Scotch brig, belonging to Arbroath, and was wrecked about ten years ago. Fast by, repose the entire crew of the Alonzo, and near the mounds which mark their resting-place is a boat, keel uppermost, and a pair of oars crosswise. Full of melancholy suggestiveness are these objects, and the history the vicar tells us fully realises what we should anticipate from seeing them in a church-yard. The Alonzo was a large schooner belonging to Stockton-on-Tees, and came down this coast on her voyage from Wales to Hamburgh with a cargo of iron.

Off Morwenstow, she encountered a fearful storm, and despite every effort of seamanship, drove within the fatal "Points."

"Pilot! they say when tempests rave,
Dark Cornwall's sons will haunt the main,
Watch the wild wreck, but not to save!"
* * * * * *

Her race is run—deep in the sand
She yields her to the conquering wave;
And Cornwall's sons—they line the strand—
Rush they to plunder?—*No, to save!**

But, alas! no effort of "dark Cornwall's sons" could now avail. The captain of the Alonzo, a stern, powerful man, is supposed to have been overmastered by his crew in the awful excitement when impending destruction became a dread certainty. At any rate, he and they took to their boat, and forsook the wreck. What a moment was this for the spectators! For a few fleeting minutes, all was breathless suspense—the boat now riding on the crests of the mad billows, now sinking far down in their mountainous hollows. One moment, it is seen bravely bearing its living freight—the next, drifting shoreward, swamped! Hark! a terrible cry of despair echoes over the raging billows: it is the blended death-cry of the perishing mariners. Captain and crew, nine in number, all were lost, and all are now sleeping side by side in their last long home, with their boat rotting over their heads. One of the owners of the vessel posted to Morwenstow to identify the bodies of the crew. This was done chiefly by comparing the initials on their clothes and on their skins with the ship's articles which were cast ashore. One of the crew was a young Dane, a remarkably noble-looking fellow, six feet two in height. On his broad chest was tattooed the Holy Rood—a cross with our Saviour on it, and his mother and St. John standing by. On his stalwart arm was an anchor and the initials of his name, "P. B."—which on the ship's list was entered Peter Benson. Three years after his burial the vicar received, through a Danish consul, a letter of inquiry from the parents of this ill-fated mariner in Denmark. They had traced him to the Alonzo, had heard of her wreck, and were anxious to know what had become of his remains. His name was Bengstein, and he was engaged to be married to his Danish *Pige*, or sweetheart, on his return home. Poor *Pige of Denmark!* Never more will thy lover return to claim thee as his bride. Thy gallant sailor rests from all his wanderings in a solitary church-yard in a foreign land. In heaven thou mayest meet him again—on earth, never!

Another anecdote related by the vicar deeply affected us. The brig Hero, from Liverpool to London, drove in sight of Morwenstow Cliffs in a terrible storm, and drifted towards Bude, a small dry haven to the southward. Her crew unhappily took to their boat, were immediately capsized, of course, and every soul perished. The ship itself drove ashore at Bude, with the fire still burning in her cabin. They found in one of her berths a Bible—a Sunday-school reward. A leaf was folded down, and a passage marked with ink *not long dry*. It was the 33d chapter of Isaiah, and the 21st, 22d, and 23d verses. There was a piece of writing-paper between the leaves, whereon the owner of the Bible had begun to copy the passage!

And who was he who possessed sufficient nerve and presence of mind to quote this striking passage of Holy Writ when on the very brink of eternity—conscious, as he must have been, that there was hardly a shadow of hope that he would escape the fate which actually befell him almost immediately afterwards? He was a poor sailor-lad of seventeen, the only son of his mother, and she was a widow. A letter from her was also found in his berth. His body was cast ashore near Morwenstow.

The wreck of the Hero occurred about a year prior to that of the Caledonia of Arbroath before mentioned. One man was saved from the latter vessel, and was the only mourner who attended the funeral-sermon preached by the vicar of Morwenstow after the interment of his messmates. On this occasion, the vicar took for his text the verses quoted by the sailor-boy, and every hearer wept.

We might go on with the reminiscences suggested by many a sailor's grave, but we have said enough to indicate what romantic and pathetic histories of real life are interwoven with this wild and solitary Cornish church-yard. Many a gallant mariner who has battled with the breeze of every clime, here calmly sleeps his last long watch; and with him are buried who shall say what hopes and loves of mourning friends and kindred?—*Chambers' Journal.*

THE CITIES OF THE PLAIN.

CHAPTER I.

Melchisedec! What a host of associations, guesses, dim, half-formed inquiries, start up to every biblical scholar, at the mention of his name! Around him hangs a weight of mystery. One solitary and sublime appearance is all that is recorded of him. He steps in before Abraham on his return from the slaughter of the kings, presents him with bread and wine, and retires into a profound and mystic obscurity. Can we wonder that certain writers have ventured to conjecture that he was an avatar of some one person of the Godhead, for mysterious reasons, tabernacling in flesh? Reader, we are about to introduce you to the dwelling-place of this Melchisedec, king of Salem, "made like unto the Son of God." But tremble not; the man is mortal like thyself—like thyself a being of real flesh and blood.

It is the hour of noon in an Oriental clime. The sun is riding high in his watch tower, a burning plain around him in heaven, and the earth below shrinking from his glare, as a child does from a maniac's eye. The scene presented to the view is one of a singular and somewhat savage character. You are to suppose yourself in the centre of an amphitheatre of hills, some of them clothed with patches of intense and exuberant vegetation but the majority standing bare in the sublimity of utter desolation. In the undulating and uneven valley lying within the circle of the mountains, you notice an eminence, studded with dwellings, and washed by a feeble brook, the murmur of which is just audible in the deep noontide still-

* "Echoes from Old Cornwall"; a beautiful little work by the Vicar of Morwenstow.

ness. Living creatures in the landscape there are few. Amid the sedge and brushwood which border the brook, you observe some sheep reposing rather than grazing, while their shepherd, overcome by the heat, is slumbering under the shade of a large willow, such as grow by the water-courses of the East. At the door of the largest house, on the summit of that gentle eminence, there stands an old man, who is looking southward, with earnest eyes, along the plain. A few blanched hairs stream around a bold expanse of forehead. But it is not these alone which tell you that centuries or cycles of centuries, have passed over that head since it lay on a mother's breast. Look at that eye, dim with unutterable age, yet bright with a lustre such as it seems no age can darken—that eye which rolls as if impatient of an earthly socket, which is not the rapt eye of prophet, nor the eager gaze of angel, nor the deep and quiet eye of patriarch or sage, but which looks a chronicle of bygone time—a mirror of perished ages and worlds, and which seems to see the past and the future looming through the present. One long and waving garment covers his loins. A staff, cut, perhaps, from the antediluvian forests, is in his hands, and, leaning on it, he mutters, as he looks towards the south, hazy with sunshine, "Why tarries Irad, the child of my adoption, whose motherless and fatherless childhood I watched and wept over—whose first and feeble steps I guided by the green pastures and the still waters—whose soul I led into the Temple of Truth—to whom I explained the mystery of the stars—who watched with me when I could not slumber, and whose golden hair lay on my lonely bosom; why tarries Irad, beloved of Melchisedec's soul? Seven sun-risings have shone upon the Mount of Olives, and kissed Kedron's streams, since he, my beautiful, my erring son, turned his steps towards the cities of the plain. Surely I told him that, though Gomorrah's grapes were sweet, and Sodom's daughters comely, the Lord, the Jehovah of the flood, had a controversy with those cities of Belial. But he would not hearken to my voice, and he did not fear the rebuke of my countenance, at which Satan has trembled, and lo! he went out from the dwellings of Salem, and yet cometh not! Surely I have heard in the visions of the night a voice, forewarning me of this, and saying, 'Melchisedec, beware of him that eateth of thy bread and drinketh of thy cup, and is to thee even as a son. Is he not of Ham, and of Canaan the accursed? Is he not of the seed of the serpent? Verily, an enemy cast him at thy door.'" And the old man trembled as he spake; but, as he spake, a speck amid the blazing south becomes visible, and first assumes the figure of a man, shaped out amid the bright glimmer, and then the form, the face, the features of Irad, and, springing from the door, the fond father, by right of adoption, forgets his anger, while kissing the cheek, the brow, and eyes of him whom his soul loved—the young, the fair, the noble Irad, the staff of Melchisedec's age, the heir-apparent of his kingly throne, the inheritor of his unearthly lore and tremendous secrets.

"I have wandered, O, my father," said Irad, with a choked voice.

"But thou hast returned, my son. Jehovah hath brought thee to thy right mind; truly, I feared that, once sucked, feeble straw that thou art, into the gulf of Sodom's abominations, thy soul had become the prey of the destroyer. I feared for thee, my child, and I prayed for thee with unutterable groanings; but God heard my cry, and thou art again beside me." And the old man laid his hand on the head of the youth, and the youth wept much, and then there was silence in the dwelling.

"What hast thou seen, my son? Is it not even as I told you?"

And the young man answered, "Yea, father, thou art as though one did consult with the oracle of God: have patience with me, and I will tell you all. Thou knowest, my father, how often and how long I said unto thee, 'Let me go, I pray thee, and see the goodly land, whereof the herdsmen from the Jordan have told me, which is as the garden of God, well watered everywhere, and whereon stand the stately cities, the smoke of which thou showedst me from the top of Olivet. I am weary of seeing the sun rise and set on the same hills continually.' And thou saidst, 'Nay, my son, be such a thought far from thee: didst thou not hear me say that, yet a little while, and those cities, the cry of which had gone up to heaven, would be destroyed? Wouldst thou perish in the destruction of the cities? Go not, my son, I adjure thee by the Jehovah of the flood.' But I heard thee, O, my father, as one that heard thee not. I issued from thy dwelling as one who, in a dream, throws himself over a precipice. South-eastward, following the current of Kedron's waters, I went on, startling the snake amid the thick bushes, which stung me not, and rousing the lion from his secret lair, which looked sternly, but, without touching me, sprang farther into his thicket. At times I looked backward to the mountains which overhang Salem, and sighed, and wished to return. But meanwhile my feet, as if possessed by the demons, bare me onwards; and, after a little season, upon climbing a bold hill which overhung the Kedron, I saw Jordan rolling its waves through a waste of brushwood and sand, on its southward journey. I clapped my hands for joy, when I saw the stream, which is to this weary land as the rivers that run by Eden, and bore on them the shadows of angels, and were rippled by the voice of God speaking to Adam. And I stooped down, and I drank of the waters, and I cooled in them my burning brow, and, springing up again, like a lion from the swellings of Jordan, sped onwards still towards the city. Night came down upon me as I went, and I stumbled in that valley which is full of slime pits, but fell not. And as I came near the city, behold! it shone with lamps and torches, like the night when all the stars are travelling through the black heavens. And I wondered, O my father, for it was midnight, and thy lamp alone in Salem was wont to see that dark and silent hour. The gates of the city were open, and I went in with fear and trembling. For, as I passed through the streets, I saw men and women staggering in drunkenness, and I heard shoutings and singings, and surely there were some that cursed Jehovah by name, and others that cursed themselves, and others that cursed Abraham and thee, O father. And a band of the sons of Belial, mad with wine, met me, and lo! uplifted in their hands

a naked skeleton, and on its brow a scroll of red letters, 'Death,' and they sang and they shouted, 'This is our enemy, we have caught him, and we shall do to him what he hath done to many,' and they threw the skeleton, who had been one of themselves, into a mighty fire in the middle of the street, and they danced around it, and one stripped off his garments, and crying with a loud voice, 'He must not burn alone,' sprang into the fire, and the others laughed, and methought that the skeleton, from the midst of the flame, smiled horribly; but I saw no more, for fear gave me wings, and I fled very swiftly. And as I fled, I heard a high female voice shrieking out, '*Father, force me not!*' and other voices said, 'Let us to Zoar, *this is hell*,' and one seemed to reply, 'The time is not come.' And one met me, and crying, 'Whither fleest thou?' grasped me by the hair and said, 'Thou must with me to the square of the city,' and I struggled, but he prevailed, and dragged me along, and I thought his hand was hot, as if it had passed across the red bars of a furnace. And lo! in the centre of the square, a great multitude of people, and in the midst of them a pit of boiling pitch, and many torches were around it, and by its brink stood three, one a fair female, and another, her brother, with locks yellow as gold, and a third, their father, with his thin grey hairs, flickering in the breath of the torches. And I heard a hoarse voice saying, 'Will you curse the Jehovah of the flood?' And they all said 'No;' and I saw them no more, for the ring closed nearer around them, and I heard them plunged into the pitch, and a shout, fierce and loud, arose up in the night, and I heard voices cry, 'Bring hither Lot, his wife, and daughters, that we do unto them likewise;' but others said, 'Not so, for he dwelleth quietly in the midst of us.' And now I found myself alone, for he that had brought me hither had left me, I knew not how nor where. And as I went along, I heard some saying to their neighbours, that a purpose was determined against the city, but they laughed and said, 'There shall be no more floods.' And I wandered here and there, till at the western gate of the city I met a very aged man. And he first stared curiously at me, by the glimmering light of the moon, just setting in the west, and then said, 'Whither goest thou, my son? Thou art surely a stranger in the city;' and I answered, 'Yea, father, I am, and weary with long wandering, would fain repose, though it were on a couch of straw.' And he said, 'Follow me;' and I followed the aged man. And after a certain time, he stopped at the door of a large and princely dwelling, and knocking thereat, it was opened by a young and lovely maiden."

CHAPTER II.

"Thou hast told a fearful tale, my Irad, and I thank God, who hath saved thee with a great deliverance from the mouth of destruction. But tell me more, I pray thee, for my heart panteth and trembleth for thy sake, as the wearied deer for the brooks of water."

"Father," said Irad, "the maiden who met me at the door was beautiful as the first star which came forth from the clouds of the flood upon the eye of Noah; like that star as it shone through the scattering darkness, did her mild blue eye gleam through her raven locks. Her form was erect, yet bending, as that of a cedar bowing before the wind. Her brow was smooth, and high and white. She blushed as she saw me, a stranger, and I saw her small white hand tremble as it held the silver lamp, which showed me her beauty. And I, father, felt my cheek, too, burn as I gazed on her, for such loveliness had I never seen before, no, not in the visions of the night, when angels, as thou sayest, come to our beds, to look at us, the ruins of the fall, and to sow sweet thoughts, like flowers, upon them. She led our way into a chamber, large, and lighted with seven lamps, and then escaped from my sight. The old man next followed, but, after an hour's absence, returned to the chamber, and while he set bread and wine before me, I wondered as I gazed at him, with a great admiration. He seemed like to one whom I knew, but whose name I could not for a moment remember, till at last I found it was to thee, O, father. Yet, oh, his face was far otherwise than thine to behold, for below his bald forehead there shone eyes bright and fearful as those of the serpent, which looked at me as if they would devour me, body and soul. His teeth were all uprooted, save one, which seemed like the tusk of the wild boar. His face was darker far than thine, as if two suns had long shone on it. His beard hung down to his girdle, and was white as snow. His size was that of a son of Anak. And on his lips, which seemed larger than man's, there was a smile which made my blood cold, and which ran to and fro upon his face, like blue lightning upon a midnight sky. He seemed as old as Satan, and I thought, 'Is this the enemy of God, whose laughter, as the last man was drowned in the flood, shook the ark, and was heard by thee above the roar of the fountains of the great deep?' But I ate my bread and drank my wine in silence. The old man, too, spoke not till my meal was ended, when he lifted up a club from the floor, glared on me, and said, 'I know thee who thou art, and whence thou art, and what thou seekest in this city. Thy name is Irad; thy father (as it is supposed) is Melchisedec, whom I hate as I hate the gates of death. Thou hast come to see the daughters of the land, but thou shalt never return again. As sure as my name is Caphtorim, shall I destroy thee. Hast thou not leaped into the jaws which have long panted to devour thee?' And as he spoke, he rose and approached, when I fell at his feet and cried out, 'Old man, for the sake of Jehovah, spare my life, for verily I am a peaceful stranger.' And the old man said, with a shriek which made the lamps tremble, 'Jehovah! him I hate, for he cursed me, and drave me from my people, and heated his sun seven times hotter over my head, and made my children curse me, and cursed them for my sake, and—but I have stirred up Sodom and Gomorrah against him, and made them a stench in his nostrils, a fire that burneth all the day. And for thee ——' 'Beware, O Caphtorim!' I exclaimed, 'of the purpose of the Lord against the city, lest he take thee also away by a stroke.' And the old man drew back, and leant himself upon his club, and laughed a wild and hollow laughter, as he said, 'Salem hall see hell as soon as Sodom, and Melchisedec perish as soon as Caphtorim—but thou

at least must cumber my ground no more.' So saying, he struck his club upon the floor, and there entered, alas! my father, not the beauteous maiden, but three sons of Belial, whose faces were black as a coal, and they were all in stature like the seed of the giants; and he cried, 'Sons of the curse, bind this perverse boy, and carry him to my dungeon till he die, for I have given him his last bread and wine. Yea, and he has seen Tirzah the beautiful, and will madden with hopeless love, as well as perish in hunger, for I hated him, and his father, and his God.' And the men of Belial seized upon me, resisting in vain, and lifted me in their arms, and carried me out of the chamber which was lighted up, into one of outer darkness. And there they wreathed around me a cord, and I felt myself descending between the sides of a deep pit; and lo! when I touched the ground, the cord was cut from above, and I was alone. I heard them laugh as they left me, and loud above all was the laughter of the old man. I heard, too, a door crashing as it was shut, and then all was silent. Father, I trembled very exceedingly, and the more when I stretched my hands in the darkness, and ah! there were dead men's bones on every side, and I knew that I was not the first who had gone down into that prison-house. But I remembered thee and thy God, and I prayed and I wept, and my soul came unto me again; and, to raise me above the mire, I made me a pile of the dead men's bones, and I sat upon it, and I slept, and my sleep was sweet unto me; yea, even there, with the side of the pit for my pillow. Two days passed away, and I found hunger gnawing my bowels like a worm, when I hearkened and heard, and first a door was slowly opened, and then there were steps like the steps of men, and then for a season there was silence. And then a torch flashed on the top of the pit, and I saw a vessel descending toward me, and there came a voice saying, 'Arise and eat.' I arose at the voice. I opened the vessel, and behold it was a dish of salt and savoury meat; and I ate it gladly. But I began to thirst and cried out, 'Give me also to drink.' And lo! the vessel was taken up, and after a season was returned to me; but, when I opened the lid, there was not in it a drop of wine or of water to cool my tongue. And the cords were drawn up again speedily, and I heard another hoarse laugh, and, looking up, I saw the face of the old man grinning down upon me, and he cried, 'Thirst on till we meet again;' and the torches were then withdrawn, and the bolts of the door were shut, and I was left alone and burning with thirst in the dungeon of dead men's bones. Father, it would grieve thy spirit to tell thee how I ran about the pit in misery, how I shouted in agony, and was fain to eat of the wet living creatures that I found in the bottom of the dungeon, amidst the mire. Another day passed, and I lived still, but was desirous now to die, and thought, indeed, that my end was near, when suddenly I heard a great sound, as if many thunders were under my feet, and the sides of the pit were moved, and the dead men's bones shook around me. I raised myself straightway from the sleep of death that was passing over me, and stood up. I heard dreadful sounds, as of fear, from the chambers of the house, and then there was deep silence. But surely now the hour of my deliverance was fully come. For the bolts of the chamber were drawn aside, and a step, light as the dance of rain-drops, was heard, and a torch flashed again down the sides of the pit; but there appeared beside it, not now the face of the old man, but, blessed be the God of Melchizedec! that of the fair maiden whom I had seen at the beginning. She let down to me a light ladder, and I rose on it in haste to the mouth of the dungeon. And she said, for she bore with her a loaf of bread and a bottle of wine, 'Eat and drink and then flee for thy life.' And while I ate and drank, and my strength came to me, she told me that there had been a great earthquake, which had shaken all the dwellings in Sodom, and driven all the people in terror into the streets; that Caphtorim and his servants were there, but would peradventure speedily return; that she had purposed to save me, or to perish with me, and had tarried in the dwelling, but that I must now depart. Father, I besought her to flee with me, but she said 'Nay;' and while I waited, and implored her to escape from the accursed city, I heard the voice of the old man crying to his companions without the gate, 'Surely the bitterness of death is past,' and then I knew that I must escape and flee. The maiden brought me to a door leading out secretly to the street, and, as she bade me haste, she lifted up her voice and wept. I kissed her, and plunged into the night; and lo! I have now returned into thy beloved dwelling, and trust that I have received grace in thy sight.

CHAPTER III.

All that night was peaceful under the roof-tree of Melchisedec. The youth slept as if he had never slept before, so profound was his draught of the waters of forgetfulness. The old man dreamed long before he slept, as he gazed on the youthful form of the slumbering Irad, and after he slept, continued long to dream of his darling child. But, when at last the morning came, behold Irad was not in the dwelling! Melchisedec's heart sunk within him, and he said, "Surely I am bereaved of my only son. Whither can he have again strayed? Is it, alas! after the eyes of her whom he saw in the house of him whom I know but too well, and who hates me with a perfect hatred?" And as he spoke, he arose and looked southward over the plain. But all was empty and solitary. And as the hour for his daily worship of God had come, he betook himself to the roof of his house, and looking to the east, threw himself on his face, worshipped Jehovah, and mingled with it a prayer for Irad, his lost child, and came down, and, after partaking of his morning meal of pulse and milk, went forth to judge his people, as aforetime, in the midst of the little town of Salem.

But where was Irad? He had risen, and had gone forth to look abroad at sunrise, when he is aware of three men passing south-westward along the ridgy rise of the hills. As they pass, they fix their eyes upon Melchisedec's dwelling, and these eyes to Irad seem, although turned away from the sun, to be of burning fire. But, as he looks, they revert southward their gaze, and turn southward their eager and quickening steps, till in the distance they seem as one man crossing the outline

of the mountain, and disappearing from view. "I must follow," said the youth, and after returning and kissing softly the lips of Melchisedec, he bursts away in pursuit of the three. On surmounting the hill, and looking below, there spreads out before his eye a large and fertile plain, hemmed in on all sides by mountains, which become more precipitous and towering where on the south-east they divide the plain from the valley of the Jordan and the devoted cities. Flocks and herds are grazing on it, and in the centre there stands a tent, with many smaller dwellings scattered behind it, and a venerable man seated under a sycamore, which casts its cool shadow over the door. As the mysterious three draw near, the old man arises, runs forward to meet them, and bows himself down on his face to the ground, then rushes back towards the tent; and, after brief stay, re-appears, hasting toward the herd, and takes thence a calf, gives it to a young man to dress it, takes butter and milk, and sets it before the strangers, and they eat, or seem to eat. While all this is being done, Irad with fear and haste creeps forward from one bush to another, till he has reached a covert whence he can both see and hear clearly.

The appearance of Abraham, whom Irad had seen before when Melchisedec gave him bread and wine after the battle of the plain, was that of one younger far than Melchisedec or Caphtorim, and seemed as if it were never to be older than it was. Long and bushy, although grey, were his locks, and descended to his girdle. A mountain of snow, rising amid forests, was his forehead. His eye was dark as death, yet mild as spring. His stature was lofty, and, unlike that of the two now spoken of, was not bent at all by time: it was erect as a pillar of palm. And while might and majesty moved in every step, a smile of ineffable repose, as if born from some glorious vision for ever before his view, lay on his lips, nay, seemed to circulate over him all. His eye, his head, his lips, his stature, seemed to look upward and forward; even when he bowed in reverence before the messengers of Heaven, it was as if the faith and fatherhood of a million of saints were gathered into his face and his bearing.

Seated under the same sycamore were the strange three; and Irad wondered, as he turned from Abraham to gaze at their faces and forms, which were not like those of the sons of men. Clear and distinct above were their three faces, radiant, mild, piercing, softer than woman, stronger than man, subtler than a shade, and yet more firm and fervid than a sun shining in his strength with perfect purity, blended with grace, and with aspects which would have been terrific to repulsion and dismay to a dweller in Sodom, but were to Irad and Abraham as attractive as awful. As to age, they seemed to "wear with difference the co-equal brightness of fadeless youth." One face had more of leonine grandeur in its lines; a second more of infantine loveliness, and the third more of the piercing visage of an eagle. But when they looked, their three faces rayed out one meaning, and when they spoke, their voices, which were musically sweet, yet strong as a lion's voice, seemed one harmony woven from three consenting chords, like the voices of three streams meeting at eventide.

Irad with eager ear listened to the conversation between them and Abraham, heard them predict that Sarah, his wife, was to have a son; heard Sarah laughing in scorn within the tent; saw a majestic shade of anger passing over the faces of the three once and again as she denies that she had laughed, and heard them renew the promise. But now the meal is over, the sun is sinking toward the west; the guests arise, and Abraham departs a little way with them. And as Sarah again retires into the tent, Irad glides past the door, and, moved by an irresistible impulse, follows their southward steps. At length they reach the suummit of a hill, commanding the course of the Jordan, the plain, and the smoke of the cities, rising up in the still evening air like a blood-red canopy. Here they pause, as if to part, and Irad, throwing himself down below a tree half-way up the ascent, witnesses a scene which thrilled his being to its foundation.

More than mortal, as they stand on the hill, and in the light of the dying day, seem the statures of the men. But suddenly, as they talk to Abraham, a bright mist hides them from Irad's view, then rises up towards heaven, dilating and deepening as it ascends—forms next into the likeness of mighty wheels, flashing with all the colours of the rainbow, which change, and interchange, and mingle—and the three faces re-appear from the midst of a confusion of glory half-way up toward the zenith, looking down with solemn and steadfast aspect upon Abraham, who has fallen upon his face in wonder and in worship, Irad, whispering to himself, "It is the glory of the great Jehovah," faints in terror away.

When restored to himself, the sun has set, the large stars of the oriental night are out, but seem dim in that blaze of glory which is still shining, and in those faces which, like three mighty planets touching each other, form the centre of its brightness. Between Irad and this unspeakable glory, and immediately beneath the wheels and the faces, kneels, with reverent looks and hands clasped in supplication, a man. It is Abraham; and as Irad listens, he hears him, with strong crying and sobs, pleading for Sodom and Gomorrah, and it seems to be the thunder which is answering at intervals his words. Irad can only gather that Sodom is to be destroyed on the morrow, unless ten righteous persons be found therein. And then there is a stir amid the still glory, and a noise as the noise of a host is heard, and the vast wheels lift up themselves and become wings, stretching out to the ends of heaven, and with eyes on each wing, and the pomp moves slowly upward, and the faces fade as they ascend, and the stars are again clear, and the glory of the Lord hath passed utterly away. Abraham, with dejected look, returns toward his place, and the youth could have touched the hem of his mantle, as he came down the hill with lingering step. But when he has passed, Irad leaps up and says alone to himself, "Only ten persons. I shall yet save the city, or perish with it and with HER." And, thus crying, he leaps like a desperate man into the southern darkness, and hies towards Zoar.

(To be continued.)

The man who anticipates too much in the future, loses the present; he looks before him, and has his pocket picked.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

A TALE OF NEW YORK STATE.

BY "ERRO."

It is Christmas Eve; and mankind from the castle to the cottage have turned care out of doors. The "Yule Log" burns brightly upon many a hearth—and its red beams flash joyfully upon many a young and rosy cheek. Families long sundered, are again for the happy moment united. The gray-haired sire, no less than his light-hearted grandchild, feels the genial influence of the hour, the gladdening light of that brave old yule log has struck twenty years from the ages of the oldest. Not young men and maidens only, but old men and matrons, fathers and husbands, mothers and wives, all seem to have gone mad together, and are children again. Many a merry joke and gay laugh goes round, the scenes of their childhood are recalled; old, half-forgotten tales are told; a thousand griefs are forgotten; poverty, that dread phantom which pursueth many, feels for the time that his power is gone. The old year is on his last legs, with all his sorrows, and all his joys; let him go! We bear him no ill-will! We will light him out with a rousing fire; breathe one sigh over the hopes he has withered, and light up a thousand new ones to hail the coming of the dawning year.

Such is the scene within; but without, the night is dark, dreary and dismal. The rain patters heavily upon the fallen leaves, and murmurs hoarsely like the rushing of a distant torrent, through the desolate branches of the leafless trees. There is but little wind, and that little seems unhappy, and wanders moaning almost inaudibly, like a homeless outcast, from hill to hill, without rest or peace. Few would be out willingly in such a night; but on Chrismas Eve, none; and yet there is an old man muffled to the eyes, sitting bolt upright upon his ambling nag, the muddy road splashing and glancing beneath his horse's feet, and the drenching rain dripping in tiny rivulets from his slouched hat as he jogs along. Who may this be, who on such a night of festivity, and at an age when he ought to know better, is toiling on through the thick darkness? Is it not a holiday to the rich and the poor, the master and the labourer? And can there be any work which might not have been put off—any journey which might not have been delayed until the morrow? Or is this some wretched slave of gold, who, unblest by the soothing tenderness of a partner, or the gentle endearments of a family as he sinks into the vale of years, knows no difference between his weary days, save by the amount of paltry gain which each succeeding one adds to his mouldering hoard? O judge not too harshly, too hastily!—he is a husband and a father, nor these only in name; but one of the tenderest sensibilities. This night alone of all the year, in accordance with a family custom, ever religiously observed, have all his children gathered around him again. There is but one man in the community, who at such a time and on such a night, would relinquish his cosy easy-chair amidst the bosom of his family, to prosecute a lonely and toilsome journey through the dreary and broken roads, "the doctor." One only inducement which could prevail upon him to do so—a conviction that it was a duty imposed upon him.*

Not, let it be understood, a duty to his family or to himself; like the majority of his profession, who have nothing else to depend upon, he is poor, but by no means destitute; and the wants of his family or himself, no longer require as they have too often done, that he should expose his now aged head upon such a night, to the inclement weather, or leave his social and happy hearth to obtain for those who are dependant upon him, necessary food. No!—it is his duty to his neighbor, the exercise of charity, which alone could turn him out upon the present occasion. No fee, however tempting, would for its own sake have proved a sufficient consideration. His heart is richer than his hand; and notwithstanding all he has suffered from the ingratitude of his species, and few have had a better insight into the human heart, his own has ever overflowed with kindness and charity towards them, and is still, as ever, ready to attend to the meanest call of the wretched and destitute.

He is thinking,—that old man, jogging along in the dreary solitude; thinking of the time, when with high hopes and higher honors, a light heart and a lighter purse, he embarked upon the tide of life. He had high and noble aspirations then: what would he not accomplish upon earth? he has higher, nobler aspirations now—but his hopes point not to earth, but to Heaven. He is thinking of all that he has suffered and undergone in the arduous prosecution of the profession, to which he has devoted himself since then. Of the mental solitude in which for many years he dwelt, an alien amongst an ignorant and prejudiced people, who, unable to appreciate his talents and abilities, jealous of the race from whence he sprung,

* "Erro" must pardon us for reminding him that the Clergy of every Christian communion have always been, and ever will be, found as ready and willing to brave the storm, at the call of duty, as the Doctor—all honor to both for so doing.—Ed.

and incompetent to form suitable associates for one of a highly cultivated mind, were yet in their narrow-mindedness ready enough to impute to him the meanest and most despicable motives, and to take advantage of every quibble to rob him of the hard earned fruits of his labor.

He is thinking of the weary days and nights of toil, which have prematurely blanched his hair and sapped his constitution; of his wrestlings with poverty, and all the evils that flesh is heir to. He is thinking of the many around him, who, with half the education, ability and perseverance with which he feels himself endowed, have long since outstripped him in the race—and while he is yet in his old age, reaping a scanty competence by the labor of his own hands, are revelling in wealth which they have attained by a far shorter and easier road; but he envies them not—he would go through it all again for the love which he bears to his own glorious profession. No one knows better than himself, that death is not the *end* of life, but only a short and necessary change through which a higher, loftier life must be attained. He has educated his children as he himself was educated, and, each following the bent of his own particular genius is fighting his own way upwards through the labyrinthine mazes of this sublunary world: and what cares he now for wealth? The few and simple wants which a life of toil and privation has allowed to become necessaries are easily supplied; and in the benevolent exercise of knowledge, and the quiet retirement of his study, he can pass almost unnoticed and unknown, as he has lived and labored, through the few short and tranquil days which yet lie between him and the grave.

What then should cast a gloom upon his brow,—what, for the moment, cause that shadow of discontent and annoyance to flit across his usually placid face? Bitter reflections leave their impress there—and this is the cause of them.

It is the fashion in this degenerate age and country, and one of the most pregnant signs of its ignorance and imbecility, to slight and throw reproach upon his office. Men, contemptible from their ignorance; formidable from their political influence; the most worthless, unprincipled and designing of mankind, have taken upon themselves to assume his hard earned title and honors. And the State Legislature, blindly believing that the popular principles, can be as readily and appropriately applied to intellectual and scientific pursuits, of which they know nothing, as to the sale of butter and bacon, of which they know much, have endeavoured to sink him below his level, by placing these upon the same apparent footing as himself, in the social scale. He knows, for he is not a fool, that to do this in reality, is impossible;—the story of the daw in borrowed plumes is familiar to him, and he knows that no amount of eagle's feathers will enable a corbie to soar upwards to the sun. He feels that the education and intelligence of the country are with him—that no legislative enactment can taint his fair fame. But he feels justly, that the noble and useful profession to which he belongs, and himself as an individual, though humble member thereof, has been grossly injured. With high minded and intelligent statesmen, he might hope to be heard; but he cannot, in his old age, stoop to the low trickery and underhanded means, which it would be necessary for him to adopt, in order to meet his opponents upon their own ground. He cannot hope to convert the senate-house into a platform of common-sense and intelligence, upon which alone he can make a stand—he feels that he has no redress; that the circumstances of the time in which he lives, have placed humbug and quackery at a premium, and plain, straightforward honesty and sterling integrity at a discount; he is disgusted at the indignity which has been offered to him—and the insult rankles in his bosom.

But he has been trained in the school of adversity; he is no stranger to neglect and disappointment; he has learnt to look to a higher tribunal than that of his fellow men, for a just appreciation of his labors; and as he plods wearily on, a brighter and happier expression chases the shadows from his thoughtful brow, and he enjoys in the performance of his duty, that true and genuine satisfaction, which in the present instance, as in too many others, is likely to be the only reward or remuneration of his toil.

He has some distance yet to travel, nearly nine miles altogether from his home; and the night is so dark, and the roads so nearly impassable, that he is obliged to go on horse-back, as the only probable way of ultimately reaching his destination. A few paces behind him, upon a bare-backed poney, his ragged clothes scarcely sheltering his shivering limbs from the pelting shower, and his red, unclothed feet, kicking vigorously at the spare sides of his shaggy poney, as he urges him to keep up with his better mounted companion, is the urchin who has threaded those dreary paths, before, that night, in search of the Doctor.

We will pass over the intervening miles quicker than they were accomplished by our venerable friend, and conduct our readers at once to the door of the small and rude log hut, upon whose latch his hand is now laid in the act of entering.

It is a drunkard's home: in which short, simple

and expressive sentence, we have presented a vivid picture of the nearest approach to a hell upon earth. Christmas eve, the most joyous evening of the year, casts no gleam of happiness within that wretched and dismal abode. Heaven hath abandoned it and its wretched owner; and virtuous Earth, and all who dwell upon her, following as they usually do in the footsteps of the crowd, have long since with a sigh of very equivocal charity given them over to perdition. The door opens, and we enter with him.

The hut contains but one room, enclosed by four outside rough, unhewn log walls, imperfectly chinked with clay and moss. There is no ceiling, save what is formed by the slabs which compose the gabled roof, now black, grimy and smoke-stained. There is a large uncouth stone fireplace and chimney, with a few decaying brands smoking upon the broken hearth, all that is left of a fire apparently made up many hours ago. Nothing can be more desolate and cheerless than the whole aspect of the apartment, if such it can be called, —and it is silent as the grave—the only sound that is heard as we enter, being the solitary, dismal drip, drip, dripping of the rain drops which have found easy entrance through the insufficient roof; and yet even here may be traced by the flickering and uncertain light of the dying fire, some attempt at tidiness and order. A rough pine stand of the rudest and most unfinished workmanship, bearing evident traces of its having been manufactured by a novice in the joiner's art, occupies one corner; and here, with an effort to make the best of circumstances, the dilapidated china and crockery of the household has been carefully, even tastefully arranged; the least shattered pieces filling the most prominent places; and all, from the broken plates and cups, here and there introduced to fill up some hiatus in the arrangement, to the rough pine table in the middle of the floor, are scrupulously neat and clean. But every little attempt which has been made towards a look of comfort, serves only by its lamentable insufficiency to give the whole interior a more dreary and forlorn appearance. Within a little crib upon the floor, made by nailing four rough boards together at the corners, and evidently constructed by the architect of the cupboard, whoever that might be, are sleeping two children, somewhere about the ages of two and three respectively, upon a straw bed; they are tumbled together as if they had climbed in of their own accord, and had fallen asleep in the first position they fell into; their ragged dresses which they still wear, showing however, many unequivocal marks of having been stitched and mended to the utmost bounds of possibility. The doctor's eye, accustomed to such scenes, glanced rapidly over the room as he entered. There was a bed in one corner of it, and towards it his eye, after a momentary survey of the objects we have described, turned inquiringly as he closed the door. A female form was lying upon it, but no voice greeted him as he entered. He closed the door silently; he had a heart even for her affliction, and thinking that worn out nature might at last have yielded to sleep, he stole noiselessly to the bed side. One single glance served to remove all doubt—Death had beem there before him, and his practiced eye too surely recognised at the first hasty glance, the ineffaceable footmarks he had left upon that pale and sorrowful countenance. Yes, alone in the dreary solitude of that lonely hut, the young and tender being before him, had met the grim tyrant face to face, and yielded up her soul to God! Scenes of suffering, sorrow and distress were familiar as household words; but there was something so terrible, so oppressive, in the silent loneliness of that desolate abode, tenanted only by unconscious infants and the sleeping dead; something which so cried aloud for sympathy to his heart, in that cold, fixed, appealing eye, turned in its upward, stony, dying gaze towards Heaven, that involuntarily as the sad picture of forsaken misery met his gaze, he covered his eyes with his hand and wept.

Alas! poor Mary! The kindly sympathy and assistance of one generous heart might a few short hours ago have saved thee. Thine was not an inevitable death—but the wailings of thy untold sufferings fell only upon the insensible ears of solitude and night. And on the eve of that blessed day when the Son of God came down upon earth to save sinners, no hand save that of a feeble old man was put forth to help thee—and time, the irredeemable time, had been wasted in delays, ere he could bring thee succour.

As such harrowing reflections forced themselves upon him, the door again opened; and the ragged, barefooted boy, drenched and dripping, from the wintry storm, whom we have already mentioned, entered the room, and walked towards the hearth, where, after shaking himself like a Newfoundland dog fresh from a river, he stooped down, and gathering together the decaying brands, scattered about, began making up the fire. His mission had been accomplished, the doctor brought; and he felt easy in his mind, though his bodily circumstances were anything but comfortable. A good fire, however, would soon impart new warmth to his chilled limbs, and reanimate his dripping body, and he rose from his knees

with the apparent intention of bringing more wood from without to kindle up the fire. Just then, the deathly silence of the place seemed to rouse him, and he cast a hasty glance towards the motionless bed, where the woman lay.

She was his sister; and they were orphans and strangers in a foreign land, whose language and manners mocked them with a semblance of their own. Poor child! instead of being the mother of a family, she ought even yet to have been a light-hearted, joyous maiden. She was scarcely twenty, and had married as too many young girls marry, knowing little of the character of him to whom she gave herself. The passion he once felt or professed towards her, had long since yielded to one of a baser, fiercer and more degrading nature, the passion for drink. Poverty had, as it ever does, followed closely upon the footsteps of vice, as ravens in the wake of slaughter. The moral man had fallen, and was destroyed utterly; and a hellish, sensual, devilish incarnation of all the worst passions of man's evil nature, was all upon which the delicate, broken-hearted wife and mother had now to rest.

And yet, she had struggled onward, hopefully, cheerfully, lovingly; for her's was the age of hope; and love, once an inmate of that fair and gentle bosom became its inhabitant for ever. Once she had been mistress of a more suitable abode;—but it had flitted with their falling fortunes, as her besotted husband sank daily deeper and deeper in the unfathomable slough, whose ways go down to hell, and its paths unto the dead; until scorned and forsaken by all her acquaintances, for the very love she still bore to him, pure, bright and hopeful as the love of an angel, she had at last been reduced to take refuge in this wretched, deserted hovel, for shelter for herself and her babes.

Winter, delayed longer than usual, was now rapidly approaching, and yet another life than her own beat within her bosom. Ruin and beggary were upon her. She dared not look upon the future. Like Mariana:

> "Her tears fell with the dews of even,
> Her tears fell ere the dews were dried;
> She could not look on the sweet Heaven,
> Either at morn or eventide,"

But she strove not to despair. With her own frail and delicate hands had she, she herself, made that little cupboard and crib, with no other aid than that of her little brother, and given to the wretched habitation what little semblance of comfort it possessed; and arraying her neat little person in the well-saved clothes of a better time. She had that day, happy Christmas day, hallowed to her gentle heart by happy memories of old, awaited patiently the coming of her husband, hoping and intending to make one more effort to recall him to a sense of the misery to which his evil ways were leading them.

The sun had settled gloomily amidst dark and threatening clouds upon the westward verge of heaven; darkness was winging its way towards the earth, and a few heavy pattering rain drops were beginning to fall with a hollow sound upon the roof, when stumbling heavily towards the door of his abode, the drunkard raised the latch and entered his home.

Poor, wretched, debauched victim of intemperance, of moral insanity; already hath the idiotcy of inebriety laid its mark upon thy brow: thy heavy lack-lustre eyes have not even the intelligence of thy dog—thy fœtid breath stinks of the rottenness within—thy bloated cheeks and drooping jaw no longer retain the saliva which dribbles from them idiotically, helplessly. What attribute of thy manhood hast thou yet left to love? Honor! it is far from thee. Honesty! thou art a knave, paltry and cruel. Pity! Love! thou knowest not their name. Courage! thou art afraid of thine own hideous shadow. Truth! thou art a very liar; a perjured, false-hearted traitorous liar, and thou knowest it with what little dull intelligence or instinct yet cleaves to thee. Who can look upon thee but with scorn—who regard thee but with loathing and abhorrence? Oh! ask it not—there is one, the tenderest and the best, she who of all others thou hast most immediately injured who loveth thee, aye, loveth thee still!

She had a welcome for thee even then, and no word of repining wherewith to upbraid thee—she would make thy home thy happiest resort, however ill thou mightest deserve it; and even now when care gnaweth within, and hope hath well nigh vanished from without, she bids thee welcome. She takes her seat beside thee, and thy filthy, worthless hand in her own. She gently removes thy battered and clay-soiled hat—she parts with her smooth, cool fingers, the matted locks from off thy fevered brow—she looks upon thee with those large, soft, gentle eyes, in which such fathomless depths of pity and love are dwelling. She strives to arouse thy latent tenderness with the kindest endearments—she kisses thee, unmindful, or willingly forgetful of thy loathsomeness—she places her pure lips to thine. Wretch! Fiend! worthy only of the bottomless depths of that hell where the sun of resurrection never shineth or shall shine, he strikes her! He, the demon of uncleanness und pollution has dared to lift his murderous hand against his ministering angel. O, had the arm of manhood then

been there to dash thy worthless carrion into dust! O, had the eye of Him who regarded thee from above withered thee upon the moment everlastingly! But no. The sun now shineth upon the just and the unjust, and the day of retribution hath not yet come. He rises with an oath and reels to the door, leaving her where she fell. Night hath fallen, and into the outer darkness he plunges headforemost; who knoweth but it may be for ever!

And she, the wife, the patient, loving, trusting, ill-requited angel—what of her? Her last hope, like the only remaining strand of the stout hempen cable which held the stately vessel to her moorings, hath parted; and heart-broken and utterly overwhelmed by the floods of anguish rolling over her, she is cast a hopeless, helpless wreck upon time's inhospitable shore!

But we have made a long digression, and our feelings have run riot with our pen. We spoke of the boy, she was his sister, aye, and had been his mother, father, and all beside: he was too weak yet to be her champion and avenger, but he was ever her consolation and friend. He moved towards the bed and looked upon her face, so calm, so still, so sorrowful: he placed his cold, damp hand upon her brow; alas! that brow was even yet more cold, and no answering smile of joyful recognition returned his own intense gaze of anguish and despair. With a deep sigh he fell forward upon the body of his dead sister, and the worthy doctor, taking his chill, insensible body in his arms, bore him towards the fire, and there by assiduous attentions which none knew better how to afford, at length recalled him to a sense of his lonely and wretched condition. Oh, melancholy Christmas Eve—such are the festivals, the holidays of a physician!

And was there no help nearer at hand?—could no assistance be obtained for that poor, friendless girl, whose travail-anguish was thus brutally and prematurely brought on? There was; there might have been. At the short distance of a mile from the hovel, resided one of those self-styled "doctors" whom a Legislature deserving well of the state, delight to honor. Practice, in this branch of the profession at least, had given him a tolerable knowledge of its mysteries; and now he occupied the post to the exclusion of others more competent for the duties, and more willing, because better instructed, to undertake their responsibilities. The people of the neighborhood were prejudiced and ignorant. A cry of "exclusiveness," of "innvoation," of "persecution," had been got up by the designing, and had succeeded in driving from among them a young, but well-qualified and educated practitioner, who had expected, and with reason, to have been received in that wilderness with open arms. The irregular practitioner who had effected his expulsion, and now reigned triumphant, was a man of a coarse, brutal, and mercenary nature, garmented, however, and masked by a smooth and oily covering of deceit. He had been a ruined swindler many years ago, and had attempted at that time to retrieve his fallen fortunes by turning preacher, and conducting an extensive camp meeting in the western part of Ohio, of which he was one of the "shining lights." Since then he had wandered and been lost to society for the space of four years, and whether during that time he resided in the penitentiary or California, has little to do with our Christmas tale. He then appeared at the bar of public justice under a charge of forgery, of which he was ultimately acquitted, and took up his quarters in the Township of T——, where he still resides, having risen to the rank of mill-owner squire, and justice of the peace.

To this man, as the nearest bearer of the title "doctor," the ragged boy hastened, after assisting his unfortunate sister to her bed; but how should gentle pity or the love of a profession, of whose simplest attainments he was grossly ignorant, operate as a sufficient inducement with one whose only object in assuming the title he disgraced, was to prey upon the pockets of his deluded victims? The tattered garments of the dripping and breathless messenger were coolly scrutinized by the pseudo-physician as he told his tale; the examination had proved unsatisfactory; and in the cold pitiless eye of the empiric he read refusal, ere the voice which bid him seek such aid elsewhere had fallen upon his indignant ear. There was but one other within many miles—the gray-haired sire whom we have already introduced; his urbanity and humanity, no less than his skill, were widely known, especially amongst the poor; and to him, like a bird on the wings of the storm, flew the shivering messenger on his bare-backed steed. The result of his journey has been detailed.

Morning, dull, dark, and gloomy, at length broke. The doctor is again in the bosom of his family, and two strange and ragged children are undergoing, under his wife's superintendence, the process of being reclothed. An early traveller is upon the road—what arrests his onward way? Why does his mettlesome horse snort and refuse to advance? He alights from his conveyance, and in the middle of the road beholds the body of a man lying face downwards in a puddle of water, which the heavy rain of Christmas eve had collected upon the spot; he rolls him over; life is

extinct! It is the body of the miserable drunkard of the log shanty; and this is a fitting end for him! He hath gone to confront, in another world, her, who, a ministering angel of mercy here, shall be an accusing, though silent, spirit there.

WHO IS MY NEIGHBOUR?

Thy neighbour who? son of the wild?
"All who, with me, the desert roam;
The freemen sprung from Abram's child,
Whose sword's his life, a tent his home—
Whose steeds, with mine, have drunk the well,
Of Hagar and of Ishmael?"

Who is our neighbour? Ask at Rome
The marble bust—the mould'ring heaps;
At Ctesiphon, the Parthian's home—
His bow's now broke, his charger sleeps—
At every mound that awes or shocks,
From Indus to the Grampian rocks.

A voice comes o'er the northern wave—
A voice from many a palmy shore—
Our neighbour who? "The free—the brave—
Our brother clansmen, red with gore,
Who battled on our left or right,
With fierce goodwill and giant might.

Who, then, 's our neighbour? Son of God,
In meekness and in mildness come!—
Oh! shed the light of life abroad,
And burst the cerements of the tomb!
Then bid earth's rising myriads move
From land to land on wings of love.

Our neighbour's home's in every clime
Of sun-bright tint, or darker hue,—
The home of man since ancient time,
The bright green isles, 'mid oceans blue;
Or rocks, where clouds and tempests roll
In awful grandeur near the pole.

My neighbours, they who groan and toil,
The serf and slave, on hill and plain
Of Europe, or of India's soil,—
On Asia, or on Afric's main,—
Or in Columbia's marshes deep,
Where Afric's daughters bleed and weep.

Poor, sobbing thing, dark as thy sire,
Or mother sad, heartbroken, lorn—
And will they quench a sacred fire?
And shall that child from her be torn?
'Tis done—poor wrecks, your cup is gall;
Yet ye're my neighbours, each and all.

My neighbours all—each needs a sigh,
Each in due form a friendly prayer:—
"Oh! raise the low, bring down the high
To wisdom's point and fix them there:
Where men are men, and pomp and pride
Are mark'd, and doom'd, and crucified."

Thou art my neighbour, child of pain;
And thou, lone pilgrim, steep'd in woe;
Our neighbour she, with frenzied brain,
Whose pangs we little reck or know;
Who loved while hope and reason shone,
Nor ceased to love when both were gone.

And if on this green earth there be
One heart by baleful malice stung,
A breast that harbours ill to me,
A sland'rous, false, reviling tongue,—
My neighbour he—and I forgive;
Oh! may he turn, repent, and live.

Amicus.

THE LATE MR. PUGIN AND THE REVIVAL OF CHRISTIAN ARCHITECTURE.

BY WILLIAM HAY, ARCHITECT, TORONTO.

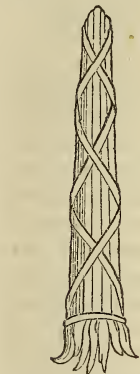
Christian Architecture is the name given to that peculiar style of building, commonly called the Gothic, which predominated in western Europe in the middle ages. It derived its origin from the efforts of Christians of preceding ages to embody the principles and characteristics of their faith in the structures which they reared for the services of their religion. The name is used to distinguish it from the different denominations of Pagan Architecture introduced into England about the middle of the sixteenth century. This continued the favorite style for civil and monumental Architecture, and, until the late revival of Christian Art, most of our ecclesiastical edifices came under this category.

The Pagan Architecture of Greece and Rome, embodying, as it did, in every form of construction and variety of ornamental detail, the symbols of an idolatrous worship, could be but ill-adapted (one would suppose) to the forms and usages of the Christian religion. Yet, this was the style of art that superseded ancient Christian Architecture. The genius of Sir Christopher Wren that could deform the towers of Westminster Abbey with Italian details and put a Tuscan entrance and Venetian windows to Ely Cathedral, was not likely to cull gems from the ancient repositories of Christian art to shed a new lustre on the murky dens and alleys of London. We have accordingly St. Paul's Cathedral, together with his fifty and one churches in the revived Pagan style as much unkempt from the symbols of ancient idolatry as was Glasgow Cathedral from Popish saints before it was subjected to the pitiless harrow of Andrew Melville and his associates.

For more than two hundred years had English Christianity been made to assume the architectural garb of every known system of Pagan mythology—the heathen temple, the Moorish mosque, the Chinese pagoda, or an ollapodrida of all, which-

ever happened to strike the fancy of the architect. The sacred edifice was no longer adorned with the time-honored symbols of the Christian faith, which pointed to the Lamb slain for the sins of the world, but with scores of bulls' heads decorated for Pagan sacrifice, and drinking horns and coronals borrowed from representations of the feasts of Bacchus. The body of the pious Christian "rested in hope" under the "inverted torch of Pagan despair" and the *flaming urn*, emblematical of the Pagan practise of burning the dead, instead of the cross, which was wont to inspire sacred hopes of the glorious resurrection.

Metope of the Doric Order.



Inverted Torch.

Flaming Urn.

Hundreds of Christian churches, religious houses, and monuments still bear the outward marks of heathenism, which, although fast disappearing from ecclesiastical design, seem difficult to eradicate from our monumental architecture. We hear of cenotaphs erected to the great, as if we still believed them essential to the admission of the departed spirits to the regions of bliss, and we find our fashionable cemeteries teeming with sarcophagi, urns, and inverted torches, which would have been full of significance to the heathen, but to the Christian can convey no meaning.

It is true that feeble attempts were occasionally made to reproduce Christian art in some ecclesiastical edifices by way of variety, but the stereotyped forms and proportions of the Grecian and Italian schools were usually retained, and merely garnished with a grotesque assemblage of the more prominent features of Gothic detail. At first these were confined to little more than a lean tower or steeple rising out of a very low pitched roof, a few doors and windows of ghastly width staring through a bleak wall and the usual allowance of pinnacles (some of them chimnies in disguise), mounting guard on the angles. Later, however, in this era of debased taste, viz , the beginning of the present century, a more extravagant and incongruous piece of mechanism than what was popularly termed a fine Gothic edifice, could scarce be conceived. Gothic, Moorish, Egyptian, and Chinese found their meet representations in this confused collection of pinnacle and minaret, pier and canopy—suggestive of an assemblage of foreign delegates at a peace convention.

The absurd but highly poetic notion that Gothic architecture had its origin in a bower of trees, as if our finest cathedrals, with their arched ribs like "leafless underboughs," had sprung into existence at once from the chisel of some ingenious Goth or Druid, fresh from recollections of the groves, found high favor with many writers on architecture. To them the true historical derivation of Gothic or Pointed Architecture, by gradual transition from the classic styles of Greece and Rome, was quite unknown. Indeed, the fantastic specimens of Battye Langley and his followers were more likely, from their rude approximation to *arborial petrifactions*, to have been studied from the living forest than from the still life of ancient models.

The first great movement towards the present revival of Christian architecture, received a remarkable impulse from the publication of an essay by Rickman, a distinguished architect, who, disgusted, no doubt, with the extravagances of Battye Langley, and others, whose writings had greatly corrupted the taste of the time, set about exploring for himself the remains of the ecclesiastical antiquities of England. This he did with a zeal and earnestness which, but that he was a sober Quaker, might not inaptly have been termed enthusiasm. Rickman was the first to discriminate correctly the various phases of Gothic architecture, which he classed into three distinct styles, to which he gave the names Early English, Decorated, and Perpendicular — names still very generally retained. Little was known, however, beyond the mere nomenclature of the various styles, until Pugin promulgated his *True Principles of Christian Architecture*, and placed the study of the art upon a solid basis.

Welby Pugin was the son of an Architectural draughtsman, of considerable talent and celebrity, the author of several valuable works illustrative of Christian Architecture. The young artist was early trained in the study of Ecclesiastical antiquities. At an early age he accompanied his father in his sketching tours among the fine old churches

and religious houses of England and Normandy, when collecting materials for his publications. The impressions thus early received, no doubt, originated that predilection for Mediæval Art, which was the distinguishing feature of his professional career. He was the author of several works on Ecclesiastical Architecture, but a treatise he published in 1836, called "*Contrasts; or a parallel between the noble edifices of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries and similar buildings of the present day, showing the present decay of taste,*" first brought him prominently before the public as an Architectural reformer. This production was reviewed at great length by the "British Critic" and other leading periodicals of the day, advocating a revival of pure taste in Ecclesiastical design. The justness of Pugin's strictures was fully admitted, and the wonder was, that the anomalies so common in the Architecture of the time, which are now so apparent, had so long escaped general detection. His "Contrasts" were followed a few years afterwards, by two lectures on "*The true principles of pointed or Christian Architecture,*" in which he set forth the consistent canons of ancient design, and furnished the means of testing architectural excellence apart from mere fancy. He demonstated that "the laws of Architectural composition are based on equally sound principles as those of Harmony or Grammar, and, that they can be violated with greater impunity, is simply owing to their being less understood." His principles were:—

1. That all the ornaments of pure pointed edifices, were merely introduced as decorations to the essential construction of those buildings.

2. That the construction of pointed Architecture was varied to accord with *the properties of the various materials employed.*

3. That no features were introduced in the ancient pointed edifices which were not *essential either to convenience or propriety.*

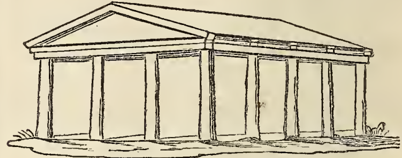
4. That pointed Architecture is most consistent, as it decorates the useful portions of buildings, instead of concealing or disguising them.

5. That true principles of Architectural proportion are only found in pointed edifices.

6. That the defects of modern Architecture are principally owing to *the departure from ancient* consistent principles.

The ancient builders never constructed ornament for the sake of meretricious effect. Every part of their structures had a legitimate use and meaning. Hence all the ornamental details of pure pointed edifices derive their chief beauty in *being really useful portions of the building.* By attention to this rule the spurious ornaments of modern Architecture may be easily detected.

On the 2nd principle above referred to, Pugin not only condemns the adaptation of the Grecian style to modern edifices, but forcibly illustrates the *radical inconsistency* of that species of Architecture. When the Greeks built in wood, the construction of their buildings was in *strict accordance with the nature of the material employed.*



Primitive Greek Temple.

They set up rows of posts supporting longitudinal and transverse beams, upon which rested the low-pitched roof;—low pitched because they had not to guard against a lodgement of snow, as in our climate. When, however, they began to work in stone, they had not the ingenuity to devise a style to suit the different nature of the material, but set up stone posts, and laid stone beams across (as they had formerly done with wood) just so far apart that they would not break with their own weight. They made their buildings still more unreal by carving imitations of the ends of the wooden rafters on the stone friezes; so that in fact *the finest temples of the Greeks are built on the same principles as a large wooden shed.*

The Christian Architects, on the other hand, with stones scarcely larger than common bricks, by the use of the arch overcame great space and erected temples at once the glory and wonder of the age.

The absurdity of following a style of Architecture whose fundamental principles and inflexible rules are at variance with every circumstance of material, climate and popular habits, is exposed by Pugin with considerable force and ingenuity. He illustrates this by several examples, in which he brings out the plasticity of Christian Art in strong contrast with the rigid and inflexible character of Pagan Architecture. The consistency of pointed Architecture, for instance, *in decorating the useful portions of buildings, instead of concealing or disguising them* is beautifully demonstrated by the example of an ancient English Church, with vaulted roof and flying buttresses,—those light arched ribs which span the space over the external roofs of the aisles. These transfer the outward pressure of the main roof to the walls and buttresses of the aisles below, carved and ornamented as they are, in that graceful and airy

manner peculiar to the ancient Christian Architects. Contrasted with this, he gives a section of St. Paul's Cathedral, where flying buttresses were found indispensible for the same purpose for which they are required in the Gothic building; but as the style of St. Paul's would not admit of their being ornamented, a *lofty screen wall is erected on the top of the aisles all round for the purpose of concealing them.* He shows, too, that the dome which we see is not the actual covering of the church, but a thing erected for the sake of effect, and to conceal the actual roof; *so that in fact one half of the building is made for the purpose of concealing the other.*

To the various and learned writings of Pugin we are chiefly indebted for the late revival of pure taste, and the getting rid of much spurious architecture of the Brummagem Gothic school, worse in many respects than pure Pagan. His architectural structures, however, have been considered by some inferior to what might have been perhaps, expected from one who so thoroughly understood and ably promulgated tbe principles of his art. Many of his churches have noble exteriors and gorgeous interior effects, but there is in some a strange un-English aspect; the result, probably, of his early associations with the pointed architecture of Normandy. Some of his later works, moreover, shew occasional dashes of eccentricity in various details. Still as a whole or in detail, the great principle of *truth*, the foundation of all good architecture, is never violated.

Pugin's skill as a decorative artist was remarkable, particularly in polycromic art. A few simple timbers gracefully disposed in an open roof, as stability might demand, but nothing more, with a few touches of color from Pugin's hand assumed an ecclesiastical character, which the overloaded material and all the laboured carving and gilding of less skilful artists would have failed to produce at ten times the cost. The numerous works which he accomplished during the forty years of his brilliant career, show that he was possessed of a surprising amount of activity. Most of his architectural drawings and working plans of detail were by his own hand. The numerous etchings, that he published, he executed himself, and he produced a large collection of paintings, water-color drawings and sketches of favorite spots in nature, done with masterly skill and rapidity. His working drawings were frequently dashed off without rule or square. These merely represented detached portions of the design, correctly enough, but generally so obscure and ill-defined, that none, perhaps, save his favorite builder, Myers, or those fully conversant with the entire design, could form any just conception of their constructive application.

A peculiar feature in Pugin's character was a passionate love of the sea. He took up his abode at Ramsgate, where he lived as much in the style of the middle ages as the habits of the nineteenth century would allow. It is said he at one time owned and commanded a merchant smack, trading with Holland. He kept a large cutter at Ramsgate, with which he was always ready to put off to the relief of shipwrecked mariners on the Goodwins, and has been heard to say "there is nothing worth living for but Christian architecture and a boat." He was originally a Protestant, but joined the Romish communion at a time when that body evinced considerable energy in church building. To this pursuit he almost exclusively devoted his talents and wealth.

To enumerate Pugin's works would fill a volume, but among his finest churches are St. Chad's, Birmingham, the church at Derby, St. George's, Lambeth, St. Giles, Cheadle, by far the richest in point of decoration and polycromic art. Among his other works may be specified the colleges at Radcliffe, Rugby, Nottingham and Leicester. One of his latest employments was collecting architectural specimens, and arranging his *Mediæval Court*, in the Crystal Palace, which will be remembered as one of the most attractive objects in that famous exhibition. His last work was a church for Mr. Scott Murray, at Danesfield, Bucks, a structure which was still unfinished when he was seized with that severe affliction, the entire prostration of the intellect, from which he only recovered to be released from all his troubles.

He died at his residence at Ramsgate, on the 14th September last.

IANTHE.

How wonderful is Death—
Death and his brother Sleep!
One, pale as yonder waning moon,
With lips of lurid blue;
The other, rosy as the morn
When throned on ocean's wave,
It blushes o'er the world:
Yet both so passing wonderful!

Hath then the gloomy Power
Whose reign is in the tainted sepulchre
Seized on her sinless soul?
Must then that peerless form
Which love and admiration can not view
Without a beating heart, those azure veins
Which steal like streams along a field of snow,
That lovely outline, which is fair
As breathing marble, perish?
Must putrefaction's breath
Leave nothing of this heavenly sight
But loathsomeness and ruin?
Spare nothing but a gloomy theme,
On which the lightest heart might moralize?
Or is it only a sweet slumber
Stealing o'er sensation,
Which the breath of roseate morning
Chaseth into darkness?
Will Ianthe wake again,
And give that faithful bosom joy
Whose sleepless spirit waits to catch
Light, life and rapture from her smile?

Yes! she will wake again,
Although her glowing limbs are motionless,
And silent those sweet lips.
Once breathing eloquence
That might have soothed a tiger's rage,
Or thawed the cold heart of a conqueror.
Her dewy eyes are closed,
And on their lids, whose texture fine
Scarce hides the dark blue orbs beneath,
The baby Sleep is pillowed:
Her golden tresses shade
The bosom's stainless pride,
Curling like tendrils of the parasite
Around a marble column.
—*Shelley.*

TALES OF THE SLAVE SQUADRON.

THE COUNTERMINE.

THE proceedings before the mixed Commission Court of Sierra Leone, relative to the dashing exploit of the *Curlew's* boats, narrated in the last paper, were more than usually protracted and vexatious. The chief difficulty raised was the capture of the negroes on shore in the territory, it was pretended, of an independent African sovereign, for as to the brig the *Felipe Segunda*, there could be little doubt that she with her dusky cargo would be pronounced a lawful capture. It was well understood that Pasco, the real assassin of Capt. Horton, who, though severely wounded, had contrived to escape in the hurry and confusion of the fight, was the party in whose behalf the resident Portuguese Consul so strenuously exerted himself, although ostensibly that zealous functionary was solely actuated by a patriotic desire of vindicating the commercial rights of the subjects of Portugal, and the independence of its flag, trampled upon and outraged, according to him, by the vigor beyond the law, as settled by international treaty, displayed by the British officers. The death, sudden and unexpected, of the lieutenant governor, added greatly to Lieutenant—now Commander—King's difficulties, by enfeebling the action of the English authorities till his successor should arrive—an interregnum, by the by, of frequent occurrence in days when Theodore Hook's sarcastic jest, published in the weekly organ of the British pro-slavery party, that "Sierra Leone had always two governors, one coming home dead and another going out alive," was almost literally true. From the earliest stage of this tedious and harrassing affair, a person of the name of Quintana, recently arrived from Cuba, of which he was said to be a native, interested himself actively in the matter on behalf of one Senòr Cadalso, his uncle, who, it was alleged, had advanced a large sum, secured by a bottomry bond on the *Felipe Segunda;* and without any knowledge or suspicion that she was to be employed in the illegal slave traffic. This pretended guilelessness was, no one doubted, all a flam; and if otherwise, could have no effect on the legal bearings of the case, and would have excited little notice but for the persevering efforts of the smooth-spoken Creole to cultivate the acquaintance of the officers of the *Curlew*, the chief claimants in the suit to which he was an adverse and interested party! He succeeded in his purpose partially only as regarded Commander King; but with Lieut. Burbage, a frank, warm-hearted young man, his success was complete—a result however wholly due to the attraction of Quintana's sister, a young and charming Creole, the languishing light of whose dark eyes soon kindled a flame in the susceptible sailor's heart, which I feared all the waters of the ocean would fail to extinguish. That a sinister design of some sort lurked beneath the honied courtesies of both brother and sister, was, for several reasons, clear to me; and very glad I was when the requirements of the service removed the enamoured lieutenant, for a time at least, from such dangerous philandering with a Syren whose smiles and graces were, in my view, but sun-surfaced quicksands in which his professional prospects might, I feared, suffer wreck.

We sailed out of the estuary of the Sierra Leone river on a splendid morning in summer; The varied picturesque scenery of the British settlement on one hand, the low, dull line of land still dominated by the savage on the other; the glittering sea around, in which thousands of the brightly-tinted nautilus and flying-fish were sailing and disporting themselves, all waving, sparkling, exhaling in the warm, odorous embrace of a cloudless tropical dawn—a gorgeous, exhilarating spectacle, to the beauty of which the dullest, most preoccupied brain could hardly remain insensible; and I was glad to see that even the pale, wo-begone phiz of Lt. Burbage, which had been fixed with melancholy gaze upon the palmy foliage which screened the English quarter of Freetown, where the charming Isabella still doubtless slumbered, till an envious jut of land hid it from view, lightened up after a while beneath its magic influence. I had hopes of him, and should have had more, but that our cruise for this spell was to be a brief one, Commander King having determined on returning to Sierra Leone in time to hear the decision of the Court of Mixed Commission—adjourned by mutual consent for one month— pronounced.

We ran northward nearly as far as Cape Blanco, peeped into the Rio Grande and the Gambia and Senegal rivers, without success, and doubling on our course, had just reached the mouth of the most southerly of those rivers the Rio Grande, when we sighted a stout schooner, whose vocation was quite sufficiently indicated to practised eyes, by her long, low, sharply-moulded hull, and the excessive rake of her tapering masts. She was far away to windward, and merely noticing the cannon-challenge of the *Curlew* by displaying the French ensign, or "table-cloth," as English sailors were in the irreverent habit of styling the spotless banner of Bourbon France, and shaking out a reef or two—it was blowing freshly—she very speedily dropped us, and we had not the pleasure of seeing her again till we made Freetown, before which we found her snugly anchored, with the gaudy colors of Spain trailing at her taffrail—a flag, that on boarding her, which Commander King did unhesitatingly, she was found to be more entitled to hoist, if her papers were believeable, than the "table-cloth" of France. Capt. Valdez, as he called himself, a sly, hang-dog looking rascal, was glib enough with his tongue, which if you could trust *Don Enrique*, (the schooner

hailed it seemed from Cuba) was engaged in purely legitimate traffic, and the fifty or sixty bearded fellows composing her crew, innocent lamb-like creatures, to whom violence and cruelty were as abhorrent as cow beef to a pious Hindoo. All this was "very like a whale," but as there was no legal pretence for seizing her, the commander of the *Curlew* affected to be quite satisfied with Capt. Valdez' story, and took civil leave of the worthy man.

An incident, trifling in itself, which occurred a day or two afterwards, confirmed and pointed the suspicions which it was evident Commander King entertained of Cap. Valdez and his handsome craft. Renewed intercourse with Isabella Quintana, had kindled the love frenzy of Lieut. Burbage to a flame again; and he, of course, eagerly availed himself of every opportunity of visiting his charmer. He was thus engaged when Commander King despatched me with a message requiring his immediate presence. The outer door of Quintana's dwelling was ajar, and hastening through the passage to a back garden, where I thought I heard Burbage's voice, I ran slap aboard of Capt. Valdez and M. Quintana, who were, I saw, in earnest, low-toned conference. They were a good deal startled, and a swarthy flush passed over both their scowling faces. I apologized for the intrusion, and asked for Lieutenant Burbage. "He is in the front apartment with my sister," sourly rejoined Quintana. I sought him there at once, and we left the house together. "I am glad," said the commander of the *Curlew*, after I had privately informed him of the foregoing circumstance; I am glad that you said nothing about it to Burbage: there is reason to suspect that——but I shall probably have occasion to speak with you further in the matter in a few days. In the mean time you will keep a still tongue, and both eyes wide open."

On the following morning the Court of Mixed Commission pronounced judgment, by which not only the *Felipe Segunda*, but the negroes taken on shore were decided to have been lawfully captured, or more properly speaking, rescued. Commander King immediately afterwards sent Lieutenant Burbage with a crew of twenty men, on board the condemned brig, to get her ready to sail for Dublin, the principal village of the largest of the Banana Islands, whither it had been determined that seventy of the liberated slaves should be conveyed. The Banana Islands—only one of which was at the time I write of inhabited, and that but very thinly—run out a considerable distance seaward, from Cape Sierra Leone, and form part of the settlement of that name. They are frequented by the European settlers at Sierra Leone at a certain period of the year, for their more temperate atmosphere, as well as for the sport which their hunting grounds afford; but their chief governmental use is as a depôt for invalid Africans. I was also drafted on board the *Felipe Segunda*, whose destination and by whom to be commanded was no sooner bruited about, than M. Quintana solicited a passage in her for himself and sister; they being desirous, I partly understood, to visit a relative, temporarily located for health's sake somewhere in one of the Islands. Lieutenant Burbage eagerly acceded, as far as he was concerned, to this very agreeable request: and Commander King subsequently consented with equal promptness to the arrangement. It was soon known, too, that we should have other company. The *Marys*, of Hull, a small English brig, James Hodgson, master, which had still a number of oddments in the shape of Birmingham hardware and Manchester soft goods undisposed of, cleared out for Dublin; and the *Don Enrique* made preparations for sailing with the first favorable breeze, but for a different destination—Ascension, it was reported, if I remember rightly.

The wished-for breeze was not long waited for, and directly it was felt the Blue Peter flew at the mast heads of all three vessels. M. Quintana and his sister came on board; the Africans had been previously embarked, and the *Felipe Segunda* got smartly under weigh, quickly followed by the *Don Enrique*. The *Marys*, which had the reputation of being a very fast sailer, did not lift her anchor for some hours afterwards: the reason of this delay I have now to state.

"Mr. Sutcliffe," said Commander King, when we were alone together, two or three hours previous to the departure of the *Felipe Segunda*; "I am about to intrust you with an important and rather difficult mission. I have reason to believe that Pasco, the brutal Portuguese assassin of Captain Horton is concealed somewhere in the Banana Islands; that he is in fact the uncle, the Senòr Cadalso, of whom M. Quintana and his precious sister speak so affectionately."

"You astonish me, sir!"

"No wonder that I should. I have further reason to believe that Captain Valdez is in league with M. Quintana, and that one of their latest contrived schemes is to get repossession of the *Felipe Segunda*, not perhaps by absolute force, that would require a certain degree of pluck, and the attempt, if successful, would involve a sacrifice of life, which such gentry are not fond of incurring, but by some artful dodge in which the Senòra's influence over Burbage will play a prominent part. If we can only catch the master and crew of the *Don Enrique* at such a pretty piece of piracy, the schooner will, of course, be ours; and better than that, Captain Valdez once in my power, I will so manage that he shall be glad to save his own neck, by guiding us to the hiding-hole of that ruffian Pasco. I have only to add, that I and fifty men shall embark in the *Marys*, and keep strictly out of sight till we may be wanted. Do you comprehend?"

"Yes, partially, but how——"

"This paper," interrupted Lieutenant King, "which you will, of course, keep carefully concealed, will explain all that I have left in doubt. You will communicate with me through Hodgson, of the *Marys*, who is entirely in my confidence. Also understand," he added gravely, "that Lieut. Burbage is not kept in the dark in the matter, from any doubt of his honor or zeal in the King's service, but simply because he will better aid our success by playing unconsciously, therefore naturally, the part of love-blinded dupe, destined for him."

I briefly expressed the gratitude I felt for the confidence reposed in me, and my determination to carry his instructions resolutely into effect, and

was turning to leave the cabin, when he added with a kind of grave humour—"And bear in mind, Sutcliffe, the counsel of the Duke of Wellington to an officer intrusted with a confidential mission, 'that he should not only carefully guard his secret, but so act, speak, and look, that no one should suspect he had one.'"

The trip was a swift and pleasant one to every body, to Lieutenant Burbage a panoramic paradise of which each object—sun-light, star-fire, the varied shore, the silver sea, viewed in the lustre of his lady's eyes, assumed a beauty not their own. In fact, the poor fellow's wild talk as he paced the deck at night suggested serious doubts of his perfect sanity; and probably, if I go on transcribing his rhapsodies, the reader may come to a similar conclusion with regard to myself, I shall only therefore add, on this part of the subject, that I indistinctly understood the divine Isabella was to become Mrs. Burbage on our return to Sierra Leone, some necessary preliminaries having been first adjusted with the uncle Senor Cadalso.

A few hours after we had brought up in Dublin Bay—I believe this name was suggested by its resemblance to the magnificent expanse of water which graces the Irish Metropolis—the *Marys* was signalled, and before nightfall had anchored at no great distance from us. Her merchantly, peaceable aspect was not in the slightest manner changed, and it required the positive assurance of Skipper Hodgson, with whom I had a quiet conference the next morning, to convince me that more than 50 valiant men of war were stowed away, ready as gunpowder, and considerably drier I could have sworn, in her hot, confined hold. The *Don Enrique*, he further informed me, had gone to the westward of the Island, and would be found lying off and on about Ricketts, a collection of Negro huts of that name, not far from which it was conjectured Senor Cadalso might be found.

M. Quintana and his sister left the brig the instant the anchor was dropped, and never had the lady worn a sunnier smile than when she softly reminded the enraptured lieutenant that her uncle would expect to see him the earliest moment his professional duties permitted him to do so. Those duties, as far as landing and locating the Negroes went, were concluded by noon on the morrow, and Lieutenant Burbage did not return till midnight. He appeared much and pleasureably excited; and after giving one or two routine orders, withdrew to his cabin, desiring me to follow.

"I shall be obliged," he half-blushingly began, "if you will pay a visit to Senòr Cadalso tomorrow afternoon. The marriage contract is to be signed then, and I wish you to be a witness. Besides there is to be some slight festivity—a dance and so on; and Isabella, with whom you are a prime favorite, by the way, quite insists upon your presence."

I answered that the lady's politeness was extremely gratifying, and that I should very readily accept of his and her invitation.

"Thank you," rejoined Burbage; "we have arrived here but just in time, for Cadalso, who has quite recovered his health, intends leaving the island tomorrow for Cuba, in the *Don Enrique*."

"In the *Don Enrique!*" I hastily blurted out; "isn't that odd?"

"Nonsense," he quickly replied: "Cadalso, though a rough-grained fellow as far as looks go, is, I have no doubt, a person of perfect respectability. It will be better," he added, finding I remained silent, "that you should take the brig round to the westward till you are abreast of Ricketts, where you can be easily rowed ashore, and the boat can remain on the beach to re-embark us all, as both Quintana and his sister intend sleeping on board. I shall have to be on shore early, and must therefore leave these little arrangements to you." I bowed acquiescence, and a few minutes afterwards we separated.

Lieutenant Burbage left the vessel immediately after breakfast, taking with him six men on leave for the day, at, I understood, the request of our late passengers, and to dispose of their share of a gratuity which the Quintanas had sent the brig's company. This draft, with the six men I was directed to take on shore with me, and who were to remain with the boat till we were ready to re-embark, would reduce the hands on board to eight. Truly a very pleasant game our sweet-spoken friends were playing, and but that others could plot and countermine as well as they, quite a safe one too.

I communicated as quickly as possible with Skipper Hodgson, and it was not long before the *Marys* was slipping away under easy sail to the westward. We came up with and ran her alongside in the shadow of a concealing headland, and received on board to the infinite amazement of the *Felipe Segunda's* scanty crew, some fifty odd of their old messmates. with Commander King at their head. Sail was again made, and before long we opened up the straggling village of Ricketts, and the *Don Enrique* lying snugly at anchor, about half a league from the shore. We brought up at no great distance from the audacious schooner, but the glasses which instantly swept the deck of the brig, could discern nothing alarming or suspicious there. The barge was manned at once, and after about a quarter of an hour's lusty pull, I leaped on shore, where a black fellow was in waiting to convey me to Senor Cadalso's residence, situate somewhere amongst the hills, at the base of which Ricketts is sparsely scattered. We soon reached it, and a miserable tumble-down place it was, though somewhat more pretentious than the mud huts of the liberated Africans. Quintana received me with much simulated cordiality, but the fellow was too shaky and ill at ease to play the part of hospitable host with even tolerable success. Burbage and his *fiancée* were out walking; and Senor Cadalso was not for the present visible. Neither did I observe any festive preparation in progress. I, however, abstained from remark, accepted the refreshment proffered me, drank a few glasses of wine, gossipped a little upon indifferent matters, and feeling at length exceedingly drowsy, apologized for my rudeness, and to Quintana's great relief, threw myself upon a bamboo apology for a couch, and soon dropped fast asleep. I slumbered much longer than I had intended, for when I again opened my peepers the moon and stars were out and shining brilliantly.

I was just in the act of springing up when the sound of approaching voices, one that of Quintana's the other, a rasping one, I guessed Cadalso, *alias* Pasco's struck my ear, and induced me to resume my recumbent posture.

"Hush! hush!" I presently heard Quintana hurriedly whisper; "speak lower for heaven's sake!" They talked in Spanish, by-the-by, which I comprehended well enough, though I could not speak it with remarkable elegance or precision.

"Not I, indeed," was the surly rejoinder; "the mask may slip off how and as soon as it likes. Besides, the young cockerel yonder is fast asleep."

"Are you quite sure it's all right with Captain Valdez?" asked Quintana, an arrant coward if there was ever one.

"Quite sure! why yes; as sure as death! We have got our own again, there's no doubt about that. It's pretty nearly half an hour since the *Felipe Segunda* was boarded and carried by the *Don Enrique's* boats, though as the pistol shots told us not without a stoutish resistance. However, the signal rockets agreed upon between me and Valdez, soon showed that all was right."

"Where is Burbage?" said Quintana after a few moments' silence.

"With Isabella, to be sure!—with his friend Pasco's charming niece—where else? Ha! ha! burst out the truculent brute, with such a reckless ferocity, that I doubted if it could be at all worth while to feign sleep any longer; "the girl has managed the business rarely, and yet now, at the last moment, the pretty, perverse fool is whimpering and lamenting about it, and insisting, forsooth, that the thick-sculled Englishman she has so deliciously bamboozled shall be permitted to depart in a whole skin: yes, he *shall!*"

"You swore that the lieutenant should suffer no personal harm," said Quintana, "besides——"

"Swore," echoed the excited savage, "swore! But you too are a fool! Go and seek them. Valdez and his men cannot now be far off, and it is quite time the farce was over."

Quintana left the room; and Pasco throwing himself carelessly upon a seat began gulping down the liquor on the table. He was quite aware, I felt convinced, that I was not asleep, but still I judged it best not to change my position, the more especially as my right hand, thrust carelessly as it were under my coat breast, securely gripped the stock of a double-barrelled pistol.

A few anxious minutes slowly passed, and then a confused tumult of voices—Burbage's the loudest and fiercest—burst upon us. I jumped to my feet, and at the same moment the lieutenant swept into the room in a frenzy of rage and indignation. Isabella, preceding her brother and five or six grim-visaged ruffians following. Her face, a glance showed me, was pale as marble, and her fine eyes wet with tears.

"Betrayed,—dishonored,—lost,—ruined!"—shrieked Burbage as he caught sight of me; "and by this accursed murderer too!"

It was well for Pasco that a table was between him and his furious assailant, or the lieutenant's sudden and deadly thrust would have required no second stroke. As it was, he received a slight wound only, and Burbage, pinioned in the grasp of three or four rascals, could only madly curse the taunting villain, in whose power he believed himself to be, and upbraid the beguiling serpent that had lured him to his ruin; and whose too late repentance had but revealed the utter blackness of the gulf in which he was plunged. "Uncle, uncle!" supplicated the weeping, terrified woman, as she threw herself between Burbage and Pasco's menacing pistol; "for the love of God harm him not! You have an oath in heaven to respect his life—his safety!"

It would have been easy enough for me amid the furious din and scuffle to have sent a bullet through the heads of a couple of the scoundrels, but as I fully believed ample help was not far off, it would have been madness to precipitate matters till that help arrived. This much to the reader in excuse of my apparent quiesence, but really calculated inactivity. I chose rather, as soon as I could make myself heard, to implore Burbage to have patience,—to calm himself.

"Patience! Calm myself!" he shouted, as he fixed his bloodshot glance on mine, as if doubtful that he heard aright; "Patience! Calm myself!"

"The young man counsels wisely," said Pasco with a malignant sneer, but at the same time lowering his pistol; "patience is excellent when nothing else may be had. You are in my power, accursed fool, and so is the *Felipe Segunda*, and as many of her crew as have not already been thrown to the fishes. Ha! there is Captain Valdez' whistle. But a few minutes and all scores will be cleared. Off wench!—Is this a time for snivelling?"

The hurried tramp of men swiftly approaching was heard without. Pasco sprang up with ferocious glee to the door, flung it open,—"Here Valdez, he cried with ferocious exultation; "here! —Hell and Thunder! who are these?"

"The messengers of justice, scoundrel!" shouted Commander King, bursting in and seizing the terror-stricken miscreant. His eager crew followed and amidst a fierce uproar of shrieks and curses, grappled and secured the whole knot of conspirators. The success of the counterplot was complete!

A few words will close this story. Isabella and her brother embarked unmolested for Cuba, chiefly, I believe, through the intercession of Lieutenant Burbage. Pasco was indicted for murder, and aiding and abetting piracy (the attack on the brig by the boats of the *Don Enrique*), but escaped the penalty to which he would certainly have been adjudged, by dying of brain fever in the hospital at Sierra Leone. Lieutenant Burbage, though for a time a sadder, became as certainly a wiser man than when he permitted himself to be hoodwinked by an artful Syren; who, however, we must not for the honor of womankind forget, was herself the dupe of a relative, upon whose bounty she had depended from earliest infancy. The *Don Enrique* was condemned and purchased into the service, and under another name became, with perhaps the exception of the celebrated *Black Joke*, the most efficient and successful cruiser on the African coast, till the apparition of armed steamers proclaimed to the dismayed slave-mongers that, whether a little sooner or a little later, the end of their atrocious traffic was marked indelibly upon the dial of the future.—*Eliza Cook's Journal.*

WINE.

Oh! thou invisible spirit of wine!—if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee—devil!

Shakespeare.

Some eighteen months or two years ago, I was doing my duty to my country and myself on board Her Majesty's frigate the Astræa, by undergoing seventeen games of chess per diem with our first lieutenant, and filling up every pause with murmurs at the continuance of 'these piping times of peace.' We had been cruising some months in the Mediterranean, chiefly for the amusement of two dandy cousins of an honourable captain, whom we picked up at Malta, basking like two yellow, over-ripe gourds in the sunshine. We had touched at most of the ports of the Ionians, where cyprus may be had for paying for, and where *faldettas* are held by hands as fair as their coquettish folds are black and lustrous.

At length, one beautiful evening, one of those twilights of chrysolite and gold, such as poets dream of, and the Levant alone can realize (having been for three preceding days, not "spell-bound," but "calm-bound among the clustering Cyclades") it was the pleasure of our honourable captain and his cousins to drop anchor in the Bay of —— (I have reasons of my own for not being more explicit, where after swearing the usual number of oaths at the quarantine officers, and the crews of the Venetian and Turkish traders, who make it a part of their religion to give offence to the blue-jackets where offence can be given with impunity, I had the satisfaction to find myself, at about seven oclock P. M., seated at the mess of Her Majesty's gallant —th, doing as much justice to the roast beef of Old England as if we had not been within a day's sail of the Island of the Minotaur.

"Are you a punch drinker?" inquired my neighbour, Captain Wargrave, with whom as a school-fellow of my elder brother's, I had quickly made acquaintance.

"If I may venture to own it, no!" said I; I have swallowed too much punch on compulsion in the course of my life."

"I judged as much from your looks," replied Wargrave, who had promised to see me on board the frigate. "If you want to get away from these noisy fellows, we can easily slip off while Lord Thomas and his operations engage their attention."

And, in compliance with the hint, I soon found myself sauntering with him, arm in arm, on the bastions of ——. We had an hour before us; for the captain's gig was not ordered till eleven; and in order to keep an eye at once on the frigate and the shore, we sat down on an abutment of the parapet to gossip away the time.

"There seem to be hard-going fellows in your mess," said I to Wargrave, as he sat beside me, with his arms folded over his breast. "Thornton, I understand, carries off his two bottles a day, like a Trojan; and the fat major, who sat opposite to me, made such play with the champagne, as caused me to blush for my squeamishness. For my own part, I should be well content never to exceed a couple of glasses of good claret. Wine affects me in a different way from most men. The more I drink, the more my spirits are depressed. While others get roaring drunk, I sit moping and despairing; and the next day my head aches like an artilleryman's."

"You are fortunate," said Wargrave drily.

"Fortunate?" cried I. "I wish I could appreciate my own luck!—I am voted the sulkiest dog unhanged, whenever it is my cue to be jolly; and after proving a wet blanket to a merry party over-night, am ready to shoot myself with the headache and blue devils next morning. If there be a fellow I really envy, it is such a one as Thornton, who is ready to chime in with the chorus of the thirty-sixth stanza of "Nancy Dawson" between his two last bottles, and keeps his head and legs an hour after all the rest of the party have lost their's under the table. There is something fresh and picturesque in the mere sound of 'the vine—the grape—the cup—the bowl!' It always appears to me that Bacchus is the universal divinity, and that I alone am exempted from the worship."

Wargrave replied by a vague, unmeaning laugh, which led me to conclude that my eloquence was lost on him, Yet I continued:—

"Do you know that, in spite of the prevalence of the Bacchanalian idolatry, I think we hardly give honour due to the influence of wine. It has ever been the mania of mankind to ascribe the actions of their fellow-creatures to all motives but the true; but if they saw clearly, and spoke honestly, they would admit that more heroes have been made by the bottle than the sword."

"Have you any personal meaning in this tirade?" suddenly interrupted my companion, in a voice whose concentration was deadly.

"*Personal* meaning?" I reiterated. "Of what nature?" And for a moment I could not but fancy that poor Wargrave had taken a deeper share in the Chateau Margoux of the fat major than I had been aware of. A man rather touched by wine is sure to take fire on the most distant imputation of drunkenness.

"I can scarcely imagine, sir," he continued, in a voice, however, that savoured of anything rather than inebriety, "that any man acquainted with the misfortunes of my life should address *me* on such a subject!"

"Be satisfied then that your indignation is groundless, and most unreasonable," said I, still doubtful how far I ought to resent the ungraciousness of his demeanour; "for, on the word of a gentleman, till this day I, never heard your name. Your avowal of intimacy with my brother, and something in the frankness of your manner that reminded me of his, added to the hilarity of an unexpected reunion with so many of my countrymen, has perhaps induced too sudden a familiarity in my demeanour; but, in wishing you good night, Captain Wargrave, and a fairer interpretation of the next sailor who opens his heart to you at sight, allow me to assure you, that not a shadow of offence was intended in the rhapsody you are pleased to resent,"

"Forgive me!" exclaimed Wargrave, extending his hands nay almost his arms, towards me. "It would have afforded only a crowning incident to my miserable history, had my jealous soreness on one fatal subject produced a serious misunderstanding with the brother of one of my dearest and earliest friends."

While I frankly accepted his apologies and of-

fered my hand, I could detect, by the light of the moon, an expression of such profound dejection on the altered face of Wargrave—so deadly a paleness—a *haggardness*—that involuntarily I re-seated myself on the wall beside him, as if to mark the resumption of a friendly feeling. He did not speak when he took his place; but, after a few minutes' silence, I had the mortification to hear him sobbing like a child.

"My dear fellow, you attach too much importance to an unguarded word," said I, trying to reconcile him to himself. "Dismiss it from your thoughts."

"Do not fancy," replied Wargrave, in a broken voice, "that these humiliating tears originate in anything that has passed between us this night. No! The associations recalled to my mind by the rash humour you are generous enough to see in its true light, are of far more ancient date, and far more ineffaceable in their nature. I owe you something in return for your forbearance. You have still an hour to be on shore," he continued, looking at his watch. "Devote those minutes to *me*, and I will impart a lesson worth ten years' experience; a lesson of which my own life must be the text—myself the hero."

There was no disputing with him,—no begging him to be calm. I had only to listen, and impart, in the patience of my attention, such solace as the truly miserable can best appreciate.

"You were right," said Wargrave, with a bitter smile, "in saying that we do not allow ourselves to assign to wine the full measure of authority it holds among the motives of our conduct. But you were wrong in limiting that authority to the instigation of great and heroic actions. Wine is said in Scripture to 'make glad the heart of man.' Wine is said by the poets to be the balm of grief, the dew of beauty, the philtre of love. What that is gracious and graceful is it not said to be? Clustering grapes entwine the brow of its divinity, and wine is said to be a libation worthy of the gods. Fools! fools! fools!—they need to have poured forth their tears and blood like me, to know that it is a fountain of eternal damnation! Do not fancy that I allude to *Drunkenness;* do not class me, in your imagination, with the sensual brute who degrades himself to the filthiness of intoxication. Against a vice so flagrant, how easy to arm one's virtue! No! the true danger lies many degrees within that fearful limit; and the Spartans, who warned their sons against wine by the exhibition of their drunken Helots, fulfilled their duty blindly. Drunkenness implies, in fact, an extinction of the very faculties of evil. The enfeebled arm can deal no mortal blow! the staggering step retards the perpetration of sin! The voice can neither modulate its tone to seduction, nor hurl the defiance of deadly hatred. The drunkard is an idiot; a thing which children mock at, and women chastise. It is the man whose temperament is excited, not overpowered, by wine, to whom the snare is fatal. Do not suppose me the apostle of a temperance society, when I assert, on my honor, that after three glasses, I am no longer master of my actions; without being at the moment conscious of the change, I begin to see, and feel, and hear, and reason differently. The minor transitions between good and evil are forgotten; the lava boils in my bosom. Three more, and I become a madman."

"But this constitutes a positive physical infirmity," said I. "You must of course regard yourself an exception."

"No! I am convinced the case is common. Among my own acquaintance, I know fifty men who are pleasant companions in the morning, but intolerable after dinner; men who neither like wine nor indulge in it; but who, while simply fulfilling the forms and ceremonies of society, frequently become odious to others, and a burden to themselves."

"I really believe you are right."

"I know that I am right; listen. When I became your brother's friend, at Westminster, I was on the foundation,—an only son, intended for the church; and the importance which my father and mother attached to my election for college, added such a stimulus to my exertions, that, at the early age of fourteen, their wish was accomplished. I was the first boy of my years. A studentship at Christ Church crowned my highest ambition; and all that remained for me at Westminster was to preside over the farewell supper, indispensable on occasions of these triumphs. I was unaccustomed to wine, for my parents had probably taken silent note of the infirmity of my nature; and a very small proportion of the fiery tavern port, which forms the nectar of similar festivities, sufficed to elevate my spirits to madness. Heated by noise and intemperance, we all sallied forth together, prepared to riot, bully, insult. A fight ensued; a life was lost. Expulsion suspended my election. I never reached Oxford; my professional prospects were blighted; and, within a few months, my father died of the disappointment! And now, what was to be done with me? My guardians decided that in the army the influence of my past faults would prove least injurious; and, eager to escape the tacit reproach of my poor mother's pale face and gloomy weeds, I gladly acceded to their advice. At fifteen, I was gazetted in the —th regiment of Light Dragoons. At Westminster they used to call me 'Wargrave the peacemaker' I never had a quarrel; I never had an enemy. Yet, twelve months after joining the —th, I had the reputation of being a quarrelsome fellow; I had fought one of my brother officers, and was on the most uncomfortable terms with four others."

"And this sudden change ——"

"Was *then* atrributed to the sourness arising from my disappointments in life. I have since ascribed it to a truer origin—the irritation of the doses of brandy, tinged with sloe juice, which formed the luxury of a mess cellar. Smarting under the consciousness of unpopularity, I fancied I hated my profession, when in fact I only hated myself. I managed to get on half-pay, and returned to my mother's tranquil roof; where, instead of regretting the brilliant life I had forsaken, my peace of mind and early contentment came back to me at once. There was no one to bear me company over the bottle; I was my mother's constant companion; I seldom tasted wine; I became healthy, happy, beloved as a neighbor and fellow-citizen. But higher distinctions of affection followed. A young and very beautiful girl, of rank and fortune superior to my own, deigned

to encourage the humble veneration with which I regarded her. I became emboldened to solicit her heart and hand. My mother assured her I was the best of sons. I readily promised to be the best of husbands. She believed us both; accepted me, married me; and on welcoming home my lovely, gentle Mary, all remembrance of past sorrow seemed to be obliterated. Our position in the world, if not brilliant, was honorable. My mother's table renewed those hospitalities over which my father had loved to preside. Mary's three brothers were our constant guests; and Wargrave—the calm, sober, indolent Wargrave—once more became fractious and ill at ease. My poor mother, who could conceive no fault in *my* disposition,—concluding that, as in other instances, the husband had discovered in the daily companianship of married life, faults which had been invisible to the lover,—ascribed to poor Mary all the discredit of the change. She took a dislike to her daughter-in-law, nay, even to Mrs. Wargrave's family, friends, and acquaintances. She saw that after they had been dining with me, I grew morose and irritable; and attributed the fault to my guests, instead of to the cursed wine their company compelled me to swallow. Fortunately, poor Mary's time was engrossed by preparations for the arrival of her first child, a pledge of domestic happiness calculated to reconcile a woman even to greater vexations than those arising from her husband's irritability. Mary palliated all my bursts of temper, by declaring her opinion that '*any* man might possess the insipid quality of good humour; but that Wargrave, if somewhat hasty, had the best heart and principles in the world.' As soon as our little boy made his appearance, she excited the contempt of all her female acquaintances, by trusting 'that Harry would, in all respects, resemble his father.' Heaven bless her for her blindness!"

Wargrave paused for a moment; during which I took care to direct my eyes towards the frigate.

"Among those female friends, was a certain Sophy Cavendish, a cousin of Mary's; young, handsome, rich; but gifted with that intemperate vivacity which health and prosperity inspire. Sophy was a fearless creature; the only person who did not shrink from my fits of ill-temper. When I scolded, she bantered; and when I appeared sullen, she piqued me into cheerfulness. We usually met in morning visits, when I was in a mood to take her railleries in good part. To this playful girl it unluckily occurred to suggest to her cousin, 'Why don't you manage Wargrave as I do? Why don't you laugh him out of his perversity?' And Mary, to whose disposition and manners all these *agaceries* were foreign, soon began to assume a most provoking sportiveness in our domestic disputes; would seize me by the hair, the sleeve, point her finger at me when I was sullen, and laugh heartily whenever I indulged in a reproof. I vow to Heaven, there were moments when this innocent folly made me hate her! 'It does not become *you* to ape the monkey tricks of your cousin,' cried I, one night when she had amused herself by filliping water at me, across the dessert-table, while I was engaged in an intemperate professional dispute with an old brother officer, 'in trying to make me look like a fool, you only make a fool of yourself!' 'Don't be intimidated by a few big words,' cried Miss Cavendish, when this ebullition was reported to her. 'Men and nettles must be bullied into tameness; they have a sting only for those who are afraid of them. Persevere!' She *did* persevere; and, on an occasion equally ill-timed, again the angry husband retorted severely upon the wife he loved. 'You must not banter him *in company*,' said Sophia. 'He is one of those men who hate being shown up before others. But when you are alone, take your revenge.'

"It was on my return from a club dinner that Mary attempted to put these mischievous precepts into practice. I was late—too late; for, against my will I had been detained by the jovial party. Mary, who had been beguiling the time of my absence in her dressing-room with an entertaining book, by which her spirits were exhilarated, began to laugh at my excuses; to banter, to mock me. I begged her to desist. She persisted. I grew angry. I bade her to be silent. She only laughed more loudly. I stamped, swore, raved. She approached me in mimicry of my violence. *I struck her!*

"I know not what followed this act of brutality," cried Wargrave, rousing himself. "I have a faint remembrance of kneeling and imploring, and offering the sacrifice of my life in atonement for such ingratitude. But I have a very strong one of the patient immobility which, from that moment, poor Mary assumed in my presence. She jested no more, she never laughed again. What worlds would I have given had she remonstrated—defended herself—resented the injury! But no! from that fatal night, like the enchanted princess in the story, she became converted into marble whenever her husland approached her. I fancied—so conscious are the guilty—that she sometimes betrayed an apprehension of leaving our child in the room alone with me. Perhaps she thought me mad! She was right. The brief insanity inspired by wine had alone caused me to raise my hand against her.

"I knew the secret had been kept from her brothers; for, if not,—fine manly fellows as they were,—nothing would have induced them again to sit at my board. But there *was* a person whose interference between me and my wife I dreaded more than theirs—a brother of Sophy Cavendish, who had loved Mary from her childhood, and wooed her, and been dismissed shortly after her acquaintance with myself. That fellow I never could endure! Horace Cavendish was the reverse of his sister—grave, even to dejection; cold and dignified in his demeanor; sententious, taciturn, repulsive. Mary had a great opinion of him, although she had preferred the vivacity of my manner, and the impetuosity of my character. But now that these qualities had been turned against herself, might not a revulsion of feeling cause her to regret her cousin? She must have felt that Horace Cavendish would have invited an executioner to hack his arm off, rather than raise it against a woman! No provocation would have caused *him* to address her in those terms of insult in which, on more than one occasion, I had indulged. I began to hate him, for I felt *little* in his presence. I saw that he was my superior in temper and breeding; that he would have made a happier woman of my wife. Yet I had no pre-

text for dismissing him my house. He could not but have seen that he was odious to me; yet he had not the delicacy to withdraw from our society. Perhaps he thought his presence necessary to protect his cousin? Perhaps he thought I was not to be trusted with the deposit of her happiness?"

"But surely," said I, "after what had already occurred, you were careful to refrain from the stimulants which had betrayed you into an unworthy action."

"Right. I *was* careful. My temperance was that of an anchorite. On the pretext of health, I refrained for many months from tasting wine. I became myself again. My brothers-in-law called me milksop! I cared not what they called me. The current of my blood ran cool and free. I wanted to conquer back the confidence of my wife!"

"But perhaps this total abstinence rendered the ordeal still more critical, when you were compelled occasionally to resume your former habits?"

"Right again. I was storing a magazine against myself! There occurred a family festival from which I could not absent myself—the wedding of Sophy Cavendish. Even my wife relaxed in her habitual coldness towards me, and requested me to join the party. We met; a party of some thirty,—giggling, noisy, brainless,—to jest and be merry. It was settled that I must 'drink the bride's health;' and Mrs. Wargrave extended her glass towards mine, as if to make it a pledge of reconciliation. How eagerly I quaffed it! The champagne warmed my heart. Of my free will I took a second glass. The bridegroom was then toasted; then the family into which Sophy was marrying; then the family she was quitting. At length the health of Mrs. Wargrave was proposed. Could I do otherwise than honor it in a bumper? I looked towards her for further encouragement —further kindness; but, instead of the expected smile, I saw her pale, trembling, anxious. My kindling glances and heated countenance perhaps reminded her of the fatal night which had been the origin of our misunderstanding. Yes, she trembled; and in the midst of her agitation I saw, or fancied I saw, a look of sympathy and good understanding pass between her and Horace Cavendish. I turned fiercely towards him. He regarded me with contempt; that look, at least, I did not misinterpret; *but I revenged it!*"

Involuntarily I walked from the parapet, and walked a few paces towards the frigate, in order that Wargrave might recover breath and composure. He followed me; he clung to my arm: the rest of his narrative was spoken almost in a whisper.

"In the mood which had now taken possession of me, it was easy to give offence; and Cavendish appeared no less ready than myself. We quarrelled. Mary's brother attempted to pacify us; but the purpose of both was settled. I saw that he looked upon me as a venomous reptile to be crushed; and I looked upon him as the lover of Mary. One of us must die to extinguish such hatred. We met at sunrise. Both were sober then. I shot him through the heart! I surrendered myself to justice; took no heed of my defence. Yet surely many must have loved me; for, on the day of trial, hundreds of witnesses came forward to attest my humanity, my generosity, my mildness of nature. Many of our mutual friends attested upon oath that the deceased had been observed to *seek occasions* of giving me offence. That he had often spoken of me disparagingly, threateningly; that he had been heard to say, I *deserved* to die! I was now sure that Mary had taken him into her confidence; and yet it was by my wife's unceasing exertions that this mass of evidence had been collected in my favor. I was acquitted. The court rang with acclamations; for I was 'the only son of my mother, and she was a widow;' and the name of Wargrave commanded love and respect from many, both in *her* person and that of my wife. The Cavendish family had not availed itself mercilessly against my life. I left the court 'without a blemish upon my character,' and with gratitude for the good offices of hundreds. I was not yet quite a wretch.

"But I had not yet seen Mary! On the plea of severe indisposition, she had refrained from visiting me in prison; and now that all danger was over, I rejoiced she had been spared the humiliation of such an interview. I trembled when I found myself once more on the threshold of home. To meet her again—to fall once more upon the neck of my poor mother, whose blindness and infirmities had forbidden her to visit me in durance! What a trial! The shouts of the multitude were dying away in the distance; my sole companion was a venerable servant of my father's, who sat sobbing by my side.

"'The windows are closed,' said I, looking anxiously upwards, as the carriage stopped. 'Has Mrs. Wargrave—has my mother quitted town?'

"'There was no use distressing you, Master William, so long as you was in trouble,' said the old man, grasping my arm. 'My poor old mistress has been buried these six weeks; she died of a stroke of apoplexy the day after you surrendered yourself. We buried her, sir, by your father.'

"'And my wife?' said I, as soon as I could recover my utterance.

"'I don't rightly understand,—I can't quite make out,—I believe, sir, you will find a letter,' said my grey-headed companion, following me closely into the house.

"'From Mary?'

"'Here it is,' he replied, opening a shutter of the cold, grim, cheerless room, and pointing to the table.

"'From Mary?' I again reiterated, as I snatched it up. No! *not* from Mary; not even from any member of her family; not even from any friend, from any acquaintance. *It was a lawyer's letter;* informing me, with technical precision, that 'his client, Mrs. Mary Wargrave, conceiving she had just cause and provocation to withdraw herself from my roof, had already taken up her abode with her family; that she was prepared to defend herself, by the strong aid of the law, against any opposition I might offer to her design; but trusted the affair might be amicably adjusted. His client, Mrs. Mary Wargrave, moreover, demanded no other maintainance than the trifle allowed by her marriage settlement for her separate use. Instead of accompanying me to the continent, she proposed to reside with her brothers.'

"And it was by the hand of a lawyer's clerk I was to learn all this! The woman—the wife—

whom I had struck!—was prepared to plead 'cruelty' against me in a court of justice.

"'Drink this, Master William,' said the poor old man, returning to my side with a salver and a bottle of the Madeira which had been forty years in his keeping. 'You want support, my dear boy; drink this.'

"'Give it me,' cried I, snatching the glass from his hands. 'Another—another!—I *do* want support; for I have still a task to perform. Stop the carriage; I am going out. Another glass! I *must* see Mrs. Wargrave! Where is she?"

"'Three miles off, sir, at Sir William's. My mistress is with her elder brother, sir. You can't see her to-night. Wait till morning; wait till you are more composed. You will loose your senses with all these cruel shocks!'

"'I *have* lost my senses!' I exclaimed, throwing myself again into the carriage—'And therefore I must see her,—*must* see her before I die.'

"And these frantic words were constantly on my lips till the carriage stopped at the gate of Sir William Brabazon. I would not suffer it to enter; I traversed the courtyard on foot; I wished to give no announcement of my arrival. It was dusk: the servant did not recognize me; when, having entered the offices by a side-door, I demanded of a strange servant admittance to Mrs Wargrave. The answer was such as I anticipated. 'Mrs. Wargrave could see no one. She was ill; had only just risen from her bed.' Nevertheless, I urged the necessity of an immediate interview. 'I must see her on business.' Still less. 'It was impossible for Mrs. Wargrave to see any person on business, as Sir William and Mr. Brabazon had just gone into town; and she was quite alone, and much indisposed.' 'Take in this note,' said I tearing a blank leaf from my pocket-book, and folding it to represent a letter. And following with caution the servant I despatched on my errand, I found my way to the door of Mary's apartment. It was the beginning of spring. The invalid was sitting in a large arm-chair before the fire, with her little boy asleep in her arms. I had preceded the servant into the room, and, by the imperfect firelight, she mistook me for the medical attendant she was expecting.

"'Good evening, Doctor,' said she, in a voice so faint and tremulous, that I could scarcely recognise it for her's. 'You will find me better to-night; but why are you so late?'

"'You will, perhaps, find *me* too early,' said I, placing myself resolutely beside her chair, 'unless you are disposed to annul the instrument with which you have been pleased to complete the measure of your husband's miseries. Do not tremble, Madam. You have no injury to apprehend. I come here, a broken-hearted man, to learn my award of life and death.' And, in spite of my false courage, I staggered to the wall, and leaned against it for support.

"'My brothers are absent,' faltered Mary. 'I have no counsellor at hand, to act as mediator between us.'

"'For which reason I hazard this appeal. I am here to speak with my own lips to your own ears, to your own heart. Do not decide upon the suggestions of others.'

"'I *have* decided,' murmured Mrs. Wargrave, '*irrevocably*.'

"'No, you have *not!*' said I, again approaching her. 'for you have decided without listening to the defence of your husband, to the appeal of nature. Mary, Mary! have you so soon forgotten the vows of eternal union breathed in the presence of God? Are you not still my wife?—my wife whom I adore,—my wife whom I have injured,—my wife, whose patience I would requite by a whole life of homage and adoration. Mary, you have no right to cast from you the father of your child.'

"'It is for my child's sake that I seek to withdraw from his authority,' said Mrs. Wargrave, with more firmness than might have been expected.

"'No! I *cannot* live with you again; my confidence is gone, my respect diminished. This boy, as his faculties become developed, would see me tremble in your presence; would learn that I fear you; that——'

"'That you despise me! Speak out, Madam; speak out!'

"'That I *pity* you,' continued Mary, resolutely; 'that I pity you as one who has the reproach of blood upon his hands, and the accusation of ruffianly injury against a woman on his conscience.'

"'And such are the lessons you will teach him.'

"'It is a lesson I would scrupulously withhold from him, and, to *secure* his ignorance, it is needful that he should live an alien from his father's roof. Wargrave, our child must not grow up in observation of our estrangement.'

"'Then, by Heaven, my resolution is taken! You have appealed to the laws: by the laws let us abide. The child is mine, by right, by enforcement. Live where you will; defy me from what shelter yom please; but this little creature, whom you have constituted my enemy, remains with *me!* Surrender him to me, or dread the consequences!'"

"You did not!" I incoherently gasped, seizing Wargrave by the arm, and dreading, I knew not what.

"Have I not told you," he replied, in a voice which froze the blood in my veins, "that before quitting home, I had swallowed half a bottle of Madeira? My frame was heated, my brain maddened! I saw in the woman before me only the minion, the mourner of Horace Cavendish. I had no longer a wife,"

"Mary prepared herself for violence at my hands," continued Wargrave, "for instinctively she attempted to rise and approach the bell; but, encumbered by the child, or by her own weakness, she fell back in her chair. 'Don't wake him!' said she, in a faint, piteous voice, as if, after all, *his* helplessness constituted her best defence.

"'Give him up, then, at once. Do you think I do not love him! Give him up to his father.'

"For a moment, as if overcome, she seemed attempting to unclasp the little hand which, even in sleep, clung tenderly to her night-dress. For a moment she seemed to recognise the irresistibility of my claim.

"'The carriage waits,' said I sternly. 'Where is his nurse?'

"'I am his nurse,' cried Mary, bursting into an agony of tears. 'I will go with him. To retain my child, I will consent to live with you again.'

" 'With *me?* Live with *me*, whom you have dishonored with your pity, your contempt, your preference of another? Rather again stand arraigned before a criminal tribunal, than accept such a woman as my wife!'

" 'As a *servant*, then; let me attend as a servant on this little creature, so dear to me, so precious to me, so feeble, so——'

" 'Is it Cavendish's brat, that you plead for him so warmly?' cried I, infuriated that even my child should be preferred to *me*. And I now attempted to remove him by force from her arms.

" 'Help! help! help!' faltered the feeble, half-fainting mother. But no one came, and I persisted. Did you ever attempt to hold a struggling child—a child that others were struggling to retain—a young child—a soft, frail, feeble child? And why did she resist? Should not she, woman as she was, have known that mischief would arise from such contact? She who had tended those delicate limbs, that fragile frame? The boy wakened from his sleep—was screaming violently. He struggled, and struggled, and moaned, and gasped. But, on a sudden, his shrieks ceased. He was still, silent, breathless."

"Dead!" cried I.

"So she imagined at the moment, when, at the summons of her fearful shrieks, the servants rushed into the room. But no, I had not again become a murderer; a new curse was in store for me. When medical aid was procured, it was found that a limb was dislocated; the spine injured; the boy a cripple for life!"

"What must have been his father's remorse!"

"His father was spared the intelligence. It was not for fourteen months that I was removed from the private madhouse, to which, that fatal night, I was conveyed, a raving maniac. The influence of wine, passion, horror, had induced epilepsy; from which I was only roused to a state of frenzy. Careful treatment and solitude gradually restored me. Legal steps had been taken by the Brabazon family during my confinement; and my mutilated boy is placed, by the Court of Chancery, under the guardianship of his mother.

For some time after my recovery, I became a wanderer on the continent, with the intention of wasting the remnant of my blighted existence in restless obscurity. But I soon felt that the best propitiation, the best sacrifice to offer my injured wife and child, was the attempt to conquer, for their sakes, an honorable position in society. I got placed on full pay in a regiment appointed to a foreign station. I made over to my boy the whole of my property. I pique myself upon living on my pay,—on drinking no wine,—on absenting myself from all the seductions of society. I lead a life of penance, of penitence, of pain. But, some day or other, my little victim will learn the death of his father, and feel that he devoted his wretched days to the duties of an honorable profession, in order to spare him further dishonor as *the son of a suicide*."

"Thank God!" was my murmured ejaculation, when at this moment I perceived the boat of the Astræa, whose approach enabled me to cover my emotion with the bustle of parting. There was not a word of consolation—of palliation, to be offered to such a man. He had indeed afforded me a fearful commentary on my text. Never before had I duly appreciated the perils and dangers of WINE!

"And is it to such a stimulus," murmured I, as I slowly joined my companions, "that judge and juror recur for strength to inspire their decrees; to such an influence, that captain and helmsman turn for courage in the storm; to such a counsellor, the warrior refers his manœuvres on the day of battle; nay, that the minister, the chancellor, the sovereign himself, dedicate the frailty of their nature! That human life, that human happiness, should be subjected to so devilish an instrument! Against all other enemies, we fortify ourselves with defence; to this master-fiend we open the doors of the citadel."

My meditations were soon cut short by the joyous chorus of a drinking-song, with which Lord Thomas's decoctions inspired the shattered reason of the commandants, superior and inferior, of His Majesty's ship the Astræa.—*Eliza Cook's Journal.*

FRAGMENT.

How beautiful this night! the balmiest sigh
Which vernal zephyrs breathe in evening's ear,
Were discord to the speaking quietude
That wraps this moveless scene. Heaven's ebon
vault,
Studded with stars unutterably bright,
Through which the moon's unclouded grandeur
rolls,
Seems like a canopy which Love has spread
To curtain her sleeping world. Yon gentle hills
Robed in a garment of untrodden snow;
Yon darksome rocks, whence icicles depend,
So stainless, that their white and glittering spires
Tinge not the moon's pure beam; yon castled
steep,
Whose banner hangeth o'er the timeworn tower
So idly that rapt fancy deemeth it
A metaphor of peace: all form a scene
Where musing solitude might love to lift
Her soul above this sphere of earthliness;
Where silence undisturbed might watch alone,
So cold, so bright, so still.

The orb of day,
In southern climes, o'er ocean's waveless field
Sinks sweetly smiling; not the faintest breath
Steals o'er the unruffled deep; the clouds of eve
Reflect unmoved the lingering beam of day;
And Vesper's image on the western main
Is beautiful still. To-morrow comes:
Cloud upon cloud, in dark and deep'ning mass,
Roll o'er the blackened waters; the deep roar
Of distant thunder mutters awfully;
Tempest unfolds its pinion o'er the gloom
That shrouds the boiling surge; the pitiless fiend,
With all his winds and lightnings, tracks his prey;
The torn deep yawns—the vessel finds a grave
Beneath its jagged gulf.—*Shelley.*

GIVING THE BASKET.

A HOLSTEINER'S STORY.

My grandmother was a wonderful woman. She lived from her first birthday seventy-five years in the same old street of Hamburg—changed her name three times, with the help of as many weddings—had seven sons and five daughters, all prosperously settled along the Lower Elbe; and one proverb, which was at once her creed and consolation: "What is to be, will be."

A quiet life had my grandmother passed in the faith of that maxim, notwithstanding her numerous family and successive spouses. She was reckoned rich, too, each of the three dear departed having in turn endowed her with a comfortable jointure. There was, consequently, an earnest strife among her kindred as to who should be her heir; but my grandmother almost settled the question, by taking me home in my seventh year, to keep her in occupation in the old house. What moved her to that step, nobody ever knew; unless that I was the youngest of nine boys belonging to her eldest daughter—extremely unwelcome, because I was not a little girl—and said to resemble her first husband, my grandfather, who had died at twenty-nine, and then rested some forty years in St. Michael's Cemetery. I was born within the liberties of Altona, and therefore counted as a Holsteiner. Readers, most of you know that there are not two miles between the two good cities; but the rest of our relations in the Hamburg territory, besides uniting their voices to warn the old lady that I would have a will of my own, were liberal in the suggestion of difficulties which might arise in case of future war in my drawing for the burgh militia. My grandmother replied to all their warnings with her wonted proverb, and nothing daunted, took me home to Alsterstrauss, It was the oldest street of the new town, curving down from the ancient rampart to the river. Its houses had been built before the Thirty Years' War, when straight lines were yet unthought of, and had all projecting storeys in front, and gardens, with right ancient summer-houses in them, behind. Nothing had ever gone out of repair in that street; trade, with all its dust and wear, had passed it by; low poverty had never found an entrance; and nobody inhabited its peaceful precints but well-to-do, old-fashioned burghers, whose business-days were over; discreet spinsters, who managed their own portions; and prudent, comfortably-jointured widows like my grandmother.

Peaceful years leave little to relate; and of mine, under her administration, I can only say that there were boys in the neighbourhood with whom I played—that they grew to be young men with whom I had frolics, controversies, and friendships—that my grandmother sent me from her house to school, from school to college, and from college to a notary, because my grandfather had been such, and it was a genteel profession—that I was neither overworked nor very idle; and at twenty-three, all the judicious in Alsterstrauss, and they were many, gave me the character of a handsome steady young man, in much request for dances, and doubtless a great comfort to my grandmother, to which I once overheard a spiteful old maid add, that I was growing more conceited every day, and thought myself quite a beau among the girls.

My father and mother had grown old, my brothers had grown up, and some of them were married, but I was never reckoned among them. Indeed, it was in my recollection, that the honest man whose name I bore, when his memory grew short with settling the senior eight, occasionally called me "nephew." It was allowed on all hands, however, that I was to be my grandmother's heir. Quietly kind had the old lady been to me from childhood upwards; and her house, with its corner rooms and carved-wood ceilings, was no cheerless abode. It had descended to her through a line of Hanseatic merchants. She was an only daughter, and having dwelt there all her maiden and married llfe—I had almost said lives—my grandmother held that it should be the high place of festivity to her remote descendants, and kept all the holidays that were ever known in Hamburg. Company was never wanting on such occasions; but there was one household whose members came particularly often, and were always welcome. They were Holsteiners, and lived far away in the little old town of Meldorf, from which my grandfather had come. How they came together, I never found out, but their home was a house of representatives for all civilised society, containing two bachelor brothers, and a maiden sister, a widowed aunt, a cousin whose husband had deserted, a sober married pair far on the shady side of life, and their girl, my grandmother's god-daughter, Ethelind. I early perceived that they were old-fashioned people, with ways and notions long out of date in our rich and thriving city. Down to Ethelind, they had each and all a strong inclination to stout home-made stuffs, thick-soled shoes, and nothing at all that could be called finery. They were, moreover, wonderful workers, and every one noteable for some branch of domestic industry, concerning which they talked, questioned, and, I am sure, dreamed. Play and idleness were a reproach to my boyhood in their presence; and my youth discovered still further cause of dissatisfaction. There were none of them at all astonishable by either grandeur, or accomplishment—a fine air was lost on them, waltzing had no power, and tailors of the first fashion cut in vain for that household. In short, my dear readers, I did not like the Simberts, though, to do them justice, they were always friendly to me, and great favorites with my grandmother, especially Ethelind. It may seem less gallant than candid, but I did not like Ethelind either: why, most men would have found it hard to guess, for besides having a substantial portion, she was fair and rosy, neither large nor small, but of good solid figure, as became a Holstein girl, with a stock of good sense, good temper, and homely wit—a first-rate housewife, and a worthy daughter. Nevertheless, Ethelind had paid so little attention to my gifts and graces, appeared so unimpressible with my glory as a young man cf fashion, and my grandmother's heir, and was so perseveringly set before me by all her relations as a fit and proper partner, that I was at length conscious of positively disliking the girl. She had laughed at me twice in the course of our acquaintance, and once told me that driving the plough was much more creditable

work than waltzing; but a mode of retaliation yet remained in store. She was two years older than I; and I exerted myself to believe that Ethelind must be growing an old maid. My grandmother saw how things were going. Worthy old woman! she had set her heart on the match: I know not for what reason, but doubtless it was something about my grandfather. However, she fouud consolation in her unfailing proverb, as in all household games and lotteries at Christmas-time, Shrovetide and Easter, I was sure to draw Ethelind for a partner, to my ill-concealed chagrin and her undisguised amusement.

It must have been to baffle the Fates in this design that I took with great ardour to the gay Widow Wesing and her daughter Louisa. Madame Wesing's husband had been an officer. She was in Paris with the allied army, and understood *ton* ever after; her income being small, however, obliged the lady to live in our street, though deeply impressed with its old-fashionedness. Most people liked the widow and her daughter: they were always so gay, and had such stores of gossip, besides being up to the *mode;* but some said the ladies were cunningly selfish in a small way, and would do anything for their own petty interests or amusement. Each was the pattern of the other, and they were both pretty little girls. It was true, the mother was thirty-seven, and the daughter seventeen; but both sang, danced, and coquetted, no mortal man being able to espy any difference in dress or manners, except that at times the widow was rather the more childish of the two. Upon my sincerity, I cannot tell which it was that brought me under bondage; but the probabilities of the case are rather in favor of Louisa. Certain I am, that we danced a great many evenings, and sang a number of duetts together, while her mamma sent me captivating notes of invitation to her little quadrille-parties and friendly teas; and assured everybody in my hearing, that I was the exact resemblance of Alexander, emperor of all the Russias, when she saw him enter the Tuileries ball-room with the Duchesse de Berri on his arm.

My grandmother and I sat at our coffee in the second parlor: a low wainscotted room, with four of Solomon's Proverbs carved in different com. partments of its ceiling, a cupboard in every corner, and a narrow glass-door opening into the garden. It was April-time: the violets were blooming on the sunny bank by the old house-gable, and the buds bursting on the great walnut-tree. My grandmother sat in her nut-brown gown and snow-white kerchief—the dress she always wore on common days—listening to me, good woman! giving a full and particular account of one of the said quadrille-parties which I had attended on the previous night. She heard all, from the wreath in Louisa's hair to the last ice, and then laying down her empty cup, said quietly as usual: "Fritz, I think it is time you were married."

The news surprised me, and I stared my grandmother in the face; but she went on in the same calm tone: "There's Ethlind Simbert would make you a good wife; she is my own god-daughter, and I think we would all agree."

"Grandmother," said I, plucking up resolution, "I will do anything else to please you; but I don't like Ethelind Simbert, and I won't marry her."

"Well, Fritz," said my grandmother, neither angry nor astonished, "Ethelind Simbert is a good girl, though you don't like her; but whom you don't like, you can't be expected to marry—so we will think no more of the matter; and I'll tell the Simberts. I'm going there at Easter; it falls on the fourteenth, you know. That will be fifty years complete since your grandfather and I spent our last Easter at Meldorf, and you—oh, I mean your mother!—a prattling child with us. Fritz, you and I will go and see the old place together, and never mind this matter. If Ethelind don't suit you, she will somebody else; and what is to be, will be."

That proverb was like cheese—for nothing ever came after it; and it was settled that my grandmother and I should spend our Easter with the industrious Simberts at Meldorf. The excursion was neither grand nor fashionable, yet I felt called upon to mention it at Madame Wesing's.

"Oh, how charming!" exclaimed the fair widow, in her most enthusiastic manner. "To retire, as one may say, among simple shepherds. Do you know, I hear that those people make their own cheese and linen?"

"How delightful!" chimed in Louisa. "Mamma, don't you remember that darling rustic of a schoolmaster who came to inquire after papa's papers?"

"Ah, yes!" said the widow, flourishing her cambric; "he was an early friend of my adored Auguste. Charming man! He and his wife—a most unworldly, amiable soul—have often invited us to Meldorf; but after my irreparable loss, I never had spirits for the journey."

"Indeed, mamma, we will visit them this very Easter," said Louisa. "It will be such a surprise to the darling old couple; and we both require country air."

"Ha! yes; the winter has been too much for us," said the widow, with a languishing look at me.

I of course sympathised; and a visit to the charming schoolmaster was determined on. The following day brought further intelligence: Madame Wessing called to say, how delightful it would be for us to travel in company—one carriage could be hired for us all, the widow remarked, besides, she and Louisa had no gentleman to take care of them; and both ladies looked confidence in my powerful protection. It is needless to say, that the project was received with acclamations on this side of the house, and my grandmother hoped that Providence would take care of us all. We went accordingly; but, readers, of the travelling time I beg leave to say as little as possible. It was more tedious in those days than at present; and doubtless my grandmother was justified in avering that we were well over it, when, on a sunny April afternoon, we saw the gray church-spire and clustering roofs of Meldorf, rising in the midst of a great plain, which looked like one well-cultivated farm.

Meldorf was as old as the Teutonic conquest. It had been fortified against the Sclavonic pagans, and dismantled by a prince of the Hohenstaufen line. War had not come near it for centuries; commerce had forgotten it; and a more rural, country-like spot, to be called a town I never saw.

There were lanes of old cottages, with woodbine-covered porches, and swallows by hundreds building in their eaves. There were snug farmhouses, with all their appendages, standing in the shadow of the Gothic church, and a great old hostel, or inn, clothed with ivy from foundation to chimney-top. In the very centre there was a green, with a huge oak, under which they said St. Olaf sat, and a deep draw-well in it. The Simberts' house looked out on that green. It had been fortified and inhabited by a bishop in its day, but was now a substantial farmhouse, with an arched doorway, very small windows, and a yard enclosed by high walls, from which a ponderous timber-gate, with Episcopal arms upon it, opened into a green lane, leading through a spacious orchard to a mill among the meadows. Hard by lived the "delightful schoolmaster," Herr Rusburg, in what had been a chapter-house before the Reformation, and had still a Latin inscription over the entrance. Its great garden was separated only by a shallow stream from the Simberts' orchard. I know not if the good man had any warning of the invasion; but as our carriage stopped—by the way, every inhabitant had come out to gaze and wonder as it passed—forth came widowed aunt, maiden sister, deserted cousin,and all, with Ethelind's father and mother, looking soberly glad to see us; and Ethelind herself up from the spinning-wheel, in her russet petticoat, crimson jacket, and smooth chestnut hair. Forth also, in high glee at the unwonted sight, poured a crowd of boys and girls from the school, under the parting surveillance of Herr Rusburg and his helpmate, a lean, gray-haired, but patient and good-natured-looking pair, on whom Madame Wesing and her daughter laid hold immediately; and the last words I heard, as the respective doors closed, were something concerning the adored Auguste, and the want of health and spirits.

If there was work, there was also abundant comfort in the Simbert's house. Their great kitchen—it had been the bishop's banquet-hall, wherein he once feasted Christian I. of Denmark—was rich in the odor of hot cakes, and radiant with scoured flagons. The oak parlor, which opened from it, shone, walls, floor, and furniture with perfect polishing: green boughs, full of the first leaves, filled up its ample fire-place; and its low windows, wreathed with the climbing rose, looked out on the orchard, now in a wealth of blossoms. Moreover, the Simberts were, to my amazement, great people in Meldorf: and, according to the etiquette established in that primitive town, their neighbours, as soon as the day's work was fairly over, came to greet us as the newly-arrived, and congratulate them on our advent. By that sensible regulation, I got at once introduced to a number of blithe and handsome girls, not to speak of their fathers, mothers, brothers, uncles, and aunts, of whom my recollections are now somewhat less interesting; but I remember that the women, young and old, were knitting as if for dear life; that the men came in their everyday trim, fresh from field and workshop; and one honest blacksmith, who was also the burgomaster, paid his compliments in a leather-apron.

The rank and fashion of Meldorf having visited our neighbour and his guests with similar solemnities—for the schoolmaster was esteemed next in dignity to the Simberts—a series of entertainments, in honor of us and the festive season, commenced at the old bishop's mansion, and circled round the little town, with no lack of savoury cakes, cream-cheese, and all manner of country good things; besides Pace-eggs, Easter-games, and dances for the young people. At these merry-makings, Madame Wesing and Louisa were in high request. They took such an interest in country affairs, were so delighted with everything, and dispensed so much intelligence of the great world, always so dazzling to rustic minds, that almost from their first appearance, the widow and her daughter's popularity was immense with even the Simberts. I, indeed, perceived that though always civil to them, Ethelind loved not the ladies; and I cherished the conviction that she was envious and spiteful, which, kind reader, was a species of consolation; for, since my arrival, the busy girl paid me, if possible, less attention than ever.

What did a young man of my figure and accomplishments care for that? Ethelind had no sensibility, but was not I astonishing the sons of Meldorf, and making deep impressions on the hearts of its fair daughters? Sooth to say, that country visit was too much for my faith and constancy to either Louisa or the widow. To the eternal prettinesses of those ladies, the frank, merry girls, rustic, robust, and rosy as they were, presented a most agreeable contrast. Of course, they admired me vastly. No wonder, poor things, after seeing nothing in their whole lives but men who ploughed and sowed, hewed and hammered! What conquests I made among them, and how many fine things I said and did! At times, my conscience told me it was not right. Might not Katharine's, Gretchen's, or Cristine's affections be hopelessly and for ever engaged? Nay, might not a similar misfortune happen to some half-dozen of the simple souls? and then, in the utmost extent of my Christian charity, I couldn't marry them all! As for Louisa, I had an inward persuasion she would not break her heart, and the widow looked on with amazing complacency. Often in what they called our "charming strolls" through green meadows, and by blossomed orchards, did both ladies rally me on my brilliant successes; and the kind widow invariably wound up with warnings against rustic rivals, and the envy of those country boors, which she assured me was cruel as the grave, and rapidly rising against myself. After those revealings, I naturally felt inclined to hurl defiance at the foe by still more determined flirtations, though, in all sincerity, I cannot recollect that ever one of the honest, good-natured, laborious men of Meldorf noticed my triumphs with the smallest displeasure. The Easter festivities had been over for some time, but my grandmother still lingered, having taken mightily to the Simberts' dairy; while Madame Wesing declared that the country air was doing her and Louisa good, and they could not think of leaving their delightful old friends.

The widow must have meant her young friends also, for she was growing positively confidential with the girls of Meldorf, occasionally giving me to understand, in her most playful manner, that their familiar communications somehow concerned myself. There was evidently a general interest

in my proceedings, and I felt particularly impressed with that fact when the 1st of May arrived. Like most old German towns, the day was held in festive reverence at Meldorf, and celebrated in the fashion of primitive times. Its forenoon was given to work, as usual, but the children gathered wild-flowers and green branches, with which they decorated every door, receiving a donation of cakes for their pains. In the afternoon, a temporary pavillion was erected, by help of all the young men, under St. Olaf's Oak, to which supplies were sent according to the wealth or liberality of each householder; and within, there was made a general distribution of all known delicacies, from hot coffee to curds and cream, while May-games, and all sorts of dancing went forward on the green. Ethelind was unanimously elected mistress of the bower, a dignity which, in hard-working Holstein, is equivalent to the May-queen of other lands, and bestowed only on the most esteemed girl in the parish, who, in right of her office, presides over the said distribution. The election was regarded as no small honour, and certainly Ethelind had no sinecure; besides, it was my opinion that I rather astonished her that evening in my embroidered vest and cornelian buttons. I danced with every girl on the green, paid particular attentions to three rustic belles in turn, made an extraordinary number of jokes at the expense of some of the chief magnates—for even Meldorf had such—and returned home with all our company, tired, but in a most satisfactory humour, two hours after sunset.

I was almost too late for the Simberts' first breakfast next morning. Some of the cider had been strong, and there were queer sounds of steps and tittering in the night under my window. It was low, and looked out on the path skirting the green by which Herr Rusburg's many scholars passed. I thought there was unusual noise among the gathering juveniles; and scarcely had I reached the breakfast-table, when it rose to a perfect clamour of shouts, laughter, and calls for somebody to come out and take in his present.

"What can be the matter with those boys?" said my grandmother; and "What can be the matter?" said all the Simberts. Good people! they seldom looked out; but as another burst came, Ethelind rose, and so did I. It was my own name they were shouting: and all unwise and unwarned, I was at the street-door in an instant. The entire contents of Herr Rusburg's school were assembled under my bedroom window; numbers of young men were looking on from a distance; and fair faces, convulsed with laughter, looked out of neighbouring houses; the cause of all being an enormous basket, or rather pannier, hastily made up of green osiers, crammed full of nettles, thistles, and every description of weed popularly connected with contempt or worthlessness, with a huge card fastened on the top, on which some ingenious pen had written in large and legible characters: "The girls of Meldorf give this basket to Herr Fritz Cohnert, with a unanimous No." The last word was in still larger letters; and what Holsteiner does not know, that giving a man the basket signifies refusal in its most emphatic form? The affront was terrible, as it had been unexpected. At first, I was about to rush on both boys and basket, and demolish them, if possible, for every little wretch there had up his finger and his tongue out; but catching sight of Herr Rusburg, who came out, staff in hand, followed by his kindly helpmate, doubtless to prevent mischief, my courage and sense both forsook me; I slammed to the door, and fled through the house, out of the yard, down the green lane, and far into the meadows.

How far, readers, it is not exactly in my power to say. The walk, or rather run, was a long one, and the path must have been circuitous. I remembered jumping over ditches, scrambling through hedges, wondering at my own stupidity for ever coming to such a place, or condescending to associate with its boorish inhabitants; and at length having formed desperate but vague resolutions of being revenged on all Meldorf, and fighting everybody who heard or spoke of the transaction, I found myself at a bank of young willows, which grew so tall and thick that the sun could scarcely pierce the shadow.

I heard voices beyond, and my own name mentioned. Under the circumstances, who wouldn't have played the eaves-dropper? I crept among the willows, and cautiously peeped in. It was a sort of common bleach-green, lying at the foot of the Simberts' orchard and Rusburg's garden. There were Gretchen, Katharine, and Cristine, the trio for whose peace of mind I had trembled, spreading out linen, and laughing as if their sides would crack; while Louisa and the widow, with looks of high and spiteful glee, leaned over the schoolmaster's fence; and Ethelind, looking by no means pleased, heaped her washing in a tub.

"I'll never be able to see him without laughing," said Katharine. I had all but assured her my heart was gone for ever the evening before.

"We never would have known his tricks if you hadn't told us," said Cristine, addressing the widow.

"Ah! you would have soon found them out," replied that amiable lady. "I hope this will teach him not to have quite so high an opinion of himself"——

"Mamma," interrupted Louisa, "Ethelind does not seem at all amused."

"Not a bit. I can see no fun in affronting a young man in a strange town, though he might be a little vain. City folks have ways of their own," said Ethelind, with a meaning look at Madame Wesing and her daughter. "Besides, Fritz Cohnert is our guest, and it is not civil of our neighbours to insult him," added the girl, as, taking up her tub, she walked away.

I did not stay to hear what was said on her departure; a sudden resolve took possession of me. It was a good one, but some feeling of vengeance on the whole female community of Meldorf mingled with it, and in another minute I stood beside Ethelind, tub and all, in the orchard lane. "Ethelind," said I, looking extremely foolish I am certain, "will you forgive me?"

"You never did any harm to me, Fritz," said Ethelind, resting her tub on the fence.

"But, Ethelind, will you have—that is, will you marry me?" sputtered I.

"I'll think of it," said Ethelind; "if you don't change your mind till next Christmas. Will you help me home with this tub of sheets?"

I helped Ethelind home with the tub, and

learned long afterwards that she had brought in the basket of scorn with her own trusty hands, and made away with it quietly in the yard; while Herr Rusburg, with the help of his wife and stick, gathered in his flock to the fold of knowledge. All the Simberts appeared, moreover, to have lost their memories as regarded that morning; none of them ever after mentioned it to me. My grandmother and I went home next day, but not in company with the Wesings, whose acquaintance we henceforth dropped, in spite of great efforts at condolence and compliment.

Ethelind, and every Simbert in Meldorf, were fervently invited to Alsterstrauss, at my particular request. Readers, it is long ago. My grandmother said: "What is to be, will be," for the last time, seven years after our wedding, and my story is an old one now. The embroidered vest and the cornelian buttons have lain for many a winter at the bottom of Ethelind's lumber-drawer. I must soon begin to think of marrying my daughters, and settling my sons in business, but even yet I never care to hear people talk much of baskets.

HUMAN PRIDE.

How strange is human pride!
I tell thee that those living things
To whom the fragile blade of grass
That springeth in the morn
And perisheth ere noon,
Is an unbounded world;
I tell thee that those viewless beings
Whose mansion is the smallest particle
Of the impassive atmosphere,
Think, feel and live like man;
That their affections and antipathies,
Like his, prodnce the laws
Ruling their immortal state;
And the minutest throb
That through their frame diffuses
The slightest, faintest motion,
Is fixed and indispensable
As the majestic laws
That rule yon rolling orbs.—*Shelley.*

MDLLE. EMILIE VANDERMEEBSCH.

This "Enchantress," as she has frequently been termed, and whose great personal beauty must confirm this impression, was born at Toulouse, of most respectable parents. From a very tender age she exhibited a great love for the feathered bipeds. At the age of seven she passed entire hours sitting on the same spot, and observing very attentively the swallows building their nests and searching for their little ones. She always expressed to her parents the desire she had to train a little bird, as she was certain that birds were endowed with great intelligence and would learn anything. Having, at last, obtained the permission of her parents, she set about training one of those little creatures, and succeeded, after great trouble and patience, in teaching a little verdier (a greenfinch) to distinguish a red from a black bit of ribbon. Her parents seeing the great love and patience she showed in tutoring the little creature, opposed her no longer, and allowed her not only to spend many of her hours of recreation in the society of these innocent creatures, but encouraged and surrounded her with a whole tribe. From that time she devoted the whole of her time to teaching her feathered family the letters of the alphabet; and after seven years of the most trying patience, perseverance, and—we must add—love for her birds, she succeeded, at last, in making them distinguish letters and colours—as well as subtractions, additions, and other most astonishing feats, which must be seen to be believed, and are a puzzle for the naturalisf—nay, such must confess himself beaten. Mind and matter are shown divisible, divided; but suffice it to say that affection, not cruelty, is here the mainspring of action. In Paris, where, for the first time she exhibited her birds in public, she created an immense sensation. The whole of the Parisian Press resounded in praise of the fair Enchantress and her wonderful birds. The most aristocratic saloons were thrown open to them. The President of the French Republic, and also several crowned heads of the Continent, had given her testimonials of their satisfaction. In our own country, Mdlle. Vandermeebsch has had the honour of exhibiting her birds before her Most Gracious Majesty, Prince Albert and the Royal Family, and in the saloons of the aristocracy. Her Majesty was pleased to express her pleasure in very flattering terms to Mdlle. Vandermeebsch. Reverse of fortune alone caused this young lady to exhibit in public what she intended to be her penchant and her private recreation. Mdlle. Vandermeebsch is the only support of her parents and family—once very affluent.—*Lady's Newspaper.*

Vegetable Soap.—The vegetable soap, a new plant, was introduced by Mr. Shelton, of California. It is called the *Amole*, or soap-plant, and is indigenous to California and other places. The gentleman stated that the plants also grew in Mexico and Texas, in the neighborhood of hot springs and streams. It will also grow in cold climates and in dry soil, but the bulb attains a larger and better growth in ground a little moist. In Mexico and California the natives repair to the spring and gather the bulb, using it as a soap to wash their clothes with. Several specimens were exhibited; they were dry and of a dark yellow. When just pulled or dug up they are very green, and give off a larger amount of mucilage. It is not cultivated but grows wild in sufficient quantities for use. It produces a lilaceous flower, giving a black seed like an onion. The seed stalks are not like those of the onion, but rather resemble those of the asparagus, being bunchy. The bulb is divisible like garlic into cloves, and will reproduce from offsets. Mr. Shelton stated that he had used it with beneficial effects upon sores.

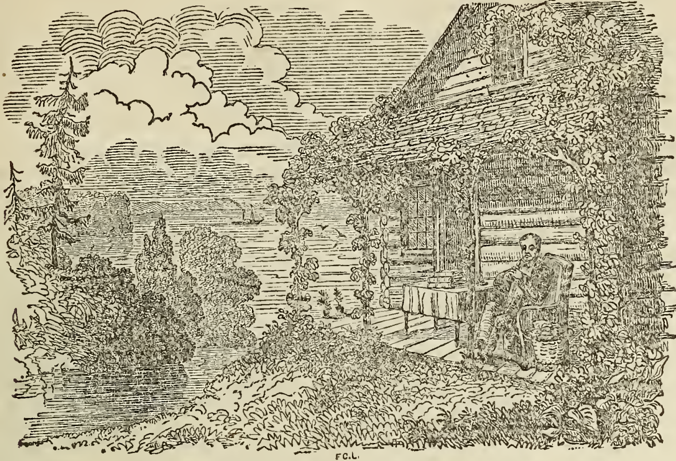
The greater the sorrow you hide, the greater yourself.

All affectation is the attempt of poverty to appear rich.

Gain.—Losing life to win money.

Physiognomy.—The character written upon the face by the hand of God or of the Devil.

Old Maid.—One of the favored subjects for exercising the courage of the coward and the wit of the witless.



THE EDITOR'S SHANTY.

SEDERUNT VII.

The Major, Doctor, and Laird.

THE MAJOR.—Have you the manuscript, O! Son of Esculapius?

THE DOCTOR.—I have! Is it your gracious pleasure that I produce it?

THE MAJOR.—It is.

THE LAIRD.—And whatna' like is this said speerit story that ye hae been yammering aboot for the past aught days?

THE DOCTOR.—A very pleasing sketch, parts of which I am to submit to-night to the consideration of our revered master.

THE MAJOR.—Silence! Read:—

"'Tis near midnight; a few moments more and another year is gone. The year now grown old must soon expire, and at its dying moment give birth to another. Pause yet awhile—one second more. Hark! the clock in yonder distant turret knells forth the hour! That sound conveys to the listener at once the mournful dirge of a departed year and intimates the presence of the old one's youthful son. Even now, as the hour is being made known to man, the recording angels are hurrying to the throne of their Lord and Master, bearing to his presence the thoughts, the words, and deeds of mortals. The records of the past year are finished, and their work accomplished. But again they must go forth; and again sum up the coming year. Among the numerous host is one fair spirit who feels reluctant to yield up her account of man.

"'And wherefore is it, Aristindeen, that you thus stand back?'

"'O, merciful Lord,' cried Aristindeen, falling on her knee before the throne, her hands clasped beseechingly, 'I pray you change my lot; my record is blotted with my tears, I cannot write the sins of man.'

THE MAJOR.—Hold! That will never do. Such familiar colloquialities can not be permitted. What Byron attempted in his *Cain* and failed in, and what even Milton but partially succeeded in doing, it is not for us, poor pigmies, to essay.

THE LAIRD.—Ye're just richt, auld chap, sic like familiarities are a thocht irreverent.

THE DOCTOR.—But how can you possibly understand the story?

THE MAJOR.—Give us the substance in your own words.

THE DOCTOR.—Aristendeen, then, laments her lot, and prays to have one spirit committed to her special care; the boon is granted, and she wings her way to our world to commence her new course of duty. I think, however, the objectionable passages, so far, are ended, and I will again resume the manuscript:—

"The recording angels, with fresh, unsullied tablets, wing their way to earth again to renew their melancholy tasks; but Aristindeen joyfully descends.

"The old church clock is now on the last stroke of twelve; now chime forth the merry bells, a joyous peal; below, the church is filled with many people, and now the choristers chant a hymn in welcome to the new born year: this too, is finished; but entering the church comes forward a strange group. Behold a man bearing in his arms a child, beside him walks the mother, they are followed by their friends. They approach the altar, requesting that their child may be baptized; the good clergyman accedes to their request, the ceremony is performed, the child is taken in his arms, he, crossing it, calls it by the name of Mary. The child suddenly starts, then claps her hands and laughs, then holds forth her arms as if to be embraced by one of them unseen."

The Laird.—Eh, man! but yon is a grand idea—the angels watching over us.

The Doctor.—It is, but nevertheless one, that, although quite orthodox, is very much cavilled at.

The Major.—Yet, from the pulpit, the most eminent divines, both Anglican and Presbyterian, have enunciated their belief in its reality. I think it is Finlayson who has a passage somewhat to this effect: From what happened on the mount of transfiguration we may infer, not only that the separated spirits of good men live and act, and enjoy happiness, but that they take some interest in the business of this world, and even that their interest in it has a connection with the pursuits and habits of their former life. The virtuous cares which occupied them on earth, follow them into their new abode. Moses and Elias had spent the days of their temporal pilgrimage in promoting among their brethren the knowledge and the worship of the true God. They are still attentive to the same great object; and, enraptured at the prospect of its advancement, they descend on this occasion to animate the labors of Jesus, and to prepare him for his victory over the powers of hell.

What a delightful subject of contemplation does this reflection open to the pious and benevolent mind! What a spring does it give to all the better energies of the heart!—Your labors of love, your plans of beneficence, your swellings of satisfaction in the rising reputation of those whose virtues you have cherished, will not, we have reason to hope, be terminated by the stroke of death. No! your spirits will still linger around the objects of their former attachment; they will behold with rapture, even the distant effects of those beneficent institutions which they once delighted to rear: they will watch with a pious satisfaction over the growing prosperity of the country which they loved; with a parent's fondness, and a parent's exultation, they will share in the fame of their virtuous posterity; and—by the permission of God—they may descend, at times, as guardian angels, to shield them from danger, and to conduct them to glory!

Of all the thoughts that can enter the human mind, this is one of the most animating and consolatory. It scatters flowers around the bed of death. It enables us who are left behind, to support with firmness, the departure of our best beloved friends, because it teaches us that they are not lost to us for ever. They are still our friends. Though they be now gone to another apartment in our Father's house, they have carried with them the remembrance and the feeling of their former attachments. Though invisible to us—they bend from their dwelling on high to cheer us in our pilgrimage of duty, to rejoice with us in our prosperity, and, in the hour of virtuous exertion, to shed through our souls, the blessedness of heaven. I think, too, that in Bishop Horne, aye, and in the writings of many pious and orthodox writers, you will find the same belief of "guardian angels" expressed. However, go on.

The Doctor proceeds:

"It was late in the autumn, now many years ago, that I was requested by my lawyer, who resided in London, to meet him at the 'Harrow,' a country inn in Kent, unknown to most travellers in that county, for it was situated in an out-of-the-way place, far from the public road, and only approached by lanes and bye-ways. I often wondered what could have induced any one to open a public where there was so little chance of it ever becoming remunerative. It appears that mine host inherited it from his father, and that he distinctly remembers his grandfather in the self-same character he now sustains. 'And, indeed,' he used to say, 'I know not but my great grandfather may have kept this house too." The building certainly bore marks of great antiquity.

"As I rode along, seeking a reason for Mr. Writ's appointment, I caught a glimpse of the house through the lofty elms with which it was surrounded. Urging my horse to a gallop I was soon at the door; night had already set in, yet through the gloom I recognized the portly form of Peter Tindal, the landlord, who, seated near the doorway, was smoking his pipe, 'Ah,' said he, 'you have come to see Mr. Writ, but he left two hours ago for London, and requests that you will immediately follow him.'

"Indeed I'll do no such thing, here I stay to-night. If Mr. Writ expects me to follow him all over England he is much mistaken,' and I got off my horse in rather an angry mood.

"'Well, well, sir, we'll make you comfortable here, and give you a glorious supper.'

"'Aye, that's right, a steak, a chop, a jug of ale, and fresh bread, will make me rather rejoice in the trick my lawyer has played me.'

"'You will have that, and more, for expecting you, I made preparation," and away he went, first sending his daughter, who had come to the door during our conversation, with my horse to the stable.

Mine host was as good as his word, I enjoyed an excellent supper, and now felt in high good humor; indeed I debated with myself the propriety of immediately setting out for London, but *self* had its own way, deciding that did I now start it would be past midnight ere I reached Mr. Writ's chambers, and that, all things considered, I had better secure a good night's rest. Besides why not leave early in the morning? Yes,' said I, 'I shall breakfast with Writ, tomorrow.'

"As soon as I had formed this resolution, I called to Peter Tindal for another glass of toddy and a pipe, 'and bring with thee, Peter, a second glass, for I'm lonely, and would chat a while.'

"'That I will, sir, readily,' said he, disappearing, and ere five minutes had elapsed I was smoking a pipe with honest Peter, having already drank his health and that of his blooming daughter, Rose, an only child.

"'God grant her health,' said Peter, in reply

to my toast, in an earnest and what appeared to me an agitated manner.

"'Hoot man, I drank to her health out of compliment, her good health can't be bettered, she looks as fresh and as flourishing as life itself, death would fear to present himself to her.'

"Peter shook his head, 'It is not her death I dread, but oh! that which is much worse—her bodily health is good, but her mind'—and he touched his forehead.

"'My goodness,' said I, in alarm, 'is it possible that there can be any grounds for such fears?'

"'Hush! speak not so loud, I'll tell you,' and drawing near his chair, whispered 'she had a sister.'

"'A sister!' I exclaimed in astonishment, for I had known Peter during the last three or four years, and had often visited his house, yet had never heard that he had any other child than Rose, who, I must say, had never, in my presence, exhibited any symptoms to warrant the slightest suspicion of her sanity.

"'Yes, a sister, and a fairer or a greater beauty I never saw, from the first I dreaded that we should lose her early, for she appeared too good and beautiful to live.'

"'And she died a child?'

"'She is still living, living—Oh, God have mercy on her!'

"Why, my friend, you never told me of this, pray let me hear, I may offer you some consolation.'

"'She was born about this season of the year, yes, it was this night now twenty years ago that she was born; she was our first, and my wife would not allow her from her sight, 'It seemed so strange,' she said, 'to be a mother,' and then she pressed the child still closer to her breast, then holding her up for me to look at, would say 'Peter, I can scarce believe it to be our child,' Poor wife, we have shed many bitter tears for Mary.'

"'You called her Mary?'

"'Yes, and I know not why, none of our friends or relations were so called, but my wife fancied it; women have often strange fancies, she insisted that she should be christened as soon as the new year began, and I, to please her, requested our clergyman to do so, as 'twas said the church was to be open that night for saying a few prayers and singing a hymn to the new year. He consented, though he thought the request a strange one. We went, our child was called Mary.' He paused, as if recalling the scene to his mind, which certainly must have been a strange one—a midnight christening—I had heard of burial by torch-light, but a christening—never.

"Our child throve well, and, if anything, became more beautiful as she grew older; she appeared always happy and contented, seldom crying, never causing her mother trouble. Sometimes so quiet would she lie in her little cot, that her mother, fearful lest any accident should have happened to her, would creep noiselessly forward to her couch, and peeping in, would find her large blue eyes gazing stedfastly upward, her lips always smiling or moving as if speaking, though no sound was uttered.'

"Thus passed a year, and Rose was born, but Rose never was the handsome, happy girl that Mary was. It was not till Mary was five or six years old, that we noticed a strangeness in her manner; a better disposed girl there was not, but she talked queerly, and of things she said she saw in her mind which she affirmed really existed. Her mother once punished her for this, and told her, that God would not love her, if she continued to talk of such things, for it was wicked. 'Mother,' she replied, bursting into tears, 'Will God be angry if I speak the truth!' 'But it is not true my dear child, no one else sees what you see! 'Mother, I see and feel what I say is true, and I dream, oh! such happy dreams, and hear angels singing round my bed, they teach me songs, and there is one I always see, so bright and lovely, even now, mother, I feel her presence!' Her mother turned aside to weep, and pray God to spare her darling's mind.

"Time flew on, she grew apace and grew in loveliness, but her strange ways continued; she cared not for play as other children, and although she appeared to love Rose and her mother dearly, yet would she steal away, strolling through the fields, weaving garlands of wild flowers, singing the while with her beautiful voice, melodies of the most wild, aye, most unearthly character. Our neighbors feared her, though God knows she was harmless and innocent, nor would they allow their children near her. Except ourselves she was shunned by all."

"At last, she was now sixteen. I took her to London to consult with some physician regarding her, he told me plainly she was mad, but thought if placed in an Asylum, care and attention might restore her to us. Her mother would not hear of it, she said the child was very well with us, and that we would only render her miserable by placing her among strangers. To please my wife, I brought poor Mary home. That winter my wife died. Mary never shed a tear, for a day or two she was silent, she seemed stunned; but on her mother being placed in the grave, she burst into such a strange, wild chaunt, that the clergyman who was reading the burial service paused. She praised God for his kindness in releasing her mother from this sinful world, and thanked her "fairy angel" for comforts she had bestowed on her. Our hearts were full before, but now we were moved to tears. On finishing, she strayed away from the grave and appeared to be gathering flowers at a distance, none sought to follow her. The service ended, all left the yard save I, who remained to watch my child; she perceiving me came to me, and throwing her arms about my neck, kissed me. 'Father, here are flowers for mother.' 'Come, my child, come home with me! 'Yes, father, but you forget the flowers,' and tripping forwards she scattered them over the new-filled grave.

"That night I determined to place her in some asylum, for I hoped that she might be benefitted by proper medical treatment. The next morning I told her that I would take her to see new friends who would make her happy; she said that she was happy with me, but if I wished it she'd go.'"

THE MAJOR.—Time wears on, and we have yet much work before us. I think, Doctor, that

instead of finishing the reading of the tale, you had better give us the mere outline.

THE DOCTOR.—The tale concludes by showing how certainly any departure from the wise plan marked out for man's happiness by an omniscient Creator must tend to his ultimate unhappiness. Mary, on being taken to London, and exposed to the materialities of every day life, whilst her guardian angel is ever in close communion with her; although pure as the spirit that watches over her, yet by a harsh-judging world is pronounced to be the reverse; her very guilessness is used against her, and her wrapt communings are considered by most to be but a part she is playing, such as Joanna Southcote figured in. After several very interesting passages she is, however, represented as ending her days in a private asylum for the insane. There are several touching passages, and some well-conceived episodes in the tale, but I think it a pity, as I would like to have it given to our readers at length, to say more about it, lest it should lose its interest.

THE LAIRD.—And wha may the author be?

THE DOCTOR.—I am not at liberty to divulge the name, even to you, Laird, until I have conferred farther, but I expect either to see or hear again very shortly from Mr. T., with reference to one or two suggestions that I have to make about the conclusion of the tale.

THE MAJOR.—You have our permission to invite the author to the shanty.

THE DOCTOR.—Many thanks both for myself and Mr. T., but I believe a quiet evening tête-a-tête will be preferred in the first instance, I expect, however, that in due time another Shantyite will take a seat at our board.

THE MAJOR.—Have you seen the proposal to tunnel the Nigara yet? The scheme has been propounded, Laird, by one of your countrymen.

THE LAIRD.—I saw something about it in the papers, but canna just call to mind a' the ins and outs o' the matter.

THE MAJOR.—Mr. Hay proposes to tunnel the river, at a point nearly opposite Buffalo. The bed of the tunnel would be the segment of a circle, the dip commencing some distance from the margin of the river on either side.

THE DOCTOR.—Would not the rise, or gradient as, I believe, engineers term it, at either end, be difficult to overcome with a heavy train?

THE MAJOR.—The mere momentum a train would acquire from the declivity at one end would send it up a considerable distance on the incline of the other, where it would hook on to a wire rope, by means of which and a stationary engine it would be drawn up to the level, as is done in the tunnel under the city of Edinburgh, on the Granton and Edinburgh railway, or it might be drawn up by means of the atmospheric tube, a plan adopted with success on some European works of a similar nature.

THE DOCTOR.—Would not the cutting through an entire body of solid rock be a very tedious and expensive operation?

THE MAJOR.—Mr. Hay is of opinion, from close calculation, that it would not be more expensive than ordinary tunnelling in England—he contends that in soft ground tunnelling requires expensive arching, whereas in solid rock none is necessary; and besides, the stone, which would be procured from the excavation, might be available as building material or converted into lime.

THE DOCTOR.—Would not a suspension bridge answer the purpose equally well, and be much cheaper than a tunnel?

THE MAJOR.—I scarcely think that a bridge, of any description that could be applied in this case, would be so safe as a tunnel.

THE DOCTOR.—Yet there was the Menai bridge which answered perfectly well.

THE MAJOR.—True—as safe perhaps, but not so durable; besides, the principle of suspension as applicable to railway bridges was rejected, as objectionable in many respects, by Stephenson, the great English engineer, who, you may remember, formed and carried out the magnificent plan of the Britannia tubular bridge. And although a bridge might be cheaper at the outset, there can be little, if any, question but that a tunnel would be cheaper in the end, as it would not be likely to require so much repair. But more experienced heads than ours, Doctor, have to settle the question, so I think that we had better begin our review department: by the way, have you seen the Maple Leaf?

THE DOCTOR.—I have but glanced over some of the numbers. I find that Mrs. Traill is to be a contributor to its pages, which speaks well for it, as no woman of talent would waste her time in writing for an indifferent or second rate periodical.

THE LAIRD.—It is a very bonnie and weel got up little wark, and ane I wad recommend as a very judicious Christmas present from ae friend to anither, wha may be blessed wi' bairns; but rax me that douce looking volume, Major, that you are leaning your elbow upon. I hae been trying to read the title on the back o't for the last ten minutes.

THE MAJOR.—It is an exceedingly well put-together production, I can assure you: "*Outlines of English Literature, by Thomas B. Shaw.*" Messrs. Blanchard & Lea, of Philadelphia, are the re-publishers thereof, and Henry T. Tuckerman has added a sketch of American literature, which contains more sound sense, and less clap-trap, than we generally meet with in Yankee writers.

THE LAIRD.—I see that Maister Shaw is an English professor in that cauld corner o' the

globe, St. Petersburgh. Is it not strange that the Anglo-Saxon literature should find sic favour wi' outlandish caterans like the Russians, wha knout their women, and lunch upon black bread and train oil?

THE MAJOR.—Such is the case, however. In the dominions of the northern autocrat there is no foreign tongue so universally popular amongst the better classes as that of Old England. Few families of any mark are devoid of a British governess to indoctrinate their olive branches with a knowledge of the language in which Shakspeare sung and Chatham declaimed.

THE LAIRD.—I think ye said that the St. Petersburgh professor had turned out a tradesmanlike piece o' goods in the buik before us?

THE MAJOR.—Emphatically so! If you wish to found a chair of English literature in the *Street.ville University*, you could not find a better class-book than this same goodly octavo. Mr. Shaw is a perfect master of his subject: his criticisms, in general, are sound and discriminating; and the extracts which he cites are appropriate and characteristic.

THE DOCTOR.—Do you know, Crabtree, that the rising generation runs a perilous risk of becoming *profoundly superficial?* With the aid of a compilation, like the one under notice, every whipper-snapper gets, what he conceives to be a competent knowledge of the literature of his country, and on the strength of such slim nutriment sets up in trade for himself as a man of letters.

THE MAJOR.—There is some cause for your growl. Works like that of Professor Shaw, which as text books are deserving of commendation, become positive pests and evils when used as exclusive sources of information.

THE LAIRD.—It minds me o' setting a hungry man to feed upon puff paste whigmaleeries, shaped after the similitudes o' legs o' mutton and sirloins o' beef.

THE MAJOR.—Or rather, of mocking a ploughman who has been "between the stilts" for hours, with the delusion of a Vauxhall slice of ham. Hodge may boast of having discussed a meat dinner, but, except for the name of the thing, he might as well have banqueted upon shavings and sawdust.

THE LAIRD.—I hae just finished the last published tale o' G. P. R. James, and can honestly recommend it to your notice.

THE DOCTOR.—You mean, I presume, "*A Life of Vicissitudes, a tale of Revolutionary Times.*" I have not had time so much as to cut up the copy which our friend Maclear transmitted to me with his *devoirs.*

THE LAIRD.—Read it at your first odd moment o' leisure. Ye'll no repent it.

THE DOCTOR.—I suppose it is the old song over again. The book opens, I could lay a wager, with two horsemen wending their way through a forest, or over a heath at sunset, and ends with an innocent and somewhat spoony man escaping the gallows, just as Jack Ketch is about to draw the fatal bolt.

THE LAIRD.—You're clean aff your eggs, Sangrado, for ance in your life; there is very little mannerism in the *Vicissitudes.* It is worthy of the best and freshest days o' the maist prolific, and what is better, the maist moral *fictionist* o' the day. Beg your pardon, Major, for borrowing ane o' your new coined words! The scene is laid partly in France, at the outbreak o' the first revolution, and the story concludes happily, (as a' decent stories should do) in merry England.

THE DOCTOR.—What is the plot?

THE LAIRD.—Read and ye'll find oot! I mortally abominate spoiling the appetite by letting a body ken beforehand whether Jock was married to Jenny, and how justice overtook the auld sneckdrawer that would hae parted them.

THE DOCTOR.—Perhaps you are right. Never did I suffer so much annoyance, as on the evening when I first witnessed the representation of my old friend Sheridan Knowles' sterling play, *The Wife of Mantua.* For my sins I was seated beside a prosing, prating fellow, who had seen the drama, and insisted at the close of every scene, upon telling me what was to be enacted in the next. I could have twisted the vagabond's neck and tossed him into the pit.

THE LAIRD.—And why did ye no execute such an act o' righteous poetical justice?

THE DOCTOR.—Alas! my poverty and not my will moved me to spare him. I owed him certain unpaid "*monies,*" as the fat knight hath it, and was meditating the borrowation of more.

THE LAIRD.—Puir man! puir man! Ye were muckle to be pitied. But, I say, Major, what kind o' a thing is this flaming-looking volume, published by Garrett and Co. o' New York, and answering to the title o' "*Rochester, or the Merry Days of England?*"

THE MAJOR.—A very so-so production. If Mr. Babbage could construct a *writing* as well as a *calculating* machine, this is precisely the species of stuff which we might expect it to produce. We have the old story of hypocritical roundheads and licentious cavaliers —a second edition of Alice Bridgenorth—and a Jesuit "whose neb is never out of some mischief." The style is tolerable, and there is evidenced a fair acquaintance with the outlines of history, but in vain will you look for delineation of character, or any thing in the shape of wit, fancy, or invention.

THE LAIRD.—Awa wi' the trash! Here is *Whitehall, or the Times of Cromwell*, is it a pear frae the same tree?

THE MAJOR.—Far from it. *Whitehall* is a sound, healthy, vigorous fiction, evidently from the pen of one who has read up to his subject.

The dialogue possesses that appetizing quality which dramatists term "touch and go,"—and all the prominent actors of the period, such as the pragmatical Hugh Peters, and that wholesale murderer, Hopkins the witch-finder, are introduced upon the stage, and play their parts in a life-like manner.

The Doctor.—What are the politics of the writer?

The Major.—Oh, shut up, will you! We live in too *free* an age to discuss politics with impunity! Our generation boasts of superlatively thin skins!

The Laird.—And thick heads to match!

The Major.—Permit me to make you acquainted with decidedly the greatest *hit* in the walk of fiction, which has been made since the commencement of the current year. I allude to *The History of Henry Esmond, Esq., Colonel in the service of Her Majesty Queen Anne.*

The Doctor.—Oh, that is Thackeray's latest born bantling! Is it indeed so very fine?

The Major.—In my humble notion, it will take rank as one of the prose classics of Old England; the accomplished author has succeeded in producing a picture of society as existing during the first twenty years of the last century, which has all the minute characteristics of reality. The reader drinks with Sir Richard Steele, smokes with gentle Addison, conspires with Atterbury, and bullies with Dean Swift, as with familiar acquaintances. With a skill which could only have been acquired by the most patient and discriminating study, Thackeray presents us with, what we may term a *fac simile* of the colloquial style of Queen Anne's era; indeed the reader is more than half seduced with the belief that he is perusing a hitherto unpublished paper of the *Tattler* or *Spectator*.

The Doctor.—Some critics have complained that the story lacks plot, and consequently interest.

The Major.—I am of a different opinion. The narrative, it is true, does not contain many abrupt transitions, or startling situations, but never for one instant does its interest flag, or get crippled. Old Philip Massinger would have cottoned to the man who drew the character of the fair but wayward Beatrix! The bold lights and shades in that most artistic sketch, would have won the heart of the creator of Sir Giles Overreach!

The Laird.—Though nane o' us are cannibals, we would like to hae a *preeing* o' this same Colonel Esmond! Gie us a sample o' the gear ye praise sae highly?

The Major.—With much pleasue! The main difficulty lies in selecting from such a wealth of excellence! Here is a severe, but truthful estimate of that "inspired brute" the Dean of St. Patricks:

"As for the famous Dr. Swift, I can say of him, *vidi tantum.* He was in London all these years up to the death of the Queen; and in a hundred public places, where I saw him, but no more; he never missed Court of a Sunday, where once or twice he was pointed out to your grandfather. He would have sought me out eagerly enough, had I been a great man with a title to my name, or a star on my coat. At Court the Doctor had no eyes but for the very greatest. Lord Treasurer and St. John used to call him Jonathan, and they paid him in this cheap coin for the service they took of him. He writ their lampoons, fought their enemies, flogged and bullied in their service, and it must be owned, with a consummate skill and fierceness. 'Tis said he hath lost his intellect now, and forgotten his wrongs and his rage against mankind. I have always thought of him and of Marlborough as the two greatest men of that age. I have read his books (who doth not know them?) here in our calm woods, and imagined a giant to myself as I think of him, a lonely fallen Prometheus, groaning as the vulture tears him. Prometheus I saw, but when first I ever had any words with him, the giant stepped out of a sedan-chair in the Poultry, whither he had come with a tipsy Irish servant parading before him, who announced him, bawling out his Reverence's name, while his master below was as yet haggling with the chairman."

The Doctor.—An it so please you, let us have a sample of the *dialogue* which has so much taken your fancy.

The Major.—Permit me to introduce you to a fashionable dinner party *circa* 1712. The *Mrs. Steele* is the pretty, but vulgar helpmate of the immortal Sir Richard:

"Mr. St. John made his special compliments to Mrs. Steele, and so charmed her, that she declared she would have Steele a Tory too.

"Or will you have me a Whig?" says Mr. St. John. "I think, madam, you could convert a man to anything."

"If Mr. St. John ever comes to Bloomsbury Square, I will teach him what I know," says Mrs. Steele, dropping her handsome eyes. "Do you know Bloomsbury Square?"

"Do I know the Mall? Do I know the Opera? Do I know the reigning toast? Why, Bloomsbury is the very height of the mode," says Mr. St. John. "'Tis *rus in urbe.* You have gardens all the way to Hampstead, and palaces round about you—Southampton House and Montague House."

"Where you wretches go and fight duels," cries Mrs. Steele.

"Of which the ladies are the cause" says her entertainer. "Madam, is Dick a good swordsman? How charming the Tatler is! We all recognised your portrait in the 49th number, and I have been dying to know you ever since I read it. Aspasia must be allowed to be the first of the beauteous order of love.' Doth not the passage run so? 'In this accomplished lady love is the constant effect, though it is never the design; yet though her mien carries much more invitation than command, to behold her is an immediate check to loose behaviour, and to love her is a liberal education."

"O, indeed!" says Mrs. Steele, who did not

seem to understand a word of what the gentleman was saying.

"Who could fail to be accomplished under such a mistress?" says Mr. St. John, still gallant and bowing.

"Mistress! upon my word, sir!" cries the lady. "If you mean me, sir, I would have you know that I am the Captain's wife."

"Sure we all know it," answers Mr. St. John, keeping his countenance very gravely; and Steele broke in, saying, "'Twas not about Mrs. Steele I writ that paper—though I am sure she is worthy of any compliment I can pay her—but of the Lady Elizabeth Hastings."

"I always thought that paper was Mr. Congreve's," cries Mr. St. John, showing that he knew more about the subject than he pretended to Mr. Steele, and who was the original Mr. Bickerstaffe drew.

"Tom Boxer said so in his Observator. But Tom's oracle is often making blunders," cries Steele.

"Mr. Boxer and my husband were friends once, and when the Captain was ill with the fever, no man could be kinder than Mr. Boxer, who used to come to his bed-side every day, and actually brought Dr. Arbuthnot who cured him," whispered Mrs. Steele.

"Indeed, Madam! How very interesting," says Mr. St. John.

"But when the Captain's last comedy came out, Mr. Boxer took no notice of it—you know he is Mr. Congreve's man, and won't ever give a word to the other house—and this made my husband angry."

"O! Mr. Boxer is Mr. Congreve's man!" says Mr. St. John.

"Mr. Congreve has wit enough of his own," cries out Mr. Steele. "No one ever heard me grudge him or any other man his share."

"I hear Mr. Addison is equally famous as a wit and poet," says Mr. St. John. "Is it true that his hand is to be found in your Tatler, Mr. Steele?"

"Whether 'tis the sublime or the humorous, no man can come near him," cries Steele.

"A fig, Dick, for your Mr. Addison!" cries out his lady; "a gentleman who gives himself such airs and holds his head so high now. I hope your ladyship thinks as I do: I can't bear those very fair men with white eyelashes—a black man for me. (All the black men at table applauded, and made Mrs. Steele a bow for this compliment. As for this Mr. Addison," she went on," "he comes to dine with the Captain sometimes, never says a word to me, and then they walk up-stairs, both tipsy, to a dish of tea. I remember your Mr. Addison when he had but one coat to his back, and that with a patch at the elbow."

"Indeed—a patch at the elbow! You interest me," says Mr. St. John. "'Tis charming to hear of one man of letters from the charming wife of another."

"Law! I could tell you ever so much about 'em," continues the voluble lady. "What do you think the Captain has got now?—a little hunchback fellow—a little hop-o'-my-thumb-creature that he calls a poet—a little popish brat!"

"Hush, there are two in the room," whispers her companion.

"Well, I call him popish because his name is Pope," says the lady. "'Tis only my joking way. And this little dwarf of a fellow has wrote a pastoral poem—all about shepherds and shep-herdesses, you know."

"A shepherd should have a little crook," says my mistress, laughing from her end of the table: on which Mrs. Steele said, "she did not know, but the Captain brought home this queer little creature when she was in bed with her first boy, and it was a mercy he had come no sooner; and Dick raved about his *genus*, and was always raving about some nonsense or other."

"Which of the Tatlers do you prefer, Mrs. Steele?" asked Mr. St. John.

"I never read but one, and think it all a pack of rubbish, sir," says the lady. "Such stuff about Bickerstaffe, and Distaff, and Quarterstaff, as it all is. There's the Captain going on still with the Burgundy—I know he'll be tipsy before he stops—Captain Steele!"

"I drink to your eyes, my dear," says the Captain, who seemed to think his wife charming, and to receive as genuine all the satiric compliments which Mr. St. John paid her."

The Doctor.—I am sorry to break up this sederunt, Major, but I must leave, as I have an appointment to night to visit the Lyceum to see "Macbeth travesti."

The Laird.—Eh! man, you're no surely haveril eneuch to spend time in seeing a wheen gowks murder Shakspeare, its just a sin and naething else.

The Doctor.—You are quite mistaken, Laird, in this instance; the young men who form the present amateur troupe are very unlike the generality of idlers who usually compose an amateur corps dramatique. They are respectable, hard-working men, who after doing their duty, in their respective vocations, during the day, amuse themselves by getting up, once a week, such pieces as the one we are speaking of, or some amusing afterpiece; however, time presses and I am already late, so good evening.

The Laird.—Weel then, go your ways and I'll just toddle hame, too. Gude night, Major.

[*Exeunt.*]

NEWS FROM ABROAD.

THE FUNERAL OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

Yesterday, the mortal remains of Arthur Duke of Wellington were conveyed from the Horse Guards to the Cathedral of St. Paul's, and there buried by the side of Nelson. A million and a half of people beheld and participated in the ceremonial, which was national in the truest and largest sense of the word. Before daybreak, yesterday, the troops appointed to take part in the funeral, began to muster in St. James' Park, in the Mall, and on the Parade Ground behind the Horse Guards. The coaches, also, which were to join the procession, were assembled there. Day broke heavily, the wind being loaded with moisture, the sky threatening-looking, and the streets

giving the most unequivocal tokens of a night of heavy rain. As daylight came, a dusky mass of armed men, seen on the left side of the parade, facing towards the Horse Guards, became distinguishable as the Rifles, their sombre uniforms harmonizing with the occasion. Looking to the right, the eye rested next, through the grey morning, on the 1st battalion of Royal Marines and the 33rd Regiment, drawn up in column, directly opposite the Horse Guards. To the right of these were the Fusilier, Coldstream, and Grenadier Guards, the whole force forming an imposing array to British eyes, though small in comparison with continental musters. At the east end of the Mall might be observed the head of the cavalry force, comprising eight squadrons from the most distinguished regiments in the service. There were the 17th Lancers, the 13th Light Dragoons, the 8th Hussars, the Scots Greys, the 6th Dragoon Guards, the Blues, and the 1st and 2nd Life Guards, and gallant and splendid they looked on a closer survey, as, drawn up in military precision, they awaited the signal to start. The infantry formed the most striking feature of the spectacle—their standards covered with crape drooping heavily, and swayed about occasionally by the bearers, while the morning light glimmered faintly upon the serried rows of bayonets. Lord Hardinge appeared at half past seven o'clock, and his presence greatly accelerated the preparations. The coffin was removed from the chamber in which it had rested during the night, and by the aid of machinery was raised to its position on the lofty summit of the car. At eight o'clock the hangings of the tent which concealed it from the view, were suddenly furled up. The first minute gun was fired, the troops presented arms and saluted the body, upon which the roll of muffled drums followed by the music of the "Dead March" in Saul, announced that the procession had commenced. This was one of the most impressive and striking features in the ceremonial, and the effect of it will long be remembered by the multitudes who, from every window, platform, balcony, and housetop overlooking the park, had a view of the spectacle.

To stamp the funeral with a military character, the troops led the way, the regiments of which the Duke was colonel having precedence. All branches of the service—infantry, cavalry and artillery—were represented,to show the full scope of the Commannder-in-Chief's and of a Field-Marshal's dignity. The veteran character of the deceased—his experience in war, and the length of days with which he had been blessed, notwithstanding its risks, are the next points illustrated; and, to realize these to the mind, the Chelsea pensioners, the enrolled pensioners, and the corps made up of single soldiers from every regiment in the service, took part in the procession. The East India Company's army was also represented, to show the wideness of the sphere to which the Duke's services has extended, and to recall the memory of those famous eastern fields on which he won his earliest laurels.

As each regiment or body of troops filed off in the appointed order, its band led the way playing the "Dead March" or other appropriate pieces, accompanied at intervals by the roll of the muffled drums. The men, of course, carried their arms reversed, which, combined with the mournful music and the slow funeral pace at which they marched, had a singularly imposing effect. To the troops the mourning coaches and carriages, properly marshalled, succeeded; and the length of the procession may be imagined when we state that though the Rifles led the way, at 8 o'clock, it was 25 minutes past 9 before the car started, and half an hour later before the extreme rear was in motion. The strains of music, marshal yet solemn in its character, rise, die away, and are taken up again at intervals, and at length the moment has arrived for the funeral car to move forward. As it formed by far the most magnificent and interesting feature of the procession, some account of its design and most prominent details will not be out of place. The whole lower part is of bronze, supported on six wheels, and elaborated with an amount of skill and artistic feeling which deserves unqualified praise. Above this metallic framework rises a rich pediment of gilding, in the panels of which the list of victories is inscribed. On the sides of this pediment were arranged lofty trophies of arms, including spears, muskets, bayonets, swords and flags, and surmounted by his heraldic badges and honors, including the tabard magnificently wrought and embroidered. Over the bier and its bearers, the gilded handles of which protruded from beneath, was arranged the sumptuous velvet pall, powdered with silver, and showing the legend round it, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord," and terminated by a magnificent fringe of silver two feet deep. The coffin, with the Duke's hat and sword resting on it, surmounted the bier, and from four great halberts rising at each corner was suspended a magnificent canopy, with pendent cords and tassels of the richest and most costly description. To this gigantic vehicle, 27 feet long, 10 feet broad, 17 feet high, and weighing from 10 to 11 tons, 12 of the largest and finest black horses that could be procured were harnessed three abreast.—They were completely covered with velvet housings, having the arms of the deceased splendidly embroidered on them, and with heads surmounted by nodding plumes they looked quite elephantine. Such was the funeral car as it fell into the line of procession surrounded by a swarm of undertakers' men, and having on each side five colonels on horseback, bearing the bannerols of the Wellesley family. On its way towards the east end of the Mall many members of Parliament and peers who had assembled at this point uncovered as it passed.

We now proceed to give some idea, not of the pageant itself, for its length precluded the possibility of seeing more than detached portions of it at a time, but rather of the public reception which it experienced on its way, and of the unexampled spectacle which the streets of this metropolis exhibited throughout the day. Words are, we feel, completely powerless to convey any thing like a just idea of a demonstration so marvellous. On no occasion in modern times has such a concourse of people been gathered together, and never probably has the sublimity which is expressed by the presence of the masses been so transcendently displayed. The progress, too, of the procession imparted to it in this respect an almost dramatic unity and completeness, far, from the regions of palaces and great mansions,

and from the assemblages of the wealthy, the titled, and the great, it passed, first, among great gatherings of the middle classes, then through thoroughfares swarming with myriads of the people, and finally closed its course at the lofty threshold of the metropolitan cathedral, the centre of London, now engaged by a new tie to the affections of the country, by having deposited under its dome the ashes of England's greatest son. The first remarkable assemblage of spectators that received the procession on its course, after leaving the area of the parade, was collected on the long-terraced balconies of Carlton gardens, and on the wide steps ascending to the Duke of York's column. At the latter point an immense concourse had gathered, amounting to many thousands. Few had availed themselves of the space within the railings of the park on either side of the Mall; but in the grounds behind Marlborough-house many spectators had taken up their position, and a gallery had been erected in the gardens of Stafford-house, which was occupied by the Sutherland family and a large circle of friends. When the car arrived in front of Buckingham Palace, it halted for a short time, giving Her Majesty and the Royal Family, who were in the balcony, above the main entrance, a good opportunity of seeing it. The windows and parapets of the grand facade were all occupied, but the view into the court-yard was left open, and this perspective of the Royal edifice, rendered it one of the most picturesque and effective *coups d' œil* in the progress of the procession. Passing up Constitution Hill, as the car approached Grosvenor Gate, the numbers assembled within the Park greatly increased, and nearly all the trees were filled with spectators. At the gate itself a halt was made, and the eye naturally turned, in the first place to Apsley House which was completely closed, and had a strange, tenantless, deserted look, in the midst of the vast multitudes assembled all around it. The top of Grosvenor Place was filled, as far as a sight of the procession could be obtained, with a vast sea of human faces, upturned and anxiously gazing at the pageant which swept along. Every window was filled, the housetops also swarmed with people, and the portico and roof of St. George's Hospital especially were crowned with human beings. Another striking point of view was formed by the arches leading into Hyde Park, the architecture of which acquired a new expression from the manner in which the people had grouped themselves within, above, and around it. Like Apsley House, Baron Rothschild's mansion and that of Miss Burdett Coutts were kept strictly closed, but at all the other great houses along the west end of Piccadilly the windows and balconies were completely occupied by the families who inhabit them, or their friends, while the pavement on either side of the way was filled to the kerb-stone with people. The long screen in front of Devonshire House was fitted up with spacious galleries, which were all crowded. The Coventry Club appeared to be for the day in the possession of the ladies, who occupied its handsomely draperied balconies. And now, as the procession approached the head of St. James Street, and passed across the entrances of the streets diverging on both hands from the route which it was taking, a new feature of the most remarkable kind began to develope itself. The entrances of those side streets were completely built up with living masses of men and women, forming, to all appearances, a mound or rampart of heads, which were all duly and respectfully uncovered as the stately funeral car swept by. The windows too as far as the eye could reach, had people thrust from them eagerly gazing, and the house tops, of course, had their adventurous crowds of occupants. It almost seemed that the whole world had assembled to witness the ceremonial, for the people were every where—built into the walls, swarming in the streets, and clustered like bees on every projection and parapet. When St. James Street was reached, the double view, first eastward along Piccadilly, and then down towards the Palace, was singularly impressive. There must have been 30,000 people within range of sight at this point, and the orderly and respectful behaviour of even the humblest among them, crowded and hemmed in as they were, cannot be too highly praised. The entire breadth of Piccadilly was closed in with an embankment of men and women, numbers of waggons, carts, coaches and omnibusses, having been placed in the roadway to give their occupants a more commanding view. The line of procession now led along the region of clubs, the fronts of which were for the most part fitted with balconies draped in black, and there, or within the shelter of wide plate glass windows, sat immense numbers of ladies, provided with places by the courtesy and gallantry of the members. Crockfords and the Conservative Club were the two buildings which seemed to hold the greatest number of people, and which made the greatest show in this portion of the line of procession. The car had reached the foot of St. James' Street about half past ten, having occupied an hour on its way there from the Horse Guards. It, therefore, became evident that it would arrive at the cathedral in excellent time.

At the St. James' Palace Her Majesty and the Royal family had a second view of the procession, occupying for that purpase apartments close to the main entrance. The great clubs along Pall-Mall overflowed with visitors, and their handsome architectural proportions never looked more striking or beautiful than when thus animated and relieved by such vast assemblages of well-dressed people. —The Oxford and Cambridge Club, the Army and Navy, the Carlton, the Reform, the Traveller's, and the Athenæum, all swarmed with occupants. their balconies being hung with black, and hosts of ladies appearing in the best seats. Perhaps along the whole route there was no single street which presented more objects of attraction and greater facilities for observation to foot passengers than Pall-Mall, and, yet oddly enough, its pavements were less encumbered than anywhere else, and the people who were on them moved along without interruption.—At Waterloo-place, however, a very different aspect in this respect was presented, and the view up Regent-street, along towards Cockspur-street, and on the right-hand side in the direction of the Duke of York's column, was really astounding. In addition, however, to the number of people within one's glance at this point, there was something particularly touching

in the muster of old officers at the Senior United, many of whom looked with unusual earnestness at the great car, as with its illustrious burden, to the roll of drums and the fitful strains of marshal music, it rolled upon its way. The Haymarket and Trafa'gar-square were, like Waterloo-place, great centres of attraction. At the latter point there could not have been much less than 40,000 people assembled; and the National Gallery, the roof of which was covered with spectators, borrowed from the scene a grace and animation which it never knew before. At Charing-cross, as along the entire route, nothing could be more remarkable than the decorum and orderly conduct of the multitude, who preserved an imposing and expressive silence as the car went by. The humblest man bared his head in the same reverential manner as to his betters, and the only cry that was heard was, now and then, "Off hats!" Along the Strand and the streets adjoining it the multitude thickened, both on pavement and in houses, and appeared if possible to grow denser. The first part of the procession was remarkable from the well filled balconies of private mansions and assemblages of a well dressed commonality.—To that succeeded the display of the clubs. From Charing-cross a new phase in the character of the funeral pageant and its reception became apparent.—The demonstration of respect became parochial and the churches formed the great centres for spectators. St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, St. Mary's-in-the-Strand, St. Clements-leDanes, and St. Dunstan's were yesterday honored with larger congregations, than probably ever visited them before. Thousands of people filled the spacious balconies that surrounded them, and we trust that the funds which the parish authorities have been enabled to realize may be large enough to be substantially useful to the charities to which they are applied. All the cross streets leading out of the Strand presented in a still more striking manner, the appearances which we have described at earlier points in the route. The shop windows had been turned to account in a most marvellous way, and inclosed numbers of full-grown people. compressing themselves for the occasion into the dimensions of the charity-school children, and looking perfectly placid and resigned under circumstances that would be ordinarily regarded as amounting to the *peine forte et dure.* The men kept the line of procession clear throughout without any inconvenience; and it is due to the public to say that they never were better behaved or less disposed to be troublesome. The car arrived at the entrance to the cathedral about ten minutes after twelve, and preparations for the removal of the coffin were immediately made, but something was wrong, or went wrong, and the consequence was a delay of nearly an hour and a half before the funeral procession down the nave could be formed. In the interval, and while the undertaker's men used every exertion to facilitate the unloading of the car, the entrance of the cathedral presented a singular and not uninteresting appearance.

There were old generals and field officers, the illustrious companions in arms of the Duke, enduring as best they could the force of the searching November wind which blew keenly through the open doorway of the sacred edifice. The distinguished foreigners withdrew before it several times, and the clergy, who, in double line extending along the nave, waited for service to begin, vainly sheltering their faces in their robes. Garter and his colleagues stood it out bravely, and, after many efforts, at length succeeded in marshalling the procession. It was a fine and an imposing sight to see the muster of old veterans at the entrance during this detention—Sir William Napier sitting on a kettle-drum—Sir Charles moving about with the activity of a much younger man—Lord Hardinge also vigorous, and full of life; but most wonderful of all, the Marquis of Anglesey, with bald, uncovered head, apparently unconscious of the fact that age stands exposure to cold less successfully than youth.

It is now 11 o'clock. These files of infantry have ended, and after an interval the procession comes.—It is still military. Sometimes there is a succession of guns, sometimes dark masses of Guards. At intervals there are the bands of various regiments. It is very striking these successive bands; as one passes by the church, and the music dies upon the ear, the notes of the next band begin to be heard, making up the wail. Major-General, his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, who commands the troops employed, is riding about, and giving the requisite directions. Now comes the 83 Chelsea pensioners, wearing their medals; it is a company which seem to excite general interest; the soldiers went past the church, —the pensioners go in. Next, the "one soldier from every regiment"—an interesting group.— The procession now begins to be one of carriages and mourning coaches; and the time consumed in setting down their occupants at the door, made this part of the procession rather tedious. The Sheriffs approach, but they are hardly in keeping with a funeral procession; their gay decorations require some signs of mourning about them on such an occasion. The Speaker is there in his quaint State Carriage; and the Lord Mayor in that capacious vehicle of his, which, after all, the citizens have seen in procession in November before. Now come three Royal carriages, with those noble horses which it is a treat to see: the third carriage brings Prince Albert. We cannot see him, but the salute as he passes the troops proclaims his presence. We miss the foreign batons, but it is because they are carried in close mourning coaches. All eyes watch for the funeral car. It is drawn by 12 black horses, three abreast, and covered with velvet, presented such a dark foreground that we can hardly see whether the car is drawn by horses or not. The car is driven in at the churchyard gates, and drawn up in front of the great western door; the relations of the Duke are set down at the side entrance. After them follows that touching sight—the horse led after the bier of its master. There still remains a very interesting passage. Officers and men from every regiment in the service march past. The churchyard from the entrance up to the car is cleared; the coffin is there before all eyes; the Duke of Cambridge, the Commander, stands at the gate, with his sword drawn in his hands, and the men who represent the whole army of England march slowly and sadly by. There has not been a more striking or effective circumstance in the proceedings of the day. The soldiers seemed to be impressed with the situation. It is the final

token of reverence for the departed chief. It is rendered in solemn silence. It closes the procession, with the exception only that the carriages of the Sovereign here most appropriately follow.

Arrived in the Cathedral, the *Times* says, it is impossible to give an idea of the simple and magnificently bold proportions of this great Christian temple. The decorations are befitting the occasion, and in that temple is congregated the genius,nobility, and statesmanship of England, besides the representatives of foreign nations. At length there was a universal hush, and, as if moved by one mind, the whole of the vast assemblage stood up in respectful grief as the coffin which contained the remains of the great Duke appeared in sight, preceded by the choir with measured tread as theychanted the beginning of the burial service by Dr. Croft. When the coffin was borne in, the wind stirred the feathers of the Marshal's hat placed upon the lid, and produced an indescribably sorrowful effect, in giving an air of light and playful life to that where all was dead. And thus, with the hoarse roar of the multitude without as they saw their last of Arthur Duke of Wellington, with the grand and touching services of our church sounding solemnly through the arched domes and aisles of the noble church, with the glistening eye and hushed breath of many a gallant as well as of many a gentle soul in that vast multitude—with the bell tolling solemnly the knell of the departed, taken up by the voice of the distant cannon, amid the quiet waving of bannerol and flag, surrounded by all the greatness of the land—with all the pomp and glories of heraldic achievement, escutcheon, and device—his body was borne up St. Paul's. At 1.40 the coffin was slid off the moveable carriage in which it had been conveyed up the nave to the frame in the centre of the area under the dome, which, as our readers have been informed, was placed almost directly over the tomb of Nelson, which lies in the crypt below. The marshal's hat and sword of the deceased were removed from the coffin, and in their place a ducal coronet on a velvet cushion was substituted.

The foreign marshals and generals stood at the head of the coffin; at the south side of it stood His Royal Highness Prince Albert, with his baton of field marshal in his hand, and attired in full uniform, standing a little in advance of a numerous staff of officers. At each side of the coffin were Britlsh generals who had acted as pall bearers. After the psalm and anthem, the Dean read with great solemnity and expressiveness the lesson, 1 Cor. xv. 29, which was followed by the *Nunc Dimittis*, and a dirge with the following words set to music by Mr. Gross:

"And the King said to all the people that were with him, 'Rend your clothes, and gird you with sackcloth, and mourn.' And the King himself followed the bier. And they buried him—And the King lifted up his voice and wept at the grave, and all the people wept.

"And the King said unto his servants, 'Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen in Israel?'"

And now the roll of muffled drums, and the wailing notes of horn and cornet, and the coffin slowly sank into the crypt amid the awful strains of Handel's "Dead March." The ducal crown disappeared with its gorgeous support, and in the centre of the generals and nobles was left a dark chasm, into which every eye glanced sadly down, and all knew indeed that a prince and a great man had that day gone from Israel. The remaining portions of the funeral service were then performed. The congregation was requested to join in the responses to the Lord's prayer, and the effect of many thousand voices in deep emotion repeating the words after the full enunciation of the Dean, was intensely affecting.

"His body is buried in peace,
"But his name liveth evermore,"

from Handel's Funeral Anthem, was then most effectively performed by the choir. And then Garter King at Arms standing over the vault proclaimed the titles and orders of the deceased.

Then the late Duke's controller having broken in pieces his staff of office in the household, handed it to the Garter King at Arms, who cast the pieces into the vault. The choir and chorus sang the hymn, "Sleepers Awake !" and the Bishop of London standing by the side of the Lord Chancellor, pronounced the blessing, which concluded the ceremony.

And thus was buried with all state and honor the great Duke of Wellington.

France.—The formal proclamation of the Empire was made at the Hotel De Ville, at 10, A.M., and after the votes were counted and the result was announced, the Emperor addressed the Chambers as follows:—

Messieurs—The new reign which you this day inaugurate, derives not its origin, as so many others recorded in history have done, in violence, from conquest, or fraud. It is what you have just declared it, the legal result of the will of the whole people who consolidate in common that which they had founded in the midst of agitation. I am penetrated with gratitude towards the nation, which three times in four years sustained me by its suffrages, and each time has only augmented its majority to increase my power, but the more that power increases in extent and vital power, the more does it need enlightened men, such as those who every day surround me: independent men, such as those whom I address, to guide me by their council, and to bring back my authority within proper limits, should it be necessary. I take from this day, with the Crown, the name of Napoleon the III., because the will of the people has bestowed it on me; because the whole nation has ratified it. Is it then to be inferred that in accepting the title, I fall into the error, imputed to the Prince, who, returning from exile, declares null and void all that had been done in his absence;—far from me be such a wild mistake. Not only do I recognize the governments which have preceded me, but I inherit in some measure all that they have accomplished of good and evil, for governments which succeed one to another are, notwithstanding different origin, liable for their predecessors, but the more completely, that I accept all that for 50 years have been transmitted to us, with inflexible authority, the less it has permitted me to pass in silence over the glorious reign of the head of my family, in the regular though ephemeral title of his son, whom the two Cham-

bers proclaimed in the last burst of vanquished patriotism.

Thus the title of Napoleon III is not one of the dynastic superanuated pretensions, but seems to be the result of good sense and truth. It is the homage rendered to a Government which was legitimate, and to which we owe the brightest page of our history. My reign does not date from 1815, it is dated from this very moment, when you announced the satisfaction of the nation.

Receive, then, my thanks, gentlemen of the Chamber of deputations for the *eclat* you have given to the manifestation of the general will, by rendering it more evident by your supervision, and imposing by your declaration. I thank you, also, gentlemen of the Senate, for having been the first to address congratulations to me, as you were the first to give expression to the popular wish. Aid me, all of you, to settle firmly, in the land upset by too many revolutions, a stable government, which shall have for its basis, religion, protection and love, for the suffrage classes. Receive here my oath that no sacrifice shall be wanting on my part, to elevate the prosperity of my country, and whilst I maintain peace, I will yield in nothing which may touch the honor or the dignity of France. The Empire will be proclaimed in all the departments on Saturday, the 25th.

By a decree recently issued by Baez, President of the Republic of St. Domingo, it seems that Sante Domingo, Puerto, Plato, and Azua, are the only ports now open in that country to a foreign vessel.

The National *Intelligencer* of Washington, the official organ of the American Government, now publishes, for the first time, certain correspondence which took place between the American and Spanish Governments, relative to the purchase of the Island of Cuba, by the former, from the latter power. The correspondence occurred when Mr. Buchanan was American Secretary of State, and during the time that Mr Saunders was American Minister in Spain. It seems that Mr. Saunders stated to the Spanish Government, that the Government of the United States, was determined to enforce the Monroe doctrine, and not allow any European interference on American soil, and that the possession of Cuba, by any European Power, especially by England, would not be tolerated. In reply, Mr. Saunders was informed by the Spanish Government, that Spain would prefer to see the island sunk in the ocean, rather than part with it to any other country.

PRESIDENT FILLMORE'S MESSAGE.

We give such extracts from the President's message as are likely more particularly to interest our readers :—

" CUBA.—Early in the present year official notes were received from the Ministers of France and England, inviting the Government of the United States to become a party with Great Britain and France, to a tripartite Convention, in virtue of which the three powers should severally and collectively disclaim, now and for the future, all intention to obtain possession of the island of Cuba, and should bind themselves to discountenance all attempts to that effect, on the part of any power or individual whatever. This invitation has been respectfully declined, for reasons which it would occupy too much space in this communication to state in detail, but which led me to think that the proposed measure would be of no doubtful constitutionality, impolitic and unavailing. I have, however, in common with several of my predecessors, directed the Ministers of France and England to be assured that the United States entertain no designs against Cuba; but that, on the contrary, I should regard its incorporation into the Unlon at the present time as fraught with serious peril. Were this island comparatively destitute of inhabitants, or occupied by a kindred race, I should regard it, if voluntarily ceded by Spain, as a most desirable acquisition. But, under existing circumstances, I should look upon its incorporation into our Union as a very hazardous measure. It would bring into the Confederacy a population of a different national stock, speaking a different language, and not likely to harmonize with the other members."

Coming to the question of the Nicaragua Canal he states nothing new, and hopes that future negotiations will lead to more satisfactory results respecting the port of San Juan de Nicaragua and the controversy between the republics of Costa Rica and Nicaragua in regard to their boundaries.

" Our settlements on the shores of the Pacific have already given a great extension, and in some respects a new direction, to our commerce in that ocean. A direct and rapidly increasing intercourse has sprung up with Eastern Asia. The general prosperity of our estates on the Pacific requires that an attempt should be made to open the opposite regions of Asia to mutually beneficial intercourse. It is obvious that this attempt could be made by no power to so great an advantage as by the United States, whose constitutional system excludes every idea of distant colonial dependencies. I have accordingly been led to order an appropriate naval force to Japan, under the command of a discreet and intelligent naval officer of the higest rank known to our service."

" JAPAN.—He has been directed particularly to remonstrate in the strongest language against the cruel treatment to which our shipwrecked mariners have often been subjected, and to insist that they shall be treated with humanity. He is instructed, however, at the same time, to give that Government the amplest assurances that the objects of the United States are such and such only as I have indicated, and that the expedition is friendly and peaceful."

" DISCRIMINATING PROTECTIVE DUTIES.—Without repeating the arguments contained in my former message, in favor of discriminating protective duties, I deem it my duty to call your attention to one or two other considerations affecting this subject. The first is, the effect of large importations of foreign goods upon our currency. Most of the gold of California, as fast as it is coined, finds its way directly to Europe in payment

for goods purchased. In the second place, as our manufacturing establishments are broken down by competition with foreigners, the capital invested in them is lost, thousands of honest and industrious citizens are thrown out of employment, and the farmer to that extent is deprived of a home market, for the sale of his surplus produce. In the third place, the destruction of our manufactures leaves the foreigner without competition in our market, and he consequently raises the price of the article sent here for sale, as is now seen in the increased cost of iron imported from England. The prosperity and wealth of every nation depend upon its productive industry. The farmer is stimulated to exertion by finding a ready market for his surplus products, and benefited by being able to exchange them, without loss of time or expense of transportation, for the manufactures which his comfort and convenience require. This is always done to the best advantage where a portion of the community in which he lives is engaged in other pursuits. But most manufactures require an amount of capital and a practical skill which cannot be commanded, *unless they be protected for a time from ruinous competition from abroad.** Hence the necessity of laying those duties upon imported goods which the Constitution authorizes for revenue, in such a manner as to protect and encourage the labor of our citizens. Duties, however, should not be fixed at a rate so high as to exclude the foreign article, but should be so graduated as to enable the domestic manufacturer fairly to compete with the foreigner in our markets, and by this competition to reduce the price of the manufactured article to the consumer to the lowest rate at which it can be produced. This policy would place the mechanic by the side of the farmer, create a mutual interchange of their respective commodities, and thus stimulate the industry of the whole country, and so render us independent of foreign nations for the supplies required by the habits or necessities of the people.

I would also again call your attention to the fact that the present tariff in some cases imposes higher duty upon the raw material imported than upon the article imported from it, the consequence of which is, that the duty operates to the encouragement of the foreigner and the discouragement of our own citizens.

He strongly deprecates any departure from those doctrines of strict neutrality taught by Washington, and he sees great evils in the event of their not being adhered to. He points out some of the terrible evils which resulted from the declaration of the French National Convention, that France would fraternize with the people of all nations who desired to establish republics, and send her armies to help them; and doubts, if even the United States could preserve their republic, if they were to proclaim such doctrines.

The American constitution, he further adds, "though not perfect, is doubtless the best that ever was formed." This is a modest declaration, to say the least.

* Very questionable.—P. D.

COLONIAL CHIT-CHAT.

TORONTO UNIVERSITY.

At the Convocation of the Toronto Uinversity, held on Saturday, in the Parliamentary Buildings, the Hon. Robert Baldwin was unanimously elected Chancellor, the Hon. Peter B. De Blaquière having tendered his resignation at the last meeting of the Convocation. The attendance, considering the importance of the occasion, was very small, being composed of Dr. McCaul, the Professors of the Medical Faculty, the Graduates in Law, and the students of the Literary and Medical departments. After the election the only matter of any consequence, was a discussion on a Memorial addressed to the Governor in Council and both Houses of the Legislature, based upon certain resolutions passed at a previous meeting, when the protest of the Convocation was very freely expressed against particular clauses of the University Bill. The memorial embraced two points, the saving of the convocation as a body from the annihilation threatened by the Bill, and the privilege of having the University represented in Parliament by one member, elected by the Graduates. The former was a suggestion of the Graduates, who would then have the conferring of Degrees—a principle altogether contrary to the spirit of the new Bill, and inconsistent with its object and provisions; the latter is supposed to have been recommended by an interested party, who would then aspire to the suffrages of the University. Several of the Professors of Medicine, who were to be the chief sufferers by the Bill, contended that the memorial, by passing over without notice the clause of the proposed Bill so fatal to their faculty, might be construed by their enemies as a tacit consent to its total abolition as a part of the University. After a long debate, in which was much warmth to atone for the absence of caloric in the hall, the learned doctors were outvoted and compelled to submit to their fate, by a majority composed chiefly of graduates who were determined to sustain their own dignity as a Convocation. One of the spectators was interrupted with rapturous applause upon communicating the gratifying intelligence that the Inspector-General had since his arrival in Toronto, announced that the privileges solicited in the memorial should receive the most cordial support of himself and friends. Mr. Baldwin has expressed his sense of the honor done him by the appointment, but has declined the proffered ferula of office.—*Toronto Paper.*

CANADIAN INSTITUTE.

The annual meeting of this Literary and Scientific Body was held at the rooms of the Institute, in the old Government House, on Saturday last, Geo. Duggan, Jr., Esq., in the chair. The attendance was not so large as we expected; but, if we may judge from the admirable report which was read

by the Secretary, not only the financial affairs, but also the popularity of the Institute, are in a very favorable and progressive condition, the balance-sheet showing an amount of £171 11s. 9d. in favor of the Institute, and the list of members exceeding 190. The following gentlemen were elected Officers of the Institute for the ensuing year:—

President, Captain Lefroy, R.A., F.R.S.; 1st Vice-President, Professor Cherriman; 2nd Vice-President, Mr. Cumberland; Treasurer, Mr. Crawford; Cor. Secretary, Professor Croft; Secretary, Mr. Brunell; Curator and Librarian, Mr. E. Cull.

Members of the Council.—Prof. Hind, Walter Shanley, Esq., Sandford Fleming, Esq., Professor Buckland, Rev. Prof. Irving, Dr. Bovell.

An eminent geologist asserts, in a communication to the *Lake Superior Journal*, that from the geological formation of the rocks, there is not and there cannot be coal found on Lake Superior.

The friends of the proposed London, Liverpool and North American Screw Steamship Company, have appealed to the Government in its favor, by a deputation as strong as that which had protested against it. The deputation in favor consisted of twenty-four Members of Parliament, with ten or twelve other gentlemen, their object being to secure a charter of incorporation for the company, with limited liability to the shareholders.

The St. John's, N. B., *Courier*, of November 27, gives the annexed analysis of the trade between that port and the United States, during the quarter ending October 10, 1852. It will be seen that the trade is important, and there can be little doubt that the greater part of the imports mentioned, will be from Canada, when the intercolonial railroads are completed:

Principal items of import—Value in sterling money:—Apothecaries wares, £1,250; apples and pears, 1,335 barrels; ashes and saleratus, £368; beef and pork, 1,338 barrels; barila, 25 tons, bread, £71; butter, cheese, and lard, 33 cwt.; beans and peas, 157 bushels; buffalo robes, £108; brandy and gin, 2,343 gallons; strong rum and alcohol, 30,058 gallons; wine, 6,223 gallons; corn, 10,798 bushels; candles, £108; carriages and waggons, 9; coffee, 26,077 lbs.; coal, 1,462 tons; corn meal, 261 barrels; segars, £84; feathers, £161; fresh fruit, £410; dried fruit, £297; flour, (mostly Canadian) 26,050 barrels; oysters, 62 bbls; groceries, £530; glassware, £756; hardware, £5,035; dry goods, £13,668; horses, 4; hides, £529; India rubber goods, £253; jewelry and plate, £407; iron, wrought and cast, 779 cwt.; leather manufactures, £3,788; yellow metal, 37 cwt.; molasses, 6,635 gallons; malt, 1,022 bushels; naval stores, 591 barrels; nuts and almonds, £229; olive and palm oil, £313; paint, oil, and varnish, £309: lard oil, £137; fish oil, £162; paper manufactures, including books, £2,463; rice, £222; sugar, 3,126 cwt.; mill stones, £87; oak and pitch pine timber, 2,826 tons; tallow and grease, 175,673 lbs.; treenails, 31,000; tobacco, 120,646 lbs.; tea, 81,661 lbs.; vegetables, £353; wooden-ware, £3,337; wheat, 49,156 bushels; zinc, £816. The total value of all the imports into this port from the United States, during the last quarter, amounted to £102, 421 sterling; for the quarter ending 5th July last, £98,987 sterling; and for the quarter ending 5th April last, £29,573 sterling; making altogether, for the three quarters of the current year, £230,981 sterling from the United States alone.

St. Vincent.—Papers from this island state that gold has been discovered there—a sample "quite pure and unmixed" having been found at the head of the Buccament River and exhibited in town. The *St. Vincent Advertizer* is of opinion that the precious metals are to be found in abundance in the mountains.

FACTS FOR THE FARMER.

POVERTY AND PROCRASTINATION.

Cold weather is coming in good earnest. Sheep huddle together in some corner; cattle seek protection from the wind by standing close to the side of the barn; poultry are standing on one leg under the shelter of some equally defenceless cart; pigs gather about the door in sullen silence. I am too poor to provide conveniences for my stock, exclaims the sluggish farmer, they must wait another year.

It is a chilling autumn night. The hollow wind sighs mournfully as it sweeps the bare branches of the trees, and pierces with a shrill whistle the crevices of the sluggard's house, making him draw nearer to the half-smothered fire, which flickers on the hearth. I am too poor to repair my house and prepare drywood, sighs the shivering man; I will try to do it another year.

The wood-shed has yielded up its last stick of decayed fuel, and the yard has been gleaned of its last basket of chips, belonging properly to the manure heap. The farmer has yoked his unwilling cattle, and is about to repair to his wood-lot for a load of dry limbs and fallen trees, but meets with an unexpected hindrance to his benevolent intentions. The sled which experienced much hard usage the preceding season, and has been watered by all the summer's rain and chilled by the autumn frosts, snaps its tongue with the first pull of the cattle. "Hang my luck," ejaculates the ill-starred man. "Was ever one so unfortunate," echoes the wife, as she thinks of the smouldering fire and half-cooked dinner that is to be. The vexed sufferer solaces himself, however, with the idea that poverty is the basis of his misfortunes, and that when he shall have grown rich in spite of such ruinous losses, he shall put everything to rights.

Christmas time, with its good cheer, has passed, and the district school is to commence on Monday. The children have been living in the prospective for some days, and not a few plans for fun, or perhaps improvement, have been matured. The farmer's son, a thoughtful, bright-eyed boy, who has driven the cows to pasture the long-live summer, presided over the luncheon and jug of drink, picked up the potatoes, and been the man of all work, asks of his father a favor, which he thinks

is richly deserved—two new books for the winter's school. He tells his father how the other boys of his class are to have them, how he shall fall behind them without this assistance—how he will study, and work harder next summer if he can have them, and that they will only cost one dollar. But his imploring looks and earnest language avail nothing with the father. He says not an encouraging word, but simply mutters—"I did't have books—I am too poor to buy them; you must wait another year."

An agent for the *Anglo-American*, seeing the forlorn appearance of the premises, and thinking ignorance must have caused such bad management, presents the work, asking for his name and fifteen shillings. "O, it's no use," exclaims the farmer, "I don't believe in books; I am too poor; you must wait another year."

So year after year the poverty-stricken and procrastinating farmer drags on, lamenting the fortune which his own negligence renders inevitable, making his family equally miserable with himself, by denying them the means of improvement—too ignorant and too poor to grow wiser and richer. Almost as easily may the leopard change its spots or the Ethiopian his skin, as a man be induced to change his course of life, and we have reason to believe that this unfortunate man will, to his dying day, consider himself the victim of untoward circumstances, the son of misfortune, and the sport of destiny, instead of seeking in his own improvidence the cause of his bad luck.

SCIENCE AND EXPERIMENTS.

We are glad to observe a determination with some farmers to settle disputed points by a resort to actual experiments, in connection with the suggestions of science. Performing experiments without the guiding light of science, is like trying to make money without keeping any accounts—the man may sometimes get considerable sums, but he cannot for the life of him tell by what operation he has made it, nor how he is likely to be successful again. So, in a random experiment, the farmer may succeed finely, but he cannot guess which of the dozen operating causes has had the most influence; which is essential, and which useless, nor *why* he has succeeded. It is true, he may find out after repeated trials, like the blind man who goes over a piece of ground, till he becomes familiar with all its parts, which the light of vision would have revealed to him at a glance. On the other hand, science not corroborated by experiment, is but little better, being not unlike that of the ancient philosophers, who preferred to shut themselves up in the closet, and by profound abstract reasoning for a life time, found out what they could at once ascertain by a few minutes of manipulation. Both are as needful and as useful as the two rails of a railroad—we should make rather sorry work in trying to run the train upon one alone. It is true, we know more at present through the teachings of experiment than of science; but this is because we have the practice of many thousand people through many centuries, which quite overbalances the scientific investigations of the few who have labored in the present day. Wait till we have as much labor expended under the light of science, as has been done in the dark, and the balance may fall on the other side of the account.

BONE MANURE.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO.

WE, the undersigned, learn with much pleasure that Mr. Peter R. Lamb, of this city has been the first that has had sufficient enterprize to erect the necessary machinery for grinding bones for manure, at an expense of about £250.

It has been known for a number of years, by experienced agriculturists, as well as by chemists, that bones contain several fertilizing substances, more or less requird by all cultivated crops, and that by the mere mechanical operation of crushing or grinding, they can readily be made available to the wants of vegetation, and thus constitute one of the richest and most permanent kinds of manure.

The rapid strides made in British Agriculture during the last quarter of a century, have been materially assisted by the application of bones as a fertilizer; and it is not too much to say that without the ready and effectual means which they supply of preparing poor, light, and elevated lands, for a course of alternate cropping, turnip husbandry could not have been carried to anything like its present extent, and consequently those distinguished improvements which have of late years been effected both in the breeding and fattening of stock, and the cultivation of root and grain crops, must have been greatly impeded. In England, so high is the repute of this manure, that bones are carefully collected, not only in the larger towns, but also in villages and farm houses, and such is the present demand for them, notwithstanding the heavy importations of guano, and the large manufacture of different kinds of artificial manures, that some thirty or forty thousand tons, amounting in value to upwards of £200,000 sterling, are annually imported, chiefly from the countries of northern Europe.

Although bones vary considerable in their composition, according to the age and character of the animal, they may all, however, be considered as consisting of two essentially distinct parts; the mineral or earthly and the organic. The former, amounting to about 60 per cent, consists chiefly of the phosphate of lime, together with small quantities of the phosphate of magnesia, fluoride of calcium, carbonate of lime, and common salt. The organic portion amounting to about 40 per cent, is made up of cartilage and fatty matters. Cartilage by being boiled in water is converted into glue or jelly, and is a substance rich in nitrogen, forming by decomposition much ammonia, together with carbonic acid and a small quantity of sulphur compound. Hence it is obvious that bones contain the most important materials for producing the living structure of plants.

As bones in their natural state are very slow in decomposing, it becomes necessary to break them up in minute fragments, or what is better, when immediate effect on vegetation is desired, to grind them into powder. In this state they can be most effectually applied to the soil, where by the action of rain water, which always contains

more or less of carbonic acids, their phosphates are readily dissolved, and are thus brought into a fit state for assimilation by the plant. Whilst these changes are proceeding, the organic portion of bones are being acted on by the air, and its decay accelerated, carbonic acid and ammonia are the results, which, with the phosphates, now reduced to a fluid state, become available as food to the growing crop.

The action of bones as manure greatly depends on the state of fineness to which they are reduced. What are usually called "half-inch bones" consist of a number of smaller fragments with a considerable amount in a state of mere powder; and in this condition they are best adapted to agricultural purposes; readily yielding a portion of their organic and mineral coustituents to the wants of the first crop, provided the soil be sufficiently moist and porous. Coarse bones being extremely slow in decomposing, their use is not economical, and whenever any decided effect is desired to be produced on the first crop, they should be reduced to as minute a state of division as possible. In turnip culture this is absolutely essential, as the very existence of the crop will frequently depend on the immediate action of the manure pushing forward the growth of the plant during its early stages, beyond the reach and destructive ravages of the fly.

Several methods of accelerating the decomposition of bones, with a view to insure their full and immediate action, have been, within these few years, proposed and tried. Steaming them, has in some instances been found advantageous; but the surest and by far the most economical mode is that of dissolving them by the application of sulphuric acid (oil of vitriol), a practice which has now become general in the United Kingdom. Several methods have been practised, but the simplest at present known, and therefore the best adapted to thls country, may be briefly stated as follows:

Form a circular wall of ashes about two feet high, of sufficient diameter to contain the bones to be dissolved, which should be crushed as small as practicable, and the finer portions, obtained by passing the whole through a sieve, should then be placed around the inside of the wall; forming a thick lining to the barrier of ashes. The coarser bones are placed in the centre, and the surface may be left slightly convex. Pour evenly over the lump sufficient water to originate decomposition, and turn the whole over thoroughly several times during the day, and when the bones are sufficiently and evenly saturated, apply the necessary quantity of sulphuric acid, taking care to continue the stirring of the mass till all the materials are thoroughly incorporated. In a day or two the ashes of the wall shonld be mixed with the bones, and the whole thrown into a heap for a week or ten days, when the mass should again be thoroughly stirred, and, if necessary, more ashes added, and the mixture in a few days will be sufficiently dry for use. It may be applied either broadcast or by the drill. The amount of sulphuric acid, at the strength at which it is ordinarily obtained in commerce, required for this operation, is from one-fourth to one-sixth of the weight of bones. It has been proved by most satisfactory trials, that eight or ten bushels of bones per acre, treated in this way, produce as much, if not greater effect, than twice that amount applied in a dry state.

Bone manure is peculiarly adapted to exhausted arable land, and upon poor unproductive pastures, its application has been attended with the most striking results. The soil in such cases having been exhausted of its phosphates by repeated cropping, or, as in the case of pasture, by the gradual deprivation of these materials by the milk, cheese, and bones of animals, that have been sold off through a long series of years without any adequate return in the form of manure; a liberal dressing of bone-dust speedily restores the equilibrium, by returning to the weakened soil, the very ingredients of which it had been deprived.

Bones have been used with great economy and success in connection with farm-yard manure, rape cake, guano, &c.; and mixtures of such kinds, when judiciously combined, have generally, advantages over single fertilizers. Bones have been applied with marked success to sickly or decayed fruit and forest trees; in such cases it is not necessary to reduce then to powder, as in a coarser state they continue to act for a greater number of years. For root crops, especially turnips, this manure is of all others the best adapted; and turnips dressed with bones, have uniformly a greater specific gravity than when manured with other substances, and consequently contain a larger amount of nutritive matter, and keep longer in sound condition. In England 15 to 20 bushels of bones per acre, are considered a liberal dressing for turnips, and when they are dissolved in acid, half the quantity will suffice, The seed and manure are deposited in rows by a single operation of the drill, an implement which has lately been so far improved, as to prevent the seed from coming into immediate contact with the manure, by causing the intervention of a little soil, thereby preventing guano, and such like substances, from endangering the germination of the seed. Large quantities of bones in the cotton districts of England, are boiled for making size, a glue substance, which is extensively employed in calico-printing. Such bones, however, being deprived of a portion of their organic substance only, the phosphates remaining undisturbed, are found to produce the most marked improvements on the deteriorating pastures of Cheshire; they operate more quickly even than bones unboiled, their duration must be brief, and consequently their value diminished, when a series of years or an entire rotation is taken into calculation.

As the highly fertilizing properties of bones have now been fully tested, both by scientific research and practical demonstration, every effort to collect and reduce them to a proper state for the purposes of manure is deserving of encouragement; and in a country like Canada, where thousands of acres formerly highly productive, have become almost sterile by the practice of repeated cropping and non-manuring, bones unquestionably rank among the most powerful and economical means of a restoration.

HENRY CROFT, *Professor of Chemistry.*
GEO. BUCKLAND, *Prof; of Agriculture.*

Toronto, Nov. 1, 1852.

Milch cows, in winter, should be kept in dry, moderately warm, but well ventilated quarters; be regularly fed and watered three times a day, salted twice or thrice a week, have clean beds, be curried daily, and in addition to their long provender, they should receive succulent food morning and evening.

THE ROSE AND ITS CULTURE.

The rose is "everybody's" flower. The ease with which it is grown makes it so; for it *will* live, as thousands of starved, deformed, sickly plants, put in the out-of-the-way room around the old farm-houses—choked by grass and overrun by weeds, and cropped off by cattle, fully testify. Its beauty makes it a favorite. Eyes whose perceptions are dull in discovering the tasty proportions of form and likeness of color in other flowers, sparkle forth its praises, even when its most perfect developments are seen in the miserable specimens whose parent branches have drawn their sustenance from the same exhausted soil for half a century—dwarfed down to comparative insignificance, and starved into disease. "As beautiful as a rose," has been a commonplace expression from the time to which our memory runneth not back, and it has been uttered with a dignity of expression which fully indicates the force of the comparison it is meant to establish.

Its fragrance justly entitles it to commendation When the gentle dews of evening drop their richness on its opening petals, it gives back to the stifled air odors rich in luxury and health. And the gentle breezes of morning waft its perfume to gladden and refresh all who inhale its pure and delicious sweets.

It has always been a wonder to us, as much as this plant is professedly admired, as numerous as its claims are, and as easy of cultivation as it is, that it has, by the mass of mankind, received no more attention. True, almost every country door-yard has a bush or two of some humble, unpretending variety, introduced, perhaps, by a female member of the family, who, on advice of "the lord of creation," a class far too apt to suppose that any embellishment to the homestead, beyond a plot of beans or a hill of potatoes, as frustrating the designs of Providence, or as coming directly in opposition to his own utilitarian views of things, has given it a location in a sterile and unfrequented corner, where, struggling with quack grass and pruned by ruminating animals, it struggles on in gloomy uncertainty betwixt life and death—doubting in spring whether its feeble energies can produce a bud or unfold it to a blossom. If it does give a stinted bloom, it is such a sad abortion, compared with what it would produce under favorable circumstances, that it is no wonder that the parent shrub, if it lives at all, lives on unambitious of future beauties and future sweets. Yet every one is loud in their praises of the rose —hailing its beauties with rapture from the first rich tints its opening bud discloses, inhaling its sweets with expanded lungs amid loud panegyrics to its worth, until the beautiful and perfect flower falls into decay.

A beautiful and perfect rose! Will it be charitable to suppose that three-fourths of the population of our country have never seen so rare and fascinating a flower? If they have, it must have been at some floral exhibition, where they were too much occupied with the beautiful and wonder-exciting things around them, where they gazed in extatic astonishment on things in general, without going into detail of rare and beautiful objects in particular. It is certain the ill-formed, half-starved objects we have alluded to, cannot belong to this class, and it cannot be supposed that more than one in ten of the landholders of this country are in possession of any other.

Now, although there are a large number of varieties of the rose, and many of them approach some other variety of the species so closely that it requires the eye of a connoisseur to trace the difference; and although all may be so cultivated as to become perfect in their variety, yet there are varieties which, constitutionally, will admit of greater perfections than the rest, under similar circumstances. These it should be the object of the cultivator to obtain. Although the first cost may be a trifle greater, they require no more ground and no more labor in cultivation than ordinary and inferior kinds, while one bush of the best will yield more satisfaction than half a dozen sickly, mean, almost good-for-nothing plants.

In its demands on cultivation, the rose is modest in proportion to the remunerative satisfaction it affords. It loves a deep loam; so if the soil is shallow, it should by all means be trenched. If straw or coarse manure is laid in the bottom of the trench, a benefit will be found from the continued lightness of soil it will afford, and by its drainage in taking off superfluous water in heavy storms. The soil round the roots should be kept light and free from weeds. Like all plants and animals, it should have a sufficient territory to occupy, and healthy aliment. To afford a desirable supply of food, rotten manure should be forked into the soil around the roots to give an abundant and healthful wood for next year's bloom. Mulching with leaves or coarse manure, after the ground is put in order for the season, is highly beneficial, as it preserves an equilibrium of cold and heat, dryness and moisture, essential to the health of the plant.

Its greatest enemy of the insect tribe that we know of, is the slug, which fastens on the under side of the leaf, and feasts upon its juices, until it is reduced to a skeleton, disfiguring the plant. The best remedy we know of for its ravages, is found in keeping the plant in good health, so as to insure a vigorous flow of nutritive sap and a firm growth of leaves and wood. With us it has succeeded admirably, and we commend it to all whose bushes are affected with a troublesome and wasting insect.

WHICH IS THE BEST GRASS FOR MEADOWS?

Mr. Editor,—Which, of all the grasses, is best for meadows? Is a mixture better than one kind? The custom here is to seed down with a mixture of clover, herdsgrass or timothy, and red-top.

The first season, the clover predominates; the second, the herdsgrass; but afterwards the red-top.

As the former dies out, the ground is left partially seeded. It is a well-settled opinion, that red-top is more valuable for hay than herdsgrass; and herdsgrass more valuable than clover.

It is my experience, that herdsgrass and red-top will produce more hay, even the first season, than if mixed with clover, and that red top is preferable to either. That red-top will produce more feed after mowing, and is far preferable for pastures. A horse of ordinary size has been known to eat about six tons of herdsgrass (without grain) in a year; though performing very little labor. Orchard grass deserves notice.

FRENCH MERINO SHEEP.

General R. Harmon, of Wheatland, Monroe county, recently returned from Vermont, with about thirty choice French Merino sheep, procured from S. W. Jewett, Esq. of Middlebury. They are all young and splendid animals, and were, with one or two exceptions, all selected from Mr. Jewett's importations from France, during the past season. One ram, ten and a half months old, with a very fine fleece on his back, weighs 166 lbs.

SCIENCE AND ART.

NIAGARA SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

The Lockport *Journal* says that laborers are busily employed in pushing the Niagara Suspension Bridge to completion. In remarking on the structure, that paper says:—

"Imagine a span 800 feet in length forming a straight hollow beam 20 feet wide and about 18 feet deep, with top, bottom, and sides. There will be an upper floor to support the railroad and cars 58 feet wide between the railings, and suspended by two wire-cables, assisted by stays. The lower floor 19 feet wide and 15 feet high in the clear, is connected to the upper floor by vertical trusses. The cohesion of good iron wire, when properly united into cables or ropes, is found to be from 90,000 to 130,000 lbs per square inch, according to quality. The limestone used in constructing the towers will bear a pressure of 500 tons upon every square foot. The towers are 60 feet high, 15 feet square at the base, and 8 at the top. When this bridge is covered with a train of cars the whole length, it will sustain a pressure of not less than 405 tons. The speed is supposed to add 15 per cent to the pressure, equal to 61 tons. The weight of superstructure added, estimated at 782 tons, makes the total aggregate weight sustained 1,273 tons. Assuming 2,000 tons as the greatest tension to which the cables can be subjected, it is considered safe to allow five times the regular strength, and providing for a weight of 10,000 tons. For this 15,000 miles of wire are required. The number of wires in one cable is 8,000. The diameter of cable about 9¼ inches. The bridge, we believe, is the longest between the points of support of any in the world."

THE TREASURES OF OUR FORESTS.

The products of the forests embrace the most important items of Canadian exports, and from their bulky nature secure to us a greater amount of intercourse with Great Britain than all other articles of export or import collectively.

The relation which the products of the forest bear to other productions, in a commercial point of view, is represented below for the years 1849, 1850, and 1851:—

1849.

Value of the products of the forest exported	£1,327,537
Value of all other productions	1,000,027
Balance in favor of the products of the forest	£327,510
Value of the products of the forest exported to Great Britain, not including ships built at Quebec	£1,009,669
Value of all other productions exported to Great Britain	338,755
Balance in favor of productions of the forest exported to Great Britain	£670,914

1850.

Value of the products of the forest exported	£1,360,734
Value of all other productions	1,309,264
Balance in favor of products of the forest	£51,470
Value of the products of the forest exported to Great Britain, not including ships built at Quebec	£971,375
Value of all other productions exported	229,474
Balance in favor of products of the forest exported to Great Britain	£741,901

1851.

Value of the products of the forest exported	£1,509,545
Value of all other productions	1,315,085
Balance in favor of the products of the forest	£184,460
Value of the products of the forest exported to Great Britain, not including ships built at Quebec	£1,180,000
Value of all other productions exported	325,350
Balance in favor of products of the forest exported to Great Britain	£854,658

Hence it appears that the value of the products of the forest exported to Great Britain, has steadily increased during the last three years; the numbers indicating those values being in 1849, £670,914; in 1850, £741,901; in 1851, £854,658.

It is thus seen at a glance that forest productions, exclusive of pot and pearl ashes, and the furs and skins of animals, are of the highest economic importance to us, and yet who, that is acquainted with the diversified trees of our forests, can fail to perceive that very extensive sources of revenue are neglected from ignorance of the value of many species of wood, which are especially adapted to the peculiar purposes of artificers in Great Britain.

We are led to these remarks in consequence of the information respecting forest productions which the recent Exhibition of All Nations in London has brought to light.

Not less than one hundred and thirty varieties of British wood were exhibited at that magnificent exposition of industry. Among them, it may be well to mention, specimens of apple, pear, plum, and apricot trees were introduced, in consequence

of those woods being much sought after by toy manufacturers, turners, &c. For obvious reasons, such woods would possess little value in this country, either as an article of export or for the purposes of domestic manufacture.

Europe contributed forty-nine varieties of wood, most of them used in shipbuilding, carpentry, furniture, and dyeing.

Asia contributed about two hundred specimens. The United States forty-two. Canada thirty-one. —*Canadian Journal.*

A meteor of a very large size, was seen to fall at Rome, N. Y., on the night of the 20th November. The phenomenon was accompanied by a slight shock of an earthquake, which agitated the river for a few moments, and shook the windows in frame houses. The meteor appeared about the size of a thirty-two pound cannon ball, and caused an illumination as brilliant as a noon-day sun would.

An Extraordinary Lamp.—Among the list of patents, is one taken out by Mr. E. Whele, for a candle-lamp of a very novel character. The lamp has a dial or clock face, and as the candle burns, the hands mark the hours and minutes correctly, and a hammer strikes the time. As a chamber-light for a sick room, it marks the time, and can be set to strike at any given periods, when the patient requires attention. As a night light, it marks the time on a transparent dial, and rings an alarum at any stated period, and in ten minutes afterwards, extinguishes the candle, or will continue to strike every second until the party gets out of bed and stops it; and, if a very heavy sleeper requires to be roused, it will fire off a percussion cap. As a table lamp, it marks the time and strikes the hours, and has a regulator and index, by which may be ascertained the amount of light and economy of consumption of the various candles of different makers. And all this is effected with very little machinery. which is of the most simple kind.

MRS. GRUNDY'S GATHERINGS.

OBSERVATIONS ON PARISIAN FASHIONS FOR JANUARY, 1852.

Autumn is now giving place to winter, and our *artistes des modes* have been busily engaged in inventing and producing suitable novelties for the season. We observe that the season has produced a variety of mantles, which are all truly elegant, and of the style that will be the most prevailing during the ensuing winter. Dark rich velvets, lined with white satin, will be much worn amongst the aristocracy, as will also rich satins lined and quilted: embroideries and gimps of novel designs will be used to ornament velvets; and embossed velvet galloons will be employed for satins. There is a new material brought out by the house of Delisle, in Paris, called *Ouatine*, which will be in great favour for morning cloaks.

Bonnets are not worn quite so far back on the head; the brims are round and open; the edges are generally trimmed, which gives them the appearance of being larger; the *fanchon* is still a favorite trimming for the crown: drawn bonnets, both of velvet and satin, of rich dark colors, will be much in favor, some having short full feathers low at the ear, others *nœuds* and ends of black velvet: for the interior, wreaths of flowers, groups of china asters or dark roses, with loops of black velvet intermixed, blond, and mixed flowers are all employed: the ribbons for strings are very broad.

Dresses for the promenade will be of dark rich brocade, the bodies high and plain; the skirts of these are without trimming. Plain silks have flounces *à disposition*, or are edged, with narrow fringe of two colors, say black and green, or blue, about an inch and a half of each colour placed alternately. This style of fringe is used for cloaks with capes.

We are indebted for our dresses to that distinguished *artiste des modes*, Madame Lafont, Rue Lafitte.

DINNER AND EVENING COSTUME.

Robe of *glacée* silk, shaded yellow and white; the *corsage* is low, opening in front to the waist, which is round: it has capes with deep vandyked edges, trimmed with a narrow plaited ribbon, *couleur de rose:* the sleeves are extremely short and trimmed to correspond: bows with long floating ends are placed on the top of the sleeves. The skirt *à la robe* is short, reaching to the heading of the first flounce of the *jupe;* the appearance of being looped back is given by the trimming: it consists of a *biais* piece of silk, about half a yard wide; of course the ends will be on the straight way: this piece must be folded before it is put on the dress; first fold over one end for the top point which appears turned back; the silk must then be folded the reverse way for the next point, and then under again for the other point turned back; the next fold brings the silk to a point for the bottom of the dress: when finished, the trimming is about a quarter of a yard in width; to render what we have said easier to understand, the top point, which appears folded back, we will call the right side of the silk, the next, the wrong side; the second point folded back is again the right side, and so on: after it is put on the dress, the edge is finished by a plaiting of ribbon, which is continued round the bottom of the skirt. *Ceinture* and bows of black satin ribbon. *Jupe* of white *taffetas*, with four flounces stamped at the edges, and each headed by a narrow *rûche.*

OBSERVATIONS ON LONDON FASHIONS AND DRESS.

During the present season flowers will be as much in favor as ever. Hand boquets of enormously large size have been almost universally adopted by the leading ladies at the recent representations of the opera. In artificial flowers a variety of novelties has been introduced. Many of those intended for the hair are made of colored velvet, crape, and gauze, intermingled with gold and silver. Constantin, the celebrated French *fleuriste*, has at present under his charge a variety of diamond pins, aigrettes, and other ornaments of jewellery, which are to be mounted in this new style with flowers and foliage. One of the commissions he has lately executed for an English lady of rank consists of a coronet formed

by a combination of flowers and precious stones.

The style of dressing the hair is much the same as it has been for some time past. The full bandeaux are still very general, and we observe that many ladies are wearing the hair at the back of the head lower than ever, so that the flowers or other ornaments employed in the head-dress, droop so low as to conceal part of the neck. A very pretty style of coiffure was worn by a young lady a few evenings ago. The front hair was arranged in full bandeaux, and across the upper part of her forehead there passed a torsade composed of hair and coral intermixed. The back hair was arranged in twists, also intermingled with coral, and fixed very low at the back of the head. This style is peculiarly well suited to dark hair.

The old fashion of wearing combs at the back of the head, which has been partially revived within the last two years, seems likely to meet with general favor this winter.

The attempts made by some of the Parisian *couturières* to revive the bygone mode of short waists has not been successful. The only novelty we have yet noticed in corsages, consists in the waists being straight instead of pointed. But even when the corsage is so made, the waist is of the usual length, and the difference in the form has probably been suggested only by the dress being composed of some transparent material, as gauze or tulle. With this style of corsage a waist-band, fastened in front, is indispensable.

The burnous is the style which predominates among the new opera cloaks. The small cloaks of colored cashmere, lined and trimmed with a different color are, however, likely to continue in favor as wraps at evening parties and places of amusement.

During the present winter cloaks have almost entirely superseded shawls for out-wraps. In the form of cloaks there are manifest indications of a desire for change. The Talma cloak, which was introduced last season, and adopted with favor at the commencement of the present, is now decidedly acknowledged to have become too common. Several new shapes have appeared, and of these several of them approximate very closely to the paletot form, so much in vogue two or three years ago. These cloaks have sleeves, and are exceedingly wide round the lower part, so as to afford ample space for the free flow of the folds of the dress. The trimmings, whether consisting of fringe, lace, or any other material, is usually limited to the collar and sleeves only, the bottom being left quite plain. These cloaks are not made very long; even when trimmed at the bottom, they should not descend below the knee. This style of cloak has a very pretty effect when made in velvet, and, this season, black has been preferred to colors.

Shawl mantelets of black velvet are trimmed with very broad and rich black lace, and sometimes with fringe and lace combined. Frequently a broad guipure is edged with a fringe made expressly for this style of trimming. Silk embroidery or narrow braid stitched on in a flowered design, or straight rows of braid made either of silk or velvet or both combined, are favorite trimmings for cloaks. The new braids present sufficient variety of design to satisfy every taste.

Within doors, at the present chilly season, many ladies wear elegant little jackets, very much of the same form as the pelisses worn by the Turkish ladies. They are loose, that is to say not shaped to the figure, but cut straight at the back; the sleeves are slit open at the bend of the arm. These little jackets are thrown over a visiting dress, whether for dinner or evening, and they are worn until the room is rendered warm by the number of visitors. These jackets are made of white cashmere and are trimmed with ribbon woven in gold and silver, interwoven with Algerian colors. The ribbon is edged with a narrow fringe the same as the ribbon in materials and colors. Some of these jackets, of a less showy kind, are made of black cashmere and trimmed with gold embroidery, or a black ribbon figured with gold. This little garment is a charming *fantasie*, and it admits of as much elegance as may be desired. Its wide and easy form enables it to be worn over any dress however light or delicate. It will be found extremely convenient at the opera, when the cold renders it unsafe to sit with a low dress during a whole evening.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF COOKERY.*

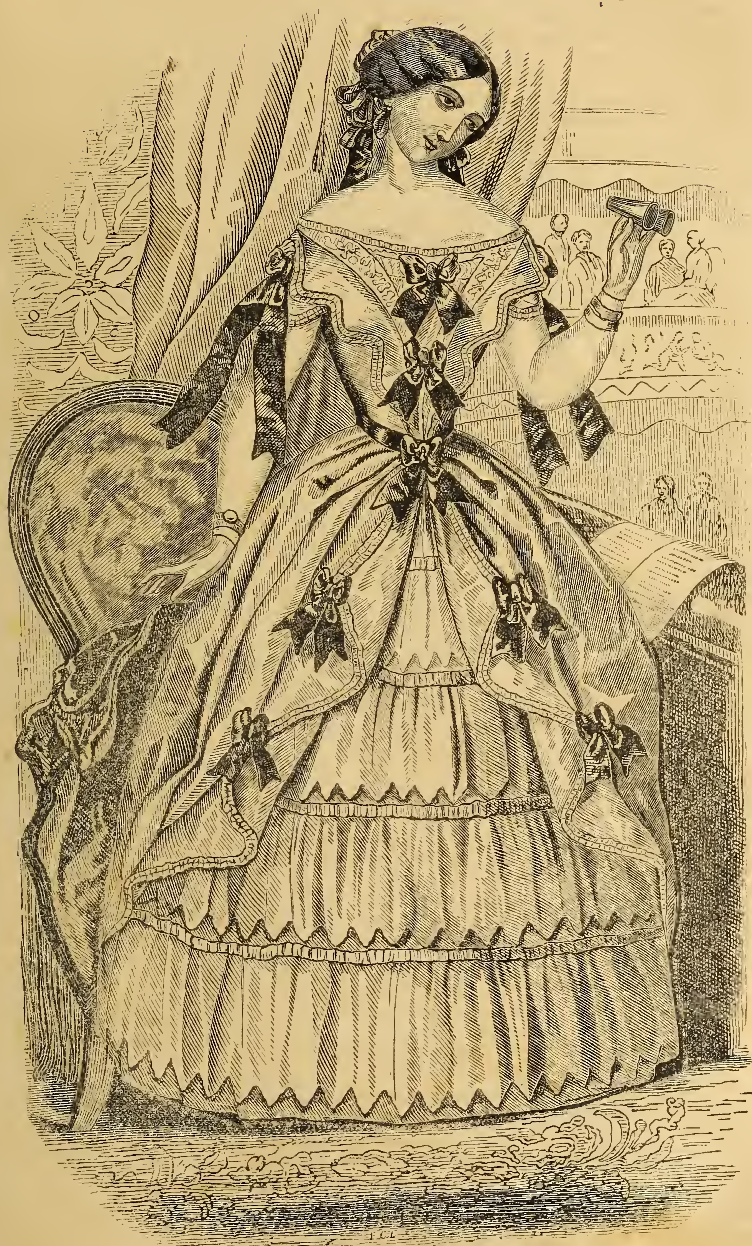
To preserve, in dressing, the full nourishment of meats, and their properties of digestiveness, forms a most important part of the art of cooking; for these ends the object to be kept in mind is to retain as much as possible the juices of the meat, whether roast or boiled. This, in the case of boiling meat, is best done by placing it at once in briskly boiling water; the albumen on the surface and to some depth, is immediately coagulated, and thus forms a kind of covering which neither allows the water to get into the meat, nor the meat juice into the water. The water should then be kept just under boiling until the meat be thoroughly done, which it will be when every part has been heated to about 165 degrees, the temperature at which the coloring matter of the blood coagulates or fixes; at 133 degrees the albumen sets, but the blood does not, and therefore the meat is red and raw.

The same rules apply to roasting; the meat should first be brought near enough to a bright fire to brown the outside, and then should be allowed to roast slowly.

Belonging to this question of waste and nourishment, it is to be noted, that the almost everywhere-agreed-upon notion that soup, which sets into strong jelly, must be the most nutritious, is altogether a mistake. The soup sets because it contains the gelatine or glue of the sinews, flesh, and bones; but on this imagined richness alone it has, by recent experiments, been proved that no animal can live. The jelly of bones boiled into soup, can furnish only jelly for our bones; the jelly of sinew or calf's feet can form only sinew; neither flesh nor its juices set into a jelly. It is only by long boiling we obtain a soup that sets, but in a much less time we get all the nourishing properties that meat yields in soups which are no doubt useful in cases of recovery from illness when the portions of the system in which it occurs have been wasted, but in other cases, though easily enough digested; jelly is unwholesome, for it loads the blood with not only

* Continued from page 576, vol. 1.

Paris Fashions for January.



useless but disturbing products. Nor does jelly stand alone. Neither can we live on meat which has been cleared of fat, long boiled, and has had all the juice pressed out of it; a dog so fed, lost in forty-three days a fourth of his weight; in fifty-five days he bore all the appearance of starvation, and yet such meat has all the muscular fibre in it. In the same way, animals fed on pure casein, albumen, fibrin of vegetables, starch, sugar, or fat, died, with every appearance of death by hunger.

Further experiment showed that these worse than useless foods were entirely without certain matters which are always to be found in the blood, namely, phosphoric acid, potash, soda, lime, magnesia, oxide of iron,* and common salt, (in certain of these we may mention, by way of parenthesis, that veal is especially deficient, and hence its difficulty of digestion and poor nutrient properties.) These salts of the blood, as they are termed in chemistry, are to be found in the several wheys and juices of meat, milk, pulse, and grain. Here then was the proof complete, that such food, to support life, must contain the several ingredients of the blood, and that the stomach cannot make, nor the body do without the least of them.

It is an established truth in physiology, that man is omnivorous—that is, constituted to eat almost every kind of food which, separately, nourishes other animals. His teeth are formed to masticate, and his stomach to digest flesh, fish, and all farinaceous and vegetable substances—he can eat and digest these even in a raw state; but it is necessary to perfect them for his nourishment in the most healthy manner, that they be prepared by cooking—that is, softened by the action of fire and water.

In strict accordance with this philosophy, which makes a portion of animal food necessary to develop and sustain the human constitution, in its most perfect state of physical, intellectual, and moral strength and beauty, we know that now in every country, where a mixed diet is habitually used, as in the temperate climates, there the greatest improvement of the race is to be found, and the greatest energy of character. It is that portion of the human family, who have the means of obtaining this food at least once a day, who now hold dominion over the earth. Forty thousand of the beef-fed British, govern and control ninety millions of the rice-eating natives of India.

In every nation on earth, the *rulers*, the men of power, whether princes or priests, almost invariably use a portion of animal food. The people are often compelled, either from poverty or policy, to abstain. Whenever the time shall arrive that every *peasant* in Europe is able to "put his pullet in the pot, of a Sunday," a great improvement will have taken place in his character and condition; when he can have a portion of animal food, properly cooked, once each day, he will soon become a *man*.

In our own country, the beneficial effects of a generous diet, in developing and sustaining the energies of a whole nation, are clearly evident. The severe and unremitting labors of every kind, which were requisite to subdue and obtain dominion of a wilderness world, could not have been done by a half-starved, suffering people. A larger quantity and better quality of food are necessary here than would have supplied men in the old countries, where less action of body and mind are permitted.

Still, there is great danger of excess in all indulgences of the appetite; even when a present benefit may be obtained, this danger should never be forgotten. The tendency in our country has been to excess in animal food. The advocates of the vegetable diet system have good cause for denouncing this excess, and the indiscriminate use of flesh. It was, and now is, frequently given to young children—infants before they have teeth,—a sin against nature, which often costs the life of the poor little sufferer; it is eaten too freely by the sedentary and delicate; and to make it worse still, it is eaten, often in a half-cooked state, and swallowed without sufficient chewing. All these things are wrong, and ought to be reformed.

It is generally admitted that thè French excel in the economy of their cooking. By studying the appropriate flavors for every dish, they contrive to dress all the broken pieces of meats, and make a variety of dishes from vegetables at a small expense.

Next to the knowledge of the differences in the human constitution, and the nature of the food proper for man, this study of flavors and art of re-cooking to advantage is to be prized by the good housekeeper. Every family who has a garden spot should cultivate those vegetables and herbs which are requisite for seasoning—horse-radish, onions, celery, mustard, capsicum, (red-pepper,) sage, summer savory, mint, &c., &c., are easily raised. These, if rightly prepared, will be sufficient for all common culinary purposes, and a little care and study will enable the housekeeper to flavor her meats, gravies, and vegetables in the best manner.

Bear in mind, that in preparing food, three things are to be united, the promotion of health, the study of economy, and the gratification of taste.

Miss Pennell, niece of the Hon. Horace Mann, has been appointed Professor of the Latin Language, and Literature, in Antioch College, Ohio, of which Mr. Mann was chosen President.*

When work season comes, work in earnest; and when the play time comes, enjoy it. Have a time for everything, and everything in its time.

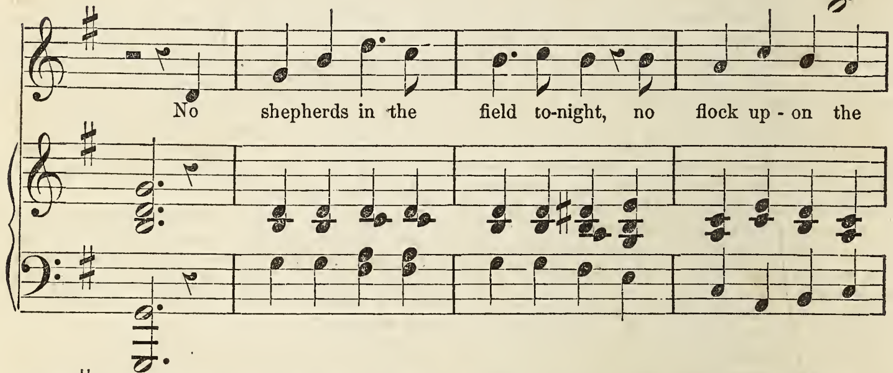
*Some determined advocates of the vegetable system maintain, that the teeth and stomach of the monkey correspond, in structure, very closely with that of man, yet it lives on fruits—therefore, if man followed nature, he would live on fruits and vegetables. But though the anatomical likeness between man and monkeys is striking, yet it is not complete; the difference may be and doubtless is precisely that which makes a difference of diet necessary to nourish and develope their dissimilar natures. Those who should live as the monkeys do, would most closely resemble them.

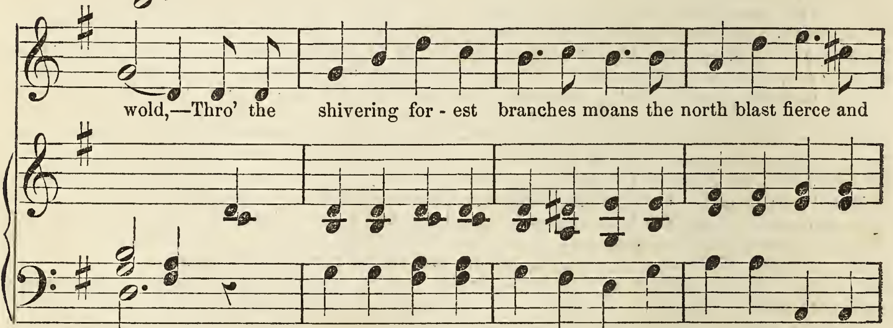
* This little paragraph contains some crumbs of comfort for the Society to "Give Women whatever they want."

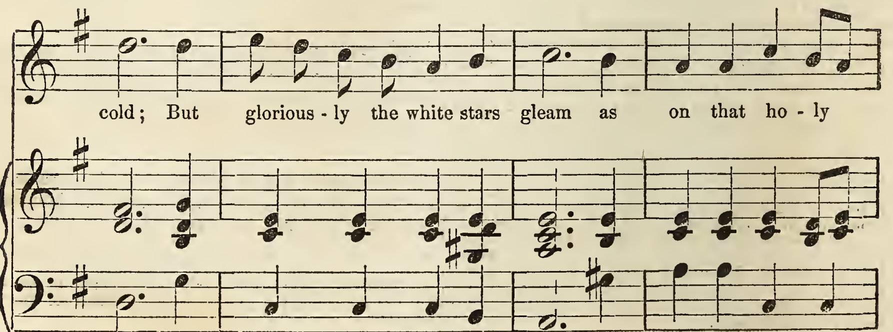
A CANADIAN CHRISTMAS CAROL.

THE POETRY FROM THE "MAPLE LEAF;" THE MUSIC COMPOSED AND INSCRIBED TO MISS M. JANE DAVIS,

BY J. P. CLARKE, MUS. BAC.







even, When the her - ald An - gels' chorus swell'd thro' the bright Ju - dean

heav'n.

Oh, Earth! the white shroud wraps thee now, in Death's cold grasp thou art,
Thy tears, thy music, bound alike in the ice-chain on thine heart;
So lay the darken'd world of sin when the Angels spread abroad
The glorious tale of the Virgin-born—the birth of Incarnate God!

Melt, melt, oh, cold and stony heart! ev'n as the ice-bonds shiver,
When Spring breathes soft on the frozen wood, when warm winds loose the river;
The Angel-vision sheds on thee its glorious, softening ray—
The Angel-song is for thine ear: "A Saviour's born to-day!"

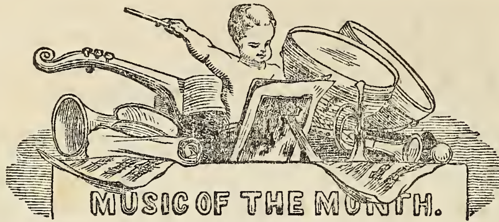
Morn, on the sparkling wilds of snow—morn, on the frozen west!
The holy chimes float musical o'er the deep wood's solemn breast;
And the winter sun plays cheerily on the wealth of bright green wreaths
Which through the lowly forest-shrine a spring-like freshness breathes.

Frail monitors! your verdure speaks, all eloquently bright,
Of a lustrous summer morn to break on Life's long, wintry night—
Of the waving palms—the crystal streams—the everlasting flowers
Beyond the jasper battlement, by the Golden City's towers.

Let the wild wind sweep the snows without—within be joy and mirth—
Let happy households cheerly meet around the Christmas hearth:
One welcome pledge must circle round—"Be happy hearts and smiles
To all we love in the Forest Land: to all in the Parent Isles!"

The Christmas hearth! ah! pleasant spot, where joyful kindred meet—
Kind eyes, with love and gladness lit, scarce mark the vacant seat;
And if too-faithful Memory turn, to mourn the loved, the fair—
Look up—the Shepherds' star's in Heaven—the lost one waits thee there.

Wake thy ten thousand voices, Earth! outpour thy floods of praise—
Up to the crystal gates of Morn the deep hosannas raise;
Till heavenward-wafted, seraph-wing'd, they pierce the illumin'd zone,
Where the Church-triumphant's anthem floats round the Everlasting Throne.



THE annual concert of the Vocal Music Society will take place on the 11th January.—Among the treats prepared for the Torontonians are—

"Lo! He cometh!"—Oratorio of David.
"And the glory of the Lord."
The celebrated trio and chorus from "The Creation—"The Lord is great."
"Full fathom five"—from "The Tempest."
"The Three Huntsmen."—Kreutzner.
"Galatea, dry thy tears"—Acis and Galatea.
"The Miller and his Men."

We recommend every one, who can, not to lose this concert. A presentation will take place between the parts.

We are happy to perceive that the subscription list for Mr. Paige's concerts present such a numerous array of fashionable and music-loving names. This tells well for Toronto, and would lead us to hope that a taste for correct music is awakened. We are requested to say that Mr. Paige, being desirous that all should have the advantage of procuring tickets at subscription prices, will leave the list open a short time longer. The first concert of the series will probably take place towards the end of January.

TORONTO DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION, ROYAL LYCEUM.

WE seldom notice theatrical performances of any kind, whether professional or amateur, but the above Society, which has been giving a series of entertainments during the past month, has been established on a footing that calls for more than a passing notice.

In the first place, the Society is composed of a most respectable set of young men, who, with the Manager and Director, are, irrespective of their Thespian claims, well and favorably known to the great mass of our citizens Their selection of pieces has been judicious, more than could be well accomplished has not been attempted, and we have noticed, with great pleasure, in all pieces produced, a careful and proper pruning of such passages as could offend the most refined or fastidious taste. The result has been that, from the quality of the pieces, and the really good style of acting, the Lyceum has been patronised this season to a greater extent than heretofore.

The entertainments have been well got up, the characters generally well dressed, and, on the whole, the Society deserves great credit for their attempts to awaken a healthy tone amongst the play-going portion of the community.

On the 22nd ult., that amusing little piece of *Box and Cox*, was produced, and from the spirited style of acting, drew down thunders of applause from a very crowded house. This piece will bear repetition, and the same actors would do well to attempt *Paul Pry*, *Pong-Wong*, the *Village Lawyer*, the *Illustrious stranger*, or some other after pieces of like character.

The following Musical Publications are recommended for purchase:—

Glover, C. W. "The lady's letter." 25cts. Oliver Ditson, Boston. Words *piquant* and music pretty.

Maeder, J. G. Harmonized songs. No. 5. "Thou art gone from my gaze." 39cts. No. 7. "My dreams are now no more of thee." 38cts. Hall & Son, New York. Two good songs, tastefully and pleasingly arranged in four parts by Mr. Maeder. We commend this series, generally, to all who are fond of good quartette singing.—We observe that six pieces of the series are already published.

Grobe, Charles. "Buds and blossoms," six sacred melodies varied for piano. No. 4. "Come ye disconsolate." 38cts. Lee & Walker, Philadelphia. Variations upon sacred airs are rather a novelty; the present number is simple, and well enough in its way.

Crosby, L. V. H. "The poor Irish boy." Song. 25cts. G. W. Brainard & Co., Louisville. A very fine song. Words and music equally good.

Rice, Henry. "The blue-bell quickstep." 25cts. Gould & Berry, New York. "Blue-bell" is a favorite air of ours, and in a quickstep it does not sound badly.

THE

ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.—TORONTO: FEBRUARY, 1853.—No. 2.

A HISTORY OF THE WAR

BETWEEN GREAT BRITAIN AND THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,

DURING THE YEARS 1812, 1813, AND 1814.

—

INTRODUCTORY CHAPTERS ON THE CAUSES OF THE WAR.

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CHAPTER II.

From Mr. Madison's Administration to the Declaration of War.

4th March, 1809. ...... 18th June, 1812.

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Mr. Madison's Inauguration, 4th March, 1809.

Mr. Jefferson, with whose retirement from office we closed our last chapter, was succeeded by Mr. Madison, who, on the 4th March 1809, took the oath of office, with the ceremony usual on such occasions. It may be taken as a hint of what was to be the future policy of his country, in their efforts to make themselves as independent as possible of British manufactures, that he was dressed at his inauguration "in a full suit of cloth of American manufacture." The circumstance was significant; and sufficiently evinced the determination of the United States to continue indebted to Great Britain for no more than was imperatively necessary. The President's attire indicated the spirit of the nation; and that spirit, still further stimulated by the complete cessation of commercial intercourse produced by the war, has rendered the market which Great Britain now finds in the United States for her manufactures, greatly inferior to what it ought to have been, considering the rapid increase in the population of the neighbouring republic, and to what it certainly would have been but for the war. At the time of Mr. Madison's accession, the Non-intercourse Act of the 1st March 1809 was, of course, in operation, which, it will be remembered, bore equally upon both of the belligerent powers; and contained a clause giving to the President the power of renewing trade with that one of the two contending nations which should first revoke its hostile edicts, so far as these affected the United States.

Negotiation of Mr. Erskine with Mr. Madison.

Mr. Rose, the British Envoy before mentioned, who returned home, *re infecta*, in the spring of 1808, was succeeded by Mr. Erskine. He was the son of the celebrated Judge Erskine, and a man of talent; but of a sanguine temperament; very favourably disposed towards the United States, partly, no doubt, from his having resided there; and too readily confiding in the fair professions of those old tacticians—Messrs. Madison, Gallatin, and Smith, with whom, during his negotiation, he had to deal. When we make the remark that these last named gentlemen had the advantage of Mr. Erskine in the way of experience and ingenuity, we do not wish it to be understood that we consider them as having made promises to the British minister which

they had no intention of performing. On the contrary, the embarrassments of Mr. Madison's administration, in consequence of the non-intercourse act which he inherited from his predecessor, were so vexatious at the time that Mr. Erskine entered on the negotiation, that the President was in the humour of making concessions; and if he did make very material concessions to Great Britain, during that negotiation, we must regard them as extorted by his difficulties, without considering that he had it in view afterwards to evade them. Messrs. Smith and Gallatin, with apparent frankness and great freedom, spoke to Mr. Erskine of the favourable views and intentions of their government; Mr. Madison with greater caution; but all with an air and manner of sincere friendship, of the genuineness of which Mr. Erskine appears to have been fully convinced; in which Mr. Canning, on the other hand, at that time British Secretary for Foreign Affairs, seems to have put little or no faith at all. Mr. Canning, we feel convinced, was not very far wrong in his low estimate of the alleged friendliness of Mr. Madison's administration generally; but in this particular instance we could have wished that the secretary's sagacious scepticism had yielded to the confidence so generously reposed by the young envoy in the protestations he received. In consequence of Mr. Erskine's representations of what he believed to be an improved temper and tone of feeling in the United States, Mr. Canning—though he stated that he could see no symptoms of the satisfactory change suggested by Mr. Erskine—sent him new instructions, in two separate dispatches of the same date, (Jan. 23); one relating to the affair of the Chesapeake, the other to the Orders in Council.

In the former of these two dispatches, ample reparation for the attack on the Chesapeake was offered, in a promise that the men taken from that vessel should be restored; whilst it was added, His Majesty would be willing, "as an act of spontaneous generosity," to make a provision for the widows and orphans of the men who had been killed in the action. The proffered reparation was accepted; but the official note, intimating the President's acceptance of it, closed with the rude and most ungracious clause,—inserted, as Mr. Smith afterwards alleged, against his remonstrances, and by Mr. Madison's express direction:—"I have it in express charge from the President to state, that while he forbears to insist on a further punishment of the offending officer, he is not the less sensible of the justice and utility of such an example, nor the less persuaded that it would best comport with what is due from His Britannic Majesty to his own honour." This impertinent lecture on the principles of honor, addressed by Mr. Madison to His Britannic Majesty, was so deeply resented by the British Cabinet, that the negotiation relative to the Chesapeake was immediately broken off in consequence, and Mr. Erskine was severely censured for transmitting a note, containing language so discourteous and unbecoming. Offensive as this breach of propriety was, the British Cabinet, it must be confessed, carried their resentment of it too far, when they made it a reason for withholding reparation for an acknowledged wrong.

In regard to the Orders in Council, which were the subject of Mr. Canning's other dispatch, the correspondence between Mr. Erskine and Mr. Smith ended in an assurance given by the former, that "His Majesty's Orders in Council of January and November 1807, will have been withdrawn, as respected the United States, on the 10th June next. "To which Mr. Smith rejoined, that the non-intercourse act would be withdrawn, in virtue of the powers conferred on the President by the act establishing it, from and after the 10th of June;" and a proclamation, to that effect, from him appeared the same day.

Rejoicing in the United States.

The utmost satisfaction was felt in the United States by the Federal party, and by the moderate men at this favourable change. On the 24th of April, five days after the issuing of the President's proclamation declaring the resumption of commercial intercourse with Great Britain, the auspicious event was celebrated in New York by salutes of guns, ringing of church-bells, splendid illuminations, and other demonstrations of public rejoicing. The sentiments of the Federal Press appeared in articles preceded by

headings such as these:—"Triumph of Federal policy—No embargo—No French party—A return of peace, prosperity, and commerce."

Mr. Erskine's arrangement disavowed by the British Government.

In proportion to this enthusiastic joy were the depression in some quarters, and the indignation in others, when, on the 20th July, three weeks after the adjournment of Congress, information reached the United States that Mr. Canning had declared in the House of Commons, that the arrangement made by Mr. Erskine was wholly unauthorised by his instructions, and that the government could not ratify it. A very grave charge against the good faith of the government was advanced by the opposition in both Houses of Parliament; and, in order to rebut this, the instructions were eventually printed and laid open to public inspection. The correctness of Mr. Canning's statement was then apparent, viz.: that Mr. Erskine had acted not only inconsistently with, but in contradiction to his orders; and the opposition were silenced. A comparison of the correspondence between Mr. Erskine and the American government with Mr. Canning's despatch to the former, does indeed exhibit the alleged contradiction in a very strong light; for, whilst in the correspondence no mention is made of any condition besides the withdrawal of the Non-intercourse Act, Mr. Canning in his despatch specifies *three* conditions on which the recall of the Orders was to be contingent. "First—the repealing as to Great Britain, but the keeping in force as to France, and all countries adopting her decrees, so long as those decrees were continued, all existing American non-importation and non-intercourse acts, and acts excluding foreign ships of war. Second—the renunciation by the United States, during the present war, of any pretensions to carry on any trade with the colonies of belligerents, not allowed in time of peace; and, third—the allowing British ships of war to enforce by capture the American non-intercourse with France and her allies." With terms so express and positive as these before him, it seems amazing that Mr. Erskine should have ventured to conclude even a "conditional agreement" as he described that into which he entered, merely on the single condition of the withdrawal of the Non-intercourse Act as regarded Great Britain. But the British Envoy, though ready to put a liberal interpretation on his instructions, was not so venturous as might at first sight appear. Mr. Madison—so uneasy was he under his political dilemma, and so anxious to extricate himself from it even with humiliation—had, in words, conceded substantially all the demands of the British Government; to make those concessions definitive was beyond his power, as it was indispensable to refer them to Congress, which was not at that time in session. His perplexities lead us to the conviction that he would have kept his word, and done his best to obtain from Congress its sanction of his verbally expressed understanding with Mr. Erskine. That gentleman trusted to Mr. Madison's good faith: Mr. Canning, we suspect, did not. "The refusal of the English Ministry to ratify Mr. Erskine's arrangement," writes Mr. Alison, "although justified in point of right by Napoleon's violence, and Mr. Erskine's deviation from his instructions, may now well be characterized as one of the most unfortunate resolutions, in point of expediency, ever adopted by the British Government; for it at once led to the renewal of the Non-intercourse Act of the United States; put an entire stop for the next two years to all commerce with that country; reduced the exports of Great Britain fully a third during the most critical and important year of the war; and, in its ultimate results, contributed to produce that unhappy irritation between the two countries, which has never yet, notwithstanding the strong bonds of natural interest by which they are connected, been allayed." On the 9th August, in consequence of the non-fulfilment of the Erskine arrangement, the President issued a proclamation withdrawing the proclamation previously issued; thereby leaving in full effect the Non-intercourse Act both against Great Britain and France.

Mission and Recall of Mr. Jackson.

Mr. Erskine was recalled, and succeeded by Mr. Francis James Jackson, who arrived at Washington in the month of October. He had done his country service at Copenhagen,

in the negotiation which preceded the seizure of the Danish fleet, a circumstance not likely to recommend him to the government of the United States. From the moment of his landing to his departure in about a month's time, he was subject to galling insults in different degrees, from the President, the populace, and the press. His recall, at last, was requested by the United States government, and, of course, granted by the British Cabinet, though without any mark of disapprobation on the part of his sovereign.

Decree of Rambouillet: May 18th, 1810.

The forbearance of the United States with France was tried to the uttermost, and stood the shock, in the Decree of Rambouillet—the climax of French rapacity—issued on the 18th May, 1810. By this all vessels sailing under the flag of the United States, or owned wholly or in part by any American citizen, which, since the 20th May, 1809, had entered, or which should thereafter enter, any of the ports of France or her colonies, or countries occupied by French armies should be seized. This act was carried into immediate execution; the number of sequestered ships amounted to one hundred and sixty, the value of which was calculated at one million of francs. Yet even this devastating sweep excited no war-spirit in the United States; there was, to be sure, sharp and vehement remonstrance about it; but the spoliation was never resented as the grievances laid to the charge of Great Britain were resented; and the French Emperor never atoned, nor even evinced the slightest disposition to atone, for it.

Pretended Revocation of the French Decrees: 1st November, 1810.

The Emperor of France, growing impatient under his ineffectual attempt to drive the United States into war with Great Britain, thought proper at last to affect a conciliatory policy towards the North American republic, and to try what fair and plausible professions could accomplish. Without any intention, as his subsequent proceedings shewed, of keeping his hands off their vessels, the confiscation of which had all along furnished so convenient a tribute to his impoverished exchequer, Buonaparte determined, at least, to change his tone. The disappointment and dissatisfaction prevailing in the United States in consequence of the disallowance of the Erskine arrangement gave him pleasure; and, more particularly, the act against Great Britain with which the session of Congress had terminated was altogether to his taste. The Duke of Cadore—his minister—was accordingly instructed to make to the American minister, Mr. Armstrong, the following declaration, which was communicated in a note dated 5th August:—"At present Congress retraces its steps. The act of the 1st March, 1809 (the Non-intercourse act as regards France) is revoked: the ports of America are open to French trade; and France is no longer shut to America. Congress, in short, engages to declare against the belligerent which shall refuse to recognise the rights of neutrals. In this new state of things, I am authorised to declare to you that the decrees of Berlin and Milan are revoked; and that from the 1st November they shall cease to be executed, it *being well understood*, that in consequence of this declaration, the English shall revoke their Orders in Council, and renounce the new principles of blockade, which they have attempted to establish, or that the United States shall cause the right to be respected by the British. The President of the United States with eager delight laid hold of this *conditional* revocation; dependent though it was on a condition which Buonaparte knew very well, and Mr. Madison might have known, too, was on the part of Great Britain wholly inadmissable. On the very next day after that on which it was conditionally promised they should be revoked, Madison issued a proclamation asserting that "the said edicts *have been* revoked;" and that "the enemy *ceased* on the first day of that month to violate the neutral commerce of the United States." But the President's gratification was unwarranted, and his proclamation premature. There had been—as we shall see hereafter—no revocation.

Intelligence of this prospective revocation of the French decress was communicated at once to Mr. Pinckney, the United States Minister at London, who, without delay proceeded on the 25th August following to make a formal call on the British Government to repeal their Orders in Council. Lord Wel-

lesley, very naturally, replied that it would be necessary to wait to see whether the French decrees would be actually repealed. Subsequently, when a temporary intermission of French violence, together with the release of some detained American vessels, afforded color for the government of the United States asserting, and probably at the time hoping, that the French decrees had been virtually repealed, though no authentic document beyond the Duke of Cadore's note had appeared to that effect; Mr. Pinckney laboured strenuously and repeatedly to prove to the British Cabinet that those decrees had actually been repealed, and reiterated his demands, that the Orders in Council should be annulled. Lord Wellesley replied that, "admitting the Duke of Cadore's letter to be correctly interpreted by Pinckney, as announcing a repeal of the French decrees to commence absolutely on the first of November, but conditional as to its continuance, or the recall, within a reasonable time, of the British Orders, he should not hesitate to concede such a recall, *had that been the only thing required.* But there was another condition mentioned in that letter wholly inadmissable—the renouncing what were called "the new British principles of blockade."

What France required was the relinquishment by England of "her new principles of blockade;" an expression which unquestionably implied much more than a mere declaration by the British Cabinet that, as a matter of fact, the blockade of 1806 had, as an actual blockade, ceased to exist. We do not see how the British Government could have disputed that point, seeing it was a thing obvious to the eyes of any man, that Lord Keith's ships no longer watched the coast between Brest and the Elbe; Lord Wellesley, we consider, admitted as much, when he told Mr. Pinckney that the blockade of 1806 was included in the more extensive Orders in Council; that is, he admitted, we take it, that the line of coast originally confined by actual blockade was no longer in that predicament; but, in common with the rest of France, affected by the retaliation of Buonaparte's own paper blockades. But this admission, expressed or implied, was not what France wanted. Her view of the case was this:—"Granting that Britain had 160 vessels* to blockade thirty ports and harbours of ours; she did not invest those ports and harbours by land as well as by sea; and, therefore, in our estimation, it was no actual blockade. It was Great Britain's new principles of blockade. She must, notwithstanding her immense naval force, put that blockade virtually on the same footing with the Berlin and Milan Decrees; she must deny its existence, and—what we are especially aiming at—she must acknowledge its insufficiency. She must do this before our promised repeal of our decrees in favour of the United States is to take effect; and, in doing so, it is to be distinctly understood that in future, unless she can beleaguer our seaport towns by land as well as by sea, there will be no actual blockade." That is, Great Britain was not to shut up the French ports from foreign intercourse, and debar them from foreign supplies—how effectually soever she might be able to do it with her powerful navy—until her Peninsular heroes should have crossed the Pyrenees. Then, if she chose, she might use her fleets to co-operate with her troops on land. The transcendent insolence of such terms is equalled only by their prodigious absurdity; and yet this was what France meant by Great Britain "renouncing her new principles of blockade." These, or a declaration of war by the United States against Great Britain, were the conditions on which the Berlin and Milan Decrees were, by an anticipation, repealed as regarded the United States. The French government, in short, revoked, or more strictly promised to revoke, their decrees in favour of the United States, on the understanding that one of two things was to follow: either that Great Britain should be entrapped into the surrender of her maritime superiority; of which being in itself flagrantly absurd, France, we must believe, entertained no expectation,—or that the United States would go to war with Great Britain: this latter alternative being, as they no doubt imagined, the more probable of the two; and which, within less than two years, was the actual issue of French stratagem and American irascibility.

* This was the force actually watching the French coast in 1806.

This revocation, then, which was so paraded in public documents of Mr. Madison's Administration, and triumphantly quoted both in those documents and in Congress, as creating an irresistible claim on Great Britain for the repeal of her Orders, was nothing more than a revocation contingent on impossible conditions, and was, therefore, no revocation at all. It was simply a piece of French intrigue, seen through without difficulty by the British Cabinet, as a transparent fraud, and failing, therefore, to draw Great Britain into the snare; but ultimately successful in the other quarter; that is, in aggravating the discontent felt by the United States towards Great Britain, and contributing to bring on hostilities between those two countries. Still, it might be asked,—"Did this French stratagem preclude Great Britain from making a relaxation of her Orders in favour of the United States, supposing that good policy dictated such a step?" Pledged to such a concession she certainly was not, for her pledge—as we have seen—was based on nothing short of an absolute and unconditional repeal on the part of France, which was never made. But was she not at liberty to make the concession of her own accord? We think she was. We cannot see that she was in the slightest degree bound by any interpretation which France might put upon; by any extravagant conditions which her furious adversary, in her own distempered imagination and inflated pretensions, might gratuitously attach to such a concession. She was, it appears to us, altogether in a position to take, and to maintain her own view of her own policy, and to say to the United States:—"It will be mutually advantageous that we should discontinue the restraints which French violence at the first compelled us to put on your commerce; and we do so: we strike off the trammels we imposed; you, of course, abrogating your retaliatory enactments. It is true, the violence of France continues; for, as she has relaxed her Decrees with an understanding utterly ridiculous,—on conditions surpassingly inequitable and absurd,—which can never be fulfilled, she has, in point of fact, not relaxed those Decrees at all. But your Non-Intercourse Act, and our Orders in Council, hurt both you and ourselves, infinitely more than they annoy or injure France, and this we judge to be a sufficient reason for rescinding the Orders. This we are ready to do, without compromising our right, which is sanctioned by all national law and precedent, to close where we can the ports of France with our fleets, which are quite adequate to the maintenance of any actual blockade we have as yet attempted. This relief we are ready to afford you, without for one moment debarring ourselves from turning against our enemy, as God shall give us ability, that maritime superiority, whose crowning honours and strength were bought with the blood of Aboukir and Trafalgar." This, we conceive, would have been good and safe policy on the part of Great Britain. It would have conciliated the United States, and miserably disappointed France, without involving, so far as we can see, any concession detrimental to our maritime superiority, or discreditable to the nation at large. The persistence of the British Cabinet in their original policy at this period, and subsequently, when the Erskine arrangement was disallowed, may be pronounced, we think, unfortunate, and seems, indeed, unaccountable, when we consider how loudly the increasing commercial distress in the British Isles cried out for relief. During the year 1810, two thousand bankruptcies were announced; whilst the elements of the riots which in 1812 broke out in the manufacturing districts were visibly fermenting. We do not mean to attribute the whole of this commercial distress to the Orders in Council and the retaliatory acts of Congress; but we are aware that a great deal of it arose from that source; whilst it may be acknowledged that the chief cause of such a depression was Buonaparte's Continental system,—the confiscation of British merchandise with which it commenced, and the subsequent exclusion of that merchandise from all the Continental ports under his control. The re-establishment of satisfactory relations with the United States would certainly have been, under these circumstances, a measure of relief; and it was simply as a measure of relief to suffering and complaining multitudes that the Orders in Council were, in the end,

rescinded. How much is it to be regretted, we are ready to say, that they had not been rescinded before, when the grounds for revocation were the same, and the revocation would not have come, as it did at last, too late! Menaced with augmented embarrassments; surrounded by affecting evidences of public suffering, and symptoms by no means dubious of an outbreak amongst the lower classes of the people; with the prospect of a diminished revenue at a time when its burthens, entailed by the war with Napoleon, were enormous,—the British Cabinet, unhappily, thought it their duty to hold on their course.

French Seizures and Burnings still continued.

Nothing can show more conclusively the justice of styling Buonaparte's conditional revocation of his Decrees "a pretended revocation," than the fact, that the French still persisted in capturing vessels belonging to the United States, seizing their cargoes, and, in many instances, burning the ships after the cargo had been removed. Buonaparte, it is true, to save appearances, did release by his special license, and not on the ground of the alleged revocation, some United States' merchant-ships which had been detained in French ports; but this was all he did. During the summer of 1811, French privateers in the Baltic and Mediterranean took every American vessel they fell in with, and carried them for condemnation into the ports of Italy, Dantzic, and Copenhagen. At the very moment when the Congress-Committee of November, 1811, were making their report, in which they called their countrymen to arms, and spared no force of language to rouse the deadliest resentment against "British injustice and outrage,"—at that very moment —when France seemed to be as effectually forgotten as though it had formed a part of some distant planet,—a small squadron of French frigates, evading the British surveillance, which might have done the United States some service, had escaped from the Loire, and were pillaging and plundering American vessels in the Atlantic. Great reason, then, had Lloyd for expressing himself as he did, in the Senate, on the 27th June, 1812,—after the declaration of war: "Did the justification of the British Orders in Council depend merely on the non-repeal of the French Decrees, they might then, indeed, well enough stand, since every arrival from Europe brought news of fresh seizures and condemnation of American vessels, under cover of those very edicts of which the repeal was so boldly alleged." With Mr. Hildreth's testimony we leave this topic: "As to the alleged repeal, by France, and the refusal of Great Britain to repeal her orders, which had been made the occasion, first of the revival of non-importation from Great Britain, and now of war; not only had no decree of repeal been produced; not only had no captured American vessel ever been released by any French prize court on the ground of such repeal, but all the public documents of France; the Duke of Cadore, in his report to the Emperor, of December 3, 1810; the Emperor himself, in his address to the Council of Commerce, of March 31, 1811; and the Duke of Bassano, in his recent report of March 10, 1812; all spoke of the Berlin and Milan Decrees as subsisting in full force, the cherished policy of the Empire." Here surely, is ample evidence to show how unmerited was the imputation attempted to be fixed upon Great Britain, of having falsified her pledge.

Mr. Pinckney's departure from London: 1st March, 1811.

After ineffectual efforts to carry out his views and wishes, Mr. Pinckney requested, and, on the 1st March, 1811, obtained his audience of leave from the Prince Regent. In his letter to Mr. Smith, the United States Secretary for Foreign Affairs, describing the interview at Carlton House, he informed his government that the Prince Regent had conveyed to him "explicit declarations of the most amicable views and feelings towards the United States." The business of the legation was left in the hands of a Charge d'Affaires. From this time the government of the United States acted as if the French edicts were revoked; though, as we have shown, captures and seizures were still going on; whence French ships were admitted into the ports of the United States, whilst those of Great Britain were excluded.

Engagement between the United States frigate President, and His Britannic Majesty's sloop of war Little Belt: 16th May, 1811.

Whilst the diplomatic relations of the two countries exhibited this state of growing alienation, an incident occurred at sea, which threatened to precipitate the rupture which the discussion about the Orders in Council was steadily bringing on. On the 16th May, about 14 or 15 leagues from Cape Charles, Captain Bingham, of the British sloop of war Little Belt, at that time looking for her consort, the Guerriere, for which she had dispatches, came in sight of a frigate, with which, on the supposition that she might be the Guerriere, Captain Bingham endeavoured to close. When he had approached sufficiently near, he displayed his private signals; and on these not being answered, he took it for granted that the frigate was an American, abandoned the pursuit, and steered to the south. The frigate in question was the President, Commodore Rogers, which was cruizing in those waters, as one of the home squadron, for the protection of the commerce of the United States. The President, from some motive on the part of her commander which it seems hard to reconcile with amicable intentions, gave chase to the other vessel, so soon as the latter had changed her course. The pursuit of the Little Belt, in the first instance, was afterwards accounted for in the manner we have already stated; but, even at the time, it would naturally have occurred to the Commander of the President that his ship must have been mistaken by the other for either a British or French vessel, and whether that other was British or French could have made no difference to him, as his nation was not at war with either Great Britain or France. Why, then, should he have given chase? He had no antagonist at sea. But, to proceed. As the President was evidently gaining, Captain Bingham, deeming it advisable to speak the stranger before dark, lay to at half-past six o'clock,—having by that time discerned the stars in the President's broad pennant,—and, to guard against surprise, prepared his ship for action. The other approached slowly, with a light breeze, and, as if with hostile intentions, made several efforts to secure the weatherly gage, which, after having been frustrated in some three or four times, by Captain Bingham's manœuvres, she at length succeeded in obtaining. At about a quarter past eight, the vessels were within hail, the distance between them being less than a hundred yards. Up to this hour the accounts on both sides agree; but here we meet with a most perplexing discrepancy in the narratives of the two commanders. Captain Bingham thus states the matter: "I hailed, and asked what ship it was? He repeated my question. I again hailed, and asked what ship it was? He again repeated my words, and fired a broadside, which I immediately returned." Commodore Rogers, on the other hand, gave in this statement: "I hailed, What ship is that? To this inquiry no answer was given; but I was hailed by her commander, What ship is that? After a pause of fifteen or twenty seconds, I reiterated my first inquiry; and before I had time to take the trumpet from my mouth was answered by a shot, that went into our mainmast." The action, however brought on, became general, and lasted for about three-quarters of an hour, at the end of which time the fire of the Little Belt was silenced, as she was reduced almost to a wreck, and none of her guns could be brought to bear. Commodore Rogers stated, that, after four or five minutes he desisted from firing, as he perceived that his adversary was very inferior: but the officers of the Little Belt made no mention of this pause. After the action, Commodore Rogers hailed again, and ascertained the name and character of his small,* but spirited antagonist. He then gave his own, after which the two vessels separated for the night. In the morning, the Commander of the President sent a boat on board the Little Belt, with a message, expressing his regret that the unfortunate collision had taken place, and tendering assistance to his crippled adversary,—an offer which Captain Bingham declined. The Little Belt then made the best of her way to Halifax, severely damaged, with eleven

* A glance at the plate will show the reader the vast difference in size between the vessels. We may take this opportunity of remarking, that, with but two or three exceptions, there was a disparity of force, in favor of the enemy, in every naval action throughout the war.

ENGAGEMENT BETWEEN THE U. S. 44 GUN FRIGATE "PRESIDENT," AND H. B. M.'S 18 GUN SLOOP "LITTLE BELT."

men dead and twenty-one wounded. The President suffered but trifling damage, and lost none of her crew—one only being wounded, and that slightly. No censure was passed on either of the Commanders by their respective Governments. Captain Bingham was deservedly applauded, for so bravely fighting a vessel of 18 guns against one of 44; whilst Commodore Rogers, after having been brought to an open court-martial, at the request of the British minister at Washington, was honourably acquitted. During this inquiry, several of his officers and crew were examined, who bore out his statement, that the Little Belt fired the first shot. To attempt a decision of the question, "Who fired the first shot?" seems a hopeless undertaking, where the evidence on either side is directly contradictory,—captain against captain, and ship against ship: yet it is but just to make the remark, that both the probability of the case, and other circumstances, distinct from the testimony given in, are greatly against the American. It is not probable that a vessel of eighteen guns should have attacked another of forty-four. No hostile design can be attributed to Captain Bingham; for his orders, which were made public after the encounter, expressly cautioned him against giving any unnecessary offence to the government or the people of the United States; and an attack of his on an American frigate would have been a flagrant violation of those orders, such as—we may conceive—no man in his senses, how daring and impetuous soever, would have attempted. The orders, on the other hand, under which the President sailed, were never published, which is somewhat singular; but the United States government disavowed, to Mr. Foster, the British minister, the issuing of any orders of an unfriendly character. In regard to the American orders, however, it is connected with our subject, though it may not be of much importance to state, that an opinion very generally prevailed in the United States, as Mr. Hildreth, the American historian, informs us, that "Rogers had pursued the Little Belt, with the very purpose of avenging on her the still unatoned-for attack on the Chesapeake." In relation to this suspicion of a hostile purpose on the part of the Americans, we must attach great weight to a remark made by Captain Bingham:—"By the manner in which he (Commodore Rogers) apologized, it appeared evident to me that, had he fallen in with a British frigate, he would certainly have brought her to action. And what farther confirms me in that opinion is, that his guns were not only loaded with round and grape shot, but with every scrap of iron that could be collected." As the British Government was satisfied with the disavowal of hostile orders on the part of the United States Government, the matter was allowed to drop: and the excitement arising from it at the moment soon died away.

The President's War Message, 4th November, 1811.

The President, at the close of the year, having called Congress together after a shorter recess than usual, communicated to them, on the 4th November, a message, in which, after enumerating the subjects of complaint against Britain (of which we have already said enough), he suggested the appeal to arms in these words,—"Congress will feel the duty of putting the United States into an armour and an attitude demanded by the crisis, and corresponding with the national expectations."

Nov. 29.

The Committee on Foreign Affairs recommended the raising of 10,000 regulars and 50,000 militia, with other preparations; but, such was the passionate ardour of the Legislature, that the numbers voted were, by a majority of 109 to 22, increased to 25,000 regular troops, and a loan was agreed to of ten millions of dollars.

Jan. 12, 1812.

Was there, to any extent, a secret understanding between the United States and France?

At the very time that the angry majority in Congress were preparing the unhappy collision with Great Britain, the privateers and cruizers of France,, as we have said, under the professed revocation of the French decrees, were repeatedly making captures of American vessels, and seizing their cargoes. It was less than one month prior to the declaration of war against Great Britain, that a correspondence was laid before Congress, by the President, be-

tween Mr. Barlow, the American minister at Paris, and the Secretary of State, in which the former communicated to his government the vexatious intelligence that his efforts to conclude a treaty with France had proved abortive, and that no redress had, as yet, been obtained for the seizures and confiscations either prior or subsequent to the relaxation of the French decrees. It is evident, then, that Buonaparte's relaxation of his decrees in favour of the United States, was not honestly carried out. The grievances of which they complained at the hands of France were, on their own showing, unredressed; and yet the President of the United States found himself unable to "recommend to the consideration of Congress definitive measures in respect to France," in that very message which called his countrymen to arms against Great Britain. In that message, every subject of discontent with the British Government was paraded in the manner, and with the embittering language, best calculated to inflame, to the highest degree, the rising passions of the nation. No peace; no breathing-time; no further waiting, for what the future might still bring forth as the foundation of pacification, was to be permitted. It is true, the United States had waited long,—had suffered long; and too long, also, had the British Ministry—as it proved—withheld the concession which, had it been made sooner, might not, perhaps, have wholly sweetened the bitter waters of strife, but would, at least, have strengthened the friends of peace in the American Congress, whilst, in corresponding measure, it would have embarrassed the fiery spirits in that body, and have prevented possibly, (though we do not feel sure of this,) the outbreak of war. But, if the patience of the United States had been tried by Great Britain, (which we do not deny,) it had been tried, perhaps with equal severity, by France too; and yet—so unequally did the spirit of retaliation work!—the wrongs charged upon Great Britain were to be fiercely and promptly effaced with blood; whilst those which had been suffered, and were still endured, from France, remained a matter for discussion; Congress, in regard to these, still taking time "to decide with greater advantage on the course due to the rights, the interests, the honour of their country."* The contrast is too obvious to be overlooked;—the temper of "sudden quarrel" towards Great Britain,—the long-suffering with France. The bias in Napoleon Buonaparte's favour appears in a still stronger light; if it be truly alleged—as has been done—that there was a general impression in the United States that the repeal of the Orders could not be far distant; and that, acting under that impression, the democratic party did their utmost to press the declaration of war before intelligence of the expected repeal should have reached America. Be this as it may; the small, but able minority expressed in energetic terms their sense of the inconsistency of declaring war with one adversary only, when two had given equal provocation. "As the injuries (said they) which we have received from France are at least equal in amount to those we have sustained from England, and have been attended with circumstances of still greater insult and aggravation; if war were necessary to vindicate the honour of the country, consistency and impartiality required that both nations should have been included in the declaration."† ‡ We have

* President's Message of 1st June, 1812.

† Other passages, besides the two we have incorporated with the text, are worthy of republication.

‡ "Resolutions passed at a Convention of Delegates from several Counties of the State of New York, held at the Capitol, in the City of Albany, on the 17th and 18th days of September, 1812."

"Resolved, that without insisting on the injustice of the present war, taking solely into consideration the time and circumstances of its declaration, the condition of the country, and state of the public mind, we are constrained to consider, and feel it our duty to pronounce it a most rash, unwise, and inexpedient measure; the adoption of which ought for ever to deprive its authors of the esteem and confidence of an enlightened people—because, as the injuries we have received from France, are at least equal in amount to those we have sustained from England, and have been attended with circumstances of still greater insult and aggravation—if war were necessary to vindicate the honor of the country, consistency and impartiality required that both nations should have been included in the declaration. Because if it were deemed expedient to exercise our right of selecting our adversary, prudence and common

already recorded our persuasion, that Mr. Madison was entangled in the toils of French intrigue; and we have not formed that opinion without, as we think, sufficient evidence. Still we do not desire to convey the impression, in itself preposterous, that either Mr. Madison or his coadjutors were so devoid of patriotism, as to be simply desirous of serving France, without a primary regard to what they considered would best conduce to the interests of their own country. It may be asked, however, how could it enter into their minds to suppose that the interests of the United States would be best promoted by selecting for their adversary the one of the two offending nations which, in peace, maintained with them the closest relations, founded on a commerce eminently prosperous and profitable; and, in war, had the means of giving them the heaviest blows? The force of this objection was felt by the minority, whose language we have already quoted: "If it were deemed expedient (they urged) to exercise our right of selecting our

sense dictated the choice of an enemy, from whose hostility we had nothing to dread. A war with France would equally have satisfied our insulted honour, and at the same time, instead of annihilating, would have revived and extended our commerce—and even the evils of such a contest would have been mitigated by the sublime consolation, that by our efforts we were contributing to arrest the progress of despotism in Europe, and essentially serving the great interests of freedom and humanity throughout the world. Because a republican government, depending solely for its support on the wishes and affections of the people, ought never to declare a war, into which the great body of the nation are not prepared to enter with zeal and alacrity; as where the justice and necessity of the measure are not so apparent as to unite all parties in its support, its inevitable tendency is, to augment the dissentions that have before existed, and by exasperating party violence to its utmost height, prepare the way for civil war. Because, before a war was declared, it was perfectly well ascertained, that a vast majority of the people in the middle and northern states, by whom the burden and expenses of the contest must be borne almost exclusively, were strongly opposed to the measure. Because we see no rational prospect of attaining, by force of arms, the objects for which our rulers say we are contending—and because the evils and distresses which the war must of necessity occasion, far overbalance any advantages we can expect to derive from it. Because the great power of England on the ocean, and the amazing resources she derives from commerce and navigation, render it evident, that we cannot compel her to respect our rights and satisfy our demands, otherwise than by a successful maritime warfare; the means of conducting which we not only do not possess, but our rulers have obstinately refused to provide. Because the exhausted state of the treasury, occasioned by the destruction of the revenue derived from commerce, should the war continue, will render necessary a resort to loans and taxes to a vast amount—measures by which the people will be greatly burthened, and oppressed, and the influence and patronage of the executive alarmingly increased. And, finally, because of a war begun with such means as our rulers had prepared, and conducted in the mode they seem resolved to pursue, we see no grounds to hope the honourable and successful termination."

"Whereas the late revocation of the British Orders in Council, has removed the great and ostensible cause of the present war, and prepared the way for an immediate accommodation of all existing differences, inasmuch as, by the confession of the present secretary of state, satisfactory and honourable arrangements might easily be made, by which the abuses resulting from the impressment of our seamen, might, in future, be effectually prevented—Therefore,

Resolved, That we shall be constrained to consider the determination on the part of our rulers to continue the present war, after official notice of the revocation of the British Orders in Council, as affording conclusive evidence, that the war has been undertaken from motives entirely distinct from those which have been hitherto avowed, and for the promotion of objects wholly unconnected with the interest and honour of the American nation.

Resolved, That we contemplate with abhorrence, even the possibility of an alliance with the present Emperor of France, every action of whose life has demonstated, that the attainment, by any means, of universal empire, and the consequent extinction of every vestige of freedom, are the sole objects of his incessant, unbounded, and remorseless ambition. His arms, with the spirit of freemen, we might openly and fearlessly encounter; but, of his secret arts, his corrupting influence, we entertain a dread we can neither conquer nor conceal. It is therefore with the utmost distrust and alarm, that we regard his late professions of attachment and love to the American people, fully recollecting, that his invariable course has been, by perfidious offers of protection, by deceitful professions of friendship, to lull his intended victims into the fatal sleep of confidence and security, during which, the chains of despotism are silently wound round and rivetted on them."

In the same strain, during the debate on

adversary, prudence and common sense dictated the choice of an enemy, from whose hostility we had nothing to dread. A war with France would equally have satisfied our insulted honour, and, at the same time, instead of annihilating, would have revived and extended our commerce."* But there were countervailing considerations falling in with, whilst, on the other hand, every cause of complaint against France was borne along and overwhelmed by the current of the popular antipathy to Great Britain. "Everything in the United States," says James, in his Naval History, "was to be settled by a calculation of profit and loss. France had numerous allies,—England scarcely any. France had no contiguous territory; England had the Canadas ready to be marched into at a moment's notice. France had no commerce; England had richly-laden merchantmen traversing every sea. England, therefore, it was against whom the death-blows of America were to be levelled."* These considerations, no

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the War-Report, did Mr. Randolph speak in Congress:—

This war of conquest (he said), a war for the acquisition of territory and subjects, is to be a new commentary on the doctrine that republics are destitute of ambition—that they are addicted to peace, wedded to the happiness and safety of the great body of their people. But it seems this is to be a holiday campaign—there is to be no expense of blood, or treasure, on our part —Canada is to conquer herself—she is to be subdued by the principles of fraternity. The people of that country are first to be seduced from their allegiance, and converted into traitors, as preparatory to the making them good citizens. Although he must acknowledge that some of our flaming patriots were thus manufactured, he did not think the process would hold good with a whole community. It was a dangerous experiment. We were to succeed in the French mode, by the system of fraternization—all is French!—but how dreadfully it might be retorted on the southern and western slaveholding states. He detested this subornation of treason. No—if he must have them, let them fall by the valor of our arms, by fair legitimate conquest; not become the victims of treacherous seduction.

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He was gratified to find gentlemen acknowledging the demoralizing and destructive consequences of the non-importation law—confessing the truth of all that its opponents foretold when it was enacted—and will you plunge yourselves in war, because you have passed a foolish and ruinous law, and are ashamed to repeal it? "But our good friend the French emperor stands in the way of its repeal," and as we cannot go too far in making sacrifices to him, who has given such demonstration of his *love for the Americans*, we must, in point of fact, become parties to his war. "Who can be so cruel as to refuse him this favour?"—His imagination shrunk from the miseries of such a connection. He called upon the house to reflect whether they were not about to abandon all reclamation for the unparalleled outrages "insults and injuries" of the French government—to give up our claim for plundered millions, and asked what reparation or atonement they could expect to obtain in hours of future dalliance, after they should have made a tender of their persons to this great deflowerer of the virginity of republics. We had by our own wise (he would not say *wise-acre*) measures, so increased the trade and wealth of Montreal and Quebec, that at last we began to cast a wistful eye at Canada. Having done so much towards its improvement by the exercise of "our restrictive energies," we began to think the laborer worthy of his hire, and to put in claim for our portion. Suppose it ours—are we any nearer to our point? As his minister said to the king of Epirus, "may we not as well take our bottle of wine before as after this exploit?" Go! march to Canada!—leave the broad bosom of the Chesapeake, and her hundred tributary rivers—the whole line of sea-coast from Machias to St. Mary's, unprotected:—You have taken Quebec—have you *conquered England?* Will you seek for the deep foundations of her power in the frozen deserts of Labrador?"

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Mr. Randolph then proceeded to notice the unjust and illiberal imputation of *British attachments*, against certain characters in this country, sometimes insinuated in that house, but openly avowed out of it. Against whom were these charges brought? Against men who in the war of the revolution were in the council of the nation, or fighting the battles of your country. And *by whom* were they made? *By run-aways* chiefly *from the British dominions*, since the breaking out of the French troubles. He indignantly said—it is insufferable. It cannot be borne. It must and ought, with severity, to be put down in this house—and out of it to meet the *lie direct*. We have no fellow feeling for the suffering and oppressed Spaniards! Yet even *them* we do not reprobate. Strange! that we should have no objection to any other people or government, civilized or savage, in the whole

* Resolutions of the New York Delegates.

* Life and Correspondence of Sir Isaac Brock.

doubt, powerfully contributed to attract the explosion and the shock of war on Britain; but, allowing to these their undeniable influence, we are perfectly satisfied, notwithstanding, that it was not merely the comparison of advantages or risks; it was not solely the answer returned by the oracle of republican shrewdness to the question,—"Whether more were to be gained from a war with Great Britain than with France?" which brought the controversy to its deplorable issue. There were other motives at work. The Government of the United States, and Mr. Madison's Administration more particularly, may not have had precisely "a secret understanding with France:" but there are circumstances, on that head, which—it must be owned—look extremely suspicious. It is curious, at least, to observe how exactly their proceedings contributed to aid the policy of Napoleon Buonaparte. Their embargo, non-intercourse, and non-importation acts were, in name, impartial, for they were avowedly directed against

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world. The great autocrat of all the Russias receives the homage of our high consideration. The dey of Algiers and his divan of pirates are very civil good sort of people, with whom we find no difficulty in maintaining the relations of peace and amity—"Turks, Jews and infidels," *Melimeli*, or the *Little Turtle*, barbarians and savages of every clime and color, are welcome to our arms. With chiefs of banditti, negro or mulatto, we can *treat* and can *trade*. Name, however, but England, and all our antipathies are up in arms against her. Against whom? Against those whose blood runs in our own veins; in common with whom we can claim Shakspeare and Newton, and Chatham for our countrymen: whose form of government is the freest on earth, our own only excepted; from whom every valuable principle of our own institutions has been borrowed—representation—jury trial—voting the supplies—writs of habeas corpus—our whole civil and criminal jurisprudence—against our *fellow Protestants* identified in blood, in language, in religion with ourselves."

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Mr. Sheffey, too, of Virginia, spoke, with equally moral courage, the language of truth, and justice, and common sense:—

You have been told that you could raise volunteers to atchieve the possession of Canada. Where are these volunteers? I have seen none of these patriotic men who were willing to go to Canada in the private rank; all of them want offices. You may raise a few miserable wretches for your army, who would disgrace the service, and only serve as unprincipled minions to their officers. Will your farmers' sons enlist in your army? They will not, sir. Look at the army of '98. It had twelve or fifteen regiments nominally. It was disbanded in eighteen months; when half the men had not been raised. Why, sir, you had more patriotism on paper then even than you have now; and yet you could not raise half the forces for your army. If you pass the bill, you will not raise twenty-five thousand men in three years. The object of the war may by that time vanish. The nation will be saddled with all the vast expenses of these troops for nothing. No nation can safely engage in a foreign war without being prepared for it when they take the resolution. Are you prepared? Your secretary at war has told gentlemen that even blankets could not be procured; and you saw a letter from him yesterday, which informed you that the small supplies for the Indians could not be had without a relaxation of your commercial restrictions. Will you send your soldiers to Canada without blankets? Or do you calculate to take it by the end of the summer, and return home to a more genial clime by the next winter! This would be well enough; but I think it will require several compaigns to conquer Canada.

You will act absurdly if you expect the people of that country to join you. Upper Canada is inhabited by emigrants from the United States. They will not come back to you; they will not, without reason, desert the government, to whom they have gone for protection. No, sir, you must conquer it by force, not by sowing the seeds of sedition and treason among the people.

But, suppose you raise the men, what will Great Britain be doing in the mean time? Will she be asleep? You march to Canada: where will be your security at home? will you desert your own country; will you leave your cities to be sacrificed, plundered and sacked, for the sterile deserts of Canada, of Nova Scotia, and New-Brunswick, and all the frozen regions of the north? Sir, go to Canada, and you will soon have to recal your army to defend your southern soil; to rescue your people from rapine and destruction. You will have to employ your energies in protecting the south from British invasion. Sir, will the little force you leave at home, be able to oppose the power of British 74's? Look at Copenhagen. It is true, sir, as honourable gentlemen say, that I am secure beyond the Alleghany, after eastern states shall have fallen. Liberty is there secure! But as a member of this confederacy, I cannot consent to exchange my present situation for such a state of things."

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"He knew gentlemen would stare at him, when he contended that they were going to

both of the belligerents; but, in reality, they were far from pressing equally on both; for, whilst they scarcely molested France, with her inconsiderable American commerce, they inflicted an injury that was felt, on Great Britain, accustomed, as she had been, to find, before the enactment of those measures, a large and profitable market in the United States. In the manufacturing towns of France no popular commotions were provoked by the commercial restrictions of the United States: those restrictions were the main agent in exciting the most alarming riots in Manchester, Sheffield, and other parts of England, where large numbers of operatives found themselves cut off from the ordinary sources of employment and subsistence. Little did France, in her mad immolation of her best and bravest to the phantom of military glory, appreciate or heed the loss of an extinguished commerce; whilst Britain, dependent on her commerce for the means of protracted resistance, felt the wound,—her Parliament besieged with the petitions of suffering millions; her towns distracted with violent mobs; and the bankruptcies of her merchants year by year increasing. Mr. Jefferson's and Mr. Madison's measures were certainly impartial, in name; far from impartial, in effect. In regard to Mr. Madison's personal feelings, there is nothing to make it improbable, but much to the contrary, that they were identical with those of Mr. Jefferson, to whose school in politics he belonged, whose Secretary of State he had been, and whose influence was exerted for his election to the Presidency. Mr. Madison was one of that party in the revolutionary Congress who set their faces against concluding peace with Great Britain on terms not sanctioned by France; and who, in strict consistency with their vehement French predilections, attempted a censure on Mr. Jay and Mr. Adams, because they had negotiated a treaty of peace, without the consent of the French Government, though that treaty was honourable and advantageous to the United States. It is well known that Washington laboured, in every possible way, even to the length of risking his popularity, to maintain and perpetuate friendly relations with Great Britain; but Mr. Madison opposed his pacific mission to that country in 1794; and, about the same time, whilst the revolutionary rulers of France were ferociously plunging through their dreadful career of massacre and confiscation, Mr. Madison, at that frightful epoch of human calamity, stepped forward in Congress to commence that warfare against British commerce, which he afterwards waged with so much determination,—introducing resolutions which, it is worth remarking, were the same in character with Buonaparte's continental system. We have styled that continental system, as embodied in the Berlin and Milan Decrees, a commercial excommunication of Great Britain,—a view which the American merchants did, in a body, take of Buonaparte's enormous pretensions; but Mr. Madison represented acts, which virtually excluded Great Britain from the pale of civilized nations, and were devised with the avowed purpose of destroying her, as mere "municipal regulations." And, though the ships of his own nation, if detected in the "infamous guilt" of trading with, or through England, were by the Milan Decree, declared to be *denationalized*, and were, in fact, confiscated, with their cargoes, there was queralousness, it is true, in his communications with the French Government, but there was nothing that sounded of war. Our convictions, however, of the more than sympathy,—of the co-operation of Mr. Madison with France,—are founded chiefly on his secret manœuvering in connection with the blockade of 1806. The history of the thing is curious; and, though it may not weigh with all of our readers as it has done with us, we fancy

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war against Great Britain, while she was struggling for the liberties of the world. But this had great weight on his mind. She was the only power that stemmed the torrent of universal despotism. *He* had little experience in the human heart, *who* believed that there would remain any security for us after the maritime dominion, as well as the dominion of the land should be consecrated in the hands of the great Napoleon. These conquerors had always been the same. When they had subdued the world, they sat down and shed tears because they could find no other world to conquer. Our victory over Great Britain would be our defeat."

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that those to whom it may be new, will be, equally with ourselves, interested in it. We give it, therefore, below, as we find it in the London Quarterly Review, of September, 1812; composed of extracts from the New England Farme's pamphlet previously noticed by us, together with the Reviewer's observations.* When our readers have sufficiently examined this curious case, they may attach what force they think is due to the only observation we intend to add to this head, viz., that Mr. Madison—it has been asserted—sent out a copy of his war message to France, in the *Wasp;* and that this is not the only circumstance which affords reason for believing that France for some time be-

* What shall we say if it appear that this *first aggression of* 1806, which is now represented as the immediate cause of the Berlin Decree, was, *for the first time,* suggested by Mr. Madison, in 1806, (through General Armstrong to Buonaparte,) as a justifiable cause of the French decree ?—that this blockade of 1806, which was approved by Mr. Munroe,—was not objected against by Mr. Jefferson in 1808,—was not even mentioned by Mr. Madison in the arrangement made with Mr. Erskine in 1809—but that this great and atrocious injury done to France and America, forgotten, neglected, and not once adverted to in four years' negociation,—was brought forward, *for the first time,* to make a principal figure in 1810, for the express purpose, as it would seem, of throwing in the way invincible obstacles to any adjustment with Great Britain ? Let us hear the 'farmers' on the subject.

"The first notice of it, as far as we can find, is in a letter from General Armstrong to Mr. Smith, our secretary of state, of January 28th, 1810, in which he details a conversation which he had held with Count Champagny, the French minister. In that letter Mr. Armstrong refers to a letter of December 1st, 1809, from Mr. Smith to himself, *which has never been published,* in which he is directed to demand of France—*Whether, if Great Britain revoked her blockades of a date anterior to the decree commonly called the Berlin Decree, His Majesty the Emperor would consent to revoke that decree?"* To which the Emperor, falling into the views of our government, and foreseeing the *snare* which would be laid for Great Britain, insomuch as, if she consented to repeal said orders, it would be an admission that she had been the aggressor upon neutral commerce, and further, it would be an admission that she had no right to exert her *only force,* her *maritime power,* for the coercion of her enemy, replied "*That the* ONLY *condition required for the revocation of the decree of Berlin, will be a previous revocation by Great Britain of her blockades of France, or ports of France, of a date anterior to the aforesaid decree."*

"So far the plot went on prosperously; and if Great Britain had fallen into the project, it would have been made the pretext for preventing any future blockades of even single ports of France, in which armaments for her destruction, or the destruction of her commerce, should be formed; and she would have relinquished to an enemy, whom she cannot attack upon the continent on equal terms, the only weapons which God and her own valour had placed within her power."

The next step was to transmit this project for swindling Great Britain out of her maritime rights to Mr. Pinckney, the American minister in London, who accordingly demanded of Lord Wellesley 'whether Great Britain considered any, and if any, what blockades of the French coast, of a date anterior to the Berlin Decree, in force?' Lord Wellesley briefly answered, that 'the blockade of May, 1806, was comprehended in the Order of Council of January, 1807, which was yet in force.' A month afterwards, 7th March, 1810, Mr. Pinckney again asked 'whether the order of May, 1806, was merged in that of January, 1807 ?' to which Lord Wellesley replied 'that it was comprehended under the more extensive orders of January, 1807.'

Mr. Pinckney, though not quite satisfied with Lord Wellesley's answers, wrote to General Armstrong, 'that the inference from them was, that the blockade of May, 1806, *is virtually at an end,* being merged and comprehended in an Order of Council issued *after* the date of the Berlin Decree.' This inference, however, did not suit any of the intriguing parties; and General Armstrong does not seem to have thought it necessary to ruffle the repose of his Imperial Majesty, by submitting the point to M. Champagny; at least nothing farther appears till the extraordinary letter of the Duc de Cadore, in which the Berlin and Milan Decrees are premised to be repealed, provided Great Britain will repeal her orders, and 'renounce her *principles of blockade* which she wishes to establish :'—'terms,' says the Farmer, 'which every man will perceive might be construed to amount to the surrender of *all* her maritime rights.'

"That there was a secret understanding between our cabinet and that of France, that Great Britain should be required to annul her blockades of a date anterior to the Berlin Decree, and that this suggestion *first* came from our cabinet, will appear from the two following extracts of letters from our secretary Smith, to Mr. Pinckney; the one is dated in July, 1810, in which he says, "you will let it be distinctly understood that the repeal must *necessarily include* an annulment of the blockade of May, 1806; this is the explanation which *will be given* by our minister at Paris to the

fore knew that war would be declared, whilst Great Britain, the other belligerent, said to be impartially treated, never suspected such a thing, even at the moment of repealing her Orders in Council: for, although it evinced strange insensibility to the lowering portents of the future, that the possibility of a war with the United States, arising from those Orders, was never once alluded to by those members of the British Parliament who spoke against them in the debate of June, 1812; still, that very insensibility to transatlantic presages shows, in the strongest manner, how little the catastrophe of war* with the United States was anticipated by Great Britain, five days after† Congress had signed and sealed the warrant for the unnatural strife.

French government, *in case it shall* then be required." It seems it *had not then* BEEN required by France.

"That this was a concerted thing is apparent, from another clause of the same letter, in which Mr. Smith says, that "should Great Britain not withdraw *all her previous partial* blockades, it is probable that France will draw Great Britain and the United States to issue on the legality of *such blockades* (that is, all partial blockades) by acceding to the act in Congress, *on condition* that the *repeal of the blockade shall accompany* that of the Orders in Council.

"Within one month after these despatches arrived in France, Buonaparte *did* bring us to issue with Great Britain on *this very point*; and yet Mr. Madison was *no prophet*, because it was *he* who first suggested the thought to Armstrong, and Armstrong to the ingenious cabinet of St. Cloud. "In conformity to *your suggestions*, in your letter of December 1st, 1809," (says General Armstrong to Mr. Smith,) "I demanded whether, if Great Britain revoked her decrees of a date anterior to the Berlin decree, his Majesty would consent to revoke that decree."

After this clear exposition, we think that no reasonable being can entertain any doubts of Mr. Madison's intrigues with France.

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* The following quotations from the debates in the House of Commons, will show the good feeling towards the United States which at that time prevailed in England:—

Whilst this political ferment was agitating the different parties of candidates for ministerial power, the examinations in reference to the effects of the Orders in Council upon the commercial and manufacturing interests in the kingdom were going on with little interruption in both houses of parliament. A vast mass of evidence being at length collected, Mr. Brougham, on June 16th, brought the matter for final decision before the House of Commons. He began his speech with observing, that the question, though of unexampled interest, was one of little intricacy. Its points were few in number, and involved in no obscurity or doubt. At a distance, indeed, there appeared a great mass of details, and the eight or nine hundred folios of evidence, together with the papers and petitions with which the table was covered, might cause the subjects to appear vast and complicated; yet he did not doubt in a short time to convince his hearers that there has seldom been one of a public nature brought before that house through which the path was shorter, or led to a more obvious decision.

The hon. gentleman then took a general survey of the severe distress which was now pressing upon so many thousands of our industrious fellow-subjects, proved not only by their petitions, but by the numerous schemes and devices which had been resorted to as a remedy for the evils caused by the suppression of their accustomed sources of employment. He reminded the house of the general outline of the inquiry. Above a hundred witnesses had been examined from more than thirty of the great manufacturing and commercial districts. Among all these there was only one single witness who hesitated in admitting the dreadful amount of the present distresses; Birmingham, Sheffield, the clothing trade of Yorkshire, the districts of the cotton trade, all deeply participated in them. He then adverted to the proofs by which this evidence was met on the other side of the house; and took into consideration the entries in the Custom-house books, and the substitutes and new channels of commerce said to compensate for those that are closed. He next touched upon the topic so often resorted to by the defenders of the Orders in Council, that of the dignity and honour of the nation, and the necessity of asserting our maritime rights; and he maintained that every right may safely be waved or abandoned for reasons of expediency, to be resumed when those reasons cease. He lastly, dwelt upon the great importance of the American market to the goods produced in this country, and the danger of accustoming the Americans to rely on their own resources, and manufacture for themselves. After a long and eloquent harangue on these and other connected subjects, Mr. B. concluded with the following motion:—

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† The debate in Parliament took place on the 23rd June; the Declaration of War passed on the 18th.

QUEENSTON SUSPENSION-BRIDGE.

It is a melancholy reflection, that before the onward march of the civilizer, the savage disappears like snow before the summer sun, that, they are so antagonistic, instead of mutually leading vigour and intelligence, the animal sinks before the mental, and that, not by its direct operation, but by the extraneous force it imparts to the same animal development in others, it gives it for the time the mastery, to be displaced in its turn by that from which it received its power. Thus the white man in teaching the redskin the wants of civilization, opened also a market for its luxuries, and, with the introduction of artificial wants, engrafted civilization and its fruits on nature, whilst having engrossed the profits of Indian labor, the descendant of the squatter and emigrant occupy that soil which should have yielded its produce to the aboriginal, and thus oppressed by the arts, not of war, but of peace, the Indian sinks overwhelmed in the flood. Yet is this reflection modified and softened not only by general but also by particular effects as well for, though the nations which had reigned undisturbed lords over the land are disappearing, the scarce perceived amalgamation of their races has frequently resulted in the advancement of the descendant of the aborigines, and many occupy places of honor and trust among the abodes of civilization, whose fathers dwelt under the canopy of heaven.

This is a source of consolation when memory recalls the extinct races of the eastern shores of America, the glory of her forests and wastes, when in traditionary recollections, we hear again the sweet dove like sounds which floated softly round the council fires of the chivalric Delawares. The mill and the factory of the white man may be less picturesque than the deer skin lodge of the red: the smoky steamer, as, parting she cleaves our lakes or rivers, less in harmony with their features, than the undulations of the buoyant canoe: the clearing less grateful to the eye than the woodland glades: the whirl of the iron road, than the forest trail; but the perfection to which they lead, the bright day of peace and love, of which they are the harbingers—though but faintly discernible in the long perspective of years to come, is too pregnant with the happiness of the human race, and the glory of the Deity, to leave any serious pain upon the mind which looks forward to it.

No where, perhaps, has the white man produced more striking changes than along the precipitous shores (we may not call them banks) of the mighty Niagara, and should the reader but in imagination transport himself to where the great northern "Father of the Floods" rolls his waves along, some such picture as the following will doubtless rise in fancy's glass. His mind has reverted to the time ere the sylvan abode of the aboriginal had been disturbed by the foot of his white brother, when opposing tribes contended with each other for the possession of hunting-grounds, presenting advantages superior to those they already occupied; and after one of these encounters he sees a vanquished chief, Man-na-qua, bound and led by his captors to their encampment, not far from the gigantic leap of the mighty stream. It was ever a great and honorable feat to take captive a chief, for nobility with the Indian is strength of arm and fearlessness of danger, and the chief of a tribe was ever foremost in the field and in the chase. Man-na-qua, then, the terror of all his foes, the pride of all his friends, a captive, and fettered, is doomed to die a painful and lingering death, his enemies treat him with that respect that the prestige of a renowned name always commands, but securely is he bound and closely is he watched, lest the tribe should be disgraced by his escape. It is but seldom that an Indian acts traitorously towards his friends, but they always seek to return a kindness. So it was with the boy, Po-wen-a-go. The brave Man-na-qua had generously spared his life in their last engagement, for he warred not he thought with women or boys, but he told not Po-wen-a-go why he spared him, and happily for him it was that he did not so, for already had Po-wen-a-go devised a scheme for his escape, waiting only for darkness to put it into execution. Night came on, and dark masses of cloud hung about the heavens striving to obscure the beams of the moon, (fortunately for Po-wen-a-go's plans, in her last quarter) and shrouding her gradually sinking orb in their dusky mantle, as if in league with the envious stars, the watchers of earth. Now it was that Po-men-a-go released Man-na-qua, and pointing in the direction of a brilliant star in the east, bade him, in a whisper, follow

it, for it would lead him to the Niagara.* Swiftly Man-na-qua parted from the boy, and guided by the star, sought the river the passage of which would place him once more, a free man, amongst his tribe. He knew that his escape would soon be discovered, and that his enemies, with all the instinct of the sleuth hound, would perseveringly and untiringly follow him till retaken, did he not quickly place that swift-flowing stream between himself and danger.

Wearied and exhausted at length, and with difficulty drawing his unwilling limbs along, yet he paused not, exerting to the utmost his fast declining strength, and at daylight the rising spray and sullen roar of the great fall indicated its position. Diverging slightly to the north with renewed hope and energy, he continued his flight: another hour brought him to the whirlpool; here he descended the steep, rocky and craggy bank till he reached the edge of the boiling and tossing waters. Still he dared not rest, but followed the course of the rapid stream in hopes that he might, a few miles farther down, meet with some friendly canoe, or arrive at some less swift part of the river, which would enable him to gain the opposite shore. Breathless, his hands wounded, his leggins torn, his feet bare and bleeding, and almost sinking from fatigue he yet toiled on another hour; in his exhausted state he could not dare to swim the river, no canoe was there to lend its friendly aid, and at length in despair, he sank to the earth, almost wishing for death. Lulled by the murmuring flow of water, and overcome by exertion, tired nature could no longer resist and he fell into a deep slumber.

Who envies not the happy, grateful feeling that refreshing sleep communicates to that spirit and body-worn man. Man-na qua's sleep was deep indeed, the whole muscular system lay in repose, not a twitching of a muscle, nor a restless movement of the limbs could be detected, but calmly as an infant he rested. His brain, however, that active member, unduly excited by the events of the past few hours still teemed with the impressions left on it by his captivity and flight, and he dreamed :—

He thought he saw the Great Spirit, in the garb of a mighty hunter, descend to the shore on which he lay, and rousing him, bid him arise, for his pursuers were approaching, and then he thought the spirit took him by the hand and led him to the waters, which he now passed, over a structure reared as by magic, whilst he saw his enemies, after a fruitless search retire. Then the Great Spirit speaking to him foretold that the time would arrive when such a bridge would span that flood, but that it would not be for man to escape from man. Man-na-qua! said the spirit, in a little time a new race will spring up, before whom your race will vanish, as the fog is dissipated by the rays of the sun, they will overspread this whole continent, taking from you your hunting grounds, nay your very identity, and driving you to seek other scenes, but, to follow and wrest them from you also. Then it is that they, even as a spider shoots its tiny and fragile thread from branch to branch, will bridge this swift rolling flood with threads spun from the iron, and will produce a structure airy as the gossamer work, the insect weaves to ensnare its prey. Then will be extended from bank to bank, almost floating in æther, a way, woven from a strong and tough metal, binding them together, and connecting them, till at length the bridge be made and two mighty nations socially united.

Man-na-qua, in astonishment demanded how so great a marvel could be wrought, and desired to see the wonderful work of the new race. The spirit suddenly ascending with him, high into the air, tells him to look around, and lo! the forests, which had covered the whole face of the country, disappeared; numerous towns and villages dotted the space, connected by bands of iron over which iron coursers breathing fire and smoke were rapidly impelled.

The busy hum of man and his work-shops reached his ear and spanning the river the wondrous structure met his astonished gaze. Curiously he regarded it, but his astonishment turned to fear, when, in the distance he saw approaching rapidly, one of the flame-breathing monsters, in an instant it crossed the river, and was lost to sight in the distance. At length he murmured, it is surely a magical work which thus bears the evil one, and terrified at what he saw, Man-na-qua released his hold of the spirit and fell tremblingly earthward. In the effort to save himself from being dashed to pieces he started and awoke;

* Literally "falling water."

springing to his feet he hears the cry of his pursuers, who have just discovered him; plunging into the boiling current,* he essays to swim to the opposite shore, but is swiftly carried down the stream. His enemies, reaching the shore, gaze on their victim now far beyond their vengeance. Man-na-qua turning in the water towards his foes utters a shrill cry of defiance and—sinks. No! is borne away by the Great Spirit to the happy hunting grounds where dwell in peace and joy his ancestors.

Some such legend as the above it was which doubtless suggested to a joint stock company of Canadians and Americans the idea of constructing the bridge which forms the subject of our engraving. This bridge from point to point is eight hundred feet long, its breadth is twenty feet. The whole bridge is suspended upon ten cables, five on each side, which pass over towers of considerable height massively constructed. Each cable is twelve hundred and forty feet long, and composed of seventy-two number ten wires, around which is wrapped small wire three times boiled in linseed oil, which anneals it, and gives it a coat which cannot be injured by exposure to the weather, and preserves the wires from rust. The cables, after passing over the piers on the banks, are fast anchored in solid masonry at some distance. The suspenders are composed of eight wires each, and are placed four and a half feet apart. The bridge is two hundred feet above the water. The seemingly fragile structure bends slightly, like ice beneath the skater, yet it is considered perfectly safe, and capable of supporting any weight that is likely to be, at any one time, on it. Nothing can surpass in grandeur or sublimity the scenery which is presented to the tourist's gaze in a trip from the mouth of the Niagara River to the falls. We reserve, however, the description of this soul-engrossing excursion for the fine view of the Falls which in a future number we shall present to our readers.

On the right of our engraving is Brock's Monument,† and in the extreme distance on the American side, may be distinguished an observatory. Queenston is a small village containing some three hundred inhabitants.

THE TWO DAWNS.

Of old when earth from chaos dread,
Like infant from the marriage-bed
Of the Creator and his bride,
Eternal nature deified,
Yet slumbered in eternal sleep,
And silence bound the ghostly deep:
God, the primœval gloom awoke,
And echo's new-born voices spoke.
Irradiating that deep night
The word went forth—"Let there be light!"
Then light uprising like the day,
The veil of chaos rent away,
And struggling in creation's throes
A world of virgin life arose.
The ocean heaved to kiss the sky,
And hill to mountain gave reply;
The little streams unfettered flew
In joyous songs the valleys through;
The hoary rocks by earthquakes rent,
Their frowning brows in smiles unbent,
And each responsive mountain height
Rolled back the sound—"Let there be light!"
'Twas light!—And He who understood
All harmony, pronounced it good.

And such are all—am I, since first
From out that sleeping ocean burst
This form of clay with spirit rife,
A new creation born to life,
From those unfathomed depths which flow
Still darkly round me as I go!
As yet upon the waters brown
The night of chaos settles down;
Nor can I the Light-Giver trace
Who moves upon the waters' face:
But He is there, the Unbegot,
There, though my spirit sees him not,
And o'er my soul's primeval sleep
Now darkly moves as o'er the deep:
And tho' this formless void, the mind,
Yet unenlightened, wanders blind,

* The river, at the point, owing to the swiftness of the current, presents the appearance of boiling water.

† General Brock was Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada. The Legislature of that Province caused a monument to be erected to his memory, on the heights near the spot where he fell, on the memorable morning of the 13th of October, 1812. It is in a position so elevated, that it may be seen at points nearly fifty miles distant. The monument is constructed of free-stone. The base which covers the vault wherein repose the remains of General Brock and his Aide-de-Camp, Lieut. Col. McDonald, (who was killed in the same action) is twenty feet square. The shaft rises one hundred and twenty-six feet from the ground. A miscreant named Lett. attempted to destroy it by gunpowder, on the night of the 17th of April, 1840. The key-stone over the door was thrown out, and the shaft was cracked nearly two-thirds of its height.

And midnight blackness veils the eye,
The second, spirit-dawn is nigh;
Where He who at creation spoke,
And earth's long, dreamy trances broke,
Shall stand amid the spectral light,
And speak again—"Let there be light!"

ERRO.

THE CRONICLES OF DREEPDAILY.

No. VIII.

SETTING FORTH, INTER ALIA THE NOTABLE LEGEND OF MISS DE COVERLY'S LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT.

If I attempted to give the most minute abstract of the evidence in the famous and immortal cause, *McShuttle against Sumph*, a dozen volumes, each as lusty as a family Bible, would not contain what should be written. The investigation brought to light a legion of queer stories touching bribing and counter-bribing, one of which I may recapitulate in this place, as a sample of the whole.

During the hottest paroxysm of the canvassing fever, Mr. Caption, who acted as leading agent for Sir John Sumph, made a call attended by some of his employer's committee, upon Lachlan Last the shoemaker, who being the possesser of a vote was as important a personage, for the time being, as the Lord Provost himself. "Weel Mr. Last," quoth the lawyer, after praising to the skies the beauty of his wee Donald, (who by the way, was gifted by nature with a club foot, and squinted diabolically with his solitary eye.) "Weel Mr. Last, as your grandfather was a Prince Charles man, and carried a pitch-fork at Preston Pans, you'll surely support the gentry this time, and vote for his honour Sir John? Lachlan, who was always proud to be reminded of the Jacobitism of his ancestors, looked gratified at this address, but at the same time could not help betraying a considerable amount of sheepish uneasiness. Being pressed for a response he laid aside his Kilmarnock night cowl, and delving his nails into the profundities of his ocean of red hair he replied "Oich! oich! Maister Caption, she would blythely gie her vote to the Chief o' Clan Sumph, but she's promised it awa to the muckle weaver body! Times are unco hard wi' her the noo, and McShuttle this blessed forenoon held a sonsy twenty pun note before her neb, and that, ye ken, was mair nor puir flesh an' bluid could thole! The very smell o't wud hae made me pledge myself to Auld Clootie himsel!"

This was rather a poser to the man of parchment. Votes, it is true, in the position of the contest, at that period, were not to be sneezed at, but still twenty pounds considerably exceeded the highest price which as yet they had brought in the market of Dreepdaily. At length after cogitating for a minute or two, Mr. Caption requested, as a special favour, to see the note which had been transferred from the manufacturer of muslin to the engenderer of boots and shoes. No sooner had he got it into his hands than he starts up in a perfect extacy of rage and indignation, "Oh the surpassing wickedness of mankind!"—yelled out the lawyer, "many a rascally trick have I met with in my day, but of a verity this immeasurably exceeds them all. To think of that land-louping weaver thus attempting to defraud a confiding Christian, and what is more a freeholder of this Burgh! A tar barrel would be too gentle a doom for the miscreant."

So soon as the alarmed Heelandman could get in a word, he craved to be indoctrinated touching the calamity which had befallen him. "Why man," exclaimed the excited agent, "this note is not worth a brass farthing! It is a forgery, as palpable a forgery as ever I clapped an eye on, and legions of them have passed through my hand! But, by the wisdom-tooth of King Crispin, its race of wickedness is run now! Never more will it impose upon a confiding community." So saying, the virtuous Caption tore the delinquent document into four pieces, and cast them behind his back.

"But Lachlan," he continued, "I shall take care that you shall be no loser by the fraud which I have so providentially discovered. Here are twenty guineas, each of them sound as when it left the mint. Take them my esteemed friend, and if you will vote for Sir John Sumph, good and well, if not you are still welcome to the money. I cannot bear to see a Highland gentleman imposed upon."

It is hardly necessary for me to add, that Lachlan pledged himself heart and soul to the benevolent and noble-minded lawyer; and not only so, but swore by the bagpipes of Ossian that he would, at the first convenient opportu-

nity give the weaver a taste of his awl by way of admonishment not to play tricks upon travellers again. This vow Mr. Last redeemed to the letter, a few days after, and the consequence was that McShuttle could not sit down with comfort upon the most easy chair, during the currency of the ensuing six months !

I must not forget to mention that before leaving the shop of the Celt, Mr. Caption carefully collected the fragments of the dishonoured bill, and deposited the same in his pocket-book. "This is a matter" said he "which the Procurator Fiscal must look after, and I must keep the bits of the note as evidence against the vile traitor."

By some casualty or another, no criminal charge was ever preferred against McShuttle, but in the course of that week the lawyer presented a twenty pound note to the Dreepdaily branch of the Ayr bank, and received change promptly for the same. Though the bill bore evidence of having met with some rough usage, being pasted upon a sheet of paper to keep its dismembered limbs together, the cashier pronounced it to be of unimpeachable integrity, and expressed his willingness to receive thousands of a similar description.

The most extraordinary part of the story was that after the election Mr. Caption boasted that Lachlan's vote had not cost Sir John a bawbee. How this declaration could be reconciled with the payment of the guineas, which I witnessed with my own eyes, wiser heads than mine, must find out. The mystery is immeasurably too profound for my slender wits to fathom.

Sharp as a newly honed razor was the advocate (or counsel as the English say) who conducted the case for Sir John Sumph before the Parliamentary committee, but oh ! he was a black and grewsome-looking tyke ! Such another nose I never beheld on the face of mortal man, as that which projected from the frontispiece of brother Broom, for so was my gentleman denominated. To this very day, when I chance to make an extra heavy supper upon toasted cheese and swipes, that supernatural nose is certain to visit my dreams, and squat upon my breast like the incubus of which the dominie sometimes speaks.

Be that, however, as it may, Councillor Broom was a perfect prodigy for cleverness. He could turn the most obstinate and dogged witness inside out, as the saying is, and there cannot be the ghost of a doubt, that to his extraordinary skill Sir John was as much indebted for the success he met with, as to any thing else.

There was a sprightly young lad, a clerk to Bouncer and Brass, the Solicitors to the head of the Sumph dynasty, who sometimes used to visit Mr. Paumie and myself of an evening at our quarters in Furnivals Inn, to eat an oyster, and maybe discuss a toothful of gin toddy. Quentin Quill—for so was our friend named—was a perfect dungeon of information, seeming to know every body and everything. From the Lord Chancellor down to the hangman, he was conversant with the history of every man of note in London, and he told his cracks in such a lively manner, that it was a greater diversion to listen to him than to see a play or an execution.

One night when Quentin favoured us with his company, the conversation chanced to turn upon Master Broom. "Aye," said Quill "he is one of the most rising men at the bar, is Harry, but if it had not been for a lucky hit which he once made at York, he might at this moment have been as poor and unknown as your humble servant to command!"

Mr. Paumie having expressed a curiosity to learn the particulars of the hit in question, Quinten drew forth a roll of paper from his coat pocket. "The truth is" said he "that I jotted down the story as an article for the *Gentleman's Magazine*, but the editor, old *Sylvanus Urban*, of whom you may have heard, must be fast getting into his dotage, seeing that he rejected the affair as being unsuited to the gravity of his pages. It was only this afternoon that I received back the slighted contribution, and here it is very much at your devotion. The leading facts, I can assure you are strictly true, so that it possesses the merit of verity, if devoid of every other recommendation."

With many thanks, the Dominie received the manuscript, and having wiped and adjusted his specs, read what follows in a sonorous and emphatic tone.

A TALE OF YORK ASSIZES.

"A Daniel come to judgment! yea a Daniel!"
Merchant of Venice.

It was a fine autumnal morning, the precise epoch of which we cannot fix, seeing that like the respected ghost of Hamlet's father, we keep but an indifferent "*note of time*," that their honors the judges, entered the fair city of York for the purpose of ventilating the jail, and obligingly settling disputes between contending neighbors.

Leaving the procession to find its way to the castle, half smothered with dust, and wholly deafened by the music, so-called, of a brace of broken-winded trumpeters, let us conduct the reader to the place of trial, and make him acquainted with the personages more immediately concerned in the investigation about to take place.

On yonder bench, beneath the oriel window, you observe a sightly young couple, attired in the sombre-hued raiment which indicates the recent decease of a near relative, or beloved friend.

Their names (we copy from the record of the proceedings) are Hubert Howard, gentleman, and Maude Howard, spinster; bearing the relationship of cousins-german, and aged, Hubert aforesaid, twenty-one years, and the said Maude, seventeen summers or thereby, be the same more or less. It does not do to be more overly specific in the age of a lady, than in that of a gift horse.

But we must proceed a little faster with our preliminary explanation, else the Court will be constituted before we have said our say. The Howards were orphans about as little burdened with lucre as a mendicant who has newly commenced business, and their whole dependance for the future lay upon a maiden aunt, Miss Griselda De Coverly, whose bank account was more attractive than her personal charms. Her only surviving relatives were the couple above mentioned, and she had even led them to believe that when she had "*hopped this mortal twig*," as Shakspeare says, or at least might have said, their names would occupy a prominent position, in a certain interesting document, which need not be more specifically condescended upon. So the lovers, for lovers they were as well as cousins, continued to dwell with the venerable Grizelda, having no anxious thought about anything save the day when a plain gold ring would perform certain evolutions in the Minster of York to wit.

About a twelve month preceding the period of which we now treat, it so chanced that the virtuous DeCoverly had a grievous falling out with one of the canons of the cathedral, who for half a century had been one of her choicest bosom friends. The bone of contention was too minute for history to take the trouble of recording, relating, we may barely hint, to the propriety of a certain trump in a hand of whist. Microscopic, however, as was the cause of the feud, its consequences were of calamitous magnitude, inasmuch as the offended Grizelda, from being an-out-and-out supporter of church and state, and of "things as they were" became from that moment translated into a zealous advocate of "*the rights of man.*" The offending canon was tory to the backbone, and consequently his fair adversary was determined to pitch her tent at as great a distance from his as possible. From henceforth she avowed her sympathy with the angelic cut-throats of France, and wore a brooch shaped after the similitude of that ingenious machine which advanced the cause of universal brotherhood by chopping off the craniums of its opponents!

At this period, the leading "*friend of the people*" in York, was Mr. Jeremiah Iscariot Scroudger—the very peculiar-looking gentleman who is seated opposite to you—just in van of the jury-box! We think you will agree with us, honest reader, that Nature has turned out more sightly productions from her workshop. The fact of his hair being of a sandy red, admits but of slender argumentation. The ground for debate as to whether he "*looks two ways for Sunday*"—as the vulgar describe an optical tortuosity—is quite as limited. And that his nose comes under the category of "*snub*," may safely be asserted with the confidence of an axiom!

If, leaving the outer man, we extend our researches to the inner, the harmony of the picture will stand little risk of being destroyed. Jeremiah was as ungainly in mind as in body —and, if all tales be true, (as who doubts that they are?) took on every occasion a special and affectionate care of the mystical *number one*,—never standing on ceremony when the aggrandisement of that beloved numeral was concerned.

To hasten on with our tale (as we fancy we

hear the screaming of the judicial trumpets) Miss DeCoverly, ere long, was as intimate with Mr. Jeremiah as spreaden butter is with the bread to which it is wedded. She made a point (rheumatism and the weather permitting) of attending, pilgrim-like, at the various shrines, where he held forth on the enormities of crown-thatched despotism; and her name unfailingly appeared at the top of all the subscription papers which the benevolent Scroudger originated, in aid of schemes for the uprooting of thrones, and giving everything to everybody.

A termination, however, was speedily to happen to the excellent Grizelda's philanthropic career. Going out one moist evening to attend a prelection of her favourite, commendatory of the strike of the journeymen tailors of the Cannibal Islands against their aristocratic employers, the damp seized upon her feet, and progressing from her feet to her chest, fairly *floored* her—as Homer touchingly expresses it. She took to her couch, from which she was never destined to rise, till infolded in the mercenary arms of Hercules Hatchment, the undertaker. Well and kindly did the orphan cousins minister to the requirements of their expiring relative. Everything that unexperienced affection could suggest, was performed on their part, to sooth and cheer her fast-fleeting moments—but all in vain. Ere a fortnight had elapsed, the "*well-plumed hearse*" conveyed the mortal remains of Grizelda to the tomb of all the De Coverlys, where a ponderous tablet, surmounted by a plethoric cherub, spoke as if all virtue and goodness had absconded from our planet at her decease.

We should have narrated that during the confinement of the spinster, Mr. Scroudger was ultra-officious in his *devoirs;* and often did he implore the worn-out Howards to snatch a brief repose whilst he kept watch and ward beside their departing relative. His devotion, indeed, was beyond all praise, being so perfectly pure and disinterested.

This latter fact—his disinterestedness to wit—was substantiated beyond the shadow of a cavil, on the day when the last will and testament of the defunct was read. That document—so interesting amidst all its prosaic repetitions—after devising one hundred pounds upon each of the afore-named Herbert and Maude Howard, directed that the residue of her means and estate should be paid over to her much-esteemed and dearly-beloved friend, Jeremiah Iscariot Scroudger, to be by him disbursed, as his judgment might dictate, in aid of suffering insurgents in every quarter of the globe.

Now, though no one expressed more utter amazement at this result than the self-denying Scroudger, such is the ingrained depravity of human nature, that there were not lacking many who unblushingly affirmed that there was more than met the eye in the affair. Nay, certain unbridled tongues were found who hesitated not to insinuate that the will would not stand the ordeal of a jury. It was asserted that the document was not prepared by the wonted solicitor of the departed, but by Flaw O'Fox, a Hibernian tool of the gifted Scoudger. Nay, more, Timothy Text, a short-sighted writing-master, professed himself ready to depone, upon oath, that the leading signature attached to the questioned instrument was the autograph of the Man in the Moon, or the Wandering Jew, or any one in short, except that of the never-enough-to-be-lamented Grizelda De Coverly.

Fortified by these opinions and conjectures, a committee was speedily organized for the purpose of testing the validity of the will, in behalf of the orphan heirs at law.

Thus, most debonair reader, we have instructed you in the preliminary facts of the case, which, on a certain genial autumnal morning, was to exercise the wit of twelve good men, and true, hailing from the ancient County of York.

The court was constituted in due and orthodox form. That is to say, the judges had gigantic bouquets of flowers placed before each of them. The pursy high sheriff disposed his cushion, so that he could slumber in peace, and dream of the next coursing match. The trumpeters adjourned to the Goat and Compasses, to moisten their over-dried clay. The usher prepared to impress the restless clodhoppers with a due sense of the dignity of the occasion, by dealing raps upon their pumpkins. And twelve incorruptible tailors, brewers, bakers, and general huxters, were sworn to do justice in the cause about to be tried.

The senior counsel for the orphans threw hopelessly into the shade the ancient reputa-

tion of Demosthenes and Cicero, by his statement of the case. It would have roused the indignant sensibilities of a frozen turnip to have listened to his denunciation of snakes in the herbage, and wolves in the garmenture of sheep! Even the somniferous high sheriff awoke with a start, as in his wind up he thumped poor Hubert upon the pole, and devoted to the infernal gods (if there were such personages) all who would seek to wrench the patrimony from his unprotected hand!

But, alas! and alack a day! the case for the hapless plaintiffs had little more to recommend it than the oratorical nostrum of the old heathen spouter, viz: "*action! action! action!*" The witnesses who were put into the box could say as little to the purpose as the convict who yesterday pled guilty to the charge of murder, could do in answer to the somewhat needless question why sentence of death should not be passed upon him. The evidence of the short-sighted writing-master was laughed to scorn on account of his transparent optical defects—and already the sore persecuted Scroudger breathed freely in the prospect of a favourable verdict. Nay, he even sported a few extra groans at the reprobacy of those who had called his fair dealing so truculently in question.

The forlorn hope of the prosecution now concentrated upon what might be elicited from Flaw O'Fox, by the screw of a thorough cross-examination. Here, however, as before, their hopes were destined to be blighted, root and branch. The Milesean attorney was bomb-proof against the best-directed assaults. Not a flaw could be discovered in his testimony. Not a solitary trip did he make, though the most subtle obstructions were thrown in his pathway. With all the candid circumstantiality of truth, the man of red tape detailed the instructions he had received from the departed Grizelda, touching the disposal of her carnal dross. Specifically did he describe the mode in which she adhibited her virgin name to the document; and most pointedly did he depone on his oath to her entire soundness of mind, and the knowledge which she possessed touching the act which she was performing. In utter despair Mr. Sergeant Hooky Walker wiped the perspiration from his aching brows, and darting a look of the most intense chagrin at his junior, was about to permit the attorney to convey his person, by a voluntary *habeas corpus*, from the box where he had been morally impaled for the last six hours, or thereby.

Now, the aforesaid junior was one of those unlucky whelps who, for years, had pined in vain for the nutricious bone of a brief; and as the present was the primary treat of the kind which he had ever enjoyed, he was determined to make the most of it.

He, therefore, requested O'Fox to continue in his unrestful eminence, and taking up the disputed Testament, which lay on the table, all unconscious of the pother it was creating, he scanned the same as if he had been perusing his death warrant or contract of marriage. An on-looker would have predicated that he was analyzing every hair stroke, and reducing the dot on each *I* to its native chemical-composing particles, so earnestly did he brood over that sheet of stamped paper.

At length, when judge, jury, witness, high sheriff, ushers, trumpeters and the "million," had fairly parted company with patience, and even Sergeant Hooky Walker was casting longing yearnings after the turtle and haunch of venison which were to form the staple of his vesper repast, Mr. Broom (for so was the junior named) began to open his battery upon the worn-out, and, by this time, misanthropical O'Fox.

He first plied him with an infinitude of interrogatories, each of them, to all human apprehension, a thousand miles, and *a bittock* removed from the point at issue.

"At what period of the year," he enquired, amongst other things, "was this so-called Testament executed! "It was," whined out the unctuous Flaw, "in the gracious month of July, and a sweet and balmy day it was! hum-hum-ho-hum! "And what hour was it?" questioned Broom, "when the lamented lady subscribed her name to the deed?" "Two o'clock in the afternoon, by *vartue* of my sacred oath," responded O'Fox, looking upwards as if appealing to an angel, or tracking the pilgrimage of a spider athwart the ceiling of the court-house! "Then, of course," continued the inquisitor, "there was no fire in the sick-chamber at the time?" "Certainly not!" quoth Flaw,—"the day was too warm for such a thing, besides the dear blessed lady

was a trifle feverish, and required to be kept as cool as possible!"

"Where then," demanded the junior, "did you procure a light wherewith to melt the wax on which Miss DeCoverly impressed this seal opposite to her signature?" Without a moment's hesitation, O'Fox replied, "I, myself, went to the kitchen, and procured a burning candle, and brought it to the sick-bed." "You swear to this, do you?" "Most solemnly I swear! I remember my doing so more distinctly than I do anything else about the transaction; and also of giving the departed saint her seal and handing her the wax on which she made the impression!"

"That will do so, sir," cried Broom; whilst a flash of wild triumph lighted up his flashing eyes.—"That will do for you, and for all of us! My lord and gentlemen of the jury," he exclaimed, with a sort of hysterical shriek, fluttering the will before them in trembling triumph, "mark well! there is not an atom of wax on the deed; the seal is imprinted upon a wafer!"

* * * * * * * *

A fortnight posterior to the events we have been narrating, Hubert placed an unadorned circle of gold upon the fourth finger of cousin Maude's left hand in presence of their deceased aunt's ancient friend the Canon! On leaving the Cathedral, (where this transfer of the precious metal took place) the happy couple were somewhat obstructed in their progress homeward. The obstacle was an excited crowd, who were giving vent to their feelings by pelting with eggs, not laid yesterday, Messrs. Scroudger and O'Fox, who stood contemplating their assailants through a couple of timber frames, which constrained them to receive the somewhat *stale* compliments without flinching.

When Mr. Paumie had concluded the delivery of the above legend, Quentin Quill called for a toast. "Here," quoth he, after our tumblers had been replenished, "Here is to the health of Harry Broom! I should not wonder but that he comes to the wool-sack yet! One thing is certain, that he well deserves it!" And the Dominie and the Barber both said Amen!

THE PIT AND THE PENDULUM.

Impia tortorum longas hic turba furores
Sanguinis innocui, non satiata, aluit.
Sospite nunc patria, fracta nunc funeris antro,
Mors ubi dira fuit vita salusque patent.

[*Quatrain composed for the gates of a market to be erected upon the site of the Jacobin Club House at Paris.*]

I was sick—sick unto death with that long agony; and when they at length unbound me, and I was permitted to sit, I felt that my senses were leaving me. The sentence—the dread sentence of death—was the last of distinct accentuation which reached my ears. After that, the sound of the inquisitorial voices seemed merged in one dreamy indeterminate hum. It conveyed to my soul the idea of a revolution—perhaps from its association in fancy with the burr of a mill-wheel. This only for a brief period; for presently I heard no more. Yet, for a while, I saw; but with how terrible an exaggeration! I saw the lips of the black-robed judges. They appeared to me white—whiter than the sheet upon which I trace these words—and thin even to grotesqueness; thin with the intensity of their expression of firmness—of immovable resolution—of stern contempt of human torture. I saw that the decrees of what to me was Fate, were still issuing from those lips. I saw them writhe with a deadly locution. I saw them fashion the syllables of my name; and I shuddered because no sound succeeded. I saw, too, for a few moments of delirious horror, the soft and nearly imperceptible waving of the sable draperies which enwrapped the walls of the apartment. And then my vision fell upon the seven tall candlesticks upon the table. At first they wore the aspect of charity, and seemed white slender angels who would save me; but then, all at once, there came a most deadly nausea over my spirit, and I felt every fibre in my frame thrill as if I had touched the wire of a galvanic battery, while the angel forms became meaningless spectres, with heads of flame, and I saw that from them there would be no help. And then there stole into my fancy, like a rich musical note, the thought of what sweet rest there must be in the grave. The thought came gently and stealthily, and it seemed long before it attained full appreciation; but just as my spirit came at length properly to feel and entertain it, the figures of the judges vanished, as if magically, from before me; the tall candles sank into nothingness; their flames went out utterly; the blackness of darkness supervened; all sensations appeared swallowed up in a mad rushing descent, as of the soul into Hades. Then silence, and stillness, and night were the universe.

I had swooned, but still will not say that all of consciousness was lost. What of it there remained I will not attempt to define, or even

describe; yet all was not lost. In the deepest slumber—no! In delirium—no! In a swoon—no! In death—no! even in the grave all was not lost. Else there is no immortality for man. Arousing from the most profound of slumbers, we break the gossamer web of some dream. Yet in a second afterwards (so frail may that web have been) we remember not that we have dreamed. In the return to life from the swoon there are two stages; first, that of the sense of mental or spiritual; secondly, that of the sense of physical, existence. It seems probable that if, upon reaching the second stage, we could recall the impressions of the first, we should find these impressions eloquent in memories of the gulf beyond. And that gulf is—what? How at least shall we distinguish its shadows from those of the tomb? But if the impressions of what I have termed the first stage, are not at will recalled, yet, after a long interval, do they not come unbidden, while we marvel whence they come? He who has never swooned, is not he who finds strange palaces and wildly familiar faces in coals that glow; is not he who beholds floating in mid-air the sad visions that the many may not view; is not he who ponders over the perfume of some novel flower—is not he whose brain grows bewildered with the meaning of some musical cadence which has never before arrested his attention.

Amid frequent and thoughtful endeavors to remember; amid earnest struggles to regather some token of the state of seeming nothingness into which my soul had lapsed, there have been moments when I have dreamed of success; there have been brief, very brief periods when I have conjured up remembrances which the lucid reason of a later epoch assures me could have had reference only to that condition of seeming unconsciousness. These shadows of memory tell, indistinctly, of tall figures that lifted and bore me in silence down—down—still down, till a hideous dizziness oppressed me at the mere idea of the interminableness of the descent. They tell also of a vague horror at my heart, on account of that heart's unnatural stillness. Then comes a sense of sudden motionlessness throughout all things; as if those who bore me (a ghastly train) had outrun, in their descent, the limits of the limitless, and paused from the wearisomeness of their toil. After this I call to mind flatness and dampness; and then all is madness—the madness of a memory which busies itself among forbidden things.

Very suddenly there came back to my soul motion and sound—the tumultuous motion of the heart, and, in my ears, the sound of its beating. Then a pause in which all is blank. Then again sound, and motion, and touch—a tingling sensation pervading my frame. Then the mere consciousness of existence, without thought—a condition which lasted long. Then, very suddenly, thought, and shuddering terror, and earnest endeavor to comprehend my true state. Then a strong desire to lapse into insensibility. Then a rushing revival of soul and a successful effort to move. And now a full memory of the trial, of the judges, of the sable draperies, of the sentence, of the sickness, of the swoon. Then entire forgetfulness of all that followed; of all that a later day and much earnestness of endeavor have enabled me vaguely to recall.

So far, I had not opened my eyes. I felt that I lay upon my back, unbound. I reached out my hand, and it lay heavily upon something damp and hard. There I suffered it to remain for many minutes, while I strove to imagine where and what I could be. I longed, yet dared not to employ my vision. I dreaded the first glance at objects around me. It was not that I feared to look upon things horrible, but that I grew aghast lest there should be nothing to see. At length, with a wild desperation at heart, I quickly unclosed my eyes. My worst thoughts were then confirmed. The blackness of eternal night encompassed me. I struggled for breath. The intensity of the darkness seemed to oppress and stifle me. The atmosphere was intolerably close. I still lay quietly, and made an effort to exercise my reason. I brought to mind the inquisitorial proceedings, and attempted from that point to deduce my real condition. The sentence had passed; and it appeared to me that a very long interval of time had since elapsed. Yet not for a moment did I suppose myself actually dead. Such a supposition, notwithstanding what we read in fiction, is altogether inconsistent with real existence; but where and in what state was I? The condemned to death, I knew, perished usually at the *auto-da-fe*, and one of these had been held on the very night of the day of my trial. Had I been remanded to my dungeon, to await the next sacrifice, which would not take place for many months? This I at once saw could not be. Victims had been in immediate demand. Moreover, my dungeon, as well as all the condemned cells at Toledo, had stone floors, and light was not altogether excluded.

A fearful idea now drove the blood in torrents upon my heart, and for a brief period, I once more relapsed into insensibility. Upon recovering, I at once started to my feet, trembling convulsively in every fibre. I thrust my arms wildly above and around me in all directions; I felt nothing; yet dreaded to move a step, lest I should be impeded by the walls of a tomb. Perspiration burst from every pore, and stood in cold big beads upon my forehead. The agony of suspense, grew at length intolerable, and I cautiously moved forward, with my arms extended, and my eyes straining from their sockets, in the hope of catching some faint ray of light. I proceeded for many paces; but still all was blackness and vacancy. I breathed more freely. It seemed evident

that mine was not, at least, the most hideous of fates.

And now, as I still continued to step cautiously onward, there came thronging upon my recollection a thousand vague rumors of the horrors of Toledo. Of the dungeons there had been strange things narrated—fables I had always deemed them—but yet strange, and too ghastly to repeat, save in a whisper. Was I left to perish of starvation in this subterranean world of darkness; or what fate, perhaps even more fearful, awaited me? That the result would be death, and a death of more than customary bitterness, I knew too well the character of my judges to doubt. The mode and the hour were all that occupied or distracted me.

My outstretched hands at length encountered some solid obstruction. It was a wall, seemingly of stone masonry—very smooth, slimy, and cold. I followed it up; stepping with all the careful distrust with which certain antique narratives had inspired me. This process, however, afforded me no means of ascertaining the dimensions of my dungeon: as I might make its circuit, and return to the point whence I set out, without being aware of the fact; so perfectly uniform seemed the wall. I therefore sought the knife which had been in my pocket, when led into the inquisitorial chamber; but it was gone; my clothes had been exchanged for a wrapper of coarse serge. I had thought of forcing the blade in some minute crevice of the masonry, so as to identify my point of departure. The difficulty, nevertheless, was but trivial; although, in the disorder of my fancy, it seemed at first insuperable. I tore part of the hem from the robe and placed the fragment at full length, and at right angles to the wall. In groping my way around the prison, I could not fail to encounter this rag upon completing the circuit. So, at least, I thought; but I had not counted upon the extent of the dungeon, or upon my own weakness. The ground was moist and slippery. I staggered onward for some time, when I stumbled and fell. My excessive fatigue induced me to remain prostrate; and sleep soon overtook me as I lay.

Upon awaking, and stretching forth an arm, I found beside me a loaf and a pitcher with water. I was too much exhausted to reflect upon this circumstance, but ate and drank with avidity. Shortly afterward, I resumed my tour around the prison, and, with much toil, came at last upon the fragment of the serge. Up to the period when I fell, I had counted fifty-two paces, and, upon resuming my walk, I had counted forty-eight more—when I arrived at the rag. There were in all, then, a hundred paces; and admitting two paces to the yard, I presumed the dungeon to be fifty yards in circuit. I had met, however, with many angles in the wall, and thus I could form no guess as to the shape of the vault; for vault I could not help supposing it to be.

I had little object, certainly no hope, in these researches; but a vague curiosity prompted me to continue them. Quitting the wall, I resolved to cross the area of the enclosure. At first, I proceeded with extreme caution, for the floor, although seemingly of solid material, was treacherous with slime. At length, however, I took courage, and did not hesitate to step firmly—endeavoring to cross in as direct a line as possible. I had advanced some ten or twelve paces in this manner, when the remnant of the torn hem of my robe became entangled between my legs. I stepped on it, and fell violently on my face.

In the confusion attending my fall, I did not immediately apprehend a somewhat startling circumstance, which yet, in a few seconds afterwards, and while I still lay prostrate, arrested my attention. It was this: My chin rested upon the floor of the prison, but my lips, and the upper portion of my head, though seemingly at a less elevation than the chin, touched nothing. At the same time, my forehead seemed bathed in a clammy vapor, and the peculiar smell of decayed fungus arose to my nostrils. I put forward my arm, and shuddered to find that I had fallen at the very brink of a circular pit, whose extent, of course, I had no means of ascertaining at the moment. Groping about the masonry just below the margin, I succeeeded in dislodging a small fragment, and let it fall into the abyss. For many seconds I hearkened to its reverberations, as it dashed against the sides of the chasm; at length there was a sullen plunge into water, succeeded by loud echoes. At the same moment, there came a sound resembling the quick opening, and as rapid closing of a door overhead, while a faint gleam of light flashed suddenly through the gloom, and as suddenly faded away.

I saw clearly the doom which had been prepared for me, and congratulated myself upon the timely accident by which I had escaped. Another step before my fall, and the world had seen me no more. And the death just avoided was of that very character which I had regarded as fabulous and frivolous in the tales respecting the Inquisition. To the victims of its tyranny, there was the choice of death with its direst physical agonies, or death with its most hideous moral horrors. I had been reserved for the latter. By long suffering my nerves had been unstrung, until I trembled at the sound of my own voice, and had become in every respect a fitting subject for the species of torture which awaited me.

Shaking in every limb, I groped my way back to the wall—resolving there to perish rather than risk the terrors of the well, of which my imagination now pictured many in various positions about the dungeon. In other

conditions of mind, I might have had courage to end my misery at once, by a plunge into one of these abysses; but now I was the veriest of cowards. Neither could I forget what I had read of these pits—that the sudden extinction of life formed no part of their most horrible plan.

Agitation of spirit kept me awake for many long hours; but at length I again slumbered. Upon arousing, I found by my side, as before, a loaf and a pitcher of water. A burning thirst consumed me, and I emptied the vessel at a draught. It must have been drugged—for scarcely had I drunk, before I became irresistibly drowsy. A deep sleep fell upon me, a sleep like that of death. How long it lasted, of course I know not; but when, once again, I unclosed my eyes, the objects around me were visible. By a wild, sulphurous light, the origin of which I could not at first determine, I was enabled to see the extent and aspect of the prison.

In its size I had been greatly mistaken. The whole circuit of its walls did not exceed twenty-five yards. For some minutes this fact occasioned me a world of vain trouble; vain indeed—for what could be of less importance, under the terrible circumstances which environed me, than the mere dimensions of my dungeon? But my soul took a wild interest in trifles, and I busied myself in endeavors to account for the error I had committed in my measurement. The truth at length flashed upon me. In my first attempt at exploration, I had counted fifty-two paces, up to the period when I fell; I must then have been within a pace or two of the fragment of serge; in fact, I had nearly performed the circuit of the vault. I then slept, and upon awaking, I must have returned upon my steps—thus supposing the circuit nearly double what it actually was. My confusion of mind prevented me from observing that I began my tour with the wall to the left, and ended it with the wall to the right.

I had been deceived, too, in respect to the shape of the enclosure. In feeling my way, I had found many angles, and thus deduced an idea of great irregularity; so potent is the effect of total darkness upon one arousing from lethargy or sleep! The angles were simply those of a few slight depressions, or niches, at odd intervals. The general shape of the prison was square. What I had taken for masonry, seemed now to be iron, or some other metal, in huge plates, whose sutures or joints occasioned the depression. The entire surface of this metallic enclosure was rudely daubed in all the hideous and repulsive devices to which the charnel superstition of the monks had given rise. The figures of fiends in aspects of menace, with skeleton forms, and other more really fearful images, overspread and disfigured the walls. I observed that the outlines of these monstrosities were sufficiently distinct, but that the colours seemed faded and blurred, as if from the effects of a damp atmosphere. I now noticed the floor, too, which was of stone. In the centre yawned the circular pit from whose jaws I had escaped; but it was the only one in the dungeon.

All this I saw indistinctly and by much effort—for my personal condition had been greatly changed during slumber. I now lay upon my back, and at full length, on a species of low framework of wood. To this I was securely bound by a long strap resembling a surcingle. It passed in many convolutions about my limbs and body, leaving at liberty only my head, and my left arm to such extent, that I could, by dint of much exertion, supply myself with food from an earthen dish, which lay by my side on the floor. I saw, to my horror, that the pitcher had been removed. I say, to my horror, for I was consumed with intolerable thirst. This thirst it appeared to be the design of my persecutors to stimulate—for the food in the dish was meat pungently seasoned.

Looking upward, I surveyed the ceiling of my prison. It was some thirty or forty feet overhead, and constructed much as the side walls. In one of its panels a very singular figure rivetted my whole attention. It was the painted figure of Time as he is commonly represented, save that, in lieu of a scythe, he held what, at a casual glance, I supposed to be the pictured image of a huge pendulum, such as we see on antique clocks. There was something, however, in the appearance of this machine which caused me to regard it more attentively. While I gazed directly upward at it (for its position was immediately over me), I fancied that I saw it in motion. In an instant afterwards the fancy was confirmed. Its sweep was brief, and of course slow. I watched it for some minutes, somewhat in fear, but more in wonder. Wearied at length with observing its dull movement, I turned my eyes upon the other objects in the cell.

A slight noise attracted my notice, and, looking to the floor, I saw several enormous rats traversing it. They had issued from the well, which lay just within view to my right. Even then, while I gazed, they came up in troops, hurriedly, with ravenous eyes, allured by the scent of the meat. From this it required much effort and attention to scare them away.

It might have been half an hour, perhaps even an hour, (for I could take but imperfect note of time,) before I again cast my eyes upward. What I then saw confounded and amazed me. The sweep of the pendulum had increased in extent by nearly a yard. As a natural consequence, its velocity was also much greater. But what mainly disturbed me, was the idea that it had perceptibly descended. I now observed—with what horror it is needless to say—that its nether extremity was formed of a crescent of glittering steel, about a foot in length from horn to horn; the horns

upward, and the under edge evidently as keen as that of a razor. Like a razor also, it seemed massive and heavy, tapering from the edge into a solid and broad structure above. It was appended to a weighty rod of brass, and the whole hissed as it swung through the air.

I could no longer doubt the doom prepared for me by monkish ingenuity in torture. My cognizance of the pit had become known to the inquisitorial agents—the pit, whose horrors had been destined for so bold a recusant as myself—the pit, typical of hell, and regarded by rumour as the Ultima Thule of all their punishments. The plunge into this pit I had avoided by the merest of accidents, and I knew that surprise, or entrapment into torment, formed an important portion of all the grotesquerie of these dungeon deaths. Having failed to fall, it was no part of the demon plan to hurl me into the abyss; and thus (there being no alternative) a different and a milder destruction awaited me. Milder! I half smiled in my agony as I thought of such application of such a term.

What boots it to tell of the long, long hours of horror more than mortal, during which I counted the rushing oscillations of the steel! Inch by inch—line by line—with a descent only appreciable at intervals that seemed ages—down and still down it came! Days passed—it might have been that many days passed—ere it swept so closely over me as to fan me with its acrid breath. The odor of the sharp steel forced itself into my nostrils. I prayed, I wearied Heaven with my prayer for its more speedy descent. I grew frantically mad, and struggled to force myself upward against the sweep of the fearful scimitar. And then I fell suddenly calm, and lay smiling at the glittering death, as a child at some rare bauble.

There was another interval of utter insensibility; it was brief, for, upon again lapsing into life, there had been no perceptible descent in the pendulum. But it might have been long—for I knew that there were demons who took note of my swoon, and who could have arrested the vibration at pleasure. Upon my recovery, too, I felt very—oh, inexpressibly—sick and weak, as if through long inanition. Even amid the agonies of that period, the human nature craved food. With painful effort I outstretched my left arm as far as my bonds permitted, and took possession of the small remnant which had been spared me by the rats. As I put a portion of it within my lips, there rushed to my mind a half-formed thought of joy—of hope; yet what business had I with hope? It was, as I say, a half-formed thought—man has many such, which are never completed. I felt that it was of joy—of hope; but I felt also that it had perished in its formation. In vain I struggled to perfect, to regain it. Long suffering had nearly annihilated all my ordinary powers of mind. I was an imbecile, an idiot.

The vibration of the pendulum was at right angles to my length. I saw that the crescent was designed to cross the region of the heart. It would fray the serge of my robe, it would return and repeat its operations—again—and again. Notwithstanding its terrifically wide sweep (some thirty feet or more), and the hissing vigor of its descent, sufficient to sunder these very walls of iron, still the fraying of my robe would be all that, for several minutes, it would accomplish. And at this thought I paused. I dared not go further than this reflection. I dwelt upon it with a pertinacity of attention—as if, in so dwelling, I could arrest here the descent of the steel. I forced myself to ponder upon the sound of the crescent as it should pass across the garment—upon the peculiar thrilling sensation which the friction of cloth produces on the nerves. I pondered upon all this frivolity until my teeth were on edge.

Down—steadily down it crept. I took a frenzied pleasure in contrasting its downward with its lateral velocity. To the right—to the left—far and wide—with the shriek of a damned spirit! to my heart, with the stealthy pace of the tiger! I alternately laughed and howled, as the one or the other idea grew predominant.

Down—certainly, relentlessly down! It vibrated within three inches of my bosom! I struggled violently—furiously—to free my left arm. This was free only from the elbow to the hand. I could reach the latter, from the platter beside me, to my mouth, with great effort, but no farther. Could I have broken the fastenings above the elbow, I would have seized and attempted to arrest the pendulum. I might as well have attempted to arrest an avalanche!

Down—still unceasingly—still inevitably down! I gasped and struggled at each vibration. I shrunk convulsively at its every sweep, My eyes followed its outward or upward whirls with the eagerness of the most unmeaning despair; they closed themselves spasmodically at the descent, although death would have been a relief—oh, how unspeakable! Still I quivered in every nerve to think how slight a sinking of the machinery would precipitate that keen, glistening axe upon my bosom. It was hope that prompted the nerve to quiver—the frame to shrink. It was hope—the hope that triumphs on the rack—that whispers to the death-condemned even in the dungeons of the Inquisition.

I saw that some ten or twelve vibrations would bring the steel in actual contact with my robe—and with this observation there suddenly came over my spirit all the keen, collected calmness of despair. For the first time during many hours, or perhaps days, I thought. It now occurred to me, that the bandage, or surcingle, which enveloped me, was unique. I was tied by no separate cord. The first

stroke of the razor-like crescent athwart any portion of the band would so detach it that it might be unwound from my person by means of my left hand. But how fearful, in that case, the proximity of the steel! The result of the slightest struggle, how deadly! Was it likely, moreover, that the minions of the torturer had not forseen and provided for this possibility? Was it probable that the bandage crossed my bosom in the track of the pendulum? Dreading to find my faint, and, as it seemed, my last hope frustrated, I so far elevated my head as to obtain a distinct view of my breast. The surcingle enveloped my limbs and body—save in the path of the destroying crescent.

Scarcely had I dropped my head back into its original position, when there flashed upon my mind what I cannot better describe than as the unformed half of that idea of deliverance to which I have previously alluded, and of which a moiety only floated indeterminately through my brain when I raised food to my burning lips. The whole thought was now present—feeble, scarcely sane, scarcely definite—but still entire. I proceeded at once, with the nervous energy of despair, to attempt its execution.

For many hours the immediate vicinity of the low framework upon which I lay, had been literally swarming with rats. They were wild, bold, ravenous—their red eyes glaring upon me as if they waited but for motionlessness on my part to make me their prey. "To what food," I thought, "have they been accustomed in the well?"

They had devoured, in spite of my efforts to prevent them, all but a small remnant of the contents of the dish. I had fallen into an habitual see-saw, or wave of the hand about the platter; and, at length, the unconscious uniformity of the movement deprived it of effect. In their voracity, the vermin frequently fastened their sharp fangs in my fingers. With the particles of the oily and spicy viands which now remained, I thoroughly rubbed the bandage wherever I could reach it; then, raising my hand from the floor, I lay breathlessly still.

At first, the ravenous animals were startled and terrified at the change—at the cessation of movement. They shrank alarmedly back; many sought the well. But this was only for a moment. I had not counted in vain upon their voracity Observing that I remained without motion, one or two of the boldest leaped upon the framework, and smelt at the surcingle. This seemed the signal for a general rush. Forth from the well they hurried in fresh troops. They clung to the wood—they overran it, and leaped in hundreds upon my person. The measured movement of the pendulum disturbed them not at all. Avoiding its strokes, they busied themselves with the anointed bandage. They pressed—they swarmed upon me in ever accumulating heaps. They writhed upon my throat; their cold lips sought my own; I was half-stifled by their thronging pressure; disgust, for which the world has no name, swelled my bosom, and chilled, with a heavy clamminess, my heart. Yet one minute, and I felt that the struggle would be over. Plainly I perceived the loosening of the bandage. I knew that in more than one place it must be already severed. With a more than human resolution I lay still.

Nor had I erred in my calculations—nor had I endured in vain. I at length felt that I was free. The surcingle hung in ribands from my body. But the stroke of the pendulum already pressed upon my bosom. It had divided the serge of the robe. It had cut through the linen beneath. Twice again it swung, and a sharp sense of pain shot through every nerve. But the moment of escape had arrived. At a wave of my hand my deliverers hurried tumultuously away. With a steady movement—cautious, sidelong, shrinking, and slow—I slid from the embrace of the bandage and beyond the reach of the cymetar. For the moment, at least, I was free.

Free!—and in the grasp of the Inquisition! I had scarcely stepped from my wooden bed of horror upon the stone floor of the prison, when the motion of the hellish machine ceased, and I beheld it drawn up, by some invisible force, through the ceiling. This was a lesson which I took desperately to heart. My every motion was undoubtedly watched. Free!—I had but escaped death in one form of agony, to be delivered unto worse than death in some other. With that thought I rolled my eyes nervously around on the barriers of iron that hemmed me in. Something unusual—some change which, at first, I could not appreciate distinctly—it was obvious, had taken place in the apartment. For many minutes of a dreamy and trembling abstraction, I busied myself in vain, unconnected conjecture. During this period I became aware, for the first time, of the origin of the sulphurous light which illumined the cell. It proceeded from a fissure, half an inch in width, extending entirely around the prison at the base of the walls, which thus appeared, and were completely separated from the floor. I endeavored, but of course in vain, to look through the aperture.

As I arose from the attempt, the mystery of the alteration in the chamber broke at once upon my understanding. I have observed that, although the outlines of the figures upon the walls were sufficiently distinct, yet the colors seemed blurred and indefinite. These colors had now assumed, and were momentarily assuming, a startling and most intense brilliancy, that gave to the spectral and fiendish portraitures an aspect that might have thrilled even firmer nerves than my own. Demon eyes, of a wild and ghastly vivacity, glared upon me in a thousand directions, where none had been visible before, and gleamed

with the lurid lustre of a fire that I could not force my imagination to regard as unreal.

Unreal! Even while I breathed there came to my nostrils the breath of the vapor of heated iron! A suffocating odor pervaded the prison! A deeper glow settled each moment in the eyes that glared at my agonies! A richer tint of crimson diffused itself over the pictured horrors of blood. I panted! I gasped for breath! There could be no doubt of the design of my tormenters—oh! most unrelenting! oh! most demoniac of men! I shrank from the glowing metal to the centre of the cell. Amid the thought of the fiery destruction that impended, the idea of the coolness of the well came over my soul like balm. I rushed to its deadly brink. I threw my straining vision below. The glare from the enkindled roof illumined its inmost recesses. Yet, for a wild moment, did my spirit refuse to comprehend the meaning of what I saw. At length it forced—it wrestled its way into my soul—it burned itself in upon my shuddering reason. Oh! for a voice to speak! oh! horror!—oh! any horror but this! With a shriek, I rushed from the margin, and buried my face in my hands—weeping bitterly.

The heat rapidly increased, and once again I looked up, shuddering as with a fit of ague. There had been a second change in the cell—and now that change was obviously in the form. As before, it was in vain that I at first endeavored to appreciate or understand what was taking place. But not long was I left in doubt. The Inquisitorial vengeance had been hurried by my two-fold escape, and there was to be no more dallying with the King of Terrors. The room had been square. I saw that two of its iron angles were now acute—two, consequently, obtuse. The fearful difference quickly increased with a low rumbling or moaning sound. In an instant the apartment had shifted its form into that of a lozenge. But the alteration stopped not here—I neither hoped nor desired it to stop. I could have clasped the red walls to my bosom as a garment of eternal peace. "Death," I said, "any death but that of the pit!" Fool! might I not have known that into the pit it was the object of the burning iron to urge me? Could I resist its glow? or if even that, could I withstand its pressure? And now, flatter and flatter grew the lozenge, with a rapidity that left me no time for contemplation. Its centre, and, of course, its greatest width, came just over the yawning gulf. I shrank back—but the closing walls pressed me resistlessly onward. At length for my seared and writhing body there was no longer an inch of foothold on the firm floor of the prison. I struggled no more, but the agony of my soul found vent in one loud, long, and final scream of despair. I felt that I tottered upon the brink—I averted my eyes—

There was a discordant hum of human voices! There was a loud blast as of many trumpets! there was a harsh grating as of a thousand thunders! The fiery walls rushed back! An outstretched arm caught my own as I fell, fainting, into the abyss. It was that of General Lasalle. The French army had entered Toledo. The Inquisition was in the hands of its enemies.—*Tales and Sketches by Poe.*

SCRAPS FROM MY COMMON-PLACE BOOK.

BY CULPEPPER CRABTREE.

No. II.

THE BEST TEST OF GENIUS.

"Did it make you laugh?" Such was the query with which Dr. Johnson cut short the prelection of a prosy critic, who was expatiating upon the merits of one of Goldsmith's comedies. And this was bringing the matter to a direct and practical point. The excellence of a drama is to be measured, not by rule and compass (to borrow the idea of Sterne) as by the effect which it produces upon an intelligent audience, and the permanency of its attractive power. The same rule applies to music. Baumgarten, the great musical theorist, speaking of the incessant fluctuations of musical taste, justly observed, that the strongest possible test of genius, in some of the old compositions, is their surviving the age in which they were produced, and becoming the admiration of future masters. Handel's music has received this honour in an eminent degree. By Boyce and Battishill the memory of the immortal German was adored; Mozart was enthusiastic in his praise; Haydn could not listen to his "Messiah" without weeping; and Beethoven has been heard to declare, that were he ever to come to England, he should uncover his head, and kneel down at his tomb. Thus it is demonstrated that Handel, like Shakspeare, was "born for all ages," and despite the versatility of his taste, will ever be modern.

SIR THOMAS MORE.

When this illustrious and most virtuous man was committed to the Tower, he was treated with peculiar strictness. The Lieutenant who had formerly been under deep obligations to More, apologized to him for not being able to accommodate and entertain him as he wished, adding that he could not do so without incurring the King's anger. Sir Thomas replied, "Master Lieutenant, whenever I find fault with the entertainment which you provide for me, do you turn me out of doors!"

COCKNEY AMUSEMENTS IN 1657.

Under date September 15, 1657, that delicious and amiable gossip Evelyn gives us the following glimpse of the manner in which our forefathers amused themselves in the British

metropolis; "Going to London with some company, we stept in to see a famous rope-dancer, called *the Turk.* I saw, even to astonishment, the agility with which he performed. He walked barefooted, taking hold by his toes only of a rope almost perpendicular, and without so much as touching it with his hands. He danced blindfold on the high rope, and with a boy of twelve years old tied to his feet about twenty feet beneath him, dangling as he danced. Yet he moved as nimbly as if it had been but a feather. Lastly he stood on his head on the top of a very high mast; danced on a rope that was very slack; and finally flew down the perpendicular on his breast, his head foremost, his legs and arms extended, with divers other activities.—I saw the hairy woman, twenty years old. She was born at Augsburg in Germany. Her very eye-brows were combed upwards, and all her forehead as thick and even as grows on any woman's head neatly dressed; a very long lock of hair, out of each ear. She had also a most prolix beard and mustachios, with long locks growing on the middle of her nose, like an Iceland dog exactly, the colour of a bright brown, fine as well dressed flax."

LEFT HANDED COMPLIMENT.

A recent English journal in recording the decease of a certain gentleman says: "The deceased had been for several years a bank director,' *notwithstanding which* he died a Christian and universally respected!"

SELF RESPECT.

Michael Kelly narrates an anecdote of Fisher, a celebrated oboe player who flourished about 1775, which is peculiarly refreshing. Being very much pressed by a nobleman to sup with him after the opera, he declined the invitation, saying that he was usually very much fatigued, and made it a rule never to go out after the evening's performance. The noble lord, however, would take no denial, and assured Fisher that he did not ask him professionally, but merely for the gratification of his society and conversation. Thus urged and encouraged, he went. Not many minutes, however, had he been in the house, before his lordship approached him and said: "I hope, Mr. Fisher, you have brought your oboe in your pocket?" "No my lord!" was the reply, "my oboe never sups!" He turned on his heel—instantly left the house—and no persuasion could ever induce him to return to it.

"NINE TAILORS MAKE A MAN."

The origin of this very common saying is given as follows in *Notes and Queries.* In 1742, an orphan boy applied for alms at a fashionable tailor's shop in London, in which nine journeymen were employed. His interesting appearance opened the hearts of the benevolent gentlemen of the cloth; who immediately contributed nine shillings for the relief of the little stranger. With this capital our youthful hero purchased some fruit, which he retailed at a profit. Time passes on, and wealth and honour smile upon our young tradesman, so that when he set up his carriage, instead of troubling the Heralds College for a crest, he painted the following motto on the panel: "*Nine tailors made me a man!*"

A WORSE THAN USELESS BARGAIN.

The following item from a recent number of the *Fife Herald* is worth preserving. At a sale of furniture which took place in the *Lang Toun* the other week, among the onlookers were a few Irish labourers. Upon a trunk being put up, one of the said labourers remarked to his neighbour. "Pat, I think you should buy that trunk!" "And what should I be afther doing wid it?" rejoined Patrick. "Put your clothes in it sure you spalpeen!" was the response. "Arrah! dacency now!" exclaimed the scandalized Hibernian, "*would you have me to go naked?*"

SLAVES IN LONDON.

In the *Critical Memoirs of the Times*, for January, 1769, we meet with the following notice, which now-a-days reads somewhat strangely: "There is an agent in town, we hear, purchasing a number of the finest, best made black boys, in order to be sent to Petersburgh as attendants on Her Russian Majesty."

LUXURY AND TEMPERANCE.

The luxurious live to eat and drink; but the wise and temperate eat and drink to live.—*Plutarch.*

PRAISE OF THE ENVIOUS.

The praise of the envious is far less creditable than their censures. They praise only that which they surpass; but that which surpasses them they censure.—*Austin.*

GEORGE II. IN HIS LATTER DAYS.

"23*rd Dec.*, 1755."—I was in the Robe-chamber, adjoining the House of Lords, when the king put on his robes. His brow was much furrowed with age, and quite clouded with care. A blanket of ermine round his shoulders, so heavy and cumbersome he can scarce move under it! A huge heap of borrowed hair, with a few plates of gold and glittering stones upon his head! Alas, what bauble is human greatness! And even this will not endure! Cover the head with ever so much hair and gold, yet,

> "*Scit Proserpina canum;*
> *Personam capiti detrahet illa tuo.*"

—*Wesley's Journals.*

UNFAIR PREFERENCE.—A young gent says he cannot understand why the Fox should have a Brush, and no other animal. He imagines that the *Hare* would be much more in want of a Brush than the Fox.

SKETCHES IN SCOTLAND IN "AULD LANGSYNE."*

MARY O' PIRLY-HILL.

CHAPTER III.

From this time forth, the road to Pirly-hill became as well known to us, and perhaps more frequented, than the road "to the kirk." In due time we found Mary possessed of all—far more than all—that ever we had expected to find in woman; unobtrusive, modest, but kind, lively, and cheerful, well-informed, considering her years and opportunities, with a slight dash of romance about her. If anything, she had, perhaps, rather too nice notions of the dignity of woman; but this was held in check by her strong common sense—a natural, clear perception of what was proper or improper in itself, with a resolute determination to act up to her impulses (so to speak) in this respect, regardless of consequences. Such, and a great deal more, was Mary (for we draw from nature, from a real original, no mere fiction); every night we were in her company, and on every occasion, she improved in our view; every night discovered some amiable or noble trait of character which we had not observed before, and, need we add, every night she "wormed" herself deeper and deeper into our affections, until she fairly engrossed them all, ardent though they were. Greatness and wealth command many pleasures, no doubt, but they have not a monopoly of all the happiness in the world; even the poorest of the poor have occasional snatches. The "pearly dew," the "flowery field," the "hoary hawthorn," the "scented birch," the fragrant meadow," the "wimplin' burn," are no mere creations of the poet's fancy; they are actually and truly to be found in their season, abounding everywhere, and alike common to all. We are told, and told truly, that "the sun shines as brightly and as warmly upon the poor as upon the rich;" but at times night brings joys to the poor as well as day; joys, too, that ill suit with the glaring eye of light. To take the instance in this, our brief "Sketch of Scotland in Auld Langsyne:"—A country lad has an appointment with his sweetheart, some fine summer evening. She resides at the distance of some three or four miles perhaps; so away he saunters, as if he were taking an ordinary walk, but, fearful of being watched, sets out in an opposite direction until out of sight. He then strikes off to the right or left, as the case may be, and avoiding every road, public and private, makes a circuit through the fields, sometimes skirting hedges, sometimes pursuing his course through a hollow, threading now his way through a plantation, or following the windings of a burn, until he comes within a *certain* distance of his destination. Every tree, every shrub, every flower, every blade of grass is in its glory, and everything forces itself on his attention; and if he has but a spark of poetry in his constitution at all—nor is this uncommon—he associates all with the object of his affections. Being now as near the house as he wishes to be as yet, he sets himself down in some snug place to think of the approaching meeting, or, perhaps, to gaze at the fiery-red setting sun, as it suddenly dips down behind the distant blue hills, leaving, as it were, a blank in creation. Up he starts, again, and gradually and cautiously approaches the house, keeping a sharp look-out all the while that everything is quiet "aboot the toon," and that no interloper is hovering about; even that sharp-eared, long-tongue tell-tale, "Whitefit," the colley-dog, must be guarded against. Having reached the "trysting-bush," he takes his seat, and "bides his time." All is quiet and lonely, not a breath of wind, the air mild and balmy, the western horizon still streaked with red, the sky overhead clear and blue, with a few stars shining in sparkling silvery light; not a thing endued with animal life visible except the bat, as it flits about with a wavy, flickering motion; not a sound heard save the distant "caroo, caroo," of the "cushat," (wood-pigeon), or the musical drone of the "bum-clock" humming lazily by. With a fluttering heart, he at length perceives a female figure steal out from the house. She cautiously proceeds a few steps, then pauses and looks about her, for if any stranger is lurking about, he is sure to make his appearance now. All is quiet; she throws her apron partly over her face, as if to hide her blushes; walks slowly forward; pauses and looks again; then playfully going to the wrong side of the bush, whispers, with timorous accents, "Are ye there?" Then comes the rush, the stifled scream, the fond embrace, when throb responds to throb; again a pause, until exhausted nature recovers herself; and then, hand in hand, in a trip "owre the flow'ry lea," or, perhaps, seated side by side on the "herd's hillock," at the foot of the ash-tree, the simple tale that has been told fifty times before is told over again, and former pledges again renewed. What equivalent wealth offers to these things we know not.

Our meetings in time became so frequent, that sleep seemed to be a thing almost unnecessary, and sometimes for a night was dispensed with altogether; yet all the while we made but comparatively few professions of love, and asked as few in return; inference with both of us seemed to have greater force than declaration, for both of us "loved not wisely, but too well." That this was the case is not greatly to be wondered at, for between us there was a community of years, sentiments, feelings, tastes, and even in our very failings there was something congenial. Any insult—that is, premeditated insult—or neglect on our part, would have produced a lastlng separation, and any coldness or indifference on her's, would probably have brought about the same result. Both of us felt too keenly on points like these; but probably this was the charm, in some measure, which bound us together, for either we must have been all-in-all to each other, or nothing. Perfect happiness for any length of time is not the lot of man or woman. Amid all our sweet communings, we had our little whiffs and bickerings. Jealousy, though no ingredient of love, is probably inseparable from it, and it must be a very cool, sober, matter-of-fact love, indeed, that is not tinged with it. Both of us had, or thought we had, which is the same thing, something to complain of in this way.

When we went first to our village, there was a young woman of the name of Betty, who was the

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* Continued from page 54, vol. ii.

pride of the place and its neighbourhood. In reality, we have seldom seen a more handsome, good-looking young person; but this was the most that could be said of her, for she was vain, silly, changeful, and extravagantly fond of dress and admiration; with, moreover, no great depth of feeling. This giddy thing, such as she was, was then exactly to our taste; so we set ourselves to work to get introduced to her. This was an easy matter, for she had a great partiality for strangers. After a few nights' company-keeping with her, we were placed at the very top of the front ranks of her admirers—a post we kept far longer than any one had ever been known to keep before. This gaudy butterfly was a sad eyesore to poor Mary, who, no more than any other young woman, could brook any one who was thought more handsome than herself. We could easily have broken up the connection altogether, without much pain either to her or ourselves; but it suited our (*i. e.* my) purpose to do otherwise. It was well known that we (*i. e.*, I) were doing "business" (as it is called sarcastically) somewhere, but with whom no one could tell, unless with Betty. We were often joked about this, and must confess that, if we did not admit this to be the case, we at least allowed them to believe that we did pass our time with her; and this we did for the purpose of putting them on a false scent, so that they might not discover where our treasure lay. All this was known to Mary, from whom we kept no secrets of this kind. She used to laugh at the device, but still insisted that we were doing wrong; and, if we were, fearful was the retribution that overtook us.

To balance accounts, we sometimes thought that we had some little reason to complain of the attentions of a "cousin" or some such friend of Mary's, who came to Pirly-hill much oftener than we relished. He was an elderly man, possessed of considerable property, and otherwise wealthy. Wealth, in the estimation of every one, has great odds in its favor when pitted against poverty; and in our poverty we had not yet even asked her to take a share. Had he been a young man, we should have felt less alarm, for caprice or ambition might have caused him to shift his ground, but your "elderly gentleman," we knew well, is no trifler in matters of this kind; and, backed by his money, we thought it not impossible but that we might find ourselves minus our idol—for such she was—some fine morning. We hinted our fears, and she told us, frankly and artlessly, that he came to take her father's advice about some of his affairs; and that certainly he had said some civil things to her (we could have seen him and his "civil things" ten feet below the surface of the earth,) but she believed him to be merely joking, and, if otherwise, he might save himself the trouble; at the same time laying hold of our hand, and drawing it into her's, for she knew our blood was boiling. This little act of kindness set all to rights, and made us think more of her than ever we had done, if that were possible.

Cares of another kind had been for some time accumulating around us. Our conscience had long been grumbling and growling, and at last demanded in surly tones what all this sighing, and "billing and cooing," was to end in? To think of separating ourselves from her, was like thinking of parting with life itself. As yet we had no great liking for the marriage tether; but, if we had been master of the sum of twenty pounds or so, to begin the world with, we should, in all probability, have been very soon a married man. No doubt we had friends that were both willing and able to have advanced this sum; but, somehow or other, our pride has ever been a match for our poverty; and before we would have come under obligations of this kind to any one—that is to say, so long as we were able, and had the opportunity of providing for our own wants—we believe we should rather have starved. As for your "all-for-love-marriage," we looked on such as the ready road to ruin; and had no faith in the popular maxim of "marry for love, and work for siller;" nor could we at all bring our mind to make our marriage-bed on "clean peastrae." For our own (*i. e.*, my own) privations we cared little; but to have seen an amiable being, whom we loved to distraction, brought to want and "pinching," or even hardship, on our account, would have driven us mad. From our very childhood, we had resolved that, if ever we entered into the "holy bonds," &c., it should not be until we saw a way of keeping a wife in at least all the necessaries of life in an ordinary way, and, if possible, some few of its luxuries; for without these, whatever people may pretend, there can be neither peace nor happiness in the married state for any length of time. We had enough of romance about us; but not quite so much as to make us end our adventure in the most approved way, that is, by making a runaway marriage of it; and then, starving ourselves for a few days, coming back to our parents, cringing and kneeling, and begging forgiveness; and then—having laid the benevolence of every one, to the twentieth degree of kin, under contribution—and after having been kicked from one to another—to nestle down into some obscure corner, and there add to the stock of beggars. Between extremes there is commonly a middle course; and what if we should adopt it? May we not go on as we have been doing, trusting that the chapter of accidents will do something for us? Even if the very worst should happen, all that could be said about it is, that it was a thoughtless frolic, entered into by both of us, without any serious intention on either side—a thing practised daily by thousands; and if we had caught the lovers' fever, it was only what might have been foreseen; nor was there anything uncommon in it; neither uncommon that no pledges were given or asked by either of us. Indeed the subject of marriage had been rarely so much as alluded to.

To this reasoning there was something within us which cried aloud, "Away with this selfish, cold-blooded special pleading." "Call you it a frolic to trifle with the dearest feelings of an innocent, amiable, affectionate girl, who has been but too rash in placing her peace of mind in your possession? If you have made no promises, did you ever decidedly and distinctly tell her that marriage was not your object? on the contrary, has not your whole conduct from beginning to end led her to infer that your views were honorable? and what woman in the same circumstances could have come to any other conclusion? If you can-

not marry her yourself, what right have you to stand in the way of her settlement in life with another? If you would escape the everlasting reproaches of your own mind, trifle no longer, but state your views and your difficulties honestly, frankly, and without reserve. She is a party as deeply interested in this affair as you are, and has an equal right to share all your deliberations on the subject. After you have done this, if she looks on all that has passed as a frolic, you stand acquitted; if not, you are bound by whatever is honourable in human nature to make her all the redress in your power."

From this there was no appeal; so we took the first opportunity which presented itself to plunge into the subject, and to lay bare our very innermost thoughts and feelings connected therewith. Mary heard us with some emotion, and, in her usual frank way, confessed that, sooner or later, she had expected to hear some such declaration from us; that, almost from the beginning, she had guessed what were the circumstances in which we were in; and that, in point of money, we were nearly on a level, for all that she could reckon on in the meantime was an ordinary "outfitting." Then placing her hand in our's, added, that she had long been resolved, if ever we put it in her power, to unite her fate with our's, and to take her chance, "come weel, come wae," through life with us; and hoped that "we wadna like her the less for her frankness, or think she was owre easily courted." "No!" we exclaimed, "never! and, what is more, 'may we perish if ever we plant in that bosom a thorn.'"

"Fine work," thought we, as we sat up next morning—"fine work; almost a married man, without "house or ha'," and not a master of twenty shillings in the world! Well, it has come on us years sooner than we had intended; but if it was to be, where could we have been fitted more to our mind? We see, too, that we stand higher in their estimation than ever we believed we did. She shall find by and by that her confidence in us is not misplaced. Our lot may be humble, but it shall be happy, or, at least, the blame shall not rest with us. It is true, we have many difficulties to contend with in the outset, but we are young and healthy, and must "set a stout heart to a stey brae," as others have done before us, and all shall be well."

These, and many others, were passing thoughts, but germs of actions. We saw clearly we could do no good where we were, from one thing and another; so we wrote to our father to try to procure employment for us along with himself. This he succeeded in doing, and sent us word to come home as soon as we could get away. We knew our wages should not be great for a time, but then we could live much cheaper with our father and mother than in lodgings; and the nature of our employment would be a good pretext for not keeping company. Every step which we took had the approval and consent of one who now took as much interest in all our proceedings as we did ourselves. Our meetings, although fully as frequent and equally interesting as before, yet had now something in the shape of care and anxiety intermingled. Among other things, we proposed to inform her parents of our intentions; but this she objected to as yet, telling us they had already a "guid guess" of what was going on between us (which we believe was true), and that as our intercourse had hitherto been carried on strictly on the "whistle-and-I'll-come-tae-ye-my-lad" principle, it should be as well to keep silence a little longer. As there was soon to be ten long miles between us, we had some difficulty in arranging how we were to correspond—for correspond we must; and there was then no post-town nearer Pirly-hill than five miles; so at length we agreed to write each other at stated times, and to transmit the letters in a bundle of waste paper by the carrier—her's being addressed to our house, and our's to her's—while each was to call personally for the parcels.

CHAPTER IV.

Our (*i. e.*, *my*) new employment was severe, almost oppressive at first; but we knew that time would bring "custom," so we persevered manfully, and also began to practice economy—a thing we found much easier than we had anticipated. Hope, too, soon shed her cheering light on us, for we perceived that a good servant was nearly in as much request as a good master; and began to form the expectation that we should one day rise above the level of a common workman (ay, and we have more than done it); and, with this view, we employed many of our leisure hours in mastering everything connected with our employment—a thing that has been of essential service to us since. Once a fortnight, also, we got word that all was right at Pirly-hill; and once a-month we were there ourselves. We now looked upon ourselves as one about to take his place in society, and already felt some of the responsibilities of a member of it; in a word, we never had felt happier in our life. One thing, however, gave us now and then a little uneasiness. It was this:—One night when we were at Pirly-hill, we thought we perceived something like abstraction and reserve about Mary, which in a moment alarmed our ardent and suspicious mind. We inquired the cause, and were told that there was "naething the matter" with her. She then assumed a gaiety rather unusual with her; but this did not make matters better with us; yet we wronged her cruelly, as we afterwards found, in supposing that any portion of her attachment was withdrawn from us; in short, her uneasy state of mind was produced by a somewhat painful family affair, which in no wise concerned us (*i. e.* me), and which she could not well have mentioned at the time. We parted, nevertheless, on good terms; but this little incident, trifling as it was, made some inroads on our peace of mind for weeks after.

We had now been several months at our new employment, and every day the prospect was brightening before us. One day we took upon ourselves the task of taking stock: no less than sixty-nine half-crown pieces—all in good hard cash—none of your flimsy, breaking, bank paper—eight pounds twelve shillings and sixpence! Never had we been master of such a sum as this, nor anything like it, before, and our wages to be raised two shillings a-week into the bargain! Well—a few months more, and then——but we must not be selfish; somebody has a right to

know of all this, and she *shall* hear of it. In little more than a week after this, we were at our old "trysting-place," at Pirly-hill, and waited fully an hour, but no one came near us, which alarmed us not a little. As matters stood, we cared less for concealment now, and were resolved to see how matters stood at Pirly-hill. Up we went to the door, and tapped gently. After a short pause, "little Nan," as she was called, opened it; and, instead of speaking, took us by the hand and led us a few steps from the door; then told us to "gang awa' hame, for Mary wad never speak to us again." We thought the little monkey was playing us a trick, but her earnestness convinced us that there was no trick in the case. A numbness of body and a bewilderment of mind now came over us, and we really believe that the machinery of life stood still for a short time; then we felt the blood rushing along our veins like a torrent, and thought after thought chased each other through our brain, with fearful rapidity. We turned round to enter the house, but the door was choked up with, as it seemed, the whole family. We put the same question, and received the same kind of answer as before. We then asked for what reason, and were told, "ye ken yoursel'." The very intensity of, not one, but a tumult of passions struggling within us made us feel sensible how utterly impotent words were to redress these unmerited injuries; and, except a kind of sternness and huskiness in the voice, we felt as much under self-command as ever we did in our life. We again insisted on seeing Mary, and in return had a shower of abuse poured on us by her mother, in which the epithets of blackguard, worthless scoundrel, &c., were plentifully interspersed. Her husband, however, pulled her violently within, and ordered her peremptorily to "haud her peace;" then, in a voice quivering with emotion, desired us at once to leave the house and go home. We calmly and firmly told him that we would not; and that, unless he allowed his daughter to come to the door to us, we should force our way into the house to her, let the consequences be what they might; and we were about to put our threat into execution, when *she* suddenly made her appearence. With a faltering voice she told us, to "gae wa', an' mak' nae mair disturbance. We had created eneuch ae way an' anither already in the family. That it was a' our ain wite; an', frae what had passed, she never, never could think o' speaking to us again." This was followed by her father saying, "Ye hear that frae her ain lips; sae jist gae wa', an' mak' nae mair noise aboot it, or waur may come o't." And with these words the door was slammed in our face.

Our first impulse was to set our foot to the door and force it open; but an overwhelming sense of injury and degradation prevented. "Is it for me to be cringing, and begging, and breaking into houses for explanations? Me! who was just about to sacrifice my liberty to a worthless 'jilt!' Me! who, like a romantic fool, that I was, would only a few minutes ago have given my life to shield her from harm. Me! who have already allowed myself to be made a sport, a plaything, a decoy-duck, that this selfish, designing, 'country Kate' might draw in her rich 'cousin.' After this, is it for me to be making myself a laughing-stock to the whole generation of them by ranting, and swearing, about the usage I have met with! No! dreadful as is the wreck that she has made of my happiness, she shall never have the pleasure of looking for one moment on one atom of it—never. She shall be taught, that if she has been joking all along, so was I; and that I can take things as coolly as she can. Dearly as my double-dyed infatuation must cost me, it shall be confined to my own bosom; and, as for her and 'them belangin' her,' they dare not say a word about it out of the family."

All this passed through our mind with the quickness of lightning, and we turned round and left the house. What passed in our mind for some time after this, we do not well remember. The first thing which we can recall distinctly is, our sitting by the side of a burn two or three miles distant, bathing our temples with water, which restored consciousness in some measure; and by repeating which we were enabled to reach home far on in the morning, jaded, weary, and in a state of mind bordering on madness. This was our first serious lesson in the mutability of all merely human affairs; and it was a lesson! What, a few hours before, had seemed to us a prospect of well-founded, rational happiness, was now a picture of utter ruin and desolation. Every affection was broken down and laid prostrate; every generous feeling outraged or torn up by the roots; all confidence in the purity of intention in any human being blighted, withered, and dried up; and every vestige of hope cut off and destroyed. Then, in the room of these, there was every evil passion let loose; and all, all embittered by a deep sense of self-degradation and shame. A burning desire for revenge, too (for then the very mire of our heart was stirred), was greatly aggravated by a knowledge of our own impotence. What could we say, what could we do to any one of them, which should not be returned with tenfold force? Oh! what would we not have given for but one hour with "*some* folks," that the power we once possessed, or thought we once possessed, might be *felt*—that we might show what it was to trifle with the purest, and holiest, and noblest feelings of our nature!

One consolation, and only one, we had, and it was this, that we had not shown that we were in any way affected by the usage we had met with at Pirly-hill, but that rather, on the contrary, they could not but infer that the whole was a matter of indifference to us. We are not defending this state of mind, but simply stating the fact. At the time it was like balm to our wounded spirit, for we convinced ourselves that we had fallen into the hands of an artful jilt, who had kept us firm in the leash until she had made up matters with her wealthy relation, and then, without ceremony, had heartlessly turned us adrift. Although, perhaps, the most wretched of beings on the face of the earth, we nevertheless strove to conceal it from the world. For this purpose, we stuck as hard as ever to our work, although we now took no pleasure in it. As for company, we had for long kept very little, and even that little was in present circumstances a burden to us, for when in it we had to assume a gaiety which not only we did not feel, but actually detested. Solitude, solitude, was everything to us—sometimes saun-

tering through a glen, sometimes wandering we knew not whither, sometimes half-resolved to go to our old village, to hear what had taken place at Pirly-hill, and the next moment cursing ourselves as a mean-spirited blockhead for even thinking of such a thing; sometimes vowing revenge on all that bore the name of woman, and sometimes—and then we were relieved by tears—thinking on the many, happy hours which we had spent with Mary; and then, too, we were almost satisfied that we were labouring under some delusion, or rather that others were; and yet how that could be was a mystery. The very thought that there might be a mistake somewhere, although we could barely believe such a thing possible, recalled all our former tenderness, and, in spite of ourselves, we felt that

"The life-blood streaming through our heart,
Or our mair dear immortal part,
Was not more fondly dear."

These contending emotions, however, could not last for ever, and ten weeks or so brought about their usual effects in such cases. A loss of appetite, a weakness of body, and an absence of mind, had long been apparent to everybody but ourselves, yet, to all inquiries after our health, we answered, that "we were quite well," "never better." However, the dull, sunken eye, the blanched cheek, the haggard look, told a very different tale. The flame that was raging within, and which was sapping the very foundations of life, burned not the less fiercely that it was hid from every mortal eye. A slow fever was the result. The doctor shook his head, and pronounced the case doubtful, but expressed some hopes, if he could only bring us over the critical day, that was the twenty-first day from that on which we had been laid up. To us it was a matter of little moment whether or no the critical day dawned: the world had lost all its charms for us. Every moment that we could think, we were haunted with the terror of delirium coming on; for then the secret which we held dear as life should perhaps be exposed.

About the eighteenth day, we thought that we should never see another, so we called our sister, and told her that she would find a small packet of letters in our pocket, which was of no consequence to anybody but ourself, and that if she would destroy them it should oblige. She went—then returned, took the packet between her finger and thumb, put the bed-curtain aside, and walked, with her arm extended, to the fireplace. In a minute afterwards a blaze announced that our wish was fulfilled. She deceived us, however, for, nearly a twelvemonth afterwards, she returned us the packet, without, we really believe, having looked at a single letter.

After the dreaded critical day, every hour added a little to our strength. Our mind was much easier, too, for we had met with a great deal of disinterested kindness from the whole neighborhood during the illness, and we began to think that it was not such a bad world in which we lived, after all, although lately we had met with some rough usage in it. In the course of a week or two, we were able to sit up a little, and in a few days more were able to walk across the room. At this time an incident occurred which nearly set all in a blaze again. One day some of the family came in, and threw down a small bundle, saying, "There, Aelic, is something for ye." Although this dirty, creased packet had contained our death warrant, we do not think that it could have agitated us more. So soon as we could compose ourselves, we tore it open, and found in it a long letter, in a well-known, though scarcely legible hand, the contents of which made every wound in our bosom open and bleed afresh. We need hardly say that it came from Pirly-hill; it appeared, from the date, to have been written nearly four weeks before it came into our possession. Whether it had lain in the carrier's all that time, or had been sent to our house, we never inquired; but if the latter, it had probably been kept back from us out of kindness; and, on the whole, it was perhaps as well that it did not reach us sooner.

The only comfort derived from the letter was, that it contained an explanation of the cruel misunderstanding which had arisen between us. It was partly as follows:—About a week or ten days previous to our last visit to Pirly-hill, we had went one market-day to a neighbouring town, and, among others, we had met in with Betty, of whom we have had occasion to speak. Knowing her, and knowing those with her, we could not, however willing, avoid speaking to her. We accordingly did so, and was as attentive to her as we could be; and Johnnie Gilchrist being along with her (a former 'cronie'), we 'convoyed' her a couple of miles or so on her way home. We (*i. e.* I) then parted, and, taking the nearest road we could find across the country, we proceeded to "our ain fireside." Shortly after we separated, it seems, she had met with another sweetheart, whether by accident or appointment, we know not; but, instead of going home, she went to the village of C—— with him, and did not reach home until next day. Her parents had become uneasy on her account, when she did not make her appearance at the expected time, aud went to the carrier, to see if he could give them any information. He told them, "that he had not only seen her in the town, but that she had passed him on the road with us (*i. e.*, me), and, as he had not met us (*i. e.*, me) returning, he was sure we were together, wherever we might be. This so far eased their minds; but when next morning came, and still no word of Betty, the whole village was in a buzz, some proposing one thing, some another; but before they had agreed on any fixed plan, Betty was among them. When upbraided with her folly, she did not deny, if she did not admit, that she had been with us. This was paying us back in our own coin with a vengeance. Her character, in some respects, had been for some time at a discount. Ours was not exactly at a premium. However, be these what they might, it was by far too good a subject for scandal to be allowed to fall to the ground.

The story soon reached Pirly-hill, but was scarcely credited, until the father went in person to the carrier, and under the pretext of curiosity heard everything confirmed that has been stated. Here was all but proof positive of our supposed delinquency. No wonder that it enraged the whole family against us, and nearly broke the heart of poor Mary, whose proud spirit could ill brook this supposed treatment. Guilty, as they

took us to be, they were amazed at our assurance in coming to the house after what had taken place; and more than astonished at our seemingly cool and determined demeanor when we did come. Every one of us, as the father told us years afterwards, and from whom we had the most of what he have here stated, looked on this last act as a piece of consummate impudence, which prevented them altogether from even alluding to our supposed misdeeds. Mary, indeed, was of a different opinion, but she was not listened to, nor allowed to have anything to say in the matter.

But all was not yet ended. Some three months or so afterwards, a proclamation of marriage between Johnnie Taylor and Betty was made in the church, which was another subject of wonder. Johnnie's friends thought themselves justified in expostulating with him against such a rash step. He was quite amazed at their hints and hesitating dislikes; and, in fine, it came out that he was the sweetheart whom Betty had met, and that he had induced her to go to the village with him, to sit up all night with an ailing sister. This he maintained, and threatened to prosecute every one for defamation of character who said the contrary. This turn of affairs was the means of procuring us the communication alluded to; but only think what the silly, perverse, obstinate vanity of an ignorant woman brought about! Had Betty but told where she had been, all would have been right; but no, she could not deny herself the pleasure of vexing Mary o' Pirly-hill, and piquing the curiosity of the "neebors" concerning her sweethearts.

But, to return; the letter from Mary informed us that, being compelled to believe that we were guilty of what had been laid to our charge, she had, in an evil hour, promised her "hand without her heart" (her own words) to another. It seems this man had, unknown to us, been paying attentions to her for some time before we left the place, but had met with no encouragement. After our misunderstanding, however, the case was materially altered, so far as the old folks were concerned. They still dreaded that her attachment to us would make her break through all restraint, so she was not allowed to leave the house by night or by day, for fear that we should be lurking about. To see their daughter settled for life at any time, and especially after what had passed, was, it must be owned, a natural, if not a commendable, wish. The man, too, was respectable in every point of view, and far superior in worldly circumstances to us: all this had its weight with them, and, as matters stood, probably with her also. No wonder, then, that the poor girl, deceived, disappointed, and undervalued, as she took herself to be, and harrassed every day and night by her parents, should have laid her hand on the first support that presented itself. All this, and much more to the same purpose, we frankly confess was afterthought, for we took a very different view of the matter at the time; but what could we do, situated as we were? Bitterly did we lament the cause—the want of strength—which prevented us from rushing to the rescue, and making a "Jack o' Hazeldean" affair of it. As it was, our hands could not hold a pen, we could not even see to write, nor could we bring ourselves to employ another to write for us; although we had, nearly four weeks of silence had already elapsed. Nor could we get quit of the thought, that, if the affair became public, we should afterwards be pointed to as the hero of this village tragedy. In short, one scheme gave place to another, only to be abandoned in its turn. All hope laid prostrate, our little means nearly exhausted, our health shattered, and all embittered by the consciousness of our own pride, or stubbornness, or whatever it might be, in not demanding an explanation, when we might have done so—all this was hard to bear; but if the struggle was severe it was not long, for the mind had become as feeble as the body, and we sank into forgetfulness.

Whatever people may say, to know the worst is something, and to make up our mind to submit to it is a great deal more. Time, adversity, and necessity are all excellent things in their way for making philosophers of us. Some darling passion may be suddenly laid low, which for a time may depress us, but by and by others spring out (so to speak) of the ashes of the former; the shoots may scarcely be perceptible at first, but they gather strength with time, and in due course become pets in their turn. Warned by former errors, they are fostered with caution, and all due means taken to insure their gratification. In one respect, the poor man possesses an advantage over the rich. When calamity overtakes the latter, he has little else to think of, and if he is only endowed with an ordinary mind, he may possibly sink under it. Not so with the former; his daily wants force him into daily exertion, and leave him little or no time to ponder over it. Various objects are constantly coming under his view, which tend to divert the attention, while Dr. Time is slowly but surely softening and breaking down the mass of misery which once all but overwhelmed him. Had all this been preached to us as we lay groaning under a load that was sufficient, as we thought, to crush a giant, we should have laughed the preacher to scorn; but we have been taught better manners since.

After we had given up all for lost, a day or two set us on our feet again; then nourishment, pure air, and a little exercise, gradually restored our strength; and both inclination and necessity again drove us to our employment. The wound, to be sure, was still but green, and could not suffer handling, and as it was both deep and large, years passed before it healed up entirely; indeed, we are not quite sure that a little tenderness does not remain about it until the present day, for, when the inflictor of it and we met some two or three years ago, under very altered circumstances, while we talked about old affairs freely and frankly, we rather think a drop of blood or so fell on both sides; but, for all that, this was only what might have been expected.

It is said that every love story should end either with a death or a marriage. Ours must end with neither the one nor the other; and therefore it may be reckoned incomplete. Be it so. People who have little else to think of but their disappointments may die of love, or any other passion, if they think proper, but with those who have to toil for their daily bread, the case is very different; their affections may be as strong, and their sensibilities as keen, as those of the other; but necessity allows them no time to dwell upon the

evils which befall them; so that with them in the words of the old song,

> "A broken heart will mend again,
> An' ease tak' place o' pain;
> As the grass that's trodden under foot
> In time will spring again."

We need not "lift the veil" which conceals the future history of Mary and ourselves. She now sleeps in a lonely kirkyard, which is no strange place to us; and we—but enough. Our brief "Sketch of Scotland in Auld Langsyne" is ended. —*Hogg's Instructor.*

NIGHTFALL.

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

I saw, in the silent afternoon,
The overladen sun go down;
While, in the opposing sky, the moon,
Between the steeples of the town,

Went upward, like a golden scale
Outweighed by that which sank beyond;
And over the river and over the vale,
With odours from the lily-pond,

The purple vapours calmly swung;
And, gathering in the twilight trees,
The many-vesper minstrels sung
Their plaintive mid-day memories,

Till one by one they dropped away
From music into slumber deep;
And now the very woodlands lay,
Folding their shadowy wings in sleep.

Oh, Peace! that like a vesper psalm,
Hallows the daylight at its close;
Oh, Sleep! that like the vapours calm,
Mantles the spirit in repose,—

Through all the twilight falling dim,
Through all the song which passed away,
Ye did not stoop your wings to him
Whose shallop on the river lay

Without an oar, without a helm;—
His great soul in his marvellous eyes
Gazing on from realm to realm,
Through all the world of mysteries!

RECOLLECTIONS AND HISTORY OF AN ARM-CHAIR.

CHAPTER I.

A LONG day's work in walking from shop to shop, and transacting business with a number of tradesmen, quite prepared me to welcome the comforts of a dinner, evening's rest, and bed, at my old resort, the Burley Arms. Invigorated by the prospect of an hour's quiet, I walked forward with elastic step to the ancient hostelry; but "the best laid schemes o' mice and men gang aft a-gley," and, to my excessive annoyance, the first thing on entering the inn I received was a communication requiring me again to take the road, and to spend the night at a town some fifteen miles off. For once I almost wished the railways resolved into their primitive elements of ore, coal, water and pasture-land, and myself driving the snug trap, which, in pity to horse-flesh, I could not have mounted again that day. However, I looked at "Bradshaw," and found that the inexorable engine would bring me a carriage and drag me along over my next stage in good time for "supper and a bed" at the proposed resting-place. As the business on which I was thus hurried away was somewhat important, and a good order seemed likely to reward my extra exertion, there was nothing for it but to acquiesce in the alteration of my arrangements. Accordingly, having ordered dinner, I proceeded to make preparations for leaving by the eight o'clock train.

The town of which we are speaking was one of those pleasant old places, containing some twelve or fourteen thousand inhabitants, which present a happy mixture of the ancient and the modern, the venerable and the elegant; queer old rook's-nesty buildings and neat villas, business and retirement, town and country; rendering them agreeable to some persons in every grade of life, and way of business or idleness, and especially delightful and most desirable residences for single, middle-aged ladies, and families of small incomes and large pretensions. "Name! name!" say my readers. Nay, verily, I will only say that, a-hem, the town in question is situated somewhere in the midland counties, and so are a good many other towns in every respect resembling it. Perhaps some old roadsters have already formed their opinions, and may presently fancy they remember the room into which I am about to introduce them. I have no objection at all to take them into my secret, and that the more readily if unable to keep them out; but while we "bagmen" may feel an interest in such geographical and topographical particulars, I beg that it may be distinctly understood I am now writing principally for the edification and gratification of quite another class of readers; and what can young ladies, who are the interesting objects of my present solicitude, care about such trifles as names and dates? Poor, dear creatures! they seldom contract their smooth brows, or with their bright eyes pore—— but what am I writing? What have I to do with my readers at all? or even can I be sure that I shall have any readers? Some authors are never read, others not always so. Ah, well, it is ever the case when this theme is started, that visions of glossy curls and glancing eyes—— again I must check myself. These old bachelor tricks will betray me. And yet, if Jessie Edwards had only——I might not have felt so warm an interest in the class generally.

"*Révenons à nos moutons,*" *i. e.*, let us return to our chops, which the reader may remember we ordered at the Burley Arms.

Dinner despatched, I told the waiter to bring me a cup of coffee, in time for the last train, and in a few minutes was busily at work on my correspondence. I had the room to myself. Times had changed since my younger days, and we had changed with them. Instead of a snug party of us assembling, and spending a quiet evening together, our commercial gentlemen now rushed into the town, as on the wings of a whirlwind, made their calls, bolted a mouthful or two, with "Bradshaw" and their watches for side-dishes, and shot off like meteors. Old times were

changed, old customs gone, and the consequence was, that I had an opportunity of appreciating the charms of solitude. The apartment in which I was seated, as the ingenious reader may have already been on the verge of surmising, was the commercial-room. Its glory had not quite departed in the gradual decay of everything that is old, venerable, and unsuitable to the enlightenment and refinement of modern times—for these are really the only old things that we are sweeping away: old-fashioned, undrained, unroofed, ill-lighted, badly-ventilated houses; old prejudices, absurd and unreasonable old customs; old nuisances and abominations; old inquisitorial, tyrannical, inaccessible courts of law, into which, groping your way in search of justice, you find it yet more difficult to escape from them—ingress denied by benches (learned), egress barred by forms; ricketty old institutions, whose foundations were excellent in their day and after their way, but whose perversions have rendered them pests to society, and hindrances to everything like progress; old bits of feudalism, which, like old Roman coins, are turned up every now and then; old barbarisms and follies. In short, old cobwebs, not old tapestry; old rust, not old iron; old tarnish, not old gold and silver, are we for brushing and scouring away; and these must pass away as certainly, because as naturally, as old people must die, and give place to younger ones. The room, while wearing an air of old-fashioned comfort, was rendered convenient by modern improvements. The gas was lighted, and a cheerful fire glowed and crackled in the grate. The windows, sunk in deep recesses, were closed in with oak shutters, almost concealed by the heavy folds of the crimson curtains. A sideboard, covered with glasses, three or four tables in so many corners of the large room, a sofa, chairs, a book-case, stands for coats and hats in a recess, an antique mirror over the chimney-piece, and a number of pictures of horses and dogs, and their proprietors, the neighbouring country-gentlemen, together with the usual complement of sundry queer old ornaments of oriental or occidental origin, composed the furniture of the room.

In these, with the exception of one piece of furniture, there was nothing remarkable nor different from what you might see in such a room in any inn of moderate age and standing. The article thus excepted was an arm-chair of antique shape, and formed of oak, elaborately carved and highly polished. Few ever sat in it, for, truth to tell, it was not, by any means, the most luxurious sort of seat. The seat and back were covered with large soft cushions; and, on the whole, if state and repose are to be united, perhaps this chair did a good deal towards effecting their union, but still the advantage was all in favour of state. Doubtless some old justice of the peace would have deemed himself sufficiently well enthroned on its huge downy cushion, and might have enjoyed his "*otium cum dignitate*," or, at least, to reverse the sentiment, might have preserved his dignity with ease. But for an ordinary mortal to enjoy a lounge on it, was out of all question. As well might the luckless wight, seated in a second-class carriage on an English railway, attempt to compose himself to sleep, forgetful that Morpheus travels first-class. The shape of the chair forbade anything like the ease of every-day life. It was meant to be a stately, thronely chair, and it fulfilled its intention. It was square-built, and its arms were square-set, and, altogether, had it been a picture, while admitting its breadth, we should have said of it, it wanted repose. Then, if you happened, in a careless moment, to throw yourself back in it, your occiput, instead of sinking into a mass of softly-stuffed cushions, dashed against some very uncouth figures, carved out of the solid oak. In consequence of this character of the chair, I carefully avoided committing my bones and skull to its tender mercies. And yet, for some reason, from the first moment I saw it, I entertained a sort of respect, which gradually ripened into veneration, and almost affection, for the old chair. It stood there, like a giant of the olden time amongst pigmies of modern manufacture. I had examined its material and construction, had seated myself in it for a minute, and had often looked at it until I fancied it seemed to become instinct with intelligence, and to be conscious of my presence and admiration. And as it stood there in the corner by the fireside, it looked as though it had something to say to me. On my lonely drives to and from the town, and even when whirling along with a crowd of fellow-passengers, I had frequently had the image of this relic of the past before my mind's eye.

On this occasion, after writing for half an hour, I began to think about something or other that had long gone by, and fell into a train of musing, from which I was startled, by seeing the arm-chair, which was on the opposite side of the fire to myself, begin to move. I am not superstitious; I am not even timid, or nervous, or anything of that sort. The room was well lighted, and I was not three yards from the chair when it moved forward towards me, and at the same time in the direction of the table. My head may have been drooping a little at the moment; I suppose it was. I looked up: the chair was stationary. I did not feel inclined to get up, and assure myself that I had been mistaken, but, taking it for granted that it was merely fancy, I soon relapsed into the reverie which had thus been interrupted. I had scarcely forgotten the incident, when the chair again advanced. The effect of this second demonstration of an ambulatory disposition was slighter than that of the first. I felt as though it were quite natural and in proper course for chairs to walk, and, indeed, had some confused idea of an argument for their doing so, founded on the fact of their having four legs, while we, having only two, are quite able to do so. However, whether chairs in general were or were not accustomed to perambulate parlours, I had no time to consider, for the train of reflection was cut short at this point by the chair again drawing towards the table, and, in a moment or two, instead of stepping, as at first, it glided, or rather shuffled, right up to the table, and close to myself.

What might have been its first intention, I know not. I imagine that it was to address me; for, having accomplished the journey, it at once placed its elbow on the table, reared itself on its hind legs, and, in this jaunty attitude, winked at me with most consummate assurance. Yes, one of the frightful griffins carved on the back smiled

at me with perfect nonchalance, and then winked at me, as though he should intimate by this expressive grimace some such sentiment as—"Ah, old chap, how do? I could tell you a good thing or two, if I liked." Perhaps it felt jocular at first and proposed to have been merry with me. Indeed, I momentarily expected an invitation to wine. The griffin opened his mouth, and I was conscious that a smile, in anticipation of the coming jest, was already playing round my lips and mantling my cheeks, when suddenly a change came over the whole aspect of the chair; the jovial expression vanished, and, as though repentant at having been betrayed into unseemly mirth, the eye waxed heavy, the lips were compressed, seriousness and sadness overspread the countenance of the griffin, a deep sigh escaped his lips, and, gently sinking on four legs, the old chair appeared to fall into a brown study.

I felt very queer—not at all afraid, not even surprised, but confused—believing that it was my duty, or, at least, that it would only be polite of me, to do or to say something, but quite unable to decide what were the particular honors which, under such circumstances, it devolved upon me to perform. As for speaking, although the silence had now become quite painful, I could not, for the life of me, think of any mode of expression or topic of conversation which would have been even tolerably appropriate.

After a few minutes, the old chair seemed to resume its usual placidity of expression, and, turning to my writing materials, drew one arm out of its pocket, or socket, and bending on me a look of polite inquiry, as it extended its arm towards the paper, signified by this dumb show a wish to use the materials. Scarcely knowing what I did, I silently assented. The old chair immediately placed some sheets of paper before it, and trying the nibs of two or three pens on one of the griffin's claws, selected one of them, and began to write. Lost in wonder at the whole procedure, I gazed at the oaken scribe, as, without honouring me with the slightest recognition of my presence, again and again he dipped his pen in the ink, and covered page after page with his writing, until at length I began to feel drowsy, the room appeared gradually to darken, the form of my old friend waxed less and less distinct, and then vanished altogether, and I fell into a sound sleep.

How long I may have continued oblivious of the outer world, I cannot say. I was awakened by the waiter, who presented me with a cup of coffee, and said the omnibus would start in half an hour. He had scarcely left the room ere the whole scene which I have described flashed into my mind. The chair was in its old place in the corner, the griffins looked as grim and as glum as ever. I drew up to the table, and there lay several sheets of closely-written paper.

Whether the whole transaction was a reality, and the old elbow-chair had truly written the following brief memoirs; or whether, in my sleep, I had myself penned them; or whether some wag, entering, had observed that I slept, and had left them on the table, and retired without disturbing my nap, I must leave my readers to determine. They, receiving the paper literally as I did, may form their own conclusions respecting the authorship, and when they have read it, I will appear again for a moment, state a few facts which subsequently came into my possession, and say farewell.

NARRATIVE.

(Understood to have been written by an Arm-Chair.)

Concerning my origin and the earliest period of my existence, I am unable to offer any authentic or very important information. I have always been of opinion that I am descended from one of the most respectable oaks in the kingdom. I first saw the light in the park of one of the old Norman families of this country, and have every reason, therefore, to conclude, that if my parentage could be traced up, I should be found to have derived my origin from one of the majestic trees of two or three centuries' growth which flourished in my immediate neighbourhood, and in my early youth covered me with the refreshing shadow of their venerable boughs. From all this it is clear that I may boast some of the purest sap in the forest, or indeed in the island. I was no roadside sapling, now thickly overlaid with dust, and now yielding handfulls of my foliage to adorn and shade the heads of the horses of every low-bred waggoner, and when the charming month of May had just tempted me to put on my summer vesture, having whole boughs torn away from me to commemorate the loyalty of one of my family. No, I escaped such indignities as these. I heard of them, I saw them at a distance, but I felt them not. I am not conscious of having, during my long country, or open-air life, degraded myself by giving the smallest part of me to any useful purpose, or by contributing at all to the comfort of mankind. No beggar reposed beneath my shade; no dirty, ragged urchin shouted with joy on gathering an oak-apple from my branches. I was truly an aristocratic oak, and, having begun life in a spacious and beautiful park, it was my privilege to continue therein all my days. Once, indeed, I was exposed to no little danger. I was then a sapling, rising some three or four feet from the turf, when a youth came bounding along by the old forester, whose care we were. I perceived at a glance that he was one of the children, perhaps the heir, of the noble earl in whose domain I grew. The forester treated him with respectful attention, while he followed almost without restraint, the dictates of his own lordly will. The ground around me was the extreme corner of a plantation, and the briars, thorns, and gorse, with all sorts of coarse rough weeds which grew so thickly about me, led the young gentleman to conclude that I was in no respect more valuable than the commonest hedge-side switch. Taking a fancy to me, he seized me near the root, and attempted to tear me up. Ah, what a fearful moment was that! Fortunately, his strength was not equal to his purpose. He gave one tug; I felt a number of my tiny roots give way; every fibre seemed to be reft asunder. Another such pull, and I had been uprooted. But it was not to be so. His tender hands were galled by my rough bark, and, loosing me, he exclaimed, "Roger, I want this sapling for a staff." Happily, Roger had the sense to see that, by clearing away the worthless underwood which concealed me, and obstructed my growth, I should soon

become a flourishing young tree, and fill up a bare place in the park. He explained this to his young master, and easily dissuaded him from his purpose. I was in imminent danger, and for many months afterwards, in my withered leaves and drooping shoots, I gave token of the violence with which I had been treated. After this event in my history, I throve apace; the brushwood was cleared away from me, and, for greater security, I was surrounded with a barricade of palings.

My future life, for nearly a century, was rather monotonous. Summer and winter, heat and cold, storm and calm, visited me in due order, and found me prepared to meet them. When the spring and summer advanced to offer me their kindly greeting, I welcomed them cheerfully: I clothed myself in raiment of the brightest, softest green. The genial rains refreshed me, the light breezes played wantonly through my boughs, and every leaf danced and sported with the gentle airs. A whole choir of nature's sweetest minstrels lodged in my branches, and there warbled their "wood-notes wild." When treacherous autumn had passed away, and surly winter rushed upon me in storms, I had prepared myself for his approach. I had cast aside my summer garments, and bared my arms for the coming battle. In vain his angry winds swept by me; in vain his storms beat violently against me; in vain his tempests rushed upon me in fury, and raged around me in their wrath. My boughs, tossed to and fro, creaked in harsh tones; perhaps, when I wrestled with the blast, I groaned and filled the air with hollow, mournful sounds. But when Boreas grappled with me in the strife, if I uttered sounds as of sighing and the dismal voices of the troubled, he howled as he dashed himself among my boughs, and fled roaring to the covert of the woods. And still I grew, and waxed taller and statelier each day. And when the sun shone in his strength, and parched the herbage around me, and the little flowers looked up in the morning, as though supplicating pity, and the sun shone, as in contempt of them, with brighter beams and hotter rays, until one by one they drooped and hung down their heads, until the evening dew should descend and revive them, I rejoiced in his power; and when at length he had completed half his journey through the sky, I spread my cooling shade over some of the flowers, and they looked up, and smiled their thanks. And every year I extended my shade further and wider, and refreshed a larger portion of the earth. Oh, it was a brave time with me then! My station was near the main avenue leading to the mansion, and, through the openings in the trees, I could see the old towers and battlements. Many changes did I witness. I was but a young, small tree when the youthful heir of the vast estates and honours of the De Courvilles buried his venerable sire. I had little changed when he led his lovely bride to her home in the ancient castle. I saw him each day, as the great painter, Time, laid new tints on his cheeks and hair. I marked him as he passed from mature manhood into the decay of age. At length he appeared the aged grandsire, attended by a troop of laughing children; and then another funeral procession came by, slowly wending its way to the village church. Many a gay cavalcade passed along; many a mournful band slowly defiled before me. One generation succeeded another, and yet I was in my prime, and waved my branches with all the freedom and more than the strength of youth. I had stood nearly a century, and had seen old trees, that once towered above me in their pride, now laid low on the turf. I had seen young saplings grow into seemly trees, and fancied that, while all around me was changing, while one race of men followed another, while one generation after another of the feathered tribe warbled for a time, and then were hushed into silence, I alone was to endure.

But my time came. How long I might have continued the ornament of the park, had the De Courvilles remained as they once were, I know not. It was a consolation to me when I heard the woodman and the timber merchant devote me to the axe—to learn that I fell with the noble family with whom I had been so long connected. The estates had gradually been squandered, and now the last of the De Courvilles was preparing for the grave. He had buried his children, and the race was about to become extinct; and the old man, before he too departed, would clear off all incumbrances from the property. He had sold much of the land; and close to his own dwelling he was felling timber, that when the estate passed into the possession of a distant branch of the family, it might, if smaller, be free of debt. I was marked for the woodman, and I rejoiced. 'Twas better to fall with the falling house, and to descend while in my pride and glory, than to stand there until the rot had sapped my core, and my leafless boughs were snapped off one by one by the storm, and I had slowly decayed and crumbled to dust. Soon my doom was consummated, my branches were lopped off, and I lay there a long straight stick. The steward had received my value, and shortly a wain was placed over me; I was chained to it, and thus dragged to the timber-yard.

I lay a considerable time there, exposed to the weather, and then was sawed into logs. We were, after a little longer delay, carried off in a cart, and I found myself in a joiner's workshop. When the old man, whose property I had now become entered the room, I recognised him as one whom I had seen walking along the avenue near which I formerly grew, and who had there commented on my size, shape, and foliage. I fully expected that he would now have begun to moralize—to give utterance to reflections becoming such an occasion; I was disappointed. He took up one or two pieces, held us to the light, examined our grain, and then, expressing his approval, set us down in the corner. I found, too, that the old man was well aware of my origin, for he told his grand-daughter about me when she came to watch him at his work. Not many days elapsed ere the old carver and his son proceeded to make use of us. The latter formed two chairs and the old man then commenced carving figures on us. My time passed drearily enough, enlivened only by brief conversations between father and son, a short tune whistled by the latter, and occasionally the innocent prattle of the young children.

I was anxious to learn my destination, and when I had discovered that the other chair and

myself were being executed for a worthy old burgomaster, yclept Alderman May, I was still curious to see in what sort of a family I was likely to take up my abode. The tedious operation was at last completed. My companion and I were set side by side, and all friends and neighbors came in to see Alderman May's arm-chairs, and to comment on our appearance. We had great reason to be proud of the compliments bestowed on us; and, for my part, I was not a little flattered at observing that, whether as a mighty oak in the field, or as a chair cunningly wrought, I still attracted the admiration of man. Indeed, I could not but remark on this occasion, that many who could not have appreciated my beauty as a noble tree, were able to discover excellencies in me, and to lavish praises on me, now that I had descended to the level of their capacities in the form of an article of household furniture.

CHAPTER II.

In due season we were installed, with the accustomed honours, in our new habitation. The room in which we were placed was a large gloomy apartment. The walls and floor were composed of polished oak, the furniture of the same excellent material. A huge fireplace on one side gave promise of abundant warmth in winter, but, on my first introduction to the premises, it was filled with boughs of laurel, holly, and yew. The room was lighted by a bow window, divided by thick joists into small compartments, and looking out into a garden laid out in angular walks, square beds, and a smooth lawn. This plot of ground was filled with evergreens and fruit-trees, good store of currant and gooseberry bushes, and a profusion of shrubs, herbs, and sweet-scented flowers, among which the wallflower was prime favourite. Alderman May was attending a meeting of council when we arrived, and we were duly placed, to await his return and inspection. Mrs. May was a middle-aged woman; with a quiet, retiring manner, proceeding from weakness of body, accompanied by natural sensitiveness of disposition. Yet she was no idler; and, though not given to scold, and kindness itself in her manner and tone of voice, she had everybody and everything about her in order. Every one seemed to feel affection for her, but it was true, pure affection, full of respect. Daily she entered the large room, and read a chapter out of an old family Bible; which having done, she then very carefully dusted every article in the room, and so retired.

On Alderman May's return home, he came deliberately up-stairs to view the new arm-chairs, and so gave me an opportunity of making his acquaintance. He had been attending a meeting of the council, at which some discontented, factious man, doubtless attempting to conceal a spirit of anarchy beneath the cloak of public spirit, had sought to induce the corporation to erect a new bridge over the town ditch; the said meddling citizen averring that the same would be a great relief and benefit to the worthy lieges, who now had to make a circuit of three miles in order to pass from one part of the city to another. The worthy alderman had been successful in preventing this unwarrantable inroad upon the established order of things, and had procured a decision that, forasmuch as the evil had never before been deemed worthy of removal, and as the distance now was no greater than it had previously been, and as the old bridge had ever proven sufficient for the use of their fathers and all other loyal subjects and citizens; the petition of Humphry Tomkins, humbly shewing, &c., should be rejected. In consequence of this victory, Alderman May was more than ordinarily elated with dignity, blended with good-nature. Rather older than his spouse, he was a stout, jovial man, with dark hair, merry, twinkling eyes, a tendency to jocularity beaming forth in his whole countenance. He spoke with a loud, cheerful voice; and, save when he was constrained to be officially dignified, was decidedly inclined to be jolly in his manners and speech. Having examined us minutely, and taken time to discover our merits and demerits, Mr. Alderman May proceeded to pass sentence on us; which proving very favourable, Mrs. May mildly intimated her reflection of her lord's judgment; and, seating themselves in state in us for a few minutes, they then rose and left the room, locking the door after them.

Except on Sundays, or on great occasions of feasting and rejoicing, we saw very little of the alderman, or even of his lady. But all my kindliest memories and liveliest sympathies centre round another member of the family, whom I have not yet mentioned. This was Caroline May. She was from home for the day when we were first carried into Alderman May's house, and I did not see her until the next morning. She was then a little girl of some ten summers; and when she stepped so noiselessly into the room, and looked at us with such a wondering gaze, and glanced so timidly at the griffins on our shoulders, and touched us so gently, and sat down in us alternately, and then ran off to tell her mother all about us, I felt quite sorry to lose sight of her. And then I watched her as she grew up, and slowly expanded into a coy maiden, and into a blooming woman. Every morning in summer she came and opened the old-fashioned casement, and filled the room with the fragrance of a thousand flowers. And she tripped along so lightly, wearing always a sunny smile that gladdened the eye when it rested on her, and singing some quaint old ballad with a voice so sweet that it filled the room with music when she only spoke—and looking at every table, and chair, and footstool, and the trees and flowers in the garden, as though she had a special liking and love for each one—that all who knew her fell in love with her, and would have yielded her service. She was the light of her father's life, and soon his only companion, for Mrs. May had scarcely seen Caroline able to take her place in the household before she sickened, and was confined to her chamber and the room in which we were placed. And there we saw Caroline supporting her mother into the room, and seating her by the fire, and waiting upon her, and tending her with more than a nurse's skill, until one day she came into the parlor, and then for many weeks Caroline scarcely ever entered the room, and when she did visit it, it was but for a moment, and then hurried away. And when the winter had passed away, and spring was given place to summer, Caroline came again into

the room; and she was clothed in deepest mourning, and her cheek looked so pale, and her hand was so white and thin, and she gazed so sorrowfully through the window, and then, sinking down on a chair, wept so long and so bitterly, that we knew her mother was dead, and we feared lest she too should leave this world of mourning. But youth triumphed, and Caroline gradually recovered her blooming health and some portion of her cheerfulness.

When I looked at those bright, sunny, laughing eyes, and those luxuriantly clustering brown ringlets, and the fair cheek just beginning to resume its rosy blush, and those cherry-ripe lips, and the arch smile that sometimes played over her features, I suspected that Caroline was thinking of somebody else than her father; and, in truth, she was.

When Alderman May received Edward Wilson in the large room one evening, and a tankard of ale was set down, and Caroline blushed as she left the room, and both the old man and the young one seemed to be tong-tied, or to think that blessed were the silent, I listened very eagerly for important announcements. And when at last the truth came out, and I found that they were agreed upon essentials—to wit, that Caroline was pre-eminent among women, and that she would make young Wilson the most excellent wife conceivable—and when I perceived that the alderman approved of the match, only postponing it for two years, which, after much demur, Edward agreed would be a necessary delay, as he had not yet fairly established himself in business, and as the old gentleman gave him a most cordial invitation to visit her in the meantime as often as he chose, I made up my mind that Caroline was to leave her home. I was not sorry for it, for, of course, it was in proper order for her thus to settle in life, and was a stage in the journey through life, which, as the result of the experience of an old chair, I have since learned, and now state for the benefit of society, I believe it advisable for every young woman to travel—if she can.

Ah! what disclosures I have heard and overheard. Many and many a time after this did Edward and Caroline, seated side by side, pour into each other's ears such effusion of nonsensical sentiment, such rubbish, sheer rubbish, vows, promises, fancies, presentiments, fears, hopes, and such like, that, if ever I was in danger of losing my good opinion of my pet Caroline, it was then. And while I did manage to overlook it, though by no means excusing, far less justifying it, in a girl, I candidly acknowledge that, making the fullest allowance for a temporary aberration of intellect on the part of Edward, I never could quite get over his folly in uttering such luxuriously soft, such ridiculously silly, things, or rather nothings. I am inclined to fear, indeed, that I did not hear the wildest ravings of these lovers' fancies, but that the garden proved more favourable to the poetic development than even the window-recess of an old room; for one evening, when they were walking there by moonlight, I overheard them in conversation (interspersed with other sounds, somewhat similar to the cracking of nuts or small whips,) of which the words spoken, just as they passed under the open window, sounded so like "thrice angelic Caroline," that, taking them as a sample of their evening's discourse, I was glad when they advanced beyond my hearing. It may be that Edward was merely reading to her out of an old romance the fulsome flatteries of some venerably servile dotard, but then the "Caroline" sounded suspicious; and, even straining our charity to put this construction on the words, what becomes of that peculiar, oft-repeated, and unmistakeable smacking sound? Was this merely an appropriate illustration of the tale? The most that my charity can do in the case is to adopt the kiss, and believe that it was simply the "kiss of charity;" or, better, that *they* were the kisses of charity, which I do very readily believe. No; taking all the circumstances into consideration, I give them up on this occasion as a pair of moon-struck lovers, and, if my reader be able, either by charity or aught else, to rescue them from this character, he or she is at liberty to exercise the requisite ingenuity, and I wish it may prove successful.

But if the communications of young lovers proved rather distasteful to a third party, even though but an arm-chair, judge how intolerable must the ludicrously endearing expressions of an old couple have proved; and yet I was compelled to listen to these. The smooth course of Edward and Caroline's true love was interrupted by a most extraordinary and unaccountable freak on the part of the alderman. He made demonstrations of an intention to enter again into that holy state from which the death of Caroline's mother had released him. For my part, I can scarcely preserve any equanimity, even after this interval of time had elapsed, while stating the fact. As soon as I discovered it, and heard my Caroline crying as she told Edward about it, I could have broken down beneath the old fellow with pure contempt and indignation. He couldn't see his daughter get married, but he must do so too, forsooth! Pshaw! I am a chair of placid, almost stoical temperament, but still I *am* a chair, and possessed of the feelings of my kind, and this quite banished my indifference, fairly overcame all my philosophy. I was roused. I longed to get the alderman's toe under one of my feet, and the late Mrs. May seated on me. Wouldn't we have forcibly reminded him of those infirmities of age, which he appeared to have so completely forgotten! Of course, my rage was impotent. I hoped that the catastrophe might be averted. I should have been glad to have heard of the burial rather than the marriage service being read over him. But no, he was not going to die just then. That his marriage proved his death, indeed, I firmly believe; but it did so not prospectively, but retrospectively—not by anticipation, but by recollection. I found there was no possibility of its being averted by human agency. A widow had fixed on him, and while Caroline was immersed in the pleasures of courtship, she had courted the old alderman, flattered him, amused him, teased him, diddled—yes, diddled him. Henceforth, it was no uncommon thing for the old lady and gentleman to seat themselves in the two arm-chairs, and there she courted him with coarse, monstrous, palpably false and absurd compliments, which the alderman gulped down very graciously, though I observed she had to do nearly all the courting herself.

In a very short time they were married, Caroline to please her father, appearing at the ceremony, with as good a grace as she could assume. One happy consequence of the wedding was, that it put a stop, a full stop, to the courtship, as far as the old people were concerned; and I think I may say, I never saw the second Mrs. May fondle or manifest any foolish affection for the old man after marriage. Caroline was amply avenged; I had abundant satisfaction on the old alderman for his folly. He was mated; he was more—he was checkmated. He got so little of his own way, was so thoroughly snubbed and kept under, that I foresaw, from the moment of his resumption of the matrimonial fetters, that his life would be a short, though not a merry one. Poor Caroline did all she could to maintain peace, but in vain, and she looked forward to her approaching marriage as a happy exit from a scene of domestic misery, almost as much as an entrance on the joys of domestic felicity. Her wedding-day was fixed, but before it arrived her father was lying very ill. I should have stated that one of the first acts of the second Mrs. May's reign was to banish one of us arm-chairs to the back sitting-room, and the other to the alderman's bed-room. It was my lot to be placed in the latter apartment. How tenderly Caroline nursed her sick father, I cannot describe. She was ever at hand to soothe and cheer him. One morning, the old gentleman appeared much worse, and, calling his daughter to him, he asked her, in a low voice, whether she had any request to make. I thought it but a matter of form. I knew that he had already made disposition of his property, and had provided for Mrs. May far more liberally than she deserved. I waited impatiently for Caroline's answer. To my surprise, she said that she had one favour to ask. Her father begged her to speak out. She seemed to hesitate. I hoped she was not going to disappoint all my hopes—to destroy my good opinion of her. She asked with all simplicity and half-reluctantly, "Father, let me have the two old oak arm-chairs that used to stand in the bay-window." Poor dear Caroline! My heart of oak warmed towards her while she spoke. She had not forgotten the days when she peeped into the room so timidly, to see whether her mother was reading. And after all, I was not deceived. She did love the old furniture, where her father and mother had sat, and she wished to claim these old chairs, which were now laid aside and neglected; and for the sake of "auld lang-syne," and for the memories of days when she had learned her lesson or worked her sampler, seated in the arm-chair, or perhaps thinking of the time when Edward and she sat in them, and talked together, she would take them to her new home, and treasure them up as mementos of the past. But the alderman was not appointed unto death at that time; thanks, in some measure, no doubt, to the care and kindness of Caroline, he recovered from this attack, and lived a few months longer, during which time he saw his daughter wedded; and, when she entered her husband's house, the two chairs were standing by the fireside in a snug little parlor; and heartily glad was I to escape from the old house, and to accompany Caroline, though, had I known the future, I had better have remained where I was. But of this anon.

We took up our abode very contentedly at our new residence, and Mr. and Mrs. Wilson commenced their married life with every auspicious omen. The alderman not unfrequently retired from the discord of his own house to the peace which reigned in his daughter's residence, while Mrs. May never intruded into this tranquil retreat. The poor old gentleman bitterly bemoaned his hard fate, and his son and daughter could do little to comfort him, save in offering sympathy. He lived to see his first grand-child, and then passed away, leaving his disconsolate widow to mourn his loss.

Caroline proved as good a wife and mother as she had been a daughter, and for some time all went smoothly, and prosperity smiled on the happy family. By degrees, however, a change took place. I could perceive that something was wrong. Every evening Mr. Wilson went out, and once or twice, when Caroline asked him whither he went, he replied, "To the club." Still, beyond a little uneasiness on the part of the family, or a slight interruption of the domestic harmony, there seemed to be no further evil. In process of time, however, I observed that he had lost his healthy aspect, and looked bloated and sensual. Then, one night on his return home, he talked loudly and unconnectedly, stamped his feet, and, finally, sunk down on the ground in the stupor of drunkenness. From this time, his progress in dissipation and towards ruin was rapid. Morning, noon, and night, he indulged in the use of stimulants. Soon he became short of money. Caroline husbanded her resources as long as she received anything, and expended them with prudence and extreme economy. Her own dress became daily more and more shabby; then her children were meanly, and at length scantily clad; then the scarcity extended to provisions, and the children were coarsely at first, and soon insufficiently fed. Many there were who spared her husband for her sake, and delayed proceeding to extremities until her death, which, to all, save her infatuated husband, appeared inevitable. And still this simple-hearted, this tenderly-nurtured, this affectionate girl, bore all the burden of the household care. At once the mistress and the servant, she nursed the children, she attended upon her husband; she made excuses to those who came for money, and prevailed on them to wait yet a few days; she strove to reclaim her fallen husband; she reasoned, oh how wisely! she persuaded, oh how eloquently! she entreated, with what earnestness! she remonstrated, with what kindness and delicacy! She thought, she spoke, she acted, she labored, until at length, having exerted herself beyond her strength, she sunk upon the bed, and lay pouring out her life's-blood with every breath. She lay long unregarded. The children were at play in the yard; her husband was attempting to attend to business. When he returned, he rushed out to seek assistance. Her father's old friend and surgeon was sent for, and gave directions for her treatment, but told them, at the same time, that there was little hope. The guilty husband looked on in helpless grief. Once more she opened her eyes, looked languidly on him she had so deeply

loved, pointed to her children, closed her eyes, breathed softly, more gently, yet more lightly—no more!

Edward Wilson walked down from the chamber of death and seated himself in the little parlor, another man from what he was a few hours before. Now he was awake, now he felt. The happiness he had destroyed, the hopes he had blasted, the misery he had inflicted, the fearful and now irreparable wrong he had committed, the degradation into which he had sunk, all broke upon his view, and shone into his mind with blinding, scorching rays; he covered his face with his hands, and rocked to and fro in his agony. He raised his eyes and looked around the room; there was no tear on his cheek—he could not weep. He threw himself on the ground, and there, the light of reason, flickering as each gust of emotion threatened to quench it in the thick darkness of insanity, he uttered the wildest ravings. Now some lines of a convivial song broke from his lips, and now he uttered imprecations against imaginary enemies, while sometimes endearing expressions mingled with his incoherent shoutings. I learned from his unconscious utterances that he was more guilty than his wife supposed. Caroline knew not that her husband was dishonest; and well was it for her, too, that she never learned that he had forgotten, at least thought lightly of, the wife of his choice, and once his only love. She was spared the kuowledge of these; she had not to fathom the lowest depths of his fall. Among his wild confessions of guilt, this injury of Caroline occupied the chief place, and ever and anon, after a moment's silence, he would utter with deep feeling some sentence of the declaration he had made when he stood with her before the altar, and made her his wife. After a time, the violence of his emotions seemed to have subsided; he sighed deeply, and presently sank into slumber. When he awoke, he endeavored to assume a calm demeanor, but his countenance betrayed the presence of deep emotion within. He went upstairs, and gazed on all that remained of his wife; then calling the children into the room, he kissed them all, and when they asked for their mother, told them they might see her again sometime; and then, after weeping with them, he left the house, and entered it no more. People who came into the room in a day or two after, said he had drowned himself on the evening that his wife had died.

CHAPTER III.

Mr. Wilson's establishment being, as already detailed, broken up, everything was sold, and in this sale I was parted from my old companion chair.

I was carried away by the auctioneer as a cheap purchase of his own, and lay in a sort of lumber room for some time. I have reason to regard this as, on the whole, the dullest period of my existence. Whether I should have remained there until now, or been chopped up for firewood, in the ordinary course of events, I cannot guess; but it happened very fortunately for me that, when I had for many years been immured in this uncongenial retirement, there arose an extraordinary mania among ladies for antique furniture, and, in particular, old Gothic chairs were in great demand. The auctioneer who had originally purchased me, had disposed of his business and some articles of furniture to a younger member of his profession, and this gentleman, coming into the room one day, no sooner set his eyes upon me, all dusty as I was, than he perceived at a glance how good a sale might be made of me. Under ordinary circumstances, he would have been only too happy to have sold me at a slight advance on the sum he paid for me, to any one requiring a strong garden or hall chair. As it was, although I was far too young for the purpose, and, indeed, was scarcely so antique as many of the ladies, the subjects of the mania, who would probably have strongly denied the applicability of the epithet to themselves, it was determined that I should figure in the next catalogue as a genuine old oak. Accordingly I was taken down, dusted, and polished up a little, and in the next catalogue I appeared in the character (positively my first appearance in that character) of a "valuable antique elbow chair, of dark oak, elaborately carved, very suitable for a lady's drawing-room."

On the day of sale, a number of ladies, and one or two gentlemen, examined me, and pronounced me a gem-unique. The competition for me was extremely keen, and at first pretty general, but speedily the bidders for the most part withdrew from the contest, leaving it to be decided by two elderly ladies—a widow and a spinster—who seemed prepared to contend with all the ardor that animated the two survivors of the Horatii and Curiatii in the last round of their memorable combat. The auctioneer repeated his estimate of my great beauty and value, and the two ladies puckered up their lips, frowned, and bid half-crowns in advance of each other with an energy and pertinacity which left nothing to be desired. The strife, at first friendly, had now assumed the character of a duel, and threatened to degenerate into a serious personal quarrel. The ladies were old rivals at this sort of thing; the sale-room had been the scene of frequent conflict, and each had her own partisans, aiders, and abettors. They were equally matched in desire to possess me, and in the pecuniary qualification for so doing; but perhaps the unmarried lady had rather the greater obstinacy of the two, though the stock of the inferior one in respect to this article was by no means small. The widow (as *Bell's Life* would word it) began to show signs of distress. She waited rather longer before bidding in advance than she should properly have done. The spinster followed up her advantage, and shrieked out her advance with an air of defiance. This had quite the opposite effect from what was intended, and cost the foolish virgin five shillings, for the widow at once capped it with another half-crown. The interest and excitement had now reached a high pitch, I should have said their height, had not a trifling incident occurred, which at once gave a powerful impetus to the excitement, imparted an air of hilarity to the whole affair, and, perhaps, was the means of beating the widow out of the field. It was this: among the crowd of porters, and men in a similar position in society, who formed the background of the crowd who frequented the auction mart, was one man who

apparently felt deeply interested in the success of the fair unwedded one; and just when the widow, who had been a length behind, had by her last bold stroke placed herself neck-and-neck (*Bell* again) with her opponent, and the proprietorship of the chair seemed again for a moment in abeyance, this enthusiastic bottle-holder, either ignorant of the rules of polite life, or carried away by intense interest in the *event*, broke the breathless silence of the assembly, and the spinster's studious calculation, by exclaiming, in a hollow, agitated voice, "Go it, go it, little un; go it!" the lady appealed to being of diminutive stature. When the laughter, hisses, cheers, confusion, cries of "Turn him out," &c., had subsided, the fair combatant did go it, and, apparently reluctantly, honored the expectant auctioneer with the acquiescent nod. The hammer hung in suspense. "Going—go-ing—Mrs. Scorler,—go-ing—go-ing"—the hammer descended—"gone—Miss Conder." Miss Conder received the congratulations of her supporters with an air of meekly triumphant humility, which distorted her at no time remarkably pleasing features into a most hideously spiteful visage. In so far as I was concerned, I had the satisfaction of knowing that I had fetched about four times my original price, and ten times my real value.

I speedily found myself, after having undergone a preliminary polishing, in the drawing-room of the worthy lady who had carried me off so victoriously from the hotly-contested field. I was soon made aware that I was promoted into a higher class of society than I had formerly been accustomed to. My old loose cushion was discarded, and after remaining uncovered for a few weeks, I learned that a piece of tapestry, upon which Miss Conder had for a long time been engaged, was designed, with a corresponding piece already completed, to compose the covering for my back and seat. In due time the last silken thread was wrought in, and I was sent to the upholsterer's to be invested with my new garments, and, thus adorned, I returned to take my position among the other elegant articles which found a place in Miss Conder's drawing-room. The pieces which that industrious lady had with her own delicate fingers wrought, in brilliant colors and glossy silken thread, were extremely appropriate to my shape, use, and material as an old oak armchair, being two oriental scenes caricatured out of the book of Genesis; the figures, attitudes, perspective, colors, costume, and botanical and zoological accompaniments, having been suggested by Miss Conder's fancy, and decided upon by her own taste, which it would seem was ingenious rather than judicious. The work and myself, as serving to display it, however, gave abundant satisfaction, and I might have continued quietly to occupy a corner of Miss Conder's drawing-room, in company with sundry screens, ottomans, footstools, and other articles distinguished by that amiable lady having expended some portion of her taste and skill in their decoration, but that, having lived, say forty years, in a state of single blessedness, the aforesaid lady suddenly took a whim of giving both sides a fair trial, anticipating, of course, that a pair would enjoy double blessedness. So, forgetting the cruelty which no doubt she manifested in her early days, she yielded her hand and purse, and what heart she had, to a young spark, who, being short of cash, had seen good to add a trifle to his pecuniary stature by a matrimonial speculation.

Mr. and Mrs. Montague Villiers, for reasons which the sagacious reader will readily discover and appreciate, determined on commencing their wedded life in a town in which they were unknown; and, accordingly, Mrs. Villiers made arrangements for disposing of a considerable portion of her goods and chattels, which she did not find it quite convenient to carry with her about the country in her wanderings in search of a home. I—having previously been stripped of the illustrations of Scripture history which had graced my back and seat—was presented to an old friend (a poor relation) of Mrs. Villiers, who, having been reduced in circumstances, was living in lodgings, consisting of a bedroom and parlor, whose walls were condemned to hear (if walls have ears, as the proverb asserts they have) her constant complaints of the present, and mournful reminiscences of brighter days of yore. In this pleasing retreat I became once more an article of use. Overwhelmed with cushions and pillows, I was privileged to be the seat in which, wrapped up in a multitude of shawls, this inveterate old grumbler settled herself when she rose in the morning, and in which she continued until she retired to bed again. The time soon came when death released her from her cares, and me from her service. Her friends, on learning that she had done grumbling, commenced raising funds for her burial, by the sale of her effects, and I, with a few rickety pieces of furniture, passed into the hands of a broker.

In common with other articles, I was occasionally brought forward and exposed to view, with a faint forlorn hope that somebody might buy us. At such seasons I amused myself by speculating into what sphere I should next pass, and many a person did I mark as likely to become a purchaser. For a long time I was doomed to disappointment, and, when my release did come, I was quite surprised at the character of the person who bought me. I had experienced, as the reader is aware, some strange vicissitudes, and was now quite prepared to pass into a cottage, and there be knocked about until I fell in pieces. Judge of my astonishment, when one day a very fashionably dressed young man stopped, asked my price (the old furniture-mania having disappeared, old rags or fantastic china being now the rage, I had sunk to my real intrinsic value), at once paid the moderate sum demanded, and ordered me to be sent to a house in the town, which proved to be inhabited by a carter. The next day I was hoisted on a cart, and taken several miles into the country, and finally deposited in the hall of a neat villa.

The gentleman who had purchased me at once appeared, and assigned me a position in the entrance hall. I was quite at a loss to conceive on what account I was thus introduced into a house which seemed to be complete without me. But I had seen a good deal of life by this time, and waited patiently in the expectation of some day solving this mystery. The explanation shortly came, for one day my owner, in conducting a party of friends through the hall, pointed to me, and said, "An heirloom; been in the family since the flood almost." Very probably I was quite as

much an heirloom as any of the paintings, which he frequently introduced to the notice of his guests as portraits of his ancestors. I felt heartily indignant that my venerable appearance should cause me thus to be trepanned into countenancing my owner's claims to honorable descent, but was consoled under the indignity by an expectation of the speedy extinction of all his absurd pretensions. I was glad to see bailiffs in the house; I rejoiced to see little tickets stuck on every article, to find myself marked Lot 34, and at length to behold a crowd of people assembled, and the whole sold off. When Lot 34 was put up, I heard one of the friends of my late owner remark in a tolerably loud tone, and with an indifferently good imitation of the voice and manner of the late proprietor, "An heirloom;" "Been in the family since the flood almost," added a second; "Made of the wood of the original ark," said another; "His arms," suggested a fourth, pointing, not to my heraldic ornaments, but to those side-pieces which in chairs of my construction obtain the name of arms or elbows. The badinage having ceased, the sale proceeded, and again I changed owners.

My history draws to a close. I was bought by the landlord of the Burley Arms, and placed in this room, where the bustle and change of occupants have made the portion of my time spent here the most agreeable I have known. Sometimes, when none of those for whose especial accommodation the room is intended, are in the house, I am pleased with the society and conversation of some of the inhabitants of the town; and I have been particularly amused by the contrast between the opinions of the active men of business, and those of the quiet elderly men who have spent their whole lives in the retirement of this their native place. Most of the great social questions have I heard discussed in this room with an impartiality and mildness proportionate to their importance. Two old cronies, in particular, have often interested me by their fierce invectives against the numerous innovations which they are fated to witness. Even I can discover that they approve only of improvements which took place when themselves were improving, and of progress which was made while they were advancing; that, unchanging (at least for good) themselves, they can relish no change in other persons or things. They cordially and bitterly deprecate all the alterations in their town and neighbourhood, and sigh for good old times, when they should rather honestly depreciate their own increasing infirmities, and sigh for youth again. Their most intense hatred and contempt are reserved for the railroad recently opened, which they predict, wlll eventually plunge the town into poverty, and destroy all its inhabitants by fearful accidents. In proof how reasonable are such forebodings, they instance the dismissal of one drunken coachman from his situation, and a casualty which deprived another "hearty good fellow" of an arm. They contend that the town would have been ruined already, had there not been a large influx of strangers coming to reside, and a great increase of building, since the opening of the line, but so contradictory are their anticipations of evil—one dreading the removal of inhabitants and business, and the other seeming rather to dread the sudden influx of them—that, chair as I am, I have no fear of the town being materially injured by the new mode of transit. Of course, the gloomy prospect is not bounded by the limits of this town; it takes in the length and breadth of Great Britain and Ireland, and extends to our remotest colonies.

I agree with them perfectly in thinking that Britain's glory is fast departing, will soon have fled; but I differ from them wholly as to the causes of her decay. They think that literature and art will soon fall away; they dream that railways and telegraphs will prove her destruction. I share in their anxiety; I am sometimes melancholy when I contemplate the future; but my solicitude proceeds from very different grounds to theirs. I can perceive the folly of their apprehensions, and smile at them; but, when I see how perversely the present generation prefers foreign timber to our native oak, I am filled with disquietude. Oak and oaken chairs are inseparably associated with our national greatness, and I hope none will suspect me of judging partially and under the influence of personal feeling, when I express my opinion, that unless the use of mahogany and rosewood be restrained by the legislature, England is a lost country. Yes, I own I am deeply concerned when I witness the reckless contempt of national interests which, under the specious names of liberality and refinement, is substituting these imported vanities for our own homegrown material. Let this continue unchecked, and the consequence is inevitable. It needs no wisdom of declining age to foresee, that if oak is not required for arm-chairs, it will soon cease to be grown; and then, when it is no longer attainable, what is to become of our navy? I feel a patriotic frenzy thrilling through my limbs when I hear the strain, "Hearts of oak are our ships;" but, I ask, what is to become of our navy, when we have ceased to grow oak? Shall we have mahogany ships—rosewood frigates? Thus, by the most logical process of reasoning, have I furnished ground for fear, that, in the course of seven or eight hundred years, my country may have fallen from her proud position.

But I must not indulge this proneness to moralize. More generally in my present situation I am pleased with statements of the progress of arts and sciences—of education and information for the people being provided in profuse abundance. As I before said, the cheerful conversation and anticipations of the bustling travellers who frequent the room present an agreeable contrast to the stereotyped trains of thought and dismal forebodings of those who view the future only through the beclouded and fast-failing vision of declining age.

Fine company, excellent good fellows, assemble around me even yet. Snug whist parties, cozy supper spreads, have we yet; and when Eddowes clears his pipes, and sings—

> "I love it, I love it, and oh, who shall dare
> To chide me for loving that old arm-chair?"

and points sentimentally to *me*, and then every glass rings in the room with the vibration of "loud and prolonged applause," I only wish I may retain my quiet corner, while generations yet to come meet here to discuss future political questions, crack new jokes, and sing old songs.

* * * * * * *

The manuscript ended here; and as the reader

knows I was already preparing to leave the house when I first saw it, I perused it as the train rapidly whirled me towards my destination, and, as I reflected on the various changes through which the old chair had passed, I wondered how long the progress of refinement would suffer it to retain its place, and what would be its next resting-place.

Three months found me again at the Burley Arms, and there stood the venerable relic, looking as guiltless of autobiographical perpetrations as though it had never seen pens or paper. Again and again did I revisit the town, and find it still occupying the fireside corner, but one autumn evening, three or four years after the date of my evening's adventure whilom narrated, I missed the old chair. It had given place to one of those luxurious compounds of mahogany, morocco, and springs, whose increasing popularity had occasioned so much alarm and so many anxious forebodings to its less elegant and comfortable predecessor. Determined, if possible, to trace the old chair to its present retreat, and fully expecting to find it stowed away in a garret, or banished to a hay-loft, I rang the bell, and, on the waiter appearing, asked him what had become of the oak chair. In reply, he gave me in scraps the following particulars, which with some details, supplied by subsequent personal observation, are as follows:—The Rev. A. B. Renwick, the recently-appointed curate, having quarrelled with the respected aged vicar of the parish church, had been zealously supported by a number of female Young Englanders; and by a few more important, influential, and wealthy members of his late congregation, and had just recommenced his pastoral ministrations in a new church built for the express accommodation of himself and flock, and abounding in oratorical, penitential-looking niches, funny little boxes, crosses of every variety of pattern, stained glass windows, containing pictorial caricatures of saints, emperors, angels (fallen and unditto), cows, calves, dragons, lambs, young women and younger children, chains, swords, keys, and other edifying symbols—in short, a perfect medley of the contents of a toy-shop, a fish-shop, Smithfield market, and a wholesale ironmonger's warehouse, emptied together into the Burlington or Lowther Arcade—cloths, white and colored, candles and candlesticks, censers—and, in fact, all the paraphernalia necessary to the performance of the "postures, impostures, and histrionics," which the Rev. Augustus Berners Renwick thought it his duty to go through for the benefit of himself and friends. This worthy, having undertaken a special visitation of everybody about him, had found his way into the commercial room of the Burley Arms, and, there seated, had cast his eyes on the arm-chair, whose history we have already had. The rev. gentleman,—being possessed of what he was pleased to consider a mediæval taste, severe, and, of course, unimpeachable, being a devoted admirer of high art, old buildings, chairs, and tables—had offered to purchase the aforesaid chair, to complete the furniture of his vestry. Mine host, not possessing much of the character of a virtuoso, did not lay any very serious obstacle in the way of the accomplishment of his reverence's wishes, and the sale was effected.

I had an hour or two to spare, and fortunately succeeding in hitting on a few minutes when St. Xavier's was not occupied by any of the numerous services conducted therein during the day, I paid a visit to the church, examined it, had its various beauties pointed out, and then, passing into the vestry, beheld the object of my search consigned to a sort of dungeon—a little, earthy, vaulted apartment, scarcely large enough to whip a cat in, far less for Mr. Renwick to flagellate himself in comfortably, dimly lighted by narrow strips of windows, and surrounded by grim little stone heads projecting from the wall on all sides. The griffins looked fierce, vindictive, but impotent. The whole article wore a hapless, helpless, disconcerted, and disconsolate aspect, and I soliloquised aloud—"A pretty end this of your strange career; rather at variance, this state of things, with that which you, at the close of your little narration, fondly desired might be yours for years to come."

"And this, sir, is the last place I take you to," exclaimed my guide, looking expectant.

"Oh, ha!" said I, doubting whether he had overheard my reflections.

I suppose the old chair will remain for some time in its present quarters. There appears little probability of any one attempting to rescue it, and restore it to that upper world of which it was once an ornament; and even should it meet with other adventures, it is scarcely likely that it will again secure pens, ink, and paper, and an opportunity of recording them, nor yet that any one will be at the pains of chronicling its history.

Not expecting, in the course of my vagrant life, to meet with thee again, gentle reader, I wish thee adieu.—*Hogg's Instructor.*

THE CLOSING SCENE.

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

Within his sober realm of leafless trees
The russet year inhaled the dreamy air;
Like some tanned reaper in his hour of ease,
When all the fields are lying brown and bare.

The grey barns looking from their hazy hills
O'er the dim waters widening in the vales,
Sent down the air a greeting to the mills
On the dull thunder of alternate flails.

All sights were mellowed, and all sounds subdued,
The hills seemed farther, and the streams sang low;
As in a dream, the distant woodman hewed
His winter log, with many a muffled blow.

The embattled forests, erewhile armed in gold,
Their banners bright with every martial hue,
Now stood, like some sad beaten host of old,
Withdrawn afar in Time's remotest blue.

On slumbrous wings the vulture hied his flight,
The dove scarce heard his sighing mate's complaint;
And like a star slow drowning in the light,
The village church-vane seemed to pale and faint.

The sentinel-cock upon the hill-side crew—
Crew thrice, and all was stiller than before,—
Silent till some replying warder blew
His alien horn, and then was heard no more.

Where erst the jay, within the elm's tall crest,
Made garrulous trouble round her unfledged young,
And where the oriole hung her swaying nest,
By every light wind like a censer swung;—

Where every bird which charmed the vernal feast
Shook the sweet slumber from its wings at morn,
To warn the reaper of the rosy east,—
All now was songless, empty, and forlorn.

There was no bud, no bloom upon the bowers;
The spiders wove their thin shrouds night by night;
The thistledown, the only ghost of flowers,
Sailed slowly by, passed noiseless out of sight.

Amid all this, in this most cheerless air,
And where the woodbine shed upon the porch
Its crimson leaves, as if the Year stood there
Firing the air with his inverted torch;—

Amid all this, the centre of the scene,
The white-haired matron, with monotonous tread,
Plied the swift wheel, and with her joyless mien,
Sat, like a Fate, and watched the flying thread.

She had known Sorrow,—he had walked with her,
Oft supped, and broke the bitter ashen crust;
And in the dead leaves still she heard the stir
Of his black mantle trailing in the dust.

* * * * * * *

Long, but not loud, the droning wheel went on,
Like the low murmur of a hive at noon;
Long, but not loud, the memory of the gone
Breathed through her lips a sad and tremulous tune.

At last the thread was snapped,—her head was bowed;
Life dropped the distaff through his hands serene,—
And loving neighbors smoothed her careful shroud,
While Death and Winter closed the autumn scene.

THE PROBATION.

The Vale of Taunton, Somerset, is celebrated for its charming residences, its time-honored families, its beautiful girls; and nowhere, some thirty years ago, were these attributes to be found in more felicitous combination than at Oak Hall, the seat of Archibald Merivale, Esq., major of yeomanry and deputy-lieutenant, throughout the wide archdeaconry. This will be readily believed if I can contrive to give but a faintly-faithful sketch of the Merivale family, as, grouped around its head one summer afternoon, they eagerly anticipated the contents of a letter, bearing the postmark, that had just arrived.

Mr. Merivale, who might be a trifle under fifty, was a well descended, sufficiently wealthy, country gentleman and magistrate, of active habits, and considerable keenness of intellect. His self estimate as to this latter quality was rather an exaggerated one; piquing himself, as he did, upon a profound knowledge of the world, and power of dealing successfully with it, in all its tricks, shifts, maskings, and devices: a stern, inflexible man, too, when he had once determined on any particular course of action; yet, withal, a thoroughly kind and affectionate husband and father, and considerate, as well as just, landlord and master. Mrs. Merivale, on the contrary, was one of the gentlest, most flexile of human beings, the fine impulses of whose womanly tenderness required, and yielded to, the masculine support and firmness of her husband. They had three children—daughters—at this time, of the respective ages of twenty, eighteen, and sixteen. Eleanor, the eldest, was a finely-formed person, with calm, brilliant, Diana-like features, and perfectly-shaped head, set magnificently upon the polished shoulders of a Juno. Agnes, the next in age, though nothing like so handsome as her superb sister, was a very attractive person; and her mild, kindly eyes, to my mind, possessed a fascination quite as effective as haughtier and more dazzling ones. Of Clara's beauty—scarcely disclosed as yet—I shall only say that its swiftly brightening dawn gave promise—more indeed than promise—that in its perfect development would be in a high degree combined and blended the varied charms and graces of both her sisters. This, to the general reader, may seem a highly-colored portraiture; whilst those who recognise and remember the family to whom I give the name of Merivale,—and there are many still living who will readily do so,—it will, I am quite sure, be pronounced to be but a faint and spiritless sketch of the three widely celebrated Graces of Oak Hall.

"This letter, girls," Mr. Merivale, at length giving way to their importunity, is saying—"This letter, girls; well, it is no doubt, as you say, from Francis Herbert; and stamped, I perceive, 'too late,' or it would have been here yesterday. Let me see,—'highly delighted,'—'with the greatest pleasure,'—'have taken the liberty,' etcetera and so on. The upshot is, young ladies, that my ward, Francis Herbert, not only accepts mine and your mother's invitation to pass a month at Oak Hall, but brings his and our acquaintance young Sir Henry Willoughby. Eleanor, love, surely you have not taken to rouge thus early:—there—there, don't be angry; the color, I see, is quite a spontaneous and natural one. They will be here on—on Wednesday in time for dinner. Why, zounds! that is to-day. And as I am alive," continued Mr. Merivale, stepping quickly to the window, "here comes a post-chaise up the avenue. It is them, sure enough," he went on to say, after drawing up the blind. "Francis has his body half out of the chaise-window, eager, no doubt, to obtain the earliest possible glimpse of his respected guardian—don't you think so, Eleanor! Hey! what, all suddenly vanished! I understand: the exigencies of dress and dinner have set both dame and damsels flying. But here come these interesting visitors."

The young men whose unexpected arrival caused so much commotion at Oak Hall will require a few introductory words only. Mr. Francis Herbert, but recently of age, and a well-principled, amiable person, though of somewhat rash and impulsive temperament, was the possessor of a considerable estate in the neighbourhood of Bath,—much improved during his long minority by the care of his guardian, Mr. Merivale,—as well as of a large amount of personal property. He was, in fact, an altogether *bon parti* in the estimation of careful and ambitious mothers—equally, perhaps, with Sir Henry Willoughby, of "the Grange," near Taunton, save as respects the title—an advantage counterbalanced in some degree by the circumstance of the dowager Lady Willoughby being still alive, in prime health, and entitled by her husband's will to fifteen hundred per annum, charged upon the son's inheritance. Sir Henry was three or four years older than Francis Herbert, and of a far more jocund, sanguine temper and disposition, which mood of mind was, however, somewhat toned down on the occasion of this visit by the fear that Herbert was as irretrievably in love with the divine Eleanor as he himself was. There were other differences between them. Francis Herbert was a ripe scholar, and had carried off the honors of a senior Wrangler at Cambridge University: Sir Henry, it was said through carelessness and inattention,—for he had good natural talents,—had been plucked at Oxford. When I have further stated that although Francis Herbert was unquestionably good-looking, Sir Henry was, by general admission, much the handsomer man, I shall have written all that need, in this stage of my narrative, be premised of either of them.

The days passed pleasantly away with the young people; and long before the expiration of the month, to which the visit of the gentlemen was limited, it was perfectly clear that Sir Henry was desperately in earnest with regard to Eleanor, and that the stately beauty vouchsafed him as much encouragement as a well-bred, modest maiden might. This was far from disagreeable to either of the young lady's parents; but that which greatly puzzled Mr. Merivale was, that Francis Herbert appeared to be perfectly resigned, or indifferent, to the success of Sir Henry's suit. "A whimsical fellow this *ci-devant* ward of mine," he would often mentally exclaim. "A twelvemonth ago, if I had not prevented him, he would have made Eleanor an offer in form; and now, I verily believe his weathercock fancy points to Clara! To Clara, positively,—a child in years, though, to be sure, somewhat womanly in appearance for her age. If it proves so—but it will be time enough to consider of a serious answer to such a proposal when it shall have been seriously made."

Two days before the expiration of the month, Mr. Merivale was detained rather late by his magisterial duties at Taunton, and finding, when he reached home, important papers that required immediate examination, he withdrew to the library without previous communication with his family or visitors. About eleven o'clock the girls came, one by one, to wish papa good-night; but, pre-occupied as he was, neither the bright flush which mantled Eleanor's patrician features, nor the flurry and confusion of manner so unusual with her, arrested his attention. The girlish delight and importance visible in the sweet countenance of Agnes passed equally unnoticed. Not so the stone-pale, yet gleaming and excited aspect, and nervous agitation exhibited by Clara. He was effectually startled out of his magisterial meditations; and the thought arose more vividly than before in his mind, how changed and womanly she had become, in manner and expression, within the last two or three weeks. He was about to question her, but upon second thoughts refrained from doing so; kissed and bade her good night.

She hardly had been gone a minute when Mrs. Merivale came into the library. She, too, was excited,—tearful,—yet smiling through her tears. Sir Henry Willoughby, fortified by a letter from his mother, had formally proposed for the hand of Eleanor, and been conditionally accepted—that condition, of course, being her parent's consent. "I would not have you disturbed," said Mrs. Merivale, "but I promised you should see his note this evening. Here it is, and also Lady Willoughby's very kind letter. There cannot, I think, be any doubt as to how we should decide?"

"None whatever, Emily. The girl has drawn a prize in the matrimonial lottery."

"And well deserves to have done so, Archibald," replied the mother, with some quickness.

"No doubt—no doubt. She has my free consent and blessing. But there is another matter I am desirous to speak of. What can be the meaning of the agitation I observed in Clara just now?"

"I can hardly say: but I think Francis Herbert is in some way connected with it."

"I myself judged so: but have you no proof of this?"

"A slight one only. It seems that about dusk this evening, when the girls, with Sir Henry, and Herbert, were walking in the garden, Clara and Herbert became separated from the rest by a considerable distance. At last Eleanor bade Agnes seek them, as it was getting chilly and time to withdraw in-doors. Agnes obeyed, and as she approached the end of the garden, heard Francis Herbert speaking in earnest, agitated tones; *what* he said she could not distinguish, but hurrying on she found that he was thus addressing Clara, who in tears and almost fainting, supported herself with difficulty against the fountain there. The moment Agnes came in view, Herbert ceased speaking, Clara dried her tears, took her sister's arm, and murmuring some indistinct excuse for the emotion she could not conceal, walked with her towards the house, slowly followed by Herbert. I thought it best to defer questioning her,—but what Agnes witnessed can have, it seems to me, but one interpretation."

"No doubt; and a very absurd text it is, however interpreted. We shall probably be more enlightened on the matter to-morrow. In the mean time, as Sir Henry is waiting to see me, we had better adjourn to the drawing-room at once."

The party assembled at breakfast on the following morning at Oak Hall appeared very ill at ease and anxious, always with the exception of Sir Henry Willoughby, who, spite of his well-bred efforts to subdue himself to the level of the

common-place world about him, was evidently uplifted in imagination to the starry floor, and breathing the intoxicating atmosphere of the seventh heaven. His beautiful betrothed—spite of herself—looked charmingly conscious, and the fugitive color came and went upon her cheek with confusing distinctness and rapidity. Francis Herbert—pale, agitated, silent—would have seemed to be unobservant of anything around him, but for the frequent, half-abstracted glances he from time to time directed to the place which Clara—who had excused herself from appearing under the plea of headache—usually occupied. Mr. Merivale was unusually grave and reserved; his excellent lady irrepressibly fidgety and nervous: in fact, the only person present, with the exception of Sir Henry, who appeared at all self-possessed and at ease, was Agnes; and even her calm serenity was in some degree disturbed by the manifest discomposure of her relatives. The signal for leaving the table was joyfully welcomed by every one sitting at it, and the apartment was cleared in a twinkling. Mr. Herbert rode out on horseback, and did not return till dinner had been some time over. When he entered the dining-room he found no one there but Mr. Merivale and Sir Henry, the latter of whom withdrew to the drawing-room and the ladies a minute or two afterwards.

Francis Herbert swallowed two or three glasses of wine in quick succession; and Mr. Merivale presently said, "You appear to be strangely agitated, Francis. May I ask the cause?"

"No one has so good a right to do so, and to be truly answered," was the instant reply. "The plain truth is, sir,—and I hardly knew it myself till yesterday evening,—that I respect, admire, what dull, unmeaning words are these," he added, breaking into sudden vehemence, and starting to his feet,—"that I love, worship, idolize, your youngest daughter, Clara!"

"Clara," echoed Mr. Merivale. Pooh! This is absurd. A man in years,—and I had hoped discretion,—love, worship, idolize a mere child!—for Clara is scarcely more."

"I knew you would say that," rejoined Herbert, with kindling fire. "I have said so to myself a hundred times during my visit here, as each day found me more hopelessly enthralled. That Clara is young in years, is true; but the graces of her mind and person have far outstripped slow-footed Time; and I live but on the hope that she may one day be my wife."

"You can expect but one reply from me, Francis Herbert, to an aspiration so absurdly premature," said Mr. Merivale, with grave, almost stern earnestness "It is this——"

"One word more," eagerly interrupted the young man, "I do not ask—I could not dream of asking, an immediate decision, either of you or Clara. I will wait patiently a year—two—three years, if you will, for that. All I pray for is permission to be near her the while, that I may strive to win the priceless jewel of her love; not by the flattery of protesting words,—these I will never use,—but by the silent homage of a heart which time will prove is wholly and for ever hers!"

"This rhapsody concluded," said Mr. Merivale, "you will perhaps have the kindness to listen to a few words of common sense. Your proposition—translated into ordinary language, amounts to this:—that having taken a violent fancy—it is really nothing else—for a young girl just as it were at the threshold of life, you wish to deprive her of the opportunity of hereafter forming an intelligent and independent estimate of yourself, in comparison with others, by hampering her, in the eyes of the world, with an implied engagement, to the fulfilment of which, should your present inclination endure,—which, after what has passed, I must be permitted to doubt,—she would find herself morally coerced, however repugnant to her the sacrifice in the supposed case might be."

"Mr. Merivale, you libel—insult me!"

"I have no intention to do either. I quite believe in the present sincerity of the young-mannish enthusiasm you have just displayed,—just as I believed a twelvemonth ago that you were in love with Eleanor——"

"I was self-deceived. It was esteem and admiration I felt for Eleanor—not this consuming love!"

"No doubt: and it is quite possible you are also *self-deceived* with regard to Clara! Tut—tut, young man, you may spare your exclamations; they will scarcely turn me from my purpose. However, I do not hesitate to say there is no one I would prefer as a son-in-law to you; and if, after a strict separation of certainly not less than two years——"

"Say separation for ever—you might as well," passionately interrupted Herbert: "not to see or communicate with each other for two years will be tantamount to that, I feel assured."

"Not if your mind holds; and Clara, who will then be only eighteen, is willing to accept you. My determination is at all events fixed and immoveable; and, after what is passed, I must request that the period of probation may commence at once—to-morrow."

All to no purpose was it that Herbert implored, entreated, begged, for even a modification of these hard conditions. Mr. Merivale was deaf to all his pleadings, and further insisted that he should give his word of honor not to correspond directly or indirectly, with Clara, till the expiration of the stipulated period. He did so at last; and the interview terminated by Mr. Merivale saying, "You will write to me, of course, as usual; but let it be an understanding that this subject is to be avoided. And this for two sufficient reasons. One, that if you change your mind, the penning of excuses for doing so would be unpleasant to yourself; the other, that, supposing you do *not* change your mind, I have a strong distaste for the rapturous literature with which, I have no doubt, you would liberally favor me. And now, my dear boy, let us join the ladies."

At about noon the next day Francis Herbert left Oak Hall for France, *viâ* Southampton, but not till after he had obtained—thanks to Mr. Merivale's kind offices—a brief parting interview with Clara.

About a twelvemonth after Eleanor's marriage with Sir Henry Willoughby, and consequently in the second year of the onerous probation imposed upon Francis Herbert, two important events occurred in connection with the Merivale family. An uncle, with whom Clara had ever been the pet and darling, died, and bequeathed her the

large sum of thirty thousand pounds and upwards, thus rendering her, in addition to her other attractions, one of the very best matches—in a money sense—the county of Somerset could boast. Just after this, Agnes Merivale had the good fortune, whilst on a visit to her sister, Lady Willoughby, in London, to attract and fix the admiration of Mr. Irving, a young, well-charactered, and wealthy M P. for one of the Midland boroughs. The wedding, it was arranged, should take place a week or so previous to the end of the season, then about two months distant. Amongst the friends whom Mr. Irving introduced to the Willoughbys was a Captain Salford, of the —— Guards—a fashionable gentleman, of handsome exterior, insinuating manners, and, it was whispered by his particular friends, of utterly ruined fortunes. The charms, personal and pecuniary, of Clara Merivale made a profound impression upon this gallant individual's susceptible heart; and she was instantly assailed by all the specious arts,—the refined homage,—the unobtrusive, but eager deference which practised men of the world can so easily simulate, and which, alas! tell so potently upon the vanity of the wariest-minded maiden. It was not, however, long before Captain Salford discovered that, flattered and pleased as Clara Merivale might be with his attentions, a serious overture, should he venture to hazard one, would be instantly and unhesitatingly rejected. What the secret obstacle was that unexpectedly barred his progress he was not long in discovering—thanks probably to Lady Willoughby, who appears to have entertained a much higher opinion of him than he at all deserved. And eagerly did his plotting brain revolve scheme after scheme for sundering the strong, if almost impalpable link which bound the separated lovers to each other. One mode of action seemed to promise an almost certain success. Captain Salford had met Francis Herbert frequently abroad, and thoroughly as he conceived, appreciated the proud and sensitive young man's character. He was also especially intimate with some of the Paris set with whom Herbert chiefly associated. Could he be induced to believe that Clara Merivale thought of him with indifference—or still better, that she was on the high road to matrimony with another, Captain Salford had little doubt that he would at once silently resign his pretensions to the favor of the fickle beauty—the more certainly and promptly that she was now a wealthy heiress—and leave the field free to less scrupulous aspirants,—in which eventuality Captain Salford's excellent opinion of himself suggested that success would be certain. Thus reasoning, the astute man of the world persisted in his attentions to the frank, unsuspecting girl, at the same time taking care that the excellent terms on which he stood with her should reach Herbert's ear in as exaggerated a form as possible, through several and apparently trustworthy sources. This scheme his Paris friends soon intimated was working successfully, and he crowned it with a master-stroke.

At the time previously settled upon, the marriage of Agnes Merivale with Mr. Irving was celebrated with all proper *éclat*, and the wedded pair left town for the bridegroom's residence in Norfolk. On the same day the Merivales and Willoughbys departed for Somersetshire, accompanied by Captain Salford and several others, invited to pass a few weeks at "The Grange." Imagine the astonishment of all these, with the exception of the contriver of the mischief,—and he indeed appeared the most surprised and indignant of all—for the lady's sake, of course,—upon finding, on the arrival of the newspapers, the announcement of *two* weddings in their Fashionable Intelligence columns—one that of Agnes, second daughter of Archibald Merivale, Esquire, of Oak Hall, Somersetshire, to Charles Irving, Esq., M.P.; the other that of Clara, *youngest* daughter of Archibald Merivale, Esq., to Captain Salford, of His Majesty's —— Guards! This blunder, it was concluded, had been caused by the reports of the likelihood of such an occurrence which had frequently appeared amongst the *on dits* of the Sunday papers, confirmed apparently by Captain Salford having accompanied the wedding party to church. Captain Salford volunteered to write a contradiction of the paragraph, and the matter was thought no more of. Indeed, there is no doubt that, with the exception of Clara herself, there was no one present that would not have hailed, with more or less satisfaction, the event thus, prematurely at all events, announced; even Mr. Merivale's boasted keenness and sagacity having failed to detect the heartless worldling beneath the polished exterior and plausible bearing of the aristocratic guardsman.

The lying paragraph effected its author's purpose, and that right speedily. The visit of Captain Salford had extended to about a fortnight, when he received some papers and letters from Paris which appeared to a good deal excite him. Almost immediately afterwards he informed Lady Willoughby that he was under the necessity of leaving for London that very afternoon. Polite regrets were of course expressed; and it was afterwards remembered, to his advantage, that his manner, the tone of his voice, when taking leave of Clara, were marked by a deep, respectful, almost compassionate tenderness, and Lady Willoughby positively averred that the practised actor's eyes were suffused with irrepressible emotion as he turned to leave her sister's presence. The next post explained, as they believed, the cause of the gallant captain's unusual agitation. It brought a number of *Galignani's* Paris newspaper, directed in his handwriting, in which they found the following marked paragraph:—"Married, on Tuesday last, at the chapel of the British embassy, the Honorable Caroline Wishart to Francis Herbert, Esquire, of Swan House, near Bath, Somersetshire. Immediately after the conclusion of the ceremony the happy pair left Paris for Italy."

Something more than four months after this, Captain Salford dined with three or four of his intimates at the *Rocher Cancale*, Paris. The party were in exuberant spirits, and the exhilarating wine which followed the excellent dinner so loosened their tongues and raised their voices that a gentleman enveloped in a large cloak, though sitting at some distance, with his back towards them, and apparently intent upon the newspapers, had no difficulty in following and thoroughly comprehending their conversation, notwithstanding that no names were mentioned.

"Poor fellow!" one of them remarked, in a

tone of ironical compassion, "he was hardly in his right senses, I think, when he married."

"*Voila du nouveau, par exemple*," shouted another, with a burst of merriment. "I should like to know who ever did marry in his right senses,—except, indeed, that, like our gallant captain here, he was about to wed something like fifty thousand pounds as well as a charming girl. By-the-by, Salford, is the day fixed for your union with the beautiful Clara?"

"Not the day, exactly:—but let us talk of something else!"

"The fair maiden still demurs, does she?" persisted the questioner: "I had heard so. And, by the way, Ingolsby, who met our rashly married friend a day or two ago,—you are aware, I suppose, that he returned last week from Italy,—says it is plain the wound still bleeds, decorously as he strives to conceal it beneath his wedding robe."

"Bah!" exclaimed Salford; "time has a balm for all such griefs!"

"No doubt; only he is sometimes over tardy with his specifics."

"That which tickled me most," said another of the party, "was that delicious trick of Salford's in getting his pretended marriage inserted in the newspapers. I happened to call on the supposedly jilted swain, the very morning the paper reached him, and never saw I, before or since, a man in such a frenzy. By Jove, his fury was sublime, tremendous! and I really thought it would be necessary to pack him off to a *Maison de Santé*. Fortunately he recovered and married, out of hand to show his spirit—a less pleasant catastrophe, in my opinion."

"I wish you'd change the subject," said Salford, peevishly. "It bores one to death. Everything is fair in love and war; and if the poor devil was tricked out of—— Ha!"

No wonder the glass fell from the speaker's hand, and that he leaped to his feet as if a bombshell had exploded beside him;—confronted as he suddenly was by the white face and burning eyes of Francis Herbert!

"Captain Salford," said a voice as cold and hard as if it issued from a statue, "allow me to return the favors which it seems you have bestowed upon me in the only way at present within my power." As the last words left the speaker's lips, he lifted a glass of wine and hurled it fiercely in Salford's face! "No uproar, gentlemen, pray," continued Herbert,—"no blustering endeavor, captain,—unless you are a coward as well as a liar and villain,—to attract the notice of the waiters, or of a passing gendarme. This matter can have but one termination, and it is well it should be a quiet one. Monsieur le Capitaine Grégoire," he continued, stepping up to a French officer at the other end of the roam, "a word with you, if you please."

Five minutes afterwards Captain Salford and Francis Herbert, accompanied by their respective seconds, were being rapidly driven towards the Bois de Boulogne. Pistols had been procured at the Rocher. "There would hardly be light enough," gruffly remarked le Capitaine Grégoire, but for the heavy fall of snow. As it is, we shall manage, I dare say." He then placed his man; Captain Salford's second did the same: and no effort at accomodation being attempted, the signal was quickly sped,—the simultaneous crack of the two pistols rang through the air,—followed by a scream of mortal agony, and Captain Salford was seen to fall heavily, with his face upon the snow.

"It is finished with your antagonist," said le Capitaine Grégoire, approaching Herbert, who was apparently unhurt, though his eyes gleamed wildly. "And you?"

"Is—is—he—dead?" surged through the white, quivering lips of Francis Herbert.

"As Alexander," replied Grégoire. "Why is your hand there?" he added quickly: "You too are hurt."

"To death!" groaned Herbert, as he fell into his second's outstretched arms. "O God, forgive me!"

On the precise day two years that Francis Herbert was exiled from Oak Hall a parcel was delivered there by a servant in deep mourning. Mr. Merivale, to whom it was directed, opened it with trembling hands, and found that it contained a ring, which he at once recognised to have belonged to his daughter Clara; and a paper on which was written, in a feeble but well-remembered hand—"When you receive this, my probation will be accomplished. This is your work and mine. I forgive you as I trust to be forgiven. The ring is Clara's,—she, too, will be my last thought. Farewell. F. H."

Francis Herbert was buried at Père La Chaise, and on each aniversary of his death an English lady—upon whose sad, mild features, the angel-beauty of her youth still sheds a sun-set radiance—is seen to kneel and weep upon his grave. That lady is Clara Merivale.

A GLIMPSE OF FAIRY LAND.

1.

Last night in yonder hawthorn dell
There came o'er me a wondrous spell;
The moon shone bright on cliff and stream,
And a fairy rode on every beam.

2.

The Queen sat on a hazel bough,
And merrily danced the elves below;
Their music the love-lorn zephyr breeze
Kissing the coy-leaved aspen trees.

3.

And there were arch-eyed beauties flying,
And tiny lovers round them sighing;
And knights in tourney strove, I ween,
To win a smile from their fairy Queen.

4.

The squirrel their mossy table spread
With the filbert brown, and the strawberry red,
And mystic healths in the sweetest dew,
They quaffed from cups of the harebell blue.

5.

A fair fay took me by the hand:
"Come, mortal, join our elfin band,
Flowers ever fresh for thee we'll twine,
For thee shall flow our sweet cool wine."

6.

And as she spoke a dreamy calm
Stole o'er each sense like sleep's bless'd balm;
But just then broke the morning grey,
And the pageant swept like mist away.

R. J. M.

THE PEEL FAMILY.

About a week before Whitsuntide, in the year 1765, at nine o'clock in the morning, a line of Manchester bell-horses (nineteen in number), loaded with packs and attended by chapmen, were seen by the weavers of Irwell Green descending from the moors by the bridle-road into that hamlet. The weavers (thirty in number, or there-about) stopped their looms, and went forth to ask questions about trade, wages, prices, politics; Lord Bute, Grenville, William Pitt (the elder), and young King George III.; and to enquire if there were a likelihood of the young king doing anything for the good of trade.

The spinning women had come forth also from their spinning-wheels, and, in reference to them, r. William Garland, a merchant (locally called a Manchester warehouseman), who had accompanied his pack-horses thus far to make some arrangements with the resident weavers of this hamlet, said, "If the young king would make the lasses spin more, he would do some good." "Or," said a weaver, "an t' king would make a spinning-wheel to spin two threads instead of one, it would be some good." Tweedie Macthrum, a weaver, who had been expelled from Manchester because he was a Scotchman, in the terrible trade riots of 1763–64, said, "What good is it to haver and claver nonsense; nae man can mak' a wheel to spin twa threads at aince; no, not even King George upon the throne."

The Lancashire men reminded him that he should be quiet when they spoke; he was only permitted to live at Irwell Green on sufferance, and he might be turned out of it as he had been out of Manchester. Tweedie asked, "What would ye do? Isn't there my bairns, Katey, Henny, Betty, Kirsty, Nancy, Peggy. and wee Tweedie, ilk ane of them, and their mother, spinning weft or winding pirns, except only Peggy and wee Tweedie, and they'll wind pirns in a year or two, if they be spared? How many of ye work weft of their spinning? But I'll tell ye what it is; gif I had kenned what I ken now, I would not have budged, no, not a foot-length, out of Manchester for a' their riotin' and misca'in' of my country, and breakin' o' my loom; and I winna budge again a leeving man; no, not for King George upon the throne!"

This sturdy weaver had at that time built for himself and family a turf shed on a point of waste moorland abutting upon the Irwell river. He enclosed a few acres of the waste with a fence soon after. Within twenty years of that time, two spinning-mills were erected on it; and for the last forty-five years the great factories and print-works of Sir Tweedie Macthrum, Sons, & Co., have stood there—Sir Tweedie, the first baronet, being the "wee Tweedie" of 1765. (*Macthrum* is a name assumed here for convenience; the real name some will guess at, and, if they make a mistake, it matters little for the incidents which are about to be related.)

The chapmen having baited their horses, proceeded on their journey towards Blackburn, which they hoped to reach early in the afternoon. When they were gone, the children of Irwell Green ranged themselves in a troop across the stony causeway, hand in hand, and sang,

"Bell-horses, bell-horses, what time o' day?
One o'clock, two o'clock, three, and away!"

At the word "away," they raised a shout, ran down the causeway, their wooden-soled clogs clattering on the stones as loudly as all the shuttles of Irwell Green. About two in the afternoon, the bell-horses reached Blackburn.

If it be at the distance of eighty-seven years from that time that you go first to Blackburn—winding through the vales by the turnpike road, or, on the railway, through tunnels, over ravines, along the mountain-sides, or guided by this page on the wing of your imagination—you will find it a town containing forty thousand people, or there-about, with narrow crooked streets, situated on undulating ground. It is surrounded by hills; and a rivulet, a canal, a railway, and several thoroughfares run through it. The whole town of grey stone houses, with stone roofs, and the country of green pastures rising around, are less changed for better or worse than any other town and neighbourhood which existed in the middle of last century in Lancashire. This has resulted from the early and long-sustained resistance of the inhabitants to the mechanical inventions which had their origin in that vicinity.

Being a stranger in Blackburn, you will doubtless visit Stanehill Moor and Peel Fold—the one the birth-place of the spinning-jenny,* and of James Hargreaves, its inventor; the other, of the Peels; and, though not the birth-place of the art of printing calico, nor, perhaps, its cradle, yet certainly its infant-school.

If you leave the town by yonder windmill on the rising ground, your face north-east, and, where the road divides, take that branch going due east, you will, having proceeded about two and a half miles, turn to your right hand, and

face southward. As you approach the village of Knuzden Brook, lift your eyes towards the plantation which runs from west to east, and crowns that green upland. Behind that plantation lies Stanehill Moor, in one of the houses of which the spinning-jenny was invented. And that farmhouse—with cowsheds, barn and enclosure walls, all built of grey stone and roofed with the same—is Peel Fold. Forty acres of that cold, wet pasture land, with these buildings, formed the inheritance of the Peels.

With this view and knowledge of the estate, it will not surprise you to be told that the Robert Peel born in 1714, who married Elizabeth Howarth of Walmsley Fold, in 1744, and had a family of five sons and a daughter in 1755, was not, as some heraldic writers have written, a "yeoman, living on and cultivating his own estate." He did not cultivate it at all, except a garden for pot herbs; nor did he live on it in the sense indicated. He was a "yeoman," it is true, and sold the milk and butter of four or five cows in Blackburn; but he was a weaver also, and was too shrewd a man of the world not to educate his sons to industrial pursuits of a like kind. They, too, were weavers. In yonder house, to which our footsteps now tend, were at least two looms in 1765. His children were, William, born 1745; Edmund, born 1748; Robert, born April 25, 1750 (whose son, Sir Robert Peel, the eminent statesman, died one hundred years afterwards, July 2, 1850); Jonathan, born 1752; Anne, born 1753; Lawrence, born 1755; some others who died in infancy; Joseph, born 1766; and John, whose birth occurred after the family were driven out of Lancashire by the insurgent spinning women, probably at Burton-on-Trent, Staffordshire.

Here it may be as well to remark, that, though the tradition which the reader is about to know is shaped somewhat like a story, I have not dared, for the sake of a story to falsify incidents so truly national and historical, though so little known. The incidents and domestic economy of Peel Fold about to be described are such as old people, with whom I became acquainted a few years ago, related. I have conversed with persons who had seen the Robert and Elizabeth Peel now under notice; who had also seen James Hargreaves, inventor of the spinning-jenny; and the fathers and mothers of these aged persons were the neighbours of Robert Peel and James Hargreaves, and had often spoken of them to their sons and daughters.

Sometime in the year 1764, one of the boys at Peel Fold, in weaving a piece of cloth of linen and cotton mixture, spoiled it for the Blackburn cloth market. It was taken to Bamber Bridge, near Preston, to be printed for kerchiefs, there being a small print-work at that place, the only one in Lancashire, and, except at Cray, near London, the only one in England. The real object of Robert Peel, in taking this piece of cloth to be printed, was alleged, however, to be a desire to see the process. In this he was disappointed; the works were kept secret. Such being the case, he induced Mr. Harry Garland, son of the Manchester warehouseman, to take note of the Cray print-works when he next went to London with his father's pack-horses, and if possible to procure some of the patterns, colors, gums, and printing-blocks. The first visit of Harry Garland to Blackburn, after attending to this business, was on that day near Whitsuntide, 1765. On the afternoon of that day (I was told it was so, but it might have been on another day), James Hargreaves was "at play," as the weavers termed it, for want of weft. His wife had given birth to an infant, and was still in bed, and could not spin. The spinning women were all too well employed to give him weft, except as a very great favor, though highly paid; and, now that he was a married man, favors were not so readily obtained. Besides, under ordinary circumstances, his wife could spin more weft than most other women. She was such an extraordinary spinner for diligence and speed, that people called her "Spinning Jenny."

James at last determined to step across "the waste" and the stone quarry to Peel Fold, and borrow weft. Neighbour Peel he knew to be a careful man: doubtless he would have enough for the lads (Edmund, Robert, and Jonathan, who were on the loom—William was otherwise employed), and might have some to spare. True, he was a shade beyond being careful—he was narrow; but James Hargreaves had taught the boys how to use the fly-shuttle—a recent invention of the Brothers Kay of Bury. He hoped, therefore, they would not refuse a loan of some weft.*

James reasoned rightly. He was accommodated with weft, and invited to partake of their frugal supper. Had you been present while the rustic mess was preparing, and Hargreaves was employed in sorting out and counting the copes of weft, you would have observed that the kitchen in which you sat was large enough to hold two looms, a carding stock, a reel, and other implements of in-door and out-door labour, with space still unoccupied. You would have seen the reeds and headles to be used in the looms when required, hanging from the joists; the oatmeal bannock, (the common bread in Lincolnshire in those days), hanging over spars like leather; bundles of yarn; bacon, for family use and for sale; some books, of which one was the Holy Bible, covered with untanned calf-skin, the hair outside—a part of the same skin which Robert Peel wore for a waistcoat. You would have seen that he wore a coat of home-spun wool, undyed; breeches of the same, tied at the

*The weft of a web is the cross threads wound into copes or "pirns," and placed in the shuttle; the warp is the longitudinal threads.

knee with leather thongs; an apron of flannel; stockings made of the undyed wool of a black and a white sheep, mixed; clogs, made of leather above, and wood and iron below; a brown felt hat, once black, turned up behind and at the sides, and pointed before. His sons were dressed in the same manner, except that they had buckles at their knees instead of leather thongs, and waistcoats of stuff like their mother's linsey-woolsey gown, instead of calf-skin. You would have seen or heard that Mrs. Peel trod the stone floor in wooden-soled clogs, while the clat-clatting of little Anne gave the same intimation. On seeing the family seated around the table uncovered, you would have observed, by their golden-tinged hair, short and curly, that they still retained the Scandinavian temperament of their Danish ancestors, who, as rovers of the sea, are supposed to have brought the lineage and name of Peel to England. Their neighbour Hargreaves, you would have seen, was a short, broadly-formed man, with hard black hair. He did not stand above five feet five; Robert Peel stood five feet eleven inches, rather more.

Being seated, and seeing his wife sit down, he said, "'Lizabeth, are you ready?" to which she, having put a portion of the supper on a platter, to cool for the younger children, and lifted her finger in sign of admonition to be silent and still, answered, "Say away, Robert," and bowed her head. The father looked around, and, seeing that his children had bent their heads and were still, bowed his own, and addressed himself to the Most High. He besought a blessing on their food, on all their actions, on all their varied ways through life, and for mercy to their manifold sins. To which they all said, "Amen."

Soon after William, the eldest son, came in from Blackburn. He said, Harry Garland and other chapmen had come as far as the Pack Horse, at the Brook, but had gone in there, and he thought Garland was not much short of tipsy; they had been drinking at the Black Bull in Blackburn before starting. Saying which, he asked, "Mother, is there no supper for me?" She replied, "In t' oven; in t' dish; dinnot fear but thy share were set by for thee."

Presently the dogs, Brock and Flowery, began to bark, and the sound told they were running up the path toward the plantation. This indicated the approach of a stranger. Anne and little Lawrence ran, spoons in hand, their clogs clattering on the stones, and returned in a fright, saying it was a man who wore a red coat, and with a sword in his hand; and he was like to cut off the heads of Brock and Flowery with it for barking at him. Upon which, William observed, he dared say it was Harry Garland. Robert, the third son, laid down his spoon, saying he would call in the dogs. But his father bade him stay; he would go himself, and went. It was Harry Garland. Mr. Peel, desiring to speak with him privately about the printing at Cray, took him into another apartment. They remained there more than an hour. The girl and the youngest boy looked through the keyhole, and, returning to the kitchen, said, the stranger was showing father such beautiful paper, and such a curious piece of wood, and such lovely things. But their mother interrupted them, saying, "Howd thee tongue, and sit thee down." James Hargreaves, thinking correctly enough, that his presence stood in the way of some private business, took the copes of weft in his apron, and went home. Presently the private conference was at an end, and the visitor, with Mr. Peel, went to the kitchen.

Harry Garland was a handsome young man, in his twentieth year. He had dark brown hair, tied behind with blue ribbon; clear, mirthful eyes; boots which reached above his knees; a broad-skirted scarlet coat, with gold lace on the cuffs, the collar, and the skirts, and a long waistcoat of blue silk. His breeches were buckskin; his hat was three-cornered, set jauntily higher on the right than on the left side. In his breast-pockets he carried loaded pistols, and, dangling from his waistbelt, a short, heavy sword, sufficiently strong to cut the branches from a tree, or kill a highwayman. He thus appeared on ordinary days in the dress and accoutrements which a Manchester chapman only wore on holidays, or at a wedding, or at church. Mr. Peel had invited him, when in the private apartment, to stay all night; but no, he must be in Blackburn, he said, to go early in the morning to Preston. Besides, he had friends at the Pack Horse, down at the Brook, awaiting his return. Would William, Edmund, and Robert step that length with him? Their father, answering, said "No, they cannot go out." They inclined to go: the smart dress of the handsome Harry Garland, his lively conversation, his knowledge of the social and commercial world, so far exceeding theirs, inclined them to his company. But their father had said "No." they said nothing.

Robert Peel had work for himself and his sons which required to be done that night. He accordingly called them together, and said it was not so much that he objected to their being with Garland, though doubtless they might find more profitable company, as truly as they might find worse; but he had objected to their going out because there was work to do. "Seest thou a man diligent in his business," he quoted, "he shall stand before kings." He then told them to get the hand-barrow, the sledge-hammer, the iron wedges, the pinch (an iron lever), the two crowbars, and the pick, and that perhaps they might also require the spade. They put the wedges, hammer, and pick on the barrow, and Anne and Lawrence on the top of them. William and Edmund took their places upon the shafts;

their father went on before with the spade under his arm, Robert with him, walking sturdily with the iron lever on his shoulder. It was a clear moonlight night. When they came to the quarry, they removed some surface earth and rubbish, and, having laid bare a stratum of rock likely to split into slabs, they began to use the pick. They marked a surface of solid stone five feet long and twenty inches wide, or thereabout. They made a series of incisions along the line, about five inches apart, into which they set the iron wedges. After tapping them gently, to make their points lay hold, Mr. Peel, who was the steadiest hand at the large hammer, swung it round his head, and gave each of the wedges a blow in turn, until the block was rent from the mass, as desired. The points of the pick and lever were then inserted in the rent. The crowbars, unfortunately, were found to be short and powerless. The father and two of the sons laid all their weight and strength on the long pinch; another worked the pick as a lever, and poised the block outward and upward. Jonathan had a small hard stone ready, and Anne another a little larger. The smallest was dropped, as directed, into the opening. Then they let go with the levers, and took a deeper hold, the small hard stone keeping the block from subsiding to its place. Having got a deeper hold, they gave their united weight and strength to the leverage again, and the opening being wider, Anne dropped in the larger of the hard stones. Again they let the block rest, and, getting a still deeper hold, they poised it upward and outward farther, and Jonathan, having got a larger hard stone, dropped it in. By two other holds and rests, conducted in like manner, they overturned the block, two-and-twenty inches thick, or thereabout, to its side. On examining it all round, and detecting no break nor flaw, they estimated that, could they split it into four equal slabs of five and a half inches thick, they would have as many stone tables as were required. To split the block into four slabs, it was necessary to make three rows of incisions with the pick, into which to introduce the wedges. This was done, and the slabs being split, were dressed a little at the ends and sides. Turning one of them on edge, they placed the hand-barrow on edge beside it, and brought barrow and stone down, the stone uppermost, as desired. Turning it crossways, that its ends should project to the sides, and enable one at each end to attach his sustaining strength, Robert and Edmund were allotted to that duty. Their father and William, as the stronger of the four, took their places between the shafts—the father behind, William before. They got it out of the quarry by the exercise of sheer strength. But to get it over the steps going out of the waste into the plantation, required skill and caution as well as strength. It was both difficult and dangerous. Nor were they clear of danger going down the path which led athwart the slope. Their feet had a tendency to slip, and the stone naturally slid to the lowest side; but the youth who had charge of that end kept it up manfully. Without hurt or mishap, they got it to the kitchen door. So, in due time, they got the other three; but, before they were done, the perspiration was dripping from all the four. They sat down to rest and wipe their warm faces, and found the time was an hour past midnight.

There was not space for them all to work in the small back room at laying the slabs. The father and the two elder sons laid them at the proper height for working upon with printing blocks, as described by Harry Garland. In that room they remain at this day as then laid down. In that room the visitor still sees those slabs of stone upon which the Peels made their first essays in printing calicoes—upon which they took the first step towards that wonderful fortune of wealth and fame which then lay before them unknown.

Though the hour was late, young Robert Peel was too full of ideas about designs for the blocks he intended to carve for printing, to go to sleep. He went out to the moor in the moonlight, to gather a handful of bilberry leaves, or other foliage, which might be copied. (The first thing printed at Peel Fold was a parsley leaf.) Going to the moor, the youth had to pass near the house of James Hargreaves. He saw a light in the window. Seeing a shadow moving, he halted for a moment, and that moment revealed enough to detain him half an hour. He was surprised, not alone to see the weaver up at that hour, but to see his singular, his inexplicable employment. To comprehend what that was, let us return to Garland's departure from Peel Fold, as told before.

When Harry had crossed the waste, he met James Hargreaves carrying two pails of water for domestic use, and asked him to go down the hill, and drink a "gill of ale" at the Horse. James considered a minute, set down his pails, twisted his body, rolled one shoulder forward, the other back, chipped the stones of the road with his iron-shod clogs, and confessed that he had no objection to a gill of ale at the Horse, were it not that he had Jenny's gruel to make. But, again, there was Nan Pilkington who would make the gruel. Also, there was Charlotte Marsden at the Horse, who was always at her wheel, and Alice, her sister, who also was a spinner when not waiting on the customers; perhaps they might have weft ready which nobody had bespoke. The balance of reasons for and against going to the Horse was thus found to be in favor of going. So, taking in the water, and directing Nan Pilkington's attention to Jenny's gruel,

he called on Joe Pilkington, the singing weaver, and both went.

They joined the chapmen, from Blackburn, and were soon in a merry mood. Joe Pilkington was ready with a song at any time. Perhaps they would have sat later than the usually sober hours of James Hargreaves, had not an incident occurred which disconcerted Garland, and suggested to Hargreaves to go home. Harry had seated himself beside Charlotte Marsden, where she was spinning at the farther end of the spacious kitchen. In this apartment the company were assembled. Some who knew the lofty spirit of the beautiful Charlotte, offered to wager with Garland that he could not kiss her. The forward youth attempted the rash act without hesitation; upon which she called him an impudent moth, and, rising indignantly, overturned her spinning-wheel. It fell backward. The spindle, which before had been horizontal, the point towards the maiden's left hand stood upright. The wheel, which had been upright, and turned by her right hand (its band turning the spindle), was now horizontal. It continued to revolve in that position, and to turn the spindle. In a moment, a thought—an inspiration of thought—fixed the eyes of Hargreaves upon it. Garland pursued the indignant Charlotte out of the apartment. The company followed, urging him to the renewal of his rudeness, which, the more he tried to succeed in, the more he seemed to be baffled and humiliated. In their absence, James Hargreaves turned the wheel with his right hand, it still lying as it fell, and, drawing the roving of cotton with his left, saw that the spindle made as good a thread standing vertically as it did horizontally. "Then why," his inspiration of thought suggested, "should not many spindles, all standing upright, all moved by a band crossing them from the wheel, like this single spindle, each with a bobbin on it, and a roving of cotton attached, and something like the finger and thumb, which now take hold of the one roving, to lay hold of them all, and draw them backward from the spindles into attenuated threads? Why should not many spindles be moved, and threads be spun, by the same wheel and band which now spin only one?"

Hearing the company return, some saying the young chapman had succeeded in snatching a kiss from Charlotte, others denying it; he almost breathless, asserting the fact, and Charlotte restoring her hair to order, her lovely face flushed between anger at his impudence, and vexation that she had once unguardedly spoken in the hearing of some persons present—what she sincerely believed —that he was the handsomest youth that had ever been seen in the Pack Horse Inn: hearing the company return, James Hargreaves lifted the wheel to its feet, placed the roving in its right place, and said, "Sit thee down, Charlotte; let him see thee spin; who can tell what may come of this!" Then, after a pause and a reflection, that he should retain his new ideas as secrets of his own at present, he continued, "Thou may be his wife, more unlikely things have happened; it will be a fine thing to be lady of all that owd Billy Garland may leave some day."

"Wife, indeed!" interjected the vexed maiden, "the moth! Wife, indeed! who would be wife to *it?*"

"Weel," said James, "be that as it may; but I mun go whoam; my wife thinks whoam the best place for me, and I think so mysen.

Remarks were made as to why he was going so soon. But Harry Garland had lost spirit after the conflict, and felt the scorn of the maiden more keenly than any reproof which had ever fallen upon his impudence before. He was not in a humour to solicit James Hargreaves to remain; so they parted.

James had reached home two or three hours before young Robert Peel observed the light in his window. On the lad approaching the window, the weaver was standing motionless. Suddenly he dropped upon his knees, and rolled upon the stone floor at full length. He lay with his face towards the floor, and made lines and circles with the end of a burned stick. He rose, and went to the fire to burn his stick. He took hold of his bristly hair with one hand, and rubbed his forehead and nose with the other and the blackened stick. Then he sat upon a chair, and placed his head between his hands, his elbows on his knees, and gazed intently on the floor. Then he sprang to his feet, and replied to some feeble questions of his wife (who had not risen since the day she gave birth to a little stranger) by a loud assurance that he had it; and, taking her in his sturdy arms, in the blankets, the baby in her arms, he lifted her out, and held her over the black drawings on the floor. These he explained, and she joined a small, hopeful, happy laugh with his high-toned assurance, that she should never again toil at the spinning wheel—that she would never again "play," and have his loom standing for want of weft. She asked some questions, which he answered, after seating her in the arm-chair, by laying her spinning wheel on its back, the horizontal spindle standing vertically, while he made the wheel revolve, and drew a roving of cotton from the spindle into an attenuated thread. Then he took her in his arms, and returned her and the baby to bed, and kissed her affectionately, and once more took the baby out, and made it cry with his hard beard. "Our fortune is made when that is made," he said, speaking of his drawings on the floor.

"What will you call it?" asked his wife.

"Call it? What an we call it after thysen, Jenny! They called thee "Spinning Jenny" afore I had thee, because thou beat every lass

in Stanehill Moor at the wheel. What if we call it "Spinning Jenny?"

It was all a mystery to Robert Peel. He went home with his bilberry leaves, and went to bed, wondering if Hargreaves were out of his mind, or if he, too, were inventing something, or about to make experiments in some new process of working.

The principle of spinning by rollers, usually called Arkwright's invention, was not introduced until about four years after the invention of the jenny. Whether it was original to Arkwright, cannot now be told; but Mr. Baines of Leeds, and other diligent inquirers, have established the fact that an ingenious man, named Wyatt, erected a machine at Birmingham, and afterwards at Sutton Coldfield, in Warwickshire, twenty years before Arkwright evolved his idea, which was in principle the same, namely, that a pair of rollers, with slow motion, drew in a roving of cotton, and a second pair, with an accelerated motion, drew the roving from the other. All the varieties of cotton-spinning machinery have sprung up from those two—the rollers of Wyatt (or Arkwright) and the jenny of Hargreaves. A farmer, named Samuel Crompton, living at Hall-i'-th'-wood, near Bolton, was the first to combine them in one machine; this was called the "mule."

Returning to the Peel family, we see Robert, the son, following the printing of calicoes with enthusiasm. He obtains lessons at Bamber Bridge. We see his father engaged in constructing a machine for carding cotton into rovings, preparatory to spinning. Instead of two flat cards set full of small wiry teeth, the one card to work over the other, this machine of Robert Peel the elder is a cylinder covered with such wiry teeth. It revolves, and a flat card with a vertical motion works npon it. The carding by cylinders obtains to this day; and there is no reason to doubt that it was invented at Peel Fold. It was, however, first erected for use at Brookside, a mile distant, for the convenience of water power. You look down upon the place called Brookside from Stanehill Moor, your face turned to the south-west. There, also, Mr. Peel and his sons erected the first of Hargreaves' spinning-jennies, which was set in motion by water power, they being previously moved by hand.

It was now, 1766, that the murmurs of the spinning women ripened to acts of violence. At first the men were pleased with the jenny, which gave eight threads of weft instead of one; but, when it threatened to supersede hand-spinning altogether, they joined with the women in resisting its use. They marched out of Blackburn in mobs, and broke all the jennies, reduced the works at Brookside to absolute wreck, and levelled the house of James Hargreaves at Stanehill Moor with the ground. Hargreaves, his wife and child, fled for their lives, first to Manchester, and then to Nottingham. After many difficulties, he obtained the assistance of a person named Strutt, and the jenny was brought into use at Nottingham (1766-67,) also at Derby. Mr. Strutt made a fortune out of it, which, with his sagacity, integrity, and business habits, has descended to the eminent family who still bear that name at Derby. It has been said that James Hargreaves died a pauper at Nottingham. This was repeated in books for many years, but more recent investigation has proved that, though neither so rich as the Strutts, Peels, or Arkwrights, he was not a pauper. In his will he bequeathed £4000 to relatives.

When the buildings and machinery were demolished at Brookside, the mob proceeded to Altham, six miles distant, and destroyed the works which William Peel, the eldest son, had erected there. Everywhere the Peels were hunted for the next twelve months. At last the father turned his back on Lancashire, and took up his abode at Burton-on-Trent, in Staffordshire, where he established both spinning and printing. Meanwhile Robert, the third son, was diligently fulfilling an apprenticeship with the Bamber Bridge printers already named. When at liberty to enter upon business for himself, he selected a green, sunny spot, with abundance of water, close to the town of Bury, in Lancashire. His brothers did the same, at the hamlet of Church, near to which has since arisen the thriving and populous town of Accrington.

The wonderful success of the whole family of the Peels as merchants, manufacturers, and calico printers, is a part of the industrial history of Britain. Nothing more can be done here than to name it. Robert, from the magnitude of his works at Bury, and from his political tendencies, became the best known. He married the daughter of Mr. Yates, one of his partners in business, and by her had a large family.—*Hogg's Instructor.*

THE SPELLS.

Deep are the spells of the fairy dells,
And gay are the fays around,
As they dance by night in the pale moonlight,
In their own enchanted ground;
But *deeper* than spells of the fairy dells,
Are those in woman's power,
When, by Love's dear light, her charms, so bright,
Are seen in the twilight hour.

Deep is the store of magic lore,
And the charm which the wizard weaves,
When the *book of might* to his eye of light,
Unlocks its spell-bound leaves;
But in woman's looks, more than magic books,
The light of magic dwells,
When her eye's soft beam' by some storied stream,
Its tale of passion tells!

Oh! the wizard's rod, more than fabled god,
O'er human hearts has power,
And pains, and tears, through troubled years,
Are all the victim's dower,
But not in fear, or pain, or tear,
Dear woman's empire lies,
But in the wand, of her snow-white hand,
Which fairy power defies!

They say the skies, with their starry eyes,
Look far into future days,
And if their light we drink by night,
We catch prophetic rays;
But let ME drink, at the fountain's brink,
The light of some loved one's eye,
And her smile shall teem, with prophetic beam,
Of bright futurity!

—*Dublin University Magazine.*

THE CITIES OF THE PLAIN.*

CHAPTER IV.

"To Zoar," said to himself the ardent youth, "I go without tarrying, and surely some of the righteous in that city will return with me to Sodom, so that, peradventure, ten persons may be found therein such as my God loveth, so that the city and my Tirzah be saved.

South-west of the five cities—Sodom, Gomorrah, Admah, Zeboim, and Zoar—was the little city of Zoar. It stood upon a very gentle eminence, just jutting up from the plain, and immediately in the shadow of that great wilderness of mountains which extends to the Red Sea. It was peopled by a race, who, sprung originally from the hills, had retained much of the pastoral simplicity and virtue of their ancestors. They worshipped, although with rude rites, the true God. Practising polygamy, they yet avoided and detested the abominble practices of Sodom, and the gross intemperance of Gomorrah. The tie connecting them with the four cities was slender; civil war was more than once on the point of breaking out, and Zoar more than once was in danger of destruction at the hands of its sister towns. But its inhabitants, though few, were strong and courageous, while their brethren lay dissolved in sin, and their envy was as lazy as it was voluminous, resembling a half-stupefied snake, opening heavy eyes of rage at its enemy, and lolling out a forked tongue, harmless as painted lightning. Zoar, besides, was linked in league with Salem and with Abraham, and protected by the awe of their names.

As Irad hastens along, he is aware of a sudden light on the left hand, immediately above the cities of the plain. He deems at first that it is the glory of the Lord returned, and he pauses to behold it. But he soon perceives a far different spectacle.. That is a huge mass of light, or fire, in the shape of a serpent, with a head from whose jagged jaws protrudes a tongue of livid blue, and on whose brow shine, as it were, two angry stars, looking downwards upon the earth. It seemed waiting to spring at and devour some object beneath it, and its tail and its tongue quivered as with eager rage. But while Irad gazes, it is dislimned like an evening cloud, and becomes a round mass, forming the likeness of a great city, on which tongues of fire are dropping down, and through whose streets men are running with frantic gestures; and Irad knows the city to be Sodom. But scarce can he draw his suspended breath till again the figure changes, and the serpent reappears now not looking to earth, but lifting up in triumph its eyes and horrid crest to heaven. Another look, and all is darkness.

Resolute, although appalled, Irad hastens on, for love and fear are wings too swift to be stayed. And now he sees the lights of Zoar shining in front. But he becomes also aware of a shadow, like that of a man gliding along before him. He tries to overtake him, but in vain; and when he approaches the gate of Zoar, the figure turns round, and he perceives an angel, armed with a fiery sword, and with eyes full of a sterner fire. Awful entreaty sits on his lips, and on his brow a gentle but decisive frown. Irad stops, for the angel has placed himself right across the path, and he dares not proceed. "Return, Irad," says the angel, "the gates of Zoar are shut till to-morrow, and to thee shall never be opened. *It is too late.*" And as he spoke, he waved the flaming brand over Irad's head, and the youth shrunk back, for even desperate resolve proved unavailing against the terror of an angel's brow, and sword, and eye. "Back to Sodom," said the voice, "and there await thy time." And, in deep grief, and staggering through disappointment as through drunkenness, he retreads his steps toward the fated cities.

He finds the gates of Sodom open, and enters in. At first, he is astonished at the unwonted silence of the streets, which seem deserted by their inhabitants. But, as he passes on, and nears the centre of the city, he hears loud shouts, and sees a glare of torches, and, led by the light, he reaches a street, into which the whole inhabitants of the town seem collected, so great and dense was the throng. Mingling with the crowd, he soon ascertains the cause of the tumult. The house before which they are convened is that of Lot. Two strangers had entered at eventide, and the multitude are demanding them, that they may gratify their passions on their persons. And Irad saw under the light of the torches the faces of the human fiends of Sodom collected into one detestable mass. It was a hellish sight. Children were there, far gone in vice, and familiar with every abominable practice. Women were there, fomenting the fury of their mates. Old grey-headed sinners stood foremost at the door, beating it with clubs, and crying out for the giving up of the strangers. Torches flickered, swords and hatchets flashed, oaths and imprecations, too tremendous to be recorded, mingled with the shouts; and, as the crowd swayed back and forward, like a wave, around the door of Lot, children and women were trampled under feet, and the cries of their unregarded death completed the harmony of hell, which went up through the darkness. And most fearful of all to Irad, from a window of the street, and commanding a view of the whole, appeared the white grinning tusk and serpent eye of Caphtorim, like an evil spirit of the scene.

At last the door opens, and Lot appears, entreating parley. He offers them his two daughters, but the offer is spurned; and they are about to

* Continued from page 64, vol. ii.

seize him, and prevent his retreat, when lo! the door, which he had shut behind him, flies open, and, to Irad's unspeakable astonishment, two of the three faces he had seen at Mamre look forth upon the multitude, their hands pluck in Lot within the door, and it closes with a sound like thunder. That one fierce, flashing look sends instant blindness upon the foremost of the rioters, and terror upon all. There is silence for a moment, but it is speedily broken by loud cries of fear and fury from the blinded, as they stagger and stumble over each other, in vain efforts to reach the door. The torches drop from the palsied hands of those that bear them; but, as if to supply a new and awful light for the reeling street, the great Serpent, Irad had seen on the way to Zoar, flashes out once more in the midnight heaven, and shows to him the countenance of Caphtorim, pale as death, who from his window, seems to perceive Irad, and dart on him a look of significance and recognition.

CHAPTER V.

The sight of the Serpent, following the look of the faces, completed the dispersion of the Sodomites. All, save those who were blinded, saw it, and all rushed to hide themselves from its eyes. In vain did Caphtorim cry on them to return and force the door. In vain did Caphtorim, driven desperate, curse them by his gods as cowards and traitors. They melted away like snow; and Irad, too, leaves the spot, and walks slowly through the Serpent-lighted streets. An hour or two passes, and all in the city becomes silent, except the step of the unhappy youth, in whose heart love to Tirzah, fear for her father, darkness and uncertainty are tumultuously contending. What shall he do? Now he resolves to rush homewards, and now deep love and intense curiosity as to the fate of the city retard his steps. The words of the angel, "Back to Sodom, and there await thy time," ring in his ears. Often, too, he stops short in his walk to look up to the meteor, which still shines above, shedding an infernal day over the deserted streets, and making the smallest crumb of earth distinctly visible. At length it disappears, and is succeeded by utter darkness, as if it had swallowed up, in its departure, all the stars!

Wearied and worn, Irad is about to lie down and sleep till dawn, when suddenly three men, who had approached noiselessly, and favoured by the darkness, leap upon him, and carry him away. He asks them whither they are bearing him; but they give him no reply. He knows, however, but too well that he is in the power of Caphtorim, and feels that his doom is near. After passing through some of the streets, they pause before the door of a stately building, and Irad is led into the chamber where he had been on his first journey to the cities of the plain. In it, as he expected, there sat his old enemy; but his appearance was strangely changed. He seemed convulsed by some secret terror, which he sought in vain to conceal and gnaw down. He now rose, and now sat, and now walked to and fro through the apartment. Goblets of wine stood on the table, from which he drank ever and anon large draughts. His hands were stained with spots of blood. He looked at Irad, but for a season spoke not. At last drawing a deep breath, compressing his lips, and clenching his hands, he said, "Irad the hour is come when Sodom is to be destroyed." And then he told him that he now knew it was all over for ever with the cities of the plain. It was not merely that there had been divers earthquakes, nor that once and again had the sign of the Serpent appeared over the city, but it was that he had seen those fearful faces at the door of Lot, which he knew were not of earth, and which told him that all was lost. "Yes," he shrieked out, as he pointed to the street, "Jehovah the avenger is in the city. But the time presses, and you must flee with me and with Tirzah to the dwelling of Melchisedec, and he peradventure will have power to save me. Caphtorim is not my name, nor is Melchisedec his. He is my brother Shem, and I am Ham, who laughed at the nakedness of my father Noah, and have found my punishment greater than I can bear."

While he said this, the old man cast down his face to the ground, as if afraid of the countenance of the youth, and then hurried out of the apartment.

Irad is amazed at the tidings. This then is Ham, the giant, the magician, the enemy of God, reputed to have murdered his son Misraim, and to have perished by his own hand in Africa. But how is he connected with Tirzah, and whence his bitter hatred at Melchisedec and Irad? And why has he changed his name, and come to the cities of the plain?

While perplexing himself with such questions, the door opens, and, beautiful, in tears, but troubled as the moon in halo, Tirzah enters the chamber She cried out to Irad, "The morning cometh, and also the night. Within a few hours, Sodom is to be destroyed, and we must now flee for our lives. Ere morning we, and you with us, must leave this dwelling to return no more. But thou Irad, art yet in darkness. Sit thee down for a little season, and I will tell thee my story, and thine also, and that of him who has been to me a father, but to thee a bitter foe." And she smiled on him through her tears, and he sat down; and, as he gazed and listened, her words seemed sweeter than honey, even the honey which drippeth from the comb.

And yet the tale she told was grievous and strange. She said that in Africa, where Ham and Misraim his son had repaired after the dispersion of the human race at Babel, and where they founded a kingdom, two sons were born unto Misraim—Caphtorim and Ludim. A deadly enmity arose detween Ham and his son, whom he loved at last less than even Canaan, who had long before left him, and founded a kingdom in Palestine. In this strife, Ludim took the part of his father Misraim, while Caphtorim befriended his grandfather Ham. A battle was fought, in which both Ludim and Caphtorim were left for dead, and Ham fled, carrying off, through the treachery of a servant, the only son of Ludim—a child, whose name was Irad—as well as the infant daughter of Caphtorim, named Tirzah. His object in seizing upon Irad was to prevent him succeeding to the throne of his father Misraim, as well as to grieve that father's spirit, who indeed, died shortly after. But Tirzah he loved for the sake of Caphtorim, his favorite grandson, aud became to her as a father. Repairing to the neighbourhood of Sodom he employed the female slave who had stolen away

Irad, to drown him in the waters of the Jordan. But the little one had won her heart, and, instead of obeying Ham's cruel command, she exposed him by night at the door of Melchisedec, who received him, and brought him up as a son. Nor was it till she was dying, years after, that she told Ham what she had done, and once, before Irad visited Sodom, while journeying northward, he saw, and knew, and hated the noble boy. Ham had brought much gold with him from Africa, and, having assumed his grandson's name, took up his abode in Sodom, and animated by hatred at God on account of his curse, he stirred up the minds of the people against Jehovah, and inflamed all their evil passions, till the name of Sodom became a horror and a stench in many lands. He had heard of the purpose determined against the city, but partly disbelieved it and partly employed himself in desperate magical researches, and efforts to counteract it. When he beheld, however, the faces at the door of Lot, and when his efforts to arouse the people to tear down the house failed, his iron sinews were loosened, and he felt compelled reluctantly to flee—to cast himself on the mercy of Melchisedec, who was his brother Shem, and to take Tirzah and Irad as a twofold peace-offering along with him. Upon returning, however, to his own house, he retired to his secret chamber, and tried an augury which he had learned from an old magician, a descendant of Cain, who had been drowned in the flood. Slaying with his own hand one of his slaves, he poured out his blood into a vessel of cabalistic formation, and, having darkened the chamber all to one lamp, which was human fat, and pronounced certain magical words, he leaned down over it, and saw in miniature the transactions of the next day mirrored on the gore. *What* he saw need not now be named, save that he knew the horror of the day that was at hand, and judged that if he fled ere the dawning he might escape. When this was done, he despatched three of his slaves in search of Irad, and had now commissioned Tirzah to tell him the strange tale, and to prepare him for the events of the morrow.

CHAPTER VI.

Eagerly did the youth look and listen, as Tirzah told him this wondrous story. But while he had only eyes and ears for *her*, she frequently looked to the window, which was toward the east, and whence she feared the dawn would break too soon. And her soft, bright eye seemed to Irad as beautiful as the eye of the Morning Star, looking at the sun, ere he has risen upon the nations, and trembling on its high watch-tower at its solitary vision. But as he gazed, and when her tale was ended, the old man rushed into the room, and cried in haste, "Arise, let us be going; it is little more than an hour till the sun appear over the mountains of Moab, and it has been told me, that if I leave not Sodom before the *cock crow*, I must perish in the city. Help me, Irad in this great strait, and I will give thee Tirzah the beautiful to be thy wife."

At the words of the old man both started to their feet, and followed him into the open air. He told them that his slaves were on before with part of his treasures, and that they must hasten after. It was yet the dusk before the dawning, but the stars enabled them to find their way. All was silent in the streets. Not a light shone at the windows. Hell was asleep. Speaking not a word, but with rapid step and anxious look cast ever and anon to the east, Ham led the way. The northern gate of the city is in sight; it has been left unguarded; a few steps more, and they shall have passed through in safety. He relaxes for a moment his pace, and, turning to Irad, his face assumes its old expression of malignant triumph—a look which said to the youth a thousand terrible things, when hark! from a perch at their very side, loud and shrill, the cock crows; and while Ham pauses in fear, on the right hand, like the leap of a giant, an hour before his time, "the sun rose upon Sodom" and on him, and, with one grin of powerless defiance at his hated beams, Ham reels, totters, and falls to the ground.

"He is dead," cried Tirzah, with a shriek; but as she bends over him, she finds that he still breathes. To Tirzah he turns for a moment a glance of love; but when Irad, too, leans over, and tries to help him, the whole fury and hatred of his nature concentred in a frown hideous to behold, and muttering, "A few moments more, and thou hadst been mine for ever," he expires.

Irad would now have urged Tirzah to continue her flight, but grief for a season palsied her limbs, and surprise glued his steps too to the spot. And while they both tarried, Sodom awoke around them; its streets began to throng with multitudes, preparing for the business or pleasures of the day. Never did a richer light bathe its towers and idol-temples. Men, meeting each other, said, "How bright the sky! how beautiful upon the mountains the sun's feet of fire! Surely he has risen earlier to shine on our festival to-day, when Lot and his daughters are be be burned in the flames."

And soon even the suburban street, where the two lovers continued to watch the dead, was filled with people, for the tidings spread that Caphtorim, as he fled, had died—tidings which shaded without eclipsing the wild and general joy of that mad morning, the maddest in the whole history of the infatuated city.

Another hour passes, and still the sun is bright; and many are laughing at the sign of the Serpent, at which they had trembled overnight, and beginning even to forget the scorching and blinding look of the faces at the door of Lot, and are calling Caphtorim, what he called *them*, a coward, in seeking to flee. But now two other rumours fly over the cities: first, their wise men cannot deny nor explain the fact, that the morning has dawned *an hour before the usual time*, and that there is something strange and fearful in its splendour; and next, the house of Lot is found empty, and one man, on his way from a distant journey, had, at the western gate of the city, met him, his wife, and his daughters, parting with two strangers, who were clad in white apparel, and whose eyes were so bright as to affright him, and travelling on in great haste. Nay, as the question arises "Who is he that has seen them?" the man himself answers it by running frenzied through the streets, crying out, "Depart ye! depart ye! I have seen—I have seen the angel of the Lord! Yet two hours, and Sodom and Gomorrah shall be destroyed!" "Stop

him," became the counter-cry; and one (the same one who seized Irad by the hair of the head, and dragged him to the pit of fire) stepping lightly forward, hamstrung the prophet with his sword, and, after striking him again to death, waved it wildly above his head, and cried, "I have choked the liar in his own blood." Acclamations succeeded his words; the multitude pass on their way, and the sounds of business and incipient revelry are renewed.

Some of the bystanders, at the instance of Tirzah, now lift the body of Ham, and begin to carry it toward his house. Irad had signed to his beloved to leave the city with him, but her keen eye had noticed that a company of Sodomites, upon the tidings of Lot's departure, silently seized upon the northern gate, as if to prevent all access in that direction. Reluctantly he is compelled to follow the body of his chief foe through the streets. Sodom gathers around the dead as he passes, and slowly does he pace the road he had traversed so quickly two hours before. Confusion, riot, and every evil work in the city, find a sudden centre in the corpse of Caphtorim. Not a tear is shed, for, though feared and obeyed, he was not beloved, but frantic dances, wild laughter, curses loud and deep, looks of defiance cast up to the heavens, obscene jests, and other unutterable enormities, surround the funeral, and form a fitting tribute to the departed—the flowers of his children cast upon the corpse of their terrific father! At length they reach the square of the city, and the Unknown who had killed the prophet cries, that the body should lie in that place till it was high noon, and that then the rites of sepulture, only paid to kings, should be discharged to it. And there on the altar reared to Baal, surrounded by thousands, with his face black and swollen, the frown and grin of death extant upon his features, his long white beard floating on his breast, like foam on a midnight river, reclines the Giant of the Curse till the hour of noon should arrive.

Ham had not been the actual King of Sodom; but the influence he exerted over the people, his lavish use of money, the mystery which hung around him, and the strange rumours which floated as to his name, his past history, his wealth, and the crimes committed in his dwelling, made him the real sovereign of the cities, whose monarchs, besides, were feeble and luxurious persons, sunk in sensuality, and who had long been unable or unwilling to apply an effectual curb to the excesses of their subjects. He, therefore, as *the* dead king, now lay on the altar in the public square, receiving the homage of the loyalty of that doomed people, who begin, as they kneel, or move restlessly, or dance, or wail in wild music around his corpse, to feel obscurely that, in losing him, they have lost the last bulwark between them and destruction.

But this feeling is speedily exchanged for another—a fiercer and a final! On the northern side of the square, a sudden bustle is heard. Cries next arise, as of one who is coming on reluctantly, and of those who are compelling him to come; and when the crowd disparts, behold a company dragging forward an old man, whom Irad perceives to be Melchisedec.

"Here is our great foe," they exclaim; "we found him at the gates, asking for one whom he called his son, and who was lost; and we, telling him that we would bring him to where his son was, seized on him and came hither; and now shall he not perish?"

"Yea," cried the unknown murderer of the prophet, "and his son with him"—pointing to Irad as he spoke; "for there is the man. He, too, like Melchisedec, fears Jehovah, and we must burn them both to the shade of Caphtorim, and in the room of Lot and his daughters."

Hideous was the howl, like that of ravening wolves, which now broke from the multitude, as they bound the youth beside the aged man—Tirzah in vain seeking and praying for their lives, or at least that she might die along with them. Immediately beside the altar on which Ham was blackening in death another altar is erected, and on it are stretched the twain, who, sublimed far beyond fear, are looking recognition, peace, and love, into each other's eyes. The Unknowu, holding in one hand the weeping Tirzah, whom he eyes with seeming regard, tells meanwhile the bystanders to prepare quickly the materials of the burning. "Behold," he adds, "the burnt offering Baal has sent us to the memory of Caphtorim, his true worshipper! Nay," he shouts again, "behold I show you, ye men of Sodom, a strange thing; Caphtorim is Ham the father of us all, and I am the real Caphtorim, who was said to be dead in Africa, and am the father of this fair maiden. It was I who met thee, Irad, on the streets of the city, when thou first wanderest in it a stranger. It was I who made thine enemy know who thou wert, after I had followed thy steps, and had seen thee, myself unseen, meeting him at the western gate of the city. I hate thee, because I hated thy father, and because thou darest to love her! And this Melchisedec," continued Caphtorim to the throng, "is Shem, the eldest son of Noah, the enemy of Ham; and I swear by that bright sun above me—even by the great Baal himself—that he and Irad shall die ere it be the hour of noon. As he spoke, he raised his right hand toward the sun, when, as if in mockery of the action, the *appearance of a man's hand, black as sackcloth of hair, passes over the orb, and quenches him in darkness.*

Shrieks of horror burst from the crowd. The hands and knees of the men who are preparing the materials for the martyrdom quake, and even Caphtorim's firm grasp of his daughter is loosened for a moment, and the maiden bounds forward, and throws herself on the funereal pyre beside her beloved. But her father's courage comes rushing back instantly to his heart, and he cries aloud, "'Tis but an eclipse. It will soon pass away, aud the sun break forth again." And scarce has he uttered the words, till pass away it does, and the sun does re-appear. But *such a snn.* Beamless, troubled, and torn, he seems dissolving over their heads into showers of blood and flame; and as they gaze upwards—*now* rather fascinated and bewildered than in active terror—there is first felt an intolerable heat, which glares and glazes over their upturned countenances, and then there drops again the curtain of the darkness; and then again it opens, and there appear large flakes and tongues of yellow fire, descending as if from the sun, and sinking upon the crowd; and when they draw near, and begin to

touch their faces and their bodies, many of which are naked, there arises a yell like that of all the fiends, and the multitudes spring up and rush tumultuously away, many through the streets, more to their own houses; and as the snowfire unfastens the bonds without touching the bodies of the three upon the unkindled pyre, Melchisedec stands erect, lifts up his hands to the fire foaming sun, and in a solemn voice exclaims, "It is fire and brimstone *from the Lord out of heaven.* Baal is the Lord's servant to-day, and has destroyed his worshippers. Just and righteous art thou, O Lord God of Hosts!"

Soon the rushing crowds feel who is in pursuit It is the Living Fire—meeting them in every street—pursuing them into every house—outrunning the swiftest—consuming the strongest. As it runs, it weds the whirlwind, which tosses its waves to and fro, and forms them into momentary wreaths, like those of snow in the winter tempest. As it runs, it calls aloud to the earthquake, who, heaving up to meet it, makes towers and temples topple and fall, and lets out in waves and floods the bituminous sea which had long been slumbering below. Ere half the inhabitants have perished in the flames from above, the city begins to sink into the bitter waters from beneath; so that, while some are crying, in feeble hope, "The storm of fire is abating," others are shouting, in despair, "Our houses are sinking below our feet —the bitter slime is rising around us!" But no words can echo the groans, the blasphemies, and the remorseful outcries of the perishing myriads, as they are enwrapped by the flames, or go down alive into the pit.

Caphtorim, as soon as the first tiny flake of flame had touched his cheek, had fled to his grandfather's palace. He had let himself down into the dungeon in which Irad had been shut up. There he remained in coolness and safety till the earthquake gave its conclusive stamp, when, escaping with difficulty the up-rushing slime, he ran to the highest turret of the building, where Ham had often watched the stars, and sought their aid in his confederacy against God. There—although he felt the palace sinking slowly beneath him, and had now no hope of escape—he determined to take his final stand. It was free from the flames which still raged among many of the lower buildings around, although it had, during the heat of the tempest, been scorched in divers parts. That tempest had now subsided; and, as the sky was again clear, the tower commanded a wide prospect over the scene of ruin. With the calm eye of despair, Caphtorim watched the gathering sea into which his own vessel was going down. Below, lay Sodom; many of its streets sunk, and the waters rolling wildly over them—some still contending with the flames; some sinking, with roaring reverberation, amid the deep—one or two lofty buildings, like that on which he stood, free from fire, but undermined, and gradually merging into the waters. Only a few human beings were visible; some of them struggling in the surviving flames; others, floating dead upon the rising waves; and one or two perched, like himself, upon high platforms and pinnacles, awaiting the completion of the doom. The square recently so busy and crowded is now a lake. The altars and their burdens have disappeared. Westward, the fires are still careering over the other three cities; and above them there is a smoke like that of a furnace, colored into the hue of brimstone by the afternoon sun. There is discord, as well as desolation—a discord composed of subterranean noises, of the heaving of waves, the bickering of flames, the crash of buildings sinking, and a lonely human shriek here and there, which attests at once how few remain to be destroyed, and how many have perished. The smoke of Gomorrah conceals Zoar and its neighboring heights from view; but straining his eye in another direction, Caphtorim perceives, or thinks he sees, a little group of four persons pressing up the hills which lie toward Mamre, and asks, with a sensation of envy which withers his heart, "can these be Melchisedec and the rest saved by an angel from fire and the bitter waters, and hastening toward safety? May the curse of a man near to death follow their steps; yea, let Tirzah herself be cursed, with her bridegroom!"

Having thus vented his rage at the fugitives, he turns resolutely round to wait for the ghastly issue which was before himself. The afternoon slopes slowly down the west, and as each hour passes, it sees a difference in the tragic page which was now wide opened to the heavens. Fiery street after fiery street goes down hissing into the pitchy sea; tower and temple are submerged, till at last the topmost battlement of Caphtorim's house alone rises a few feet above the waters. The sun is now setting, and at the very moment that he goes down behind the smoke-darkened mountains, Caphtorim, his adorer, stretching out his arms, and crying, "O Baal, I come to thee and to my father," throws himself into the waves. The darkness of night comes rushing over the scenes and hides his drowning struggles. The waters rise angrily above his corpse and above the tower on which he so lately stood, and the *last survivor* of Sodom has been engulphed, and the guilty city has become a weltering sea of brine, which in its everlasting moanings has ever since been proclaiming to all who have ears to hear the evil of that abominable thing God hates, and the fierceness of the hatred he bears to it—the extent to which human wickedness can go, and the existence of a point beyond which it can go no farther —the madness of man, and the justice and severity, so full of mercy, of the great God.

Saved from the flames, Melchisedec, Irad, and Tirzah returned to Salem. The lovers were soon after wedded by the priestly hand of the aged patriarch. He, after a season, fell asleep, and was succeeded in his just and benevolent sovereignty by Irad, who faithfully followed his steps. Happy in life, and not divided long in death, were the gentle pair. But, sitting under their vine and fig-tree in peace and safety, their thoughts not unfrequently reverted to the strange and fearful circumstances which attended their first meeting, and more than once, along with their children, they visited the Dead Sea, and, as they walked along its dreary brink, and heard its waters speaking to themselves with the sullen rapture of gratified vengeance—in low and thrilling tones, they told them this tale of the "Cities of the Plain."—*Hogg's Instructor.*

NOTE—The notion that Melchisedec was Shem, is one held by several commentators, and it seems as probable

as any other. The names of Caphtorim, Misraim, &c., are all real and connected with the history of Ham's children. Some of the incidents, too, are founded on traditionary story.

TIME.

(Translated from the Italian of Fillicaja, by Miss Agnes Strickland.)

I saw a mighty river, wild and vast,
Whose rapid waves were moments, which did glide
So swiftly onward in their silent tide,
That ere their flight was noted, they were past;—
A river that to Death's dark shores doth fast
Conduct all living, with resistless force;
And though unfelt, pursues its noiseless course,
To quench all fires in Lethe's stream at last.
Its current with creation's birth was born,
And with the heavens commenced its course sublime,
In days and months still hurrying on untired.
Marking its flight, I inwardly did mourn,
And of my musing thoughts in doubt inquired,
"The river's name?"
My thoughts responded—"Time."

FOREST LIFE—THE LOGGERS OF MAINE.

In England, and indeed in European countries generally, we have well-nigh forgotten what forest-life is. Yet once it was almost the only kind of life in England and in Europe. Magnificent old forests covered the entire land, only the stunted remains of which are here and there to be met with, as at Sherwood, New Forest, Epping, and Charnwood; but one can form no idea of the old forests from these petty remnants of the grand primeval woods. These forests stretched from sea to sea, across plains and swamps, over hill and dale, covering the mountains to their summits. Men lived then under the shade of forests,—the only roads were the forest paths,—herds of swine fed upon the acorns which dropped from the boughs of the oak-trees,—and deer, boars, wild bulls, and game of all sorts roamed at large, and yielded a ready store of food to the thinly scattered denizens of the forest. In the progress of cultivation of the soil —as the use of cereal grains extended with the advancement of civilization—the forests have gradually been cut down to make way for the plough, or the timber has been used by the increasing population for the purposes of fuel; and the wild deer, boars, bulls, and wolves, have been extirpated, to give place to tamer breeds of animals,—such as the farmer can turn to profitable account.

To form an idea of primitive forest-life, we must go to the unreclaimed forests of North America—to the State of Maine, the province of New Brunswick, and the Canadas, where

> The murmuring pines and the hemlocks
> Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,
> Stand like Druids of old, with voices sad and prophetic.
> Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms.

Mr. Springer, an American writer, has given us a graphic account of the adventurous life still led by numbers of men in the great old forests of Maine and New Brunswick.* There, a numerous class of men live, year by year, engaged in a life of toil, adventure, and danger—they are generally known by the name of Lumber-men, or Loggers. Their business is, to search out the finest timber of the forest, fell it, drag it to the river's side, and float it down into the bays along the coast, from whence it is shipped off to American or British markets. The trees there are of all sorts—elm, birch, maple, beech, chesnut, oak, ash, poplar, hemlock, pine and hickory, all furnishing specimens of gigantic magnitude, are, however, the trees most frequently met with. The white pine may well be denominated the monarch of the American forests, growing to an almost incredible size. "I have worked," says Mr. Springer, "in the forests among this timber several years, have cut many hundreds of trees, and seen many thousands, but have never found one larger than the one I felled on a little stream which emptied into Jackson Lake, near the head of Backahegan stream, in the eastern part of Maine. This was a "Pumpkin" Pine; its trunk was as straight and handsomely grown as a moulded candle, and measured six feet in diameter four feet from the ground, without the aid of spur roots. It was about nine rods in length, or one hundred and forty-four feet, about sixty-five feet of which was free of limbs, and retained its diameter remarkably well. I was employed about one hour and a quarter in felling it. The afternoon was beautiful; everything was calm, and to me the circumstances were deeply interesting. After chopping an hour or so, the mighty giant, the growth of centuries, which had withstood the hurricane, and raised itself in peerless majesty above all around, began to tremble under the strokes of a mere insect, as I might appear in comparison with it. My heart palpitated as I occasionally raised my eye to its pinnacle, to catch the first indications of its fall. It came down at length with a crash which seemed to shake a hundred acres, while the loud echo rang through the forest, dying away among the distant hills. It had a hollow in the butt about the size of a barrel, and the surface of the stump was sufficiently capacious to allow a yoke of oxen to stand upon it. It made five logs, and loaded a six-ox team three times. The butt log was so large that the stream did not float it in the spring; and when the drive was taken down, we were obliged to leave it behind, much to our regret and loss." Think of a forest of gigantic trees of this description extending over hundreds of miles of country! Such are the forests of Maine and New Brunswick. The pines, which usually grow in clumps, seem to constitute the aristocracy of the forest,—the rest of the trees making up the populace. The pine is the most useful and valuable of all the trees,—being used in all kinds of house architecture, and very extensively in ship-building; and it furnishes a large amount of employment to lumber-men, mill-men, rafters, coasters, truckmen, merchants, and mechanics of all sorts. An idea of the extent

*_Forest Life and Forest Trees_: comprising winter camp life among the Loggers, and wild-wood adventure, &c. By John S. Springer.

of the timber-trade in Maine, may be formed from the fact that not less than ten thousand men are engaged in lumbering on the Penobscot alone.

The great pine tracks are usually in the convenient vicinity of lakes and rivers, from whence the transport of the timber to the ocean is comparatively easy. The labors of the lumbermen, during fifty or more years, have made sad havoc among the pine-woods, and doubtless the pine is ultimately doomed, by the avarice and enterprise of the white man, gradually to disappear from the borders of civilization, as have the aborigines of the country before the onward march of the Saxon race. Already have these magnificent trees been so cleared away by the woodman's axe, that the pine is now driven far back into the interior wilderness. Hence, in order to discover the locality of the remaining pine communities, exploring expeditions are made, usually during the autumn, into wild and unknown forest regions. Sometimes the exploration is made during the winter, and then the labor of the timber-hunters is both arduous and dangerous. They start on board a skiff or a batteau, with provisions, axes, guns and ammunition; and thus voyage some hundreds of miles into the interior, carrying the skiff on their shoulders across the land where the rapids of the river are too severe to be ascended by the use of oars or poles. They sleep in the open air at nights, turning the boat bottom upwards, and taking shelter under it, if rain should fall. Occasionally they are scared by the scream of the owl, or the tramping of deer, or what is more alarming than all, by the approach of a black bear, dangerous adventures with which are very frequent in the deep forests.

Arrived at some favorable spot, one of the party ascends the highest tree,—generally the spruce fir, which is easily climbed. But when a still loftier look out is wanted, a spruce fir is felled and laid against the trunk of some lofty pine, up which the explorer clambers until he reaches the summit, and is enabled to survey the vast extent of forest around. From such a tree-top, like a mariner at the mast head upon the look-out for whales, (for indeed the pine is the whale of the forest,) large "clumps" and "veins" of pine are discovered, whose towering tops may be seen for miles around. Such views fill the bosom of the timber-hunter with intense interest. They are the object of his search, his treasure—his El Dorado,—and they are beheld with peculiar and thrilling emotions. To detail the process more minutely, we should observe that the man in the tree-top points out the direction in which the pines are seen, when a man at the base marks the direction, indicated by a compass which he holds in his hand,—the compass being quite as necessary in the wilderness as on the pathless ocean. When the "clump" has been fairly made out, the explorers retrace their steps, blazing or notching the trees, so as to enable them to return easily to the place; and then they return home, to await the spring season, when felling, rolling, and rafting commence with great vivacity. Permits are, however, first obtained from the State, or from the proprietors, before the loggers begin their operations—the price paid varying from one to eight dollars per thousand feet of timber, cut down and taken away. The price varies according to the quality of the timber, and its convenient location to the stream or lake on which it is floated away to market. A necessary preliminary of the loggers is the putting up, in the autumn, of large quantities of meadow hay, for the foddering of the teams of cattle required to drag the timber to the water. During this work, the lumbermen are pestered by myriads of bloodthirsty flies—mosquitoes and midges being the most furious and untiring in their attacks. But more stirring adventures are occasionally encountered, of which we take the following instance:—

"Notwithstanding the labor and annoyances of meadow life, there are pastimes and adventures to be met with. A shot now and then at some stray deer who may chance to stroll upon the meadow to graze; the hooking of beautiful trout, pickerel, and other delicious pan-fish, afford agreeable relief from *ennui;* while the sports of the forest and the brook afford most agreeable changes of diet. Here, also, very frequently, are skirmishes had with the common black bear. If Bruin is not intentionally pugnacious, he is really meddlesome; nay, more, a downright trespasser —a regular thief,—an out-and-out "no-government" animal; who, though neither profane nor yet immoral, still, without apostolical piety, would have "all things common." These peculiar traits of character secure to him the especial attention of mankind, and ever make him an object of attack. Though formidable as an enemy, it is hard to allow him to pass, even if he be civilly inclined, without direct assault. On one occasion, while two men were crossing a small lake in a skiff, on their return from the meadows, where they had been putting up hay, they discovered a bear swimming from a point of land for the opposite shore. As usual in such cases, temptation silenced prudential remonstrances; so, changing their course, they gave chase. The craft being light, they gained fast upon the bear, who exerted himself to the utmost to gain the shore. But finding himself an unequal match in the race, he turned upon his pursuers and swam to meet them. One of the men, a short, thick-set, dare-devil sort of a fellow, seized an axe, and the moment the bear came up, inflicted a blow upon his head, which seemed to make but a slight impression. Before a second could be repeated, the bear clambered into the boat; he instantly grappled with the man who struck him, firmly setting his teeth in the man's thigh; then, settling back upon his haunches, he raised his victim in the air, and shook him as a dog would a woodchunk. The man at the helm stood for a moment in amazement, without knowing how to act, and fearing that the bear might spring overboard and drown his companion; but recollecting the effect of a blow upon the end of a bear's snout, he struck him with a short setting-pole. The bear dropped his victim into the bottom of the boat, rallied, but fell overboard, and swam again for the shore. The man bled freely from the bite, and as the wound proved too serious to allow a renewal of the encounter, they made for the shore. Medical aid was procured as soon as possible, and in the course of six weeks the man recovered. But one thing saved him from being upset; the water proved sufficiently shoal to admit of the bear's getting bottom, from which he sprang

into the boat. Had the water been deep, the boat must inevitably have been upset, in which case the consequences might have been more serious."

A lumbering camp is a busy scene. A log-house, for the shelter of the men and the cattle, is hastily knocked together; it is usually in the form of a long booth or shed of the roughest description, covered with shingles and fir-branches. The interior is divided into three compartments—kitchen, "dining-room," and sleeping apartment, the bedsteads of which consist of mother earth, strewn with fir, hemlock, and cedar-boughs. When the occupants "turn in" for the night, they merely throw off their outer garments, and they sleep there more soundly than many princes on their beds of down. The interior of the shanty, on wintry nights, is often a scene of mirth and jollity, and many long yarns about adventures with deer, bears, wolves, and catamounts, are spun for the benefit of the listeners. Songs are sung; and many a cloud of tobacco-smoke is blown—for smoking seems to be one of the necessary qualifications of a logger. The days are spent in hard labour—in felling, sawing, barking, chopping, rolling, and dragging the logs towards the river. The teamster is one of the hardest worked of the lot, and his care for the cattle is unceasing—the success of the whole party depending greatly on his efficiency. We need not describe the detail of the logging operations—they may easily be imagined. The trees are selected, felled, chopped, barked, rolled, and dragged, during a period of three months. Then the camp is broken up, the logs are clamped together into rafts, and the exciting and dangerous work of river-driving begins. The rafts float on, each superintended by a driver, and all is plain sailing enough, until a rapid has to be "shot," or a narrow to be passed. Then the logs are apt to get jammed together between the rocks, and the driver has constantly to be on the alert to preserve his raft, and, what he values at less rate, his own life. Sometimes days and weeks pass before a "jam" can be cleared—the drivers occasionally requiring to be suspended by ropes from the neighbouring precipices to the spot where a breach is to be made, which is always selected at the lowest part of the jam. The point may be treacherous, and yield to a feeble touch, or it may require much strength to move it. In the latter case, the operator fastens a long rope to a log, the end of which is taken down stream by a portion of the crew, who are to give a long pull and a strong pull when all is ready. He then commences prying while they are pulling. If the jam starts, or any part of it, or if there be even an indication of its starting, he is drawn suddenly up by those stationed above; and in their excitement and apprehensions for his safety, this is frequently done with such haste as to subject him to bruises and scratches upon the sharp-pointed bushes or ledges in the way. It may be thought best to cut off the key-log, or that which appears to be the principal barrier. Accordingly, the man is let down the jam, and as the place to be operated upon may, in some cases, be a little removed from the shore, he either walks to the place with the rope attached to his body, or, untying it, leaves it where he can readily grasp it in time to be drawn from his perilous position. Often, where the pressure is direct, a few blows only are given with the axe, when the log snaps in an instant, with a loud report, followed suddenly by the violent motion of the "jam," and ere our bold river-driver is jerked half-way to the top of the cliff, scores of logs, in wildest confusion, rush beneath his feet, while he yet dangles in the air, above the rushing, tumbling mass. If that rope, on which life and hope thus hang suspended, should part, worn by the sharp point of some jutting rock, death, certain and quick, would be inevitable. The deafening noise, when such a jam breaks, produced by the concussion of moving logs whirled about like mere straws, the crash and breaking of some of the largest, which part apparently as easily as a reed that is severed, together with the roar of waters, may be heard for miles; and nothing can exceed the enthusiasm of the river-drivers on such occasions—jumping, hurraing, and yelling, with joyous excitement. Such scenes are frequent on most rivers where lumber is driven.

At length the logs float into the broad stream, and reach the port where the timber is sold. But too often the logger wastes, in reckless dissipation, the fruits of his previous six months' dangers and labours.—*Eliza Cook's Journal.*

LEGISLATIVE NOMEMCLATURE.

In the odd medley of names of the members of the new House of Commons may be found:—

Two Kings, with Hope, and Power A'Court,
With Manners, Bland, and Bright;
A Moody, Jermyn, Hastie, Scott,
A Marshall, Duke, and Knight.

An Abel Smith, a Turner, Prime,
A Potter, and a Fuller;
A Taylor, Collier, Forester,
Two Carters, and a Miller.

A Parrot, Peacock, and a Coote,
A Martin, Dawes, and Cocks;
A Roebuck, Bruen, and a Hogg,
A Mare that's Swift, a Fox.

Rich, Bankes, with Goold, and Wood, and Clay,
With Massey, Cotton, Mills;
Two Chambers, Barnes, Burroughs, Wells,
Dunne, Moores, and Brookes, and Hills.

A Booth, a Barrow, and a Crooke,
A Patten, Pugh, and Bass;
A Buck, a Talbot, and a Heard,
A Cowper, and Dund-as.

A Parker has a Heathcote reared,
A Gardner builds a Hutt;
A Goodman walks Long Miles to vote,
For honest Edward Strutt.

Members there are of every Tynte,
Whiteside, Greenall, and Green;
With Blackett, Greenhill, Browns, and Dunne;
No Greys are to be seen.

South Durham elevates her Vane,
Carnarvon hoists a Pennant;
East Norfolk has a Woodhouse raised,
Lisburn provides a Tennent.

East Somerset a Knatchbull sends,
South Devonshire a Buller;
West Norfolk likes a Bagge that's full,
East Sussex one that's Fuller.

The North is charmed by Oxfordshire,
By Winchester the East;
A Sotheron aspect Wilts prefers,
Denbigh secures the West.

A Freestun, Kirk, with Bell, and Vane,
A Freshfield, Baring, Rice;
A Currie-powder, Lemon, Peel,
Coles at a free-trade Price.

A Butler in his master's Hall,
Invites a friend and Guest;
Two Butts of New-Port, just come in,
To open, try, and taste.

A Lincoln Trollope, with a child,
Beau-mont, and one Camp-bell,
Grace from Roscommon has arrived—
From Devonport, Tuff-Nell.

A Morrice dance and Somerset,
French, Foley, and Lowe plays;
A Mundy in the month of March,
With East wind and a Hayes!

There's Knightly Jocelyn in the House,
And Deedes of dark intent;
Though Jones declares and Johnston swears,
No-el nor harm is meant.

The House is well defended by
The Thicknesse of its Wall;
Within it has reliance on
Its Armstrong and its Maule.

Disraeli, with his Winnington,
Contrives ten seats to Wynn,
And some few odd fish have been caught,
But neither Roche nor Phinn.

Reverses sore the Whigs have met
In Buxtons, Greens, and Greys,
In Stewarts, Pagets, Ebringtons;
But all dogs have their days.

A fearless Horsman has been thrown,
A Tory Horsfall mounted;
But Derby chickens ere they're hatched.
Had better not be counted.

Wyse men of Marylebone elect,
Brave Hall and noble Stuart,
Whilst dolts at Liverpool reject
A Cardwell and a Ewart.

We've lost a Barron, Clerk, and Craig,
A Spearman, Young, and Wyld,
A Palmer, Perfect, Birch, and Coke;
Their Best Hopes are beguiled.

A dozen railway potentates
Have managed seats to gain,
Resolved a foul monopoly
In traffic to maintain.

To crown this medley, sad and strange,
A host of Lords are sent,
As if our House were not enough
To sate their Lordly bent.

Protection's dead, its grave is dug,
The House provides a Coffin;
A Packe of Fellowes, Young, and Hale,
Rise up, and Rushout, Laffan.

George Webster.

THE INDIAN CATAMOUNT.

The Wild Cat is one of the most ferocious brutes which haunts the American forests. It is rarely met with, but when encountered is more to be dreaded than a jaguar or a bear with cubs. It is popularly and significantly called "Indian Devil." The Indians themselves regard it with immense horror, and it is the only animal which roams the wilds of which they stand in dread. Speak to the red man of the moose, the bear, or the wolf, and he is ready to encounter them; but name the object of his dread, and he will significantly shake his head, muttering, "he all one debbil." Mr. Springer, in his *Forest Life*, gives the following account of an encounter with the ferocious catamount. An individual, of the name of Smith was on his way to join a crew engaged in timber-hunting in the woods extending on the Arromucto, and he had nearly reached the place of encampment, when he fell in with one of the animals in question. "There was no chance for retreat, neither had he time for reflection on the best method of defence or escape; as he had no arms, or other weapons of defence, the first impulse in this truly fearful position, unfortunately perhaps, was to spring into a small tree hard by; but he had scarcely ascended his length, when the desperate creature, probably rendered still more fierce by the promptings of hunger, sprang upon and seized him by the heel. Smith, however, after having his foot badly bitten, disengaged it from the shoe, which was firmly clutched in the creature's teeth, and let him drop. The moment he was disengaged, Smith sprang for a more secure position, and the animal at the same time leaped to another large tree, about ten feet distant, up which he ascended to an elevation equal to that of his victim, from which he threw himself upon him, firmly fixing his teeth in the calf of his leg. Hanging suspended thus until the flesh, insufficient to sustain the weight, gave way, he dropped again to the ground, carrying a portion of flesh in his mouth. Having greedily devoured this morsel, he bounded again up the opposite tree, and from thence upon Smith, in this manner renewing his attacks, and tearing away the flesh in mouthfuls from his legs. During this agonizing operation Smith contrived to cut a limb from the tree, to which he managed to bind his jack-knife, with which he could now assail his enemy at every leap; he succeeded thus in wounding him so badly that at length his attacks were discontinued, and he finally disappeared in the dense forest. During the encounter, Smith had exerted his

voice to the utmost to alarm the crew, who he hoped might be within hail; he was heard, and in a short time several of the crew reached the place, but not in time to save him from the fearful encounter. His garments were not only rent from him, but the flesh literally torn from his legs, exposing even the bone and sinews. It was with the greatest difficulty he made the descent of the tree; exhausted through loss of blood, and overcome by fright and exertion, he sank upon the ground, and immediately fainted, but the application of rum restored him to consciousness. Preparing a litter from poles and boughs, they conveyed him to the camp, washed and dressed his wounds as well as circumstances would allow, and, as soon as possible, removed him to the nearest settlement, where medical aid was secured. After a protracted period of confinement he gradually recovered from his wounds, though still carrying terrible scars, and sustaining irreparable injury. Such desperate encounters are, however, of rare occurrence, though collisions less sanguinary are not unfrequent."—*Eliza Cook's Journal.*

FOREST GLEANINGS.

NO. VI.

"A few leaves gathered by the way-side."

RAMBLINGS BY THE RIVER.

I REMEMBER being particularly struck during my first journey through the bush, by the deep, and to me, solemn silence that reigned unbroken, save by the tapping of a wood-pecker, the sharp scolding note of the squirrel, or the falling of some little branch when stirred by the breeze which was heard moaning or sighing in the tops of the lofty pines above us, but was scarcely felt in these dense woods through which our road lay. For miles and miles, not a clearing was seen to break the lonely way, and let in a glimpse of light and air. Once my eye was gladdened by the bright and gorgeous flash of the summer red-bird, the tanager, as it darted across the path and disappeared among the shining beech trees. Accustomed only to the sober plumage of our British songsters, I marvelled at the glorious color of this lovely gem of the forest, and watched till my eyes were weary for another such beautiful vision, but watched in vain, for shy and solitary, these lovely birds seek the deep recesses of the forest and even there are not often seen. All day long we journeyed on through that deep, still, forest gloom, and night found us on the shore of the lake,* just where it narrows between two rounding shores and sweeps past the little headland with eddying swiftness, till it again for a brief space expands into a mimic lake, then hurrying on, passes two pretty wooded islands and dashes down steep, broken ledges of rocks, coiling and foaming in white crested breakers.

The hoarse, never-ceasing murmur, which for ages and ages has broken the silence of these solitudes unheard and unheeded, save by the Indian hunter, first met my ears at the termination of my first journey through the wilderness, at nightfall, as I sat watching the little bark canoe, with its pine torch dancing on the surface of the rapids, that my good brother was paddling across the lake to ferry us over to his forest home.

He had but just broken the bush in that location, and all was wild, and rough, and rude; but unbounded kindness went far to make the rough places smooth to the home-sick uninitiated emigrants.

How many things that then seemed new and strange, and incomprehensible in the economy of a Canadian settlers household; have since become familiar and expedient. How many a time in after years did I recall to mind my dear good sister-in-law's oft repeated words—"Wait till you have been in Canada a few years, and then you will better understand the difficulties of a bush settler's life."

Perhaps, among the trials of the farmer there is none more trying to his patience, and often to his pocket, than receiving relations and friends from the Old Country into their houses. On the one side there is a great amount of disappointment, regret, and disgust to be overcome; and generally, this ill-humour is unjustly and ungraciously vented in the presence of the friends whose hospitality they are sharing. On the other hand, the mortified host and hostess are inclined to tax their guests with a selfish disregard of their feelings and convenience, and think while they eat of their hardly earned bread, and fill the limited space of their little dwelling, it is not grateful to repay them only with discontent and useless repining. Such things ought not so to be.

In a former number I pointed out the evil of such selfish conduct. Let no one take undue advantage of generous hospitality, but during an unavoidable sojourn with friends, let each strive to render every assistance in their power to lighten the burden. There is always needle-work that females can assist in teaching the young children, and many light household matters that may spare the weary wife or mother an extra hour of fatigue, while the men can help in the work that is going on in the clearing: it is not well to eat the bread of idleness.

* Katchawanook, one of the expansions of the Otonabee river.

During my sojourn at my brother's, after rendering any help that was required at my hands, and my labors I confess were very light, and probably not very efficient, I had still much leisure time at my command. Remote from any habitation—for with only one or two exceptions, his clearing formed the furthest line of settlement in the township—there was little opportunity for visiting. The mighty forest girded in the few acres of cleared ground on three sides, while in front it was bounded and divided from the opposite township by the waters of the larger and lesser Katchawanook: the Indian name signifying alternate rapid, and still waters.

With few inducements to walk, as regarded my social position in the neighbourhood, I was thrown upon the few resources that remained open to me, and these I eagerly sought for in the natural features of the soil. Whatever I beheld had the charm of novelty to recommend it to my attention; every plant however lowly, became an object of interest.

The season of flowers, with the exception of some few autumnal ones, was over; but while roaming over the new clearing, threading my way among stumps and unburned log-heaps, I sometimes found plants that were totally new to me, with bright and tempting berries that I forbore to taste till I had shewn them to my brother, and from him learned their name and quality. Among these were the bright crimson berries of the strawberry blite, or Indian strawberry, the leaves of which I afterwards boiled as a vegetable. That elegant little trailing plant Mitchella repens, sometimes called partridge-berry and also twin-berry, from the scarlet fruit having the appearance of being double. The delicate fragrant jessamine-shaped flower, that terminates the long flexile leafy branch, was not then in flower; the fruit has a mealy, spicy taste and is very pretty, resembling the light bright scarlet of the holly-berry in its color.

In damp mossy spots I found the gay berries of the dwarf cornel* the herbaceous species; there also was the trailing arbutus† with its shining laurel-like leaves and scarlet fruit: and nearer to the lake on the low swampy shore grew the blue-berried‡ and the white dogwood with wild grapes (frost grapes||) that hung in tempting profusion high among the bushes, mixing its purple fruit with the transparent clusters of the high bush cranberry,* which, stewed with maple sugar, often formed an addition to our evening meal.

* Cornus Canadensis. low round, dwarf dogwood.
† Uva ursi. bear-berry. Kinnikinnick.
‡ Cornus sericea, red-rod.
|| Cornus alba.

Into the dark angled recesses of the forest I dared not venture unattended, unless it were just a few yards beyond the edge of the clearing, for the sake of some new fern or flower that I coveted.

One of my walks was along the irregular and winding banks of a small creek that flowed within a few feet of the house; to trace its wanderings through the cedars that fringed its banks—to mark the shrubs and vegetables, the mosses and flowers that clothed its sides—to watch its eddies and tiny rapids—to listen to its murmurings and to drink its pure cold waters—was one of my amusements.

Another of my favorite rambles was along the river shore: the autumnal rains had not then fallen to swell its currents. The long dry ardent summer of 1832, had left the limestone bed of the Otonabee dry for many yards along its edge, so that I could walk on the smooth surface as on a pavement. This pavement was composed of numerous strata of limestone, each stratum about an inch or two in depth, every layer was distinctly marked. Between the fissures were seedling roses and vines, ferns and various small plants; the exuviae of water insects with shells and other matter, lay bleaching upon the surface of the stones. It was for want of other objects of interest that my attention was first drawn to the natural productions of my adopted country, books I had none to assist me, all I could do was to note facts, ask questions, and store up any information that I chanced to obtain. Thus did I early become a forest gleaner.

How many solitary hours have I passed upon the river bank, gazing with unwearied eyes upon its ever moving waters, hurrying along its dark bed, foaming, leaping, dashing downwards, now sweeping with resistless force against the stony walls that bounded it on the opposite side, now gliding for a space calm and slow, then with accelerated force hurling back its white spray, as if striving against the propelling force that urged its onward career.

Often did I repeat to myself Moore's lines written at the falls of the Mohawk River,

"From rise of morn to set of sun
I've seen the mighty Mohawk run,
Rushing alike untired and wild
'Neath rocks that frowned and flowers that smil'd.
And as I watched the woods of pine
Along its surface darkling shine,
Like tall and mystic forms that pass
Before the wizard's magic glass.
* * * * * * * *

* American guelder-rose, viburnam oxyvoccus.

O! I have thought and thinking sighed
How like to thee thou restless tide—
May be the life, the lot of him
Who roams along thy river's brim.
How many a fair and loved retreat
May rise to woo my weary feet,
But restless as the doom that calls
Thy waters to their destined falls.
I feel the world's resistless force
Hurry my heart's devoted course,
From rock to rock till life be done;
And the lost current cease to run.
O may my fall be bright as thine,
May Heav'n's forgiving rainbow shine,
Upon the mist that circles me,
As bright as now it falls on thee."

The rapid onward flow of a river has been for ages past, taken by poets as a meet emblem of human life, an apt and natural simile—one that speaks to every heart—one of those natural witnesses that speak to the created of the wisdom and power of the Great Creator.

Contrasted with the quiet, slow flowing rivers of England, how different is the character of this wild picturesque Otonabee, running its course through the vast pine forests unfettered for miles and miles,—now widening into extensive lakes, diversified with wooded or rocky islands—now gathering its forces into a deep and narrow channel between rocky banks fringed with every variety of evergreens, from the gigantic pine, the monarch of the Canadian woods, to the light feathery hemlock and dark spruce and balsam, casting their funereal shadows athwart its waters or mirrored deep, deep down upon its glassy surface. Now gentle, like a sleeping child, anon impetuous as an impatient war steed, that smelleth the battle afar off, and pants to meet its shock.

The calm unruffled waters of England, designed as if by Nature to enrich and fertilize her soil, and contribute to the welfare and commerce of her people, are unlike the wild streams of Canada. The former may be compared to a highly civilized people, the latter to the rude, uncultivated Indians, and less refined settlers. Though less available for the purpose of transport; yet these inland waters possess a value in their immense power for working machinery, which is a source of incalculable wealth to the inhabitants of the country. Look at the inexhaustible pine forests, that clothe the banks of the lakes and streams. See the rafts of squared timbers that are borne down, year after year, on the bosom of those rapid flowing waters, and in due time find their way to the shores of the parent country. Might not a history of no mean interest, be written of one of these massive timbers, from its first dropping from the cone in its native soil, on the elevated ridge above some remote and nameless stream, to its voyage across the Atlantic and final destination in one of the British dock-yards. Shall we believe that no providential care was extended over that seed which was in the course of time to undergo so many changes, and which might even be connected with the fate of hundreds of human beings? We are taught by lips that spoke no guile, that the lilies of the field are arrayed in their glorious clothing by our Heavenly Father, and that He careth for the fowls of the air, that in Him all things live and move, and have their being.

One word more, before I leave my favourite rivers. I was particularly struck by the extreme clearness and transparency of the water, in which every pebble and minute shell may be seen; every block of granite or lime-stone that obstructs its course, can be discerned at a considerable depth. Fragments of red, grey, and black and white granite, looking like bright and glittering gems, as the sun's rays penetrate the waters that cover them. Some future time I will give a description of Stoney Lake, which is a miniature of the Lake of the Thousand Islands; a spot so replete with beauty that none who have seen it can ever forget it. Those who wish to enjoy a treat, should visit this remarkable spot which possesses a thousand charms for the genuine lover of the beautiful and picturesque, for it is amid lone solitudes like these that the mind is naturally led to ponder upon the works of the Deity, and to worship him in spirit and in truth.

Oakland's, Rice Lake.

HENRIETTA SONTAG.

Let not every singing mistress, however great her ability, anticipate such good fortune at St. Petersburg as that which Madame Czecca met with. She was indebted for her favorable reception to the gratitude of the amiable ambassadress, her former pupil, who not only recommended her, but sang at a public concert for her benefit. This would have been nothing for Mademoiselle Sontag; for the Countess Rossi, in the midst of the high Russian aristocracy, and of their haughty prejudices, it was an incredible deal. The concert was the most brilliant of the season, and its net proceeds were 14,000 rubles.

The day after the concert, Madame Czecca showed the Countess the cash account of its result.

"Ah! Henrietta," said she, "what have you done for me!"

"For you?" cried the Countess, and threw herself, sobbing aloud, into her arms. "For you? no, for myself! Ah! once more, after many years, have I enjoyed an hour of the purest and most complete happiness. Providence has done everything for me; has given me rank, riches, reputation, the love of a man whom I adore, the possession of hopeful and charming children; and yet, dear Czecca, how shall I explain to you? But

you will divine my feelings: the element of my existence is wanting. The sight of a theatre saddens me;—the triumph of a singer humbles me;—the sound of the organ, which summons others to devotion, drives me from the sanctuary. I am a fallen priestess, who has broken her vow. Art, which I have betrayed, now spurns me, and her angry spirit follows me like an avenging spectre."

Bathed in tears, she sank upon the sofa.

"But Hetty," said Madame Czecca, trying to console her, "you are still an artist now as ever, and an artist you ever must be. You still practice your art, and if the circle you now enchant is but a small one, on the other hand it is much more select. The admiration of princely saloons may well compensate you for the applause of crowded theatres."

"No, no, no!" exclaimed the Countess, springing quickly up, "nothing can compensate the artist for abandoning her vocation—nothing, nothing in the wide world! They praise, and flatter, and worship me! What care I for all that? Can they do otherwise? They are all friends and acquaintances of my husband—our daily circle. I am still young, not ugly, courteous to every one. People are grateful for the momentary pastime I procure them. Perhaps, too, they are glad of opportunities to indemnify the singer for an occasional moment's oblivion of the Countess. But think, Czecca, of the stage with its heavenly illusions; the sacred fervor which thrills us on the curtain's rising; the passionate anxiety which impels us, and the timidity which holds us back; the feverish extacy that throbs in all our veins! Such must be the hero's emotion when he plunges, eager for the fray, into the battle's whirl, confident of victory, and yet full of anxious anticipations. And then the public!—that public over each individual member of which our knowledge as artists elevates us; but which, collectively, is the respectable tribunal whose verdict we tremblingly await;—you well know, my friend, how often we bitterly censure its caprices, how often we laugh amongst ourselves at its mistaken judgments; and yet, it is this public, this combination of education and ignorance, of knowledge and stupidity, of taste and rudeness—this motley mass it is, which, for money, say for a single paltry coin, has purchased the right to be amused by us, and to avenge on our honor a disappointed expectation. To curb that wild power, and lead it away captive; to unite that vast assemblage, without distinction of rank or refinement, in one emotion of delight, and to make it weep or laugh at will; to transmit to it the sacred fire of inspiration that glows in our own breast, to captivate it by the power of harmony, by the omnipotence of art; that is sublime, divine—that elevates the artist above the earth, above ordinary existence. Oh, Czecca, Czecca! once more let me befool Bartholo, once more let me fall beneath Othello's dagger, amidst the echoes of Rossini's heavenly music, and no complaint shall again escape me; I then shall be content; for then I shall once more have *lived*."

She sank, sobbing, on the sofa. A servant entered and announced a stranger, who earnestly insisted to speak with the Countess. A denial had no other result than to produce an urgent repetition of the request.

"Impossible!" cried the Countess: "I can see no one, thus agitated, and with my eyes red from weeping."

"Never mind that," said Madame Czecca, "you are not the less handsome; and perhaps it is some unfortunate person whom you can assist."

The last argument prevailed. Madame Czecca left the room and the stranger was shown in.

He was a tall figure, in Armenian costume. His grey beard flowed down to his girdle; his large sparkling eyes were ardent and expressive. For a few moments he stood in silent contemplation of the Countess; and only on her repeated enquiry of the motive of his visit, did he seem to collect his thoughts; and then, in a somewhat unconnected manner, explained his errand.

"I am a merchant from Charkow," he said, "and my life is entirely engrossed by my business and my family. Beyond those, I have only one passion, namely, for music and song. The great fame which the Countess formerly enjoyed in the artistical world, reached even to our remote town, and my most ardent wish has ever been to have one opportunity of hearing and admiring her. Your retirement from the stage seemed to have frustrated this wish for ever, when suddenly we learned that, out of gratitude to your former teacher, you had resolved once more to appear before the public, and sing at her concert. Unable to resist my desire to hear you, I left business, wife, and children, and hastened hither. I arrived yesterday, and had no sooner alighted than I sent for tickets. It was in vain; at no price was one to be obtained. Countess, I *cannot* return home without hearing you. You are so good; yesterday, for love of a friend, you sang in public; make an old man happy, and rejoice his heart with half a verse of a song; I shall then have heard you, and shall not have made this long journey in vain."

As the dewdrops of night are absorbed by the bright rays of the morning sun, so did the last traces of tears disappear from the smiling countenance of the charming woman. With that amiable grace which is peculiarly her own, she drew an arm-chair near the piano for the old man, and seating herself at the instrument, abandoned herself to the inspirations of her genius. Her rosy fingers flew over the keys,—the prelude echoed through the spacious saloon; the Countess had disappeared—Henrietta Sontag was herself again; or rather, she was Desdemona in person.

The song was at an end; the musician, transported for the moment into higher regions, returned gradually to earth, and to consciousness. She looked round at her *audience*. The old Armenian was upon his knees beside her, pressing the folds of her dress to his brow. After the pause which followed the song, he raised his countenance; its expression was of indescribable delight—mingled, however, with a trace of sadness. He would have risen, would have spoken—but could not. The singer's little hand came to his assistance. He pressed it convulsively to his lips, rose to his feet, and, in so doing, slipped a costly diamond ring from his finger to hers. Then he tottered to the door. There he stopped, turned round, and fixing a long and penetrating gaze upon the singer—"Alas!" he exclaimed, in tones of deepest melancholy, "how great the pity!" And, with the last word upon his lips, he disappeared.

Henrietta Sontag returned to her piano; she would have continued singing, but her voice failed her. Deeply affected, she rested her head upon the music-stand, and, in mournful accents, repeated the Armenian's words. "Yes," she said, aloud, "the pity is great indeed!" And, sadly pondering, she sank upon the sofa.*—*Pictures from St. Petersburg.*

THE BRIDE'S-MAID.

THE bridal's glittering pageantry is o'er;
Dancing is weary, and the joy of song,
Tired with its own wild sweetness, dies away;
Music is hushed; the flower-arcaded halls
Cease to prolong the bursts of festive glee,
For luxury itself is satiate,
And pleasure's drowsy train demands repose.

But see! the dawn's grey streaks are stealing through
The high-arched windows of a stately room,
Shedding a pale light on the paler brow
Of one who, with a breaking heart, hath stolen
From the gay revels of that jocund night,
To vent, unpitied, agony alone.
In fearful immobility of form
And feature, sits she in her blank despair,
Like the cold, sculptured mourner on a tomb,
When silent marble wears the touching guise
Of woman's woe—but, oh! not woe like her's,
Whose every pulse doth vibrate with a pang
Too stern for tears. Her dark dilated eye
Is fixed on things she sees not nor regards.
Her silent lute lies near—its chords no more
Shall wake responsive to her skilful touch;
For he who praised its sounds, and loved to see
Her white hands busy with its murmuring strings,
Hath made all music discord to her soul.

Gems that a princess might be proud to wear
Are sparkling in her sight; but what, alas!
Are gems to her who hath beheld the hopes—
The cherished hopes, of life forever crushed
And withering in the dust,—like yon gay wreath
Which she hath in her bitter anguish torn
From the sad brow it lately garlanded,
And bade her maidens "hang it on her tomb."

Invidious eyes were on her when she stood
Before the altar with the bridal train
Of her false love,—ay! those who coldly scanned
Her looks and bearing, eager to detect
The struggling pangs which woman's trembling pride,
In that dread hour, had nerved her to conceal
Beneath the haughty semblance of disdain,
Or calm indifference, when the man she loved
Plighted his perjured vows to other ears—
A knell to her's, at which life's roseate tints
Fled back affrighted, never to return
To her pale cheek, whose marble hue betrayed
The tearless bride's-maid's secret agony.

The task is o'er, and she is now alone
Musing o'er memory of the hopes that were,
But are for her no longer;—vanished dreams
Are they for which she mourns. She'd mourn no more
Could she behold *him* as he really is,
Stripped of the veil in which too partial love
Hath dressed its idol. She would turn away,
And marvel that a heart so pure as her's
Had wasted tenderness on one like him.

AGNES STRICKLAND.

THE PRIEST.

I HAD been on an excursion to Gatschina, and was about to get into my carriage to return to St. Petersburg, when I saw pass by a priest of about forty years of age. He was a handsome man, with an interesting physiognomy; what particularly struck me in his appearance was his profusion of hair. Anything so long and luxuriant as its growth I had never before seen, and I could not help gazing after him in wonder. The hair was of a chesnut-brown, naturally glossy, and fell waving in such abundance over his shoulders and down almost to his hips, that I could not but doubt whether it was all natural. I was still following him with my eyes, when he paused in front of an inn, looked back at me, and seemed uncertain which way to go. Suddenly he came to a decision, and approached me with a quick step. I delayed getting into the carriage. When he was close to me he looked hard at me, and, seeing at once I was a foreigner, he addressed me in excellent English, expressed his regret at having missed the diligence, and asked if by chance I was going to St. Petersburg. I replied in the affirmative, and offered him a place in my vehicle. He gratefully accepted, on condition that he should pay his share of the expense; a few more words were exchanged, and we entered the carriage. As he had doubtless at once discovered, from my broken English, that he was mistaken as to my country, he now apologized for his error in excellent French; and when I told him that he was again mistaken, and that I was a German, he continued the conversation in perfectly good German. With the exception of a slight accent, such as I was accustomed to in the Courland students at Leipsic, I observed nothing in the least foreign in his mode of expressing himself. I risked the supposition that he was half a countryman of mine, for I thought he was from the Baltic

* Years after these lines were first published, news reached us of the brilliant triumph which, in London had been achieved by art over social prejudices. Genius had cast off the cramping fetters of *convenance*. Henrietta Sontag was again enchanting the public. Let Germany be proud of its daughter.—*Note by the German Editor.*

provinces, but learned, to my no small surprise, that he was from beyond Kasan.

There are no places where acquaintance is more quickly made than at the card-table and on the road. I soon got intimate with my priest, who was genial and communicative, and told me many things which, out of discretion, I should not have dared to inquire. At first we were conversing on general subjects, and when the expression *vertrakt** escaped me,—without interrupting me he looked me steadfastly in the face, and seemed engrossed with something quite different from what I was talking about. When I ceased speaking, "*Pasluschi*," (my dear,) he said, abruptly quitting the subject of the previous conversation, "pray repeat that word *vertrakt!*"

I repeated it, and asked what there was in it that struck him?

"I do not know the meaning of that word," he replied, "and only conjecture it from the connection of what you say; but I have heard the word once before in my life, and then, if I do not mistake, from *your* mouth. The tone of your voice struck me at once; I have heard you speak before to-day."

As I could not remember to have before met him, I named those places I was most accustomed to frequent.

"No, no!" he said, "not there!"

He again looked hard at me, and slowly repeated the word *vertrakt.*

"*Pasluschi!*" he suddenly exclaimed, "tell me, do you know the bookseller Curth or Leibrock?"

"Yes." replied I, "in the Nowsky."

Thereupon he told me the day on which he had seen me there, heard me speak, and had his attention attracted by the word *vertrakt*. This opened the way to a fresh subject of conversation; from Leibrock, the bookseller, to literature, the transition was not very wide; but, the Rubicon once passed, how was it to be recrossed? and on the fields beyond it I did not feel altogether at my ease, for it is tolerably long since I made acquaintance with the Fathers of the Church, and it was no easy matter for me to recall them to my memory. But my embarrassment was of no long duration; my priest soon released me from it. With the acute perception of a connoisseur he quickly detected that I was not at home on this field, and led me to one more familiar to me; for to *him* no subject was untrodden ground. He spoke of politics, belles-lettres, journalism; and my surprise rose into astonishment when he introduced Tieck, Börne, and Heine into the conversation. Yes, still more than that; he was acquainted with George Sand's writings, and knew that she is Madame Dudevant. I did not conceal my astonishment.

"It surprises you," he said, "to meet with a Greek-Catholic priest to whom such worldly matters are not unfamiliar. Pasluschi! the surest road to heaven leads across the earth, and if at times one soils one's shoe-soles, then it is that one feels the most ardent desire for the wings that should bear him heavenwards. Man's best and highest study is that of man himself, and believe me that one often acquires a better knowledge of one's contemporaries from a bad romance than from all the police-registers in the country."

"A bad romance," I replied, "signifies nothing; that which is but little read can afford no standard by which to form a judgment."

"Think you so?" said he, "I must disagree with you; the bad ones are those which are *most* read; as to the good ones, a great many people say they have read them who have never looked at them. But the bad ones are devoured, and it is not by the author, but by his readers, that I estimate the taste, the cultivation, and the morality of the people. Unhappily the readers of the present day exact neither depth nor truth; GLITTER is what they will have—glitter and that which dazzles, *that* is offered to them; *that* is what authors provide and readers greedily devour, and therefore are neither worth anything. Look at Eugene Sue's last work, as yet but half published; I have seen it only in the feuilleton of the *Debats*, but I would wager that, when the thing is complete, the publisher will sell a hundred thousand copies."

"The *thing!* Do you then think the work so bad?

"Bad? No; that is not the word; it is a sort of stuff for which I have no name ready; lend me your '*vertrakt;*' judging from the manner in which I heard you apply it, that is, perhaps, the word that best expresses my view. Such a work, which glitters, but with false stones; which shines, but only from rottenness, like decayed wood; which is pleasing to the palate, but mortally poisonous; such a *vertraktes* (diabolical) work, which, under the mask of morality, corrupts all morals, plainly shows that the reading world is pretty well corrupted already, for otherwise no author would dare to write it."

"You will at any rate admit that the romance of the *Mysteres de Paris* is based upon deeply moral views, and that it is the author's aim to lead us through vice to virtue."

"Oh yes, so long as we do not remain sticking in vice by the way. He first poisons us, and then hands us the chemical analysis of the poison; of which, however, we have then no need, since the pain in our vitals tells us, without the aid of science, the nature of the drug. Every work is *immoral* which irritates the senses by luxurious pictures, and *repulsive* when it then essays to cool them again by a flood of terror and disgust. Hypocrisy is at the bottom of the whole, or, at least, silly pretension and braggadocio. What business have these plans for the improvement of the world in the pages of romance? Romances have only to do with the state of the mind—with the *inward* man, in short; the description of his external circumstances should be subservient to the end of developing and explaining the motives and condition of his mind. But here just the contrary is done; a phantasmagoria is shown us which is intended as a representation of certain conditions of the human mind, when, in fact, it is nothing but a series of silly plans for social reform, based upon theories still more absurd. What business has all this nonsense about cellular prisons, coalitions of workmen, and other socialist stuff, in a romance, from whose volumes assuredly no statesman will think of gaining wisdom? If the author puts forward these views seriously, if they are

* Signifying *odd, strange.* It has other meanings, and is somewhat of a cant term.

founded upon real knowledge of the subject, and upon deep reflection, let him devote to them a serious and conclusive work; but let him not stand up in the market-place and turn the heads of the mob by the propagation of half-digested theories, which the people, from selfish motives and want of judgment, will be much more prone practically to experimentalize than theoretically to investigate. And then, as to the style of such books! this mirror of a sensual exaltation stimulated almost to madness; this flowery patchwork, in which not one spark of truth is to be detected! I find it perfectly detestable. Montesquieu says, '*Le style c'est l'homme!*' If that be true, then do I greatly pity the French, for that style is an insane style, and all France is striving to make it its own."

The carriage stopped, and we alighted and went in to supper. Rarely have I been more surprised than I was to hear such discourse as this from the mouth of a Russian priest.

The inn at which we had alighted was of a comfortable aspect. It was built after the fashion of our little Swiss houses; to the left it looked out upon a spacious court-yard, and was enclosed to the right by a tolerably extensive hedge, which suggested the idea of a pleasant garden. A neat, cleanly-dressed girl, about fifteen years old, received us at the door; as soon as she saw the priest, she ran up to him and held out her hand in a friendly manner, as to an old acquaintance; then she conducted us into the strangers' room, on the first floor. The stairs were very clean; the room we entered was not less so. Its walls were hung round with pictures of saints, some painted, others merely drawn. Some landscapes were also there; but only a very few were framed. The whole furniture consisted of a table, some wooden chairs, a mahogany press, and a large mirror, which hung between the two windows, below a portrait of the Emperor. My companion walked straight to the mirror, took a comb and brush from his pocket, and began to arrange his hair. "Excuse me," he said, "but we shall not reach St. Petersburg till very late, or rather very early, and I must not neglect my head-dress." I turned away, and busied myself looking at the pictures. There was no lack of bad drawing, but the colouring was lively, and the choice of tints showed taste. The landscapes, with their bold masses of foliage, their waterfalls and fields of ice, indicated a vivid appreciation and strict observation of nature. As works of art, however, none of them were of any value.

When I again turned to my companion, he had tightly bound up his thick mass of hair and twisted it round his head, and was in the act of pulling a small cap over it. Remarking my surprise at this singular head-dress for a man, he said good-humoredly, "You will doubtless laugh at me, but I share this vanity with all my brotherhood; this is the only earthly ornament that we are permitted to wear, and by its abundance we compensate ourselves for all other privations in that respect."

"Indeed," I replied, "the remarkable growth of the hair of the Russian priesthood has often astonished me."

"There is nothing wonderful in it," said he; "anybody who devoted as much care and attention to his hair would attain the same end. As you now see we every evening plait our hair as tight as possible, and braid it close round the head, and in the morning we comb and brush it for a long time, and with the utmost care; that promotes its growth, makes it flexible and soft, and causes it to flow down in light waves. But certainly it is not every body who has sufficient patience and perseverance. Allow me!"

He took my hand and laid it on the plaits of his hair. They were firm and hard as ropes. Smiling, he again drew his cap over them.

Meanwhile, the hostess entered the room;—a woman somewhat over thirty, rather thin, with pallid, sunken features, but having in her bearing a certain decent grace and natural dignity. Her clothes were of country fashion, but very neat and clean. Without heeding me, she hastened to the priest, who embraced her, kissed her on the brow, and laid his hand gently on her head. They conversed together with much animation; but all that I understood of their conversation was the oft recurring "Pasluschi," the term by which the Russians usually address each other. I returned to the examination of the pictures.

When the hostess had left us, I fixed my eyes upon the priest. He seemed discomposed. To begin a conversation, I spoke of the pictures.

"They appear to be all by the same hand, I said, "and although deficient in artistic skill, they show unmistakable talent."

"So it is," said the priest, with a bitter smile, "they furnish a remarkable document in relation to the usages of our times."

"How so?" I inquired, struck by his manner.

"It is a '*vertrake*' history," he replied; "but here, in this close, dark room, I cannot speak of it. Let us go down into the garden; if you please, we can take our *sakusko* there."

At the top of the stairs we met the little girl who had received us at the inn door. She was bringing up the *samovar;* but now she turned back, and carried it into the garden, which she placed on a table, in a snug arbor; went away and presently returned with cheese, ham, and fruit.

"We shall not be able to stay here long," said my companion, as he prepared the *schei* (tea); the sky is heavy with clouds, and a storm seems coming on."

"You were about to explain to me," I said——

"Permit me first to drink a glass of *schei*," he replied; "to recall those sad memories in words would assuredly drive away my appetite."

He poured out the tea, filled the glass, cut a slice of lemon, added two spoonsful of rum, and presented it to me. Then he prepared a similar mixture for himself, tasted it, gradually emptied the glass, and resumed our previous subject of discourse.

"I know not," he said, "how far you, as a foreigner, are familiar with the laws, customs, and usages of our country. Should you be unacquainted with them, I should regret displaying them to you upon their most unfavorable side."

"We are all, in one degree, dependent on the supreme power in the State. In the higher classes, this despotism is veiled, partly by community of interest, partly by delicacy of form. It becomes less endurable in proportion as it descends through the inferior grades of the popula-

tion, and attains the highest pitch of oppression in the lowest degree of the nation, in the relation of the serfs to their masters. There it prevails in a double form. Two things are equally to be dreaded by the serf—namely, the love of cruelty and the cruelty of love. The first is the common lot of all slaves; they are treated slightly, and with contempt; they occupy the first place among domestic animals, their superiority to which secures them no other privilege than that of being usually the first on whom the master's ill-humour vents itself. This, however is the least unbearable condition of their existence. Knowing nothing better from the cradle to the grave, the old saying that "custom is second nature" applies to them in all its beneficent force. The blind man is not annoyed by the glare of the sun; the insensible man feels no pain; true, that the former cannot enjoy the cheering radiance of the luminary, nor the latter experience the vivifying emotions of joy. But a slave must have neither eyes nor heart; for were they opened, how long would he be a slave? Therefore, does the *love of cruelty* maintain him in his brutalized state. *That* may be bearable! but the other thing—*the cruelty of love*—is not so. This latter shows itself in Russia in a form which, in your country and in all other countries, so far as I have become acquainted with them by study, is not only unknown, but undreamed of."

THE SERF'S STORY.

The Russian, sir," continued my companion "(and, believe me, I am inspired by no false patriotism; for I cannot love my country when its '*vertrakte*' laws have destroyed the whole happiness of my life), the Russian has the softest and tenderest heart of any in the world. Even you, who are a foreigner, may easily judge of that by his extraordinary affection for children, an affection unparallelled in any other country. Now, he who loves children has assuredly a tender and impressiable nature. But the misfortune here is that children do not for ever remain children. With their childhood disappears the love they have inspired, and the child who has been brought up by strangers as their own, lulled in a dream of security and affection, suddenly awakes, with all the feelings of manhood, and with a strong sense of its rights, to find himself a slave, a serf, degraded to the condition of a brute, and ten times more miserable than those of his class who, brutalized from their cradle upwards, have never known the worth and dignity of man.

"This '*cruelty of love*' frequently leads Russians of high family to take into their family, as so-called adopted children, unfortunate little creatures who have been so unfortunate as to attract their attention and rouse a fleeting interest. Their mode of adoption is this: they impose upon the infant all the duties of a child to its parents, without conceding to it in return any of the claims which such relationship would give it. They load it with the kindness, the love, the care of real parents, and bring it up as their own child, so long as a child it remains. From the day that their real condition is disclosed to such children, their future fate constantly impends over them, like the sword of Damocles, suspended by the silken thread of their master's caprice, which at any moment may annihilate them, or, which is still worse, *cripple* them for life.

"Such is the lot of those whose misfortune it is to awaken a master's cruel and capricious affection;—such was my terrible lot."

Visibly a prey to deep emotion, the priest paused for a moment, pressed his hand upon his forehead, and then, in calm and self-possessed tones, continued his narrative.

"My father was a serf, the son of a farmer on an estate near Kasan, and was permitted by the count, his master, to take service in the town, upon paying a yearly *abrok* or fine, in lieu of the labour he was bound to perform. He obtained employment in the household of a rich goldsmith, and there occupied his leisure in drawing, for which he had a natural taste. One day he surprised his employer by the exhibition of a beautiful arabesque design. The goldsmith, struck by his ability, released him from his menial duties, and took him as a pupil into his workshop, where his talent, backed by unwearying assiduity, soon converted the dull peasant into a highly skilled artist.

"He had reached his five and twentieth year, when his constant intercourse with his master's daughter, a charming girl of eighteen, resulted in an ardent mutual attachment. He asked her hand of her father, who, not unnaturally, annexed to his consent the one condition, that the serf should become a freeman. This condition could not be complied with. The count obstinately refused to liberate his vassal; all that entreaty could wring from him was the promise that, without absolute necessity, he would not withdraw him from the town. This did not satisfy the old goldsmith; but he could not long resist his daughter's tears, and the lovers were united. A year of perfect happiness flew rapidly by; then came the war with France; my father's younger brother was taken for military service, his father died, and he himself was summoned by his owner to manage the now deserted farm. On his brother's return from the army he was to be at liberty to go back to Kasan. But his brother never returned, and the poor artist, the cunning worker in gold and silver, was condemned to follow the plough, whilst his freeborn wife sat beneath a serf's roof, nursing me, her infant son. In their sadly altered circumstances, I was my parents' only consolation. My mother's love and care delighted to adorn her 'jewel,' as she called me, with all the finery to which she had been used in her father's house. She passed her time in dressing and decorating me; and the fame of my beauty spread through the hamlet till it reached the ears of the countess, who desired to see me. My proud poor mother decked me out like a lamb for the sacrifice, and took me to the castle. The countess, who was passionately fond of children, found me charming, and declared her intention to do my parents the honor of adopting me. In vain my mother wept, implored, and raved in despair at the prospect of losing her son. I remained crying upon the countess' lap, my mother was forcibly turned out of the castle. Proud and happy had she entered it; humble, despairing, and with death in her heart, she turned her back upon its walls.

"I soon forgot what I had never properly known. My earliest recollections are of brilliant

saloons, fine pictures, rich clothes, and of the room-full of playthings which engrossed my infantine attention. My foster-mother's affection richly compensated me for the love of those to whom I owed my being. Her husband I never knew. He died soon after my adoption, leaving two sons, one of whom was three years older than myself, the other one year my junior, and a daughter, twin sister of the youngest boy. With these, and with two adopted daughters, I grew up on a footing of perfect equality, receiving the same education, sharing all their sports and pleasures, until I attained my fifteenth year. At that period the countess's eldest son fell dangerously ill, and the physicians gave him up as lost. Then his despairing mother threw herself upon his body, and made a vow to all the saints, that if he recovered she would devote her adopted children to the church. He did recover, and upon the day that he rose from his sick-bed, we unfortunate victims were informed of our future lot. The two girls were sent to a convent; the elder of the two submitted to take the veil; the younger, Julinka, so obstinately refused it, that the *hegumena* (superior of the convent) sent her back to the countess. Furious at her refusal, the countess bestowed her in marriage upon a former gamekeeper, a somewhat dissolute fellow, who received leave of absence, on *abrok*, and took his young wife with him to Moscow. Thence, several years later, he went to St. Petersburg, and for a long time I heard nothing whatever concerning them.

"I had no taste for the priesthood; but what choice had I? A serf and the son of a serf, obedience was my only passport to freedom. By consenting to take the vow, I at least secured my emancipation, for no serf can be a priest in Russia; so I yielded, and was sent to the Archimandrite at Kasan. I entered the convent with repugnance; only the fear of slavery could have driven me into it. Once there, however, I devoted myself ardently to study, and the pursuit of learning soon reconciled me to the profession thus forcibly imposed upon me. My zeal attracted the attention of my superiors; several learned monks admitted me to their society, and vouchsafed me their instruction. Unbounded as is the ignorance, superstition, and fanaticism of the great mass of rural priests, it is common to find in our convents a wonderful amount of learning, comprehending almost all branches of human knowledge. Amongst other inmates of the convent, which had become my prison, were two very learned monks from the Ukraine, a province which has always been noted as sending forth the best ministers of religion; even as, at the present time, it supplies Russia with the best singers and musicians. To the paternal affection of those two monks I am indebted for my education. I was ordained, and some time afterwards I was sent to Moscow. A few years ago I was summoned to the priests' seminary at St. Petersburg. After my installation there, I made an excursion, in order to become acquainted with the environs, and paused here, as we have done to-day, on my return from Gatschina. I was strangely moved at the sight of these pictures, some of which represent scenes well known to my childhood; but how should I describe my astonishment at sight of the hostess, who entered the room to attend on me? Lapse of years, change of garb and condition, care and misery, had sadly altered her—not *so* altered her, however, as to prevent my recognising the playmate of my youth. With surprise and emotion I uttered the name 'Julinka!' She looked up, gazed at me for a moment, and with a cry of delight threw herself into my arms."

That meeting with her adopted brother was Julinka's first moment of happiness for many years. Her husband had rented the tavern on the road to Gatschina, and passed his life hunting and drinking. She led a dull existence, occupied only by the routine of an innkeeper's business; her leisure hours she devoted to giving her daughter the best education she could, and at times, with her brushes and palette, she contrived to transport herself in imagination to the happier days of her youth. "Yonder pictures," she said, "are all unskilfully enough executed; but I do not paint because I *will*, but because I *must*; it is the last relic of my childhood. In God's good time there will be an end to all this; and when that day comes," she said to the priest, "I recommend Astafja to thy care."

Tears choked her utterance. I was deeply moved.

A dazzling flash of lightning illuminated the arbor, quickly succeeded by a violent thunder clap. The young girl came running out to us.

"Mother begs you to go in doors to supper," she said; "and quickly, for a terrible storm is coming on."

The father rose from his seat, took my hand, and pressed it.

"May you find a good appetite for supper;" said he, "our *sakusko* has been melancholy enough."—*Pictures from St. Petersburg.*

ARISTENDEEN.*

"That night I determined to place her in some asylum, for I hoped that she might be benefitted by proper medical treatment. The next morning I told her that I would take her to see new friends who would make her happy; she said that she was happy with me, but if I wished it, she'd go.

"However, I could not bear to part with her so soon after losing her poor mother, and I delayed from day to day my intended journey to London. About this time, Frank Evans, our clergyman's son, who was studying at Oxford, came to spend the Christmas holidays with his father. You don't know Mr. Evans or his son?" inquired Tindal, looking up at me, for his eyes had been gloomily fixed on the floor during his narrative.

"No," I replied, "I have seen neither of them; but Mr. Evans is, I hear, an excellent man."

"Indeed, he is, sir, but his son has, they tell me, turned out badly. At the time of his visit, he was a kind-hearted, generous lad. I had

* Continued from "Editor's Shanty," page 91, vol. ii.

known him as a child, and saw him often; the parsonage is but three miles from us."

"Aye, I know the place; but wherefore speak of Evans?"

"He was aye friendly to us, and, I believe, loved us all. He came, as I said, to see his father, it being Christmas-time, and brought with him a friend, at least he termed him so, and they were much together; but Darnell was, I am sure, a bad man."

"Darnell!" I interrupted, "John Darnell?" I had once met with such a person, and only the year previously.

"Yes," said Tindal, scarcely heeding my interruption, "Frank often brought him to see me. He was a handsome, sprightly youth, but drank deeply; and, indeed, I thought Darnell came here to drink, not having many opportunities at the parsonage; but it was otherwise. He pretended love to Mary, and sought every occasion of seeing her. One day, I had left the room to draw him more ale; I was startled by Mary's voice, calling me, as if in distress. Running back, I found Darnell endeavouring to kiss her, and Frank laughing at his attempts. Darnell I felled to the ground with the pewter pot I held in my hand; and turning to Frank, asked him if this was his friendship for me? He stammered out an excuse, saying, it was all intended as a joke, and no harm meant. Darnell had bet him a couple of pots that he'd kiss her, 'but,' said he, 'he didn't succeed.' Darnell in the meantime, got up, and after swearing with the most horrid oaths, vengeance against me and mine, took Frank by the arm, and left the house. I have seen neither of them since. Frank was home last spring, and then it was said he and his father parted in anger. Whenever I see the poor old gentleman now, I feel sorry for him; he looks so ill and care-worn,—he never speaks of Frank.

"The circumstance I have just related, decided me; I could no longer expose Mary to insults, which were brutal when offered to one in her simple state. I took her to London and placed her under the care of Dr. Bernard, who has a private asylum near Primrose Hill. I seldom see her now, but they tell me she is not improved; her mind is as childish as ever, though I often think, that there is more in what she says, than can be understood."

"You did right my friend, I have heard of Dr. Bernard; he is as skilful as he is kind. When I go to London, I will call and see your daughter."

"Do, sir, and let me know if there is still any chance of her recovery; I even yet hope that she may return to me."

"Take courage, Tindal, she may not be unhappy."

"Unhappy! Oh, no, she is not unhappy! She has not the power of being so."

"Then," said I, endeavouring to be consolatory, "do not grieve."

"Grieve!" cried Tindal, starting up, "why she's mad!" and I saw his lips curl and his eyes sparkle. Pacing up and down twice or thrice, he muttered, "mad, mad," then pausing, passed his hand across his brow. I looked another way and was silent. The gentle closing of the door, informed me that I was alone.

CHAPTER II.

A REVERIE ON HORSEBACK.

It is a curious, yet no less absolute fact, that the bodily movements or motions of man, act harmoniously with, or in accordance to, his transient thoughts. Should his brain be digesting any grave intelligence or serious news, his step becomes as slow and measured as if he followed a funeral; while on the contrary, let some topic of an exciting or urgent character, occupy his mind, and his gait becomes hurried. In either case, if thinking intently, he knows not whither he walks, or whom he meets.

I had slept uneasily after Peter's tale of his domestic troubles, and rising at early dawn, left the house without alarming any of its occupants; proceeding to the stable—the door of which was merely latched—I saddled my horse and was soon on my way to London. For a mile or two the fresh morning air dissipated my melancholy thoughts, and I actually whistled a lively tune, but shortly Mary's history again obtruded itself on my imagination, and I fell into a deep reverie. Unconciously I allowed my horse to bear me along, nor did I appear to care, where he took me, or what road he travelled. Picture after picture rose up before me, with all the excitement of reality. First, they were of Mary as an innocent child, sporting among flowers; I fancied that I actually heard her ringing laugh and joyous song, as she twined them among her hair. Then she grew older, and I saw her sitting on the banks of some meandering stream scattering her flowers on the waters, and wondering why they were borne so swiftly from her view. And, anon, she appeared sad, for a winter scene now rose up before me and all was cold and desolate.

Presently my thoughts changed, Darnell occupied the scene. I had known him slightly once, having spent an evening in his company; I now lived that period over again. There he sat, alone,—it was in a German inn—when I and a couple of Frenchmen who were my travelling

companions, entered with the intention of remaining till morning. On seeing us he started, and grasping the hand of one of the Frenchmen exclaimed, "Ha! Lafont, what brings you here?" The other instantly replied "what mischief are you up to now, Darnell?" "Oh! nothing," said Darnell, speaking hastily, "travelling, merely travelling for my health," and he drew the other aside.

For some minutes they appeared to be speaking in a very confidential and friendly manner together, if I should judge from the occasional nods and laughs that passed between them.

We supped in company, and after supper, cards were produced to while away the hour. I objected to play any other game than whist, much to the dissatisfaction of Darnell and Lafont, who proposed a more gambling game; at last Darnell said to me, "well then, Lafont and I, will stand you and M. Martin," so the matter was settled. I never played with worse luck in my life, and although the stakes were small, I lost a considerable sum. They now proposed to change the game, and I foolishly, though as it turned out fortunately, consented. Luck, indeed appeared to have changed, I not only recovered what I lost, but nearly a hundred gold pieces at my elbow, testified that I had won. But cards at the best produce a fluctuating game and fortune is fickle. The stakes were now doubled, and several losses in succession warned me that a reverse was about to take place; but this only made me the more eager, feverishly I watched the dealing of the cards, which the slow, cautious movements of Darnell and Lafont, rendered tedious to me; more than once I felt inclined to snatch them from their hands and distribute them myself. I was furiously excited. About a hundred pounds still lay before me, and I suddenly, without reason, offered them against thirty, that either hearts, spades, or clubs, would turn up. Lafont was dealing.

"Say twenty," cried Darnell, "and I'll take it."

"No, thirty." And Lafont, holding the card in his hand, paused, awaiting our bet.

"Twenty" said Darnell again. And I thought, slightly tilted the card. "Well," he continued, "I will say——"

"You need not" I interrupted, "that card was shown, and it is a diamond." Placing my money in my pocket I rose from the table.

"Indeed, you are hasty," said M. Martin, "the card certainly was slightly turned, accidently, I think. Let the bet be drawn, what is the card?"

"I object," cried Darnell passionately, "Lafont did not in the slightest degree turn the card."

"The card did slip," said Lafont, "but not sufficiently to allow any one at the table to see what it was."

"Well then, if it is not a diamond I'll forfeit the money."

"Excuse me," said M. Martin, "I must object to that, let the card be placed in the middle of the pack and deal anew."

At this moment a noise was heard overhead, as if several persons were running from room to room, intermingled with cries and slamming of doors; presently the startling cry of fire was heard clear and oft repeated.

"Mind not the fire," said Darnell, "go on with the game, I for one have——" I did not hear the end of the sentence, but running into the passage, met a host of terrified lodgers—I suppose—endeavoring to save what little property they had. The fire which had broken out in one of the upper rooms, might have been easily arrested had the people been at the first cool or collected, but each only thought of self, and so the house was lost. It was morning before the fire was over, and collecting my luggage together, I found all right; not so with M. Martin, a small carpet bag, which he said he carried out with his own hands was missing. On enquiry he was told that M. Lafont had taken it with him as his own, "M. Lafont," said the man, "drove off in Mr. Darnell's carriage half an hour ago."

"*Mon dieu!* I'm robbed. Aid me my friend to overtake the miscreants," cried M. Martin wringing his hands.

"I will," I replied, "you obtain horses; in the mean time I must see our unfortunate landlord." I left him and found the poor German, who was now, the excitement being over, crying and constantly repeating, that he was ruined. I offered no word of consolation, but taking the sum I had won the previous evening, placed it in his hands and left him, without awaiting his reply.

M. Martin without difficulty obtained horses, and in a few minutes we were dashing along the road pointed out to us by the post boy, as the one taken by Darnell. Nor did he deceive us: a carriage, such as he described, preceded us a couple of miles, as a peasant lad we met informed us. The bag stolen contained, M. Martin said, papers of the utmost importance, and he would follow the thieves to the end of the world, if necessary, before he would lose his documents. On mounting a rising ground, we saw in the distance a carriage, no doubt the one we were in pursuit of, overturned. M. Martin spurred on his horse, and with vehement gestures, bade me follow him, though urging the animal I rode with voice and

whip, I failed to keep up with my more excited companion.

"Come, good horse!" I cried, striking him with my whip, "we have not far to go, yonder they lie!" and I patted him on the neck, "quicker! quicker!" I shouted, as he slackened his pace, for the carriage had been righted and was now rapidly rolling up the hill, "quicker! quicker yet!" and again the blow descended. "Good horse!" I said, as I brought him up within half a length of M. Martin, who turning in his saddle, said, "they are off again!"

"I see! but we'll catch them yet," and on we flew.

"Hallo-o-o-o! Mark! where are you off to in such a deuce of a hurry! Mark Truewitt, I say, Hallo-o-o!"

I checked my horse suddenly, the dream was ended. "Why, Mark," said my brother Harry, "what's the matter with you, are you riding a race against old father Time, or have you distanced your opponent? Your horse is in a perfect foam."

"I have been making a fool of myself."

"Indeed! and trying to fly your folly?"

"No, I merely allowed my thoughts to run away with me. I somehow or other got thinking on my adventure at the German inn last year, and fancied myself again chasing Darnell."

"What a strong imagination you must have, no doubt you saw them on the road before you."

"Indeed I did, or rather I fancied——"

"Ha, ha, ha! do you think you would have caught him if I had'nt stopped you?"

"Nonsense!" said I, for I perceived he was laughing at me, and endeavored to change the conversation by asking how it was, I found him still in England, for I understood that he had left for France.

"I could'nt get off before, but am now on my way. How was it that you were not at home last night?"

"I spent the evening at the 'Harrow' expecting to meet Writ there, but he disappointed me, and I was going to London to meet him."

"By Jove!" said Harry, again laughing, "you will be the death of me: why you are worse than a crab, for, going backwards you have not progressed, were you at Tindal's now, you would be a dozen miles on your journey." I was painfully aware of the fact and held my tongue. "I'll tell you what," he continued "you had better go home and give your horse a rest, it will be time enough this afternoon to see your lawyer."

"I think I shall, I suppose you have just left Briardale?" the name of my place.

"Yes, but I must now leave you or I shall miss my journey—good bye; yet stay," said he calling me back, "if you miss anything while I'm gone you'll know who has taken it, so make your mind easy, I shall not be back these six weeks; good bye again."

"Good-bye! A pleasant trip," I called out after him.

Briardale was not half a mile distant, and while riding over, I could not help but laugh at my morning's adventure. My ride had given me an appetite, and I was eager for breakfast; it was yet early, and a couple of hours' rest would do me no harm; I could thus proceed leisurely to London, and find out Writ's business.

On reaching home, my wife informed me that Henry had spent the evening with her, and that she had refused to lend him a beautiful brace of pistols, which I valued highly, having received them from my father.

"I'll bet anything!" I exclaimed, as I called to mind his parting remark, "that Harry has taken them." My wife looked: they were gone!

CHAPTER III.

AN INTERVIEW WITH WRIT.

After breakfast, I ordered my servant to bring out my cab, thinking it would be hardly prudent to trust myself a second time to my own guidance. While leisurely proceeding over the smooth and level-beaten way, I may as well indulge the reader with a few words concerning Mr. Writ and myself.

We were children together, and as children, went to the same school. I often contrast our childish desires and ambitions with the realities of after life. How different! As children, the golden future was ever before us! As men, we find the golden future has become the past; and now look back, with fond regrets, to the happy, happy days of childhood. Writ—"little Tommy Writ," as we used to call him—said that he would be a merchant; and I, who had perhaps more love of glory, vowed that I would be nothing but a soldier. However, Writ's father, who was in business, determined to give his son a profession, and the law was chosen. A fortunate thing it was for his numerous clients that they had such a man as Mr. Writ turned out to be, for their legal adviser. He inherited all the method of a merchant from his father, and applied it to law. Punctuality, promptness, and order were his mottoes, and he treated his suits as so much goods consigned to his care, which, if neglected, would result in loss to both employer and employed.

He would never take a suspicious case; if he

lost a suit, he was ill for a week after; and I verily believe, there was never a lawyer with half his practice that lost fewer cases. His success was his boast. "A lawsuit," he would say, "is like a chess problem, its object is a certain result to be obtained by certain means; give me the winning side, and I care not how difficult the problem, I'll mate my adversary."

"I once threw him in a great rage by telling him that I did not think his simile a good one, "for," said I, "if law be a critical position in a game of chess, it requires a good deal of tact to discern which has the better side; and it appears to me, as you have to choose what side you'll take, that you may choose the wrong one, and so be beaten." He hoped he was a better player than I gave him credit for, and so the matter dropped.

Writ was unmarried, and although only five and thirty, looked at least fifty; thin and slightly made, his face plentifully furrowed with wrinkles, his eyes set deep in his head, twinkled cunningly; his hair gray. Though far from prepossessing in his appearance, he was when known, one of the kindest and best natured men that ever lived.

I who coveted a soldier's life, was equally disappointed. On leaving school, my father kept me at home till ofage; he then sent me to Heidelberg, where I passed many of the pleasantest hours of my existence. I lived on the continent till seven and twenty, when my father dying, left his property, equally divided between his two sons, which, though small, was sufficient to enable us to live comfortably and independantly. On my marriage I materially increased my portion and now lived a life of ease and enjoyment. To fill up my time, which occasionally hung wearily on my hands, I became Treasurer to the "Kentish Orphan Home Society," a benevolent Institution got up by a few old ladies who honored me by placing their money in my hands.

My brother Harry was several years younger than I, a happy jovial fellow, much too fond of fun for his means, though not to my knowledge ever in debt, yet he had sometimes a little difficulty to make both ends meet.

The day which had hitherto been fine, now became overcast; and on entering the city the rain descended in torrents. It was after two o'clock when I reached Writ's office and found that gentleman busily engaged with a huge pile of dusty old papers, turning them over and shuffling them as if they were a pack of cards. No sooner did he perceive me, than dropping them he exclaimed, "why did you not come sooner? I expected you last night, or early this morning at least."

"Well you are a pretty fellow," I replied, "how is it I find you here now? Why are you not off to Egypt with orders left for me to follow you?"

"Tut!" said he, "the business was urgent, or I would have met you."

"Then why did you not leave a note at Tindals? Do you think I was going to lose a night's rest running after you when perhaps a week hence would have answered your purpose? You see your excessive promptness has rendered me indifferent to a certain extent."

"Here, here, come in here," said he, in the quick nervous manner he assumed when excited, and motioning me to his private room, closed the door carefully after him; "your brother," he continued, "has committed a forgery."

"What!" I exclaimed, not exactly understanding him."

"Your brother Henry has forged a cheque on you for two thousand pounds."

"Pshaw! I don't believe a word of it; you must be mad."

"I can assure you, that it is the case."

"Why, I saw him only this morning, he spent last night at my house."

"Is it possible? I hardly thought he would have gone there."

"He did, nevertheless, and as for the forgery, you are either mistaken, or some one else is guilty."

"Well, you shall judge for yourself. Let us see, this is Thursday, it was on Tuesday morning after leaving you, that I went to your banker's, to make the deposit you left in my hands for your Kentish Society; while there, I thought it would be just as well if I examined the accounts and see how we stood, you may fancy my surprise, when a cheque for £2000, bearing your signature, payable to your brother, and endorsed by him, was presented to me as cashed the day before. I at first was on the point of proclaiming it a forgery, when it struck me, that if I saw your brother, I could, not only save you much pain, but force him to refund, by threatening to expose his rascality. I concealed my doubts of the cheque as well as I could, simply asking the clerk to whom he paid the money. He stated that Mr. Truewitt came himself and got the money. I then casually asked if he knew your brother. He told me, that he had seen him several times, and had recognized him on entering the bank. I told him that I supposed it all right, but that I was not aware of your giving such a cheque, and it was therefore I questioned him." I during this relation sank into a chair; I could scarcely as yet believe it true, his parting words, "*If you miss anything while I'm gone, you'll know who has taken it,*" rung in my ear a fearful confirmation of my doubts

"On leaving the bank," Writ continued, "I drove at once to your brother's lodgings, he had eft, I was informed, the day before for Paris. I then wrote you, to meet me at the Harrow yesterday evening, but withheld the evil news I had to communicate. The reason I failed in my appointment was, that while on my way to Tindal's, I stopped at the "Bricklayers' Arms," and there overheard the ostler say that "it was Master HarryTruewitt who had given him the crown," and that the said Harry was a "real fine gentleman;" on inquiry, I learnt that an hour previously your brother had passed on his way to London. I rode over to Tindal's, left a message for you, and then returned to London; but of course, did not see him, as it appears he spent the evening with you."

"No; not with me," I said, "I was at the Harrow last night; this morning I saw him, for I went home before coming here."

"And did he appear natural? that is, from his manner, would you ——"

"From his manner, I should say he was perfectly innocent."

"With the evidence I've got, I could convict him. The consummate villain, to spend the evening with a brother he has robbed."

"Writ! remember he is my brother. Though I can ill afford to lose the money, the money is nothing in comparison to the loss of a brother."

"I was wrong in speaking so harshly," apologized Writ. "We may still recover the money, if you go after him; it will be the best and quietest way."

"I'll go. He cannot think seriously of the matter," said I musingly. I then told Writ what he said, about missing anything.

"He's guilty. The sooner you go the better, I advise you to leave to-morrow."

"I cannot go before Saturday; I shall meet him soon enough, the unfortunate fellow. What could have induced him?"

"Let us for the present dismiss the unpleasant subject, dwelling on it can do no good. Come and dine with me."

"I must refuse you. I don't feel hungry. Besides I promised to see Mary Tindal, and will go there now. My cab is at the door," and I got up."

"I know Dr. Bernard well, and if you dine with me, I'll go with you this evening. Mary is no better."

"You know Mary!"

"Is there anything surprising in my knowing Mary?"

"No, not exactly. But I thought if you had known her you'd have told me."

"Told you! you surely don't expect me to tell you everything I know."

"Well, hardly. But such a fact as this I should have thought you would have mentioned."

"Mentioned! I had no occasion; it was not my business; it concerned neither of us."

"Pardon me—you're right. However, Tindal wishes me to see his daughter, and I have much curiosity, especially after hearing his tale."

"It is not often he speaks of her to any one. We'll dine together, and spend the evening with Bernard. I've no engagements for to-night."

(*To be continued*)

"As I walked by myself,
I talked with myself,
And thus myself said to me."

1.

Spirit, mind, my better part,
Would I knew thee what thou art;
Miracle and mystery,
How I long to fathom thee.

2.

Soaring now from earth sublime,
O'er the ills of life and time;
Trampled now beneath the mire
Of some earthly, low desire.

3.

Shackled to a thing of clay,
Wrestling with it day by day,
Only in the dreams of night
Urging thy unfettered flight.

4.

Crushed within the prison walls
Of the body which enthralls;
Though of unknown power possest,
Suffering to be oppressed.

5.

When repose the body keeps,
Then the soul which never sleeps,
Seems awhile to wander free
In thy light, Eternity.

6.

Sometimes o'er the past it plays—
Sometimes with the future strays
In that present on whose sea
Time is not, and may not be.

7.

Typifying its last flight
When the angel speaks—"'tis night,"
And the spirit free shall soar,
Where, oh! where, for evermore!

8.

Even waking, doth the soul
Sometimes wander from control;
Murmurs of some unknown sea,
Seem to mock the memory.

9.

What are these which, o'er me cast,
Float, like shadows of the past?
Strange illusions, which the grasp
Of my reason cannot clasp.

10.

Scenes familiar which I own,
Unremembered and unknown,
Vibrating upon the strings
Of loved, long-forgotten things.

11.

Transient as the moonbeams play,
On the fountains falling spray;
Sweet as fragrance on the air,
From some unknown flower fair:

12.

Fancies no one can explain,
Striking chords upon the brain,
In whose wild uncertain sigh,
Live some notes of harmony.

ERRO.

A DESCENT INTO THE MAELSTROM.

The ways of God in Nature, as in Providence, are not as *our* ways; nor are the models that we frame any way commensurate to the vastness, profundity, and unsearchableness of His works, *which have a depth in them greater than the well of Democritus.* JOSEPH GRANVILLE.

WE had now reached the summit of the loftiest crag. For some minutes the old man seemed too much exhausted to speak.

"Not long ago," said he at length, "and I could have guided you on this route as well as the youngest of my sons; but, about three years past, there happened to me an event such as never happened before to mortal man—or at least such as no man ever survived to tell of—and the six hours of deadly terror which I then endured have broken me up, body and soul. You suppose me a very old man—but I am not. It took less than a single day to change these hairs from a jetty black to white, to weaken my limbs, and to unstring my nerves, so that I tremble at the least exertion, and am frightened at a shadow. Do you know I can scarcely look over this little cliff without getting giddy!"

The "little cliff," upon whose edge he had so carelessly thrown himself down to rest that the weightier portion of his body hung over it, while he was only kept from falling by the tenure of his elbow on its extreme and slippery edge—this "little cliff" arose, a sheer unobstructed precipice of black shining rock, some fifteen or sixteen hundred feet from the world of crags beneath us. Nothing would have tempted me to within half a dozen yards of its brink. In truth, so deeply was I excited by the perilous position of my companion that I fell at full length upon the ground, clung to the shrubs around me, and dared not even glance upward at the sky—while I struggled in vain to divest myself of the idea that the very foundations of the mountain were in danger from the fury of the winds. It was long before I could reason myself into sufficient courage to sit up and look out into the distance.

"You must get over these fancies," said the guide, "for I have brought you here that you might have the best possible view of the scene of that event I mentioned—and to tell you the whole story with the spot just under your eye."

"We are now," he continued, in that particularizing manner which distinguished him, "we are now close upon the Norwegian coast, in the sixty-eighth degree of latitude, in the great province of Nordland, and in the dreary district of Lofoden. The mountain upon whose top we sit is Helseggen, the Cloudy. Now raise yourself up a little higher, hold on to the grass if you feel giddy, so, and look out, beyond the belt of vapor beneath us, into the sea."

I looked dizzily, and beheld a wide expanse of ocean, whose waters wore so inky a hue as to bring at once to my mind the Nubian geographer's account of the Mare Tenebrarum. A panorama more deplorably desolate no human imagination can conceive. To the right and left, as far as the eye could reach, there lay outstretched, like ramparts of the world, lines of horridly black and beetling cliff, whose character of gloom was but the more forcibly illustrated by the surf which reared high up against its white and ghastly crest, howling and shrieking for ever. Just opposite the promontory upon whose apex we were placed, and at a distance of some five or six miles out at sea, there was visible a small, bleak-looking island; or, more properly, its position was discernible through the wilderness of surge in which it was enveloped. About two miles nearer the land, arose another of smaller size, hideously craggy and barren, and encompassed at various intervals by a cluster of dark rocks.

The appearance of the ocean, in the space between the more distant island and the shore, has something very unusual about it. Although, at the time, so strong a gale was blowing landward, that a brig in the remote offing lay-to under a double-reefed trysail, and constantly plunged her whole hull out of sight, still there was here nothing like a regular swell, but only a short, quick, angry cross-dashing of water in every direction—as well in the teeth of the wind as otherwise. Of foam there was little except in the immediate vicinity of the rocks.

"The island in the distance," resumed the old man, "is called by the Norwegians Vurrgh. The one midway is Moskoe. That a mile to the northward is Ambaarem. Yonder are Islesen, Hotholm, Kieldhelm, Saurven and Buckholm. Farther off—between Moskoe and Vurrgh—are Otterholm, Flimen, Sandflesen, and Stockholm. These are the true names of the places—but why it has been thought necessary to name them at all, is more than either you or I can understand. Do you

hear anything? Do you see any change in the water?"

We had now been about ten minutes upon the top of Helseggen, to which we had ascended from the interior of Lofoden, so that we had caught no glimpse of the sea until it had burst upon us from the summit. As the old man spoke, I became aware of a loud and gradually increasing sound, like the moaning of a vast herd of buffaloes upon an American prairie; and at the same moment I perceived that what seamen term the chopping character of the ocean beneath us, was rapidly changing into a current which set to the eastward. Even while I gazed, this current acquired a monstrous velocity. Each moment added to its speed—to its headlong impetuosity. In five minutes the whole sea, as far as Vurrgh, was lashed into ungovernable fury; but it was between Moskoe and the coast that the main uproar held its sway. Here the vast bed of the waters seamed and scarred into a thousand conflicting channels, burst suddenly into phrensied convulsion—heaving, boiling, hissing —gyrating in gigantic and innumerable vortices, and all whirling and plunging on to the eastward with a rapidity which water never elsewhere assumes except in precipitous descents.

In a few minutes more, there came over the scene another radical alteration. The general surface grew somewhat more smooth, and the whirlpools, one by one, disappeared, while prodigious streaks of foam became apparent where none had been seen before. These streaks, at length, spreading out to a great distance, and entering into combination, took unto themselves the gyratory motion of the subsided vortices, and seemed to form the germ of another more vast. Suddenly—very suddenly — this assumed a distinct and definite existence, in a circle of more than a mile in diameter. The edge of the whirl was represented by a broad belt of gleaming spray: but no particle of this slipped into the mouth of the terrific funnel, whose interior, as far as the eye could fathom it, was a smooth, shining, and jet-black wall of water, inclined to the horizon at an angle of some forty-five degrees, spreading dizzily round and round with a swaying and sweltering motion, and sending forth to the winds an appalling voice, half shriek, half roar, such as not even the mighty cataract of Niagara ever lifts up in its agony to heaven.

The mountain trembled to its very base, and the rock rocked. I threw myself upon my face, and clung to the scant herbage in an excess of nervous agitation.

"This," said I at length to the old man—"this can be nothing else than the great whirlpool of the maelström."

"So it is sometimes termed," said he. "We Norwegians call it the Moskoe-ström, from the island of Moskoe in the midway."

The ordinary accounts of this vortex had by no means prepared me for what I saw. That of Jonas Ramos, which is perhaps the most circumstantial of any, cannot impart the faintest conception either of the magnificence or of the horror of the scene, or of the wild bewildering sense of the novel which confounds the beholder. I am not sure from what point of view the writer in question surveyed it, nor at what time; but it could neither have been from the summit of Helseggen, nor during a storm. There are some passages of his description, nevertheless, which may be quoted for their details, although their effect is exceedingly feeble in conveying an impression of the spectacle.

"Between Lofoden and Moskoe," he says, "the depth of the water is between thirty-six and forty fathoms; but on the other side, towards Ver (Vurrgh), this depth decreases so as not to afford a convenient passage for a vessel without the risk of splitting on the rocks, which happens even in the calmest weather. When it is flood, the stream runs up the country between Lofoden and Moskoe with a boisterous rapidity; but the roar of its impetuous ebb to the sea is scarce equalled by the loudest and most dreadful cataracts; the noise being heard several leagues off, and the vortices or pits are of such extent and depth, that if a ship comes within its attraction, it is inevitably absorbed and carried down to the bottom, and there beat to pieces against the rocks, and when the water relaxes, the fragments thereof are thrown up again. But these intervals of tranquillity are only at the turn of the ebb and flood, and in calm weather, and last but a quarter of an hour, its violence gradually returning. When the stream is most boisterous, and its fury heightened by a storm, it is dangerous to come within a Norway mile of it. Boats, yachts, and ships have been carried away by not guarding against it before they were within its reach. It likewise happens frequently, that whales come too near the stream, and are overpowered by its violence; and then it is impossible to describe their howlings and bellowings in their fruitless struggles to disengage themselves. A bear once, attempting to swim from Lofoden to Moskoe, was caught by the stream and borne down, while he roared terribly, so as to be heard on shore. Large stocks of firs and pine trees, after being absorbed by the current, rise again broken and torn to such a degree as if the bristles grew upon them. This plainly shows the bottom to consist of craggy rocks, among which they are whirled to and fro. This stream is regulated by the flux and reflux of the sea—it being constantly high and low water every six hours. In the year 1645, early on the morning of Sexagesima Sunday, it raged with such noise and impetuosity that the very stones of the houses on the coast fell to the ground."

In regard to the depth of the water, I could not see how this could have been ascertained at all in the immediate vicinity of the vortex. The "forty fathoms" must have reference only to portions of the channel close upon the shore either of Moskoe or Lofoden. The depth in the centre of the Moskoe-strom must be immeasurably greater; and no better proof of this fact is necessary than can be obtained from even the sidelong glance into the abyss of the whirl which may be had from the highest crag of Helseggen. Looking down from this pinnacle upon the howling Phlegethon below, I could not help smiling at the simplicity with which honest Jonas Ramus records, as a matter difficult of belief, the anecdotes of the whales and bears; for it appeared to me, in fact, a self-evident thing, that the largest ship of the line in existence, coming within the influence of that deadly attraction, could resist it as little as a

feather the hurricane, and must disappear bodily and at once.

The attempts to account for the phenomenon —some of which, I remembered, seemed to me sufficiently plausible in perusal—now wore a very different and unsatisfactory aspect. The idea generally received is that this, as well as three smaller vortices among the Ferroe islands, "have no other cause than the collision of waves rising and falling, at flux and reflux, against a ridge of rocks and shelves, which confines the water so that it precipitates itself like a cataract; and thus the higher the flood rises the deeper must the fall be, and the natural result of all is a whirlpool or vortex, the prodigious suction of which is sufficiently known by lesser experiments." These are the words of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica.' Kircher and others imagine that in the centre of the channel of the Maelström is an abyss penetrating the globe, and issuing in some very remote part —the Gulf of Bothnia being somewhat decidedly named in one instance. This opinion, idle in itself, was the one to which, as I gazed, my imagination most readily assented; and, mentioning it to the guide. I was rather surprised to hear him say that, although it was the view almost universally entertained of the subject by the Norwegians, it nevertheless was not his own. As to the former notion he confessed his inability to comprehend it; and here I agreed with him—for, however conclusive on paper, it becomes altogether unintelligible, and even absurd, amid the thunder of the abyss.

"You have a good look at the whirl now," said the old man, "and if you will creep round this crag, so as to get in its lee, and deaden the roar of the water, I will tell you a story that will convince you I ought to know something of the Moskoe-ström."

I placed myself as desired, and he proceeded.

"Myself and my two brothers once owned a schooner-rigged smack of about seventy tons burthen, with which we were in the habit of fishing among the islands beyond Moskoe, nearly to Vurrgh. In all violent eddies at sea there is good fishing, at proper oportunities, if one has only the courage to attempt it; but among the whole of the Lofoden coastmen we three were the only ones who made a regular business of going out to the islands, as I tell you. The usual grounds are a great way lower down to the southward. There fish can be got at all hours, without much risk, and therefore these places are preferred. The choice spots over here among the rocks, however, not only yield the finest variety, but in far greater bundance; so that we often got in a single day what the more timid of the craft could not scrape together in a week. In fact, we made it a matter of desperate speculation—the risk of life standing nstead of labor, and courage answering for capital.

"We kept the smack in a cove about five miles higher up the coast than this, and it was our practice, in fine weather, to take advantage of the fifteen minutes' slack to push across the main channel of the Moskoe-ström, far above the pool, and then drop down upon anchorage somewhere near Otterholm, or Sandflesen, where the eddies are not so violent as elsewhere. Here we used to remain until nearly time for slack-water again, when we weighed and made for home. We never set out upon this expedition without a steady side wind for going and coming—one that we felt sure would not fail us before our return—and we seldom made a miscalculation upon this point. Twice, during six years, we were forced to stay all night at anchor on account of a dead calm, which is a rare thing indeed just about here; and once we had to remain on the grounds nearly a week, starving to death, owing to a gale which blew up shortly after our arrival, and made the channel too boisterous to be thought of. Upon this occasion we should have been driven out to sea in spite of everything (for the whirlpools threw us round and round so violently, that, at length, we fouled our anchor and dragged it), if it had not been that we drifted into one of the innumerable cross currents—here to-day and gone to-morrow —which drove us under the lee of Flimen, where, by good luck, we brought up.

"I could not tell you the twentieth part of the difficulties we encountered 'on the grounds'—it is a bad spot to be in even in good weather—but we made shift always to run the gauntlet of the Moskoe-ström itself without accident; although at times my heart has been in my mouth when we happened to be a minute or so behind or before the slack. The wind sometimes was not so strong as we thought it at starting, and then we made rather less way than we could wish, while the current rendered the smack unmanageable. My eldest brother had a son eighteen years old, and I had two stout boys of my own. These would have been of great assistance at such times, in using the sweeps, as well as afterwards in fishing—but, somehow, although we ran the risks ourselves, we had not the heart to let the young ones get into the danger—for, after all is said and done, it was a horrible danger, and that is the truth.

"It is now within a few days of three years since what I am now going to tell you occurred. It was on the 10th day of July, 18—, a day which the people of this part of the world will never forget—for it was one in which blew the most terrible hurricane that ever came out of the heavens. And yet all the morning, and indeed until late in the afternoon, there was a gentle and steady breeze from the south-west, while the sun shone brightly, so that the oldest seaman among us could not have foreseen what was to follow.

"The three of us—my two brothers and myself had crossed over to the islands about two o'clock p.m., and had soon nearly loaded the smack with fine fish, which, we all remarked, were more plenty that day than we had ever known them. It was just seven, by my watch, when we weighed and started for home, so as to make the worst of the Strom at slack water, which we knew would be at eight.

"We set out with a fresh wind on our starboard quarter, and for some time spanked along at a great rate, never dreaming of danger, for indeed we saw not the slightest reason to apprehend it. All at once we were taken aback by a breeze from over Helseggen. This was most unusual—something that had never happened to us before—and I began to feel a little uneasy, without exactly knowing why. We hauled the boat on a wind, but could make no headway at all for the eddies, and I was upon the point of proposing to return to the anchorage when, looking astern,

we saw the whole horizon covered wtth a singular copper-coloured cloud that rose with the most amazing velocity.

"In the meantime the breeze that had headed us off fell away, and we were dead becalmed, drifting about in every direction. This state of things, however, did not last long enough to give us time to think about it. In less than a minute the storm was upon us, in less than two the sky was entirely overcast—and what with this and the driving spray, it became suddenly so dark that we could not see each other in the smack.

"Such a hurricane as then blew it is folly to attempt describing. The oldest seaman in Norway never experienced anything like it. We had let our sails go by the run before it cleverly took us; but, at the first puff, both our masts went by the board, as if they had been sawed off, the mainmast taking with it my youngest brother, who had lashed himself to it for safety.

"Our boat was the lightest feather of a thing that ever sat upon water. It had a complete flush deck, with only a small hatch near the bow, and this hatch it had always been our custom to batten down when about to cross the Strom, by way of precaution against the chopping seas. But for this circumstance, we should have foundered at once, for we lay entirely buried for some moments. How my elder brother escaped destruction, I cannot say, for I never had an opportunity of ascertaining. For my part, as soon as I had let the foresail run I threw myself flat on deck, with my feet against the narrow gunwale of the bow, and with my hands grasping a ring-bolt near the foot of the foremast. It was mere instinct that prompted me to do this, which was undoubtedly the very best thing I could have done, for I was too much flurried to think.

"For some moments we were completely deluged, as I say, and all this time I held my breath, and clung to the bolt. When I could stand it no longer, I raised myself upon my knees, still keeping hold with my hands, and thus got my head clear. Presently our little boat gave herself a shake, just as a dog does in coming out of the water, and thus rid herself, in some measure, of the seas. I was now trying to get the better of the stupor that had come over me, and to collect my senses so as to see what was to be done, when I felt somebody grasp my arm. It was my elder brother, and my heart leaped for joy, for I had made sure that he was overboard—but the next moment all this joy was turned into horror, for he put his mouth close to my ear, and screamed out the word 'Moskoe-strom!'

"No one will ever know what my feelings were at that moment. I shook from head to foot as if I had had the most violent fit of the ague. I knew what he meant by that one word well enough—I knew what he wished to make me understand. With the wind that now drove us on we were bound for the whirl of the Strom, and nothing could save us!

"You perceive that in crossing the Strom channel we always went a long way up above the whirl, even in the calmest weather, and then had to wait and watch carefully for the slack; but now we were driving right upon the pool itself, and in such a hurricane as this! 'To be sure,' I thought, 'we shall get there just about the slack—there is some little hope in that;' but in the next moment I cursed myself for being so great a fool as to dream of hope at all. I knew very well that we were doomed, had we been ten times a ninety-gun ship.

"By this time the first fury of the tempest had spent itself, or perhaps we did not feel it so much, as we scudded before it, but at all events the seas, which at first had been kept down by the wind, and lay flat and frothing, now got up into absolute mountains. A singular change, too, had come over the heavens. Around in every direction it was still as black as pitch, but nearly overhead there burst out, all at once, a circular rift of clear sky—as clear as I ever saw, and of a deep bright blue—and through it there blazed forth the full moon with a lustre that I never before knew her to wear. She lit up everything about us with the greatest distinctness; but, O God; what a scene it was to light up!

"I now made one or two attempts to speak to my brother, but, in some manner which I could not understand, the din had so increased that I could not make him hear a single word, although I screamed at the top of my voice in his ear. Presently he shook his head, looking as pale as death, and held up one of his fingers, as if to say 'listen!'

"At first I could not make out what he meant, but soon a hideous thought flashed upon me. I dragged my watch from its fob. It was not going. I glanced at its face by the moonlight, and then burst into tears as I flung it far away into the ocean. It had run down at seven o'clock! We were behind the time of the slack, and the whirl of the Ström was in full fury!

"When a boat is well built, property trimmed, and not deep laden, the waves in a strong gale, when she is going large, seem always to slip from beneath her—which appears very strange to a landsman—and this is what is called riding, in sea phrase. Well, so far we had ridden the swells very cleverly; but presently a gigantic sea happened to take us right under the counter, and bore us up with it as it rose—up—up—as if into the sky. I would not have believed that any wave could rise so high. And then down we came with a sweep, and a plunge that made me sick and dizzy, as if I was falling from some lofty mountain-top in a dream. But while we were up I had thrown a quick glance around, and that one glance was all-sufficient. I saw our exact position in an instant. The Moskoe-strom whirlpool was about a quarter of a mile dead ahead; but no more like the every-day Moskoe-strom than the whirl as you now see it is like a mill-race. If I had not known where we were, and what we had to expect, I should not have recognized the place at all. As it was, I involuntarily closed my eyes in horror. The lids clenched themselves together as if in a spasm.

"It could not have been more than two minutes afterward until we suddenly felt the waves subside, and were enveloped in foam. The boat made a sharp half-turn to larboard, and then shot off in its new direction like a thunderbolt. At the same moment the roaring noise of the water was completely drowned in a kind of shrill shriek—such a sound as you might imagine given out by the waste-pipes of many thousand steam-vessels

letting off their steam altogether. We were now in the belt of surf that always surrounds the whirl; and I thought, of course, that another moment would plunge us into the abyss, down which we could only see indistinctly, on account of the amazing velocity with which we were borne along. The boat did not seem to sink into the water at all, but to skim like an air bubble upon the surface of the surge. Her starboard side was next the whirl, and on the larboard arose the world of ocean we had left. It stood like a huge writhing wall between us and the horizon.

"It may appear strange, but now, when we were in the very jaws of the gulf, I felt more composed than when we were only approaching it. Having made up my mind to hope no more, I got rid of a great deal of that terror which unmanned me at first. I suppose it was despair that strung my nerves.

"It may look like boasting—but what I tell you is truth—I began to reflect how magnificent a thing it was to die in such a manner, and how foolish it was in me to think of so paltry a consideration as my own individual life, in view of so wonderful a manifestation of God's power. I do believe that I blushed with shame when this idea crossed my mind. After a little while I became possessed with the keenest curiosity about the whirl itself. I positively felt a wish to explore its depths, even at the sacrifice I was going to make; and my principal grief was, that I should never be able to tell my old companions on shore about the mysteries I should see. These, no doubt, were singular fancies to occupy a man's mind in such extremity; and I have often thought since, that the revolutions of the boat around the pool might have rendered me a little light-headed.

"There is another circumstance which tended to restore my self-possession: and this was the cessation of the wind, which could not reach us in our present situation; for, as you saw yourself, the belt of surf is considerably lower than the general bed of the ocean, and this latter now towered above us, a high, black, mountainous ridge. If you have never been at sea in a heavy gale you can form no idea of the confusion of mind occasioned by the wind and spray together. They blind, deafen, and strangle you, and take away all power of action and reflection. But we were now, in a great measure, rid of these annoyances—just as death-condemned felons in prison are allowed petty indulgences, forbidden while their doom was yet uncertain.

"How often we made the circuit of the belt it is impossible to say. We careered round and round for perhaps an hour, flying rather than floating, getting gradually more and more into the middle of the surge, and then nearer and nearer to its horrible inner edge. All this time I had never let go of the ring-bolt. My brother was at the stern, holding on to a small empty water cask which had been securely lashed under the coop of the counter, and was the only thing on deck that had not been swept overboard when the gale first took us. As we approached the brink of the pit he let go his hold upon this, and made for the ring, from which, in the agony of his terror, he endeavoured to force my hands, as it was not large enough to afford us both a secure grasp. I never felt deeper grief than when I saw him atempt this act—although I knew he was a madman when he did it—a raving maniac through sheer fright. I did not care, however, to contest the point with him. I knew it could make no difference whether either of us held on at all; so I let him have the bolt, and went astern to the cask. This there was no great difficulty in doing; for the smack flew round steadily enough, and upon an even keel, only swaying to and fro with the immense sweeps and swelters of the whirl. Scarcely had I secured myself in my new position when we gave a wild lurch to starboard, and rushed headlong into the abyss. I muttered a hurried prayer to God, and thought all was over.

"As I felt the sickening sweep of the descent I had instinctively tightened my hold upon the barrel, and closed my eyes. For some seconds I dared not open them, while I expected instant destruction, and wondered that I was not already in death-struggles with the water. But moment after moment elapsed. I still lived. The sense of falling had ceased; and the motion of the vessel seemed much as it had been before, while in the belt of foam, with the exception that she now lay more along. I took courage and looked once again upon the scene.

"Never shall I forget the sensations of awe, horror, and admiration with which I gazed about me. The boat appeared to be hanging, as if by magic, midway down, upon the interior surface of a funnel, vast in circumference, prodigious in depth, and whose perfectly smooth sides might have been mistaken for ebony, but for the bewildering rapidity with which they spun around, and for the gleaming and ghastly radiance they shot forth, as the rays of the full moon, from that circular rift amid the clouds which I have already described, streamed in a flood of golden glory along the black walls, and far away down into the inmost recesses of the abyss.

"At first I was too much confused to observe anything accurately. The general burst of terrific grandeur was all that I beheld. When I recovered myself a little, however, my gaze fell instinctively downward. In this direction I was able to obtain an unobstructed view, from the manner in which the smack hung on the inclined surface of the pool. She was quite upon an even keel—that is to say, her deck lay in a plane parallel with that of the water—but this latter sloped at an angle of more than forty-five degrees, so that we seemed to be lying upon her beam-ends. I could not help observing, nevertheless, that I had scarcely more difficulty in maintaining my hold and footing in this situation, than if we had been upon a dead level; and this, I suppose, was owing to the speed at which we revolved.

"The rays of the moon seemed to search the very bottom of the profound gulf; but still I could make out nothing distinctly, on account of a thick mist in which everything there was enveloped, and over which there hung a magnificent rainbow, like that narrow and tottering bridge which Musselmen say is the only pathway between Time and Eternity. This mist, or spray, was no doubt occasioned by the clashing of the great walls of the funnel, as they all met together at the bottom—but the yell that went up to the Heavens from out of that mist, I dare not attempt to describe.

"Our first slide into the abyss itself, from the

belt of foam above, had carried us a great distance down the slope; but our farther descent was by no means proportionate. Round and round we swept—not with any uniform movement—but in dizzying swings and jerks, that sent us sometimes only a few hundred yards—sometimes nearly the complete circuit of the whirl. Our progress downward, at each revolution, was slow, but very perceptible.

"Looking about me upon the wide waste of liquid ebony on which we were thus borne, I perceived that our boat was not the only object in the embrace of the whirl. Both above and below us were visible fragments of vessels, large masses of building timber and trunks of trees, with many smaller articles, such as pieces of house furniture, broken boxes, barrels, and staves. I have already described the unnatural curiosity which had taken the place of my original terrors. It appeared to grow upon me as I drew nearer and nearer to my dreadful doom. I now began to watch, with a strange interest, the numerous things that floated in our company. I must have been delirious—for I even sought amusement in speculating upon the relative velocities of their several descents toward the foam below. 'This fir tree,' I found myself at one time saying, 'will certainly be the next thing that takes the awful plunge and disappears,'—and then I was disappointed to find that the wreck of a Dutch merchant ship overtook and went down before it. At length, after making several guesses of this nature, and being deceived in all, this fact—the fact of my invariable miscalculation—set me upon a train of reflection that made my limbs again tremble, and my heart beat heavily once more.

"It was not a new terror that thus affected me, but the dawn of a more exciting hope. This hope arose partly from memory, and partly from present observation. I called to mind the great variety of buoyant matter that strewed the coast of Lofoden, having been absorbed and then thrown forth by the Moskoe-strôm. By far the greater number of the articles were shattered in the most extraordinary way—so chafed and roughened as to have the appearance of being stuck full of splinters—but then I distinctly recollected that there were some of them which were not disfigured at all. Now I could not account for this difference except by supposing that the roughened fragments were the only ones which had been completely absorbed—that the others had entered the whirl at so late a period of the tide, or, for some reason, had descended so slowly after entering, that they did not reach the bottom before the turn of the flood came, or the ebb, as the case might be. I conceived it possible, in either instance, that they might be thus whirled up again to the level of the ocean, without undergoing the fate of those which had been drawn in more early, or absorbed more rapidly. I made, also, three important observations. The first was, that, as a general rule, the larger the bodies were, the more rapid their descent; the second, that, between two masses of equal extent, the one spherical, and the other of any other shape, the superiority in speed of descent was with the sphere; the third, that, between two masses of equal size, the one cylindrical, and the other of any other shape, the cylinder was absorbed the more slowly. Since my escape, I have had several conversations on this subject with an old schoolmaster of the district; and it was from him that I learned the use of the words 'cylinder' and 'sphere.' He explained to me—although I have forgotten the explanation—how what I observed was, in fact, the natural consequence of the forms of the floating fragments—and showed me how it happened that a cylinder, swimming in a vortex, offered more resistance to its suction, and was drawn in with greater difficulty than an equally bulky body, of any form whatever.*

"There was one startling circumstance which went a great way in enforcing these observations, and rendering me anxious to turn them to account, and this was, that at every revolution we passed something like a barrel, or else the yard or the mast of a vessel, while many of these things, which had been on our level when I first opened my eyes upon the wonders of the whirlpool, were now high up above us, and seemed to have moved but little from their original station.

"I no longer hesitated what to do. I resolved to lash myself securely to the water cask upon which I now held, to cut it loose from the counter, and to throw myself with it into the water. I attracted my brother's attention by signs, pointed to the floating barrels that came near us, and did everything in my power to make him understand what I was about to do. I thought at length that he comprehended my design—but, whether this was the case or not, he shook his head despairingly, and refused to move from his station by the ring-bolt. It was impossible to reach him; the emergency admitted of no delay; and so, with a bitter struggle, I resigned him to his fate, fastened myself to the cask by means of the lashings which secured it to the counter, and precipitated myself with it into the sea, without another moment's hesitation.

"The result was precisely what I had hoped it might be. As it is myself who now tells you this tale—as you see that I did escape—and as you are already in possession of the mode in which this escape was effected, and must therefore anticipate all that I have farther to say—I will bring my story quickly to a conclusion. It might have been an hour, or thereabouts, after my quitting the smack, when, having descended to a vast distance beneath me, it made three or four wild gyrations in rapid succession, and bearing my loved brother with it, plunged headlong, at once and for ever, into the chaos of foam below. The barrel to which I was attached sunk very little farther than half the distance between the bottom of the gulf and the spot at which I leaped overboard, before a great change took place in the character of the whirlpool. The slope of the sides of the vast funnel became momently less and less steep. The gyrations of the whirl grew, gradually, less and less. By degrees the froth and the rainbow disappeared, and the bottom of the gulf seemed slowly to uprise. The sky was clear, the wind had gone down, and the full moon was setting radiantly in the west, when I found myself on the surface of the ocean, in full view of the shores of Lofoden, and above the spot where the pool of the Moskoe-strôm had been. It was the hour of the

*See Archimedes "De Incidentibus in Fluido,"—Lib. 2

slack, but the sea still heaved in mountainous waves from the effects of the hurricane. I was borne violently into the channel of theS tröm, and in a few minutes was hurried down the coast into the 'grounds' of the fishermen. A boat picked me up, exhausted from fatigue, and (now that the danger was removed) speechless from the memory of its horror. Those who drew me on board were my old mates and companions, but they knew me no more than they would have known a traveller from the spirit-land. My hair, which had been raven-black the day before, was as white as you see it now. They say, too, that the whole expression of my countenance had changed. I told them my story—they did not believe it. I now tell it to you—and I can scarcely expect you to put more faith in it than did the merry fishermen of Lofoden."

VOYAGE ON THE RIVER OF TIME.

Our bark was launched on a river wide,
And sportively skimmed its glassy tide;
That river ran to a boundless sea,
And its course ends but in eternity.
The balmiest zephyrs breathed on our way,
And the sun shone down with temper'd ray,
'Mid islands o'erhung with foliage green :
We thought, as we gazed, we never had seen
Such beauty and harmony joined before,
As we glided along that sun-lit shore.

* * * * * * *

Strong rolled the flood, and ever to view
Fresh beauties rose as the old withdrew;
But, alas! those scenes our senses wiled,
Those alluring sweets the time beguiled;
We reck'd not of aught, till, all too soon,
Was felt the approach of fervid noon.

* * * * * * *

But the river ran, nor brook'd delay,
The noon was past and we bore away,
We bore away on that rapid tide
With feelings pall'd, yet unsatisfied,
While the sun a sick'ning fervor lent,
And the water grew dark and turbulent;
Yet many a wishful eye was cast
On the fading prospect we had past,
And many a time we thought (how vain!)
If that river's course we could restrain,
And visit again that lovely isle,
A halo of bliss would round us smile.

But, alas! alas! no power was nigh
To avert impending destiny;
For the heavens put on a threat'ning gloom,
And shadows of death foretold our doom,
While a boding sound was heard by all
Like a roar of a distant waterfall.

'Twas a fearful change since sunny morn,
When first our bark o'er the tide was borne,
The breeze which then lightly pressed the sail,
Now blew a loud tempestuous gale;
The ripple that erst scarce marked a wave,
Now yawn'd a deep and devouring grave,
And each eye beheld with sad dismay,
The uplifted waters lashed to spray.
That storm and stream with united force,
Like a giant strong in headlong course,
Our vessel beset. The night was near,
And the stoutest of heart now quailed with fear.
But a ray of hope still on us beamed,
And stlll of escape we fondly dreamed.
The bark we headed against the tide,
The helm was shifted, the oars were plied,
And we strove some landing-place to gain,
And wished for rest, but we wished in vain.

For ever the more we strove and toiled,
Aye more and more was our labour foiled;
And ever the more we wished for rest,
The fiercer that fearful tempest pressed;
No effort of ours could bring us thence,
For we strove against Omnipotence.

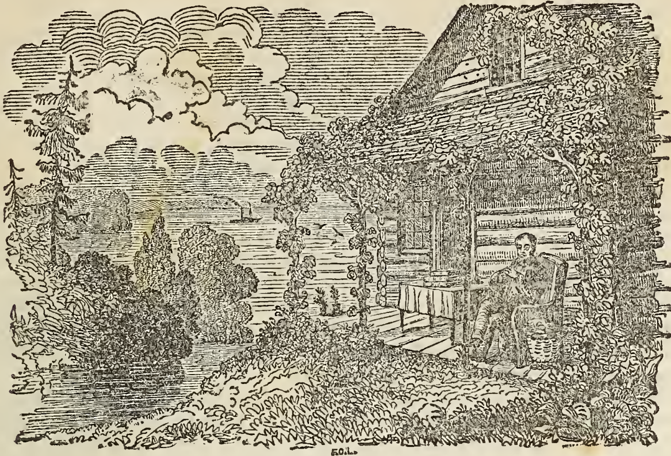
* * * * * * *

But while we beheld, and prayed, and feared,
The form of a man in might appeared;
We saw at his voice the waves grow still,
And we cried in wonder, who is this,
Whose veto commands the dread abyss?
In kindness and love his accents broke:

* * * * * * *

"I passed that vale, forsaken, alone,
Friends or companions I there had none;
I passed to prepare a dwelling-place
For homeless ones of the human race;
I passed that the weary might be blest,
And the heavy-laden find a rest.
I passed through the shadow of death that ye
Might dwell in the light of eternity;
I came, the sting of death to destroy,
In sorrow I came to bring you joy;
I passed triumphant over the grave,
From sin and the second death to save.
Be not afraid! though the waters roar,
Beyond your ken is a happy shore,
Free from the terrors of guilt and sin,
Where nothing that errs can enter in;
Where sorrow and grief flee far away,
And the light breaks forth in endless day."

We heard his words, rejoicing to know
The will of heaven, and longed to go,
And cheered the fearful whose courage flagged,
As the struggling bark its anchor dragged,—
Then entered the gulf and reached that sea,
To rise on the waves of eternity.



THE EDITOR'S SHANTY.

SEDERUNT VIII.

The Major and Laird.

The Laird.—What has come o' our Esculapius? It's no like him to keep twa auld men waitin' on his pleasure, especially when he kens that our business is of importance, far by ordinar on this gude nicht.

The Major.—Patience, old Ridge-and-Furrow, doubtless some professional call prevents our friend from attending us with his usual punctuality; but what can that noise be! It sounds as if a legion of land-crabs were running round the hall! Just pull the bell, Laird, and let us ascertain the cause of these unusual sounds in our quiet Shanty.

[*Enter the Doctor, evidently much agitated and limping.*]

The Laird.—Save us a'! What gars ye roll your een in sic a fearsome fashion, Doctor?

The Doctor.—If you had met with half the untoward accidents that have fallen to my lot, instead of sitting there so cosy and contented, you would, to use your own vernacular, be neither to "haud nor to bind."

The Major.—Pray expiscate for our benefit the causes of the unwonted state of mud and misery so apparent on your coat and your countenance.

The Doctor.—I think you will both allow that I have had cause enough to discompose any, or all the saints in the calendar. I was walking rather smartly down the street, anxious to be with you at our usual time of meeting, but from the slippery state of the streets, I had to progress very gingerly, especially as, almost every second step, I had to get out of the way of some young skater, or to avoid the sliders. Turning round, however, for a moment, I did not perceive one young scamp coming along at a furious pace, until he was almost on me, when, in quickly stepping aside to avoid him, I was assailed in the rear by a hand-dray, which a hulking fellow, of about sixteen or seventeen, was propelling along the pavement, perfectly indifferent as to how much annoyance he was inflicting on the foot-passengers, and fairly knocked, head-over-heels, into the snow, just where there was a collection of shavings, cabbage-leaves, and muddy water, which had dropped from the roofs of the houses: *hinc illæ lachrymæ.*

The Laird.—Ye're no sair hurt, are ye?

The Doctor.—Nothing more serious than a severe abrasion of the cuticle over the spine of the tibia.

The Laird.—For peety sake, man, wheesht! Dinna forget that the Major and me are as ignorant as twa collies o' your outlandish jargon. Can you no use plain English, instead o' thae inhuman sounds?

The Major.—Speak for yourself, Laird. I rather like technical terms, and pique myself on my knowledge of the Humanities. The meaning the Doctor intends to convey is, that he has received a severe blow on the knee-pan. Am I not correct, Doctor?

The Doctor (*laughing.*)—Not exactly. Like many sportsmen, your shot has hit the mark too high; but I have certainly received a severe blow on the shin, and I think I have fair grounds of complaint against the authorities, who suffer such nuisances to prevail in streets so crowded as are those of Toronto.

The Laird.—There maun surely be some law to pit doun sic daft-like goings on.

The Major.—Laws and regulations enough, but what is the good of them? At all hours

of the day, the pavements on King and Yonge Streets are full of hand-barrows, and the passenger is often compelled to step in the mud to avoid these nuisances, while the propelling party is unconcernedly whistling or looking about, perfectly indifferent as to whether he knocks down and runs over some feeble old lady, or splashes and hurls into the mire some such individual as the one I am addressing. The nuisance of permitting skating on the side-walks is, however, I think, more dangerous than the other.

The Doctor.—Ten times more so; for the bones in frosty weather are much more easily injured and likely to snap. It is a disgrace to the parties, whoever they may be, who suffer such an enormity. Some hard-working *pater* or *mater familias*, on whose health the daily bread of their little ones depends is perhaps thrown down, and a limb broken or a sinew strained.—Who can calculate the amount of misery that may accrue from this shameful disregard of public comfort and safety. In no city in England or Scotland are such things allowed, neither are they permitted in the large cities of the Union. Why then should they be tolerated here?

The Major.—I think there is one danger which, though not so troublesome, should be even more jealously guarded against—the accumulation of large masses of snow and ice on the roofs of the houses. As I was walking along King Street, the other day, just opposite St. James' Church, a large block of ice fell some twenty yards before me, on the pavement, and was shivered to pieces; ONE of the fragments was NEARLY AS LARGE AS MY HEAD. Suppose that had fallen on a child! It would have either killed or injured him very seriously.

The Doctor.—I saw a similar mass projecting from a roof, as I was passing down a lane leading from King Street to the Post Office,—a mass certainly sufficient to have crushed any person on whom it might have fallen. Such reckless and wanton disregard of life is very reprehensible, and the Fathers of the city ought assuredly to compel those under their control to have the municipal regulations observed. If they do not, they may most certainly be set down as so much useless lumber, and their regulations be considered like a penny-fife full of flour. Leaving, however, the worshipful Corporation to reform their course of action, will you give us your opinion, Major, as to the proposed application of the Wellington Fund.

The Major.—I was not aware, even, that a fund had been raised. I know that an attempt has been made, but very unsuccessfully. The fact is, Doctor, people do not care about subscribing for the erection of an incongruous pile of stone and mortar. Besides, Wellington is his own epitaph. When that name is spoken, fancy, by one wave of her wand, conjures up, from her magic storehouses, the epochs and incidents of the last half century, and, arraying them in her most vivid colours, requires no other monument of him who had no parallel in history. But what proposal do you allude to?

The Doctor.—To an *on dit*, that the fund raised would most probably be applied to the erection of a hall forming a conspicuous part of the new Mechanics' Institute, to be named the Wellington Hall, and to have a statue of the Duke, in bronze, as its principal feature and ornament. The building might be farther ornamented with representations of incidents in the life of the illustrious hero, carved in bas relief on the friezes or pedestals of the exterior, of the style of the building, by frescoes on the walls, or plaster casts in the cornices.

The Laird.—Ay, lad, there's some sense in that, but what meaning can there be in setting up a pillar to support naething, as they are to do for General Brock? That stane post at Quebec, ca'd the Wolf testimonial, looks to me for a' the warld like a post in a tattie field, crooned wi' an auld hat, for the purpose of scarin' awa the craws.

Major.—I agree with you, Laird. A pillar seems to me the only idea we have in Canada of monumental architecture. Pillars and obelisks were common among the ancients, but, as heathens, they attached a meaning to them which, as Christian people, we could not entertain; and I confess, I, for one, can see no beauty in a mere stone pillar, however richly ornamented, that does not answer some useful as well as some particular purpose. I sincerely hope that the Hall scheme will be carried out. It will be a monument worthy of him who warred not for the ruin of nations but for their social and political redemption. I noticed with great satisfaction that a project has been formed, and acted upon in England, for raising a monument, which will indeed be worthy of the name of Wellington. I allude to the proposed institution for the orphan children of meritorious officers, left without provision. Here is the manifesto of the projectors:—

"The universal desire felt by all classes to do honor to the memory of the Duke of Wellington will probably lead to the erection of statues, and other monuments in many of the principal towns in the kingdom, some of which have indeed already taken steps in this direction. But projects of this description, however much they may contribute to the ornament of the respective localities, and however gratifying they may be to the feelings of their inhabitants, can possess little more than local interest, can be joined in by comparatively few of the population, and are not calculated to confer any substantial benefit upon the community. With a view to erect a monument to the memory of the Great Duke to which all may contribute, which shall be worthy of its object and of the nation, and which shall be of permanent and important advantage to the service of which he

was long the head and the ornament, it is proposed to erect and endow, by public subscription, a School or College, to bear the name of the Duke of Wellington, for the gratuitous, or nearly gratuitous education of orphan children of indigent and meritorious officers of the army. Institutions, more or less national, already exist, in which the advantages of such an education can be obtained by the children of soldiers, of seamen, of naval officers, and of the clergy; but no such provision has been made in favor of officers of the army, a class of men peculiarly liable to casualties, by which their families are often left in a condition of the most painful pecuniary embarrassment, and under circumstances in which the necessarily stringent regulations of the War Office preclude the possibility of any relief from public funds.

"The execution of the proposed plan, and the scale upon which it can be undertaken, must depend on the degree of support given by the country to the object contemplated. It may be assumed that each capital sum subscribed of £1000, representing a permanent annuity of about £30, will provide, for all time to come, exclusive of the expense of building, for the education of one child; and a considerable sum will be required for the erection of a building which shall be worthy of the proposed object. No payment will be required until the total sum subscribed shall amount to £100,000, when application is proposed to be made for vesting the capital in trustees, to be nominated in the first instance by Her Majesty from among the subscribers, and to be incorporated, as in the case of Harrow, Rugby, the Charter House, and others.

"Donations may be made payable by instalments, spread over two, three, or four years."

The Laird.—Eh man that will be a gran' monument to the Duke, and a very fitting ane, for his is of a certy a name that maun always stand alane. Just hear till this description o' his funeral pageant:—

"Ancient chroniclers, describing the glories of remote times, speak of a conquerer whose car was drawn by kings, but a greater triumph distinguished the obsequies of Wellington. The character of this august soldier was symbolised in his funeral procession. No captive monarchs, indeed, were harnessed to the chariot which bore him to his last home, but the colossal bier was followed by warriors from many a land, the delegates and envoys of ransomed nations. The mighty empire of the north and the sturdy kingdoms of Prussia, Holland and Brunswick, Portugal and Spain, forming for once a holy alliance of sympathy and feeling, sent the noblest of their sons to testify their sorrow. Halkett, a name we have long learnt to venerate, worthily represented that gallant army of Hanover, which the hour of action has invariably found marshalled by our own, and which so gloriously shared our success at Waterloo. Austria alone was absent from the illustrious congress, and "hung a calf-skin on his recreant limbs."

The Doctor.—You are allowing your fancy to bear you away from the subject, Laird; the disposal of the fund collected. Of one thing I feel assured, that no large sum ever will be obtained for a mere unmeaning pillar with a statue, stuck up at such a height that it will require Lord Rosse's telescope to see it. It is proposed to found an hospital, or to put up a chime of bells to ring on the anniversaries of his victories.

The Laird.—That will never do, for of a verity we shall be deefened with the constant ringing that will be going on. Na, na, nae bells; just big a handsome hall, and pit up the Duke in it, and if ever his spirit be suffered to revisit this warld it wad be gratified at perceiving at least ae monument worthy o' his name, as it would be dignified by the presence o' men diligently seeking to attain in their sphere what, in life, he had achieved—distinction. But wadna a park do as weel, if not better, than ony thing else, and then the shade and protection afforded by the trees frae the heat o' the simmer sun would be typical o' the aid extended out for the welfare o' his fellow-countrymen by the great Duke?

The Doctor.—A park might answer, but the good citizens of Toronto have already the avenues, besides there is even now the formation of a new and extended one, by the Garrison Common, in contemplation.

The Major.—The park would, however, be much beautified by the judicious outlay of two or three thousand pounds, but then there would be a chance of something similar to the statue of Achilles, which disgraces Hyde Park, being erected. No, on the whole, I think the most sensible thing would be to devote the fund to the Hall as was first mentioned.

The Doctor.—What is that yellow powder on the table, Major?

The Major.—Gold dust from California, my boy, forwarded per mail in prepayment of subscriptions to the Anglo, which will ere long have a pretty wide circulation even in Sacramento. Hear what the writer says——

The Laird.—Wheesht man! it's aye best to let ither folk praise us. We can very weel afford to haud our peace anent our merits.

The Major.—I say, Laird, what yellow garbed pamphlet is that which protrudeth from the pocket of your wrap-rascal?

The Laird.—Oo, it's just a bit novel I got at Maclear's this forenoon. It is named "*Lord Saxondale, or Life among the London Aristocracy.*" I mean to make a present o't to Miss Priscilla Pernicketty, an auld maiden friend o' mine, wha having had a cousin that was cook's helper to the Earl o' Eglinton, has ay an unco hankering after high life. She's a genteel body, is Miss Pernicketty, though she has seen better days.

The Major.—If your vestal friend takes "*Lord Saxondale*" as a true bill, she will form a most singular impression touching the character of the British Peerage.

The Laird.—Dear me! a' body doesna ken what to read noo a days! I thocht that the London *Spectator* was a safe authority in literary matters, and on the cover o' the buik in question there is an extract from that journal,

cracking it up as exhibiting the daily life o' the London magnates in a truthfu' manner.

The Major.—Most simple and verdant of agriculturists! have you yet to learn that it is now a common practice with some New York bibliopoles of the baser sort, to fabricate such notices as you allude to, for the purpose of seducing honest men like yourself, to purchase their re-prints?

The Doctor.—Yes! and do you likewise still require indoctrination that nine-tenths of such notices when really derived from the journals to which they are credited, are neither more nor less than "*see advertisement*" puffs, denuded of this distinguishing typographical caveat?

The Laird.—Weel! weel! after that, onything! Verily, our lines are cast in a deceitfu' and perverse generation!

The Doctor.—Pray who is the author of the fiction upon which we are commenting.

The Major.—That notorious literary vagabond G. W. M. Reynolds!

The Doctor.—Why, the very name of the fellow is a sufficient caveat against giving heed to a word which he enunciates! I presume that "*Lord Saxondale*" is just the old story over again, of diabolically wicked Dukes, and preternaturally virtuous washer-women!

The Major.—You have guessed pretty near the mark. Listen, for instance, to the following inviting portraiture of the hero of the story:—

"Frivolous-minded, addicted to vicious pleasures and dissipated pursuits—selfish, and utterly incapable of generous actions—vain, conceited, and insufferably impudent withal--ignorant, prejudiced, and believing that, because he was a nobleman, he must necessarily be a demigod towering above the common mass of humanity–spiteful, malignant, and vindictive, so as to be a cowardly tyrant to his inferiors and an object of terror or dislike with all those to whom he dared manifest his miserable despotism—quarrelsome as a brother, disobedient as a son, and capricious towards everybody—the youthful possessor of the haughty name of Saxondale was as detestable a character as ever filled, amidst the human species, that same kind of place which reptiles occupy in the brute creation.

"As a matter of course, Edmund had gone through all the various degrees and grades of training which constitute an English nobleman's education. At home, either at Saxondale Castle in Lincolnshire or at the town-mansion in Park Lane, he had from his earliest years been taught his consequence in being "my lorded" by thick-headed tenant-farmers or obsequious domestics. He had passed through Eton with a tutor at his elbow to do his exercises for him, and save him from the kickings and cuffings to which his peevishness and malignity daily and hourly exposed him at the hands of other boys. Then he had spent a year at Cambridge, where he was tufted and toadied, and took degrees in debauchery instead of the classics; and then he drove for a few months over France and Germany in a travelling chariot, emblazoned on the panels to show his rank, and with his tutor to speak for him the languages which he himself but dimly comprehended. Having returned to England after this trip, he was immediately caught by Lord Harold Staunton, who had just sent the last human pigeon he had plucked to the Queen's Bench, and who therefore considered the rich young Saxondale a perfect godsend at that particular moment. And in this way had Lord Saxondale been qualified and was still qualifying to fill the post of an hereditary legislator, when in a year and ten months' time the day of his majority would arrive, What advantage the councils of the nation were likely to derive from the assistance of such an individual, when he should take his seat there, we must leave our readers to determine. But very certain it was that young Lord Saxondale was, as far as intellectual accomplishments went, an average sample of his class. Being ignorant of the laws of God, and nature, and humanity, it was not likely he should be better acquainted with those of his country. He had learnt to write, it is true; but his hand was scarcely legible—and this, by-the-bye, is a proof of high-breeding, because in fashionable life a good hand is clerkish, and it is "uncommonly vulgar" to be able to express one-self legibly upon paper. Then, as to arithmetic, he knew nothing: who ever heard of a lord condescending to keep his own accounts? He spoke the English language correctly; because this was a mere parrot-like qualification which he could not help well attaining; but as for any other modern language, he had only the merest smattering of French and the vaguest idea of German, the dead languages being considered the most useful at Eton and Cambridge. As for history, he only knew two things: one was that the Saxondales had taken their origin in the time of the Tudors, and the other that the English had beaten the French at Waterloo; and therefore he was proud of being both a Saxondale and an Englishman."

The Doctor.—I dare say you could pick out half a dozen companion pictures to this sketch?

The Major.—With ease. The *nobility* who figure in the pages of the Laird's purchase, are all six to half a dozen, so far as intellect and morality are concerned. There is hardly a crime chronicled in the Newgate Calendar, of which the men are not guilty, and as for the females, the most degraded courtezan possesses as large a modicum of virtue as they can lay claim to.

The Laird.—If Maclear will no tak back the buik, I'll burn it in the stove o' his shop, before his very face!

The Major.—I do not wonder at your indignation. It is infamous that the noblest aristocracy under the sun should thus be libelled and held up to execration, by a penny-a-line vampire, who earns his sordid bread by such detestable pandering to the vilest prejudices and appetites of our nature!

The Doctor.—And how utterly unfounded the estimate which Reynolds takes of the titled aristocracy of our fatherland. That a coronet sometimes encircles the brows of a scoundrel, I do not deny.—This much, how-

ever, I unhesitatingly affirm, that there is no class of Her Majesty's subjects which, comparative numbers taken into acoount, can boast of greater integrity, intelligence, or true patriotism than the Peerage of Great Britain.

THE MAJOR.—In proof of your assertion I may cite the stir and outcry which ensue, whenever a nobleman renders himself penally amenable to the laws of his country. Mark, for instance, the amount of capital which the home journals are presently manufacturing out of the recent conviction of Lord Frankfort for slander. Why, if the *order* of this unhappy man (of whose accountability pregnant doubts are entertained) was composed to any extent, of the ruffians and demireps described by Reynolds, the case of Frankfort would excite comparatively no attention, owing to the frequency of similar occurrences.

THE LAIRD.—I think if they chained the abusive novelist to the leeing Lord, and made them pick oakum together, it would be an act o' common justice! Wha, in the nams o' wonder, patroneezes the productions o' sic a land-louper?

THE MAJOR.—Reynolds' fictions appear periodically, in a penny journal published in the British metropolis, the sale of which is mainly confined to the uneducated and dissolute. It circulates extensively in pot-houses and flash taverns, and is a leading favorite with thieves, pick-pockets and swindlers.

THE LAIRD.—And sae the lad writes to please the tastes o' his customers?

THE MAJOR.—Precisely so! In every one of his tales you will discover some chivalrous *cracksman*, who is set up as a favorable foil to the unprincipled, cowardly, and rapacious nobility.

THE DOCTOR.—Enough, and more than enough of such carrion;—let us call a new cause. Here are two parts of Appleton and Company's very beautiful reprint of *Lord John Russell's* "*Memoirs, Journal, and Correspondence of Thomas Moore.*"

THE MAJOR.—Have you looked into the production?

THE DOCTOR.—How can you ask such a needless question? Do you imagine that I could have been in possession of such a work three minutes, without diving into the very heart thereof? No, no! such stoicism forms no part of my composition. The Mercury of Maclear had hardly placed it upon my table when my paper-cutter was at work, and I had it dissected in the tossing of a pancake!

THE LAIRD.—Weel, and what is the verdict which you hae arrived at?

THE DOCTOR.—So far as the Right Honorable editor is concerned, the affair is a palpable failure. Lord John Russell demonstrates that he lacks almost all the requisites for a right performance of the task which he has undertaken. His preface abounds with the most common-place platitudes, and there is a puerility in his attempts at criticism, which reminds one pestilently of the essay of a precocious school-boy. To use the expression of Charles Lamb, "one always detects the odor of bread and butter."

THE MAJOR.—But is not glorious little Tom, or Tom Little, left, in a great measure, to tell his own story?

THE DOCTOR.—Unquestionably he is, but even here the biographer developes himself to be merely "a wit among Lords." Nothing in the shape of tact or discrimination is shewn so far as *selection* is concerned. Everything is fish that comes to his net, provided it bears the sign manual of the personage whose life he is writing! The most trifling document is deemed deserving of typographical perpetuity, if presenting the autograph of the luckless bard. Here, for instance, is a specimen of the unadulterated twaddle which we find in the correspondence:—

TO HIS MOTHER.

"*London, January* 5, 1801.

"*I was not allowed to leave Donnington Park till I had promised that as soon as leisure allowed me I should return. They were indeed uncommonly polite. The morning I left it, breakfast was ordered an hour earlier than usual to accommodate me, and Lord Moira requested I should return as soon as I could!!*"

THE LAIRD.—Hech sirs, but that is sma' drink indeed! What do the uncounted millions wha hae laughed, and grat, and burned, and exulted by turns under the magic o' the Irish Melodies,—what, I say, do they care to ken that the maker o' such immortal sangs, got a shake down, and an early breakfast frae Lord Moira, or ony ither lord.

THE DOCTOR.—Bravo! Laird, you are getting democratic in your old age.

THE LAIRD.—I'm no a bit, ye're clean wrang, democratic in the political sense o' the word? If the bit scart o' letter which you hae read had appeared in the life o' the Peer, it wad hae been quite a different part o' speech. A proud feather it wud hae been in the cap o' the highest magnate o' the land, that Moore had honored his rooftree and board.—But though the coronet might hae gloried in the reflected light o' the lyre, the lyre could gain nae glory from the coronet.

THE MAJOR.—Come, come, children, do not fall out, I beseech you! If it so please you, Sangrado, let us have a sample of the better class of literary wares which Lord John Russell has laid before his customers. Surely with all its tares the book contains a modicum of wheat.

THE DOCTOR.—Assuredly it doth, though I wish that the proportion of nutritious matter had been greater. From the auto-biographical memoir (if that be not a tautologous expression) I will read you the poet's account of his first attempt at the concoction of rhyme.

"The commencement of my career in rhyming was so very early as to be almost beyond the reach of memory. But the first instance I can recall of any attempt of mine at regular versicles was on a subject which oddly enables me to give the date with tolerable accuracy; the theme of my muse on this occasion having been a certain toy very fashionable about the year 1789 or 1790, called in French a "bandalore," and in English, a "quiz." To such a ridiculous degree did the fancy for this toy pervade at that time all ranks and ages, that in the public gardens and in the streets numbers of persons, of both sexes, were playing it up and down as they walked along; or, as my own very young doggrel described it,—

"The ladies, too, when in the streets, or walking in the Green,
Went quizzing on, to show their shapes and graceful mien.

I have been enabled to mark more certainly the date of this toy's reign, from a circumstance mentioned to me by Lord Plunket concerning the Duke of Wellington, who, at the time I am speaking of, was one of the aide-de-camps of the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and in the year 1790, according to Lord Plunket's account, must have been a member of the Irish House of Commons. "I remember," said Lord Plunket, "being on a committee with him; and, it is remarkable enough, Lord Edward Fitzgerald was also one of the members of it. The Duke (then Captain Wellesley, or Wesley?) was, I recollect, playing with one of those toys called quizzes, the whole time of the sitting of the committee." This trait of the Duke coincides perfectly with all that I have heard about this great man's apparent frivolity at that period of his life. Luttrel, indeed, who is about two years older than the Duke, and who lived on terms of intimacy with all the Castle men of those days, has the courage to own, in the face of all the Duke's present glory, that often, in speculating on the future fortunes of the young men with whom he lived, he has said to himself, in looking at Wellesley's vacant face, "Well, let who will get on in this world, *you* certainly will not." So little promise did there appear at that time of even the most ordinary success in life, in the man who has since accumulated around his name such great and lasting glory."

THE LAIRD.—Od man, but that same Luttrel must have been an even down witch for a guesser! I wonder how he looked when he heard tell o' the battle o' Waterloo!

THE DOCTOR.—I do not think that the ladies of Bermuda will weep many tears to the memory of Erin's bard. Hear how ungallantly he discourseth in a letter to his maternal parent anent the womankind of these fair regions:—

"These little islands of Bermuda form certainly one of the prettiest and most romantic spots that I could ever have imagined, and the descriptions which represent it as like a place of fairy enchantment are very little beyond the truth. From my window now as I write, I can see five or six different islands, the *most distant* not a mile from the others, and separated by the clearest, sweetest colored sea you can conceive; for the water here is so singularly transparent, that, in coming in, we could see the rocks under the ship quite plainly. These little islands are thickly covered with cedar groves, through the vistas of which you catch a few pretty white houses, which my poetical short-sightedness always transforms into temples; and I often expect to see Nymphs and Graces come tripping from them, when, to my great disappointment, I find that a few miserable negroes is all "the bloomy flush of life" it has to boast of. Indeed, you must not be surprised, dear mother, if I fall in love with the first pretty face I see on my return home, for certainly the "human face divine" has degenerated wonderfully in these countries; and if I were a painter, and wished to preserve my ideas of beauty immaculate, I would not suffer the brightest belle of Bermuda to be my housemaid."

THE MAJOR.—Is there not a description of the Falls of Niagara?

THE DOCTOR.—There is. Open your ears and listen.

"I have seen the Falls, and am all rapture and amazement. I cannot give you a better idea of what I felt than by transcribing what I wrote off hastily in my journal on returning. 'Arrived at Chippewa, within three miles of the Falls on Saturday, July 21st, to dinner. That evening walked towards the Falls, but got no further than the Rapids, which gave us a prelibation of the grandeur we had to expect. Next day, Sunday July 22d, went to visit the Falls. Never shall I forget the impression I felt at the first glimpse of them, which we got as the carriage passed over the hill that overlooks them. We were not near enough to be agitated by the terrific effects of the scene; but saw through the trees this mighty flow of waters descending with calm magnificence, and received enough of its grandeur to set imagination on the wing—imagination which, even at Niagara, can outrun reality. I felt as if approaching the residence of the Deity; the tears started into my eyes; and I remained, for moments after we had lost sight of the scene, in that delicious absorption which pious enthusiasm alone can produce. We arrived at the New Ladder, and descended to the bottom. Here all its awful sublimities rushed full upon me. But the former exquisite sensation was gone. I now saw all. The string that had been touched by the first impulse, and which *fancy* would have kept for ever in vibration, now rested in *reality*. Yet, though there was no more to imagine, there was much to feel. My whole heart and soul ascended towards the Divinity in a swell of devout admiration, which I never before experienced. Oh! bring the atheist here, and he cannot return an atheist! I pity the man who can coldly sit down to write a description of these ineffable wonders; much more do I pity him who can submit them to the admeasurement of gallons and yards. It is impossible by pen or pencil to give even a faint idea of their magnificence. Painting is lifeless; and the most burning words of poetry have all been lavished upon inferior and ordinary subjects. We must have new combinations of language to describe the Falls of Niagara.'"

THE LAIRD.—If pleasing to you, gentlemen, we'll postpone the farther consideration o' this book, till the balance thereof appears. Let

me introduce to your notice a second series o' Appleton's reprints frae the *London Times.*

THE MAJOR.—Is it equal to the first?

THE LAIRD.—Superior, if onything, in my humble opinion. There is not a single paper which is not a gem in its way. In particular, the article on *Uncle Tom's Cabin* contains many nuts weel deserving o' a deliberate cracking. Maybe you will thole me to read the concluding sentences thereof. Abolitionist as I am, the essay has made me think twice about twa or three matters that I thought my mind had been made up upon.

THE MAJOR.—*Lege*, Laird, *lege!*

THE LAIRD.—That's Greek or Gælic, I jealouse, but nae matter, here is the passage.:—

"The world is working its way towards liberty, and the blacks will not be left behind in the onward march. Since the adoption of the American Constitution, seven States have voluntarily abolished slavery. When that Constitution was proclaimed there was scarcely a free black in the country. According to the last census, the free blacks amount to 418,173, and of these 233,691 are blacks of the South, liberated by their owners, and not by the force of law. We cannot shut our eyes to these facts. Neither can we deny that, desirable as negro emancipation may be in the United States, *abolition must be the result of growth, not of revolution, must be patiently wrought out by means of the American Constitution, and not in bitter spite of it.* America cannot for any time resist the enlightened spirit of our age, and it is manifestly her interest to adapt her institutions to its temper. That she will eventually do so if she be not a divided household—if the South be not goaded to illiberality by the North—if public writers deal with the matter in the spirit of conciliation, justice, charity, and truth, we will not permit ourselves to doubt. That she is alive to the necessities of the age is manifest from the circumstance that, for the last four years, she has been busy in preparing the way for emancipation by a method that has not failed in older countries to remove national troubles almost as intolerable as that of Slavery itself. We have learnt to believe that the Old World is to be saved and renewed by means of emigration. Who shall say that the New World—in visible danger from the presence of a dark inheritance bequeathed to it by Europe—shall not be rescued by the same providential means? The negro colony of Liberia, established by the United States, extends along the Western coast of Africa, a distance of more than 500 miles. The civilized black population amounts to 8,000 souls. The heathen population is over 200,000. The soil of the colony is fertile, its exports are daily increasing, it has already entered into diplomatic relations with Great Britain and France. A Government is established, which might have been framed by the whitest skins; 2,000 communicants are in connection with its churches; 1,500 children attend its Sabbath Schools. Education has become—would that it were so here—a national obligation; and the work of instruction and conversion is carried on by educated negroes among their brethren, who cannot fail to appreciate the service and accept the blessing. The refuge afforded by Liberia for the gradual reception of the manumitted and civilized slaves of the United States, we hold to be the most promising element in the question, upon the tranquil settlement of which the happiness and political existence of the United States depend. It will enable America to save herself, and to achieve a work far nobler than that of winning her own political independence. The civilization of Africa hangs largely upon her wisdom. A quarter of the world may be Christianized by the act which enables America to perform the first of Christian duties. We have said that the process of liberation is going on, and that we are convinced the South, in its own interests, will not be laggard in the labor. Liberia and similar spots on the earth's surface proffer aid to the South, which cannot be rejected with safety. That the aid may be accepted with alacrity and good heart, let us have no more *Uncle Tom's Cabins* engendering ill-will, keeping up bad blood, and rendering well-disposed, humane, but critically-placed men their own enemies and the stumbling-blocks to civilization and to the spread of glad tidings from Heaven.

THE DOCTOR.—There is much truth in these remarks, begging Mrs. Stowe's pardon for being so bold as to say so.

THE MAJOR.—Here is a novel, oh, Doctor! which I commend to your very special attention. It is to be *read*, mind you, and not dipped into.

THE DOCTOR.—What name does it answer to?

THE MAJOR.—*Basil, a story of Modern life. By Edward Wilkie Collins, Author of "Antonina," "Rambles beyond Railways," &c.*

THE DOCTOR.—The title likes me not. Your *modern life stories* are, generally speaking, pestilently dull affairs, abounding with wax candles and silver plate, redolent of musk and attar of roses.

THE MAJOR.—Mr. Collins, I can assure you, deals in no such combustibles. The fiction which I refer to is composed of sterner stuff. William Godwin in his freshest and most vigorous days might have fathered *Basil*, without a blush. It is a story full of terrible earnestness, and though the writer strikes but a few notes, these thrill you like the blast of a giant's trumpet. Since the appearance of Jane Eyre I have read nothing to compare with this most masterly tale. It is bone, sinew, and muscle from beginning to end. Besides Basil, I have just finished perusing another delightful volume published recently by the Harpers. This is the book,—"*Corneille and his times.*"

THE DOCTOR.—It strikes me like a dream, that I have seen something very like it, many years ago.

THE MAJOR.—Very probably. In his preface the author says:—"I have reprinted in the present volume, one of the first works of my youth,—a work published for the first time nearly forty years ago. I have made many changes in it."

THE DOCTOR.—I now distinctly remember the essay. It contains some excellent criticisms.

THE MAJOR.—Unquestionably it does, but still I am free to confess that the cogitations of the accomplished author are infinitely too *French* for my rough Anglo-Saxon taste. My faculty to appreciate Corneille was in a great measure destroyed by being early indoctrinated with Shakespeare and Milton.

THE LAIRD.—It's just in reading as in eating. Once feed man wi' roast beef and haggis, and sich like substantial realities, and a cog fu' o' puddocks, though stewed by the head cook o' Epicurus himself, would present few attractions to him!

THE DOCTOR.—I have just turned up Guizot's estimate of Paul Scarron's "*Roman Comique.*"

THE MAJOR.—Pray read it.

THE DOCTOR.—After speaking of some of the leading actors in that celebrated fiction, the author says :—

"The scenes in which these different actors appear are varied; the descriptions are vivid, animated, and striking; in a word, although the "Roman Comique" is not marked by that force of observation, and that fund of philosophical truth which place "Gil Blas" in the first rank of productions of this kind, we find it characterized at least by great fidelity in the reproduction of external and laughable forms, by consummate talent in their arrangement and delineation, by an imagination most fruitful in the invention of details, by a careful choice of circumstances, and by a measure of pleasantry which we were not perhaps prepared to expect from the author; in a word, we find in it all those qualities which can entitle it to high praise, not as a burlesque composition, but, as its name indicates, as a really comic work."

THE MAJOR.—That passage confirms me in an opinion which I have long ago arrived at, that a wide difference exists between the perceptive instincts of the French and English, so far as an appreciation of humor is concerned. A dozen times, at least, have I attempted to read this same *Comic Romance*, but always was constrained to lay down the book with a yawn and a *scunner*, as our messmate the Laird would say. I cannot conceive how the man who could relish Tom Jones or Don Quixote, could by any possibility be reduced into a smile, to say nothing of a laugh, by the *humor* of Scarron.

THE DOCTOR.—And yet you see that a critic of unquestionable skill, like Guizot, ranks the "*Romance*" with "*Gil Blas*," and even awards the palm of superiority to the former.

THE MAJOR.—It is in truth passing strange, and furnishes to my mind the most bewildering of all mental puzzles. In every page does Gil Blas sparkle and vibrate with humor to *my* apprehension, whilst Scarron's production is flat and vapid as an uncorked bottle of soda-water. But I say, the poor Laird has emigrated to the land of Nod! Hush! what is he muttering in his slumbers?

THE LAIRD.—Haud ye'r hand, Major! No anither drap, if you should gang down on your bended knees! I'm a sober man, and no even Father Matthew himsell, could egg me on to tak mair than sax horns at ae sitting.—Snore—snore—snore!!

THE MAJOR.—Poor fellow, it is a pity to disturb him; however, wake him, Doctor, and let us into supper; perhaps a cup of good bohea or coffee may rouse him for our *post cœnam* discussions. [*The Laird is roused and the party retire.*]

AFTER SUPPER SEDERUNT.

MAJOR, LAIRD, DOCTOR, AND MRS. GRUNDY.

THE MAJOR.—Now, Laird, that you have sufficiently refreshed the inner man, we will proceed.

THE LAIRD.—I feel like an awaukened giant. Mrs. Grundy, hae ye ony particular receipt for masking tea, and whaur do ye get your jeely and your honey, they are maist deleecious, there's something prime in a bap wi' fresh honey that has amaist the perfume o' the morning dew. Hae ye mony skeps, Mem?

THE MAJOR.—Never mind the skeps, Laird. Here are Colonial Chit-Chat, and News from Abroad. Our Chit-Chat for the past month is meagre, but the Parliamentary recess accounts for that. The News from Abroad you will find important.

The Major reads:—

During the past month the construction of a new Government is the main topic of interest; for, be it observed, her Majesty the Queen accepted the resignation of the Derby Cabinet with the best possible grace. And indeed she could scarcely do otherwise, since there was nothing in the state of political parties to render it incumbent upon her to urge Lord Derby's continuance in office, and her own personal predilections could not assuredly have pointed that way. To the Earl of Aberdeen, then, was confided the post of Prime Minister of Great Britain, and the task of forming a new Administration. The latter duty was mainly fulfilled, within a week after the discomfiture of Mr. Disraeli in the House of Commons; and how effectively it has been fulfilled, may be seen elsewhere in the list of the new Ministers. In point of talent, of official experience, of Parliamentary weight, and of general repute, a superior list has, we believe, never been presented to a British Sovereign. Every one generally is so cognizant of this fact, and of the capabilities and antecedents of the leaders therein named, that it would be a waste of time to recapitulate them. But the country, readily acknowledging the personal claims of these nobles and gentlemen upon its admiration, perceives at the same time the marvellous incongruity that distinguishes this Cabinet as a whole. Can such discordant materials be worked up to practical ends, without sacrifices of individual opinion that must draw down universal contempt? That is the question which men have already begun to ask; and to which a fitting reply can only be made as time progresses. The new Premier has attempted to solve all difficulty and anticipate all reproach, by declaring that for many years past there have been no important differences of opinion amongst the men who com-

pose his Administration; and he somewhat lamely settles the question by intimating that he could not possibly have united with certain of his colleagues, unless he and they had been the same at heart. "The in-coming Whigs," says his Lordship, "are Conservative-Liberals; I myself am a Liberal-Conservative—so there's an end of the matter." Unanimity as regards a commercial tariff is to take the place of all other bonds of sympathy; and unpleasant souvenirs of former acts and speeches are to be obviated by a dexterous shifting of place. This seems to us but a poor expedient. Men of ability will indeed easily fall into the routine of duties attendant on the holding of any appointment; but the value of their precious experience must be deteriorated by the abandonment of one office and the acceptance of another. Who, for instance, can avoid a smile, on finding Viscount Palmerston nominated to the Home Office. It absolutely makes one laugh, to think of the man who has stood before the world for so many years as the exponent of England's foreign policy settling himself down to the affairs of the magistracy, the militia, or the police? Imagine him whose thought has been of the balance of power, of the adjustment of treaties, and of the rise and fall of nations, pondering over a sentence pronounced at the Court of Sessions, and denounced perchance in the *Times*, or gravely considering the allotted diet of a convict-ship! What moreover will be said of us abroad, when it is found that the Earl of Aberdeen and Lord Palmerston, who have been looked upon as rivals in the Foreign Office, have consented to sit at the same Council Board, and that associated with them is that same Lord John Russell, who ejected from his ministry that same Lord Palmerston, so short a time ago, and who has now the temerity to take possession of the Foreign Office himself? The best that they can say will be that we Englishmen are very incomprehensible fellows. Beyond a certain degree of fitness for any civil duty, Lord John has so little to recommend him as the director of our international affairs, that we trust there is truth in the rumour that he is but keeping the place warm for Lord Clarenden.—Sir James Graham, again, when he vacated the Home Office left certain unpleasant reminiscences behind him. These ought to be forgotten, now that we have him once more at the head of the Admiralty, for which place he has many qualifications, although in him is renewed the monstrous absurdity of a civilian heading such a department.—As Secretary of the Admiralty, Mr. Sidney Herbert stood well before the public; in the general shuffle he now comes forth as Secretary at War, in order that he may have a seat in the Cabinet. Here again is experience misapplied; for although he has served in his present capacity, it was but for a brief period.—It has been erroneously said that the Greys are excluded; for we find them here represented in the person of Sir Charles Wood, Earl Grey's brother-in-law, the infelicitous Chancellor of the Exchequer under the Russell-Grey régime. In this case, no one can regret his transfer to another post; although why the East India Department should be saddled with such a supervisor, it were hard to say. This is the weakest appointment made; though from it we learn that the very fortunate family above-named has still a political existence. They deserve some commiseration, however; Sir Charles's patronage in his new position is very limited.—No Post-Master-General appears yet in the list. No wonder; it must be hard to satisfy the claimants from so many sections of party.—Mr. Cardwell, the new President of the Board of Trade, is excluded from the Cabinet, being without a seat in Parliament.—But the most remarkable of all the new appointments seems to us to be that of Sir William Molesworth, a man of brilliant talents, but hitherto regarded as an uncompromising Radical. This effort to appease the ultra-Liberals can scarcely win their good-will, nor can it escape remark, that Sir William's duties lie more apart from political movements than those of any of his associates. Still, his constituents will complain, if he smother his well-known tendencies; and these have nothing in common with the Government of which he has become a member.—The new Lord Chancellor was known as Solicitor-General, when Mr. Rolfe, and has subsequently, as Vice-Chancellor, acquired a fair degree of favor with his brethren. He is not, however, a Lyndhurst in debate, nor a Sugden in legal knowledge.—The new Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, the Earl of St. Germains, came into public life as Lord Eliot. He was Secretary for Ireland under Sir Robert Peel. When it was surmised that Lord Palmerston was probably balancing between the Conservatives and the Radicals, who could have forseen an alliance with both at the same time? We trusted also that Lord Aberdeen would take our foreign policy under his immediate supervision. Who could have dreamed that it would be entrusted to Lord John Russell; or that the latter could have sunk from the office of Prime Minister to that of Secretary of State? He has certainly an example in Lord Goderich, the present Earl of Ripon; but that nobleman, if we remember rightly, was much quicker in discovering his own unfitness to rule the State, than the country was in finding out Lord John's.

Few events in "the old country" of stirring import have lately occurred; though with more time at our disposal we might extract a little pith from the leading articles of the London papers.—The *Times* has been loud, and deservedly so, in its reprobation of the appointment of Sir Fleetwood Pellew, as successor to the late Rear Admiral Austen in the command of our East India squadron. Sir Fleetwood is a veteran; and not having been at sea for many years, it is fairly presumed that he will be unfit to contend against the enervating effects of the Indian climate. General Godwin's dilatory proceedings in the Rangoon war give additional effect to this appeal to the new Lord of the Admiralty. The Duke of Northumberland, hitherto much commended, made the objectionable nomination.—Lord Malmesbury also has come in for a share of the Thunderer's ire, for having given to his brother and his cousin respectively two lucrative diplomatic offices.

THE ABERDEEN ADMINISTRATION.

First Lord of the Treasury The Earl of Aberdeen.
Lord Chancellor .... Lord Cranworth.
Chancellor of Exchequer, Mr. Gladstone.

Secretaries of State,	Home..	Lord Palmerston.
	Foreign	Lord John Russell.
	Colonial	The Duke of Newcastle.

First Lord of Admiralty. Sir James Graham.
President of the Council. Earl Granville.
Lord Privy Seal......... The Duke of Argyll.
Secretary at War...... Mr. Sidney Herbert.
President of the Board of Control............. Sir C. Wood.
First Commissioner of Public Works....... Sir W. Molesworth.
The Marquis of Lansdowne,
The above form the Cabinet.

In addition, we believe the following appointments have taken place:—

President of the Board of Trade.............. Mr. Cardwell.
President of the Poor Law Board.............. M. T. Baines.
Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster......... E. Strutt.
Lord-Lt. of Ireland..... Lord St. Germains.
Chief Secretary to Lord-Lt. of Ireland........ Sir J. Young.
Lord Chancellor of Ireland............... M. Brady.
Attorney-Gen. for Ireland Mr. Brewster.
Lords of the Admiralty { Hon. W. F. Cowper and Admiral Berkeley.
Attorney-General...... Sir A. Cockburn.
Vice-Chancellor........ Sir W. P. Wood.
Judge-Advocate-General Mr. C. P. Villiers.
Lord of the Treasury... Mr. Sadler.
Under Secretary of State for the Colonies...... Mr. F. Peel
Under-Secretary of State for Foreign affairs.... Lord Wodehouse.
Secretary of the Treasury G. Hayter.
Joint-Secretaries of the Board of Control..... R. Lowe, A. H. Layard.
Clerk of the Ordnance.. Mr. Monsell.
Vice-Chamberlain of Her Majesty's Household.. Lord E. Bruce.
Treasurer of Do..... The Earl of Mulgrave.
Comptroller of Do...... Lord Drumlanrig.

For the convenience of comparison, we subjoin lists of the three last preceding Cabinets:—

SIR R. PEEL'S.

First Lord of the Treasury Sir R. Peel.
Chancellor of Exchequer Henry Goulbourn.
Lord Chancellor......... Lord Lyndhurst.
President of the Council. Lord Wharncliffe.

Secretaries of State,	Home..	Sir J. Graham.
	Foreign.	Earl of Aberdeen.
	Colonial	Lord Stanley.

First Lord of Admiralty Earl of Haddington.
President of the Board of Control............. Earl of Ripon.
President of the Board of Trade.............. Thomas Gladstone.
Privy Seal............ Duke of Buccleuch.
Secretary at War...... Sir T. Freemantle.
Paymaster-Gen., Treasurer of Navy and Ordnance................ Sir E. Knatchbull.
Commander of the Forces Duke of Wellington.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL'S.

First Lord of the Treasury Lord J. Russell.
Chancellor of Exchequer Sir C. Wood.
Lord Chancellor........ Lord Truro.
President of the Council. Marquis of Lansdowne.
Lord Privy Seal........ Earl of Minto.

Secretaries of State,	Home..	Sir G. Grey.
	Foreign.	Vis. Palmerston, Lord Granville.
	Colonial	Earl Grey.

First Lord of Admiralty. Sir F. T. Baring.
President of the Board of Control............. Lord Broughton.
Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster......... Earl of Carlisle.
President of the Board of Trade.............. H. Labouchere.
Postmaster-General..... Marquis of Clanricarde.
Secretary at War....... Hon. Fox Maule.
Paymaster-General, and Vice-President of the Board of Trade...... Earl Granville.
First Commissioner of Public Works....... Lord Seymour.

LORD DERBY'S.

President of the Council. Earl of Lonsdale.
Lord High Chancellor... Lord St. Leonard's
First Lord of the Treasury Earl of Derby.
Lord Privy Seal........ Marquis of Salisbury
Chancellor of Exchequer B. Disraeli.

Secretaries of State,	Home..	S. H. Walpole.
	Foreign.	Earl of Malmesbury.
	Colonial	Sir J. Pakington.

First Lord of Admiralty. Duke of Northumberland
President of the Board of Control............. J. C. Herries.
President of the Board of Trade.............. J. W. Henley.
Commissioner of Woods and Forests......... Lord J. R. Manners.

THE BURMAH WAR.

It is now a year since General Godwin left his divisional command at Umballah to lead the expedition against the Burmese. The Governor General imagined that General Godwin's experience in the former war made him the most fitting person to command the troops about to be employed; and hence Lord Dalhousie's selection, which was most cordially approved of by the majority of military men in India. From first to last our operations against the Burmese have been one huge bungle and chapter of absurd accidents, First, the mutiny of the 38th N.I., which might have been avoided by decent management; then, the want of co-operation on the part of the Madras authorities, arising out of some petty jealousy engendered by the fact that nearly all the Staff appointments had been monopolized by the Bengal officers; then, the differences which arose between the Commodore and the General, touching the advisability, or otherwise, of immediately attacking Prome.

It is very easy to hold Gen. Godwin responsible for the delays which have taken place, and to blame him accordingly: but the question is—was General Godwin a free agent? Had he discretionary power? Or was he fettered by instructions from the Marquis of Dalhousie, conveyed in

"private and confidential" communications? We do not mean to say that General Godwin *was* so fettered; but we have reason to think it premature to blame that General for not having had recourse to more active measures. Military men of General Godwin's stamp scrupulously avoid anything in the shape of individual responsibility or risk. Aye, military men of even greater standing and repute are prone to do this, as witness Sir Joseph Thackwell (at Soodalapore), who, with the power of terminating at once the second Sikh campaign, conned over the instructions he had received from Lord Gough, and abided by them, to the very letter. If a healthier order of things existed in India, we should have a Commander-in-Chief whose faculties were equal to great emergencies, and whose judgment ought not to be subjected to the will of a Governor General utterly ignorant of matters military. His Excellency the Commander-in Chief of the forces in India, Sir W. Gomm, is probably at this moment presiding at a pic-nic party in the vicinity of Simlah, while a Divisional Commander is carrying on (or rather *not* carrying on) the war in Burmah under instructions from the late President of the Board of Trade, the Marquis of Dalhousie! Poor old Sir William Gomm, when he heard that the troops were about to embark for Rangoon, did, with characteristic kindness and good nature, intimate his intention of "seeing them off;" but Lord Dalhousie courteously dissuaded him from undertaking a journey which would be as arduous to His Excellency as costly to the East India Company.

The *Daily News* has an able article on the Burmese war; but it touches principally on the finance part of the business. The *Daily News* says:—

Lord Dalhousie, intends, it is said, to make the present war pay its own cost. So did Lord Amherst, in 1824–6; but he failed to do so, and Lord Dalhousie will also fail. For where is the King of Ava, golden-footed though he be, to procure such a sum as fifteen millions sterling? There is no such amount in all his dominions. In that case Lord Dalhousie threatens to annex whole provinces of the Burmese Empire. That, however, will aggravate, instead of diminishing the cost of this quarrel. For the financial results of all our recent annexations and absorptions have seriously increased instead of diminishing, the annual deficits in the Indian Treasury. Scinde, at the present time, is a burthen on the general revenues of India (beyond its receipts) of £200,000 a-year. In the Punjaub the cost of its civil government alone nearly eats up all its revenue, and leaves almost the whole expenses of its military establishments, necessarily very large, to be provided for by what Lord Hardinge calls "the State," but what we prefer designating "the people of India." When Lord Dalhousie absorbed the little state of Sattarah, he led the Court of Directors to expect a profit of some £200,000 a-year from its acquisition. The result has, however, falsified his expectations; and the loss compels the court to upbraid his lordship by saying, "we certainly were not prepared to find that the annexation of Sattarah would entail a charge upon the general resources of India." What right, then, have we to expect profit to the government of India from any territory we may acquire from the King of Ava? None at all.

THE KAFFIR WAR.

The war is not yet brought to a close. Operations of the most vigorous nature are, up to the last accounts, being carried on against the Kaffirs, who although repeatedly attacked, dispersed, pursued, and killed in great numbers, are neither, as yet, reduced to submission nor driven across the Kei.

It appears from the latest intelligence from the Cape that the anticipations so recently expressed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer respecting the Kaffir War have been premature. That savage tribe, although driven by the valour of our troops from their favorite strongholds, is still unsubdued. Their most celebrated chiefs are still at large, and although the number of their followers has been thinned by death and desertion, they have hitherto contrived to baffle the vigilance of their opponents. If Sir Harry Smith had remained at his post we should have probably known a good deal more of the position and relative strength of the contending parties. That gallant officer was communicative to a fault; and being, at the same time, a ready and graphic writer, he rendered us thoroughly acquainted with all the varied movements of this remarkable contest. The despatches of his successor present a striking contrast to the compositions of Sir Harry Smith. General Cathcart errs, perhaps, on the side of brevity; but no one can dispute that his government has been characterised by great energy and good sense; and we sincerely hope that, in a very short time, we shall hear that this costly, but inglorious war has been brought to a successful close.

AUSTRALIAN GOLD.

The accounts of gold in Australia become more marvellous than ever. The most recent accounts state that a few days later advices have been received, and it appears that even during that time new and extensive deposits have been discovered. Returns are also given of the amounts sent down by escort from Mount Alexander and Balarat mines, to the Colony of Victoria, to the seaport of Melbourne alone, from October, 1851, to the end of August, which show the steady increase of the yield. They were as follows:—

	Ounces.
October, 1851	18,482
November, "	60,878
December, "	169,684
January, 1852	107,216
February, "	111,778
March, "	123,778
April, "	135,112
May, "	138,906
June, "	162,990
July, " (after the rains)	353,182
August, "	350,968

Besides 40,000 ounces from adjoining localities, making an aggregate of 1,771,974 ounces worth, £4 sterling, or $20 per ounce. This, however, does not nearly represent the entire amount collected even in Victoria alone, since the miners retain considerable quantities in their own hands, and it is, consequently, estimated that the actual

produce for the eleven months cannot have been less than 2,000,000 ounces, worth £10,000,000 sterling. The yield from the gold fields in New South Wales, brought down to Sydney, remains to be added, and the recent discovery of an extensive tract in South Australia will likewise have to be taken into account. In each of the three colonies there is enough, it is now believed, to reward all the population that can pour in for years. The New South Wales or Sydney mines have been in a great measure neglected, on account of the scarcity of hands, but they are believed to be almost interminable in extent, and in some parts nearly as rich as Mt. Alexander in Victoria. One large tract of 313,000 acres belongs to the Australian Agricultural Company, founded in London about twenty-eight years ago, and during the present week they have received advices that the whole of it seems to be richly impregnated with gold, and that it is impossible to estimate its wealth. It abounds likewise with quartz; and some pieces actually picked from the surface by the Government commissioner, and subsequently tested at Sydney, were found to yield 8 pounds 4 ounces per ton, or in sterling value £350 or £400.

THE CONTINENT.

From France we learn that the positive announcements, so long circulated, of an existing engagement between the Emperor and the Princess Vasa, have proved to be false, and the Princess has preferred Prince Albert of Saxony, to whom she is positively engaged.

And now for Colonial Chit-Chat. (*Major continues*):—

GAOLS IN UPPER CANADA.

Public attention has recently been strongly directed to the disgraceful condition of the prisons in some of the leading cities and towns in Upper Canada. Measures, we are happy to say, are in progress to remedy the evil, so far as Hamilton and London gaols are concerned; and it is to be hoped that before long we may have it in our power to make a similar statement in reference to Toronto. In the prison of this city, want of room renders anything in the shape of classification almost impracticable, so that the comparatively uncorrupted youth is frequently caged with the ruffian grown hoary in crime.

A LITERARY GEM.

The *Conservative Expositor* vouches for the following, as a literal copy of the Rules and Regulations adopted by the School Trustees of School Section No. 14, in the Township of Nissouri, Oxford. It is worthy of preservation as a curiosity of literature:—

"Thou shalt not lie thou shalt not swear thou shalt not speak a smutty or blagard talk thou shalt not steal thy neighbour's dinner his ink or handle his books or anything that is his

no whispering no laughing no leaving Seats with liberty nor meddle with books Slates pens nor ink without liberty no quareling no lying no fitting no Swearing Stealing nor telling tales out of School no disputing no bad language no pushing each other in the mud nor in the dich on the road home

any Children coming without proper books their parents to be no te fyed by a letter if not punctually attended to shall be liable to be dismissed from School.

HENRY B NICHOLS
JONN BROOK."

HON. ROBERT BALDWIN.

The Hon. Robert Baldwin has written a letter to the Hon. Francis Hincks, which appears in one of the organs at Quebec. Alluding to a statement made by a contemporary, that "Mr. Hincks had participated in throwing Mr. Baldwin overboard, * * * because it answered his purpose to remain in office," Mr. Baldwin says:—"It would seem, therefore, not to be generally known, that at the time I felt it to be my duty to resign, in consequence of the division on the Chancery question, you offered to go out with me, and that it was upon my urging you not to do so, and pointing out the difference in our relative positions, with respect to that question, that you abstained from tendering your resignation at the same time; and that you not only exerted yourself to promote my return for North York, at the general election, but showed every desire consistent with your position, that I should be returned for Niagara, upon your electing to sit for Oxford." Mr. Baldwin adds, he had at first thought of making these facts known in Toronto, but finally concluded to send them to Mr. Hincks, in order that he might do with them what he deemed the "most desirable," which appears to be publication in an organ.

UPPER CANADA COMMON SCHOOLS.

The number of teachers employed in 1851 was 3,277, being 199 less than in 1850. The report says, "this shews there were fewer changes of teachers in 1851 than 1850—there being not three hundred more teachers employed than there were schools in operation." The number of first class certificates given to teachers during 1851 was 378; second class certificates, 1,272; third ditto, 1,547; total, 3,187: being 247 less than the number of teachers licensed by Local Superintendents in 1850. Efforts are made to prune the profession as much as possible of incompetent teachers. Very few teachers are employed who do not profess some religious persuasion. The number of 81 is given in the table, under the heading "other persuasions and those not reported;" and of that number it is believed 61 belong to some sect or other. The largest decrease is of Methodist and Baptist teachers; the smallest, of members of the Church of England; while there is an increase in the number of Quakers. The average rate of salaries of teachers presents a gratifying improvement. It was for male teachers, in 1850, without board, £52 4s.; in 1851, £55 12s.; for female teachers, in 1850, £31 10s.; in 1851, £33 10s.

GRAND TRUNK RAILROAD.

The Montreal *Pilot* states, it is informed on good authority, that the contract for the Grand Trunk Railroad from Montreal to Toronto, has been signed by Mr. Jackson and his associates, on the arrival in London of the Hon. Mr. Ross. The line from Toronto to Hamilton has been undertaken by another contractor, at £1,000 more per mile than the Grand Trunk Line. The prospects of the Trois Pistoles Railroad are good.

ST. JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK.

We copy the following account, in relation to the prosperity of St. John, from the *News* of that city:—

"We have passed through one of the finest, if not the finest, business seasons ever known to New Brunswick. Our ships, timber and deals, have brought satisfactory prices in the English market. We have had a long warm summer. The harvest has been most abundant. The hay crop which fell short in some localities, has been made up in quantity, by the open fall weather, which we have been enjoying for some time. A farmer and a man of judgment informs us, that this favourable season has been equal to one-sixth added to the agricultural wealth of the Province for the last summer. Another farmer states that he has saved £25 worth of hay, up to the present time, comparing this with the last season. Our merchants have done an active business during the present year; and as a proof that our mechanics have not been idle, we may state that carpenters in the ship yards are now receiving 7s. 6d. per day. At the suspension bridge they are obtaining 10s. In the city we believe good house carpenters are getting 7s. 6d. Other operatives corresponding rates. Our dry goods and other business folks, have likewise made good profits during the past summer, if we may judge from the number of people going in and coming out of the stores. Money has been abundant. The banks have been considerate and accommodating, wherever the securities have answered. The city is in a perfect state of solvency. It never was more so. More buildings have been erected this year than during any year before, while some of them would do credit to any city in the world—for example, those brick edifices in King Street."

The accounts from Nova Scotia state that Mr. Howe has been successful in his English mission, and that he can obtain any amount of money for railroad purposes, at 6 per cent., on Provincial security. Also, that the Government were willing to re-open negociations for affording the Imperial guarantee to build the Northern line, which Mr. Hincks so contemptuously rejected.

We learn from the Niagara *Chronicle* that the result of the recent Municipal Elections in the County of Welland is *another tie* upon the question of separation from Lincoln—five of the constituencies having elected Councillors in favor of, and five against such separation.

The colonial-built (St. Johns, N. B.) ship Marco Polo, 1625 tons, Captain Forbes, has made the unrivalled passage from Liverpool, 3rd July, to Melbourne, Australia, in 68 days, and back in 75 days! She sailed from Melbourne 11th October, and arrived at Liverpool on the 26th of December.

THE MAJOR.—And now, Doctor, for your contributions.

THE DOCTOR.—Science and Art, have I none, for the selections that I would fain make, are long and unsuitable for our purpose, besides, I really think that *Silliman's* and our own *Canadian Journal*, are such valuable works, that it is something like presumption in us to attempt more than a bare record of any startling discovery,—referring the reader interested in those matters to these journals, for particular information. My Music is here. The song is, as usual, from our talented friend, the Mus. Bac. My remarks, if somewhat severe, are yet, I think, better than unmeaning and unqualified praise. Now, Laird.

THE LAIRD.—Here are my "Facts," and I hope they will do some guid to the rising generation,—for I hae waled them with muckle care for their especial behoof. (*Laird reads*) :—

PROFESSIONAL EDUCATION OF FARMERS.

The farmer is, or ought to be, the perfection, the highest grade of the human family in private life; but, as a general rule, he is not so. I have mixed much with all classes of society in this country, and can say frankly that I have met with more genuine gentlemen in the country, on farms and plantations, than in cities and towns. I have found but one fault in all my intercourse with country people, that is calculated to degrade them, and that is almost universally prevalent; and so long as it does prevail it must continue to degrade the profession. It is the absence of a proper *esprit de corps*, and in its place, a longing desire for other professions. They "look *down*" upon their own profession, and *up* to every other. They educate their sons for lawyers, doctors, divines, merchants; and those who cannot be thus educated, educate *themselves* for farmers, *as it happens.* Is not this the truth?

Now this must be reformed entirely. Farmers must be ambitious of becoming great farmers, instead of great lawyers and doctors; and farmers' sons and daughters must be enabled to see in their father's profession, a station and standing sufficiently exalted to satisfy the highest ambition. But how can this be accomplished? By a proper system of education. At present the great end and aim of education is what is called professional—that is, the student is being educated for a lawyer, &c. Take the catalogue of our colleges, and where you will find one student preparing for an agricultural life, you will find five hundred preparing for other professions. If a farmer has two sons, and the one exhibits a modicum of intellectual "smartness," and the other the same amount of dullness, the former is forthwith sent to the law-school, the latter to the barn-yard.

Among all that has been written on the subject of education of farmers' sons, I have not seen what I consider the proper idea inculcated. It is true, we are continually furnished with essays recommending the establishment of agricultural schools, colleges, farm schools, &c., but they do not contain the germ from which the future tree must grow. Legislatures must not be looked to to establish schools. Farmers must establish them themselves. Lawyers, and doctors, and divines establish their own schools, and why not farmers? These professions would fare poorly, just as the farmers do, if they were to depend upon the legislatures to establish medical schools, &c., for them. No; they first put their shoulders to the wheel, and then call upon Hercules. But the great idea, so universally overlooked, is, that the farmers must first appreciate the respectab-

lity, the gentility of their own profession, before they can be induced to take the proper measures to insure a thorough professional education for their sons. They must cultivate a spirit of respect for themselves and their profession; and consider no other class of men, no other profession superior or more respectable than their own. They should do as other professions do, associate and consult together upon their own professional affairs; establish schools and colleges for the education of the young; and, in fact, do as all other professions do to advance their own interest.

Let us sketch a plan of education, and as a model we will take the medical profession. What does a man do who has a son that he wishes to make a doctor of? He selects some good physician, and puts his son with him to study, two or three years. This is to give him a theoretical knowledge of the rudiments. The physician will instruct him as to the books he must read, make him acquainted with the minor practical duties of the profession, and give him opportunities for such practice as may be considered proper. This is an apprenticeship. After a proper length of study in the office, he is sent to the medical college, where he completes his theoretical studies, and has the advantage of the clinical practice in the infirmary or hospital, and at a proper time, after sufficient examination, he receives his diploma.

Now, farmers should do the same with those of their sons they intend for farmers. They should instruct them in the principles as well as the practice of their art; they should put books into their hands to be studied; they should, in fact, be carried through a regular apprenticeship. When they have gone through with this preliminary study of theoretical and practical farming, such as can be given them at home, or with some respectable farmer, they are prepared for the higher school studies. Every county should have at least one high Agricultural School, established and supported by the farmers, both in the science or theory, and practice of agriculture. Until the farmer adopt a system of this sort, it is impossible that they can ever attain to that high professional standing that is enjoyed by other professions.

What, let us ask, is the system at present in vogue? The boy grows up on the farm, and sees as little of the farm-work as he possibly can. No one explains to him the why and because of any operation. If his parents are able, he is sent to some neighboring school, where he learns to read and write, and possibly to "cypher" some; but he learns to envy the condition of the schoolmaster, the clerk in the store, the doctor's students, and the lawyer's young men, and to hate the idea of returning to the work of a plain farmer. Here is the root of the evil, and I do not see how it is to be eradicated, except by a radical change in the school system, and in the minds of the farmers themselves, as to the standing and character of a farmer's profession. If the young be induced to consider the profession of a farmer as dignified and *genteel* as that of any other class, they would not so readily imbibe a dislike for it. This can be accomplished by a proper systematic course of instruction at home, and by schools properly instituted and managed.

As a general rule, every class of people enjoy precisely the character and standing in society that they themselves select. If the members of any profession, as a body, select a high grade of standing, and use the means for attaining it, they must and will occupy it. But if they merely look upon this high grade with an envious eye, and take no measures for securing it to themselves, they will most assuredly never attain it. There is a very prevalent idea among practical working people, that *other* people look upon them as a degraded class. In all my experience, I have found this idea to have originated with themselves, and that the other classes, without their suggestion, would never have thought of such a thing. Self-respect should induce every man to put a proper estimate upon his own claims to the respect of others, and preclude the idea that any one else *can*, much less *does*, underrate them.

FARM ECONOMY.

"I am not *rich enough* to be economical," said a young friend of ours, when we strongly recommended to him the profits of a certain improvement. "The want of means compels me to work constantly to a disadvantage, and I cannot enjoy the privileges and profits of my richer neighbors." This is a difficulty in which many intelligent farmers have found themselves placed, and from which they would most gladly be extricated. Innumerable instances are occurring in their daily practice, where they could secure golden results, had they only the lever of capital placed in their hands; but as they are now situated, they seem to themselves like the man who is digging the earth with his unassisted hands, or the one who is compelled to carry water in an egg-shell, while their more fortunate neighbors are turning up the deep soil with the most perfect instruments, or sending streams of refreshment and fertility through easy channels over their entire farms. Now, we are not about to plan a "royal road" of escape from this difficulty; it must be met and conquered. If the attack is rightly made, the conquest will be comparatively easy; if wrongly, it will be the discouraging and formidable task of a life-time.

The eager inquiry is now made, What is the easiest mode of conquest? We answer, the first and great leading means, is a large fund of thorough and practical *knowledge*. The man who, by a close observation of results in his own practice and in the experience of others, in connection with the immense amount of useful *suggestions* (to say nothing of distinct practical directions) contained in the best publications of the day, possesses, even with a very short purse, a vast advantage over the short-sighted, ignorant, and unobservant capitalist. He will turn to advantage, even with his very limited means, a thousand resources which others would allow to sleep unemployed for ever.

We once had occasion to observe the contrast in the condition of two young farmers, one of whom had a four-hundred acre farm "left" to him; the other had but fifty acres, which he had paid for in part, by previously laboring on a farm for some years by the month in summer, and teaching a district school in winter. The one had the capital of money which his own hands had never earned; the other possessed the more valuable capital of knowledge and indomitable perseverance. The young heir was more interested in

riding about, in parties, balls, &c., than in the details of farming, and knew the contents of every newspaper much better than of any agricultural journal. His farm became an exact reflection of its owner's character. Fences were soon obscured by belts of alders, blackberries, and burdocks; and buildings showed marks of premature age, and became dilapidated. There was a thirty-acre marsh, which might have been drained, but it never was. And there was a patch of Canada thistles which filled one twelve-acre field, and part of another, which he could have destroyed in one season, had he known how others had done. One hundred and eighty loads of manure, as estimated at one time by a neighbor, were allowed to lie a whole year about his barn, without application. His cattle were of the long-horned, big-headed, sharp-backed breed. His swine were the Long-bristled Racers. His profits in farming may be easily guessed. There was a general complaint among his neighbors, that his debts were never met within six months after the appointed pay-day, and that he endured a sharp dun with extraordinary patience. It is true, necessity drove him to retrench his expenses, and the improved examples about him induced him to amend his practice, but not until his farm was reduced to less than half its original size, by portions sold off at three different times to satisfy mortgages.

Well, what became of the young fifty-acre farmer, we are asked. He has ceased to be a "fifty-acre farmer." He began by examining closely what improvements could be made, of whatever character and kind, whether cheap or expensive. Among these he was compelled to select first, the cheap improvements, or those which promised the largest profits for the smallest outlay. One of the first of these was the draining of a three-acre alder swamp, a large portion of which he did with his own hands in autumn, between seeding and threshing. He had read of success with *brush drains ;* he constructed all the side or secondary channels by filling them at the bottom with the bushes cut from the ground, which enabled him to accomplish the work at less than half the usual price. These brush drains have now stood many years, and the brush being wholly excluded from the external air, has not decayed, and they carry off the little water required, being numerous, and at regular intervals. Now, observe the result: The alder swamp would not have sold originally for five dollars an acre; it now brings crops of wheat, broom-corn, and meadow grass, more than paying the interest on a hundred and fifty dollars per acre, besides all expenses. He doubled his manure by drawing from the most peaty portion of this drained swamp, large quantities of muck to his farm-yard, where it was kept comparatively dry till wanted, under a cheap slab and straw shed. By paying a small sum yearly, he was enabled to improve immensely the breed of his cattle, sheep, and swine, which he thinks has returned the money thus expended at least twenty fold. The same keen attention to his business in other points, enabled him to effect many additional improvements, among which we may briefly mention a cheap and simple horse-power of his own construction, consisting of a rope running on the ends of radiating arms, which enabled him, by means of one or two horses, as necessity required, to thrash his grain, saw his wood, drive his churn, turn his grind-stone, and slit picket-lath. It is true, he has thrown this rude machine aside for the greatly improved endless-chain power, but it answered his purpose for the time, before the days of improved machinery. But among all his outlays for the sake of economy, there is none which he thinks has repaid him equal to the subscription money applied in taking two agricultural periodicals, costing him $1½ yearly besides postage, and which, in connection with his own experience and good judgment, have been the chief guides in most of his great improvements. He has been enabled to add sixty more acres to his land, and the whole presents a beautiful specimen of neat, finished, and profitable farming.

None of this is fiction. It was gradually accomplished by years of constant, steady, intelligent perseverance.

SOWING CLOVER WITH CORN.

Mr. Editor,—Some person may inquire about sowing clover among corn, and as it is a common practice here, and our manner of doing it appears to be somewhat different from others, I thought I would give you a brief account of it. As our oat crop here brings but a poor price, and is generally considered an exhausting one to our soil, a number of our farmers have ceased raising it, and instead of following our corn crops with an oat crop, as was our usual rotation here, we now always sow our corn fields with clover seed. We always sow it just after the double-shovel plough runs through our corn the last time. I sowed my seed this summer, in the first week of July, and the corn-field now looks fine and green, with a good coat of clover on it. A neighbour of mine has now one of the finest-looking clover fields, done in the same way, that I have ever seen. I did the same thing last year, and the year before. It affords early pasture in the spring following; and then the cattle are kept off until after harvest, when it has grown up considerably, and is then turned under for wheat. I never turned under better clover than I did this fall, that was sowed in among my corn last summer a year. Of course we do not sow it as thick as if we would want to keep it for mowing or permanent pasture. We consider that it pays us much better in the way of pasture, and then in a manure for wheat, than the ordinary oat crop would after our corn. We seldom fail here in getting it to catch, unless the season is unusually dry, and then it partially fails.

We always sow it immediately after a rain, or directly after the plough, while the ground is fresh and mellow, and it will then start at once, and if the drouth does not kill it, you will have a fine crop of clover.

Hilling Corn.—At a late meeting of the New Hampshire Legislative Agricultural Society, all the speakers objected to hilling corn. One farmer, who had experimented by hilling and leaving the earth level, found no apparent difference in the product, but found the hilled portions more likely to be broken down by storms. The other stood more firmly; or if bent, sooner recovered itself. Was not this owing to the better maturing and hardening of the roots?

CLIMBING PLANTS.

"As graceful as a vine," is a very common expression. Every one thinks the phrase quite poetical, and that is the end of it. *Grace* and *Beauty* are well enough to talk about, and serve as excuses for writing fine sentences, say our utilitarians; but were you to advocate that these are "qualities as positive as electro-magnetism," you would at once be set down as a hopeless sentimentalist.

Still, we are about to propose something which has no other recommendation than simplicity, beauty, and grace. It costs nothing, and will afford no pecuniary income; but it looks pretty. We wish to talk about the propriety of planting climbing plants to shade the windows, to relieve the monotonous colour of the exterior of the house, to cover up everything ugly, and to heighten the charm of everything pretty and picturesque. No matter how rude and unarchitectural may be your dwelling, vines will give it a new character, and make it look home-like and cheerful. There never was a grand old mansion or princely palace, that would not look grander and more kingly for a vine to twine about its great pillars, whose green leaves and bright flowers would relieve its stern and imposing appearance.

A decoration of this kind, you have not to wait years to have completed; nor to consult with architects, or spend much time yourself to secure it. A wish will almost bring it. We quote Mr. Downing's remarks as to the vines most suitable for cultivation:—

"Our two favourite vines, then, for the adornment of cottages, in the Northern States, are the double *Prairie Rose*, and the *Chinese Wistaria*. Why we like these best is, because they have the greatest number of good qualities to recommend them. In the first place, they are hardy, thriving in all soils and exposures; in the second place, they are luxuriant in their growth, and produce an effect in a very short time—after which they may be kept to the limits of a single pillar on the piazza, or trained over the whole side of a cottage; in the last place, they are rich in the foliage, and beautiful in the blossom.

"Now, there are many vines more beautiful than these in some respects, but not for this purpose, and taken altogether. For cottage drapery, a *popular* vine must be one that will grow anywhere, with little care, and must need no shelter, and the least possible attention, beyond seeing that it has something to run on, and a looking over, pruning, and tying up once a year—say in early spring. This is precisely the character of these two vines; and hence we think they deserve to be planted from one end of the Union to the other. They will give the greatest amount of beauty, with the least care, and in the greatest number of places."

The Prairie Rose is of uncommonly rapid growth—shoots of twenty feet in a single year, being a not uncommon sight. The Chinese Wistaria is of a more compact growth, and its blossoms hang in large bunches, from eight inches to a foot long.

A climbing vine in the garden, in the "front door yard," and in pleasure-grounds, is particularly desirable. One great difficulty in the way of planting vines, is a want of some support. On the one hand, a lattice house or arbor is too expensive for persons of moderate means, and perhaps less taste, while on the other, ladders and stakes are forever rotting and breaking down just when they should not.

"It is simply procuring the trunk of a cedar tree from 10 to 15 feet high, shortening in the side branches to within two feet of the trunk, and still shorter near the top, and then setting it again, as you would a post, two or three feet deep in the ground.

"Cedar is the best, partly because it will last forever, and partly because the regular disposition of its branches forms naturally a fine trellis for the shoots to fasten upon.

"Plant your favourite climber, whether rose, wistaria, or honeysuckle, at the foot of this tree. It will soon cover it, from top to bottom, with the finest pyramid of verdure. The young shoots will ramble out on its side branches, and when in full bloom will hang most gracefully or picturesquely from the ends.

"The advantage of this mode is that, once obtained, your support lasts for fifty years; it is so firm that winds do not blow it down; it presents every side to the kindly influences of sun and air, and permits every blossom that opens, to be seen by the admiring spectator."

THE MAJOR.—And what has been the result of your monthly labours, Mrs. Grundy?

MRS. GRUNDY.—Not much, but still enough to enable our fair Canadian readers to render still more attractive their already pretty faces and fine figures. (*Mrs. Grundy reads*):

DESCRIPTION OF PLATE.

CARRIAGE COSTUME.—Albanian dress of grey silk. The skirt ornamented with rows of flowers woven in the silk. A small pelisse mantle of black satin, trimmed with Canada sable. Bonnet of bright groseille-colored velvet, trimmed with velvet flowers of the same color. Under-trimming, white flowers and blonde. Strings of broad white gros-de-naples ribbon.

PARISIAN FASHIONS FOR JANUARY, 1853.

Dresses for morning and general wear will have the bodies more or less open in front, some quite to the waist; these styles have small square *basquines;* fringe is the most favorite trimming for this style: the plain high body closing to the throat has the waist round, with *ceinture* of broad ribbon, the ends floating.

In cloaks, *Talma's* are still in great favor; the *Balmoral* is the most novel of the season; it is exceedingly graceful and becoming to the figure.

Bonnets are still worn open, the corners nearly meeting under the chin.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON LONDON FASHION AND DRESS.

THE season has called forth a vast variety of elegant novelties in ball dresses, &c. For young ladies, jupes of tulle, white or colored, are ornamented with braid or embroidery, and worn over slips of silk or satin of the same color as the tulle. The dresses of black tulle, worked in flowers of natural colors, which have so long maintained their hold on fashionable favor, are this season more splendid than ever; and those worked with yellow silk have perfectly the effect of gold embroidery.

Paris Fashions for February.

Next in favor to these tulle dresses, for evening parties, are the dresses of glacé silk or Italian taffety, trimmed with black velvet, disposed in a variety of ways. A very favorite style for the skirts of these dresses, consists of two or three broad flounces, each edged with rows of narrow black velvet, either of graduated or of uniform width. The cut velvet, which we have already frequently mentioned, forms an exquisite trimming for dresses of glacé silk. For evening parties, pink, yellow or blue are the favorite colors. We have seen a dress of lemon-color silk, having two broad flounces on the skirt. Each flounce was edged with three graduated rows of black velvet; the lowest row being rather more than an inch wide, and above the upper row of velvet there was a row of black vandyked lace; the points of the vandykes turning upward. Cut velvet of a rich leaf pattern is frequently employed for front trimmings. A row of this foliage sometimes runs up each side of the skirt, or is placed quite in the *tablier* style. The corsage and sleeves should be trimmed to correspond.

For evening head dresses, a lavish use is made of gold and silver, pearls, bugles, and beads of various colors. Flowers and feathers have, however, lost none of the favor they have so long enjoyed. A very light and showy kind of evening *coiffure*, is composed of a kind of foliage of blonde, intermingled with marabouts and grapes of gold or silver. Some wreaths of a novel kind just introduced, have leaves made of shaded crape, and intermingled with small tulips made of lace. These wreaths are perfect *chefs-d'œuvres* of lightness. Wreaths of velvet foliage, brown, purple or green intermingled with small flowers or leaves of gold, have a very rich and pretty effect. Leaves of blue or pink crape, intermingled with small buds of gold or silver, are also favorite head-dresses. Other wreaths consist merely of leaves of guipure blonde, supporting a narrow cordon of light tea roses, and terminating at each side by long drooping leaves of blonde intermingled with sprays and rosebuds, falling very low on the neck, and inclining backward. This is an extremely graceful style of head-dress.

The Parisian *fleuristes* have given fresh proofs of their taste and ingenuity in the production of several new wreaths—specimens of which have just made their appearance in London. Of these novelties the most remarkable is the *Guirland Impériale.* It is composed of gold open-work leaves, and forms a point in the centre of the forehead just above the bandeaux. The wreath enlarges at each side, where it is intermingled with small violets; the effect of which in combination with the gold leaves is very elegant. Another is distinguished by the name of the *Guirlande Pauline.* It is composed of small flowers of three colours, blue, pink and white. These flowers, which are shaded in graduated tints, are so skilfully grouped that the harmonious blending of the colours produces almost a rainbow effect. The *Guirlande Panline* forms a double cordon; one portion of which passes across the forehead above the full bandeaux, and the other passes above the plaits or twists at the back part of the head. This wreath is finished on one side by a white rose, with a profusion of buds, which drop very low behind the ear.

THE LADIES OF THE CREATION.

OR, HOW I WAS CURED OF BEING A STRONG-MINDED WOMAN.

I AM a young wife, and not an old woman. In fact I can still venture to give my real age to the inquisitive gentleman who comes round with the census papers, and I have not been driven to seal up the fly-leaf of the family, which records "AMELIA JANE, born 1st May, 1830."

My husband, as all my friends assure me, is all a man ought to be. I think he might be a *leetle* less obstinate, and I confess he has a bad habit of bringing his old bachelor friends home to dinner without warning. When I remonstrate, he is very eloquent about the unimportance of what there may be for dinner, the chief thing being a hearty welcome, &c., &c., &c., though I must say I've never found him exactly indifferent to what is served up.

Still I don't complain—quite the reverse. I'm very happy *now*—I say *now*, because it was not always so. I propose to disclose, for the benefit of young women about to marry, the secret of our former discomfort, and our present happiness. The fact is, I was brought up a strong-minded woman. I was educated on the Pestalozzian system—taught to ask questions about everything and to insist upon answers, and to question the answers. After I had pumped my governess dry in this way, nonplussed papa, and gravelled everybody in the house, no wonder I was found a nuisance, They tried to find food for my inquiring disposition, by employing my restless curiosity on all sorts of "ologies," by sending me to all sorts of "courses," till my intellectual digestion became seriously impaired. Before eighteen I had taken to green spectacles, and PROFESSOR FARADAY's Friday night lectures. One thing, however, *I do* owe to the Royal Institution—I met my husband there. He was charmingly ignorant; I explained things to him, and his first avowal took place after I had nearly blown him up by attempting to decompose oxygen, in which I only succeeded in discomposing myself. He attended three courses at the Institution, and declared he had a turn for science, which I found out afterwards was only a penchant for me. During three seasons we sat on the same bench, inhaled the same gases, started at the same explosions. He put a great many questions to the lecturer, and one question to me, which I answered in the affirmative. After our marriage, I found that his taste for science declined rapidly. He asked me no more questions about the chemical affinities, and seemed perfectly insensible to the curious discoveries daily taking place in the entozoic and palæontological fields of investigation. The only questions he seemed inclined to entertain were questions of house expenses; and when one Friday I proposed that we should attend PROFESSOR FARADAY's lecture on a candle, he declared he didn't care a snuff about such things, and that he wished as I was married, I would not bother my head with such stuff! This was very painful to me, and we had our first dispute about this point. I quoted MRS. SOMERVILLE's example to prove that a woman may be deep in science, and make no worse wife for it. I told him about the Russian princess with whom EULER corresponded, and the professoress who used to lecture at Bologna,

though she was so pretty she had to address her class from behind a curtain.

Nothing would convince him. He scoffed at the scientific pretensions of the sex, and when I carried the question still farther, and enlarged on the odious tyranny by which men strove to cabin, crib, and confine our minds and bodies, he flew into a passion and went straight off to his club, where he dined and came in very late, smelling strongly of cigars. I cried a good deal that night, but I am sorry to say that I soon after returned to the subject, and the more sure our argument was to end in his leaving me quite in a passion, for that abominable marital harbor of refuge, the club, the more sure, somehow or other, was the conversation to come back to the same point. In fact, I became quite wretched, and I don't think he was a bit happier than I was.

Had I not been luckily cured of my notions about the equality of the sexes I am sure we should have separated—a miserable couple. And how do you think I was cured? I had been reading the report of that remarkable meeting at Syracuse, Ohio, U. S., in which the rights and wrongs of women were so forcibly set forth by Miss Lucretia Mott and her friends. I had had a perfectly awful argument with Edward upon the report of the meeting in the *Times*, and he had gone to the club as usual, denouncing strong-minded women, with an obvious allusion to *me*, and declaring that this continual discussion was enough to wear a man's life out.

I retired to bed with a deep sense of the wrongs of our sex, and of Edward's brutality, and thinking what a world this would be if women had their proper place in it on an equality with men. I tried to read myself to sleep with Tennyson's *Princess*, and thought *Ida's* arguments much more conclusive than the poet's conclusions. At last I fell asleep, and dreamed—such a dream, that it seemed as if I lived a whole life through it all!

And now for my dream.

I was living in a world where the relations of the sexes were turned topsy-turvy. The women filled the men's places, and the lords of the creation were its ladies. How we revelled in the change at first—particularly after dinner! It was *so* pleasant to be left round the dining-room table, to pass the decanters and discuss the vintages and trifle with the dessert, while one thought of the gentlemen yawning over the albums and annuals, and getting up dreary little bits of flat scandal over cups of lukewarm tea, and boring each other, and being bored, all alone in the drawing-room. I rather think we talked a good deal of nonsense about the wine, and old Mrs. Peabody (whose front had unaccountably disappeared, leaving a venerable bald head with a little fringe of grey hair round about it, which somehow she didn't seem in the least to care about seeing) entirely failed in her attempt to prevent us from nibbling at the macaroons and bonbons, which she said spoiled our palates for the claret; I'm afraid, too, that some of us took more wine than we were used to, and I know *I* saw a great many more candles than there were on the table, and Edward complained bitterly of the way I chattered with young Surcingle, after we came up stairs into the drawing-room, which was not until we had been sent for three times. But to see how stupid the men looked! and how very glad they seemed when we came in, and how it afterwards appeared they had been comparing dotes concerning their wives, and their housekeeping expenses, until they had all but quarrelled. I did not feel at all well for the rest of the evening, and fell asleep on a sofa, till it was time to take Edward home.

Next day I had such a headache! I vowed I'd never "pass the decanters" again as long as I lived, but go up stairs with the gentlemen. Edward wanted very much to go out shopping, but I was much too ill to escort him. So I sent Mary, our foot-maid, to take care of him and two of his friends who called, Mary tells me they were a good deal stared at in Regent Street by some of the girls, but that she thought her big stick and cocked hat frightened them.

I felt after this it was not safe for Edward to walk about without me, and, as he wanted to go into the City I threw off my headache, and went with him; but, feeling tired, we mounted an omnibus. The Cad was a smart girl, but her language was dreadfully "slang," and I was shocked at the style in which she "gave it" (as she said) to a poor old gentleman who was put down somewhere where he didn't want to go to. The driver (whom she addressed as Sarah) encouraged her, and, altogether, I thought I had never seen two such odious creatures, and was painfully convinced that women had no place before or behind omnibuses.

We dined at Verey's, and stayed until it was dusk. I decided to walk home, notwithstanding Edward's remarks about the impropriety of being "in the street at that time of night." I pointed out to him that we could always depend on the police, but—alas!—I had forgotten that that Mrs. Commissioner Mayne was in power instead of her husband. Just as we passed a horrid gin-shop, out poured a rabble of drunken people who insulted me dreadfully; and when I called police, of course the poor things were dreadfully alarmed by the behaviour of these wretches, one of whom actually put his arm round the sergeant's waist. If it hadn't been for the old private watchman at the banking-house close by (who frightened the drunken men), the consequences might have been awful—perhaps the constables might have been kissed all round!

I felt then that, after all, street-keeping is a coarse and brutal employment, fit only for the other sex.

The next morning Emily Brown (not Julia, who was called to the Bar last year) came in with her cousin, to whom she told me she had proposed only the day before while they were out fishing. Emily had gone into the Navy, under Mrs. Admiral Napier, and seemed to me to have grown a sad wild sort of girl. She used nautical phrases, "shivered her timbers" frequently, and declared she wanted to "splice the main-brace," which, I discovered, was the sailor way of asking for a glass of spirits! Then she was full of stories about life on board ship—what larks they used to have in the cockpit, how she had been sent to the mast-head for being saucy to the captainess, and how dreadfully cold it was—and what they used to suffer in rough weather. and how they had to live for months together on salt beef and biscuit;

and altogether I felt that it was an abominable thing to condemn poor women to such hardships, which, after all, men are better suited for.

After EMILY and her cousin had left, EDWARD insisted on my taking him to hear the Band play at St. James's. Really I had never before thought EDWARD so frivolous! However, it was not worth while to contradict him, so I took him. When we got to St. James's, I saw at once what it was that made him so anxious to hear the band. Imagine my feelings when I found that it was composed of the nicest young ladies, in such very becoming uniforms, with a stout old drum-majoress. Instead of fifes and drums, the instruments used were guitars and pianos, and they played JULLIEN's polkas, and marched away to the tune of "*The girl's we've left behind us.*" Altogether it struck me as being a style of music better suited to dance to, than to march to battle upon, and I could not but admit to myself that the old fife and drum was the more spirit-stirring of the two.

EDWARD wanting a new hat, I went with him to buy one; but he was such a time about it, trying on upwards of a dozen hats, that I thought I never should have got him away. I never imagined before that shopping could be such a nuisance, and then I saw at once that it is a merciful arrangement which sends us to shop, and our husbands to wait for us.

I left EDWARD at GUNTER's and walked home. When I reached our own door I was stopped by two over-dressed, tawdry, fat women of the Jewish persuasion, who, tapping me on the shoulder, produced a piece of paper, which they called a writ, and informed me that I was their prisoner, on a judgment for one of EDWARD's horrid cigar bills. I pointed out to them that the debt was incurred by him, and begged them to take him; but they told me that the law now made the wife answerable for the husband's debts, than which nothing can be more unjust. I felt at once that this was not a change for the better, and that, after all, it was quite right that if somebody must pay or go to prison, it should be the husband, and not the wife.

I was so annoyed by this latter circumstance, that I went to call upon MRS. BOROUGHBY (a recently elected Member of Parliament) an old schoolfellow of Mama's, who had always proved my constant friend. Such a scene of confusion as I then witnessed, I shall never forget! The stairs were littered all over with brooms, dust-pans, candle-sticks, and coal-scuttles, and the drawing-room, into which I was allowed to find my way as I could, was in as great confusion as a broker's shop. On an elegant ottoman were a dust-pan and a bundle of wood; the sofas were strewn with blue books, a pair of slippers, an opera cloak, and the housemaid's box of black lead and brushes.

An old grey parrot had got out of his cage and was busily employed in picking holes in a beautiful table-cover, whilst "Buttons," the page, was seated at the piano, endeavouring to pick out the notes of an Ethiopian melody, called (I believe) "Sich a Gettin Up Stairs."

When I succeeded in making the young gentleman aware of my presence, he coolly told me that "Missus was busy, and wouldn't be disturbed by nobody; and that Master had gone out in a huff, 'cos he'd been rowed for wanting to go to the play, as Missus was gettin' up her Parliament speech for that evenin'!"

This explained to me the state of the "Home Department;" and I left without seeing MRS. BOROUGHBY, convinced that the house in which woman should have a voice was not the House of Commons.

And so my dream went on. Everywhere I found that when women attempted men's work, they proved their own unfitness for it—discovered that our notions of the happiness, and freedom, and dignity of the other sex are founded on a mistake, and that it only depends on us to make them our slaves and adorers. It is true, we are not in the House of Commons; but what, after all, is public opinion? The opinion of men, if we do justice to ourselves, is the opinion of men's wives. Is there any field for political manœuvre or legislation like Home? What is a Chancellor of the Exchequer to a wife?—what the Budget to the weekly house-bills?—what the difficulty of wringing the supplies out of the House of Commons to that of extracting a cheque from a hard-up hubby? Depend upon it there is employment for any amount of jockeyship and management without putting one's head beyond the street door. And so I was cured of my notion of putting woman on an equality with man.

I saw that the question between the sexes was not one of superiority or inferiority; that our two spheres lay apart from each other, but that each exercised on the other a most blessed influence—man's sphere, the world; woman's sphere, the home; the former bracing the gentle influence of the latter by its rough, sharp lessons of effort, endurance, and antagonism; the latter tempering the hardening effects of the former by its self-denial, its sympathies, and its affections. And I felt that if we are to compare these two spheres, the woman's—while the narrower—is, in many respects, the nobler of the two, and her part in the battle of life not unfrequently the more important and dangerous one.

This was the lesson of my dream. I awoke just as EDWARD let himself in with his latch-key, and I begged his pardon for my silly forwardness.

I have never had another argument since; and I don't believe I have any "mission" that can take me away from my own fire-side.

DAMSON CHEESE.—Put the damsons in a stone jar, which place in an oven or on a stove until the juice runs freely, the fruit is perfectly tender, and the stones separate from it. Remove the stones with a silver or wooden spoon; measure the pulp in a preserving pan and place it on the fire and boil, until the liquid is evaporated, and the fruit left dry. Whilst this is doing, have ready a quantity of white loaf sugar, allowing half a pound of sugar for every quart of pulp, *as measured when put into the pan.* Let this sugar be rolled fine, and then heated in the oven in a pan until it is so hot that the hand cannot be kept on it. In this hot state mix the sugar *thoroughly* with the dry pulp, also hot from the fire. It will become very firm, and does not require to go on the fire again. Put it into jars or glasses whilst hot, and when cold, cover and put away.

JEANIE, LOVE, SAY!

A Ballad.

WRITTEN BY JAMES PATERSON, ESQUIRE.

THE MUSIC COMPOSED AND INSCRIBED TO MISS JANE SEARLE,

BY J. P. CLARKE, MUS. BAC.

WITH TENDERNESS.

Voice.

P. Forte.

A-

way, love, a - way! O, a - way,— I maun be My hame aince sae dear is nae

hame noo to me. The wind fills the sails, and our bark win-na stay; O!

wilt thou gang wi' me then, Jeanie, love, say? In the bon - nie green forest a -

yont the wide sea, I'll big thee a bow'r, love, where nae ane can see; And

there will I daut thee, the lang sim - mer day; O! wilt thou gang wi' me then,

Jeanie, love, say?

The cheerie hours then love will a' be our ain,
To rest when we're weary and crack when we're fain,
And nane to ca'd wrang though 'twere a' the lang day,—
O! wilt thou gang wi' me then, Jeanie, love, say?

In the sweet simmer months, when the leaf's on the tree,
To pu' the pyrola thou'lt wander wi' me,
And watch at the gloamin' the sun's partings ray,—
O! wilt thou gang wi' me then, Jeanie, love, say?

Syne when the cauld blast whistles doun the brown dell,
And the lang winter's nights are baith stormy and snell,
Wi' tales o' langsyne then we'll while them away—
O! wilt thou gang wi' me then, Jeanie, love, say?

Wi' the tear in her e'e she has braided her hair,
And busked hersel' though her bosom was sair;
For her friends a' forbade, but her heart it said gae,
And wi' young Cape Hopeburn, Jean o' Lenhope's away!

MUSIC OF THE MONTH.

TORONTO VOCAL MUSIC SOCIETY.

The half-yearly Concert of this Society was given on the 10th January, at the St. Lawrence Hall, and was very favorably received by a crowded house. The programme was, on the whole, attractive, and we will discuss the various morceaux *seriatim*:—

The recitative, "Now the Philistines," and chorus "Lo! he cometh," from the Oratorio of David, was given with considerable effect, but we thought a momentary degree of uncertainty in time was in one part apparent. This might, however, have arisen from its being the introduction. The trio "I am well pleased," (Carissimi), was we think a bad selection. The chorus "And the Glory of the Lord,"—Handel—a favorite with all lovers of music, whether heard simply as a chorus without accompaniment, or with a full orchestra, was rendered in a style worthy of the established reputation of a much older Society than the Toronto Vocal Music Society. The different points were well taken up by the parts, and the time throughout was admirable. The solo "On mighty pens,"—Haydn—by a lady amateur of the Society, took us entirely by surprise. We were not prepared to hear so fine a piece of music executed by an amateur with so much ability and taste. The vocalization was correct, notwithstanding its exceeding difficulty. The chorus, "Hallelujah to the Father,"—Beethoven—was well given; but we thought in this, as in others of the choruses, a want of power was observable. The trio and chorus from the Creation, "Most beautiful appears," and "The Lord is Great," although exceedingly difficult, from the time being so broken, was steadily given; but still there was a certain want of distinctiveness between the trio and chorus, which impressed us with the idea of confusion, and which the piece itself does not sustain.

The second part commenced with the chorus, "Galatea, dry thy tears,"—Handel. This was not much to our taste. The trio, "Mai provar," Meyerbeer—was correctly and expressively executed, and met (as *such music* always will, when well sung,) a merited *encore*. The solo and chorus "Full fathoms five,"—Purcell—appeared to have been hastily got up, and its effect was lost. The solo, "What airy sounds,"—Bishop—by a lady amateur of the Society, was unquestionably, in the estimation of most of those present, *the* gem of the evening. The honest and enthusiastic burst of applause that it elicited was by no means the least interesting part of the evening's entertainment, and we have seldom seen an audience so completely taken by storm, or a more imperative demand for an *encore*. The song was both sweetly and artistically given, and was rendered, more especially the echo, in a manner we were quite unprepared for. The fair cantatrice most gracefully responded to the *demand* for its repetition. The chorus "When the wind blows,"—Bishop—was, in our opinion, a failure, from the fact of the different parts not being properly balanced. The prize glee, "Airy Spirits,"—J. P. Clarke, Mus. Bac.,—is a beautiful piece of music, pleasingly interspersed with solos, it was well given, and what pleased us more, seemed to be properly appreciated by the audience. The "Three hunters" was entirely lost, and it would have been much better left out.

A presentation of a handsome tea-service took place between the parts. This expression of feeling on the part of the Society, towards their talented President, was feelingly responded to by him in an eloquent address.

The Vocal Music Society has completed its second year, and may now be said to be firmly established amongst the musical community. We intend to devote, at no distant period, some of our pages to a consideration of the class of music generally sung by them, and to offer a few plain and humble hints as to selections, and, for the present, trust that the Society will receive what it deserves, the hearty support of all.

MR. PAIGE'S SUBSCRIPTION CONCERTS.

The first of Mr. Paige's Subscription Concerts is announced for the 27th. On looking over the programme we could not help the exclamation—"Here is something good at last! "The whole of the first act of Lucrezia Borgia!" We could scarcely trust our eyes, or believe that such a treat was in preparation. The Cast is, Lucrezia, Miss Paige; Orsini, Miss Emily Paige; Gennaro, Mr. Paige; Don Alfonso, Mr. Hecht; Vetellozzi, Mr. Humphreys. The other characters will be taken by competent amateurs, and the chorusses, which are very fine, will be also well sustained.

These Concerts are got up on a most liberal scale and there is every variety of music. The second, which will take place during Lent, will be entirely devoted to sacred compositions. The most able assistants in Toronto have been engaged, (amongst whom we may name Messrs. Hecht and Humphreys; Mr. Strathy will preside at the piano. The second part of the first Concert will comprise a fine selection of English songs, duetts, trios, &c. Miss Paige will give Madame Sontag's widely celebrated Polka song, and, by particular request, "The last rose of summer." Mendelssohn's overture to the "Midsummer's Night Dream," for eight hands, and the overture to "La Gazza Ladra," for twelve hands, will add to the attractive list.

The subscription lists are full, and while we congratulate the people of Toronto on having awoke from their indifference to sweet sounds, we trust that they will not relapse into their usual apathetic state, but prove their appreciation of merit by patronising it.

THE

ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

Vol. II.—TORONTO: MARCH, 1853.—No. 3.

HISTORY OF THE WAR

BETWEEN GREAT BRITAIN AND THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,

DURING THE YEARS 1812, 1813, AND 1814.

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CHAPTER II. CONTINUED.

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February 6th, 1812.

In addition to the regular troops, the President was authorised to employ 25,000 volunteers for twelve months, who were to form a body of men intermediate between the regulars and the militia, resembling the latter in most points, but differing from them in being liable to foreign service. Their clothing was to be provided by themselves; their arms were to be furnished by the government. Rapidly, however, as the forces of the United States, at this crisis, accumulated on paper, and ardent as the votes of Congress were for military preparation, the actual enlistment was anything but enthusiastic. Recruits came in slowly—at the ratio of one thousand in six months—notwithstanding

March 28th.

the liberal bounty which was offered. It is curious to observe the comparative coldness with which at this time Congress addressed themselves to promoting the efficiency of the navy,—that arm of the service which certainly did the republic most credit during the war. A subsidy of only $300,000 was voted for repairs; and a further sum of $200,000 annually, for rebuilding certain ships. What was proposed to be accomplished by this paltry sum, was to repair and

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(*Continued from page* 128.)

"That an humble address be presented to his royal highness the Prince Regent, representing that this house has for some time past been engaged in an inquiry into the present distressed state of the commerce and manufactures of the country, and the effects of the Orders in Council issued by his Majesty in the years 1807 and 1809;* assuring his Royal Highness that this house will at all times support his Royal Highness to the utmost of its power in maintaining those just maritime rights which have essentially contributed to the prosperity and honour of the realm—but beseeching his Royal Highness that he would be graciously pleased to recall or suspend the said Orders, and adopt such measures, as may tend to conciliate neutral powers, without sacrificing the rights and dignity of his Majesty's crown."

Mr. Rose acknowledged that a very considerable degree of distress did exist among our manufactures, but would not admit that it was so much owing to the Orders in Council as the hon. gentleman had represented. He corrected several statements made by him, and showed that the commerce of France had suffered in much greater proportion from the effects of these Orders. Our shipping interest, he asserted, had been benefitted by them, and if they were repealed, the Americans would come in for a large share of our carrying trade, especially to South America. Upon the whole, he would not deny that our manufactures were likely to obtain some relief from the repeal, but government was placed between difficulties on both sides, and it was their duty to adopt the measures which would be least detrimental. In his opinion, the preponderance of argument led to the conclusion that the repeal of the Orders

* There was a modification of the Orders in April, 1809.

fit out the Constellation, Chesapeake, and Adams frigates; and with the annual subsidy, to rebuild three other frigates of the old navy, too rotten to be repaired. The truth was, the war mania originated, mainly, with men who cared little or nothing about commerce—as they did not live by it,—and could contemplate its ruin without concern. The politicians of the back-woods, who formed so strong and so stern a section of the violent faction seem to have hardly given a thought to the sufferings in store for the commercial cities on the sea-coast,—sufferings which, in any contest with a naval

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would be more prejudicial than their continuance. The great body of merchants held the same opinion. Four-fifths of those of Glasgow had petitioned in support of the orders; those of Bristol were unanimous in their favour; and so were a majority of those of Liverpool: there was no petition from London against them, whilst a great number of London merchants had petitioned in their favour.

Mr. Baring, after a warm eulogy of the enlightened view of the subject taken by the honorable mover, said that the house had two questions to decide: 1. whether these distresses were attributable to the Orders in Council? 2. Whether any benefits had arisen from them in any other quarter to compensate for these calamities? Mr. B. made a number of particular observations relative to these two points; and concluded with giving it as his conviction, that by our Orders in Council we lost the most substantial commercial advantages for an object we could never obtain—that of forcing our trade with the continent.

Lord Castlereagh began with lamenting the precipitation of the hon. gentleman in bringing forward this motion, and pressing to hasty discussion a question than which none more vital ever came before the consideration of parliament. He deprecated any interference on the part of the house in a question in which commercial considerations were mixed with those of maritime right, and, pending a delicate negociation, dictating to the executive government the course it ought to pursue. After various observations in defence of the policy and justice of the Orders in Council, and in answer to some of the mover's statements, the noble lord came to the point by saying, that Great Britain would consent to suspend her Orders in Council, provided America would suspend her non-importation act. The experiment might then be tried of the practicability of restoring things to their ancient system. Under these circumstances he trusted that the house would not consent to the address—and he moved the order of the day.

Mr. Whitbread then begged the noble lord to say precisely what he proposed to do with respect to America.

Lord Castlereagh said, that he meant that a proposition should be made to the American government to suspend immediately the Orders in Council, on condition that they would suspend their non-importation act.

Mr. Whitbread was of opinion that if this proposition were to be sent out to America, and it was expected that the house and country should wait till they received an answer, it was the greatest delusion that had ever been attempted; and he proceeded to express in strong terms the urgency of the distress felt by the manufacturers, and the necessity of giving the intended relief without delay. Mr. Ponsonby also spoke against the measure proposed, as calculated to create delay.

Lord Castlereagh, in further explanation, said that it was never meant that there should be any delay in suspending the Orders in Council: the intention was that they should be suspended for a definite time, and that this circumstance should be communicated to the American government for the double purpose of ascertaining whether it would, in consequence, abrogate its non-importation act; and also that it might apply to France to return to the ancient system of belligerents.

Mr. Wilberforce objected to the mode proposed by the noble lord, because it showed an unwillingness to do that which, in fact, he intended to do.

Mr. Canning, in giving a kind of middle opinion on the subject, contended that revocation was better than suspension.

Mr. Brougham, after congratulating the house on the prospect of speedily getting rid of these Orders, hoped that the noble lord would withdraw his motion for proceeding to the orders of the day, and explain more distinctly what was the exact intention of the government.

The final result was, that Mr. B. and Lord Castlereagh severally withdrew their motions on the understanding that an official instrument on the subject should appear in the next Gazette.

It was a remarkable circumstance in this debate, that Mr. Stephens, the most strenuous defender and promoter of the Orders in Council, was not present: a certain proof that ministers were already prepared to make the sacrifice which the voice of the country rendered inevitable.

On June 23rd, there appeared in the Gazette a declaration from the Prince Regent, absolutely and unequivocally revoking the Orders in Council as far as they regarded American vessels; with the proviso, that if after the notification of this revocation by our minister in America, the government of the United States do not revoke their interdictory acts against British

power like Great Britain, must always be terribly severe.

In this Congress (the twelfth) the celebrated Henry Clay, then a young and ardent man, made his first entrance on the great world of politics. He was a fervent advocate for war; and his remarkable talents, combined with his sanguine and impetuous spirit, soon enabled him to outstrip the old champions of war, who raised him to the Speakership of the House of Representatives, and tacitly acknowledged him for their leader.

CHAPTER III.

Papers relating to Henry's Mission communicated to Congress by the President, on the 5th March.

In the year 1809, about the time of the first embargo, Mr. Madison told the British Minister at Washington that, in his estimation, such had been the conduct of Great Britain, that the United States would be justified in declaring war at any moment, and without further notice. The newspapers, at that time, were boiling over with invective against Great Britain, and the invasion of her North American Colonies was, even at that early period of the dispute, publicly talked of and discussed as a very feasible and very effectual measure of retaliation. Halifax and Quebec were both mentioned as points on which the attack might be advantageously commenced. As the President's language, taken in conjunction with the popular animosity, seemed to threaten an immediate assault, intelligence was despatched to Sir James Craig, the Governor of Canada, who, lest the Province under his command should be taken by surprise, sent an embassy into the Eastern States, for the purpose of procuring information. The instructions given to that agent were not inconsistent with the Governor's honourable character. All that he contemplated was,—to ascertain the real state of affairs in the United States; how far the war-spirit had spread; with what amount of success the resistance of the federal party would probably be attended; and, generally, to acquire such information as might assist him in putting the Province under his charge into a proper state of defence. Sir James Craig, however, was unfortunate, as it proved, in his choice of the person employed. This person was a Captain John Henry, a clever and active, but, as circumstances afterwards showed, a purely mercenary and unprincipled man. He was an Irishman by birth; had come to the United States as an adventurer; became a captain in the army of 1798; and ultimately settled on an estate in Vermont, close to the frontier. According to his own account, the attention of Sir James Craig was drawn to him by essays which he had written in newspapers against republican government, which he professed to hold in utter detestation. By some means or other, however, the Governor of Canada had heard of him, invited him to Montreal, and from thence despatched him to Boston early in 1809, for the purpose we have already described. After remaining in Boston about three months, during which period he wrote Sir James Craig's secretary fourteen letters, embodying information of no

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commerce, the same, after due notice, shall be null and of no effect.

Mr. Brougham, on this occurrence, declared the full satisfaction of himself and his friends with the frank and manly conduct of government in the mode it had adopted; and both sides of the house seemed happy in the prospect of the amicable intercourse which this proceeding would restore between the two countries. We cannot, however, refrain from expressing our astonishment, that during the debates there appeared so little consciousness that the question of repealing or continuing the Orders in Council, was a real question of peace or war with America; and that deferring the decision so long, was rendering it altogether unimportant. In fact, before the news of the repeal reached the United States, *they were actually at war with Great Britain.*

great value, as we think, he was recalled, on the apparent settlement produced by the Erskine arrangement. In 1811 he visited England, and applied at the Foreign Office for a reward for his services; but was referred back to Sir James Craig's successor in the government, " as better able to appreciate the ability and success with which his mission had been executed. Henry did not like this; and so, instead of returning to Canada, proceeded to the United States, where, in the genuine temper of an unfaithful hireling, he presented himself before Mr. Madison; told the tale of his mission; and offered to sell his papers. Mr. Madison closed with the profferred bargain, and paid him out of the secret service fund the large sum of $50,000 for the papers; apparently having only a general notion of their contents, and not imagining—as we must argue from the handsome price he paid for them—how little they contained. He expected, no doubt, when he made the liberal offer of $50,000, that the correspondence thus purchased would furnish disclosures highly serviceable to the Administration, both by blackening the character of the British government and by bringing suspicion and odium generally on the opposition in Congress,—perhaps by fixing a charge of treason on some. His disappointment, then, must have been extreme, on discovering that the British agent had received no authority or commission to offer bribes in any shape; that neither his letters nor the replies sketched out any plan of insurrection; and that the correspondence did not implicate, or even name a single citizen of the United States. Still, having got the papers into his hands, and paid dearly for his bargain, the President determined to make all the use of them that he could. He accordingly transmitted them to Congress, accompanied by a message, putting upon the whole affair the bitterest interpretation he could devise,—representing it as an effort, on the part of the British Government to foment disaffection in the United States, and to bring about the separation of the Eastern States from the Union. His end, however, was not answered. A momentary excitement, it is true, was produced; but, as he was unable to hold up to public indignation any of the " traitors" whom he may have hoped to detect in Congress, nothing material was effected in favour of the Administration. The opposition were not silenced; for not one of their number was caught in the trap. Had the result been different; had there been grounds for suspicion against them, it would assuredly have gone hard with them—as to their influence at all events; for the minds of the multitude were in that heated state which renders the appeal of an unpopular minority to the bar of public opinion a perfectly hopeless affair. During the debate in Congress on the correspondence, a Mr. Johnson delivered himself of the sensible and elegant sentiment, that " he considered Canada as rogues' harbour, and saw in the correspondence additional reasons for attacking it." A vehement onset was made on the British Ministry in the House of Commons on this head; but, whilst they stated that Henry's mission was Sir James Craig's own act, unknown to them until all was over, they defended it on the ground that its object was nothing more than legitimate information, very desirable at so critical a time; though they admitted that the transaction was not in all its circumstances managed with perfect discretion. Poor Sir James was then in his grave; but, although his own voice was not raised in self-defence, we may venture to assert that his memory, which is that of a straightforward, honest, and fearless man, has not suffered even from the baseness of the agent whom it was his misfortune to employ. Alison's brief allusion to this transaction involves a slight error as to date, representing it as following the ninety days' embargo, of which we are about to speak. He uses, too, the words,—" certain documents *found* on a Captain Henry," from which the general inference would be, that Henry was detected, whereas he sold himself, as we have shown above, to Mr. Madison.

Ninety days' embargo, 4th April.

War having been determined upon by the Administration, the President sent a confidential message to Congress, recommending, " under existing circumstances and prospects," an embargo for sixty days. A bill to that effect passed the

House of Representatives by 70 to 41; but the term was extended in the Senate to 90 days, with which extension it passed both branches of the Legislature. This was a committal of the Administration to war; for it was admitted by the Government party, that, as a peace-measure, the embargo could never have been entertained. Still the opposition—notwithstanding the serious alarm they felt—professing themselves unable to believe that the Government would commit so rash and so "treasonable" an action as that of plunging the nation, utterly unprepared, into war, suggested that the embargo was intended to serve the interests of Buonaparte, by stopping the export of provisions to Spain, where the British arms were beginning to be triumphant. The measure, however, was undoubtedly designed as preparatory to war, for the declaration of which, at the expiration of the ninety days, the Government had now made up their minds. Mr. Alison describes the object of the measure only in part, when he represents it as intended to "prevent intelligence of their preparations from reaching Great Britain, and to furnish them with the means, from their extensive commercial navy, of manning their vessels of war." Its main object was to remove from the ocean as many of their merchant-ships as possible, and thus place them out of the reach of British ships of war, when the proclamation of hostilities should become known. The passing of the embargo was conducted under an injunction of secrecy; but the secret was divulged; and the commercial cities which gained intelligence of it improved the few days allowed them in lading and despatching ships with extraordinary ardour and celerity. The Democratic journals were infuriated. Flour, by hundreds of thousands of barrels, they said, had been exported selfishly and unpatriotically, to feed the British troops in Spain. It was nothing to them that those troops were fighting in the noblest cause which God has ever blessed with success; fighting side by side with the soldiers of an oppressed people,—groaning beneath the exactions, the massacres, and the odious rule of a French usurper. These embargoes exhibited, in a remarkable manner, the blind rage of an irritated democracy, bent on inflicting vengeance on an enemy even at the certain risk of greater damage to themselves. "The direct national injury," says a writer in the American Review, of April, 1812, "caused by an embargo of twelve months duration, would be—

Mercantile loss,	$24,814,249
Deteriorated value of surplus produce and waste,	40,196,028
Loss sustained by the revenue,	9,000,000
Total direct national loss,	$74,010,277

Or, $6,167,523 per month.

The same moment, therefore, that the nation is called upon to aid their government with a loan of 11,000,000 dollars, this government, without any single openly avowed or obviously beneficial purpose, at the bare suggestion of expediency on the part of the Executive, destroys, by an embargo of three months, national wealth to the amount of $18,502,570, not to reckon the indirect and collateral mischief, of enormous magnitude, with which the same measure is pregnant."

President's Message, 1st June.

On the 1st June, "the President sent a confidential Message to Congress, in which he recapitulated all the causes of complaint against Great Britain;"

War declared on the 18th, and persisted in, although intelligence subsequently arrives of the repeal of the Orders in Council.

and on the 18th a bill, declaring war against Great Britain, passed the House of Representatives, by a vote of 79 to 49; and the Senate, by 19 to 14. Hostilities were therefore immediately ordered to be commenced. "Nor did the American Government," writes Mr. Alison, "make any attempt to recede from these hostile acts, when intelligence arrived a few weeks after this resolution, and before war had commenced,* that, by an Order in Council,

* No blow had as yet been struck. "Mr. Madison," as the London Quarterly, of January, 1814, humourously observed, "had forged his thunderbolts; but held them yet unlaunched in his red right hand." The pleasure of hurling them, however, was not to be resisted; more especially as the British standard in Canada was to be utteriy shivered and annihilated by them.

the British Government had actually *repealed the previous Orders*, so that the ostensible ground of complaint against this country was removed." The war—the grand provocation having been thus removed—was persisted in, for want of a better excuse, on the ground of the Impressment question. But the Impressment matter had actually been arranged in the Treaty of 1806,—a Treaty approved of to the fullest extent, and signed by the negotiators of the United States concerned in framing it, though Mr. Jefferson afterwards, for reasons best known to himself, refused to ratify it. Nobody, therefore, could pretend but that the question of Right of Search and Impressment, as it had once been settled, might be settled again, without recourse to arms, and was still open for amicable adjustment.

The War of 1812, 13, and 14, a War of Aggression, on the part of the United States.

Besides the moral obligation manifestly resting on the government of the United States to abandon, in common honesty and fairness, a war, the alleged provocation to which had been removed; the American Congress were virtually pledged to such an abandonment, their own words witnessing against them. In the Report of the Committee (November 29th, 1811) urging preparation for war, it was stated that their intention was, "as soon as the forces contemplated to be raised should be in any tolerable state of preparation, to recommend the employment of them for the purpose for which they shall have been raised, *unless Great Britain shall, in the meantime, have done us justice.*"*

Thus, the course which they themselves acknowledged would be just, and gave implied promise of adopting, was not adopted when the condition had been fulfilled. The government of the United States stand, then, self-convicted of wanton aggression on the North American Colonies of Great Britain, and of prosecuting the war on grounds different from those which they were accustomed to assign. If to our mother-land there attach the reproach of impolitic pertinacity in maintaining, so long, a system prejudicial to her own commerce, and irritating to a neutral power, under an

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* The Committee, Mr. P. said, have not recommended this course of measures without a full sense of the high responsibility which they have taken upon themselves. They are aware that war, even in its best and fairest form, is an evil deeply to be deprecated: but it is sometimes, and on few occasions perhaps more than on this, a necessary evil. For myself, I confess I have approached the subject not only with diffidence, but with awe: but I will never shrink from my duty because it is arduous or unpleasant, and I can most religiously declare that I never acted under stronger or clearer convictions of duty than I do now in recommending these preparatory measures; or than I shall ultimately in recommending war, in case Great Britain shall not have rescinded her Orders in Council, and made some satisfactory arrangements in respect to the impressment of our seamen. If there should be any gentlemen in the house who were not satisfied that we ought to go to war for our maritime rights, Mr. P. earnestly entreated that they would not vote for the resolutions. Do not, said he, let us raise armies, unless we intend to employ them. If we do not mean to support the rights and honour of the country, let us not drain it of its resources.

Mr. P. said, he was aware that there were many gentlemen in the house who were dissatisfied that the committee had not gone further, and recommended an immediate declaration of war, or the adoption of some measures which would have instantly precipitated us into it. But he confessed such was not his opinion; he had no idea of plunging ourselves headlong into a war with a powerful nation, or even a respectable province, when we had not three regiments of men to spare for that service. He hoped that we should not be influenced by the howling of newspapers, nor by a fear that the spirit of the 12th Congress would be questioned, to abandon the plainest dictates of common sense and common discretion. He was sensible that there were many good men out of Congress, as well as many of his best friends in it, whose appetites were prepared for a *war feast.* He was not surprised at it, for he knew the provocatives had been sufficiently great. But he hoped they would not insist on calling in the guests, at least until the table should have been spread. When this was done, he pledged himself, in behalf of the Committee of Foreign Relations, that the gentleman should not be disappointed of the entertainment for the want of bidding; and he believed he might also pledge himself for many of the members of the Committee, that they would not be among the last to partake personally, not only in the pleasures, if any there should be, but in all the dangers of the revelry.—American Weekly Register, vol. 1, p. 268.

impression of necessary self-defence, right in the first instance, but subsequently, by the angry legislation of the United States, rendered delusive; there is, at least, no moral turpitude in such a charge. The lust of conquest, however, involving, as it does, moral guilt, provokes a censure and fixes a stain which the honour of a nation, and of a Christian nation especially, is deeply concerned in repelling, if it can. For this offence against national integrity and good faith the government of the United States are answerable, in prosecuting the war from motives clearly distinct from those which they avowed; motives not at all consistent with the position in which they desired to place themselves before the world,—that of an aggrieved people contending for rights which had been infringed; motives, in short, arising wholly from popular feelings at once covetous of the possessions of another nation, and exasperated for the time by passions beyond control. In a word, the war of 1812 was a war of AGGRESSION; and its fate was that with which it is the usual Providence of God to visit, sooner or later, all aggressive wars: it was a failure; and a failure, though brightened by occasional triumph, involving, on the whole, a large amount of retributive calamity. It is, too, a remarkable; we might say, providential circumstance, that the failure was mainly brought about through the gallant and the unexpected resistance of the very colony which was regarded by its invaders as likely to prove an easy conquest, in consequence, more particularly, of the disloyalty to the British Crown vainly imagined to lurk in its heart. That very colony which, to the war-party in Congress, was the object of cupidity, and by a "strong delusion" afforded them their highest hopes of success, became largely instrumental to their discomfiture. This looks like a judicial disappointment of schemes not merely visionary and inconsiderate; but—what is far worse—violent and unjust.

The War Declared simultaneously with the Invasion of Russia.

Six days after the declaration of war by the United States, Buonaparte passed the Niemen, with the vast and brilliant armament which, in the purpose of its imperial leader, was to bring down Russia as low as the rest of the Continent; but was destined, in the designs of Providence, to afford in modern history, a parallel to Pharoah and Sennacherib. Had the United States awaited the issue of that expedition it is possible that their war against Great Britain would not have been declared. Even if the flames of Moscow had proved as ineffectual as the woes of Spain to exasperate them against the scourge and the oppressor of Europe, still destruction, in one campaign of half a million of his veterans, was too evident and too serious a blow to his military strength, not to impair the prestige of his alliance, and to shake that faith in his destiny which may have extended from Europe to his Transatlantic allies; for in that false position our Anglo-Saxon brethen had, on the 18th June, 1812, unhappily placed themselves. A little more patience on the part of the United States would have set all right, without war, which remedied nothing, and produced no settlement but what would have been made, had peace continued, two years before; and that on terms more explicit and more advantageous to the Republic than the treaty of Ghent, which closed the unprofitable contest. Their troubles were the troubles of the age; caused by the convulsion and the disorganization of the civilized world, not by any ill will harboured by Great Britain against them. Tyrants aiming at universal dominion cannot send their whirlwinds of men and steel over the earth without causing general suffering—and the United States suffered. With the breaking of the oppressor's rod, their sufferings would have ceased. The tide of French invasion once driven back, the ancient landmarks would have reappeared; the rights of nations, the renewal of intercourse, the revival of commerce; everything, in short, worth contending for would have followed the fall of Buonaparte, since it was by his conquests and decrees alone that the order and the happiness of the world had been interrupted. The United States, by throwing themselves into the contest, only delayed that happy consummation.

The British North American Provinces, the main object of the War.

There were many things which, in and out of Congress, were grievously misunderstood in the United States. The loyalty of the British North American Provinces was misunderstood when the political seers of Congress asserted, with that vehement asseveration and implicit faith which are often found to bear an inverse proportion to truth and information, that those Colonies were ripe for defection. The power of Great Britain, hampered as she was by the mortal struggle with her European foe, was greatly misunderstood, when a member in Congress expressed apparently the expectations of the majority in the utterance of the appalling prediction,—"We shall drive the British from our continent;" and the ability of the United States to cope with such an adversary was considerably overrated by wiser heads than another Congress orator possessed who delivered himself of this truly magnificent bombast,—"The Falls of Niagara could be resisted with as much success as the American people, when they should be called into action!" But amid all this deplorable misapprehension, there was one point which was not misunderstood,—THE VALUE OF THE BRITISH NORTH AMERICAN PROVINCES TO THE BRITISH CROWN. That point, both inside Congress and outside, was fully comprehended; and what was said in regard to it was no more than the truth. "These Provinces," said Mr. Porter, the Chairman of the Committee of Foreign Relations," "were not only immensely valuable in themselves, but almost indispensable to the existance of Great Britain, cut off as she now is, in a great measure,from the North of Europe. He had been credibly informed that the exports from Quebec, only, amounted during the last year (1810) to near six millions of dollars, and most of these, too, in articles of the first necessity,—in ship timber and in provisions for the support of her fleets and armies." "The conquest of Canada," wrote the Weekly Register, about the same time, "will be of the highest importance to us in distressing our enemy; in cutting off his supplies of provisions and naval stores for his West India Colonies and home demand. There is no place from whence she can supply the mighty void that would be occasioned by the loss of this country, as well in his exports as imports. It would operate upon him with a double force: it would deprive him of a vast quantity of indispensable materials, as well as of food, and close an extensive market for his manufactures. Canada and Nova Scotia, if not fully conquered immediately, may be rendered useless to him in a few weeks. Without them, and particularly the latter, he cannot maintain those terrible fleets on our coast that we are threatened with, or bridge our harbours with frigates, admitting he may have no use for them to defend his own shores; for he will not have a dockyard, fitting the purposes of his navy, within 3,000 miles of us." The great worth of these possessions was, at the time of which we are writing, and is now, well known to politicians in the United States. Whilst the war-spirit was raging, the democrats thought it distressing, intolerable that the British flag should be proudly waving, on their very borders, over so choice a tract of territory; the rescue from monarchical rule of such a land, by nature so favoured, in position so conveniently situated for annexation, was to be resolutely attempted,—it was like taking the Holy City out of the hands of the infidels, and was eminently worthy of all the exuberant patriotism, and the blind sacrifice, and the furious effort of a republican crusade. The British North American Provinces were coveted; coveted most ardently, for their own sake, and for the anticipated gratification of extirpating from the continent every vestige of kingly government. The ardour of the cupidity can scarcely excite surprise, where the object was so valuable, and the appropriation deemed so easy,—everything having been previously settled by the democrats to their perfect satisfaction,—in a manner the most easy and comfortable that can be imagined,—as to the political purpose which the British Colonies were to serve, when blessed with the privilege of incorporation with the United States. "I am willing," was the magnanimous declaration of Mr. Grundy, of Tennessee, "to receive the Canadians as adopted brethren; it will have beneficial political effects; it will preserve the equili-

brium of the government. When Louisiana shall be fully peopled, the Northern States will lose their power; they will be at the discretion of others; they can be depressed at pleasure, and then this union might be endangered. I therefore feel anxious not only to add the Floridas to the South, but the Canadas to the North of this empire." This is all very amusing; but, unhappily, it suggests the painful reflection, that should the same dishonest cupidity continue, it may, at a future period again embroil the two nations. That the United States would be glad to annex the British Provinces; that the acquisition of these truly valuable, if not fully valued Colonies, would be hailed and celebrated by them as an event second in interest and importance only to their Declaration of Independence;—this we believe to be undeniable. But the follies and the losses, the sacrificed treasure and life of the last war have taught them, we trust, the salutary lesson that there is more of profit to be derived from commerce with Great Britain in peace, than of glory or of territory to be wrested from her in war; and that to alehouse politicians alone ought to be left the madness of proposing the sacrifice of that lucrative traffic which now employs about one-half of all their shipping, with the hope of tarnishing the renown, disgracing the flag, or subduing any of the dependencies of that Empire which is still—and long may it so continue!—the most powerful on the face of the earth. As to the jealousy they may feel in consequence of having a foreign power—so formidable as Great Britain—on their frontier, the counsel may be fitly applied to their case which was honestly and wisely given to Louis XIV., who, had he been guided by that sage advice, would have spared himself a dishonourable peace and a dismembered empire: "It is useless to allege," urged this honest counsellor of an unscrupulous king, "that these towns of Holland were necessary to your state: the property of others is never necessary to us. That which is truly necessary to us, is to observe strict justice. You ought not even to pretend that you have a right to retain in perpetuity certain places, because they contribute to the security of your frontier. It is your wisdom to seek that security by good alliances, by your moderation, or by strongholds which you have it in your power to fortify in the rear. But, be this as it may, the necessity of watching over our own security can never give us the right of seizing our neighbour's territory." By this advice, republics as well as kings may be profited; and the United States in particular, if chargeable at all with frontier-conquest; of which let themselves be judges. As to annexing the British North American Colonies by force of arms, the time has not yet arrived when that would be an exploit easy of accomplishment, or likely to prove remunerative, if we consider the sufferings and the disasters which must precede. The alternative of "peaceful cession" we will leave our posterity to discuss in the last days of Britain's decrepitude.

WHICH MAY ALMIGHTY GOD LONG FOREFEND!

CHAPTER IV.

Attempts to induce the belief that the war was only unpopular with the minority—From June 18, 1812, to July 12, 1812.

"War is declared,"—"Great Britain is the enemy,"—"Our ancient and inveterate foe has at length been proclaimed, by the constituted authorities in the United States,"—"In the valley of humiliation; at the foot of the throne of her idiot monarch; at the threshold of the palaces of the knaves who administer the government in his name, we sought justice, and begged for peace; not because we feared war, but from that moderation which

distinguishes the people, as well as the government of the United States." Such was the chord which was ever and anon struck by a very large body of the people throughout the United States, as if, by awakening discord, to drown the last faint harmonious notes of moderation breathed by the reflecting portion of the community. The effort, however, was a vain one—unless we record the outbreak at Baltimore as a first successful result of the war feeling. Very different were the popular sentiments in the Southern States, where swarms of privateers were preparing to reap the expected harvest of prizes among the West India islands. Of the towns in this interest, Baltimore stood foremost in violence and outrage. A newspaper published there, entitled 'The Federal Republican,' had rendered itself obnoxious, by its opposition to the measures of the war-party, and menaces had repeatedly been thrown out against the conductors. On the night of July 27th, a mob assembled before the house of the editor, for the purpose of destroying it. In expectation of this attack, he had collected a number of friends with fire-arms, to defend it from the inside, among whom were Generals Lee and Lingan. A furious affray arose, in which the mob were several times repulsed, with loss. At length a party of military were brought to the spot, by the Mayor and General Stricker, to whom those of the defenders who were left in the house, twenty-six in number, surrendered themselves, upon assurance of their safety, and were conducted to prison. On the next day, at the shameful instigation of a public journal, the mob re-assembled before the jail, with the intention of taking their revenge; and having broken open the door, after some of the prisoners had rushed through and made their escape, they fell upon the rest with clubs, and beat them till scarcely any signs of life remained. General Lingan, a man of seventy, and formerly a friend of Washington, was killed on the spot. General Lee, a distinguished partizan in the revolutionary war, had his skull fractured; and many others were severely injured. The militia refused to turn out while this massacre was perpetrating, and the Mayor is said to have absented himself. It must be added, that this atrocity was regarded with horror and indignation in all the other parts of the United States.

At Boston, on the day of the declaration of war, all the ships in the port displayed flags half mast high, the usual token of mourning; and a town meeting was held in that city, at which a number of resolutions were passed, stigmatizing the war as unnecessary and ruinous, and leading to a connexion with France, destructive to American liberty and independence. In several of the minor eastern cities, and in New York, similar, though not quite so broadly manifested, demonstrations occurred. At a convention of delegates from the several counties of the State of New York, held at the capital, in Albany, on the 17th and 18th of September, 1812, the spirit of the resolutions passed was:—

First, that the attempt, amongst a free people, to stifle enquiry, as to the arbitrary and despotic measures adopted by government, in plunging the country into an unjust war, is essentially hostile to republican institutions, and one of the worst species of tyranny which the ingenuity of the foes of freedom has yet contrived.

Secondly, that the declaration of war was a most rash, unwise, and inexpedient measure; and, considering the time and circumstances of its declaration, the condition of the country, and state of the public mind, one which ought forever to deprive its authors of the esteem and confidence of an enlightened people.

With regard to the proposed descent on Canada, the convention decided, also, that "the creation of New States, out of territories not within the ancient limits of the United States, is inconsistent with the spirit of the federal compact, and calculated to destroy the weight which the old, great, and populous States ought to have in the Union." A most emphatic protest against prosecuting the war, on the grounds officially noted, was also entered, with a declaration, that *even the possibility of an alliance* with France should be regarded with abhorrence. All

these attempts, however, of the moderate party were unsuccessful, as we have shown, and but resulted in the final declaration of hostilities, in June, 1812.

Declaration of Hostilities.

We introduce here both the acts declaratory of hostilities on both sides,* although one preceded the other nearly four months; but it may be interesting to the reader to mark the spirit of the two declarations—the one, short, uncompromising, and leaving no choice whatever to the British Government, appeared as if it had been dictated by the parties, who for six months before had been equipping their fastest vessels as privateers, and who well knew that their best chance of securing easy and rich prizes lay in intercepting the last of the homeward bound West India men for that year; as, when once the declaration of war should be fully made known, no vessels would be permitted to run without convoy; and thus the chances of the smaller class of privateers securing prizes would be mate-

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* *An Act declaring War between the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and the Dependencies thereof, and the United States of America, and their Territories.*

Be it enacted, by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled, that war be, and the same is hereby declared to exist, between the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and the Dependencies thereof, and the United States of America and their Territories; and that the President of the United States be, and is hereby authorised, to use the whole land and naval force of the United States, to carry the same into effect; and to issue to private armed vessels of the United States commissions or letters of marque and general reprisal, in such form as he shall think proper, and under the seal of the United States, against the vessels, goods, and effects of the government of the said United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and the subjects thereof.

James Madison.

June 18, 1812.—Approved.

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Declaration of War against America—at the Court of Carlton-House, October 13, 1812—*present, His Royal Highness the Prince Regent in Council.*

Whereas, in consequence of information having been received of a declaration of war by the United States government against His Majesty, and of the issue of letters of marque and reprisal by the said government, against His Majesty and his subjects, an Order in Council, bearing date the 31st of July last, was issued, directing that American ships and goods should be brought in and detained till further orders; and whereas His Royal Highness the Prince Regent, acting in the name and on the behalf of His Majesty, forbore at that time to direct letters of marque and reprisal to be issued against the ships, goods, and citizens of the said United States of America, under the expectation that the said government would, upon the notification of the Order in Council, of the 23rd of June last, forthwith recall and annul the said declaration of war against His Majesty, and also annul the said letters of marque and reprisal.

And whereas the said government of the United States of America, upon due notification to them of the said Order in Council, of the 23rd of June last, did not think fit to recall the said declaration of war and letters of marque and reprisal, but have proceeded to condemn, and persisted in condemning the ships and property of His Majesty's subjects, as prize of war, and have refused to ratify a suspension of arms agreed upon between Lieutenant-General Sir George Prevost, His Majesty's Governor-General of Canada, and General Dearborn, commanding the American forces in the northern provinces of the United States, and have directed hostilities to be recommenced in that quarter.

His Royal Highness the Prince Regent, acting in the name and on the behalf of His Majesty, and with the advice of His Majesty's Privy Council, is hereby pleased to order, and it is hereby ordered, that general reprisals be granted against the ships, goods, and citizens of the United States of America, and others inhabiting within the territories thereof (save and except any vessels to which His Majesty's license has been granted, or which have been directed to be released from the embargo, and have not terminated the original voyage on which they were detained or released,) so that as well His Majesty's fleets and ships, as also all other ships and vessels that shall be commissioned by letters of marque or general reprisals, or otherwise by His Majesty's commissioners for executing the office of Lord High Admiral of Great Britain, shall or may lawfully seize all ships, vessels, and goods belonging to the government of the United States of America, or the citizens thereof, or others

rially lessened. East Indiamen, it was well known, were beyond the mark of any cruisers but those of considerable force, and subsequent events showed that the harvest of prizes in this field was but inconsiderable. The declaration of the British Government is noteworthy, for the moderation which even at that last stage it evinced, nothing can more clearly mark the spirit which then actuated the British Council, or more satisfactorily demonstrate their unwillingness to precipitate hostilities. Having, however, fairly disposed of the question, we will now turn to Canada, and take up, in order, the events which then shook to its core that, as yet, infant state.

Before, however, commencing our account of the various warlike proceedings which almost immediately commenced, it would be as well for us to take a brief review of the actual position in which Canada stood at the breaking out of the war,—to examine into her means of defence, and to endeavour to ascertain, if possible, the causes which could have led to the belief, so universally held by their neighbours, that Canadians, as a body, might be considered as disaffected; and Canada as not unwilling to assist in the cause of annexation.

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inhabiting within the Territories thereof, and bring the same to judgment in any of the Courts of Admiralty within His Majesty's dominions; and to that end His Majesty's Advocate-General, with the Advocate of the Admiralty, are forthwith to prepare the draught of a commission, and present the same to His Royal Highness the Prince Regent, at this board, authorising the Commissioners for executing the office of Lord High Admiral, or any person or persons by them empowered and appointed, to issue forth and grant letters of marque and reprisals to any of His Majesty's subjects, or others whom the said Commissioners shall deem fitly qualified in that behalf for the apprehending, seizing, and taking the ships, vessels, and goods belonging to the United States of America, or the citizens thereof, or others inhabiting within the countries, territories, or dominions thereof, (except as aforesaid,) and that such powers and clauses be inserted in the said commission as have been usual, and are according to former precedents; and His Majesty's Advocate-General, with the Advocate of the Admiralty, are also forthwith to prepare the draft of a commission, and present the same to His Royal Highness the Prince Regent, at this board, authorising the said Commissioners for executing the office of Lord High Admiral to will and require the High Court of Admiralty of Great Britain, and the Lieutenant and Judge of the said Court, his Surrogate or Surrogates, as also the several Courts of Admiralty within His Majesty's dominions, to take cognizance of, and judicially proceed upon all and all manner of captures, seizures, prizes, and reprisals of all ships and goods that are or shall be taken, and to hear and determine the same, and, according to the course of Admiralty and the laws of nations, to adjudge and condemn all such ships, vessels, and goods as shall belong to the government of the United States of America, or the citizens thereof, or to others inhabiting within the countries, territories, and dominions thereof (except as aforesaid(; and that such powers and clauses be inserted in the said commission as have been usual, and are according to former precedents; and they are likewise to prepare and lay before His Royal Highness the Prince Regent, at this board, a draught of such instructions as may be proper to be sent to the Courts of Admiralty in His Majesty's Foreign Governments and Plantations, for their guidance herein; as also another draught of instructions for such ships as shall be commissioned for the purpose above-mentioned.

His Royal Highness the Prince Regent is nevertheless pleased hereby to declare, in the name and on the behalf of His Majesty, that nothing in this order contained shall be understood to recall or affect the declaration which His Majesty's Naval Commander on the American station has been authorised to make to the United States of America—namely, that His Royal Highness, animated by a sincere desire to arrest the calamities of war, has authorised the said Commander to sign a convention, recalling and annulling, from a day to be named, all hostile orders issued by the respective governments, with a view af restoring, without delay, the relations of amity and commerce between His Majesty and the United States of America.

From the Court of Carlton-House, the 13th of October, 1812.

(Signed)
Castlereagh.
N. Vansittart.
Charles Long.
Liverpool.
Bathurst.
Melville.
Sidmouth.

Spirit which actuated Canadians,—although, from a knowkedge of their weakness, it might lead them to deprecate hostilities—yet, not adverse to Great Britain.

Canadians were not disloyal at that period. We may fairly deduce this fact, as far as Upper Canada is concerned, from the tenor of General Brock's despatches. Even so far back as 12th February, 1812, we find him writing to Colonel Baynes, the Adjutant-General,—"I have reason to look for the acquiescence of the two Houses to every measure I may think necessary to recommend, for the peace and defence of the country. A spirit has manifested itself little expected by those who conceived themselves the best qualified to judge." Even in speaking of those who were considered, if not hostile, to be, at least, indifferent to British interests, the Lieutenant-Governor remarks: "I do not, of course, think it expedient to damp the ardour displayed by those once doubtful characters. The most powerful opponents to Governor Gore's Administration take the lead on the present occasion. Some opposed Mr. Gore evidently from personal motives, but *never forfeited* the right of being numbered among the loyal. Few, very few are actuated by base or unworthy considerations; their character will very soon, however, be put to a severe test. The measures which I intend to propose are—1. 'A Militia Supplementary Act;' 2. 'The Suspension of the Habeas Corpus;' 3. 'An Alien Law;' 4. 'An Act for the better apprehension of deserters.'"

Now, although General Brock found himself beaten, in the House of Assembly, on both the Militia and Habeas Corpus Acts, yet we find, in the reasons he assigns, no ground to change our opinion. On the contrary, he distinctly attributes the miscarriage of these two measures—the first was lost by the casting-vote of the chairman, and the second by an almost equally trifling majority—to the strong sentiment that prevailed, that war was not likely to occur with the United States; an opinion which was carefully disseminated by the numerous settlers from that country, and which tended materially to influence the votes of the members, or of such of them at least as, by their ignorance of the real position of affairs, were easily betrayed into error. That General Brock, at all events, saw no reason to induce a change of opinion, is pretty evident, if we may judge from the tone of his despatch, of 16th May, to Sir George Prevost, the Governor-General:—"Every one with whom I have had an opportunity of conversing, assures me that an exceedingly good disposition prevails among the people." The soundness of this opinion was most triumphantly established by subsequent events,—not the least important of which was, that as soon the Militia Bill, but slightly modified, was passed, although a clause had been introduced, authorizing the raising of flank companies, to be trained at least six times in each month, and although the inhabitants knew that they would have to go to a great distance to attend parade, would be liable to heavy expense, and be subject to no inconsiderable privations, the flank companies, in the districts in which they were established, were instantly completed with volunteers; and, indeed, an almost unanimous disposition to serve was evinced. Now, this feeling was manifested at a time when the prospects of the Colony were most gloomy, and when the almost defenceless condition of the Province was but too apparent,—at a time when the Governor, on whose judgment so much depended, was forced to acknowledge, that although every man capable of carrying a musket, along the whole of the line, should be prepared to act, he "had not a musket more than would suffice to arm part of the militia from Kingston westward."

The advices from England at this juncture were also equally dispiriting, so much so, that, about this time, Col. Baynes is found expressing himself, "Sir Geo. Prevost has directed me to inform you, that unless reinforcements arrive from England, (of which his Excellency is not sanguine, as the prevailing apprehension in England seems to be, that hostilities would not ensue on this continent; and as, moreover, the pledge held out in the Prince Regent's speech, of supporting with energy the contest in Portugal and Spain, renders it little likely that troops will be sent to this quarter,) although he may be very desirous to render you any

assistance to strengthen the Upper Province, his means of doing so will be but very limited. When we remember, besides all these dispiriting influences, that a numerous body of settlers from the United States were everywhere disseminating their evil counsels, and that well-founded fears were entertained that the American intrigues among the different Indian tribes, which had been openly carried on, and in the conducting of which no expence had been spared, had not failed of success, but that divisions had been sown among our Indian allies, and the minds of many altogether estranged, have we not ample grounds on which to base our assertions that the Canadas were sound to the core, and that all the rash and flatulent speeches made in the American houses of Legislature were but occasioned by the knowledge of their own weakness and divided state? Is it possible for any sane person to credit that the Americans were so totally led away by overweening vanity as to suppose that, when Great Britain should arise in her might, it would be possible for them to hope for success in a war of aggression? Is it not much more likely that French gold it was which originated the idle speculations respecting the Canadas, and not any evidences of discontent or disaffection in those Provinces? The following extracts, however, from an address of the assembly of Upper Canada, to their constituents, put the matters beyond the possibility of doubt and prove to demonstration the loyalty of the Province.

Remarks on the Address of the Assembly of Upper Canada, on the Declaration of War.

It happened, most opportunely, that the House of Assembly had so nearly completed the business before them, that they were at liberty to take all the steps necessary at this crisis, without neglecting any other important measures.

"The declaration of war issued against Great Britain by the United States, when first announced, appeared to be an act of such astonishing folly and desperation, as to be altogether incredible, and not only excited the greatest surprise among the inhabitants of this Province, but among the great majority of our enemies themselves. So many cogent reasons from interest, affection, and virtue, pleaded for an opposite policy, that the most intelligent became the most credulous. That a government professing to be the friend of man and the great supporter of his liberty and independence, should light up the torch of war against the only nation that stands between itself and destruction, exhibited a degree of infatuation or madness altogether incomprehensible — "it cannot be," said the wiser part of our inhabitants —"the United States will never declare war against a nation which has uniformly treated them with kindness and respect, whose fleets protect their commerce, and whose armies support their freedom and independence." But the men at present ruling the states, infatuated, or, as their more enlightened countrymen say, "bribed by the tyrant of France," regardless of the best interests of their country and the feelings and affections of a great majority of their own people, have commenced hostilities against our mother country while treating their vessels with hospitality, and instead of threatening their liberties, offering the most equitable terms of accommodation."

Here follows a long and spirited appeal to the descendants of the U.E. loyalists, who had been driven from the land of their adoption; and there is very little doubt but that the spirit which was roused amongst Canadians was attributable, in a great measure, to the unshaken fidelity of these settlers.

"Already have we the joy to remark, that the spirit of loyalty has burst forth in all its ancient splendor. The militia in all parts of the Province have volunteered their services with acclamation, and displayed a degree of energy worthy of the British name. They do not forget the blessings and privileges which they enjoy under the protection and fostering care of the British Empire, whose government is only felt in this country by acts of the purest justice, and most pleasing and efficacious benevolence. When men are called upon to defend every thing they call precious, their wives and children, their friends and possessions, they ought to be inspired with the noblest resolutions, and they will not be easily frightened by menaces,

or conquered by force. And beholding as we do, the flame of patriotism burning from one end of the Canadas to the other, we cannot but entertain the most pleasing anticipations. Our enemies have indeed said, that they can subdue this country by a proclamation; but it is our parts to prove to them that they are sadly mistaken; that the population is determinately hostile, and that the few who might be otherwise inclined, will find it their safety to be faithful."

That this part of the address produced the most beneficial results, was pretty clearly proved by the timid and vacillating measures adopted by General Hull; the more so, as every day afforded fresh proof to that General, after he was fairly on British ground, that he had been grossly deceived by the representations which had induced him to believe that Canada was ripe for a revolt.

"Innumerable attempts will be made by falsehood, to detach you from your allegiance; for our enemies, in imitation of their European master, trust more to treachery than to force; and they will, no doubt, make use of many of those lies, which unfortunately for the virtuous part of these states, and the peace and happiness of the world, had too much success during the American rebellion: they will tell you that they are come to give freedom—yes, the base slaves of the most contemptible faction that ever distracted the affairs of any nation—the minions of the very sycophants who lick the dust from the feet of Buonaparte, will tell you, that they are come to communicate the blessing of liberty to this Province; but you have only to look at your situation to put such hypocrites to confusion."

"Trusting more to treachery than open hostility, our enemies have already spread their emissaries through the country to seduce our fellow subjects from their allegiance, by promises as false as the principles on which they are founded. A law has therefore been enacted for the speedy detection of such emissaries, and for their condign punishment on conviction—a law which it will not be easy to escape."

The moderation of the different acts which were then passed, for the preservation and defence of the Province, is an additional proof that internal treachery was not one of the causes which were feared. The exigency of the time would have warranted the adoption of much more stringent measures; and had there been any real grounds to fear the settlers from the United States, whose inclinations, though in the main good, would be naturally with the interests of their native country, could have caused any danger, doubtless effective measures would have been adopted. The Legislature, however, knew their men, and trusted to Canadian loyalty. We shall shortly see the proofs that their confidence was not misplaced.

"Remember, when you go forth to the combat, that you fight not for yourselves alone, but for the whole world. You are defeating the most formidable conspiracy against the civilization of man that ever was contrived; a conspiracy threatening greater barbarism and misery than followed the downfall of the Roman Empire—that now you have an opportunity of proving your attachment to the parent state which contends for the relief of oppressed nations, the last pillar of true liberty, and the last refuge of oppressed humanity.

"Persevere as you have begun, in your strict obedience to the laws and your attention to military discipline; deem no sacrifice too costly which secures the enjoyment of our happy constitution; follow, with your countrymen in Britain, the paths of virtue, and, like them, you shall triumph over all your unprincipled foes."

State of feeling in Lower Canada.

Having, we think, satisfactorily, though briefly, disposed of any question that may have arisen with respect to the loyalty of Upper Canadians, we will take a glance at the state of parties in Lower Canada, and examine into the reasons why the stain of disaffection should be supposed to rest any more on them, than on their brethren in the Upper Province.

If there were grounds for apprehending that a feeling of disloyalty existed at all in Canada, reason would have at once suggested that in Lower Canada was the evil to be sought. Yet, on examination into this part of our subject, we find, that although Sir George Prevost had at this time a very

delicate card to play with his House of Assembly, he succeeded in obtaining from them a Militia Act, which, though not affording all that was required, was still a material point gained. 2,000 men were to be balloted, to serve for three months, in two successive summers. One reason why more was not gained was, that an apprehension existed that Canadians might contract military habits, and enlist into the service. This feeling, however, did not prevent the establishment of the Glengarry Light Infantry,* who numbered, by the 1st May, 1812, four hundred rank and file; and we find, farther, that on Sir George Prevost's issuing orders to recruit for a still higher establishment, the officers engaged to double the number, and did it. This does not look like disaffection; and, whether we go still further east, or south, we trace the same spirit. We find two officers dividing Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and enlisting Acadians, while Lieutenant McDonell is reported as making great progress among the Highland settlers on the coast and gulf. When we take all these circumstances, then, into consideration, we confess that we are at a loss to find any sounder reasons for imputing disaffection to Lower Canadians, than we have found to exist among their brethren of the Upper Province; and although they were not called on, in the course of the events which followed, to make such sacrifices, or give such unequivocal proofs of their loyalty, as Upper Canadians; yet, we venture to assert, that the animus was there which would have proved that in both Provinces alike the same pure spirit of patriotism burned.

We cannot well see what reasons the rulers of the United States could have adduced for arriving at a different conclusion. So far back as that momentous period, when their fellow colonists threw off their allegiance to the mother country, the French Canadians, though pressingly invited to assist, refused. They were, even then, aware of the blessings which they enjoyed under British Government, and willingly submitted to the Stamp Act, which caused so great a revolt amongst their neighbours. On the 31st December, 1775, at the siege of Quebec, we find that almost to Lower Canadians alone was the successful resistance against the combined attack of Generals Arnold and Montgomery, attributable. "The party who defended the principal battery, consisted of CANADIAN MILITIA, with nine British seamen to work the guns." On no one occasion, in point of fact, can we detect the slightest trace of a hostile feeling towards the British Government amongst Lower Canadians: in the present instance what is the result of our examination? we find that "four battalions of militia were instantly raised, and the voltigeurs were organised and equipped in the short space of six weeks by the liberality of the young Canadians: we find the Legislature issuing government papers, bearing interest and payable in bills of Exchange in England, to prevent specie from going to the United States; and again, are our old friends, the inhabitants of Quebec, found at their post, guarding the citadel, proud of the duty, and of the consequence reposed on them. We think we need say no more on the head of the loyalty of Lower Canada.

First Hostile Demonstration; 12th July, 1812.

On the 12th July, 1812, the American General Hull, with a force of twenty-five hundred men crossed over to Sandwich from Detroit and planted the American standard on Canadian soil, where he issued a proclamation,* inviting the inhabitants to join his standard.

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* Although the levies raised for the corps belonged generally to the Lower Province, yet strict geographical justice would assign these troops to the Upper Province.

* PROCLAMATION.

Head Quarters, Sandwich,
12th July, 1812.

Inhabitants of Canada—

After thirty years of peace and prosperity, the United States have been driven to arms. The injuries and aggressions, the insults and indignities of Great Britain, have once more left them no alternative but manly resistance, or unconditional submission. The army under my command has invaded your country. The standard of the Union now waves over the territory of Canada. To the peaceable, unoffending inhabitants it brings neither danger nor difficulty. I come to find enemies, not to make them. I come to protect, not to injure you.

Separated by an immense ocean and an extensive wilderness from Great Britain, you have no participation in her councils, no interest in her conduct. You have felt her tyranny; you have seen her injustice; but I do not ask you to avenge the one, or to redress the other.

VIEW OF LONDON, C. W.

CITIES AND TOWNS OF CANADA.

LONDON.

The tourist unacquainted with the rapid growth of our towns in the west, will almost, on leaving Ingersol, in proceeding westward, come to the conclusion that he has left civilization behind. In proportion, therefore, will be his astonishment on emerging from a long pine tract, to see at some distance before him a large, well-built, and populous town. Yet London, the capital of the County of Middlesex, may lay claim to all, if not more, than this description. The town is finely situated, where the two branches of the Thames unite; and from its elevated position, is both healthy and picturesque. Taken from Askin's Hill, just above a sweep of the river, called the "Devil's Elbow," our sketch conveys a very fair, though not flattering, idea of London. Immediately in front is the railroad, with the new bridge crossing the stream, a little to the south-west of the Jail and Court House, on the right, the Church of England and the Roman Catholic Church stand; the former the handsomest Gothic edifice in Canada West, was designed and erected by Mr. Thomas, architect in Toronto, the latter, also, a very fine church has been recently built, and is a commodious and handsome structure. London boasts in all of some thirteen or fourteen churches, and Baptists, Wesleyans, Congregationalists, Presbyterians, whether of the old form, the Free Kirk or Secession, Univesalists, and Colored Baptists have built, it would almost seem in a spirit of emulation, comfortable and substantial brick or frame places of worship. The Court House and Jail, which forms a very prominent object in our plate, is a fine pile of buildings and was erected at a cost of over six thousand pounds. A new Town Hall and Market House, a Mechanis' Institute, and a very large Grammar School have also been recently erected; a common brick schoolhouse has been built by the Corporation, at an expense (says Smith's Canada) of seventeen hundred pounds. The barracks, which are roomy and commodious, are to the north of the town, and are not visible in our plate, as they are situated just between the Court House on the left and the Roman Catholic Church on the right. There are flourishing bank agencies and building societies here, with societies innumerab'e, while there is no room to complain of the want of grist and saw mills, distilleries, foundries, tanneries or asheries. Labat's Brewery is too wel known to all true lovers of malt to require particular notice; treble, double, or single X, are all to be had, and of a quality that would almost shake one's belief in the exclusive excellence of Hodgson or Bass's pale East India.

London has been singularly unfortunate in respect to fires, and has four times, within the last few years, suffered from the devouring element; on one occasion, the fire of 1845, one hundred and fifty large buildings were destroyed. The result of these repeated purifications has been that it contains fewer mean and shabby looking houses than most towns of similar importance.

The town was first laid out in 1826, and increased so fast that an additional survey was found necessary in 1834, and at that time more land was added to the town plan, the limits of which now cover over 1400 acres. Of this quantity five acres were reserved for a grammar school, five for a market place, and ten for agricultural purposes, holding fairs, &c., this will eventually be of great benefit to the town.

Much, doubtless, of the prosperity, everywhere visible, and the rapid increase in the population (nearly six thousand), is to be attributed to London having been so long a military station; but still, it is in the energy of the inhabitants and the productiveness of the adjacent country, that the real cause is to be found. The well-stocked shops and the expeditious yet safe mode of doing business, have long rendered London a place worthy of note in the far west, and speculation is even now rife as to how the railroad will affect the interests of the town. There are always some croakers to be found in every community, and such individuals are at present busy with their prognostications that, as the railroad progresses and the facilities of transportation are multiplied, so will the prosperity of this new thriving town in the same ratio decrease; but the same calculations were made years ago with respect to horses in Great Britain; yet as railroads increased, so did the number of horses increase likewise; and, granting that one class of travellers will cease to stop in London, in the same manner as business in-

creases, so will it be found necesssary to have, likewise, an increase of travellers. Besides, the Canadian Cockneys have too much enterprise amongst them not to make a fresh business if the old one diminishes, and we have very little doubt but that, so far from injuring the town, a railroad will only add fresh energy to the already wide-awake Lunnuners.

THE CHRONICLES OF DREEPDAILY.

No. IX.

WHEREIN IS COMMENCED THE UNSURPASSED HISTORY OF JEREMIAH DIP, ALDERMAN AND TALLOW-CHANDLER, OF THREADNEEDLE STREET, LONDON.

From the earliest epoch of my conscious existence, I have had an unsatiable yearning to read of the exploits of murderers, robbers, foot pads, pirates and such like adventurous imitators, on a small scale, of Alexander the Great, and Napoleon Bonaparte, (so called, as Mr. Paumie tells me, because he conquered a *good part* of the world). Next to the life of Sir William Wallace, and the Gentle Shepherd, the books which I most delighted to study were the Newgate Calendar, and Hugo Arnot's Criminal Trials; and I often thought that if some warlock offered to bring before me the apparition of some illustrious notoriety of history, I should fix upon Robin Hood, or Sixteen-String-Jack in preference to any one else.

As I was mentioning this weakness of mine one day to Quinten Quill, that obliging personage, who never was so happy as when ministering to our amusement, inquired at Mr. Paumie and myself whether we would like to witness the manner in which the thief-catchers of London perform their operations. "My reason for asking the question," quoth Quinten, "is that Mr. Noseannabem, a Bow-street detective is, this very afternoon, to be occupied in an attempt to discover the perpetrators of an extensive theft of sugar from a West Indian ship lying in one of the docks."

The Dominie, who had but slender love for this department of the fine arts, declined the offer with befitting thanks, but I, as you may swear jumped at the same, like a lawyer at a fee, or a cock at a grosert. Accordingly having discussed a bit snack o'lunch, and may be a toothful of something stronger than water, in order, to steady our nerves, we set out for the Police office, where we found the manhunter just preparing to start upon his expedition.

Mr. Noseannabem was a perfect model at once of strength and activity, conveying the impression, as Mr. Quill remarked, that his father might have been Hercules, and his mother the queen of all the rope dancers. Rather slender, than otherwise, so far as bulk was concerned, his muscles were as hard as cast metal, and he had an eye which seemed to pierce the person he looked upon like the sharpest gimlet. This said eye was never at rest for the minutest fraction of a second; nothing could escape its inquisition and feverish scrutiny. It was impossible for a wind-propelled straw to cross his path without its course being traced to the nook where it found refuge, and I firmly believe that before I had been two minutes in his company he could have sworn correctly to the number of buttons on my coat and vest, and the sum total of darns which my every day breeches exhibited!

Quinten having explained to this functionary, who was one of his intimate cronies, the errand upon which he had come, he, in the frankest manner agreed to gratify our wishes. The only stipulation which he made was that we should witness his proceedings from a distance, as if we had no cognizance of, or connexion with him, and on no account to volunteer either advice or assistance unless specially requested so to do. These terms, of course, were willingly acceded to, especially by your humble servant, more by token that, though by no means a coward, I am a prudent man, and have ever had a decided aversion to scald my fingers with the broth appertaining to other people!

Having placed sundry pairs of hand-cuffs in his coat pocket, and seen that the flints of two pistols which he carried in his breast, were in business order, our friend invited us to accompany him in his campaign. Having reached the wharf where the plundered vessel lay, Mr. Noseannabem put a number of interrogatories to the skipper and his hands, but without being able to elicit anything like a clew to the depredators. In fact the sugar had been ravished at mid-night which was two hours before the moon turned out of her hammock, and during the prevalence moreover, of one of those *dour* London fogs capable of being cut with a knife, like a kebboch of Dunlop cheese?

Leaving the ship, about as wise as when he entered the same, the inquisitor began to look narrowly upon the contiguous stones of the street, as if in quest of some fine eyed needle. After a season he made signs to us to approach, and quietly directed our attention to a small train of sugar running from the river to the buildings fronting the same. This track he pursued for at least a couple of hours, frequently losing trace of it altogether in mud and rubbish. In process of time his researches led him to the houses, and directing us to take up our station in a tap-room where we could observe without observation his cautious movements, he made a thorough survey of the various dwellings which surrounded the locality.

Of a verity, some of these structures would not, from their appearance and general air, have been pronounced to be the chosen dwel-

ling-places of saints or honest men. There was a glum, grewsome look about them, conveying irresistibly the idea that the frequenters thereof were more given to breaking the ten commandments than laying the foundation-stones of churches; and the parties who swarmed in and out of the dirt-daubed doors, tended to confirm the correctness of such an impression. There were hook-nosed children of Abraham, laden with cast-off garments, in every stage of decrepitude and decay;—randy-women, stoving and steaming with the fumes of adulterated gin;—and troops of wild, unpruned olive branches, nearly as naked as the rising generation of the Cannibal Islands, or the marble angels which flutter everlastingly around the monuments in Westminster Abbey, and whose faces, evidently, had never been familiar with the virtues of soap and water.

We could notice, from our stance, Mr. Noseannabem carefully inspecting the portals of these disreputable specimens of metropolitan architecture. He had evidently lost all traces of the luscious grains, and indeed looked as if on the eve of giving up his investigations in despair.

At length a gleam of satisfaction became apparent on his anxious countenance, and in obedience to a wave of his hand, we settled for the brown-stout we had been imbibing, and joined the patient investigator, "Put your tongue," quoth he, "upon the handle of this door, and tell me what you discover!" Though inwardly *scunnering* at making such a use of my *gustatorial member* (as Mr. Paumie hath it) I was determined to obey orders without disputing them, and accordingly began licking the filthy dirt-encrusted nob of brass. No sooner had I done so, than I became aware of the presence of something sweet, which a more prolonged tasting convinced me was neither more nor less than genuine muscovado!

"Here lurks the thief!" whispered the exulting terror-to-evil-doers, — and forthwith motioning us to follow, he proceeded to ascend a narrow and winding stair. At every door which we encountered in our upward, but far from heavenward progress, he *pree'd* the flavor of the *sneck*, till at length, smacking his lips, he exclaimed, "I will wager a guinea to a brass farthing that the fox is kennelled in this den!"

It was the work of a moment to break open the door with a kick, which might have felled an ox; and rushing into a small, ill-lighted, and abominably *clatty* room, the thief-taker threw himself upon a burly, red-haired giant, measuring more than six feet three inches in his stocking-soles, and had him firmly handcuffed, before you could say Jack Robinson!

The party thus unceremoniously roused from a profound nap, at first showed tokens of disputing the righteousness of his capture; but no sooner did he recognise his conqueror than he at once abandoned the controversy as a bootless job. "Oh, it's you, Mr. Noseannabem!" he exclaimed, with all the coolness of an iced cucumber. "You have come about that ere sugar, I suppose? Well, well, there is no use making a poor mouth about the matter! It will only be a seven years' visit to the other side of the big herring-pond! Treat me like a gentleman, and I will give you no extra trouble!" The victor having assured him that he would give him every reasonable indulgence, the vanquished knight pointed to a recess at the head of his invaded couch, within which was found the abducted produce of the cane. The sugar had been carried off in sacks, the leakage from which had led, as above narrated, to the discovery and apprehension of its ravisher.

Having procured a *jarvie* (as our friend designated a hackney coach), the whole party proceeded in state to the Guildhall, where Mr. Roderick M'Rogue (for so was the enthralled freebooter named) was arraigned before the sitting magistrate, to answer for his somewhat irregular speculations in the grocery department.

Alderman Dip, who on this occasion occupied the throne of justice, was a little pug-nosed, pot-bellied, bandy-legged specimen of humanity, sporting a brown wig and a pair of specs, the lenses whereof were of such preposterously gigantic dimensions that they might have served for the peep-glasses of a penny show! His manner was curt and cat-witted, which, if natural, was doubtless aggravated by the fact that he had just been on the point of seeking the solacement of dinner at the moment when Mr. Noseannabem required the assistance of his judicial functions.

No sooner had the alderman been made aware, in answer to a question propounded to the manacled M'Rogue, that the worthy was a native of North Britain, than his temper appeared to be tinctured with a tenfold measure of acidity! Oblivious of the dignity of the tribunal on which he was perched, he broke out into a perfect hurricane of abuse and vituperation against the luckless land of cakes and everything connected therewith! Not a virtuous female, he asserted, could be condescended upon between Peterhead and Dumfries, and, as for the men, they were universally thieves and cut-throats without a solitary redeeming exception! The prisoner's being a native of this unholy land was proof presumptive of his guilt (continued anti-Scotus), sufficiently strong to warrant his committal and conviction without further evidence; and he only wished that Roderick's entire countrymen sported but one neck, so that he could have the delectation of seeing it dislocated some fine morning in front of the debtors' door at Newgate! His lordship concluded an address more emphatic than strictly

orthodox, by quoting the well-known scoffing stanza:—

"There's nought in the Heelands
But nettles and leeks;
And lang-leggit Heelandmen
Wanting the breeks!"

When Mr. Quill and myself had rejoined the Dominie at our quarters in Furnival's inn, and were enjoying our glass after dinner, I naturally alluded to the extraordinary outpouring of slander which had been directed by the Cockney law-dispenser at Guildhall, against "the land of mountain and flood"

"The truth is," said Quinten in explanation, "that the worthy alderman is to be excused, in a great measure, for escapades similar to that of which he has been guilty to-day. Destiny led him, some years ago, into the regions where bagpipes and small-still whisky prevail, and the crooked luck which he there encountered has been sufficient to translate his marrow into mustard! I am myself half a Scotsman, my mother being a M'Murrich, but cognizant as I am of his antecedents, I can make great allowance for his misanthropical outbreaks."

Mr. Quill having thus excited the curiosity of the Dominie and myself, we requested him to enlighten us on the matter, and accordingly, his tumbler being freshly replenished, Quinten proceeded to narrate the following passages, which, at my special suit, Mr. Pawmie wrote down from his diction.

THE MISADVENTURES OF ALDERMAN DIP.

It is not every Cyrus who is blessed with a Xenophon to register the memorabilia of his boyhood, and for lack of such a chronicler, posterity must be left to conceive the progress of Master Jeremiah Dip's sojourning in Old Lud, where he was dropped one fine day by the York stage waggon, *sans sous*, *sans everything*, save a tolerable inheritance of mother wit. At the end of the above-mentioned period, viz., when he had just turned of thirty, the first trace which we discover of him is a brace of carpenters affixing over the threshold of a small shop in Threadneedle Street, a wooden banner, vulgarly styled a sign, intimating to the universe, that candles dipped as well as mould, besides oils of every description, and cracklings for the sustentation of dogs, were vended on the easiest terms by the magister of the unctuous emporium.

Our hero left his counter a dozen times in each hour to gaze, from the middle of the causeway, upon the golden letters which conveyed the above-mentioned announcement. He was never weary of contemplating the thrice-beloved sign! He looked at it in all lights, and in every conceivable shade. He yawned during the night-watches for the advent of the sun, that he might dwell upon the much-cherished characters; and he regarded the greasy lamplighter with the eye of a friend, because his torch, like the wand of a benevolent magician, rescued his heart's delight from the envious obscurity of evening!

Smile at this as you may, worthy gossip, you nathless would not deem honest Jeremiah's enthusiasm exorbitant, had you like him passed from the nothingness of a servitor into the everything of a dealer on your own account! His was the spasmodic elasticity of the butterfly newly disenthralled from the bondage of grubship—the exodus from murky Egyptian slavery into liberty and light!

The stream of time rolled on, and every dash of its chronological wave washed a stray copper into the treasury of the huxter of luminaries, till, at the end of some sixteen years, he found that it took no small measure of the midnight oil, to enable him to sum up his bank account. To make a long story short, he discovered that he was "*comfortable*"—a term which, according to John Bull's mercantile lexicon, implies a competency equal to the income of some half score "Princes of the empire." In England, when a man is *easy*, he may sport his one-horse chay—when *comfortable*, he may rejoice with impunity in his coach-and-four. In Italy or *Faderland* the phrase would imply little more than sour kraut, or wine, thin as a Trappist monk in Lent, to your macaroni!

Master Dip set his affairs in order, disposed of the goodwill of his business, and turned his back for ever (as he thought) upon Threadneedle Street, with the world all before him.

Having for a brief interludic season "hung loose upon society," fate at length dropped the ex-engenderer of candles into a compact Lilliputian box-villa on the banks of the Thames, resembling in no small degree those ingenious structures y'clept "*fly-houses*," which some years ago formed one of the most sterling and staple attractions of the toy-shop. In fact, had some *lunatic* Sir John Herschell brought the focus of his seven-foot telescope to bear upon the threshold of the foresaid snuggery, with its little pursy owner attired in his ample azure surtout, he would assuredly have "written him down" a gigantic species of the blue-bottle, guarding the penetralia of his temple from the meditated desecration of some cadaverous spider—the said spider having its counterpart in some long-legged tax-gatherer, a personage ever held in extra-devout aversion by the most loyal subject of the British crown!

"Happiness," saith Lokman, or some other oriental sage, "happiness is the shadow in the stream, which vanisheth when a poor devil stoopeth to grasp it." Now, though we would have strong scruples in making affidavit upon oath, that a good dinner, with a genuine bottle of *black-strap* as a finish off, can be with any propriety termed a *shadow*, still stern truth compelleth us to confess that with all this, and sundry other minor comforts, Master Jeremiah began to find out that he had not ex-

actly compassed what all life long he had been striving and panting to obtain. His great dream and ambition had been to become his own master, but not many months had sped over his sconce till he discovered that he was as far from this devoutly wished-for consummation as ever. He was, in fact, as much a servitor as on the day in which he subscribed his 'prentice indenture,—and to a master, moreover, who keeps as sharp a look-out on his vassals as ever Falkland did on that preposterous *spoon*, Caleb Williams. In plain unvarnished Anglo-Saxon, he was the neck-and-heels bondsman of *Ennui!*

Having exhausted every other conceivable method of emancipating himself from this merciless thraldom, he, as a last and desperate resource, bethought himself of a little circulating library, situated near the gate of his Tusculum, and ere a week had absconded, he was immersed neck and crop in the multitudinous mysteries of the far-famed *Minerva Press.* Hurried as we are, and anxious to progress with our narrative, we must stop a moment to give a passing *all-hail* to this prolific fountain of the wild and wonderful! How many a time and oft, in our "green and salad days," have we wept and shuddered by turns over the legends spawned in this *mare magnum* of romance! Can we ever forget the delicious horror with which thy exhalations stiffened our juvenile hairs, causing them to stand stiff and stark on end, like quills upon the porcupine which Hamlet used to fret? What though we now are aware that the swans of *Minerva* are nothing better than geese—and that the gold of her knights is arrant tinfoil—what, we say, of all this? Not less entrancing were they in our uncritical and unsophisticated eyes—and the wisdom which has unmasked the gentle deceits has given us no delight half so appetizing as that which, in its confounded matter-of-fact prudery, it hath for ever and a day deprived us of!

The *ci-divant* tallow-chandler now found himself in a new world—a *terra incognita* that he had previously never so much as dreamt of. Before this epoch the wildest stretch of his literary excursions had never reached beyond the "Complete Letter Writer" or the "Young Man's Best Companion,"—saving and excepting always the leading Tory journal of the day (Conservatism, that indefinite half-way house, had then neither "a local habitation nor a name!") For be it known that Master Jeremiah was an out-and-out Church-and-King-man "all of the olden time,"—who never retired to roost, in fair weather or foul, without draining a potent poculum to the eternal confusion of Pope, Diabolus, and Pretender! Had the big O then flourished, the *trio* would doubtless have been transformed into a *quartett!*

Now, as every peripatetic clerk, or well-read sentimental milliner, is aware, *high birth* formed one of the staple dishes which the illustrious Mr. Newman was in the habit of serving up from his intellectual cook shop. The *Lathoms* and *Ann of Swansea*, and other ministering servants of the Minerva Press, appeared to be thoroughly convinced of the truth of Dan Horace's maxim, "*difficile est communia proprie discere.*" Hence they generally enlarged more upon castles than cottages, and whatever be the literary defects of that distinguished school of fiction, the reader who adventureth to dip into it is always certain to find himself in "the very first society." In fact, we have been told that Mr. Newman, on no account whatever, would pay for a work in which there was not one Marquis, at the very least, garnished with a due proportion of Baronets and Knights. A Prince Regent was worth half-a-crown extra to the author, and it went hard if a King did not fetch a *sovereign* over and above the stipulated price of the job!

For the first time honest Dip began to feel a little squeamish at the thought that he was nothing more than a retired Cockney huxter. His very *plum*, which before invested him with so much consequence in the eyes of himself and of his neighbors, now actually soured upon his stomach. Right willingly would he have parted with a plethoric per centage thereof for an ancestor of the era (*area* he called it) of the Conqueror or Long Shanks, even though the only record history gave of him might be that the senex "died for the law," as our North British friends delicately render the words *sus per col!*

The earliest decided intimation which the translated Jeremiah gave of his *aristocratophobia* was afforded one evening as he was "blowing a cloud" with Master Guy Cleaver, a worthy member of the *Lumber Troop*, whose reputation, like that of the doughty Earl of Warwick had been earned by smiting of cows. This said Guy, who had a profound veneration for every one who could set down four consecutive figures in a note of hand, and duly retire the same when at maturity without drawing upon the exchequer of *King Æolus*, happened *en passant* to mention one of the civic worthies of the day. "Pshaw!" interjected Jeremiah knocking the ashes out of his pipe, with an air which might have become the illustrous Ancient Pistol himself, "Pshaw! what is he after all! a mere man of yesterday whom nobody knows!" "Body o' me gossip," rejoined Guy with a start, "What *do* you mean? A man of yesterday! Sure you forget that he is the senior *pardner* of his house, and certain to be Lord Mayor of Lunnon next year!" Jeremiah had got hardened from the bad company which he had been keeping. "He may be Lord Mayor of Jericho, for that matter," was his profane response, "but you know well that his father was only a tailor, and his mother sold vegetables in Common Garden market!"

A mighty change had indeed come over the spirit of the candle maker's life and conversation. His former aspirations, amusements, and pursuits seemed "stale, flat, and unprofitable." Instead of green hides he "babbled of green fields" and the *cents* of the stocks gave place to the *scents* of the mountain and plain. Gradually he gave up his city haunts, discontinuing, even, his visits to the Free-and-easy in the Goat and Compasses, whence for a single night he had never been absent during twenty years, sickness and Sundays excepted. His principal out-door recreation was to note the coats of arms emblazoned on the lordly vehicles which whirled past his dwelling; and he began to scrape acquaintance with all the half-pay subalterns in his neighbourhood, having discovered from a memorandum in Steel's army list that such gentlemen though poor as the house-dog of a pauper, were all gentlemen *ex officios!*

But destiny had higher things in store for our hero than such "small deer." At the expiry of some twelve months, or so, we find him a duly elected member of the "Exclusive Club," a dignified association which held its weekly sederunt at a consumptive looking, back going tavern, claiming the aristocratic title of hotel. We have made the most diligent endeavours to discover the means by which the aspiring Dip procured admittance to this social Eden, but, to the unutterable loss of posterity without success. That distinguished local antiquarian Sir Nicholas Harry Nicholas, to whom we applied by way of a forlorn hope for information, threw some dim light on the subject. He informed us there is a current tradition to the effect that Master Jeremiah was assisted over the Rubicon by a certain Major O Flash, a man of war, blessed with a profusion of *muzzle hair*, but cursed with an income at once slender and uncertain. To him the chandler had played the part of the good Samaritan when involved in the foul meshes of a bum-bailiff's net, and the Major, as a *quid pro quo* had proposed his benefactor as a *mimber* of the fraternity, and displayed somewhat ostentatiously the but-ends of two hair-triggers on the evening of election, as an earnest of the serious interest which he took in his mercantile protege!

[*Here a summons to Mr. Quill from Bouncer and Brass requiring his immediate attendance, constrained him to break off his narration. Ere leaving however, he covenanted to complete it on the following day.*]

AN EYE TO THE MAIN CHANCE.—A young stockbroker having married a fat old widow with £100,000, says it wasn't his wife's face that attracted him so much as the figure.

A correspondent wishes to know whether the *Bench* of Bishops is one of the *forms* of the Church.

MUTABILITY.

THE flower that smiles to-day
To-morrow dies:
All that we wish to stay,
Tempts and then flies.
What is this world's delight?
Lightning that mocks the night,
Brief even as bright.

Virtue, how frail it is!
Friendship too rare!
Love, how it sells poor bliss
For proud despair!
But we, though soon they fall,
Survive their joy and all
Which ours we call.

While skies are blue and bright,
While flowers are gay,
While eyes that change ere night
Make glad the day;
While yet the calm hours creep,
Dream thou—and from thy sleep
Then wake to weep.

THE JINGLE.

BY MISS MARGARET ORMSBY FITZGERALD.

CHAPTER II.

Relating to a Black Kettle and a Breakdown.

IT was about ten o'clock in the morning that the jingle, of which we have given some description, was seen wending its way along the main street of the small but beautifully situated town of Killarney, Paddy's horn once more put in requisition, rang out loudly and invitingly, while he wielded his lash to the no small bodily discomfort of sundry pigs, who with their noses buried in the gutter, had not paid sufficient attention to his warning blast, and were now undergoing the punishment due to their audacity, as the swinish squeals that filled the air testified in a not very harmonious or agreeable manner. The jaded steeds raised their heads and shook the harness in the happy certainty of being soon freed from its trammels, and, which must appear stranger still when we consider that for the last four miles the whip had been unsparingly applied to make them move at all, they raised their legs as if those members were not quite lifeless, and made an attempt to trot on to the house, over whose door was inscribed in large letters the word "hotel."

"The car stops here a quarter of an hour, to change horses and breakfast, Mam," said the driver as the widow lifted her little girl off the vehicle, then turning to the stout gentleman, as he handed him a carpet bag and hat box.

"I thought you'd go on wid us, Mr. O'Shaughnessy." "Not to-day, McCarthy," replied the other, "but you will have me in all probability next week, as I must be in Cork for the assizes."

"Anything else, Mam?" inquired Paddy, addressing the tall, palefaced, and timid looking girl, who with a mingled exqression of shame and anxiety in her countenance, stood an inactive spectator of the driver's operations, as trunk, bag, and parcel were alternately exhumed from the unfathomable well. "Y-e-s," she replied hesitatingly, "there is a-a-another trunk there, Mam," he asked, as kneeling on the cushions, he prepared to dive down in search of it.

"It is in the box under the seat," she whispered hurriedly, giving a quick glance round to see that no one was near, and speaking rapidly, as if afraid of being overheard, had the indicated place of stowage been anything like capable of containing the very smallest description of man, one would have expected, from her extreme distress, to see a smuggled lover, at the least, drawn out, but that was impossible, for the said box was barely two and a half cubic feet in dimensions.

"A parcel I suppose," said Paddy, "oh, here it is," fishing up at the same time a sealed parcel covered with brown paper.

"No," she almost gasped, while the blood mounted to her brow for a moment, and then retreating left her face even paler than before. Twice she opened her lips to speak, and twice the unspoken words died away in a faint murmuring. For a moment the driver stared at her in the utmost astonishment, he had heard of public vehicles, nay, even coaches carrying his Majesty's mail being temporarily converted into foundling hospitals, and as the horrid idea crossed his mind that he had been for the last some hours sitting upon a living child, he grasped the dashboard of the car to prevent his falling. It was a moment of sickening suspense, and in the quickened beatings of his pulse he fancied he could hear the gasping respirations of the smothering infant, but when in a low, sepulchral tone she slowly and with difficulty articulated "'tis black," he leaped up with a tiger like spring, and grasped her shoulder while he shouted, "murder! murder! murder!" in a tone that shortly brought not only the inmates of the hotel, but every one else within hearing, so that a large crowd was collected in a moment around them.—"What's the matter! what's the matter!" cried fifty voices at once, but Paddy only kept on shouting "murder," louder than ever, until at length, completely exhausted by his exertions, he was obliged to draw breath.

"I am a magistrate," called out a little man who, mounted on a grey horse, had been for the last five minutes endeavouring to make himself heard, "I am a magistrate, and will take your depositions, but you must be sworn."

"I'll swear," cried the driver, who had by this time recovered the power of speech, "on the vartue of my oath, that I didn't know a word about it. I was as innocent as the babe unborn, till she tould me to take out the corp."

"Then the body is found," cried the magistrate. "Phil," he added, to a half-naked urchin who was standing beside his horse, "run off for the coroner at once, and," he shouted out, as the boy was running off with but half his message, "call at Dr. Finnerty's, on your way, and bid him come up to ho'd a *post mortem.*" As he spoke he took a roll of paper from his pocket, and dismounting, "we can get pen and ink in your parlor, John," he said, addressing the innkeeper

"Yes, sir, and I think my sister has a testament."

"Very well; and now, my good man, follow me, and I will take your deposition about this person whom you affirm to have been murdered."

"Person," cried Paddy, "'tis'nt a person at all, your honor, but a black child that she stuffed into the box, an' I sat on the body for four hours an' a half."

"Then an inquest has been held, I see," interrupted the magistrate, in a tone of disappointment.

"No inquest at all," replied Paddy, "but I sat upon the negro onknownst, for she rammed it into the box of the driving seat."

"Take that woman into custody," cried the magistrate, as a party of police came up, while the crowd, horrified at the drivers's last revelation, fell back from the supposed depository of the murdered negro.

"Here's the docther, here's the docther," cried half a dozen voices, as a tall, gentlemanly looking man cantered up the street on a handsome thorough-bred. "Make way for his honor there," and a lane was opened in the crowd, which closed again behind him as he advanced.

"How do you do, doctor?"

"Quite well, thank you, Mr. Cronin; hope Mrs. Cronin's influenza is better? Phil Connor met me on the road returning from M'Gillicuddy's, and said you sent him for me, something about a *post mortem*, I think."

"Yes, it is a bad business, and such a respectable, quiet-looking girl, too. You would never think she could be guilty of such a crime."

"What! is it a murder?"

"Yes, infanticide on a poor negro child, and she packed the body into a trunk or bandbox, I believe. She confessed it to the driver. As far as I have heard the facts of the case, any jury must bring in a verdict of wilful murder."

"But will her own confession be sufficient to criminate her?"

"Certainly not; but we have strong circumstantial evidence, that is, we have the body, and that reminds me that you must examine it before the inquest, and here comes the coroner. Ashley," he continued, addressing the police-sergeant, "exhume the negro. Ah, Mr. Mullins, a bad business this!"

"Very bad, indeed," returned the coroner,

shaking him warmly by the hand, "how do you do, doctor?" O'Connell, like a good fellow, catch a jury for me. Phil told me all about it as we came along," he resumed, turning to the magistrate, "a very sad accident, but the jury must find a verdict of accidental death; they could never think of bringing you in guilty of—

"Bringing me in guilty," said the other; "what do you mean?"

"Why, Phil told me that you blew up a negro who had been smuggled."

"Nonsense, the negro was *smothered;* but what is the matter, Ashley?"

"I can't find the body, sir."

"Can't find it; why, did you try in the box? In all probability it is covered up with something; search again, Ashley, for a small soft parcel."

"I have it," shouted the serjeant, and a murmur of horror ran through the crowd, that pressed forward with straining eyes and beating hearts, while as each individual drew in his breath, it sounded like one mighty gasp when the policeman raised a large parcel from the box, then in the breathless pause which succeeded could be heard the sound of the snapping twine. He cut the string that hid the packet, and in another moment, and as a hundred eyes were fixed upon his movements, he threw off the cover and held up to their gaze an old pair of corduroy trousers, there was a universal start, and then a roar of laughter burst from the crowd.

"Silence," cried the magistrate sternly, but he might as well have talked to the wind. "Bring forward the prisoner," he shouted.

"D'ye hear, Serjeant Ashley," cried a voice from among the mob, "bring forard yer prisoner, his honor wants to exhume the breeches," and as fresh shouts of laughter from the crowd rewarded the sally, the girl and her accuser were brought before the magistrate.

"Is there nothing else, Ashley?" called out the latter.

"Nothing, sir, but this," he replied, holding up to view a black kettle, from the top of which—for it was without a cover—protruded an old brass knocker, a bunch of skewers, some iron spoons, and the remains—for the greater part of the handle had been broken off—of a very old and very dirty hearth brush. The accused had been completely bewildered by the assault of the driver, and frightened out of her wits at being arrested by the police, who, whenever she attempted an explanation, overwhelmed her with entreaties not to criminate herself, as they would be obliged to give her communications in evidence against her; but at the sight of this kettle, the hopes of extricating herself returned to her again and she cried aloud "that's it, that's it."

"What's that ye say?" screamed Paddy indignantly? "did'nt ye tell me that ye put a young negro into the box?"

"No," cried the prisoner, "I said that I had a black—"

"Do ye hear that, she confesses it," interrupted the other in an extacy.

"Kettle!" screamed the lady.

"An' why did'nt ye say that before, then?"

"Because," she replied, blushing deeply, "because—I was ashamed."

"I suppose, sir, we may release the prisoner."

"Why, I do not see that we have sufficient reason to detain her," replied the magistrate, coolly returning the roll of papers to his pocket, at the same time giving it as his opinion that no jury could bring in a verdict of wilful murder upon a black kettle.

Another shout of laughter announced the people's perfect satisfaction with the issue of the investigation—three persons present only leaving the spot with clouded brows, namely, Paddy, who raised a very good joke at his own expense, and the doctor and coroner, who had each lost a job.

"Mr. Mullins," cried a red-haired man, from an upper window of the hotel, as the official was preparing to turn his horse's head homewards, "I've caught the jury and locked them up, but they insist upon seeing the body befor the doctor finishes his *post mortem.*"

Five minutes after, the car was once more upon its way, having got rid of the negro and its owner, with the two gentlemen; in whose places it received an apothecary's apprentice, who was just out of his time, and going to Millstreet to practice on the peasantry, and two butter merchants' agents returning to Cork. "Fine day for travelling, ma'am," remarked one of the latter, breaking the silence that had remained uninterrupted for the last half hour, and taking advantage of a cessation from jolting, occasioned by the leisurely descent of the vehicle down a steep hill that terminated in a ravine, over which was thrown a kind of bridge flanked by one dilapidated parapet, the other having been carried away by a mountain torrent.

"Yes, very," was the involuntarily uttered and sententious reply of the lady, who, occupied with her own thoughts—and sad ones they must have been, if the expression of her countenance was to be considered as a faithful index—evinced no desire to encourage the loquacity of her companion.

"Cork is a thriving place," continued the gentleman returning to the attack, no way daunted by the cool reception which his advances met with, "a very thriving place; you're going up at a pleasant time, just be in for the assizes, there's a very interesting case to come on next week, many people are going up solely to hear the trial, Mr. O'Shaughnessey."

"Mr. O'Shaughnessey," repeated the widow, to whom the name seemed familiar, "oh, I recollect that was the name of the gentle-

man who came with us as far as Killarney.

Nothing more likely, in all probability he was going up to stand his trial."

"Stand his trial! why surely he has done nothing that could—but I suppose it is some slight offence.

"Slight offence!" exclaimed the gentleman, ".No, indeed, but a very serious business."

"Then I wonder that they have not taken him into custody, but perhaps he is let out on bail."

"Bail! bless your heart, they never bail a man for breach of promise."

"Oh! is that it?"

"Yes, I am not acquainted with all the particulars, but I can give you an outline of the principal facts of the case. In the first place you must know that there's"—but before he could say what, a crash was heard, one wheel spun into the middle of the road, and every soul upon the car was sent flying through the air like so many slugs from the barrel of a blunderbuss.

"Oh!" exclaimedt he gentleman whose narrative was so unceremoniously interrupted, as his path crossing that of his brother agent, their bodies came into collision with a force that stopped their aërial flight and brought them together to the ground.

"How did it all happen," cried the apothecary, as he vainly endeavored to extricate his torn garments from the furze hedge which had caught him in his passage, while Mrs Coffee picked herself out of the ditch as she best could, and turning up the whites of her eyes, ejaculated "Glory be to God!" while she crossed herself most devoutly.

"Are ye sure that ye're not all murdered," inquired the driver, and the little girl by way of reply to the query, having recovered from her fright, evinced her return to presence of mind by screaming most lustily.

"Where are ye hurt, aweenoch," asked Paddy anxiously, while her brother knelt down beside her and dried the tears with his handkerchief, as he whispered, "Hush, hush, Emmy, mamma will be frightened." As he ut ered the word mamma, every one looked round, and the question, "where is she?" passed from lip to lip. A scream from McCarthy, who ran up to the very low ditch on that side of the road, brought them all to his side, and a cry of horror burst forth, as looking in the direction to which his finges pointed, they saw far down the mountain on the brink of the ravine, what appeared to be the lifeless corpse of the widow. For an instant they stood still, and then as with one impulse sprang forward, and in a few minutes they had scrambled down the steep mountain side to the place where she lay. The jolt had thrown her over the low wall where her head came in contact with a heap of loose stones which gave way at once and rolled down with her, over and over that almost perpendicular descent to inevitable destruction, for she could not have reached the bottom of that rocky ravine with life; but just upon the brink of the precipice, which overhung it, grew a patch of old furze, and as with frighfully increased momentum she struck against them; the tough old stems half bent for an instant to the force of the shock—a straw would have turned the balance, as she hung suspended between life and death—but the tough old bushes were too firmly rooted to be dislodged, they sprang back elastically, and she was saved.

As McCarthy came to the place where she lay, a low groan broke upon his ear—"She lives, she lives!" he exclaimed. "Thank God!" fervently ejaculated his companions, while clambering along the base of the mountain he disappeared from their view.

"She may do yet," said Mrs. Coffee, in an anxious tone, while she looked up inquiringly into the face of the apothecary, who shook his head in mute reply to the implied question, pointing at the same time to the blood that was oozing through the long and tangled hair which hung loosely round her—her cap and bonnet having come off in her fall,—"she speaks," he added, as her eyes slowly unclosed and the pale lips were parted with an effort, when stooping down he could guess at rather than hear the scarcely breathed words,—"my children."

"Set your mind at ease about them, they are safe, quite safe;" he replied kindly,—and the beam of intelligence which had for a moment lighted up her eye vanished, slowly and heavily the lid sunk down upon the dimmed and darkened orb, as she relapsed into insensibility. They continued gazing silently upon her, till a shout attracted their attention, and looking up they saw Paddy on the top of the mountain.

"This way, this way, boys," he cried, springing down, regardless of the stones and hillocks which lay in his path, followed more leisurely by four men, who bore a mattress on a door between them, as he reached the group breathless from his exertions, he gave one look at the inanimate object round which they stood, and starting back he grasped the apothecary's arm, while he asked in a low hurried tone,—"She is not dead?"

"No!" was the reply, "but she must be removed at once or she will be before long."

As they gently and tenderly raised the unfortunate lady they placed her on the mattress.

"There's a respectable farmer," said Paddy, a second cousin of my own, lives half a mile across the fields, we can take her there if ye think she couldn't bear the journey to Millstreet.

"Certainly she could not!" replied the apothecary, to whom the question was addressed, "take her to your cousin's at once if it is the nearest house."

"That it is, an' the only one, barring a cabin

that wouldn't be fit for the likes of her, widin three miles of us; more-betoken, 'twas there I got the cushions an' the door.—Asy, boys, asy! step together, can't ye, an' not jowlt her; I'll go back for the childher, God help 'em! Oh wirra, wirra! but 'tis an unforthinate day for ye, Paddy McCarthy, to begin by risin a crowner's quest all about nothing at all, and to end this way. Oh, holy St. Pathrick, what war ye doin' at all at all, that ye wouldn't be lookin' down upon me this day, an' I christined afther ye an' born on yer own blessed vigil."

"Come along wid me, alannah," he continued, as he reached the place where the children were standing beside the overturned car; the horse had been taken off immediately upon the upset, and now stood with his bridle thrown over a strong furze stump, quietly cropping the grass which grew along the ditch, as if nothing had happened.

"Come along wid me, asthore," repeated Paddy, "an' I'll take ye to yer mother."

"Will you, indeed?" exclaimed the boy, "oh thank you!" and his eagerness in accepting the offer showed the anxiety under which he had previously labored, "go with him, Emily, mamma sent him for us." And he let go his sister's hand, which until now had been held firmly clasped in his own. As Paddy the driver, whose quivering lip betokened unusual emotion, was a kind-hearted and feeling man, he stooped and took her in his arms.

The little girl uttered a cry of alarm as he sprang with her over the ditch, but the next moment laughed merrily in her returning happiness, when her brother bounded on beside them, with a fearlessness that made McCarthy more than once call out to him to take care.

A walk of less than ten minutes brought them to the farm house, when Paddy, letting down his light burthen opened the door quietly and entered with his young charge.

The farmer was, as his cousin had stated, a very respectable man, and had his dwelling greatly superior to those belonging to persons of his class in general. It was not alone the size of the house, containing as it did a parlor, kitchen, and three bedrooms, besides an indescribable kind of hole or garret, usually denominated "the loft," that made this difference, but the neat yard with all its apurtenances looking like a miniature English farm-yard, the small but well-kept garden with its vegetables, fruit trees, and little flower knot; and, above all, was this superiority seen in the order, regularity and cleanliness, which pervaded every department of the domestic economy. This was fully appreciated by M'Loughlin's neighbors, who, while they cordially and chearfully acknowledged the pre-eminent comfort of his home, and believed that to his regular habits, and his practice of an improved method of farming, were to be mainly attributed his success and independence in life, yet considered these advantages, great though they confessed them to be insufficient to compensate for what they called "the throuble," so with this example before their eyes, they thought it too much trouble to retrace their steps and, following it, to enter upon the high road to prosperity,—continuing to plod on in the quagmire of lazy ignorance, though steeped to the lips in wretchedness and poverty.

It is true that Thady M'Loughlin had advantages which they did not possess, he had lived for six years with an industrious, intelligent, and extensive English farmer, whose system he learned while he every day saw it tested by practice. But then all Thady's knowledge and experience would not have made his dwelling the neat cheerful happy home that it was, without the assistance of his wife, indeed many of her neighbors, in their anxiety to do justice to her merits, went a little too far, and attributing rather much to her influence, declared that "Thady wouldn't be anything at all only for his wife," and that it was "small blame to him to folly her advice, for sure isn't she the knowledgablest and sinsiblest woman in the whole of Ireland, and Kerry to boot, not to talk of her sweet face an' kind heart, an' isn't she as industrious an' humble as if she wasn't all as one as a lady."

This eulogium, if not entirely, was partly true, for Mary M'Loughlin had received an education greatly superior to her rank in life, from a lady who had taken a fancy to her pretty face and gentle manners, and at her death left her two hundred pounds, which with her hand she bestowed upon Thady. It needed but a glance into her gentle face to convince one that she had a kind heart and good temper—two indispensable qualifications in a woman; her activity and industry were themes on which her husband was never tired of expatiating—by activity I do not mean that masculine quality which enables its possessor to leap a five barred gate, ascend Mont Blanc, or run so many miles in so many minutes, but the quiet, cheerful and ready manner in which she performed the thousand daily tasks that kept her in constant employment. If her neatness was shown forth in the scrupulous cleanliness of every thing within or without the house which came under her dominion—so her taste—start not, fair reader, at the application to a farmer's wife of this term, which has been appropriated to, monopolized by, and believed the exclusive attribute of the higher orders, including landscape gardeners and milliners, gave an air of propriety, I was tempted to say elegance, to every thing within her province, whether it were the arrangement of a corner cupboard, the looping up of the parlour curtains, the ornamenting a kitchen dresser, or embellishing the few beds which constituted her flower knot, and to which she devoted the very few moments of recreation which she allowed herself. As a wife, as a

mother—for she had one son—she was worthy of imitation by many who if far above her in rank fall far short in the undeviating rectitude of her conduct.

On the memorable day of the occurrences which we have detailed, the M'Loughlins were preparing to sit down to a rather late mid day meal, when the latch was hastily raised, and McCarthy rushed into the kitchen, a few moments sufficed to relate the particulars of the accident, and he had scarcely concluded when Thady taking a door off the hinges, placed a mattrass upon it, and bade four of his workmen take it between them and follow the driver.

"I would go with you myself, Paddy," he added, turning to the latter, "but I could be of no use and might be in the way, and, hark ye," he shouted, as the other impatient of delay had left the house, "if she can't bear much moving just bring her down here, Mary will look to her, and you can call at the Docther's on your way, and send him up."

In a few moments a bright fire was blazing in the parlor,—a neat bed, occupying a recess in the farther end of the room, had been prepared, and Mrs. M'Loughlin was pushing back the white dimity curtains, as she smoothed down the pillows—when the slow and cautiously regular tramp of the workmen summoned her to the side of the sufferer.

(*To be continued.*)

HOPE.

Restless, silent, patient lying,
Starting up, I heard a sighing,—
'Twas a spirit-voice, replying
To my own.

For her love I had been praying,
Words, heart-deep and earnest, saying,—
Secrets that had known no straying
From "my own."

Waiting for a brighter morrow,
Comfort I had tried to borrow,
Thinking it unmeet to sorrow
For "my own."

Fond and fitfully I pondered,
And my love, so freely squandered,
Never for a moment wandered
From "my own."

And that sighing voice above me,
Softly breathing, said, "I love thee
Truly,—time shall only prove me
Still thine own."

Now came joy on wings swift flying,
Soothing all my spirit's crying,
For I know, until our dying,
She's "my own."

SONGS AND BALLADS,

BY A BACKWOODSMAN.

No. V.

THE MOUNTAIN SHEILING.

It was the following circumstance, which occurred in the summer of 1815, most of which I spent with my old friend the Laird of Hounam, at the foot of the Cheviots, that suggested the "Mountain Sheiling."

I had enjoyed a delightful day's fishing in the Beaumont, above Soorhope, and was making the best of my way back, when a little boy came whistling past me, near Belford. "Are ye gaun to the Laird's, the nicht, sir?" said he, looking over his shoulder at me. "Yes, my little man," I replied, "does your road lie that way?" "As straight as a rash, sir. I'll defy ye to gang a nearer way frae Belford to Hounam then by Seefew." Pleased with the appearance of the little fellow, who seemed shrewd beyond his years, and glad that I had fallen in with one who from his apparent communicativeness would shorten the way across the hills, from Beaumont to the Cale, I followed my little guide, who easily kept the lead, sometimes talking to Reel, a good-humored collie, that frisked before him, in a number of antic gestures, and occasionally breaking out with a verse of some such ancient Border ditty as the following:—

O, busk ye, busk ye, maiden fair,
O, busk ye, sister mine,
Wi' silk lace up your middle spare,
Put on the satin fine :
Put rings upon your lily hand,
And jewels on your hede,
And see, fair May, your kirtles stand
Theirsel's wi' goud sae rede.

And then making the hills ring again with

The lasses o' Coquet puts a' in their pockets,
We'll a' to Coquet and woo.

With these, and telling some of the feats of his favorite Reel, who he declared to be as guid in the fork o' shed as a man onie day, brought us close upon Seefew, ere we were aware of it. When, as if suddenly recollecting himself, he turned round saying, "I had forgotten a'thegither, that I maun gang ower the hill the nicht yet."

"We're gaun to wash the sheep at the Cocklawfoot, the morn, and I hae to get auld Launsie o' Hetherhope word. It's out o' your way a wee bit, to be sure, but ye'll have sic a nice walk doun the burn-side a' the way, and when ye get past Ettlescleuch, (seeing that I had a fishing-rod in my hands,) ye might try a white flee. It'll just be the verra time, and there's nane but big anes rises then, ye ken."

The good-natured, wheedling way this was

said, easily persuaded me to fall in with his plan, and we were soon looking down on the Sheiling of old Launcelot Lee, the shepherd of Hetherhope.

It was hidden at the bottom of the high green hills on which we stood, by the shoulder of another that rose close behind it, and such was the undisturbed repose of the hour and the spot, that but for two or three cows lying near the door, and the smoke that curled lazily from the chimney, it might easily have been taken by an imaginative mind, for the shrine of the Genius of the Mountain Solitude.

"It's a stey brae this," said little Elshie Hymers, (for by this time I had learnt his name,) "Launsie maun hae something to do to win to the tap o't twice a day, I think. I wonder if he's in yet, or no. He's often unco late; but it's nae matter, yonder's Mabel milking the kye, and it's worth while gangin' a mile or twa out o' anes way onie day, were it but to look on her. Aye, Bess Preston, bonnie though she be, and rightly ca'd the Flower o' Beaumont, is no fit to haud the candle to her! There's Selby o' Philoger, Harry o' the Woodside, and young Preston, the Pethers' son o' Mow-haugh, fit to pu' ane anither's lugs out about her; but she's baith ower guid and ower bonnie for onie o' them, and what's far better, has sense eneuch to let them ken sae."

I had been prepared, from the impassioned manner in which little Elshie, in the fullness of his heart had spoken, of the fair Mabel as we descended the hill, to meet with something more than a pretty face; but the vision of female loveliness that now stood before me is as indescribable as the feeling then was overpowering.

The sleeves of her spare short gown were turned up above the elbow, and shewed an arm that might have served as a model for the chisel of an artist. Her clustering, hair, like the wing of the raven, was gathered up in ringlets from her brow, and heightened, by concealing, the hue of a cheek already too fair, whilst her unaffected simplicity added grace to a form whose symmetry I have never yet seen marrowed.

This was nearly forty years ago, and time has made sad work with me since then, but Mabel Lee stands as fair before me now, as that evening when she placed the porringer of rich milk and barley-cake on the table for me in the Mountain Sheiling.

Up in yonder muirlands bare,
  Where morning suns wi' mists forgather,
Where breckens bield the hirsels lair,
  And scaur and craig are fringed wi' heather.
Sae lown and cozie 'neath the height,
  Just whaur the brae the path is speiling,
Amang the hills, far out o' sight,
  There sweetly stands the Mountain Sheiling.

Its wee kail-yard, wi' bourtree braw,
  Its humble roof wi' heather happit,
And bank and brae around are a'
  Wi' milk-white gowans thickly drappit.
A birk tree grows beside the well,
  And close the burnie by is stealing;
The muircock fearless leaves the fell,
  And cow'rs about the Mountain Sheiling.

Nae cauldrife warldly pride is there,
  Nae upstart awkward kintra breeding,
But a's content wi' hamely fare,
  And braw forby in hamespun cleeding.
There friendless want forgets a while
  A heartless warld's unkindly dealing;
Thraws by his rags, and learns to smile
  Amang them in the Mountain Sheiling.

But ah! its no' the welcome warm
  That's met wi' there—nor flocks a feeding
Sae peacefu' round—thraws the charm,
  The warlock charm about the steading:
It's no' the brae nor birken tree,
  Nor yet the burnie by a-stealing,
But bonnie, modest, Mabel Lee,
  That wons within the Mountain Sheiling.

Her wee bit waist, a matchless span,
  Her tempting lips, than rubies rarer,
Her cheek the rose-bud newly blawn,
  And fancy never formed a fairer.
Her step sae light, her e'en sae bright,
  Her witching smile sae fu' o' feeling,
Love in her bosom out o' sight,
  There nestles in the Mountain Sheiling.

I may be doomed beneath the line
  To toil afar, or wander wearie
Where simmer suns but seldom shine,
  And no' a friendly heart to cheer me;
And faithless fortune sair may storm;
  But till my heart's bereft o' feeling,
I'll ne'er forget the angel form,
  I met within the Mountain Sheiling.

The following was sent with a subscription, and gratitude prevents our selfishly keeping, not only the money, but the verses to ourselves:—

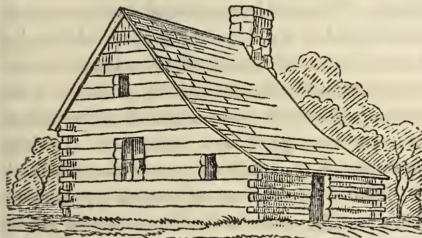
"Dear Sir,
The money I send for a paper of news,
Is a thing we can't get the moment we choose,
Therefore, you may think I am pretty clever,
And though it be late, *better later than never!*
From your most obedient,
——"

ARCHITECTURE FOR THE MERIDIAN OF CANADA.

BY WILLIAM HAY, ARCHITECT, TORONTO.

ARCHITECTURE, when considered simply as the art of encrusting a certain space required for our domestic convenience, presents the subject to our minds greatly divested of the complexity with which our preconceived ideas of style and proportion are apt to invest it. What is called style is merely the peculiar manner in which the people of certain countries adorned that form of building which their habits, and the circumstances of the locality rendered most convenient.

In the design of a building the convenient arrangement of the internal space ought always to be the object of primary importance. A well ordered interior will generally present some feature to give architectural expression to the exterior without the aid of meretricious ornament. A high-pitched roof, for example, which in this climate is necessary for the purpose of throwing off the snow and to deflect the rays of the summer sun, is an object of pictorial beauty from its boldness of outline. This is exemplified in some of the better class of Canadian log huts, the simple beauty of which is rarely excelled by structures of greater pretension. In the annexed example selected from a very common class, the outline is refreshingly varied by the leaning roof covering the low part of the building, the beauty of which is greatly enhanced in one's estimation by the knowledge of its being founded on principles of utility. One can see at a glance that it is the natural shell of a certain definite amount of accommodation, to which a more advanced stage of development might probably add some degree of architectural embellishment. The projecting ends of the logs, at the angles of the structure, present legitimate objects for carving and other decorations, and the ends of the rafters, if made to shew boldly out at the eaves, would enhance the effect. The projecting ends of the beams supporting the upper deck of the Chinese Junk, lately exhibited in London, were carved to represent monster's heads, highly enriched with colour and gilding.



LOG HUT.

As there appears, however, a general disposition to abandon the simple log hut without turning its capabilities to account, it is needless, perhaps, to speculate on the practicability of its further developement. Unquestionably, however, the finest architecture has sprung from as small beginnings as the rudest Canadian shanty. The original type of Grecian Architecture was the wooden shed, (see illustration in January number,) every feature of which is reproduced in a highly enriched form in the more matured specimens of the style.

The caverns in which the early inhabitants of Egypt and Palestine found shelter, were converted by slow degrees, into those wonderful temples which they cut into the face of the mountain, the surpassing grandeur of which fills the beholder with admiration and awe.

Though we can scarcely hope to see a distinct style of pure achitecture formed on the primitive log hut, something may be done to lead the taste of the Province into a direction which may tend to give a local character to our Canadian edifices. At present, it is true, there seems to be no preference for any specific style, but a disposition, more generous, perhaps, than wise, to give every known or conceivable class of building a trial. It requires no great knowledge of architecture to perceive that the kind of structures adapted to the habits and climate of the Chinese, would be out of place in a Canadian clearing; or the Parthenon of Athens, with its dead wall, its cumbrous columns of prescribed proportions, and its narrow dark interior, would be ill suited to the purposes of a Christian church or any public building requiring light and internal convenience. To construct windows in a Grecian temple is virtually to destroy its beauty. The priests, who alone were permitted to enter the narrow cell within the external colonade, required no other light than was afforded by the fires of the sacrifice and the scanty rays of sunshine which filtered through the small aperture in the roof. Equally incongruous would it be to surround our slim civilian dwellings with works of a defensive or military character, such as battlements on the roofs, which not only would oppose no effectual resistance to a warlike enemy, but cause an inconvenient lodgement of snow. The perpetrators of such anomalies never think of the practical absurdities of their creations, but are carried away with the dreamy notion that they are legitimately following out this, or that particular style.

Utility and reality are the fundamental principles of Architecture, and constitute the only true standard of taste. Mere fancy and the obsolete rules of the pagan schools of Greece and Rome,

have been too long the blind guides of modern edificiaries. To what depths of extravagance would not fancy lead if unchecked by some sober principles of utility? What real beauty can there be in exhibiting a relic of ancient Art useless and unreal in its application? The Architecture of Greece is unquestionably beautiful as fitted to the purposes for which it was adapted, but it cannot be cited as a universal model. What use have we for huge columns, unless we have a corresponding weight to uphold? We have not the ponderous stone roofs which those columns were intended to support. Ordinary walls are sufficient to sustain our light covering of tin or shingle. The rearing of a pillar, therefore, proportioned after the enormous columns of the Parthenon but constructed of jointed deal, to support a flimsy casing of wood is an unworthy sham, and bootless as unworthy, seeing that almost invariably it reveals its own hollowness.

There are many who assert that the several denominations of Columns, known as the Five Orders, are intrinsically beautiful apart from any association with the structures to which they belong. The fallacy of this is transparent. The tall masts of a stately ship, or a tapering maypole, are both graceful objects, but it would be difficult to prove them possessed of intrinsic beauty. Rig the masts of the ship on the deck of a scow, and erect the maypole in a Quaker's kitchen garden, and by change of association the objects become ludicrously offensive. On the same principle if the slender column of the Corinthian Order was made to support the ponderous superstructure assigned to its more athletic relative, the Doric, any ordinary observer might discern an apparent want of stability, which destroying congruity, would at the same time prove fatal to beauty.

Nothing offends the eye more than the seeming insecurity given to a building, by concealing its actual support. The fashionable shop front, with its wall of glass, supporting in appearance several stories of substantial masonry, creates in the mind a tremulous feeling of anxiety, which the known fact of the secret agency of some wirey pillar can scarcely dispel.

There is a positive disregard of modesty in the shop-front principle of crowding all the ornament to one point of a building, for the purpose of catching the eye. A fine *front*, which exhibits a dazzling display of enrichment, perhaps genuine sculptures, loses much of its grandeur, when, on turning the corner, it is discovered to be but a thin veneering of architecture tacked on to an unsightly brick block. Any expectations of internal grandeur would be miserably blighted by a peep within the walls of such a building. It invariably happens that the *front* absorbs the surplus funds, and leaves the interior bleak and bare. The poor showman who paints his giants, to outward view, twice their natural size, has a palpable object in his innocent fraud. He who exaggerates his homestead to the public eye, and failing at the same time, to conceal its barrenness, is guilty of deceit, without the palliation of temptation.

The ancient people, whose architecture we draw upon for our modern fronts, thought of adorning their "marble halls" before their "outer courts." The external aspect of their edifices was only a slight indication of the grandeur and magnificence within. The term *front* had no place in their vocabulary. Every face of their buildings was entitled to that appellation, in the the modern acceptation of the term. To assume, therefore, the finery of such structures, without the reality, is like decking the jackdaw in the plumage of the peacock.

The Old English style of building is admirably adapted to the climate of Canada. Its high pitched roof, and weathered projections are just what are needed for protection against the snow and rain. It would be difficult to recognize an Old English character in the so-called Gothic, Elizabethan, or Tudor fabrics, as they appear in the Province. Instead of chastening the morbid taste for gewgaw finery which the severity of the style, properly understood, might have done, it seems to have presented a wider stage for the riot of fancy. We find huge piles of stone poised on slender gables, as if for the purpose of hanging clothes to dry. Pinnacles of tiny dimensions occupy every available place of the *front*—in positions, moreover, where an avalanche of snow from the roofs must peril their existence. Trefoils, quatrefoils, cinquefoils, and every other foil which the popular illustrations of ancient or modern Gothic supply, unite with the symbolic triplet window of the altar, in admitting light to the kitchen and pantries within.

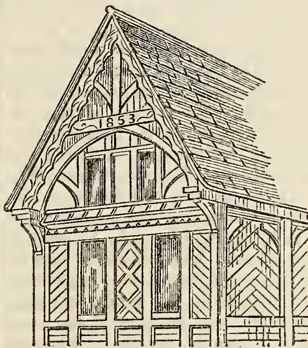
The extrinsic decoration of an edifice requires considerable judgment and skill, and should not be attempted with slender funds. When the means are ample, those parts only of the erection should be selected for this purpose that display peculiar ingenuity in construction, and where it is desirable to direct attention. Ornament should never be pinned on to a building. Every species of decoration should form an essential element in the composition of the fabric. Sham and trick of every description should be avoided. Each

member of the building ought to exhibit a reason for its form and use.

The character of Canadian architecture is ostensibly wooden. Few strangers expect to find here stone buildings. Those who may have formed their ideas of timber houses from the fine specimens existing in a few of the ancient towns of England and the north of Europe, must be disappointed with the representatives of the class in this province. The frame house, as commonly constructed in this country, is an object of as little beauty or art as an ordinary packing-case. The continuous lines of weather-boarding are fatiguingly offensive to the eye, and give the building a slim straw-plait look, suggestive of premature dilapidation. There are many instances, however, where some degree of attention is directed to the external decoration of these buildings. Jaunty porticos of deal encrusted in sand to imitate stone, and similar deceptions effected with considerable skill, appear with unblushing effrontery beside the genuine verandah of emerald green. On such fabrics the whole talent of the builder appears to expend itself in the hopeless attempt to reconcile the antagonistic elements of wood and stone. This is often carried to the ridiculous extent of placing carved pinnacles of *real stone on the summits of wooden gables.* The principles which regulate the application of those materials are widely different. Timber being a more plastic material than stone, may be used in a variety of ways, but the latter ought always to be employed as it is found in its natural state, which is generally in horizontal strata. The height of a block of stone should never exceed its breadth. To set up stone posts after the manner of wood, or to square wooden blocks like stone, is opposed to the nature of each, and, therefore, in direct violation of the principles of art which is founded in nature.

The ingenuity expended on many of these buildings, if guided by a pure taste would completely revolutionize the character of the wooden structures of the Province. Unfortunately however, the frame house exists only in Canada as a transitionary step from the simple log hut to the more pretending brick or stone edifice. Still its temporary existence might be rendered more agreeable by a slight measure of artistic skill. If the framing, instead of being concealed, was made to appear boldly to view, the panelling composed of weather boarding arranged in various positions, diagonally, vertically, or horizontally, or even of brick and plaster, and decorated in a style congenial to the nature of the construction, this class of buildings would be creditable to the country.

The fine European timber houses of the 15th and 16th centnries, derive their beauty from the strict regard the ancient carpenters had for the true principles of art. These artists never resorted to unworthy expedients to conceal any part of the *construction* of their buildings, but exercised their ingenuity in rendering every part of their compositions agreeable. Their buildings were framed of substantial timbers, panelled with wood or plaster; the panelling as well as the prominent parts of the framing highly embellished with carving and other decoration There are no finer specimens of the plastic art than are to be found in some of the ancient houses of Rouen, Caen, Beauvais, and Strasburg. That such a degree of talent should have been lavished upon edifices of this description is not surprising, when it is considered that the most ordinary workmen of those days were really artists, and had the power of largely influencing the character of the buildings upon which they operated.



ANCIENT TIMBER GABLE.

Our modern handicraftsmen are perhaps equally ingenious, but too frequently lack the artistic skill of their ancient brethren. This is not to be wondered at, when it is considered that there is so little in the Province that could serve to educate the public taste. This want too is beginning to be felt in England, and in some measure remedied by the formation of public museums of ancient models, for the special benefit of artizans. It is to be hoped that similar institutions will, ere long, be extended to Canada, where their influence would, no doubt, be felt and appreciated. Something of the kind is much wanted to correct the depraved taste which is constantly fed by the inventors of such abominations as "marbleized iron," and "artificial stone."

A ROYAL CONCERT.

In looking over an old English journal the other day, we found an amusing anecdote of a social concert in the family of George III., the party composing a quintette, under the direction of the monarch himself, who, whilst he "sawed away at the bass-viol," had no idea that it was possible to surpass him in the sounds he produced. The princess of Wales presided with grace at the

harp, the duke of Newcastle played the first violin, the duke of Devonshire the tenor, and the facetious Philip Dormer (somewhat celebrated in his day) discoursed on the flute. The story proceeds as follows:—It so happened that the king had his own notions of time and tune, and as his majesty performed for his own amusement only, and possibly with the idea of gaining some instruction, he never scrupled to go over a passage two or three times, or to take any liberties, or to make any blunders that seemed good to him, without consulting, or in any way warning, the rest of the orchestra; it was therefore necessary for every member of it, while giving his eyes to his own music to give his ears to the king's, and as rapidly as possible to follow the direction and eccentricities of the royal performer. On the present occasion it became evident, however, that the concerto was going wrong, but the most acute of these select amateurs could not imagine where they were in error. The royal bass-viol was proceeding on its course as sedately as the march of an elephant; the violin looked in vain backwards and forwards for several bars to see where he could glide in, but could discover nothing resembling what he had heard; the tenor, knowing there was a difficult passage just passed over, and being well aware of the royal practice with regard to such, boldly went back and repeated it; the harpsichord, believing the time had been altered from fast to slow, slackened its pace; and the flute, entertaining a different opinion, went away at double speed. Such a strange medley was never heard before; nevertheless, the king was seen leaning forward with his eyes fixed on the music, working away with the royal elbow, evidently too absorbed in his own performance to heed the confusion that distracted the audience, and made the other musicians feel extremely uncomfortable. It was not etiquette to notice the king's mistakes, or the youthful maids of honor would have laughed outright. The duke of Newcastle, a studious courtier, knew not what to do; he played a few notes here and there, whispered to the duke of Devonshire, nudged Philip Dormer, whose blowing had become desperate; he glanced at the look of the princess without obtaining any clue to the cause of the inextricable disorder, but still he plied on, knowing that matters could not be worse than they were. The king, at last, brings up the party "all standing," as the sailors say, by finding himself suddenly and unexpectedly at the end of his symphony. The princess, who alone dared to speak, discovered that the king had turned over two leaves at once; the monarch, with the utmost composure, turned back to the part which had not been played, and without uttering a word set to work, rasping away, followed by the other musicians, who were well up at the finish, and were in at the drath with tolerable exactitude.

A LADY TO HER PATIENT.

Sleep on! sleep on! forget thy pain:
My hand is on thy brow,
My spirit on thy brain;
My pity on thy heart, poor friend!
And from my fingers flow
The powers of life, and like a sign,
Steal thee from thine hour of woe:
And brood on thee, but may not blend
With thine.

Sleep on! sleep on! I love thee not;
But when I think that he
Who made and makes my lot
As full of flowers as thine of weeds,
Might have been lost like thee;
And that a hand which was not mine,
Might then have chased his agony
As I another's—my heart bleeds
For thine.

Sleep, sleep, and with the slumber of
The dead and the unborn:
Forget thy life and woe;
Forget that thou must wake for ever;
Forget the world's dull scorn;
Forget lost health, and the divine
Feelings that die in youth's brief morn;
And forget me, for I can never
Be thine.

(*From Diogenes.*)

ACCOUNT OF EXPENSES INCURRED IN THE DIPLOMATIC SERVICE OF THE UNITED STATES.

London, Jan. 10, 1853.

	£	s.	d.
Cab-hire from the American Embassy to Downing Street, to call on Lord John Russell	0	2	6
Glass of ale to driver, on his promising to drive fast	0	0	2
Glass and sandwich, for self	0	0	4
(*Note.*—I had breakfasted early, having got up at seven to prepare despatches.)			
Two cigars (Cubas) for self and Lord John, while talking over the Fishery Question	0	0	3
Stood bitter ale to Lord John, not wishing America to appear shabby	0	0	4
(Asked Lord John to dinner at the Café de l'Europe, believing I could thus make better terms with him.)			
Two dinners, at 3s. 6d.	0	7	0
Two bottles of sherry	0	12	0
Six goes of brandy-and-water, at 6d. per go	0	3	0
Cigars	0	3	0
Waiter	0	0	2
Treated Lord John to the play (half price to boxes; would have gone to pit, but thought it advisable to maintain the dignity of the Union	0	5	0
Expenses various, in visiting cyder-cellers, Evans's Coal-hole, &c.	2	11	4
(I cannot give the details of this item, not having been very exact in my arithmetic after that third glass of whiskey.)			
Soda-water next morning	0	0	6
Paid a Police-Magistrate	0	5	0
Omnibus home to Embassy	0	0	3
	4	10	10

An early settlement will oblige.

SLAVERY AND THE SLAVE POWER IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

The influence exercised upon each other by England and the United States is already very great; and as the growing intercourse between the two countries enlarges, this influence will proportionately extend. Manners, customs, legislation, policy, and institutions will gradually assimilate more and more. The theoretical good of such assimilation should be, that our age and matured caution should restrain their youth and too hasty inexperience; while their eager energy should push forward our occasionally lagging progress.

But there is a danger, as things are now turning, that the sympathies of the British people with their transatlantic connections may lead them to an incorrect estimate of the value of American institutions, and thus to an imitation of that which is really faulty. It is of the first importance, therefore, to us, that our people generally should be familiar with the true nature, and secret working especially, of political institutions in the United States. Such knowledge will not only enable us to plant our feet more safely, but, we are satisfied, will make us all desire to plant them warily, in making those constitutional approximations which are sure to come.

Of the institutions not professedly national or political, that which most peculiarly signalizes these States among so-called civilized nations is the institution of slavery, and of a legalized internal slave trade. The moral, social, and religious character and influence of this institution have been often discussed, and are not unfamiliar to the British public; but its influence upon the political liberties of the American people, and especially the way in which it counterworks their apparently democratic constitution, are neither generally understood nor adequately appreciated among us. In drawing the attention of our readers, therefore, to this subject, as briefly as the largeness of the field will permit, we shall touch more lightly on the social and moral evils which spring from it, and more at length upon its political bearings. Indeed, the almost universal circulation of the admirable work of Mrs. Beecher Stowe, and of its less attractive follower, *The White Slave*, renders the former in a great measure unnecessary; though even the touching pictures of these books will derive new weight when corroborated by independent testimony from a new quarter.

The states in which slavery at present prevails are fifteen in number, and occupy the southern and south-western part of the Union. With the exception of Kentucky and Missouri, they are all south of the parallel of 36° 30' N., and skirt the shores of the Atlantic and Gulf of Mexico; or (as is the case with Arkansas, Missouri, Kentucky, and Tennessee) lie along the great rivers which traverse the wide valley of the Mississippi. The free population of those fifteen states is 6,393,758, and the number of slaves they contain 3,175,783.

It is interesting to remark how in this, as in so many other parts of the world, the home of slave labor and of permanent slavery is, in a great degree, determined and limited by climatic, physico-geographical, and geological conditions. It is along the immediate coast-lines of the Atlantic and of the Mexican Gulf, and along the banks and branches of the great Mississippi, that slavery found at first, and still finds, its most congenial abode—we had almost said its natural dwelling-place. A fringe of rich low land, varying in breadth, skirts these seas and rivers, and yields the rice and cotton which are the staples of southern culture. Such is the tract of country in South Carolina and Georgia, which produces the famous sea-island cotton. The coast from the Santee river to the Savannah in the former state, and southward into Georgia, consists of

"A series of islands—the famous sea-islands of the cotton markets. The mainland, which is separated from these islands by innumerable narrow and winding channels, is penetrated, for some distance inland, by a vast number of creeks and inlets. The islands present a bluff shore and a fine beach towards the ocean, but the opposite sides are often low and marshy. They were originally covered with a magnificent growth of the live or evergreen oak, one of the finest trees anywhere to be seen. The soil is light, but it possesses a fertility never yet attained in the dead and barren sands of the interior. These lands are protected by embankments from the tides and floods, and the fields are divided and drained by frequent dikes and ditches. Such of them as can be most conveniently irrigated with fresh water are cultivated as rice fields; the remainder are employed in the production of the long staple, or sea-island cotton—a species of vegetable wool, which excels every other in the length of its fibre, and almost rivals silk in strength and softness."—*White Slave*, p. 129.

This fringe extends inland for twenty or thirty miles. To the lower lands the negroes repair at the proper season of the year, and put in, tend, or reap the sea-island cotton and rice, which yield great returns. The white masters, or even the overseers, visit them as rarely as possible, the climate in the hot season being rife with fever, and fatal to the constitution of the white man.

Within this fringe of rich low land, to which the black skin is only better suited than the white, lies a belt of barren sand, generally unfit for cultivation, and which, for hundreds of miles in length, girdles in the flat fertility of the Atlantic coast. Extending inland to a distance of eighty or a hundred miles from the coast, and occupying in South Carolina, for example, one-half of the surface of the state, this region forms, as most American travellers have seen,

"One of the most barren, miserable, uninviting countries in the universe. In general, the soil is nothing but a thirsty sand, covered for miles and miles with forests of the long-leaved pine. These tracts are called, in the expressive language of the country, *pine barrens* For a great distance inland, these barrens preserve almost a perfect level, raised but a few feet above the level of the sea. The tall, straight, branchless trunks of the scattered pines, rise like slender columns, and are crowned with a tuft of gnarly limbs, and long bristly leaves, through which the breezes murmur with a monotonous sound, much like that of falling waters, or waves breaking on a beach. *

"Throughout this extent of country there are only some small tracts, principally along the

water-courses, which the costly and thriftless system of slave labor has found capable of improvement. All the rest still remains a primitive wilderness, with scarcely anything to interrupt its desolate and dreary monotony."

Within this singularly sandy zone—between it and the first rise towards the Alleghanies—runs another belt of land, upon which, far as the eye can carry, only natural grasses exist, unless where settlements have been made, and the arts of husbandry have introduced a new vegetation. From the endless pine forest the traveller escapes into a treeless prairie, distinguished by a soil resting on chalk, or chalky marl, and, like the soils of our English chalk downs, absorbent of moisture, and naturally dry.

Of these three belts or zones, the low alluvial flat is widest in the southern states, and along the Gulf of Mexico; the pine belt probably in Georgia, and the chalk marl in Alabama, Mississippi aud Texas. Colored laborers alone can cultivate the richest parts of the first; the second is for the most part in a state of nature; the third produces Georgian wheat, and other crops, if occasionally watered, but is naturally unfavorable to slave labor. But in regions where slavery prevails, and field labor is supposed to degrade the white man, the institution of slavery spreads wherever slave labor can be employed without actual loss; so that over the chalk region of Alabama slave plantations are spread, and there is among the natural physical conditions of the country a circumstance which greatly favors the extension of a wealthy planting proprietary. The country, as we have said, is naturally dry, and, as in our own chalk districts, water is only to be obtained by sinking through the chalk. In 1849 there were already 500 wells in that state, sunk to a depth of from 400 to 600 feet, one being generally sunk on each plantation. Petty farming, and a minute division of the land, becomes, under such conditions, in a new country, all but impossible. Hence the slave culture of the low seaboard has leaped over the pine barrens—narrow n Alabama—and settled itself where free labor in another century, when the virgin freshness of the soil shall have gone, will alone be found remunerative.

Leaving now the seat of slavery in North America—its physical characteristics, and the classes of men by whom it is occupied—we turn to the institution itself; and the first thing in regard to it that strikes every one not a citizen of the United States, is the inconsistency of its existence with the early history of the commonwealth, and with their famous Declaration of Independence.

On the 4th of July 1766, the delegates of thirteen British colonies in North America—the immortal fifty-six—were solemnly met in Philadelphia, John Hancock, president, in the chair. On the motion of Richard Henry Lee of Virginia, one of their number, seconded by John Adams of Massachusetts, this assembly declared the said thirteen colonies to be thenceforward *free*, *sovereign*, and *independent* states—that the political connection with Great Britain was for ever cut asunder, and that they relied for success on the justice of their cause, *with a strong confidence in the overruling Providence of God.* Every year since that famous Declaration, the 4th of July has been held in all corners of the United States as a great national holiday. Amid universal rejoicings, the young are publicly catechised on the events of 1776, while the grown-up are harangued in set speeches in praise of political liberty, in natural commendation of the patriots of the Revolution, and in equally natural exaggeration of the tyranny of Great Britain, and her insufferable oppression. In the preparation of such addresses, the genius of the greatest orators of the country has exercised itself; and it is only just to say, that among them are to be found many bursts of brilliant and stirring eloquence.

The Declaration of Independence drawn up by Jefferson commenced with these memorable words —"We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." At the time of the Declaration, the thirteen confederated states contained a free population of about two and a half millions, and a slave population of about half a million. And at the very moment when Jefferson penned and Congress issued to the world, the above sentence, as an excuse for breaking their allegiance, they were taking measures to rivet immovably the chains of slavery on half a million of their own countrymen, whom darker skins and thicker lips rendered unworthy of the liberty which was the inalienable birthright of the white race! Of what a bundle of inconsistencies are we made up!

The two pictures, the ancient and the modern, how strangely do they contrast with each other! In 1776, the Parliament of Great Britain attempted to impose a small tax on the tea consumed by two and a half millions of people, living upon a territory which Great Britain had settled, fostered, and protected for centuries from native and foreign enemies. No one will deny that to this people the mother country had, during this long period, done many friendly and good offices; yet, for attempting to lay upon them a small fraction of the pecuniary burdens which overloaded the home population, they went to war with her under a firm belief—which they still entertain, and inculcate upon their children—that the struggle was a just and holy one.

We recollect once having been conducted, by a learned New England professor, well known in Europe, to see the pictures in the Trumbull Gallery of Yale College, in Connecticut, when, with that delicate taste and tact which other English travellers have admired in their Yankee cousins, he drew my special attention to such of the historical pictures as represented events in the war of the Revolution which were peculiarly unfavorable to the British arms. "Ay, sir," he then added, in concluding his description, "If ever there was a holy war, it was that one!"

We did not then, nor is it necessary to our purpose now, to dispute an opinion based upon our own constitutional axiom, that no one should be taxed without his own consent, actual or implied, and which many English-born still strenuously hold. But we ask our readers to look at another picture, and to judge it with equal calmness and candor.

In 1852, the descendents of the two and a half millions who revolted in 1776 hold in bondage

three and one-third millions of native-born Americans, and retain, in a state of humiliating social and political inferiority, nearly half a million more of free colored men. To these three and five-sixth millions, to whom life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness ought to be an inalienable birthright, the United States, as a community, have never performed a tithe of the good offices which their own forefathers had received from Great Britain previous to the Revolution. On the contrary, not only has liberty been withheld from them—the pursuit of earthly happiness in their own way forbidden—even the road to heaven all but closed against them—but it has been declared felony in any citizen of the United States to help on his way an unhappy "fugitive from labor," who may be risking a hazardous flight to a land of freedom. If the war were holy which the two and a half millions waged in 1776, to avoid the imposition of a slight tax without their own consent, can it be either an "unnatural rebellion against just rights," or an interference with a "wise dispensation of Providence," when, in 1852, nearly four millions of men in the same land *consult* about raising themselves above the brute beasts? The American-born was branded as a traitor to his country, who, in the Revolutionary War, did not sympathise with the two and a half millions in their battle for independence; and, strange inconsistency! he is equally a traitor in 1852, who does sympathise with the four millions in their merely moral and intellectual struggles for individual freedom. And while France was lauded as the noblest of friends, and worthy of eternal gratitude, when, to serve her own ends, she sent armed men across the Atlantic to aid in the revolutionary contest, all Europe is now proclaimed the enemy of America, and the fomenter of discord, if she send across the same ocean, to more numerous millions, the merely spiritual sympathy of hopes and wishes for the amelioration of their lot! Look at this picture, candid reader, and at that, and say if man is not everywhere and at all times equally inconsistent. Abstract right yield to circumstances equally in the most absolute aristocracy and in the so-called freest democracy. "Might makes right" was pleaded in England in behalf of the doings of bloody Mary—"Might makes right" re-echoes, three centuries after, from the democratic halls of the Capitol at Washington.

It was a tacit acknowledgement of inconsistency, in the framers of the constitution of the United States, that, though so many persons were at the moment held in bondage, the word *slave* is not once, we believe, applied to them in that most important document. They attempted by this omission to disguise, or, as it were, to conceal from themselves and the world the existence of a sore, which, like a gnawing cancer, was destined yet to eat into their very vitals. And not only did they exclude all reference to slavery, but all countenance also to the idea that *there could* be property in man. Thus, when it was proposed to the first Congress, by the delegates of North Carolina and Virginia, to pass an enactment that "no *freeman* ought to be deprived of his life, *liberty*, or property, but by the law of the land," the resolution was amended into "No *person* shall be deprived of life, liberty, or property without due process of law." And again, when the continuance of the slave-trade was discussed in the Convention, and it was agreed that until 1808 the trade should be allowed to continue, it was added, "but a tax or duty might be imposed on such importation, not exceeding two dollars on *each person*." Thus, with the word slave, it was attempted to exclude from the federal resolutions all allusion to the idea that, amid their struggles for personal liberty, so many of the Federation were acting on the idea that man could be held as mere property by his fellow. But retribution in various forms is rapidly overtaking even the noble-hearted and the generous among this growing and gallant people. "The fathers ate sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge."

I. The first, and what may ultimately prove the most fatal form of retribution, is gradually developing itself in the growing numbers, strength, and intelligence of the colored races. Already that slavery, which, by the early Confederation, was so carefully covered from view, has so forced itself into public and prominent notice, as to have become the great American question of the time, controlling cabinets, influencing diplomacy, and determining the public choice for all the great offices of state; and this because, in spite of all drawbacks, the increase of the colored population of the States has been constant, steady, and tolerably uniform. It has not kept pace, it is true, with that of the whites, but this chiefly, because of the extraordinary immigration of white men which is constantly taking place from Europe. Thus, at the seven decennial periods since 1790, when the first census was made, their numbers and rate of increase, compared with that of the free inhabitants, has been as follows:—

FREE POPULATION.

	Number.	Rate of Increase.
1790	3,924,544	..
1800	5,305,941	35·1 per cent.
1810	7,313,882	36·1 ,,
1820	9,643,211	33·4 ,,
1830	12,267,511	33·4 ,,
1840	17,068,688	32·6 ,,
1850	23,351,207	36·8 ,,

SLAVE POPULATION.

	Number.	Rate of Increase.
1790	697,397	..
1800	892,406	27·8 per cent.
1810	1,190,930	33·4 ,,
1820	1,536,127	28·9 ,,
1830	2,007,913	30·7 ,,
1840	2,486,138	23·8 ,,
1850	3,178,055	29·4 ,,

Supposing the increase to proceed in the same ratio during the next ten years, the two classes will number respectively, in 1860—

Free.	Slave.
32,000,000	4,130,000

In the same year, 1860, there will be half a million of free colored people; so that, in the midst of the thirty-two millions of free white men, there will be nearly five millions of black and colored people, partially enlightened, and having the "best blood of the states" flowing in their

veins—all whose interests, hopes, and aspirations will be opposed to those of the white population. These numbers, it is true, are too disproportioned to cause any fear of dangerous or difficult rebellions, were it not that the slaves are massed together in large bodies in particular states. With the most favorable form of distribution, they would be a source of internal weakness—such as Poland is to Russia, Hungary to Austria—or, as some have considered Ireland to be to Great Britain, with this momentous difference, that there can be but one opinion as to the oppressed condition of the slave.

But to those States in which, as we have said, the colored people are massed together, their growing numbers must every year become a source of greater anxiety, and the preservation of peace and order more critical and difficult. This will very clearly appear, if we compare the relative free and slave populations in some of these States even at the present time. Thus the following States contain respectively:—

	Free Whites.	Slaves.
Louisiana,	254,271	330,807
Mississippi,	291,536	300,419
Alabama,	416,215	342,894
Georgia,	513,083	362,966
South Carolina,	274,775	384,925
	1,760,180	1,622,011

With a slave population in these five States, nearly equal in number to the free, and in two of them, South Carolina and Mississippi, actually exceeding the free in number, can we wonder that anxiety should prevail, and the constant fear of insurrection; or that cruelty, the child of suspicion, should be the frequent produce of such circumstances? And as the current of slave migration is continually tending towards the same states, this condition of uneasiness, uncertainty and alarm. can only augment with lapse of time. Were these states, therefore, or any one of them, to break off from the Union, and to become independent, the existence of internal peace would become eminently doubtful and hazardons. It is the manifest interest, therefore, of these states to maintain the Union inviolate; and, notwithstanding the threats of secession which some of them may make, we cannot believe they will ever seriously think of doing more than make demonstrations.

In considering the results, immediate and remote, of this increase and massing together of the slave population, our attention has been drawn to two circumstances. in which we seem to perceive, the finger of Providence manifestly interfering to maintain for the present and extend this melancholy institution. The first we find in the ollowing quotation:—

"On the very day of the cession by Virginia of her north-western territory to the Confederacy, viz., March 1st, 1781, Mr. Jefferson, a delegate from that state, reported to the Congress of the the Confederation a plan for the government of 'all the territory ceded, or to be ceded, by the individual states to the United States.' It provided that it should be from time to time 'formed into distinct states, and that, after the year 1800 of the Christian era, there should be *neither slavery nor involuntary servitude in any of the said states*, otherwise than for the punishment of crime, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted to have been personally guilty.' Had this plan been adopted, it would have stopped the extension of slavery on the very ridge of the Alleghany Mountains. It failed by one of those *singular accidents* which sometimes give a direction to events for generations and centuries. Of the twenty-three delegates present and voting, sixteen were in favor of the proviso, and seven against it. But in the Congress of the Confederation the vote was taken by states. A majority of the thirteen states was necessary to carry a measure, and no state could vote unless represented by two delegates. Six states voted for the proviso, three against it. One vote more was wanted to carry it. Delaware and Georgia were not represented. The two delegates from North Carolina neutralized each other's vote. New Jersey had but one delegate present. He voted for the plan, but his colleague, who would have voted with him, and carried it, was called away from Congress a day or two before, and detained a day or two after the decision of the question, and so that most salutary measure failed. It was revived by Mr. Dane of Massachusetts in 1787, and carried, but then in a more limited form, being made to apply only to the territory north-west of the Ohio."—*Five Years' Progress of the Slave Power*, p. 10.

The second circumstance in wnich we recognise the hand of Providence, is connected with this change in opinions and desires among the American people. Before any serious steps were taken to abolish slavery, the culture of cotton was introduced into the southern States, and secured, we may say, its almost indefinite extension aud continuance. In the year 1789, only one million pounds of cotton were grown in the United States; now the produce amounts to about 1,500,000,000 of pounds! How great a stimulus this has proved to the employment of slave labor, by which it is raised, and to the rapid multiplication of the slaves themselves, can easily be imagined. The influence of the potatoe on the social, moral, and industrial character of the Irish people has been long recognised among us. But the history of the cotton-plant shows how powerful a control an obscure plant may exercise, not only over the social character of a people but over their general material prosperity, their external political power, and their relations with the world at large. The cotton shrub, which seventy years ago was grown only in gardens as a curiosity, yields now to the United States an amount of exportable produce which, in the year ending with June 1850, amounted to seventy-two millions of dollars, of which from thirty to forty millions were clear profit to the country. With its increased growth has sprung up that mercantile navy, which now waves its stripes and stars over every sea, and that foreign influence which has placed the internal peace, we may say the subsistence of millions, in every manufacturing country in Europe, within the power of an oligarchy of planters.

The effect of this new, growing, and profitable outlet for slave labor was not only to strengthen the attachment of South Carolina and Georgia, and of the new states of Kentucky and Tennessee, to the "peculiar institution," but materially to alter also the emancipation views of North Carolina

and Virginia.* To these states the sale of slaves became a sudden source of certain wealth, coming in, as it were providentially to eke out the failing returns of their ill-managed and exhausted soils. The new and growing commerce soon gave birth, likewise, in the free states themselves, to a large mercantile, manufacturing, and monied party, whom self-interest has constantly inclined to support the views and policy of the southern states.

But besides being a corrupter of morals, slavery is *an enemy to knowledge.* Its existence, is, indeed, inconsistent with, because it is constantly endangered by, the unrestricted diffusion of knowledge. Even of Virginia, which is so near the seat of the Federal Government, and open, as one might suppose, to all the civilizing influences of the age, it was recently stated in the report of a committee of the New York State Legislature—"that while in the primary schools of the State of New York there were 500,000 pupils, in those of Virginia there were only 35,000. And that, while of persons who could neither read nor write there were no less than 70,000 in the state of New York, there were upwards of 500,000 in Virginia."

And farther south the restraints on knowledge are increased. The pulpit is restrained, the press is gagged, the book-shop is purged, and even the Federal post-offices are closed against the introduction of dangerous literature. What a price is this to pay for liberty to hold a fellow man in bondage!

But it is *a barrier to progress.* In many ways might this be illustrated. Compare again the two old states of Virginia and New York, as to population and produce.

First. In 1790, the population of Virginia (748,000) was double that of New York (340,000), while in 1850 the population of New York state (3,000,000) was more than double that of Virginia. Or stating it otherwise, the population of Virginia in 1800 was in the proportion of 11.9, and in New York of 11.7 persons per square mile; while in 1850 there were in the latter 65½, and in the former only 20 persons to the square mile.

Second. The annual products of the state of New York, in 1840, amounted in value to seventy-nine dollars for each individual of the population; while in Virginia, they were estimated at only sixty-two dollars. And these great differences have gradually established themselves, although Virginia enjoys a fine climate, possesses a fertile soil, is rich in minerals and timber, has magnificent rivers descending from the Blue Ridge and the Alleghanies eastward to the Atlantic and westward to the Ohio; has harbors rivalling the safest and most capacious in the world; and boasts an extent of territory one-half greater than that of the state of New York.

But new states also, slave and free, even such as adjoin each other, present similar differences. Along the northern banks of a large river lies free Ohio; along the southern banks of the same river stretches slaveholding Kentucky, both are richly favored in soil, in climate, and in mineral productions; and both have very nearly the same area in square miles.* Now, at the commencement of the century, (in 1800,) Kentucky had already a population of 220,000, while Ohio had only 45,000. But at the end of half a century, (in 1850,) the population of Ohio had risen to 1,981,000, while that of Kentucky was only 993,000—including 211,000 slaves. The ordinary revenue of the former amounted in 1850, to $2,500,000, while that of the latter was under $600,000. In Ohio, also, there were in the same year 421,000 children attending 12,000 schools—the average attendance being 337,000; while in Kentucky, only 178,000 children were enrolled in the primary schools, with an average attendance of only 73,000. To account for these striking differences in progress between New York and Virginia, and between Ohio and Kentucky, there is only one available cause—the existence of slavery in the one pair of states, and not in the other. And in making these comparisons we have given slavary every advantage, Virginia and Kentucky being decidedly the most forward among the states which possess a large number of slaves—marks of laggardness, we might almost say of retrogression, in the social scale, multiplying upon us as we proceed towards the south and west.

And all this arises from the operation of slavery as a *paralyzer of industry.* At the beginning of the present century, slavery still existed in the state of New York; it was not abolished till 1825. In the following picture, by an eye-witness—a friend of our own—of the habits of the white farmers on the Hudson river before the abolition, we have a reproduction of what the traveller still sees as he passes through the slave states in 1853—

"Those were the times when only the blacks labored The white man considered himself above labor. The work of the slaves had to support the white man and his family, besides themselves and their own families. With the useless mouths to feed, and the useless backs to clothe, he was considered a successful farmer who could make both ends meet.

"It was then the custom for the white men, both old and young, of a neighborhood, by eleven o'clock in the morning, to collect at the nearest public houses. In many townships there were

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* One of the most melancholy results of the system of slavery in Virginia, especially since slave labor ceased to be profitable within the state itself, is the attention which proprietors have been induced to pay to the breeding and rearing of slaves. and to the regular sale of the human produce to the southern states, *as* a means of adding to their ordinary farming produce--as a branch. in fact, of common rural industry! One of the representatives to Congress from Virginia. in a pamphlet on the slavery question, recently published. says. "Virginia has a slave population of near half a million. *whose value is chiefly dependent on southern demand;*" and the gentlemaa who states this fact. is a defender of the system! "In plain English," said Mr. Stevens. one of the members for Pennsylvania, when commenting on this statement before the House--"in plain English, what does it mean? That Virginia is now fit to be the breeder, not the employer, of slaves--that her present chivalry are compelled to turn sluve-traders for a livelihood! Instead of attempting to renovate the soil and by their own honest labor. compelling the earth to yield her abundance--instead of seeking for the best breeds of cattle and horses to feed on her hills and valleys, and fertilize the land. the sons of the great state, must devote their time to selecting and grooming the most lusty sires and most fruitful wenches to supply the slave barracoons of the South; and the learned gentleman pathetically laments that the profits of his great traffic will be vastly decreased by the circumscription of slavery. This is his picture, not mine."--*Johnston's Notes on N*

* Kentucky 40,500 square miles, and Ohio 39,964 square miles.

scores of them. Kinderhook (on the Hudson river) had its share. There they remained talking and drinking till early dinner-time, and returned again by five in the afternoon, and spent the evening, till probably midnight, in drinking, gambling, cock-fighting, horse-racing, or perhaps fighting. Idleness led the way to immorality, and to frequent ruin on the part of the whites."

This picture shows distinctly the paralyzing effect of slavery; how, instead of industry it produces idleness, and instead of economy, thrift, and tidiness, overspreads a land with wastefulness, dissipation, and discomfort.

But slavery is also a *perverter of religion.* Among the actual upholders of slavery, there are thousands who acknowledge it to be a great evil, and long for some available way of abolishing it. And we are willing to believe that there are among them some who conscientiously believe in the abstract lawfulness of slavery, and uphold it as not inconsistent with any divine command. We base this opinion upon the circumstance—one peculiarly monstrous and abhorrent to our British ideas—that among the holders of slaves are to be found many churches and clergy, not only of the Roman Catholic, but of nearly every Protestant denomination. During the prevalence of cholera, a Bishop Polk was mentioned as having lost sixty-four slaves. Protestant churches are endowed with property in slaves, and pay the stipends of their clergy out of the proceeds. And we have before us a table published in 1851 by an American society, which professes to show that, in the Union, there are upwards of 16,000 Protestant clergy who, with their enrolled church members, numbering 1½ millions, are concerned in the holding of not less than 660,000—more than one-fifth of the whole slave population. We suppose it is upon some calculation like this that Mr. Hildreth founds his statement that "at least half of those who call themselves ministers of the gospel, sedulously inculcate that the negroes are in nature mere animals, intended to be used as horses, to be kept for ever under the yoke, and not capable of being anything but slaves." And granting this to be—what we hope and believe that it is—a gross exaggeration—still, how far removed from the pure benevolence of the gospel must their preaching be, when an author can venture to publish, and a wide American public can read and approve of, such statements as these. A celebrated North American divine is said to characterise slavery as one of what he calls the *organic* sins of the community, for which "nobody is individually responsible."

Is this the cant of ignorance, or the cant of hypocrisy? In either case it illustrates how slavery is the perverter of religion.

That it is *a despiser of the restraints of law and order*, is seen in the unsettled condition of society in the newer slave states, and in the occasional ebullitions of individual and popular fury, to which the hatred of abolitionists and the dread of insurrection at intervals give rise. In all the old slave states our English ideas of obedience to the law, and of the possibility of the slave one day becoming a free man, and possibly even a respected citizen, have been inherited from the period of British rule, and influence still in some degree the most absolute of the slave-owners. But in the remote regions over which the new slave states extend, the rights of the master have been the leading consideration since they first began to be peopled by broken-down planters from the north and east, so that the restraints of old civilization have scarcely found as yet a fixed home in this unfavorable soil. It is natural, indeed, that the farther men are removed from the influences of general civilization and a really free press, the more should the animal in their constitution predominate over the intellectual and the moral.

As *an enemy to just social legislation*, slavery exhibits itself in nearly every legal enactment which bears on the condition of the colored race. The sanctity of the marriage tie is denied them, the schoolmaster is forbidden to teach them, even the messages of the gospel are in many districts studiously withheld from them. The torture or murder of a slave is rarely visited with punishment; his testimony against his master is inadmissible in a court of justice; and as to his own condition, it has been decided by Chief-Justice Sharpey, of the Supreme Court of Mississippi—"that, once a slave, he is a slave for ever; and that, whatever the hue of the child, even the slave-owning father has in that state no power to emancipate his own offspring."*

And that slavery *fosters unjust social prejudices*, is testified by the unhappy position of the free colored people in the free as well as in the slave states. This class of men, yearly augmenting in numbers and increasing in intelligence, are an additional and growing source of uneasiness, especially to the slave states. Connected with the slave by blood and by sympathy, inheriting the same sense of wrong, suffering in their social position from the same white lords, they become more formidable as their knowledge enlarges; and the imagination of the threatened naturally magnifies the danger manifold. The number of this class of the population in

1790 was	59,466
1830 —	318,733
1850 —	419,173

—all more or less educated and intelligent, and inheriting "the best blood of the United States." Of these free colored, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia contain the greatest numbers, and in Virginia especially they have become a source of much disquietude. The following table shows their number in each of the states which contain more than 15,000—

Maryland,	74,000
Virginia,	53,000
Pennsylvania,	53,201
New York,	47,448
North Carolina,	27,271
Ohio,	25,930
New Jersey,	23,093
Delaware,	17,957
Louisiana,	15,685

The condition of these free colored people is unhappy in the extreme. As objects of suspicion in the slave states, they are universally denied

* It is at once an evidence and result of the state of this law and of feeling in Mississippi, that, though it contained in 1850 upwards of 300,000 slaves, it numbered among its population only 898 free colored people.

the privileges of free citizenship, and the several state legislatures occupy themselves upon proviso after proviso, with the view of not only preventing their increase, but of expelling them in mass from their several territories. One would think that the surest way of disarming their hostility would be to grant them the usual privileges of free-born American citizens, and thus to separate them in suffering and in interest from the slaves. Disfranchised and discontented as they are, they represent the grievances of the whole colored race, their mouthpiece at once, and their natural advisers. In the free states their position is little less galling. It is the due liberty and right of every British or American citizen to choose his own associates, and to make friends of, or to pass by, whomsoever he may choose, and so the pure white may not be compelled to make a companion of the man of mixed blood in America. But this does not justify the withholding of civil rights from free colored man, or the inflicting upon him of the many social indignities to which the European traveller is astonished to see him subjected, in cities which boast of the intelligence of metropolitan Boston or New York.

III. But our space reminds us that we must hasten to the third form of retributive justice, by which the United states are now visited for the inconsistency of their paternal legislation. Among the bugbears which assailed the fathers of the Revolution, was the horror of an aristocracy such as existed in, and according to their idea, tyrannised over England as well as the other states of Europe. All their institutions were framed with the design of for ever excluding such a dominant body from the States of the Confederation. But though an aristocracy of hereditary honors has been rendered impossible, and the hills of public distinction are by the constitution equally open to all who choose to climb, they have in reality been unable to prevent the growth of a political power in the States more absolute than that of any European aristocracy—almost as uncontrolled by public sentiment as that of an Asiatic potentate—and in the hands of a class of men, the idea of submission to whom is most abhorrent to British feelings. To this ruling authority the name *slave power* has been applied, and the term is meant to express "that control in and over the Government of the United States which is exercised by a comparatively small number of persons, distinguished from the other twenty millions of free citizens, and bound together by a common interest, by *being owners of slaves.* As the growth and actual dominancy of this power in a professedly republican and democratic country, is the most extraordinary actual result of slavery, the least understood in this country, and yet the most deserving of general consideration, especially by the mass of the British people, we shall as briefly as possible explain its nature, its basis, and the kind of control it exercises equally over the affairs of the separate states, over those of the United Confederation, and over the opinions and proceedings of all public men.

We have already stated some of the grounds on which it has been concluded, that although the number of slaveholders, including men, women, and minors, may probably exceed a hundred thousand, yet that "a hundred thousand for the *slaveholding voters* is unquestionably a large estimate." But there are in all three millions of other free persons in the United States who are entitled to vote. How then, can it be said, or by what means is it contrived, that the smaller number should control and direct the larger? To this question it is not difficult to give an answer. The hundred thousand slaveholders, were they equally divided among the fifteen slave states, would give an average of six or seven thousand to each. In the state of Kentucky, as we have seen, the number is nearly nine thousand. By this small body the property of the State is chiefly owned. They are the landholders in the slave states to a greater extent than the nobility and gentry are the owners of land in Great Britain and Ireland. They and their families are also the best instructed. They alone have the means of generally educating their children—of sending them to distant schools, and of maintaining them till their education is completed. In all countries the possessors of property and knowledge are the most influential. The slaveholders rule the slave states.

Besides, the slaveholders have votes in proportion to the number of their slaves. By the Federal Constitution, five slaves, in the apportionment of representatives, are reckoned equal to three free white persons. Hence, although the free population of the slave states in 1850 was only six and one-third millions, their representative population was eight and one-third millions; so that they send to Congress, in virtue of their slaves, a body of twenty representatives, in addition to the sixty-nine to which their white population entitles them. Then these eighty-nine men, being selected by the slaveholders, are all understood to be true to the claims and supposed interests of the slave-power. If not all actual slave-owners, they form a compact and generally unanimous body, who act together in behalf of slavery, and, with the aid of their northern friends, can generally determine every question which concerns the interests of the slaveholding states. And should they fail, then, in the Upper House or Senate, in which each state is represented by two senators, they count thirty out of sixty-two votes, and thus determine, with almost absolute certainty, every question, whether it originate in the higher body, or be sent up to it from the Lower House.

So as to public offices. The President, for example, is elected by a college of two hundred and ninety-six votes, in which the slave states possess one hundred and twenty voices. Whatever the talents, virtues, and services of a public man, it is impossible for him to attain the last object of human ambition in the United States, unless he have the cordial support of this united and formidable body. They always have given, and always will give their support to the candidate whom they believe they can most rely upon to carry out their peculiar views of internal and international policy. No matter what court the risen man may pay to the southern goddess, when he begins to fancy the prize of the Presidency not unattainable as the end of his intellectual struggles—no matter what sacrifice of principle he may make to secure the support of the southern lords, what efforts he may put forth in their behalf, measures pass in favor of their views, declarations falsify, opinions

recant, or old friends shake off and disgust—when the hour of nomination comes, they will prefer before him a nameless man, whose antecedents bespeak consistency in southern sentiment, and from whose talents or conscientious convictions they have nothing to apprehend. Who labored longer in their behalf than the popular and beloved Clay? who sacrificed more than the talented and broken-hearted Webster? who deserved more at their hands for his actual doings than brave old General Scott? Yet a Polk or a Pierce were lifted at once from comparative obscurity, and without a struggle placed in the high position to which these men had spent their lives in endeavoring to attain. Thus

"The slave power make Presidents!! The President and senators, by mutual concurrence, make heads of departments; presidents, heads of departments, and senators make collectors, district attorneys, land agents, postmasters, and other salary-receivers. These make all sorts of subordinates, every one of them with a palm to be touched from the public chest, "through all the classes of venality,' and every one of them, from high to low, with a noisy voice for the caucus, and a favor or a rod for some editor of a newspaper, in town or village, according as he loudly cries up the creators or creatures of the slave power as patriots and sages, or is recusant enough to keep such words to something like their old-fashioned sense."—*Slave Power*, p. 8.

Of course, among the masses this secret influence of the slave power is unseen and unfelt; and in the possession of votes, and of a purely democratic form of constitution, the existence of a high degree of universal freedom is believed in, boasted of, and taught to the children in the catechizings of the day of "Independence." And, as regards state-offices, a real liberty-loving and independent man may attain by his talents to considerable eminence. He may even, like Seward, fill the office of governor of the Empire State; but here he stops. Let him enter the wider arena of Federal ambition, and new influences beset him to whatever walk of life he may belong. Is he a statesman?—then to become a cabinet minister, or head of a department, he must sympathize with the governing power. Is he a diplomatist?—foreign embassies are only open to their creatures. Is he a lawyer?—the seats on the bench of the Supreme Court are reserved for those favorites of the Senate whose past history and career are, in a Southern sense, irreproachable.

The system requires no further development. It is paramount in the slave states. In all that concerns Federal legislation and governmental action, *in reference to the slave interest*, it is paramount over the whole Union. Directly or indirectly, no class—scarcely even an individual—is beyond the reach of its influence, even in the northern states. New York and Boston are the centres of a mercantile and monied aristocracy, which bonds of mutual interest closely connect with the landed and slave aristocracy of the southern states. From these centres a controlling influence radiates through New England and New York, which leaves no body of men untouched. The pulpit, as well as the press, is either converted or silenced by its management.

Notwithstanding the apparent increase of power gained of late years by the free states in the Federal representation, the slave power was probably never more influential than at the present time. The proportion of members sent respectively by the free and slave states to the House of Representatives in Congress was—

	1832.	1852.
Slave States,	101	89
Free States,	142	148
Difference,	41	59

—being a gain of eighteen votes by the free states. Yet the effect has only been to make the lessening body more united, more energetic, and more determined in their exertions to restrain their influence and if possible to regain their lost numbers in the House of Representatives and in the Senate. Every passage in the recent political history of the Confederation, whether domestic or foreign, manifests the influence of this energy and persevering determination. The compromise measures at home, the annexation of Texas, and the war with Mexico, are so many special illustrations of their energetic action.

Two reflections will occur to the readers of the above statements. The *first* is, how erroneous have been the opinions generally entertained among us, and the statements put forth as to the amount of actual personal freedom of thought and action within the territory of the United States. The power of registering a vote is no measure of a man's actual liberty. If, notwithstanding all the democratic forms of the United States constitution, and the safeguards with which the fathers of the Revolution hemmed it round, all free action is controlled and prevented by a secretly influential master-power, the name and form of a Republic avail nothing; and General Pierce, the puppet of the slaveholders, might as well have been elected life Emperor, as quadrennial President of their wide dominions. The *second* reflection springs up when we think of the character of the governing body—on what basis their power rests. "They are distinguished from their fellow-citizens *only by holding property in slaves*." An aristocracy of talent, an aristocracy of birth, even an aristocracy of wealth, may be tolerated in a constitutional country; but an aristocracy of slaveholders appears to us the least desirable, and in sentiment the most intolerable form of a governing power to which a civilised community can be subjected.

The present demands of the slave power, are *first*, that the so-called compromise measures, carried by Clay and Webster, shall be considered as final settlements of the slavery question, *as far as they go*. And the democratic party, in their conference at Baltimore, in 1852, resolved to "resist all attempts at renewing in Congress or out of it, the agitation of the slavery question, under whatever shape or color the attempt may be made." In this demand, therefore, they are certain of the support of the democratic party, as well as of the section of the Whigs known as the Union party, and who were the special supporters of the late Daniel Webster.

Second. The addition of new slave states to the Union, and through them the restoration of their supremacy in the Senate. With a view to this, it is understood, and was publicly acceded

to by Mr. Webster, that Texas is to be divided, and at least four new slave states carved out of it. This alone would give them eight new votes in the Senate. Between Texas and Arkansas lies a tract of territory comprising no less than 70,000 square miles at present in the occupation of the Indians, out of which several new slave states are expected to be formed. And with a view to this, the slave party are now asserting the new doctrine, that all territory—instead of being free till its population is large enough to form a constitution, and pronounce upon the admission of slavery—being the property of all the states alike, is open equally to all citizens for settlement with their property of every description, and that the government is bound to protect them. This doctrine, if received, would virtually annex to the slave states every territory in which slaveowners might choose to settle. It is hoped, also, that New Mexico and Utah will be admitted only as slave states; that Southern California will still be cut off by the line 36° 30', and converted into a slave state; and that at least the province of Sonora, believed to be rich in gold and silver, may soon be detached from Mexico, and added to the states of the Union. But these are all contingencies depending, not so much on their own scrupulosity, as upon the progress of circumstances, which cannot be forced. Thus the state of Texas, which was inhabited under Mexican rule, was some time an independent country, and has already been upwards of ten years in the Union, has still only a total population of 205,000. Many years must elapse, therefore, betore it can become so largely and so generally peopled as to admit of being subdivided into new States. A similar remark applies to Southern California, to the Indian territory, and probably also to Sonora aud New Mexico. Hence the anxiety with which the eyes of southern politicians turn to Cuba and St. Domingo, in which a large population already exist, and which therefore, could at once be split up into States, and admitted to all the privileges of the Union. On a review of the whole matter, therefore, we may reiterate the opinion we expressed at the beginning of the present article, that the slavery question is not settled. It is neither settled as a question of internal policy and home quiet, nor as a question affecting foreign relations and external peace.

To such forms of actual and contingent retribution has the first Legislation of the American Confederation led; to fear, anxiety, and distrust of a growing colored race, to the wide-spread lowering of the moral and social character, and to an apparently total subversion of individual political power and liberty. The more we compare our own condition and institutions with those of the United States, the more reason have we to rejoice in our own superior political and constitutional advantages—the more reason to hesitate and inquire, before we modify our own constitutional forms or social habits, with the view of squeezing them to an American pattern.

We add but a single observation more. In treating of this grave subject we have restrained our British feelings, and kept under the expression of political or party sympathies. In discussing a peculiarly American question, we have wtshed to speak candidly, equally without hard words or home bias—for, the more plainly the institution is seen, and the more calmly considered, the more influential will the study be on both sides of the Atlantic.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

STANZAS.

1.

On the ocean of life when in youth we set sail,
Our hearts beat with hope and our spirits are free,
But the bark we conduct o'er its depths is as frail
As the Nautilus' shell on the fathomless sea:
And many, like it, when their voyage they begin
Hoist gladly their sail to the first wind that blows,
Nor heed that the course leads to sorrow and sin,
So the gale gently wafts and the sea smoothly flows.

2.

There are many who launch on this perilous deep,
And bound with the breeze o'er the treacherous tide;
Who think not of where the rude billows may sweep
Their bark, ere the storm-driven waters subside:
Their voyage hath no object, no purpose to guide,
No hand at the helm in their danger to save;
And on through the dangerous eddies they glide
To the first halting-place on their journey—the grave.

3.

But such are not all—even others there are,
Whose hearts not less light, more devotion can feel;
Who steady their course by one bright polar star,
And the firm hand of principle place at the wheel:
Nor shrink tho' the elements totter and reel,
And the rack of the tempest around them is cast,
For still through the darkness that star doth reveal
A haven of hope and a refuge at last.

4.

That our search is for happiness, who can deny;
That as yet they have found it, how few will affirm?
All vainly from pleasure to pleasure we fly,
If we seek upon earth any more than its germ.
If this we have found, we may plant if we will,
We may watch it, and tend it, and water it here
But no bud of promise shall bloom on it still,
In a far other land must the blossom appear.

5.

For the spirit of man hardly brooks the control
Of its deadening, maddening fetters of clay,
It frets like the race-horse to bound to the goal,
It chafes like the war-steed to plunge in the fray;
It would fain spread its wings o'er the mountains away,—
It sighs for some want that it cannot make known;
It scorns the base feelings that lure it to stay,
For freedom it longs, yet it dreads to begone.

6.

Yon oak that for ages hath weathered the storm
Is an emblem of man!—When at birth it was thrown
Upon this world's surface, almost without form,
It had no ties to bind it to earth.—Time flew on,
And its roots, like the feelings of man for his own,
His children, his friends, or the wife of his heart,
Gathered strength every day, and for these, these alone,
It grappled to earth, and refused to depart.

7.

See, how the storm through its branches doth roar,
And mark how it tosses its broad arms on high;
As if like the spirit of man it would soar,
Escape from its ruthless tormentors and fly:
It quivers and groans as the blast whistles by,
But complex its roots as his feeling have grown,
And even while stretching its arms to the sky,
It clings to the spot where at first it was thrown.

8.

But death comes at last, rudely rending the ties
Which bound it.—No longer the tempest to brave,
In ruin majestic extended it lies,
Like the corpse of a man laid to rest in the grave.
And time glideth on; and the winds wildly rave;
The oak hath returned to the earth; and the sod,
New life out of death springeth o'er it to wave,
But the spirit of man hath arisen to God.

"Erro."

NAPOLEON THE LITTLE.

[M. Victor Hugo, in his recent philippic of this title against the present ruler of France, thus answers the common and seemingly strong plea that the latter was raised to power by the free voices of the entire Gallic people.—The passage is cited here, not on account of its political bearing—its truth or its untruth—but merely as a specimen of composition unparalleled in its kind since the days of our own Junius.]

They tell us you do not consider. All these facts which you call crimes, are henceforth 'accomplished facts,' and consequently to be respected; all is accepted, all is adopted, legitimised, all is covered, all is absolved. Accepted! adopted! legitimised! covered! absolved! by what! By a vote? What vote? The 7,500,000 votes. Oh! true. There has been a *plebiscitum*, and a vote, and 7,500,000 ayes. Let us look into the matter.

A brigand stops a diligence at the corner of a wood. He is at the head of a resolute band.—The travellers are more numerous, but they are separated, disunited, cooped up in different compartments, half asleep, surprised in the middle of the night, seized suddenly, and without arms. The brigand orders them to alight, not to utter a cry, not to speak a word, and to lie down with their faces to the ground. Some resist; he blows out their brains. The rest obey, and lie down on the road speechless, motionless, terrified, mixed up with the dead bodies of their companions, and half dead themselves. The brigand, while his accomplices keep their feet on the loins of the travellers, and pistols at their heads, rifles their pockets, forces opon their trunks, and takes out all the valuables. The pockets rifled, the trunks pillaged, the *coup d'etat* completed, he says to them—'Now, in order to put myself right with justice, I have written down on paper a declaration, stating that you acknowledge all I have taken belonged to me, and that you gave it to me of your own free will. I require this to be your view of the matter. Each of you will have a pen given you, and without uttering a syllable, without making the slightest movement, without quitting your present attitude.' (Belly on ground, and face in the mud.) 'You will stretch forth your right hands, and you will all sign this paper. If any one of you moves or speaks, here is the muzzle of my pistol. In all other respects you are quite free.' The travellers stretch out their arms, and sign. The brigand thereupon perks up his head, and says—'I have 7,500,000 votes.'

M. Louis Bonaparte is president of this diligence. Let us recall a few *principia*. For a political scrutiny to be valid, three absolute conditions must exist. Firstly, the vote must be free; secondly, the vote must be intelligent; thirdly, the figures must be genuine. If one of these three conditions is wanting, the scrutiny is null. How is it when all these are wanting? Let us apply these rules. Firstly, *that the vote must be free*. What liberty there was in the vote of the 20th December, we have just pointed out.—We have expressed that liberty by a striking and manifest image. We might have dispensed with adding any thing to it. Let each of those who voted recollect himself, and ask his conscience under what moral and material violence he dropped his billet in the box. We might cite a certain commune of the Yonne where, out of 500 heads of families, 430 were arrested; the rest voted 'ay.' A commune of the Loiret, where, of 639 heads of families, 497 were arrested or banished; the 142 who escaped voted 'ay.' What we say of the Loiret and the Yonne might be said of all the departments. Since the 2d December, each town has its swarms of spies; each village, each hamlet, its informer. To vote 'no' was imprisonment, transportation—was Lambessa. In the villages of one particular department, we were told by an eye-witness, 'they brought ass-loads of

ballot papers inscribed 'ay.' The mayors, flanked by the garde-champêtre, distributed them among the peasants. It was compulsory to vote. At Savigny, near Saint-Maur, on the morning of the voting day, some enthusiastic gendarmes declared that the man who voted 'no' should not sleep in his bed. The gendarmerie thrust into the prison of Valenciennes M. Parent, jun., deputy justice of the peace for the canton of Bouchain, for having advised certain inhabitants of Avesne-le-Sec to vote 'no.' The nephew of the representative Aubrey (du Nord), having seen the agents of the prefect distribute ballots with 'yes' in the great square of Lille, went into the square next morning, and distributed ballots with 'no.' He was arrested, and incarcerated in the citadel. As to the vote of the army, part of it voted in its own cause; the rest followed like sheep. But, even as to the freedom of this vote of the soldiers, let us hear the army speak for itself. Read the statement of a soldier of the 6th regiment of the line, commanded by Colonel Garderens de Boisse:—'As to the troop, the vote was a roll-call. The subaltern officers, the corporals, the drummers, and the soldiers, placed in their ranks, were named by the quartermaster in presence of the colonel, the lieutenant-colonel, the major, and the other officers; and as each man named answered '*Here!*' his name was inscribed on the ballot paper by the serjeant-major. The colonel, rubbing his hands, was just saying, 'Ah, gentleman, this is going along on wheels!' when a corporal of the company to which I belong approached the table at which the serjeant-major was stated, and requested him to let him have the pen, that he might himself inscribe his name on the register dissentient, which was intended to remain altogether blank. 'How!' cried the colonel; 'you, who are down for quarter-master, and who are to be appointed on the first vacancy: you, thus formally to disobey your colonel, and that in the presence of your company! It would be bad enough if the refusal you now make were only an act of insubordination, but know you not, wretched man, that by your vote you seek to bring about the destruction of the army, the burning of your father's house, the annihilation of all society, that you promote the worst excesses? What X——! you, whom I wished to promote! Is it you who confess yourself an accomplice to these horrors?' The poor fellow, it may be at once imagined, allowed his name to be inscribed 'ay' with the rest. Multiply this colonel by six hundred thousand, and the product is the pressure of the functionaries of all sorts—military, political, civil, administrative, ecclesiastical, judicial, customal, municipal, scholastic, commercial, consular—throughout France, on the soldier, the citizen, and the peasant. Add, as we have above indicated, the fictitious communist Jacquerie, and the real Bonapartist terrorism, the government weighing by phantasmagoria on the weak, and by dictatorship on the refractory, and working two fears together. It would require a special volume to relate, expose, and develop the innumerable details of that immense extortion of signatures, which is called 'the *Vote* of the 20th December.' The vote of the 20th December prostrated the honour, the initiative, the intelligence, and the moral life of the nation. France went to that vote as sheep go to the slaughter-house. Let us proceed. Secondly, *that the vote must be intelligent.* Here is an elementary proposition. Where there is no liberty of the press, there is no vote. The liberty of the press is the condition, *sine qua non*, of universal suffrage. Every scrutiny operated in the absence of liberty of the press is radically null. The liberty of the press involves, as necessary corollaries, the liberty of meeting, the liberty of making public, the liberty of publicly discussing all the liberties engendered by the right—first and foremost of all, the right of informing one's mind before one votes. To vote is to govern; to vote is to judge. Imagine a blind pilot. Imagine a deaf judge. Liberty, then—liberty to inform one's self by every means, by inquiry, by the press, by speaking, by discussion. This is the express guarantee, the condition of being, of universal suffrage. In order that a thing may be done validly, it must be done knowingly. Where there is no taper, there is no sealed act. These are axioms: without the pale of these axioms, all is, *ipso facto*, null. Now, let us see: did M. Bonaparte, in his scrutiny of the 20th December, obey these axioms? Did he fulfil the conditions of the free press, free meetings, free tribune, free advertising, free inquiry? The answer is an immense shout of laughter, even from the Elysée. Thus you are yourself compelled to admit; 'tis thus 'universal suffrage' is exercised.—What! I know nothing of what is going on: men have been killed, slaughtered, murdered, massacred, and I am ignorant of this. Men have been arbitrarily imprisoned, worried, expelled, exiled, transported, and I scarcely hear even of the fact. My mayor and my curé tell me, these people, whom you see taken away, bound with cords, are convict malefactors! I am a peasant, cultivating a patch of land in a corner of one of the provinces; you suppress the newspaper, you stifle information, you prevent the truth from reaching me, and then you make me vote, in the uttermost darkness of night, gropingly. What! you rush out upon me from the obscurity, sabre in hand, and you say to me, 'Vote!' and you call that the ballot. Certainly, a 'free and spontaneous' ballot, chime in the *coup d'état* scribes.—Every conceivable and inconceivable machinery was set to work at this vote. One village mayor, a species of Escobar, flourishing wild in the fields, said to his peasants, 'If you vote 'yes,' 'tis for the republic; if you vote 'no,' 'tis against the republic.' The peasants all voted 'yes.' And now let us illuminate another aspect of this turpitude that people call the 'plebiscitum' of the 20th December.' How were the questions put? Was there any choice possible? Did they—and it is the least that should have been done by a *coup d'état*, done by so strange a ballot as that, wherein he put all in question—did they open to each party the door at which his principles could enter? Did they permit the legitimists to turn towards that exiled prince, and towards the ancient honour of the *fleurs-de lys?* Did they permit the Orleanists to turn towards that prescribed family, honourable in the valued services of two soldiers, M.M. de Joinville and D'Aumale, and illustrious in that lofty soul, Madame la Duchesse d'Orleans? Did they offer to the people—the people who are not a party, but the people, that

is to say, the sovereign—did they offer to the people that true republic before which all monarchy dissolves and vanishes, as night before day; that republic which is the manifest and irresistible portion of the civilised world; the republic without dictatorship; the republic of concord, of science, and of liberty; the republic of universal suffrage and universal peace, and of universal happiness; the republie, initiator of people and liberator of nationalities; that republic, which, after all, and in spite of all, will, as the author of this book has said elsewhere, 'possess France to-morrow, and Europe the day after.' Did they offer that? No. This is how M. Bonaparte put the matter.

There were in this ballot two candidates: first candidate, M. Bonaparte; second candidate, the abyss. Franch had the choice. Admire the address of the man, and not a little his humility.—M. Bonaparte opposed to him in this contest—whom? M. de Chambord? No! M. de Joinville? No! The Republic? Still less. M. Bonaparte, like those pretty Creoles who show off their beauty by juxtaposition with some frightful Hottentot, selected as his competitor in this selection a phantom, a vision, a socialism of Naremberg, with long teeth and talons, and a live coal in his eyes, the ogre of Tom Thumb, the vampire of the Porte Saint-Martin, the hydra of Theramenes the great sea-serpent of the 'Constitutionel,' which the stock-jobbers had the kindness to lend him, the dragon of the Apocalypse, the Tarask, Droée, the Gra-ouili, a scarecrow. Aided by a Ruggieri of his own, M. Bonaparte lit up this monster with Bengal fire, and said to the scared voter:—There is nothing possible between this and me, choose! He said, 'Choose between beauty and the beast; the beast is communism; the beauty is my dictatorship; choose! There is no medium! Society prostrate, thy house burnt, thy barn pillaged, thy corn stolen, thy fields confiscated, thy wife violated, thy children murdered, thy wine drank, thyself devoured alive by the great gaping-jaws yonder—all this, or me, Emperor! Choose! Me or Raw-head-and-bloody-bones!' The citizen, affrighted, and consequently a child; the peasant, ignorant, and consequently a child; preferred M. Bonaparte, to Raw-head-and-bloody-bones. Such is his triumph. Observe, however, that of 10,000,000 of voters, 2,500,000 would, it seems, have even preferred Raw-head-and-bloody-bones. After all, M. Bonaparte only had 7,500,000 votes. Thus, then, and in this fashion—freely as we see, willingly as we see—that which M. Bonaparte is good enough to call universal suffrage voted. Voted what? Dictatorship, autocracy, slavery, the republic a despotism, France a pachalic, chains on all wrists, a seal on every mouth, silence, abasement, fear; the spy, the soul of all things! They have given to a man—they have given to you!—omnipotence and omniscience. They have made that man the supreme constituent, the legislator, the alpha of the law, the omega of power! They have decreed that he is Minos, that he is Numa, that he is Solon, that he is Lycurgus! They have incarnated in him the people, the nation, the state, the law; and for ten years! What! vote—I, a citizen—vote, not only my own dispossession, my own forfeiture, my own abdication, but abdication for ten years of new generations, of universal suffrage over which I have no right, over which you, an usurper, you force me to usurp right,—which, by the way, be it said, would suffice to nullify that monstrous ballot, if all conceivable nullities were not already piled upon it, heaped and amalgamated. What is it that you would have me do? You make me vote that all is finished, that nothing remains, that the people is a slave! What! you tell me, seeing that you are sovereign, you shall give yourself a master; seeing that you are France, you shall become Haiti! What an abominable derision! Such is the vote of the 20th December: that sanction, as M. de Morny terms it; that absolution, as M. Bsnaparte calls it. Assuredly, a short time hence—in a year, in a month, perhaps in a week—when all we now see has vanished, men will be ashamed of having, if only for an instant, honoured with discussion that infamous semblance of a vote, which they call the ballot of 7,500,000 voices. Yet such is the only basis, the only support, the only rampart of this prodigious power of M. Bonaparte. This vote is the excuse of cowards, this vote is the buckler of dishonoured consciences.—Generals, magistrates, bishops, each crime, each lie, each prevarication, each complicity, seeks refuge behind this vote for its ignominy. France has spoken, say they: *vox populi vox Dei*—universal suffrage besotted; every thing is covered by a ballot. *That* a vote—*that* a ballot? One spits on it, and passes by. Thirdly. *the figure must be genuine.* I admire that figure: 7,500,-000! It must have had a beautiful effect, through the fog of the 1st of January, in letters of gold, three feet high, on the portal of Notre-Dâme. I admire that figure. Do you know why? Because I consider it humble, diffident: 7.500,000! Why, 7,500,000! that is little. No one refused M. Bonaparte full measure. After what he had done on the 2d December, he had good right to better than that. Who could it have been that played him a trick? Who was it prevented him from putting down eight millions, or ten millions, round numbers? As for myself, I was quite disappointed in my hopes. I relied on unanimity. *Coup d'état*, you are indeed modest! What! a man who has done all we have recalled or recounted—who has taken an oath and perjured himself—who has been the guardian of a constitution and destroyed it—who has been the servant of a republic and betrayed it—who has been the agent of a sovereign assembly and violently demolished it—who has used military order as a poniard to kill military honour—who has employed the standard of France as a towel to wipe away mud and shame—who has put handcuffs on the generals of Africa—who has made the representatives of the people travel in prison-vans—who has filled Mazas, Vincennes, Mont Valèrien, and St. Pélagie with inviolable men—who has fired point-blank at the legislature, girt with that scarf, the sacred and venerable symbol of the law—who has given to such a colonel, whom we could name, a hundred thousand francs to trample duty under foot, and to each soldier ten francs a-day—who has distributed in four days forty thousand francs' worth of brandy to each brigade—who has covered with the gold of the bank the play-tables of the Elysèe, and has said to his friends, 'Take!'—who has

killed M. Adde in his own house; M. Belval in his own house; M. Debaecque in his own house; M. Labilte in his own house; M. de Convercelle in his own house; M. Monpelas in his own house; M. Thirion de Mortauban in his own house—who has massacred on the Boulevards and elsewhere —has shot people here, there, and everywhere— who has committed infinite murders, of which he modestly confesses to only one hundred and ninety-one! What! he who has drenched the roots of the trees on the Boulevards with pools of blood; he who has spilt the blood of the infant with the blood of the mother, mingling with both the champagne of the gendarmes! He has done all these things—he has given himself all this trouble; and when he asks the nation, 'Are you satisfied?' he only obtains 7,500,000 voters. Really, he is underpaid! This comes of devoting yourself to save society! O, ingratitude of the world! It is a fact, that, 3,000,000 of voices have replied '*No.*' What, then, did the man mean who said that the South Sea savages calls the French '*oui—oui?*' Let us speak seriously; for irony is oppressive in such tragic matters. *Coup d'etat* men, nobody believes in your 7,500,000 votes. Come, be frank, for a moment's eccentricity; confess you are slightly Greekish, you cheat a little. In your balance sheet of the 2d December, you set down too many votes, and not enough corpses. 7,500,000! What figure is that? Whence comes it? How? What do you want us to do with it? 7,000,000, 8,000,000, 10,000,000! Millions! millions! We concede you all, but we contest with you all. The 7,000,000, you have them, *plus* the 500,000; the round sum, *plus* the odd money. You say so, prince, you affirm it. You swear it, but who proves it? Who counted? Baroche. Who examined? Rouher. Who checked? Piétri. Who added up? Maupas. Who certified? Troplong. Who announced? Yourself! In other words, servility counted, crouching meanness examined, trickery checked, forgery added up, venality certified, and mendacity announced. Very good. Whereupon M. Bonaparte ascends to the capitol, orders M. Sibour to thank Jupiter; puts a blue and gold livery on the senate, a blue and silver livery on the legislative body, and a green and gold livery on his coachman; lays his hand on his heart, declares that he is the product of 'universal sufrage,' and that his 'legitimacy' has issued from the ballot-urn. That urn is a wine-cup.

We declare it, then; we declare it broadly, and clearly, and simply—on the 20th December, 1851, eighteen days after the 2d, M. Bonaparte put his hand into every man's conscience, and robbed every man of his vote. Others filch handkerchiefs, but he steals an empire.—*Hogg's Instructor.*

THE GOLDEN HEART.

CHAP. I.

> "It is a gentle and affectionate thought,
> That—in immeasurable heights above us—
> At our first birth the wreath of Love was woven,
> With sparkling stars for flowers."—*Coleridge.*

Plutarch says—'Chance sometimes turns poet, and produces trains of events, not to be distinguished from the most elaborate plots which are constructed by art.' Another author of the present day writes—'If we draw our models from real existence, they appear to us to possess few of the attributes of the probable. What is so poetical as sorrow? What are more eloquent than the tears that fall internally, and gather upon the heart?' A protracted pilgrimage has often caused me to feel most deeply the spirit of these observations, from having witnessed many extraordinary passages in human affairs. Indeed I am often inclined to smile at incredulity, when marvellous facts are discussed; reality so far exceeding the power of imagination, that *nothing* is left for an old woman like me to marvel at. Is not life itself a wonder and a mystery? Is not death the crowning and most awful mystery of all? On the stage of life I have seen broad farce and deep tragedy enacted, and the wearied actors sink to rest, after performing their several parts well and nobly. One such play on this broad human stage I peculiarly remember. We will withdraw the dark shadowy curtain of the grave, and reveal the actors once more on the threshold of existence; and oh! for an enchanter's wand to make them act their parts over again for our especial behoof. Behold an ancient chateau which stood within a few miles of a much frequented town on the coast of France; a ruinous kind of place it was, where the remains of better days were faintly to be discerned. The situation was picturesque, and the grounds had once been beautiful and romantic in the extreme; but now they were in keeping with the desolate abode; bridges were broken down; weeds reigned triumphant; and with the exception of a small gay garden surrounded by an invisible fence, the dark forest trees presnting a back ground whose sombre shadows exquisitely contrasted with the brilliant coloring of nature, there was nothing that told of care or refinement. This chateau was inhabited by an Irish gentleman of equally dilapidated fortunes, who had flown across the channel a few years previously to seek refuge from numerous clamorous creditors. He was accompanied by an only child, a motherless girl, and a faithful nurse, who clung to the descendants of Irish princes, amid their ruin and desolation, with the tenacity and love for which her people are remarkable. The history of Mr. Desmond was a too common and melancholy one: noble descent, extravagance, and recklessness for generations, ending at length in the almost utter ruin of the last unfortunate representative, who had assisted but too sedulously in completing it. A retreat to the continent was the only alternative from prison and disgrace; the decayed chateau which sheltered the family being the property of a person who gladly accorded it to Mr. Desmond for a nominal rent, the latter being too proud to be entirely beholden to his friend. The principal part of Mr. Desmond's time was passed in the town—a town infamous in repute, from harboring individuals who had no character to lose—gamblers and horse jockies; it may too readily be surmised how Mr. Desmond's time was occupied—he was a confirmed gamester, heartless, selfish, and soul-desolated.

In this old chateau, in the society only of Ellen Blane, her Irish nurse, Aurora Desmond, the neglected daughter, had been nurtured; and now, in

her seventeenth year, the wayward, lovely girl, incontrovertibly exemplified the true nobility of nature. She seemed to belong to the picture of faded grandeur—to represent the long line of native princes whose blood flowed in her veins: and who that gazed on her proud young form would have remembered that she was the ruined chieftain's daughter? So like a princess in her days of palmy regal state, the fair creature moved and spoke. Yet her education had been totally neglected in all useful branches and appliances. Superficial accomplishments, indeed, she had easily acquired from facile teachers; but these superficial folk could teach her little, and they witnessed with amazement the uncontrollable flights of her ever-gentle, but wild and fanciful humors. Most lovely, most gracious, was this peerless forest flower; her attributes of purity and innocence formed a protecting halo, doubly needful to shield and fortify one so peculiarly circumstanced. Yet it was not from merely outward circumstances that danger threatened Aurora Desmond; for she was ignorant of the external world, living in almost perfect seclusion; her father, debased as he was, carefully guarding his beautiful daughter from the contamination of such society as the town afforded. But danger had assaulted the young girl in another form; she united with an imagination of the most vivid cast a peculiar sensitiveness and morbid melancholy of disposition, which, indeed, frequently gave place to the wildest flights of thoughtless and exuberant gaiety. Hence, the strong will and firm mind of a superior guide was needed to rule and check, and keep in abeyance the untamed spirit, and to cultivate the rich ground so overrun with weeds. But the weeds had been fatally fostered by old Ellen Blane, who ought more properly to have been styled a *gouvernante*, being no common or uneducated nurse; for, beneath an under current of high devotional feeling (the religion of Faith, her inalienable birthright), there too surely reigned a dark depth of superstition in Aurora Desmond's inmost heart, contemplated with ineffable satisfaction by old Ellen, as of her planting and watering, but likely to be productive of the most baneful results to the violent, enthusiastic, and neglected girl, who had unfortunately been left to such injudicious, and yet warmly affectionate management. There was also a vein of *persiflage* in Aurora Desmond's composition, which, had she been formed of coarser materials, might have degenerated into downright coquettishness; but, as it was, her extreme delicacy of mind and manner produced a combination most enchanting. Her smile was fascination, her tears were bewitching, and all her little whims and caprices were becoming; yet there was another mood, when Aurora became the dangerous enchantress, from her power of enthralling the imagination—the serious and contemplative mood, when prophetic shadows darkened round her heart, and her strained gaze endeavored to penetrate those mystic clouds enveloping and obscuring the spiritual creation. Not only had Ellen Blane initiated her pupil in the legendary lore and poetical traditions of the Emerald Isle, but in the far deeper and wilder mysteries of the German school. Ellen's mother was a native of the fair Rhine-land, and the daughter inherited from her and from an Irish sire that peculiar idiosyncrasy which had gradually been developed with her growth, and rendered her the slave of a belief in supernatural agencies, forebodings, and soothsayings of every description, from the humble Banshee to the grave astrologer, who predicts the future by abstruse calculations of the celestial bodies. Aurora, indeed, often laughed at old Ellen's tales, and declared she would like to hear and see the Banshee above all things; but during the long winter evenings, when the winds howled and moaned within and without the tottering mansion, the girl's cheek often grew pale, as she sat listening to Ellen's reminiscences of the marvellous things she had beheld with her own eyes, and heard with her own ears, when a dweller in her mother's native land.

The poor child had been fed and nurtured on such unwholesome diet; and as she progressed towards womanhood, her *gouvernante*, whose speech was often poetry, began to tell of chivalrous knights, heroic self-sacrifice, and true love trials, until Aurora's mind was imbued with high-flown romance, and in a great measure unfitted to grapple with the realities of every day life. Beautiful and queen-like, Ellen regarded her nurseling with more than a mother's pride, and worshipped her as an idol; she prognosticated a brilliant future destiny for her 'young princess,' as she invariably termed Aurora; nay, she privately indulged the notion that some wandering prince in disguise would eventually discover and carry off in triumph this sweet flower of the forest. So little accustomed were they to see visiters at the chateau, that the arrival of any chance guest was quite an event; and when Mr. Desmond signified to his daughter an intention of bringing home a friend from the town to remain probably for a few days, much excitement and curiosity prevailed to know *who* and *what* he was.

"He is Dr. Progin, my dear," said Mr. Desmond, smiling, as he replied to Aurora's questions; "your silly young head is running, I'll be bound, on fine wooers. Heigh?"

"No, indeed, papa," said Aurora, laughing merrily; "the prince who falls from the skies to woo me won't be a Dr. Progin." These words were uttered somewhat contemptuously, and her father, who observed the intonation, remarked quickly, "Let me tell you my dear, that this Dr. Progin is not a person to be slighted, though he *is* only plain Dr. Progin, or at least he *calls* himself so; for I am not sure if that be his real name. As to *what* he is—he is understood to be a German professor or student, or something of that sort; but he is a queer personage—a *very* queer personage indeed; and a learned man—a *very* learned man—of that fact there is no doubt. So be on your best behaviour; for he can read the stars as you can read a book, and he'll tell your fortune if you ask him."

"Oh, papa, what do you mean?" cried Aurora, reddening with surprise and delight. "Do you really mean that Dr. Progin is an astrologer?"

"Yes," returned Mr. Desmond, carelessly, taking out a memorandum case, and pre-occupied; "yes, and a celebrated astronomer all over the continent; he has cast more than one royal nativity, and is often consulted on great

emergencies by those in power. He is a formidable soothsayer, I assure you," added Mr. Desmond, more gravely, "and has perfect faith in his own predictions: so mind your behaviour, and now away with you."

"I had a queer drame last night," muttered old Ellen Blane, when she heard the news, "and I must see this wondrous man before he tells thee thy fortune, my princess. It was a solemn drama that I had when the moonlight came shining in at the windows, and the white curtains flapped to and fro. I used to hear it said in my early days, when I sojourned in the fair Rhlne-land, that however much one who had the gift of prophesying or foretelling events might wish to conceal the fatal gift (for ochone! but it oft-times *is* fatal!) a peculiar expression lurking in the eye betrayed the secret, and revealed the prophet. My sainted mother's mother (an aged woman and a pious soul was she) knew wild, dread things, and she initiated me in the mystic lore. I must *see* this Dr. Progin, and gaze on his eyes, my princess; and if he be a true seer, strong nerves are needed to list the doom of life from his lips; for the true seer's lips speak no falsities. Ah! they're a wondrous and a learned race are those German astrologers. But wo is me! that drame of mine, and just on the eve of his coming too; 'twas a wierd melancholic drame,' continued Ellen, whining piteously, "but never mind, never mind, drames are contraries often," brightening up, and gazing proudly on Aurora, "and bright be the destiny this larned philosopher foretells for *thee*, princess of the world! Thou wert born on the Holy Baptist's day, and good angels ever guard and watch over thee, child of my love." Old Ellen Blane continued to croon, and mutter, and muse during the interval that elapsed between the period when she heard of the expected guest and his actual arrival at the chateau; her mood was unusually strange and excited, and she managed so to place herself, that, without being seen, she obtained a full view of Mr. Desmond's companion, as together the two gentlemen slowly walked up the avenue and entered the hall. Very pale old Ellen Blane became, as she rivetted her gaze on the stranger, and grasping Aurora's arm for support, she muttered, "He's a *true* soothsayer, is this Dr. Progin—a true reader of the stars, my princess; there is that lurking in *his* eye which reveals to *me* his power."

"But what is it, Ellen? demanded Aurora. "What do you discern in his eye to scare and awe you thus?"

"*What* do I discern, my child? What none can repeat distinctly, and only *faith* can realize. From my mother's land the teaching comes, and I have not forgotten the lesson."

"But, Ellen, dear, many persons have sparkling black eyes, and yet they are not gifted with second sight or divination. Tell me what particular motes are visible in Dr. Progin's orbs?"

But Ellen shook her head and swayed her body to and fro, shading her eyes with a trembling, withered hand. "'Tis a sight one doesn't often look oo," said Ellen in a low whisper; "for there be many pretenders, but few real star readers. It isn't in the *glitter* of the sloe black eyes, but it is in their *depths* the secret lies, my princess. I hold the key—I can solve the mystery. I can trace the spirit's hidden source in the depths of those glittering, dreadful orbs."

"Well, Nelly, you are vastly mysterious and incomprehensible," interrupted Aurora, laughing, "but I am his hostess, be he ever so terrible a personage, and I must do the honors of our palace in brave style."

"Bless thee, bless thee, sweet lovely one!" cried old Ellen; I would thou hadst a real palace, for thou would'st grace it rarely."

"Nay, nay, Nel y, I'll be content with love in a cottage some day," responded Aurora, smiling, "when my destiny is fulfilled, you know. But come, you havn't answered my question yet about Dr. Progin's motes, or depths, or whatever you designate this mystic light which is discoverable to the initiated."

"Nor I don't mean to answer it, mavourneen," replied Ellen with solemnity; "such knowledge is far better left alone."

"Oh, very well, Nell, just as you like," said Aurora, carelessly, "if there is any thing to be discovered, I must discover it for myself, I suppose. Now I shall go and be introduced to this formidable magician, and I don't anticipate the introduction will be a particularly awful ceremonial."

"Do not boast vainly, Aurora Desmond," exclaimed Ellen Blane, with a warning gesture; "it is no jest or light matter to rush unadvisedly into the presence of a prophet."

However, notwithstanding the fair girl's assumed bravado and badinage, she felt a species of tremor or nervous agitation when Mr. Desmond presented her to their guest, whom he named as Dr. Progin—a "valued friend." Mr. Desmond was subdued and silent, yet treating the learned visiter with marked and unusual deference. The latter absorbed Aurora's undivided attention; she experienced a new and indefineable sensation in his presence, as if conscious that basilisk eyes were watching her every movement, or as if a spell of enchantment wove its meshes to enchain her. She could not account for such peculiar feelings, nor could she shake them off, strive as she might to appear, and to actually feel, unconcerned. Dr. Progin was a man whose age it seemed impossible to define; he might be aged, or a premature age might have overtaken him, from sorrow having left its sure and ineffaceable trace. His features were classical, but perfectly colorless, while his hair and redundant beard were white as driven snow. A transparent complexion reflected no wrinkles; while, in the midst of this delicate olive setting, gleamed a pair of glittering eyes (which seemed to verify Nelly Blane's dark hints) from beneath shaggy eyebrows, whose deep, penetrating, burning coruscations flashed on the beholder with a sense of pain; and few could endure that searching gaze without flinching. Aurora vainly endeavored to meet the stedfast observation of this extraordinary personage without betraying emotion; she endeavored not to feel it. But it would not do; and she no longer combated with the inward inexplicable conviction that she stood in the presence of one who wielded an unusual mystic influence over others. The doctor continued to regard her attentively but without speakiug; and then at length with a deep sigh which seemed to

come from the bottom of his heart, he turned away and made some commonplace remark to Mr. Desmond. His voice was low and thrilling, and a foreign accentuation added to its charm; his manner was gentle and retiring, and so much sadness mingled with all he said and did, that Aurora's tender heart soon warmed towards the venerable man; and, despite her first awe, with the innocent sweetness of youth uncontaminated by the conventionalities of towns, she speedily regained the frankness and ease of deportment which rendered her so attractive. Dr. Progin did not converse fluently—he seemed better to like listening to Aurora's voice—but the little he did utter was to the purpose. Where had he not been? All over the world. What did he not know? Everything. What language could he not converse in—what science could he not descant on? A melancholy gravity of deportment, a sad intonation of voice, like unto a remembered soft-thrilling cadence of music, were remarkable in Dr. Progin as prominent characteristics; that he *himself* believed implicitly the lore he professed was indubitable; he had been an indefatigable and life-long student of the stars. Perhaps abstruse calculation had bewildered his brain, for he gloried in his studies. Aurora gazed and believed, yet her tongue was mute; she dared not speak her indefinable and intangible impressions; and when Ellen anxiously demanded her nursling's opinion of Dr. Progin, Aurora for the first time in her life dissembled, and became cautious, merely saying that on the morrow she meant to ask the doctor if he would read her future, and consult the stars on her behalf. Ellen tried to dissuade her from this experiment; but Aurora Desmond was determined to have her nativity cast. "Whether for weal or wo, or both, I'll know my doom," she cried. But the doctor was deaf to her solicitations. He did not deny his power, and he carefully examined the palm of her little hand; he also noted down the day and hour of her birth; but, although Aurora suspected he had made *himself* master of her future history, no intreaties could induce him to reveal the secrets which his profound and awe-inspiring lore had enabled him to solve.

"Then I must believe, Dr. Progin," said Aurora, "that the doom in store for me is so bad that in pity you conceal it; for had you good to impart, I am sure silence would no longer be your motto. But remember my imagination may raise up worse anticipated ills than reality warrants."

The invulnerable doctor smiled, but it was a smile of sad sort, as he gravely replied, "Do you not know, my child, that the hand of Mercy veils the future from human gaze? Why would you wrest that hand aside?"

"You hold that veil in your hand, Dr. Progin," exclaimed Aurora, greatly excited, and in tears; "and I do earnestly pray of you to lift for me but one corner; give me but one glance, and then let it fall for ever."

"On one condition, then, young lady," said Dr. Progin, in a low, firm voice—"on one condition only will I accede to your request. Do not weep; I would dry your tears, and not willingly cause you to shed any. A corner of the veil of futurity I may perhaps be enabled to lift as you desire, ere I depart hence. If I do so, you must solemnly promise me never to reveal what you may learn, save on your death-bed."

The promise was given, and Mr. Desmond joining them, neither Dr. Progin nor Aurora reverted to the subject again. It was late when they separated for the night, and on the following morning, when Aurora descended to the breakfast table, she found Dr. Progin had departed at daybreak, and was now on his way to the British shores.

"Ah! he has cheated me abominably," she exclaimed, in considerable chagrin, half crying with vexation and disappointment; "he never told me that he meant to leave us so soon."

Mr. Desmond smiled, and looked up from the paper he was reading, remarking quietly that Dr. Progin's movements were proverbially uncertain, just as the humor of the moment seized him. "But has he told you your fortune, my dear?" added he, slyly. "I rather suspect not, and that is what chafes you so. Between ourselves Dr. Progin is accustomed to receive enormous golden bribes for his calculations, and he does not like to work for nothing—not he. Never mind, Aurora, never mind; if you don't know the good, the bad is kept back as well, and you won't get married a day the sooner for all Dr. Progin could have told you."

A contemptuous expression passed over Aurora's countenance, but subsided momentarily, as she gently answered her father, assuring him she did not believe that in *her* case, at least Dr. Progin had been swayed by a love of lucre.

"No, my princess, that he was not," interrupted Mary Blane, who had entered unperceived, and now stood by Aurora's side, holding out a sealed packet, which she said the doctor had left for Miss Desmond. Ellen whispered in her ear "you are to open it alone—not the parcel, but the contents." This hint came in time, for Mr. Desmond desired Aurora to inspect what the little parcel contained, no doubt supposing what actually proved to be the case, that Dr. Progin had thus conveyed a remembrance in the shape of some pretty trinket, such as ladies generally prize. It contained a plain gold heart, accompanied by a few lines, requesting Miss Desmond to wear it always for the donor's sake. There was more in the lines than met the ear. There was more in that plain gold heart than met the eye. The moment Aurora gained the privacy of her own apartment she examined the golden treasure; it flew open when she touched a spring, and discovered a slip of paper within, on which was written a brief sentence. Aurora read it; her color went and came; she read and re-read; then suddenly replacing the mystic scrap in its receptacle (which she carefully placed in her bosom,) she exclaimed aloud, as if to re-assure her failing courage, "Well, it's a hard doom! But I must take care never to fall in love; and *then* no great mischief ensues."

Poor old Ellen, who was dying of curiosity to know the contents of the heart, was ruefully disappointed at the silence preserved by her young lady; and never fully forgave it. The promise which Aurora had given to Dr. Progin was not meant to include her, she argued. How prone we all are to make exceptions in our own favor

CHAPTER II.

THREE years had glided by, and the old French chateau was abandoned to silence and desolation. Mr. Desmond had departed this life, and Ellen Blane also slept beneath the green sod—a cross above to denote the spot where the dust of the faithful reposed. The destitute orphan found shelter with her only known living relative, a maternal aunt, half-sister to Aurora's mother, and many years the senior of that lady. Mrs. Chatterbin was English born and bred—the childless widow of a great speculator, reputed enormously wealthy. Mrs. Chatterbin, during Mr. Desmond's life, had been implacable in her wrath towards him; he had asked her for loans of money at various periods, and this, coupled with his known bad habits, had aroused her indignation to such a degree, that rumour asserted, to name the name of the Irish Desmond in Mrs. Chatterbin's presence, was to risk losing a legacy! But the dying man had written to her; he told her that Aurora was beautiful as the day, unprotected, and penniless; and Mrs. Chatterbin sent a confidential servant across the Channel to escort the orphan to her English home. Poor Aurora! Well it was for her high-spirited, generous nature that she met with a warm-hearted, frank reception from the aunt, whom she never remembered to have seen. (Mrs. Chatterbin had once impressed a kiss on her baby lips, as she lay sleeping in her mother's arms.) Well it was for the proud descendant of Irish princes, so sensitive and so tender-hearted, that Mrs. Chatterbin, after a moment's contemplation clasped her in an embrace which almost threatened suffocation, exclaiming, "Why, my darling, you're a perfect beauty, I declare; I am *so* delighted!"

Aurora laughed, and blushed, saying with *naiveté*, "And would you not have welcomed me, Aunt Chatterbin, had I been a fright?"

"No, that I wouldn't," replied the fat lady, bluntly. "I don't know what use you'd have been to me if you had."

"And of what use shall I be now?" demanded Aurora, as her thoughts reverted to the idle sort of useless existence she had slept through so happily.

"Of what use?" quickly answered Mrs. Chatterbin; "a vast deal, if I mistake not. But never mind, you're a beauty, and no mistake."

Aurora felt inclined to laugh, and yet tears forced their way; everything around was so strange and odd, so totally different from what she had been accustomed to.

Mrs. Chatterbin's villa, within a few miles of the metropolis, was splendidly appointed, betokening affluence, without, perhaps, much taste. Mrs. Chatterbin herself, was splendidly attired, and her short fat person rolled and waddled along in dignified composure. She did not look jovial, or good tempered, or benevolent; but she had a fat, round, red face, and the most cunning little black eyes that ever twinkled and sparkled in mortal's head. She entertained a vast deal of company at the villa, and enjoyed life amazingly, particularly a rubber of whist. Aurora had nothing to complain of, being most kindly treated by her aunt, and introduced to all her friends, many of whom were well-bred, sensible people, as "my dearest niece, Aurora Desmond." Aurora was evidently regarded as her aunt's adopted daughter and heiress, and treated accordingly with deference and consideration.

Mrs. Chatterbin had soon ascertained all Aurora's past history, without appearing in the least degree inquisitive. Aurora had no suspicion how narrowly she was watched; how perfectly Mrs. Chatterbin had learnt her disposition, character, and acquirements—in short, how all her young life was laid bare; with one exception indeed. Dr. Progin's golden heart was hidden next her own—the one secret of her innocent existence. Ever since his memorable visit to the chateau, a change had been working in Aurora Desmond, which was not evidenced by any outward sign; yet she had gradually been endeavouring to steel herself against softening influences, and to realise, so far as circumstances permitted, the stern realities of daily life. She ceased to listen with eagerness to Ellen Blane's romance and wild legendary tales, and she put aside the books wherein the poetry and not the prose of life was described. Hence, when the time of trial came, and the world wore a new aspect to her, she was enabled to act her part with propriety in the conventional society assembled at Mrs. Chatterbin's villa. She was not remarked as the "wild Irish girl," but as the "beautiful" or "gentle;" yet the bright illusions of thoughtless girlhood, the careless spoilt child's dreams of futurity, had all rudely been dispelled by the collision. Her's was the refinement of nature—the loveliest of all; and quickly she detected all that was overstrained in the manners and pretensions of the crowd thronging Vanity Fair. Her thoughts reverted to the old chateau, and the summer evenings when, seated by Ellen Blane, she listened to the historic pictures of other days, of the chivalrous deeds of her ancestors, and the glories, pomp, and magnificence of the stronghold of the brave Desmonds. Then the ruined chieftain's daughter felt her cheek flush, her lip curl, and her eye glance contemptuously on the *parvenus* around; but when they spoke of her native isle, tauntingly and slightingly, if not openly, yet covertly, *then* it was all the passion of her soul silently fell on her throbbing heart, and the first lesson of hypocrisy she had ever learnt was taught her in the noble effort to combat with, and passively endure, those sorrows which she knew to be incurable. "I am in no danger," the girl ejaculated to herself, smiling in the way she had often smiled since her eyes had looked on death, "I am in no danger"—(she pressed the golden heart to her bosom)—"I shall go through life very calmly, and never be called on to practise self-denial."

Alas! Aurora Desmond, even as those words fell from thy lips danger was approaching, and vain boasting at end. Pure-minded and fancy free, yet with high notions of the chivalrous homage due to her sex, Aurora had received adulation and flattery with a pleasant and smiling indifference, as if she considered it merely a matter of course, and her right. Nay, she had a sweet, winning way with her, which ladies of a certain age, particularly unmarried ones, declared to be downright coquetry, Irish impertinence, and French *persiflage!*

To an experienced observer it might have appeared rather noticeable that Mrs. Chatterbin, so completely a woman of the world, did not at all bestir herself to bring Aurora forward, or to introduce "eligible matches," particularly to the notice of her beautiful young niece. It would have been natural had she evinced a desire to see the fair orphan "well settled," according to common parlance, in Vanity Fair; but no, Mrs. Chatterbin was decidedly waiting for some great unknown, whom she beheld in her mind's eye, concealed from observation and scan, and to be pounced upon at the right moment. And this was doubtless the real reason why she evinced no anxiety concerning her niece, when so many other girls, far plainer than Aurora Desmond, were marrying off in scores. Wise Mrs. Chatterbin, to wait and watch so patiently and prudently!

"I daresay the impudent niece is in her fat old aunt's confidence," said the Misses Humphreys one to another—(they were neighbors of Mrs. Chatterbin)—"and when old Chatterbin's ward, Philip Eardley, comes from abroad, they'll both fix on *him* as the *Mr. Right*. He's enormously rich, you know—young, handsome, and independent of any control whatever."

The old maids sighed, and looked in the glass; perhaps *that* told them *their* case was hopeless, therefore they could more impartially decide for others.

There were wiser folks than the Misses Humphreys, who opined that Mrs. Chatterbin would do all in her power to secure Philip Eardley for her niece. But they did not do the wily and deep-thinking lady justice. She had far different views for Aurora; in her heart were secrets as carefully hidden as those contained in Aurora's golden one. And when Philip Eardley made his tardy appearance at Mrs. Chatterbin's villa, the welcome was by no means so warm as might have been expected towards her late husband's ward. Yet, as the Misses Humphreys had affirmed, he was rich, handsome, young, and free of any control; disengaged, and quite ready to marry, when he could find a wife to his taste. Moreover, Mrs. Chatterbin had absolutely doated on him as a boy, humoured, and spoilt him; and when the delicate, fair-haired youth expressed a determination to enter the naval service (though in expectancy of the fine property which ultimately became his,) it almost broke Mrs. Chatterbin's heart; for the boy had been to her as an only son, and with even more than a mother's love she had fostered the motherless child committed to their care. Mr. Chatterbin died soon after, and Philip Eardley succeeded to his inheritance. Some mysterious rumours were afloat at the time concerning the ill-usage Mrs. Chatterbin received from her husband's near relatives, the Morningtons. It was hinted that they had tried to deprive the widow of some portion of the wealth which Mrs. Chatterbin had bequeathed solely to her; but the truth was never positively divulged or ascertained, and after a long interval of coolness between the parties, they at length met in amity, to all appearance, as became such near connections.

There was a cloud on Mrs. Chatterbin's brow when Philip Eardley fixed his ardent, inquiring gaze on Aurora Desmond. He assured Mrs. Chatterbin that he would not have loitered away his time in Paris, had he known how much she wanted him at the villa. Impudent fellow! he saw that he was not wanted at all, and he could not comprehend it. Here was a transcendently lovely, penniless girl dependent on Mrs. Chatterbin and yet Mrs. Chatterbin, he soon discovered, by no means wished or encouraged him to fall in love with the fair creature; so, of course, the young sailor made a point of doing it as quickly as possible, and without delay laid siege to Aurora's undefended heart. He was only a year older than herself, and had she not heard of his dauntless bravery and reckless daring from others (for already he had won fame and honours), Aurora might have regarded him as a merely gay, captivating, and somewhat effeminate idler; for Philip was delicate and slight in figure, and his fair complexion, bronzed by exposure, had it retained its original delicacy, certainly would not have rendered him the beau-ideal of the young enslaver he was now, with his clustering hyacinthine curls and large expressive, blue eyes—laughing, happy eyes. Besides all this, to interest the fair sex in his behalf, the hero had lost an arm; and that loose, dangling sleeve whispered a tale of suffering and unexampled courage and devotion, which needed not the formidable accessories already named to win a way to ladies' hearts!

But Philip had hitherto proved obdurate; he could laugh, and dance, and flirt, and had created a *furore* in Paris, leaving several despairing beauties to bewail his sudden retreat. But he had had enough of this kind of thing; there was a more substantial and domestic stuff in Philip Eardley, than the flattering crowd of Vanity Fair were prone to understand or magnify. He had been led to seek for excitement in the wide field of naval glory; but now he sought for peace, in the home and by the hearth, where the pure and lovely are wont to congregate.

When Aurora found her impressions of his worth gradually developing, then her real danger commenced. Mrs. Chatterbin beheld it from the first; but she could not send Philip from beneath her roof—and what was to be done? Had she flown elewhere, and carried off Aurora with her, Philip was not to be cheated; he would have followed. Philip was bold enough to woo and dare; and that Mrs. Chatterbin knew. Her only hope was in Aurora's evident unwillingness to yield to those natural impulses of sweet first love, which began to stir within her unsophisticated heart. Aurora's was an impassioned nature—she could love but once; but, loving once, self was for ever obliterated—sacrificed on the altar of her affections.

Mrs. Chatterbin was puzzed to understand why her niece thus strove, and did violence to herself, when it seemed apparent she yet tenderly yearned towards the generous, affectionate youth, who sang in ladies bower as sweet and promising a romaunt as minstrel ever wove—as hero ever dreamt. There was a mystery in Aurora's conduct, and Mrs. Chatterbin could not fathom it; she was experienced enough in human nature, and in reading the page of the human heart, to feel perfectly convinced that no common or capricious motive influenced her niece in repulsing the proffered love of such an one as Philip Eardley. Nay,

Mrs Chatterbin read that Aurora Desmond loved passionetely—loved beyond the comprehension of Philip Eardley—loved in the concealment and silence of despair.

Despair—the handmaid of superstition—had corroded with its subtle, hateful poison those sweet springs of thought and action, which, now tainted and polluted at their source, left the unhappy girl a prey to her feverish promptings in "a dry and barren land where no water is." Yet her errors were based on nobleness of soul—the nobleness of soul—the nobleness which induced her to sacrifice self, her own fondest aspirations, to secure the weal of him she loved. "My golden heart shall guide me in this matter," she exclaimed, "and not my heart of clay."

Mrs. Chatterbin also held communings with herself, and her cogitations assumed something of the following cast:—"She really is a sweet young creature, and I am truly sorry for her, but it is quite impossible I can give up my long-cherished revenge on those hateful Morningtons. I *think* the bait will catch the fish. Besides, after all, John is not such a bad fellow, and he may love her well enough not to care a fig for the deception, even if he live to find it out. But life is uncertain with us after all"—(here Mrs. Chatterbin shook her head, and sighed"—and this girl may go off before me. Then, no harm is done to her. But I do hope to go first, if it is only to spite those odious upstarts—the rest of the family. What a taking they'll be in, when they find the Irish Desmond has been cheated in among them so!" and Mrs. Chatterbin fairly chuckled and rubbed her hands with delight, continuing, in a sentimental tone—"However, I do hope John will really love and be kind to her, when the truth pops out, as I *am* most likely to go first. But I wish I could understand what the girl means. She loves Philip dearly—I can see that clearly enough; she would give her life for him, affectionate, sweet, young thing. And yet, here she is, turning a deaf ear to all his long speeches—and in earnest, too, not coqueting. She was fancy-free, too, till Philip decided her fate. There's some queer, dark story here—some Irish devilry or other; but it suits my purpose, and, as matters are rapidly coming to a crisis between this young couple, I'll write off to the Morningtons at once, and apprise them of my intended visit, with my beloved adopted daughter, Aurora Desmond. That girl's a clever hussey, and she's some faint suspicion that I don't love her overmuch, notwithstanding I try to palaver her. 'Tis true, I don't bear her any ill-will, poor girl, though I did loathe her horrid father; but if she had looked sweet on my Philip, then, indeed, I verily believe I could have poisoned the minx. I had better start off to Mornington House at once, or she may change her mind, and passion prove stronger than this dark secret of hers, be it what it may."

Mrs. Chatterbin said truly—she had not altogether deceived Aurora; but the poor girl, though she intuitively felt that she was not beloved by her aunt, was grateful for the kindness heaped upon her, and gave Mrs. Chatterbin credit for *trying* to feel affection towards the orphan daughter of a man whose name she detested.

Philip Eardley's arrival had been so sudden, his apparition so astounding, his wooing so vehement, and her own heart so filled with new and tumultuous emotions, that Aurora had no time for calm reflection or the exercise of her reasoning powers; and when Mrs. Chatterbin abruptly but decidedly informed Philip that she was going to carry off Aurora immediately, to pay a long-promised visit to the Morningtons, the youth merely replied—

"Oh, very well; perhaps I may follow. John Mornington gave me an invitation, when I met him in Paris the other day. He said his father and mother would be delighted to see me at their house."

"No doubt they would," said Mrs. Chatterbin to herself; "they've daughters to marry. But God forbid I should live to see Philip Eardley married to a Mornington—sooner see him dead. He'll not follow, however, or I'm much mistaken. There is a firmness about Aurora Desmond's mouth, which tells me her answer will be a decisive one before they go. I'll give the foolish boy a good opportunity to pop the question, and I hope she'll be staunch to whatever Irish or German trumpery she's got imbedded in that beautiful noddle of hers. Ah! that old *gouvernante*, Nelly Blane—I remember her well—she was enough to turn a sensitive child's brain, and she had the main educating of this poor neglected child. What a princess she looks and moves, though! I don't wonder at Philip's infatuation; I only trust John Mornington will be as ready to bite—*I'll* take care she does not refuse *him*."

The opportunity, so eloquently alluded to by Mrs. Chatterbin, was given, and Philip Eardley, in agitated and broken sentences, offered Aurora Desmond his hand, his heart, his fortune, and his fame—all cast at her feet—worthless without her. Her answer was brief—she never could be his. Philip pleaded eloquently, as young lovers plead, but the pale girl was firm in her rejection of his suit.

"What means this?" fiercely exclaimed the disappointed lover. "What folly is this, Aurora? You love me—your eyes have told me the blessed truth—then, wherefore this horrid mystery? You are free—speak, is it not so?" rapidly he articulated, for a new idea of some entanglement flashed athwart his mind.

"I am not free, Philip Eardley," said Aurora, in a low but distinct tone—"I am not free to become your wife."

"You are and shall be, Aurora, unless you deny that you love me. Can you deny that, dearest and loveliest?"

He clasped her to his breast, and she wept there, wept unrestrainedly, and as if her heart would break. She looked up in his face for a few moments, as if contemplating his manly beauty with a sister's pride; there was no passion in her pure loving gaze—it was as if she looked to fortify herself against some great temptation.

"I will and must save you, Philip Eardley, from a union with me," whispered Aurora; but she was firm, and calm, and self-possessed. "I never can be your wife."

"In mercy tell me what all this means, Aurora," exclaimed Philip, passionately—"in mercy to yourself and me. Are you plighted to another? There is hope even then!"

"Philip Eardley," responded Aurora, disengaging herself from his encircling arm, "there is no

hope. Again I repeat, I never *will*. Mark me, not that I never *can*—I never *will* become your wife. So may God help me in my last extremity." She pressed close to her bosom the golden heart.

"Go, for a false, cold-hearted jade!" cried Philip, exasperated beyond the bounds of conventional propriety. "I've made a fool of myself, and trusted to a woman's eyes! Farewell, Miss Desmond; may you be happy."

He gave her a look, in which passion and reproach were blended, and then rushed precipitately from the apartment. Aurora did not look up; but she sat, like a statue of stone, cold and silent—frozen into an attitude and expression of unspeakable anguish. From this trance of woe she was aroused by Mrs. Chatterbin, and then only was Aurora conscious that hours had elapsed since Philip Eardley had quitted her side. He had gone; whither, Mrs. Chatterbin said she did not know, but he had gone from beneath her roof for the present. The wily lady made no comment, asked no question; she saw everything progressed according to her wish, and she let well alone. Her kindness to Aurora redoubled, and she spoke of their approaching journey to the busy city in whose environs the Morningtons resided, with many anticipations of pleasure. She would not see Aurora's misery; even then, had she noticed it, the truth of the case might have been probed, and one loving heart saved from live-long unhappiness. Firm and judicious counsel, and religion's healing voice speaking in mild accents, might even then, at that eleventh hour, have restored the darkened senses of the deluded worshipper of a dark and fearful prophecy; but Mrs. Chatterbin's was not the voice or the counsel to do this; her heart of clay contained far more of evil than did even the golden one of poor Aurora Desmond. Philip Eardley had gone, and Aurora's self-immolation was complete; but he had gone from her in anger, and this too she must bear. So that *he* was saved, she would endure all things. It was his softened mood she feared; herself she distrusted; but now that desolation had succeeded to his beloved presence, she became brave and strong.

"Oh! for some barrier betwixt him and me," she cried, clasping her hands convulsively, "that could *not* be overstepped, even by my own weak heart—some dreadful gulf yawning betwixt us that could *not* be overleapt, even in imagination. He is not safe from me till this is so." Dark angels heard the wish, Aurora Desmond, and flapped their gloomy pinions exultingly.

The firm of Mornington & Son stood high in the estimation of the commercial world of B——; and the names of Mrs. Mornington and her daughters headed the list of patronesses for subscription balls or subscription charities. Mornington House stood high and dry a little way out of the city of B——; and a little beyond it, stood the suburban retreat of Mrs. Selby, the widowed eldest daughter of the portly Mr. Mornington; so that, altogether, they formed a snug, pleasant family coterie. Aurora thought the Morningtons must all love Mrs. Chatterbin very dearly indeed, their reception of that lady was so warm and enthusiastic; an enthusiasm and warmth which was extended to Aurora in a most overpowering manner. Mrs. Chatterbin had provided her with dresses and ornaments of costly description, and requested Aurora to array herself in these at all times during her stay with the Morningtons; a request which Aurora could not, of course, refuse to comply with, thinking it a mark of kindness, though her chaste and simple taste revolted at the load of finery and jewellery she was obliged to wear, in order to satisfy Mrs. Chatterbin. But the Misses Mornington regarded her attire with intense admiration, as did also their mamma, and their eldest sister, Mrs. Selby; it was so costly, so handsome, so distinguished. These ladies judged both persons and things by the standard of money alone; it was by what the person was worth, and by what the things cost, they judged them. They had no poor friends or acquaintances—not they, indeed. If you heard Mrs. Mornington descant on the delightful qualities of such an one, be sure there were carriages and a well-ordered establishment in the back-ground; and the higher the praise ran, so ran the influence and wealth of the person raised in the scale of society. Poverty was an absolute crime in the eyes of Mr. and Mrs. Mornington, and they had inoculated their children with the same ideas in different degrees.

Their eldest son, John, his father's partner in the banking business, had attained the age of nine-and-twenty, and still remained unmarried. He had long been on the look-out, however, for a prudent alliance; and, being at the same time an admirer of beauty, he was rather difficult to please, though it was hinted in B—— that one or two ladies whom he had fancied did not reciprocate his regard sufficiently to venture on matrimony. Hence Mr. John was rather a moody and discontented man; but on seeing Aurora Desmond, he brightened up considerably, and his sisters declared it was a case of love at first sight. —*Hogg's Instructor.*

THE AMEN OF THE STONES.

Beda* was blind with age; yet he went forth
To preach the Gospel message, new and joyful:
Led by his guide, the grey-hair'd man sped on
Thro' city and thro' village, still proclaiming
The glorious "Word," with all the fire of youth.
Once, through a valley desolate, he passed,
Where all around huge stones and crags were scatter'd;
Thus said the boy, his guide (but more from mirth
Than malice), "Reverend father, here are many
Assembled, and they wait to hear thy teaching."

The blind old man drew up his bended form,
Gave forth his text, expounded it, and preach'd.
He threaten'd, warn'd, exhorted, cheer'd, consol'd
So heartily, that his mild, earnest tears
Flow'd down to his grey beard. Then, at the last,
When, with the Lord's Prayer closing, thus he spake:—
"For Thine the kingdom, power, and glory is,
For ever and for ever,"—through the vale
Ten thousand voices cried, "Amen! Amen!"

The boy, affrighted and repentant, knelt
Down at the preacher's feet, and own'd his sin.

* This is not the "Venerable Bede."

"Son," said the holy man, "hast thou not read,
When men are silent, stones shall cry aloud!
Never again sport with the Word of God;
It is a mighty and a living Word;
Cutting like two-edg'd sword. When man his heart
Hardens to stone, defying his Creator,
A heart of flesh God in a stone can mould."
—*Dublin University Magazine.*

"OUR BEST SOCIETY."

(From Putnam's Magazine, for February.)

If gilt were only gold, or sugar-candy common sense, what a fine thing our society would be! If to lavish money upon *objets de vertu*, to wear the most costly dresses, and always to have them cut in the height of the fashion; to build houses thirty feet broad, and, as if they were palaces, to furnish them with all the luxurious devices of Parisian genius; to give superb banquets, at which your guests laugh, and which make you miserable; to drive a fine carriage and ape European liveries, and crests, and coats-of-arms; to resent the friendly advances of your baker's wife, and the lady of your butcher (you being yourself a cobbler's daughter); to talk much of the "old families" and of your aristocratic foreign friends; to despise labor; to prate of "good society;" to travesty and parody, in every conceivable way, a society which we know only in books and by the superficial observation of foreign travel, which arises out of a social organization entirely unknown to us, and which is opposed to our fundamental and essential principles; if all this were fine, what a prodigiously fine society would ours be!

Such is the commencement of, as it appears to us, the clever and caustic article which we bring to our readers notice.

We are not Quixotic enough to enter the list, and break a lance in defence of American society, whether it be as the author represents or the reverse, but we can not suffer a few covert insinuations against older countries to pass unnoticed. It is unimportant for writers, of the Reynolds or Dudevant stamp, to malign a society of which they know nothing, and, for the sake of pandering to the worthless, to misrepresent those to whom it has pleased Providence to assign a higher position in the scale of social life, as their writings carry no weight with the few well-principled persons into whose hands they may accidentally fall—but it is of importance that, in a well written article, such as we have before us, the writer should not be permitted to insinuate, that the same revolting picture, which he presents as a faithful pourtraiture of "the best American society," may apply to the same class of society in older countries. We will, however, let the writer speak for himself:—

"This occurred to us upon lately receiving a card of invitation to a brilliant ball. We were quietly ruminating over our evening fire, with D'Israeli's Wellington speech, "all tears," in our hand, with the account of a great man's burial, and a little man's triumph across the channel. So many great men gone, we mused, and such great crises impending! This democratic movement in Europe; Kossuth and Mazzini waiting for the moment to give the word. The Russian bear watchfully sucking his paws; Napoleon's empire redivivus; Cuba, and annexation, and slavery; California and Australia, and the consequent considerations of political economy; dear me! exclaimed we, putting on a fresh hodful of coal, we must look a little into the state of parties.

As we put down the coal-scuttle there was a knock at the door. We said, "come in," and in came a neat Alhambra-watered envelope, containing the announcement that the queen of fashion was "at home" that evening week. Later in the evening, came a friend to smoke a cigar. The card was lying upon the table, and he read it with eagerness. "You'll go, of course," said he, "for you will meet the 'best society.'"

Shall we truly? shall we really see the "best society of the city," the picked flower of its genius, character, and beauty? What makes the "best society" of men and women? The noblest specimens of each, of course.—The men who mould the time, who refresh our faith in heroism and virtue, who make Plato, and Zeno, and Shakspeare, and all Shakspeare's gentlemen, possible again. The women, whose beauty and sweetness, and dignity, and high accomplishment and grace, make us understand the Geeek Mythology, and weaken our desire to have some glimpse of the famous women of history. *The "best society" is that in which the virtues are most shining, which is the most charitable, forgiving, long-suffering, modest, and innocent. The "best society" is, in its very name, that in which there is the least hypocrisy and insincerity of all kinds, which recoils from, and blasts, artificiality, which is anxious to be all that human nature can be, and which sternly reprobates all shallow pretence, all coxcombry and foppery, and insists upon simplicity, as the infallible characteristic of true worth. That is the "best society," which comprises the best men and women.*

In his graphic sketch of what good society should be, we could almost fancy that the artist unintentionally drew from real English life—such life as Washington Irving, who intimately knew and felt the perfection of "English best society," loved to dwell on.

"Had we recently arrived from the moon, we might, upon hearing that we were to meet the "best society," have fancied that we were about to enjoy an opportunity not to be over-valued. But unfortunately we were not so freshly arrived. We had received other cards, and had perfected our toilette many times, to meet this same society, so magnificently described, and had found it the least "best" of all. Who compose it? Whom shall we meet if we go to this ball? We shall meet three classes of persons: 1st, those who are rich, and who have all that money can buy;—2d, those who belong to what are technically called "the good old families," because some ancestor was a man of mark in the state or country, or was very rich, and has kept the fortune in the family; and 3rdly, a swarm of youths who can dance dextorously, and who are invited for that purpose. Now they are all arbitrary and factitious distinctions upon which to base so profound a social difference as that which exists in American, or, at least, in New York society. 1st, as a general rule, the rich men of every community who make their own money are not the most generally intelligent and cultivated. They have a shrewd talent which secures a fortune, and which keeps them closely at the work of amassing from their youngest years until they are old. They are sturdy men, of simple tastes often. Sometimes, though rarely, very generous, but necessarily with an altogether false and exaggerated idea of the importance of money. They are a rather rough, unsympathetic, and, perhaps, selfish class, who, themselves, despise purple and fine linen, and still prefer a cot-bed and a bare room, although they may be worth millions. But they are married to scheming or ambitious or disappointed women, whose life is a prolonged pageant, and they are dragged hither and thither in it, are bled of their golden blood, and forced into a position they do not covet and which they despise. They are the inheritors of wealth. How many of them inherit the valiant genius and hard frugality which built up their fortunes; how many acknowledge the stern and heavy responsibility of their opportunities."

If this be just with regard to the author's countrymen, how much ought we to rejoice that, in our less go-a-head country, our leaders of "the best society" are also found, *mirabile dictu*, to be leaders, in what? the literary, scientific, philanthropic, &c. societies everywhere so abundant amongst our plodding humdrum countrymen, and that it is by no means a *sequitur*, because a man is a Lord or estated gentleman, his son must necessarily dream away his life in Sybarite luxury, or dilute his manhood with fictitious sentimentality.

The best sermon ever preached upon society, within our knowledge, is "Vanity Fair." Is the spirit of that story less true of New-York than of London? Probably we never see Amelia at our parties, nor Lieutenant George Osborne, nor good gawky Dobbin, nor Mrs. Rebecca Sharp Crawley, nor old Steyne. We are very much pained, of course, that any author should take such dreary views of human nature. We, for our parts, all go to Mrs. Potiphar's to refresh our faith in men and women. Generosity, amiability, a catholic charity, simplicity, taste, sense, high cultivation, and intelligence, distinguish our parties. The statesman seeks their stimulating influence; the literary man, after the day's labor, desires the repose of their elegant conversatiou; the professional man and the merchant hurry up from down town to shuffle off the coil of heavy duty, and forget the drudgery of life in the agreeable picture of its amenities and grace presented by Mrs. Potiphar's ball. Is this account of the matter, or "Vanity Fair" the satire? What are the prospects of any society of which that tale is the true history? "Vanity Fair" is peculiarly a picture of modern society."

The author does not, however, present his characters as "the best society;" neither does he pretend that the Marquis of Steyne is a type of the English nobility, nor that Becky is a truthful sketch of an English matron.

It aims at English follies, but its mark is universal, as the madness is. It is called a satire, but after much diligent reading, we cannot discover the satire. A state of society not at all superior to that of 'Vanity Fair' is not unknown to our experierce; and, unless truth-telling be satire; unless the most tragically real portraiture be satire; unless scalding tears of sorrow, and the bitter regret of a manly mind over the miserable spectacle of artificiality, wasted powers, misdirected energies, and lost opportunities, be satirical; we do not find satire in that sad story. The reader closes it with a grief beyond tears. It leaves a vague apprehension in the mind, as if we should suspect the air to be poisoned.

"Sentimental maidens, upon velvet sofas, or in calf-bound libraries, resolve that it is an insult to human nature—are sure that their velvet and calf-bound friends are not like the dramatis personæ of 'Vanity Fair,' and that the drama is therefore hideous and unreal. They should remember, what they uniformly and universally forget, that we are not invited, upon the rising of the curtain, to behold a cosmorama, or picture of the world, but a representation of that part of it called Vanity Fair.

What its just limits are—how far its poisonous purlieus reach—how much of the world's air is tainted by it, is a question which every thoughtful man will ask himself, with a shudder, and look sadly around, to answer. If the sentimental objectors rally again to the charge, and declare that, if we wish to improve the world, its virtuous ambition must be piqued and stimulated by making the shining heights of "the ideal" more radiant; we reply, that none shall surpass us in honoring the men whose creations of beauty inspire and instruct mankind. But if they benefit the world, it is no less true that a vivid apprehension of the depths into which we are sunken or may sink, nerves the soul's courage quite as much as the alluring mirage of the happy heights we may attain. 'To hold the mirror up to Nature,' is still the most potent method of shaming sin and strengthening virtue.

"If 'Vanity Fair' is a satire, what novel of society is not? Are 'Vivian Grey,' and 'Pelham,' and the long catalogue of books illustrating English, or the host of Balzacs, Sands, Sues, and Dumas, that paint French, society, any less satires? Nay, if you should catch any dandy in Broadway, or in Pall-Mall, or upon the Boulevards, this very morning, and write a coldly true history of his life and actions, his doings and undoings, would it not be the most scathing and tremendous satire? —if by satire you mean the consuming melancholy of the conviction, that the life of that pendant to a moustache, is an insult to the possible life of a man?

"We went to the brilliant ball. There was too much of everything. Too much light, and eating, and drinking, and dancing, and flirting, and dressing, and feigning, and smirking, and much too many people. Good taste insists first upon fitness. But why had Mrs. Potiphar given this ball? We inquired industriously, and learned it was because she did not give one last year. Is it then essential to do this thing biennially? inquired we with some trepidation. 'Certainly,' was the bland reply, 'or society will forget you.' Every body was unhappy at Mrs. Potiphar's, save a few girls and boys, who danced violently all the evening. Those who did not dance walked up and down the rooms as well as they could, squeezing by non-dancing ladies, causing them to swear in their hearts as the brusque broadcloth carried away the light outwork of gauze and gossamer. The dowagers, ranged in solid phalanx, occupied all the chairs and sofas against the wall, and fanned themselves until supper time, looking at each other's diamonds, and criticizing the toilettes of the younger ladies, each narrowly watching her peculiar Polly Jane, that she did not betray too much interest for any man who was not of a certain fortune. It is the cold, vulgar truth, madam, nor are we in the slightest degree exaggerating. Elderly gentlemen, twisting single gloves in a very wretched manner, came up and bowed to the dowagers, and smirked, and said it was a pleasant party, and a handsome house, and then clutched their hands behind them, and walked miserably away, looking as affable as possible. And the dowagers made a little fun of the elderly gentlemen, among themselves, as they walked away.

"Then came the younger non-dancing men, —a class of the community who wear black cravats and waistcoats, and thrust their thumbs and forefingers in their waistcoat pockets, and are called 'talking men.' Some of them are literary, and affect the philosopher; have, perhaps, written a book or two, and are a small species of lion to very young ladies. Some are of the *blasé* kind; men who affect the extremest elegance, and are reputed 'so aristocratic,' and who care for nothing in particular, but wish they had not been born gentlemen, in which case they might have escaped ennui. These gentlemen stand with hat in hand, and coats and trowsers most unexceptionable. They are the 'so gentlemanly' persons, of whom one hears a great deal, but which seems to mean nothing but cleanliness. Vivian Grey and Pelham are the models of their ambition, and they succeed in being Pendennis. They enjoy the reputation of being 'very clever,' and 'very talented fellows,' 'smart chaps.' &c., but they refrain from proving what is so generously conceded. They are often men of a certain cultivation. They have travelled, many of them,—spending a year or two in Paris, and a month or two in the rest of Europe. Consequently they endure society at home, with a smile, and a shrug, and a graceful superciliousness, which is very engaging. They are perfectly at home, and they rather despise Young America, which in the next room, is diligently earning its invitation. They prefer to hover about the ladies who did not come out this season, but are a little used to the world, with whom they are upon the most friendly terms, and who criticize together very freely all the great events in the great world of fashion.

"From these groups we passed into the dancing-room. We have seen dancing in other countries, and dressing. We have certainly never seen gentlemen dance so easily, gracefully and well as the American. But the *style* of dancing, in its whirl, its rush, its fury, is only equalled by that of the masked balls at the French opera, and at the balls at the *Salle Valentino*, the *Jardin Mabille*, the *Chateau Rouge*, and other favorite resorts of Parisian Grisettes and Lorettes. We saw a few young men looking upon the dance very soberly, and, upon inquiry, learned that they were engaged to certain ladies of the corps-de-ballet. Nor did we wonder that the spectacle of a young woman whirling in a *décolleté* state, and in the embrace of a warm youth, around a heated room, induced a little sobriety upon

her lover's face, if not a sadness in his heart. Amusement, recreation, enjoyment! There are no more beautiful things. But this proceeding falls under another head. We watched the various toilettes of these bounding belles. They were rich and tasteful. But a man at our elbow, of experience and shrewd observation, said, with a sneer, for which we called him to account, 'I observe that American ladies are so rich in charms that they are not at all chary of them. It is certainly generous to us miserable black coats. But, do you know, it strikes me as a generosity of display that must necessarily leave the donor poorer in maidenly feeling.' We thought ourselves cynical, but this was intolerable; and in a very crisp manner we demanded an apology.

"Why," responded our friend with more of sadness than of satire in his tone, "why are you so exasperated? Look at this scene! Consider that this is, really the life of these girls. This is what they 'come out' for. This is the end of their ambition. They think of it, dream of it, long for it. Is it amusement? Yes, to a few, possibly. But listen, and gather, if you can, from their remarks (when they make any) that they have any thought beyond this, and going to church very rigidly on Sunday. The vigor of polking and church-going are proportioned; as is the one so is the other. My young friends, I am no ascetic, and do not suppose a man is damned because he dances. But Life is not a ball (more's the pity, truly, for these butterflies,) nor is its sole duty and delight, dancing. When I consider this spectacle,—when I remember what a noble and beautiful woman is, what a manly man,—when I reel, dazzled by this glare, drunken with these perfumes, confused by this alluring music, and reflect upon the enormous sums wasted in a pompous profusion that delights no one,—when I look around upon all this rampant valgarity in timsel and Brussels lace, and think how fortunes go, how men struggle and lose the bloom of their honesty, how women hide in a smiling pretence, and eye with caustic glances their neighbor's newer house, diamonds, or porcelain, and observe their daughters, such as these,—why, I tremble, *and this scene to-night, every 'crack' ball this winter will be, not the pleasant society of men and women,* BUT EVEN IN THIS YOUNG COUNTRY—*an orgie such as rotting Corinth saw, a frenziel festival of Rome in its decadence.*"

There was a sober truth in this bitterness, and we turned away to escape the sombre thought of the moment. Addressing one of the panting Houris who stood melting in a window, we spoke (and confess how absurdly) of the Dusseldorf Gallery. It was merely to avoid saying how warm the room was, and how pleasant the party was; facts upon which we had already sufficiently enlarged. "Yes, they are pretty pictures: but la! how long it must have taken Mr. Musseldorf to paint them all;" was the reply.

By the Farnesian Hercules! no Roman sylph in her city's decline would ever have called the sun-god, Mr. Apollo. We hope that Houri melted entirely away in the window, but we certainly did not stay to see.

Here is the covert insinuation alluded to,—"But even in this young country,"—of which with reason we complain. Does the writer, in this description of a ball, (which we could almost fancy was borrowed from Eugene Sue, or a certain preacher some hundred miles west, who, in alluding to the ladies who, two evenings before had graced a somewhat *distingué* ball, designated them as "ragged inebriates,") and his still more disgusting picture of the supper scene, mean to assert by his "even in this young country" that in older countries—Great Britain for instance—WORSE scenes are the every-day life of the "best society," or is it merely a salve to Yankee vanity?

As we said before, we have no intention of splintering a lance in defence of American women;—The author will be, doubtless, arraigned before the Woman's Rights Convention, to answer for his assertions, be they correct or otherwise, but we cannot permit so foul a libel on our countryfolk to pass unrebuked, or without assuring the writer that his sketches, although it be possible they are faithful representations of New York, Boston, or Philadelphia life—American city life, in fact— will not pass as genuine with any one acquainted with English, or, we would add, Canadian society. We would further assure him that, although he has an undoubted right to show up, or libel, as the case may be, his own countrymen yet, when he attempts to point the finger of ridicule against those he knows nothing about, he but earns for himself the distinction of appearing as a sort of Reynolds, who after irritating the vanity of the greatest nation in all creation, is fain to soothe their irate feelings with assurances that, owing to republican institutions, the "orgies such as rotting Corinth saw" are not as bad as those which mark the decadence of the eastern empires, and would have been worse but for *Democracy.*

Passing out toward the supper-room we encountered two young men. "What, Hal," said one, "*you* at Mrs. Potiphar's?" It seems that Hal was a sprig of one of the "old fami-

lies." "Well, Joe," said Hal, a little confused, "it *is* a little strange. The fact is I didn't mean to be here, but I concluded to compromise by coming, *and not being introduced to the host.*" Hal could come, eat Potiphar's supper, drink his wines, spoil his carpets, laugh at his fashionable struggles, and assume the puppyism of a foreign lord, because he disgraced the name of a man who had done some service somewhere, while Potiphar was only an honest man who made a fortune.

The supper-room was a pleasant place.—The table was covered with a chaos of supper. Every thing sweet and rare, and hot and cold, solid and liquid was there. It was the very apotheosis of gilt gingerbread. There was a universal rush and struggle. The charge of the guards at Waterloo was nothing to it—Jellies, custard, oyster-soup, ice-cream, wine and water, gushed in profuse cascades over transparent precipices of *tulle*, muslin, gauze, silk and satin. Clumsy boys tumbled against costly dresses and smeared them with preserves,—when clean plates failed, the contents of plates already used were quietly "chucked" under the table—heel-taps of champagne were poured into the oyster tureens or overflowed upon plates to clear the glasses—wine of all kinds flowed in torrents, particularly down the throats of very young men, who evinced their manhood by becoming noisy, troublesome and disgusting, and were finally either led, sick, into the hat room, or carried out of the way drunk. The supper over, the young people attended by their matrons descended to the dancing-room for the "German." This is a dance commencing usually at midnight or a little after, and continuing indefinitely toward daybreak. The young people were attended by their matrons, who were there to supervise the morals and manners of their charges. To secure the performances of this duty, the young people took good care to sit where the matrons could not see them, nor did they, by any chance, look toward the quarter in which the matrons sat. In that quarter, through all the varying mazes of the prolonged dance, to two o'clock, to three, to four, sat the bediamonded dowagers, the mothers, the matrons,—against nature, against common sense.—They babbled with each other, they drowsed, they dozed. Their fans fell listless into their laps. In the adjoining room, out of the waking sight, even, of the then sleeping mammas, the daughters whirled in the close embrace of partners who had brought down bottles of champagne from the supper-room, and put them by the side of their chairs for occasional refreshment during the dance. The dizzy hours staggered by—"Azalia, you *must* come now," had been already said a dozen times, but only as by the scribes. Finally it was declared with authority. Azalia went,—Amelia—Arabella. The rest followed. There was prolonged cloaking, and lingering farewells. A few papas were in the supper-room, sitting among the *debris* of game. A few young non-dancing husbands sat beneath gas supernaturally bright, reading whatever chance book was at hand, and thinking of the young child at home waiting for mamma who was dancing the "German" below. A few exhausted matrons sat in the robing-room, tired, sad, wishing Jane would come up; assailed at intervals by a vague suspicion that it was not quite worth while; wondering how it was they used to keep such good times at balls; yawning, and looking at their watches; while the regular beat of the music below, with sardonic sadness, continued. At last Jane came up, had had the most glorious time, and went down with mamma to the carriage, and so drove home. Even the last Jane went—the last noisy youth was expelled, and Mr. and Mrs. Potiphar having duly performed their biennial social duty, dismissed the music, ordered the servants to count the spoons, and an hour or two after daylight went to bed. Enviable Mr. and Mrs. Potiphar!

This is the present state of parties. They are wildly extravagant, full of senseless display; they are avoided by the pleasant and intelligent, and swarm with reckless regiments of "Brown's men." The ends of the earth contribute their choicest products to the supper, and there is every thing that wealth can purchase, and all the spacious splendor that thirty feet front can afford. They are hot, and crowded, and glaring. There is a little weak scandal, venomous, not witty, and a stream of weary platitude, mortifying to every sensible person. Will any of our Pendennis friends intermit their indignation for a moment, and consider how many good things they have said or heard during the season? If Mr. Potiphar's eyes should chance to fall here, will he reckon the amount of satisfaction and enjoyment he derived from Mrs. Potiphar's ball, and will that lady candidly confess what she gained from it besides weariness and disgust? What eloquent sermons we remember to have heard in which the sins of Babylon, Jericho and Gomorrah were scathed with holy indignation. The cloth is very hard upon Cain, and completely routs the erring kings of Judah. The Spanish Inquisition, too, gets frightful knocks, and there is much eloquent exhortation to preach the gospel in the interior of Siam. Let it be preached there and God speed the word. But let us ALSO have a text or two in Broadway and the Avenue.

There is a picture in the Luxembourg gallery at Paris, "the Decadence of the Romans," which made the fame and fortune of Couture the painter. It represents an orgie in the court of a temple, during the last days of Rome. A swarm of revellers occupy the middle, wreathed in elaborate intricacy of luxurious posture, men and women intermingled; their faces, in which the old Roman fire

scarcely flickers, brutalized with excess of every kind; their heads of dishevelled hair bound with coronals of leaves, while from goblets of an antique shape, they drain the fiery torrent which is destroying them.—Around the bacchanalian feast stand, lofty upon pedestals, the statues of old Rome, looking with marble calmness and the severity of a rebuke beyond words upon the revellers. A youth of boyish grace—a wreath woven in his tangled hair, and with red and drowsy eyes, sits listless upon one pedestal, while on another stands a boy insane with drunkenness, and proffering a dripping goblet to the marble mouth of the statue. In the corner of the picture, as if just quitting the court—Rome finally departing—is a group of Romans with careworn brows, and hands raised to their faces in melancholy meditation. In the very foreground of the picture, which is painted with all the sumptuous splendor of Venetian art, is a stately vase, around which hangs a festoon of gorgeous flowers, its end dragging upon the pavement. In the background, between the columns, smiles the blue sky of Italy—the only thing Italian not deteriorated by time. The careful student of this picture, if he has been long in Paris, is some day startled by detecting, especially in the faces of the women represented, a surprising likeness to the women of Paris, and perceives with a thrill of dismay, that the models for this picture of decadent human nature, are furnished by the very city in which he lives."

We hope that every young American will take this last sad scene to heart, and ask, Is it possible that we, the salt of the earth, wherewith the older countries of the east are again to be made savory, can furnish material for such a picture? Can our much prized republican institutions have ought to do with it—can it be that the feeling, that every man is as good as his neighbour, perhaps a little better, leads, somewhat, it may be, to an unbecoming contention to be foremost amid the pomps and vanities of life? can it be that after all *our swelling hopes* an ominous cloud is gathering on the horizon of Democracy, and that "instead of the many-colored iris of suffused and tranquil sunshine, we have presented to us a picture of decadent human nature."

We thank God most heartily that although we Britishers have long been, (and, we trust will continue so, in the Yankee phrase,) *slaves*, none but one of diseased imagination can yet distinguish in "our best society" the groundwork of the melancholy and humiliating picture represented by Couture.

SAINT AUGUSTINE.

Along the shore of summer sea
Walked Saint Augustine thoughtfully;
Too deeply did he seek to scan
The nature of the Lord of man.
Nor was the task abstruse, he thought—
His mind with Scripture texts was fraught;
He deemed to his presumption given
To learn the mysteries of Heaven.
Then, suddenly descried he there
A boy of aspect wondrous fair,
Who, bending forwards o'er the strand,
Scoop'd out a hollow in the sand,
And filled it, with a limpet shell,
From out the ocean's briny well.

Augustine spake—"My pretty boy,
What is thy play, or thy employ?"
"Look, sir, within this little hole,
The sea, with all the waves that roll,
For sport I'll put." Augustine smiled—
"Thy sport is all for nought, my child;
Thy utmost labor is in vain—
Thine aim thou never can'st attain."
"Let him to whom such power's denied,
Content in his own path abide;
Much to the loving heart is clear,
That to the brain doth dark appear."
So spake the boy; then to the light
His wings display'd, of glistening white,
And, like an eagle, soared away,
Lost in the sun's resplendent ray.

Long after him Augustine gaz'd,
And said, with heart and eyes uprais'd—
"The truth he spake; the human mind
Is still to time and space confined,
And cannot pass beyond; but he
Who lives in faith and righteously,
So much of God shall he discern
As needeth man on earth to learn."

SCRAPS FROM MY COMMON-PLACE BOOK.

BY CULPEPPER CRABTREE.

No. III.

KING LEAR AS AN ACTING DRAMA.

To see an old man tottering about the stage with a walking-stick, turned out of doors by his daughters in a rainy night, has nothing in it but what is painful and disgusting. We want to take him to shelter and relieve him, that is all the feeling which the acting of Lear ever produced in me. But the Lear of Shakespeare cannot be acted. The contemptible machinery by which they mimic the storm which he goes out in, is not more inadequate to represent the horrors of the real elements, than any actor can be to represent Lear: they might more easily propose to personate the Satan of Milton upon a stage, or one of Michael Angelo's terrible figures. The greatness of Lear is not in corporeal dimension, but in intellectual; the explosions of his passion are terrible as a volcano; they are storms turning up and disclosing to the bottom that sea—his mind—with all its vast riches. It is his mind

which is laid bare. This case of flesh and blood seems too insignificant to be thought on; even as he himself neglects it. On the stage we see nothing but corporeal infirmities and weakness, the impotence of rage; while we read it we see not Lear, but we are Lear.—We are in his mind, we are sustained by a grandeur which baffles the malice of daughters and storms; in the aberrations of his reason we discern a mighty, irregular power of reasoning, unmethodised from the ordinary purposes of life, but exerting its power, as the wind blows, where it listeth, at will upon the corruptions and abuses of mankind. What have looks or tones to do with that sublimed identification of his age with that of the *heavens themselves*, when in his reproaches to them for conniving at the injustice of his children, he reproaches them that "they themselves are old." What gesture shall we appropriate to this? What has the voice or eye to do with such things?—*Charles Lamb.*

OPS AND HIRON.

A worthy Alderman of Bradford, in Yorkshire, is so great a purist that he will never pay a bill that has got a fault of orthography in it. One day he received a bill for a packet of ops (hops); the learned Priscian sent for the witless wight, and giving him a good lecturing, asked him if he was not ashamed to spell hops in that manner. "Why sir," was the response, "if you must know the truth, we have been obliged to do it ever since your brother-in-law took all the 'h's' to spell iron!"

TACT.

To excel others is a proof of talent; but to know *when* to conceal that superiority is a greater proof of prudence. The celebrated orator Domitius Afer, when attacked in a set speech by Caligula, made no reply, affecting to be entirely overcome by the resistless eloquence of the tyrant. Had he replied he would certainly have conquered, and as certainly have died; but he wisely preferred a defeat that *saved* his life, to a victory that would have lost it.—*Colton.*

FITTING WIFE FOR A MAN OF GENIUS.

No genius of either sex should marry a genius. The result of the poetic nature seems to be an intense personality. I do not mean selfishness or even egotism—but the poet lives in his own creations; they are his domain, his kingdom, and he cannot go out of them, to enter into the heart or interests of an individual, although he understands better than another the great heart of humanity, and lives in the soul of the universe. His wife should be willing to be only a ray, to be absorbed, and have no individual existence, except in him. How could this be, were both poets, both demanding supremacy, and the acknowledgement of individual superiority? Far happier, far more graceful is it for woman to remain in the attitude of a priestess at the domestic altar, not of man, because he is a man, but because he is a poet, and to keep the flame pure by no slavish offering, but by the graceful incense of admiration and reverence.—*Jean Paul Frederic Richter.*

EGYPTIAN BONDAGE.

Diodorus Siculus says, that among the ancient Egyptians, one of their marriage contracts was, "The husband should be obedient to the wife!" No wonder "Egyptian bondage" has become a standing proverb!

COMPOSURE IN DYING.

A Mrs. Ramsay, whom I well knew, was a most extraordinary, steady-minded, and good-mannered woman, as my tale will show. She was extremely ill at night; and calling her confidential maid-servant to her bed-side, whispered her—"Jane, I am dying, but make no noise, because if you do you will wake Mr. R., (then sleeping soundly in the next room,) and you know when his slumbers are broken he grows nervous, and cannot fall asleep again; but come you in the morning at the usual time, when I shall be dead, and he will have his full allowance of rest."—And so saying, died accordingly.—*Recollections of Mrs. Piozzi.*

STRONG MINDS AND BODIES.

An absurd opinion prevails, among many people, that men of genius and learning are, *ex necessitate*, weak in body. Let us pick out a few at random, and see how the case stands. The Admirable Crichton stood six feet six, and was one of the strongest fellows in Europe. Robert Burns had the strength of two ordinary men, and would have proved an ugly customer to come to close quarters with. Cunningham and Galt were as big and strong as Anak. Smollett was an athletic, wiry chap, who, we have reason to believe, could use his daddles with as much dexterity as his pen. As for Professor Wilson, nothing but the unfortunate circumstance of his being a man of first-rate genius prevented him from wearing the champion's belt, and rivalling the fame of the Game Chicken. Hogg was a strong, well-built carl, who could be backed for a fall against any man of his age and inches in the kingdom. The late formidable Andrew Thomson, the Scottish minister, was a powerful man, as well as a sturdy pillar of the Kirk; Sam Johnson was as strong as Hercules; Bruce of Kinnaird a second Actæus; and Belzoni, the traveller, a revivification of Samson himself.—*Dr. R. M'Nish.*

MORE PLAIN THAN PLEASANT.

"Sir," said a hypochondriacal patient, while describing his symptoms to Abernethy, "I feel a terrible pain in my side, when I put my hand up to my head." "Then, Sir," exclaimed the mild physician, "Why the deuce do you put your hand to your head?"

PRINCIPLES IN LITTLE THINGS.

Principle should always be unfolded, and especially in connection with little things. If there be no principle in things which are *small*, sure we are there will be none in things which are great.—*B. Switzer.*

AN OLD ENGLISH FARMER'S WIFE.

A writer in 1539, thus describes the employments of a farmer's wife at that period. "It is a wyfe's occupation to wynowe all manner of cornes, to make malte, to wash and wrynge, to make heye, shere corne, and in time of nede to helpe her husbande to fyll the muckwayne or dounge carte, to drive the ploughe, to loade heye, corne, and suche other. *Item* to go or ride to the market, to set butter, chese, mylke, egges, chekyns, capons, hennes, pygges, gese, and all manner of cornes!!"

NATIONAL CHARACTERISTICS.

An Irishman fights before he reasons; a Scotchman reasons before he fights; an Englishman is not particular as to the order of precedence, but will do either to accommodate his customers. The *Iron Duke* has said that the best troops would be as follows—an Irishman half drunk, a Scotchman half starved, and an Englishman with his belly full.

MONUMENTAL MANIA.

After making a short bait at Rothwell, we came to Dumfries before six o'clock. Having time to spare, we took a walk in the church yard, one of the pleasantest places I ever saw. A single tomb I observed there, which was about 130 years old. But the inscription was hardly legible.

Quando quidem remanent ipsos,
Quoq ata Sepulchr!

So soon do even our sepulchres die!—Strange, that men should be so careful about them! They see the folly, while they run into it. So poor Prior, speaking of his own tomb, has those melancholy words: "For this *last piece of human* vanity, I bequeathe five hundred pounds."—*John Wesley.*

A PROSPEROUS LITERARY CAREER.

How different from the *experience* of literary men in general was that of Dr. Edward Coplcston, the late Bishop of Llandaff, the following extract from his Diary we met with in a memoir of the deceased prelate, recently published by his nephew:—

"Jan. 1, 1821.—On the 1st of January, in the year 1800, I found myself possessed, after all demands, of £21. Upon making a similar estimate this day, after an interval of twenty-one years, I reckon my whole property (including furniture, plate, books, wine, pictures, &c.) at not less than £20,000. Yet I *trust* there has been no sordid saving; and I am *sure* there has been a great deal of useless and injurious expenditure. So greatly have I prospered, according to this measure of worldly success. What pleases me most in the advantages I have enjoyed is, that my time and thoughts have been as much at my own disposal, and as much directed towards objects of a liberal and interesting nature, as if I had never given a thought to the acquisition of wealth. It has flowed in upön me without any sacrifice on my part; and even the intellectual labor out of which it arose has been, I am conscious, much less than is ordinarily undergone by men situated as I have been. Three-fourths of my reading has been such as I should choose on its own account."

FIRST IMPRESSION OF NEW ZEALAND.

A correspondent of the *Lyttleton Times* writes thus of the land of his adoption:—

"And now for New Zealand. I like the place very much; it is very healthy. We live close to the sea, and a beautiful place it is. We are surrounded with high hills on every side, not merely —— Hills, but mountains some 1200 feet above the level of the sea. When we can get a chance we get up to the top of the hills, and then after a descent the same height as the rise we get on the great southern plain of New Zealand, and the country is really beautiful in a picturesque point of view. As regards the capabilities of the land, as it has only been tried in one place, and that in one of the most fertile-looking, I could not in justice tell you. It is as level as possible, looking almost like the sea; and on a very clear day you can distinguish the tops of the ranges of mountains which belt the plain all round, and which are covered with snow, which I have seen. It is a beautiful picturesque country, rivers meandering through the plain, and winding in all directions, which supply plenty of wild ducks, and eels, and, above all, whitebait, and we shall soon have our Blackwall to eat them at, as an hotel is to be built where there will be a ferry to cross the river."

SIX IN ONE.

It has been said that if we leave out the Pyramids from among the seven wonders of the ancient world, the remaining six could be placed in the interior of the great wonder of the modern world which once stood in Hyde Park.

MARRIAGE OF THE REV. J. KETTLEWORTH.

On Sunday, October 4, 1786, he was married to Miss Jane Lybb, the daughter of a gentleman of fortune; and after the matrimonial office they received the Holy Eucharist. Well would it be for our Church and nation if these holy solemnities were restored, and weddings ceased to be mere childish displays of dress and equipage, to furnish idle gossip for the world.—*Lives of the English Clergy.*

Pleasures come like oxen, and go away like post-horses.

Nature never says one thing and wisdom another.

He that is ignorant of himself, knows less of others than he thinks.

A child's magnifying-glass has no lens for troubles.

A friend is to a friend sun and sunflower at once; he attracts and is attracted.

THE HONORABLE SAMUEL CUNARD, AND OCEAN STEAM NAVIGATION.

We propose in the present article to give a brief, and we trust, interesting sketch of the progress of Ocean Steam Navigation, with which the name of Samuel Cunard has been so closely identified. In following out this subject, we shall make no curious inquiries into the family or personal history of Mr. Cunard. With that, the public, at least during his lifetime, has little or nothing to do. Like most eminent commercial men, he owes his success entirely to his own character and talents; is, to use an old phrase, the son of his own deeds; and has reached his present commanding position by the exercise of qualities which reflect far more honor on his name, than if he had entered the world with a fortune already prepared, and a station at once to be enjoyed, without the previous trouble of being climbed up to.

So early as 1819 an attempt was made, though not very successfully, to cross the Atlantic, by the aid of Steam. In that year an American Steamer, of 350 tons, left New York for Liverpool, and accomplished the voyage in 24 days. Thus far the attempt was successful; but, in a commercial point of view, it was so disastrous that little desire was, for a long time manifested to repeat the experiment. Her engines occupied so much room, and she was so badly planned, that every available space had to be taken up with fuel; and after all, it was felt by those connected with her, that she was indebted far more to the favourable wind upon her sails, than to her steaming capabilities, for reaching her port in safety.

It was a daring experiment, and excited wonder and admiration at the time, but was calculated rather to strengthen, than otherwise the conviction among men of science, that to cross the Atlantic by means of steam, was to be placed among the number of things impossible. An eminent scientific authority even demonstrated with mathematical precision, and a long array of algebraic formula, that no steamer, however large, could carry a quantity of coal sufficient to enable her to reach the Western Continent. The truth of this demonstration was allowed to sleep in unquestioned security for the long period of nearly twenty years.

It was not till 1838 that a company of merchants in England, ventured once more to test the practicability of the scheme, by building a vessel of large tonnage, and despatching her on a transatlantic voyage. It is true, Dr. Lardner was once more upon the ground, ready to prove the utter uselessness and absurdity of flying in the face of pure science; the Merchants did not pretend to question the truth of these figures—but they had also come to conclusions of their own, and resolved upon making the experiment. Two steamers left England for New York, nearly at the same time—the Sirius and the Great Western—and both arrived at their destination on the same day: the former in 18½, the latter in 14½ days. The Sirius was only a coasting steamer:—but the Great Western was built expressly for the trade. Both vessels consumed the same quantity of coals—453 tons—but the Sirius was obliged to make use of about thirty tons of rosin to complete her voyage.

The practicability of the scheme was now triumphantly proved, though Dr. Lardner's calculations were still held up with confidence to show that the attempt *ought* to have failed; so slow are mankind in general to relinquish a favorite theory. The Great Western proved an excellent sea boat, and continued on the station for a period of nearly ten years, performing her voyages generally with great regularity—averaging 15 days outward, and 13½ home. She forms at present, part of the fleet of the West India Mail Company. She is about 1300 tons burthen, 450 horse power, and 250 feet in length; so that even now she would be entitled to some consideration, both in point of size and power.

The success of the Great Western speedily brought competitors into the field; and the same year found two others—the Royal William and the Liverpool—plying between England and America; then came the British Queen, and subsequently the President. Neither of these vessels continued very long upon the route; and their performances appear to have been much inferior to those of the Great W. What became of the Royal William we do not know; the Liverpool was sold to the Peninsular Mail Company, and was afterwards wrecked. The melancholy fate of the President is well known: she made only three voyages across the Atlantic. On the 10th of March, 1840, she left New York for Liverpool, and what became of her will, in all human probability, never be known. The President was built upon the Thames, had two funnels, and stood high out of the water—an unfortunate property, which has belonged to almost every English built Ocean Steamer. The British Queen, a consort to the President, was also built upon the Thames, but engined by the celebrated Robert Napier of Glasgow. Her trips were generally successful; but for some unexplained reasons she was soon afterwards sold to, and is now in possesion of the Belgian Government.

The possibility of large steamers performing long voyages was now thoroughly proved; and the public convenience, as well as the many facilities opened up to commerce, were very great. It was felt by Government, and the public generally, that a new and most important means of carrying on trade was now presented to them; and that it was susceptible of something like system, and securing as far as possible that undeviating regularity of despatch

which is the pride of the English merchant. Above all, it was anxiously desired to bring our British American possessions somewhat closer to the mother country. And accordingly a tender for carrying the Mail by Steamships, between England, Halifax, and Boston, was published 1838. The Great Western Company made an unsuccessful offer; and for some time no other seemed disposed to run the risk.

Our fellow colonist, Mr. Cunard, now appeared for the first time, upon the field he was afterwards to occupy with so much honor to himself and benefit to others. Mr. Cunard had commenced life by trading on a small scale, between Halifax and the West Indies. His industry, great mercantile talent, and high honor, soon placed him in the front rank among the leading merchants in his own community. He had sagacity enough to see, at once, the value of the prize, and what was of more importance, confidence and self-reliance enough, boldly to compete for it. The obscure Halifax merchant went to England, made an offer, and—was accepted. In the manner of carrying out his enterprize, he proved himself fully equal to its vastness.

All the ocean steam ships had been hitherto built in England; but a fleet of coasting steamers had been long plying between Glasgow and Liverpool, which, for speed and magnificence had not their equal in the world. These vessels were engined by Napier, the most scientific and practical engineer of the age.

To Mr. Napier, Mr. Cunard went, told him what he wanted, and asked whether he could build the engines for his vessels. We believe that at this time the company was not even formed. The mind of Napier at once took in the grandeur of the proposal. He looked at Mr. Cunard's proposals, and suggested some alterations, but stated that if he would dine with him on the following day, he would introduce him to some friends who understood these matters much better than himself, when they could talk it over. On that day he met the proprietors of the Liverpool steamers, the Messrs. Burns of Glasgow; on that day the company was formed, and their plan and range of action sketched out and adopted. This was in 1838, and early in 1839 the first vessels of the squadron were ready to enter on their duties.

For the sake of convenient reference we will here give a list of the various vessels built and since disposed of:

Name.	When launched.		Tons.	Length. Feet.	Horse power.
Britannia......	Feb.	1840	1154	204	440
Acadia	April	1840	1135	203	440
Caledonia	May	1840	1138	203	440
Columbia	Sep.	1840	1175	205	440
Hibernia......	Sep.	1842	1421	218	500

Those at present in operation:

Name.	When launched.		Tons.	Length. Feet.	Horse power.
Cambria	Aug.	1844	1423	218	500
America	May	1847	1826	249	650
Niagara.......	July	1847	1824	249	650
Europa	Sep.	1847	1834	249	660
Canada	June	1848	1826	149	660
Asia	Jan.	1850	2226	265	750
Africa	June	1850	2226	265	750
Arabia	June	1851	2402	310	910
La Plata ..... (since sold)	Dec.	1852	2402	310	900
Persia (building)			3100	350	1000

The pioneer of this magnificent squadron was the Britannia, which performed her first voyage to Boston, including a detention of 12 hours at Halifax, in 14½ days.

Perhaps the early ships of this fleet cannot be said to have much exceeded their predecessor in point of speed; but they soon obtained the high character they have always kept for almost faultless regularity—and the care and skill with which they have been navigated.

All these vessels have been built upon the Clyde, and engined by Napier, and as a proof of the successful application of skill and science with regard to them—every boat has uniformly excelled its predecessor in speed and comfort. The Britannia, the Caledonia, the Acadia, and the Hibernia have been sold to foreign governments. The Columbia was wrecked on the coast of Nova Scotia. It is, however, a remarkable circumstance, that during the long course of twelve years not a single passenger has suffered injury in life or limb. The same watchful care and caution have been observed in the face of a formidable competition, as when they enjoyed an unreserved monopoly.

The average length of a voyage by the first set of steamers, was from 14 to 16 days; the second set reduced it to from 12 to 14; and by the Asia and Africa, the distance between New York and Liverpool has been effected within a few hours of ten days; while by the Arabia and Persia it is expected to be performed within ten days.

The Persia, now building, will be the largest vessel afloat, and differs from all the others in having her hull of iron. We hope we may be mistaken, but we have some misgivings about the final success of iron steamers. They possess the advantages, perhaps, of superior sailing, cheapness of material, and durability; but the non-floatability of iron in case of accident, renders them dangerous. suppose that an iron ship strike, even although divided into compartments the part damaged fills with water, and as iron, unlike wood, loses comparatively little of its weight in water, it will weigh down the rest of the vessel with such prodigious force as to break its back, though fastened by the strongest bolts that were ever rivetted. Such was the case with

the Orion and the Birkenhead; and such beyond any reasonable doubt would have been the case with the Africa, the America, and the Atlantic, all of which have been firmly aground, had they been made of iron instead of timber. However, the experiment is being introduced on an immense scale—for out of 70 steamers lately launched upon the Clyde, only four were of the latter material.

The original agreement of the Government with the Cunard Company, was to carry the mails once, and, shortly afterwards, twice a month between Liverpool, Halifax, and Boston, and *vice versa.* Some time after, New York was substituted every alternate voyage for Boston. The allowance till lately was £145,000 per annum, for carrying the mail once a week, except in the months of December, January, February and March, when they left only every alternate week. Since 1850, the weekly trip has been continued throughout the whole year, and the government allowance increased from £145,000 to £197,000, the Boston boats only calling at Halifax.

It was a considerable time before the Americans thought of entering the field. In 1846 a Company was formed, who built three vessels: the Washington, the Herman and the United States. These Steamers fell far short of the Cunarders in speed and regularity—being often five or six days longer on the route, so that they could scarcely be said to enter into competition with them, The Franklin and Humboldt have since been added, and though still inferior, are a great improvement to their predecessors. The Americans, however, deeply sensible of the great value and importance of the trade monopolized by their neighbours, resolved upon another effort, which has been completely successful. The Collins line as it is called, came first into operation about two years ago; and, though at the outset accompanied with some misfortunes, has upon the whole, perhaps exceeded the Cunard ships a little in point of speed, though only by a few hours, three or four we believe, in a voyage.

They are certainly noble specimens of marine architecture. They are worked, however, at a much higher pressure than the English boats—which adds immensely to their expense, must wear out their boilers in a much shorter time, and perhaps detract a little from their safety. These vessels are much larger than their rivals—being about 3000 tons each. We need hardly mention their names; the Atlantic, Pacific, Arctic, Baltic—and Adriatic, which is not yet built. Their voyages are bimonthly, and their allowance from Government about twice as much as that given to the Cunard line. They are owned principally by English capitalists; the Barings it is said, having the largest interest in them. They have latterly had their full share of Ocean traffic.

All the vessels that we have hitherto mentioned have been propelled by paddles; but a new and more economical system has latterly begun to be largely adopted. In 1846, the Great Britain, a leviathan iron steamer, with a screw propeller, was put on the route between Liverpool and New York. Her speed did not realize the expectations formed of her, and on her second or third voyage she ran aground in Dundrum Bay, where she lay for nearly a year. She has since been refitted, and having performed a very successful voyage to and from America, has been despatched to Australia. The City of Glasgow, an iron steamer on the same principle—built by Tod and McGregor, of Glasgow—was placed upon the route between Glasgow and New York. Her success was perfect, accomplishing as she did, her voyage in from 14 to 16 days. This vessel was succeeded by the City of Manchester, and the Glasgow, both built by the same eminent firm, and with the same success. The Americans here also have attempted competition, but hitherto with little success. The City of Pittsburgh, the City of Philadelphia, the Pioneer, the S. S. Lewis, and others, have all been signally unfortunate in their attempts to cross the Atlantic.

Latterly the Cunard Company have turned their attention seriously to this method of steam navigation, and are about to enter on a new and extended path, which, we venture to predict, will be crowned with a success even greater than all their former efforts. Hitherto their traffic has not extended farther than New York; but they are about to push themselves as far south as the Isthmus, and away across the Pacific to the golden regions of Australia.

A splendid line of steamers is almost ready for this trade: the Andes, 1440 tons; the Alps, 1440; the Etna, 2000; the Jura, 2000; the Saurus, 1000; and the Teneriffe, 1000.—All these ships are propellers, built of iron. first class, to possess the greatest possible amount of speed consistent with perfect safety. The Andes has already been tried, and proved herself beyond all question, the fastest propeller in the world, having steamed in very unfavourable weather from Greenock to Liverpool, 200 marine miles, in 14 hours, 55 minutes—equivalent to 27 hours between Boston and Halifax. What a sensation would have been created had the Sir John Harvey, on her trial trip, reached Halifax in 27 hours.

Within the next summer nearly 15,000 tons burden will have been added to the Cunard fleet, and their traffic will more than half belt the globe. The Baalbec, the Melita, the Elk, the Stag, the Jackall, are on the stocks for the Mediterranean and other trades—so that altogether the amount of shipping which will soon be in active operation, under the auspices of this company, will be more than 40,000 tons; a tonnage if we mistake not, exceeding that of

the whole navy of the United States. There is something stupendous, and really grand in the vastness of their operations. There are, in the first place three large fleets of coasting steamers—between England, Ireland and Scotland—not only carrying the traffic properly belonging to their respective routes, but gathering up custom, constantly and steadily, for the great trunk line between Liverpool and America; another line collects the goods and passengers of France; a third line traverses the Mediterranean sea, from Smyrna to Gibralter, bringing the fruits of Asia and Africa, with a speed and certainty formerly unknown, into the warehouses of American Merchants. With such vast means and the command of so many channels, the one constantly feeding the other, as it were, this great Company can scarcely miss being eminently successful; while the skill, the care, the liberality and the honour, which have always characterised their management, fully entitle them to deserve it.

Few, if any, Mercantile men, stand at this moment in so high a position as Mr. Cunard. He has given his name to the noblest company of merchants that has adorned commerce since the palmiest day of Venice; and he has at the same time the proud consciousness that he owes that position entirely to his own sagacity, enterprize and honour.

It has struck us that in the matter of arrangement, a great improvement might be effected, were Halifax made the entropôt of the Company's business, on this side the Atlantic—an advantage certainly to Halifax—but also an immense advantage and saving to the Company. Supposing the new line of steamers were to take their departure from this port for New York and Chagres, instead of from Liverpool, the whole expense of sailing them between the latter and Halifax would be saved: provided that the present large paddle wheel steamers were capable of conveying all the freight intended for them. Perhaps such a plan would involve the necessity of much larger steamships for the main line; but we should think that such a vessel as the *Persia* would be capable of carrying at least 1500 tons between the two places—exclusive of fuel—perhaps much more. There would be the delay of transhipment; but with machinery fitted for the purpose, that would not be very great. It would certainly be a great and noble thing, and as we said before, in our opinion for the interest of the Company, to have such vessels as the *Persia* discharging their immense freight weekly at Halifax, with subsidiary steamers waiting to carry it to Canada, Newfoundland, Jamaica, Chagres, and the Pacific. The saving in coal alone, to say nothing of time and tear and wear, would be thirty or forty thousand pounds per annum. The work might also be done with fewer vessels. The only difficulty would be the capability of the 3000 ton ship, of carrying the freight for these various places, in addition to the large quantity for the United States. The whole of this new line of steamers would thus be supplied at a cheap rate with coal of Nova Scotia, and their transatlantic management kept, in a great measure, within British influence. Canada would thus receive her goods in a shorter time than she could expect to do by an independent line of steamers, and freight would be also conveyed southward more expeditiously than by the present mode. Perhaps the plan is impossible of adoption, but we should rejoice to know that the Company considered it an advantageous one.

There are several other points which we intended to touch upon, when we commenced this article; such as, a sketch of the vast progress made in steamship building on the Clyde, with some account of the establishments of Napier, Steel, Wood, and others. We should also have liked to give some indication of the extension and expansion of some of the other great Mail Companies. But space is exhausted. We have watched their progress with interest and pride—till they have covered every sea, and penetrated to almost every part of every continent. The number of ocean mail steamers falls little if at all short of one hundred—capable of being converted at any moment into formidable engines of destruction, should any be so rash as to assail us.

We have thus given a brief and very imperfect sketch of the rise and progress of the celebrated Cunard Company—which owed its beginning to a colonial merchant, and which has always, we believe, been under his management as its leading agent.

In person, Mr. Cunard is under middle height, with a well-knit frame, indicative of considerable physical vigor; his countenance is full and firm, with great decision about the mouth; while the brow and eye indicate intelligence and mental activity of no ordinary character. Altogether, the subject of this sketch is as fine a specimen of a self-made man, as this western continent can boast of; and we trust that his success will be commensurate with the nobility of the principles which have hitherto guided him in all his great mercantile undertakings.

It would be well for this community, did it possess a few more men such as Samuel Cunard. With strong political leanings, he has ever made politics secondary to his interest—an interest which has always been identified with colonial and general progress. He has never wasted an atom of his powers in mere squabbles of faction; but has lived and acted the pattern of an English merchant—sedulous yet dignified in his devotion to business, subjecting everything, in all fairness and honor, to the accomplishment of one object. May his example be a model, and his success an encouragement, to the young about to enter on a kindred path!—*Halifax Provincialist.*

THE VISION OF THE YEAR.

I heard a midnight knocking at my gate,
I ran to ope it, and with tender feet
Treading the snow, with plaintive voice and [sweet,
I found an infant visitor await,
Pleading for entrance, and he ever said,
"Let me in, lady! The old year is dead!"

I let him in, snow-flakes and clinging rime
Thick on his scanty coat and curling hair;
I brought him to my fireside bright and fair;
And, standing in the glow some little time,
I saw strange marvels, that I must relate,
Of this strange midnight knocker at my gate.

SPRING.

Melted the snow, and fell upon the floor,
And in the sparkling of its silver dew,
Snowdrops arose, and crocus gold and blue,
Trembling at blasts that entered from the door;
Where the snow melted, were his garments seen,
Scanty and slight, and of a tender green.

SUMMER.

And to the Snowdrops other flowers succeed,
Brighter in color, and of perfume sweet,
Clustering around the midnight stranger's feet,
Now a stately presence grown indeed,
Meanwhile my fire sank low, but heat was there,
Sweet genial heat, in perfume-laden air.

AUTUMN.

Seemed my guest weary with the heat, and stooped
'Neath the rich droppings of the gleaner's toil,
Thick sheaves of corn, fair produce of the soil,
And purple clusters that from vineyards drooped,
And apples, rosy-cheeked, and russet pears,
And golden plums, heaped round him unawares.

WINTER.

Gazing amazed at this, a hail-storm beat,
Loudly and wailing, at my lattice pane;
It roused the fire, that bright upblazed again,
And an old man was bending o'er the heat,
Spreading out trembling palms to catch the glow.
And from his mantle shaking flakes of snow.

So I had seen a Vision of the Year,
On this its threshold and its night of birth;
Seen all its fair succession upon earth,
And hail'd each change as right, and good, and dear;
I had dream'd longer, save the church bells broke
My slumbers, and to New Year's dawn I woke.

M. I. T.

OUR MAJOR'S STORY.

Every small country town and village in Ireland has not only a clergyman and a physician as its especial property, but it also possesses its own peculiar soldier. "The Major" (we sometimes meet "the Captain," but he's not half so imposing), in every such locality is quite as well known, and nearly as indispensable as the butcher or the baker; and he is as indisputably the oracle in all things appertaining to the Caffre or any other war in which it may please our rulers to embroil us, as the curate is in discussing the ecclesiastical campaign of the prelates militant in Exeter and London; or the doctor in canvassing the merits and defects of the Medical Charities' Bill.

A pleasant man, though rather addicted to snuff, is *our* major. He is tall, and has round stooping shoulders, which some of us don't consider at all military. He cultivates a pretty little garden,—the major's pinks and roses are always in bloom a full week before any one's else,—and is followed wherever he goes by the smartest and smallest of all possible black terriers. Little Bunty ought to have a chapter to himself; it would be slight praise to say of him that he can do everything but talk, for the tiny creature *does* talk, and in language quite intelligible to his friends—a term in his case, happy dog! co-extensive with the whole circle of his acquaintance, exclusive of his neighbor's cat. At the word of command he stands upright,—dances Jim Crow with all the *a plomb* of a canine Taglioni,—executes the naval manœuvre of swimming on dry land, and the military one of beating the drum. Bunty's accomplishments in short make him the delight and admiration of the whole juvenile portion of our community; while the creature's loving nature renders him equally the favourite of the mammas, as they feel assured that no amount of provocation, whether addressed to his patient ears, or much-enduring tail, will ever cause him to bite, or even snarl at their teasing darlings.

Our major, after the fashion of most half-pay officers, is often, according to our national saying, "like a Waterford merchant, very busy with nothing to do."

His snuff-box, his newspaper, his garden, and his dog, would serve but indifferently to fill up the long hours of a summer day, were it not for that valuable resource,—and let stern philosophers, whether in trowsers, petticoats, or bloomers, say what they will, it is a valuable, and by no means exclusively feminine resource,—cosy, gossiping chit-chat. Our major is a thorough, but most harmless gossip. One might fancy him possessed of that saucepan, celebrated by Hans Christian Anderson, which, when set boiling, communicated to the owner valuable and authentic information as to what every one had for dinner! Not only can the major tell you precisely how much the fillet of veal, which the Honourable Mrs. De Vere had for dinner last Sunday cost, per pound, but he also knows to a fraction the price of the curate's Saturday beefsteak, and the doctor's Monday cutlet. Besides, he cultivates with success knowledge still more useful than this culinary lore. He knows, to use his own expression, "the ins and outs" of the domestic and financial affairs of every one residing in our pleasant sea-side village; even the stranger within our gates is not exempt from his friendly surveillance; and were he so inclined, he could make as much mischief amongst us as if he had served an apprenticeship to the twenty old ladies in P—— college,—no two of whom are upon speaking terms. But our major, luckily, as Knowledge is Power, is thoroughly goodnatured, and is never so well-pleased as when occupied in rendering some little service to his neighbours,—reserving to himself the privilege of accomplishing it with a rather greater amount of fuss than usually accompanies the launching of a seventy-four. It is, however, in telling stories that the major shines. True, we,

the denizens of T——, have heard his stock-in-trade repeated until we know them perfectly by rote, and are quite *au fait* at the catch-word which is certain to draw forth each particular tale; but as the public at large cannot be supposed equally well instructed in these legends, I will recount one which never fails to answer to the word "executor."

"So Brown, you tell me, has been appointed executor to Smith's will," said our major the other day, as we were lounging together against the the low, sea-washed wall that divides Carlisle Terrace from the beach. "I'll venture to say the trusts committed to him won't be as strange as mine were the first time I was made executor.

"Some years since, I received a letter from my old friend and comrade, Ellis, of the —th, telling me that his health had been for some time declining,—that he was about to make his will, and earnestly desired that I would consent to act as his sole executor,—'there being,' he added, 'a trust of some importance to be undertaken, which I wish to confide to no one but yourself.' The letter concluded with a cordial invitation to pay him a visit at the snug cottage in Devonshire to which he had retired. Now Ellis was like myself—an old bachelor; and, except his half-pay, was, I knew, but little burdened with this world's baggage and accoutrements, so it never occurred to me that the trust I was to undertake could possibly relate to anything more important than the bestowal of legacies on his old housekeeper and butler, or his almost equally antiquated cat and dog. I wrote immediately to accept the invitation, and early next morning I deposited myself and my portmanteau in the E—— coach, which, after a days's travelling, left me at my destination. A pretty vine-covered cottage was my friend's abode, and he was himself standing at the garden wicket, ready to give me a cordial welcome.—There was nothing very death-like in the clear, bright glance of his eye, or in the firm grasp of his hand; and I mumbled internally what the missive he had sent me could possibly mean.—However, I kept my thoughts to myself, and followed Ellis into his neat little dining-room, where the snowy table cloth was speedily and satisfactorily covered with a dish of fried soles, a pair of boiled chickens, their snowy breasts gleaming amid fresh green parsley and butter, a juicy ham, and a dish of tender young peas. Ample justice was done to this fare by myself, and, despite of his mortuary intention, by mine host also. After dinner he produced a capital bottle of port, over which we discussed many of our former campaigning adventures.

"Notwithstanding the fineness of the weather (it was in the beginning of June), I had caught a slight cold on my journey, which towards the close of the evening made itself felt in the very unpleasant form of toothache; and the pain becoming worse, I said to my host,—'I think I must ask your housekeeper to-night for a bit of flannel and some camphorated spirit to apply to my unfortunate jaw. You, happy fellow! can't know what toothache is, your teeth all look so good.' 'Teeth!' cried my host, his countenance changing,—'Teeth!' he repeated, shuddering; 'Ah! you little know—you can't tell——'

"'What's the matter, Ellis—what do you mean?"

"'I mean that a tooth—an unfortunate tooth, has been my ruin, and will cost me my life!'—And rising from his chair, he paced up and down the room in a state of the most violent agitation. Greatly astonished, I tried, of course, to soothe him, and induce him to reveal the cause of this strange excitement. 'Well,' he said at last, 'I will read for you the will to which you have kindly promised to become executor.' (I made no promise of the kind, but my poor friend took it for granted I had done so; and leaving the room, he speedily returned with a folded paper in his hand, and a very small round box in the other.

"Laying these articles on the table, he seated himself in his arm chair, pushed aside his glass, and, making a strong effort to speak calmly, began,—'About two months since I had occasion to visit the town of T—— on business, which having speedily despatched, I dined at the hotel, and afterwards set out for a stroll. I passed through the High Street, and walked for some way along the turnpike road without meeting any object of interest whatever. A shady green lane opening on my right, invited me to turn into it—the fragrant hawthorn in the hedge, and the cool fresh grass below, offering a pleasant contrast to the hard dusty road on which I had been walking. I soon found that this quiet lane led to a still more quiet and peaceful churchyard. And threading my way amongst the rustic graves, and rude headstones, I moralized on them after my own fashion, if not precisely according to that of Harvey. I had at one time a transient fancy for the study of phrenology, and still retained a habit of inspecting the cerebral development of every one whom I met. It was, therefore, with some curiosity that I picked up a large, round, well-bleached skull lying on the ground. What particularly interested me, however, was the great beauty and regularity of the teeth; they were all perfect, and as evenly ranged as if they had been prepared to decorate the window of some advertising dentist. Led by an idle impulse, which I could not then nor can I now account for, I pulled out one of the grinders, put it into my waistcoat pocket, and carelessly throwing down the skull, returned to the inn. Having partaken of tea, accompanied by some excellent muffins, I went to bed, and being fatigued with my journey, soon fell asleep.

"'I had slept for some time, but how long I cannot tell, when I was suddenly awakened by the door of my room opening. In stalked a tall figure dressed in black, with a white neckcloth; his head was large, nearly bald, and he wore a pair of gold spectacles. In his hand he carried a silver candlestick, bearing a lighted candle and advancing to my bedside, said in a menacing voice and manner, 'Why did you rob me of my tooth?'

"'My tongue suddenly became paralysed; I tried to speak, but could not utter a word.

"'You have taken my tooth,' continued the figure; 'and now take your choice. I'm not of a revengeful disposition; I don't want to say or do anything uncivil, but one of two things I must have, and that instantly,—your life, or the best

tooth in your head! So look sharp and take your choice.'

"'The extremity of terror restored my voice.

"'Would it not do, sir, to restore you your own tooth again?' I gasped.

"'No, no!' replied my visitor, shaking his head until the gold spectacles slipped down to the very point of his long nose; 'I think I'm a very goodnatured fellow to give you the choice; so which will you part with—your life or your tooth?'

"'My tooth!' I continued in agony; and instantly the apparition, with as much dexterity as if he had been bred a dentist, which perhaps indeed the rascal was, introduced a forceps into my mouth, and neatly extracted a fine sound molar tooth. Look here,' continued Ellis, opening his mouth, and pulling back the lips with his finger; 'see the cavity it has left.'

"There was indeed the space where a large tooth had been extracted, and I remarked that it was the only one deficient in the entire range.

"'Well,' continued my friend, 'that was not all. The fellow pocketed my tooth, and then said—

"'Now you must promise on your honour as a gentleman, that you will preserve my tooth as long as you live, and make provision that after your death it shall be carefully interred with you. If you don't ——' And with a menacing gesture, the hateful proprietor of *this* departed as he came.'

"Ellis opened the little round box, and showed me, carefully inclosed in cotton, the redoubted tooth.

"I really knew not what to say; it was certainly very difficult to refrain from laughing, but my poor friend was so evidently in earnest, that I merely remarked,—

"'It was a pity the good spectre was not satisfied with resuming his own property, for really this tooth is so exactly the same size and shape as your others, that I think it would have exactly filled the cavity.'

"'It was strange,' said Ellis, without noticing my remark, 'that after such an agitating occurrence, I fell asleep; and slept soundly until the next morning. I awoke, feverish and unrefreshed. and returned home as speedily as possible, very thankful that the road did not pass within sight of the churchyard. Ever since that time my health has slowly but surely declined; not perhaps, outwardly, but I know and feel that my hour will soon come, and the dread of the fiend's vengeance will embitter my dying moments, unless you, my old, tried friend, will promise to see me buried in T—— churchyard, and with your own hand to place this miserable tooth in my coffin.'

"What could I do but promise? The case was one of decided monomania—argument and ridicule, both which I tried, only served to make poor Ellis angry, and he was thoroughly determined not to see a physician—a measure which I urged on him strongly.

"I remained with him for a few days, and had the pleasure of leaving him, as I trusted, in better health and spirits than when we met; and I hoped that his absurd fancy, as I deemed it, would soon pass away. I was therefore greatly shocked and surprised when, in about six weeks afterwards, I received a letter from his old housekeeper, telling me that her master had died somewhat suddenly, but requested with his dying breath that I should be sent for immediately.

"Need I say that I hastened to obey the summons. Very mournful it was, certainly, to enter the silent cottage where I had so lately met a warm welcome from my poor friend. A physician was in attendance, and pronounced that death had resulted from disease of the heart. He, the clergyman of the parish, and Ellis's solicitor, were all, at my request, present at the opening of the will. After having disposed of his trifling property in legacies, the document went on to request that I, whom he styled his beloved friend, should have him decently buried in T—— churchyard, and follow, in all matters connected with the interment, the instructions previously given to me.

"I, of course, took an opportunity ere the coffin was closed, to place 'the tooth' within it; and having thus complied with the strange whim of my poor friend, I prepared the next morning, with a heavy heart, to follow his body to the grave.

"The interment took place without the occurrence of anything worth recording; but after it was over, I felt so wearied and dispirited, that I resolved to take up my abode for the night at the comfortable hotel at T——. After dinner I was suddenly attacked by my old enemy—toothache; and the pain, resisting all the usual applications of brandy, camphor, hot flannel, &c., became at length so violent and excruciating, that starting up in a sort of frenzy, I inquired for the residence of the best dentist in the town, and speedily found myself in his study. Whether it was the effect of reaction after the rapid exercise I had taken, or the well-know curative influence inherent in the atmosphere of a dentist's house, I know not, but the pain, I was suffering, gradually abated; and when the operator entered, I felt almost inclined to make a civil retreat without putting his skill to the test. However, on second thoughts, I considered it as well to lay my case before him, and try to obtain some soothing nostrum which might stand me in stead on future occasions. I therefore told him how I had been affected, and casually mentioned my having come a long journey that morning, and its melancholy cause. 'Ah!' said the dentist, thoughtfully, 'you came from E—— in Devonshire. The name of that village is associated in my mind with a curious incident which occurred to me some three or four months since.' Now I happen to have a decided hankering, whether natural or acquired, after strange stories; and my curiosity being excited, I begged the dentist to have the kindness to satisfy it.

"Seating himself opposite to me, he immediately complied, and began in these words:—

"'One night, between three and four months since, I was aroused near midnight by a loud knocking and ringing at the door. I was just about to step into bed, and my servants having long before retired to their rooms, I hastily resumed my clothes, and answered the summons. An elderly gentleman with a military air and address entered. There was an odd, staring look in his eyes, but he told me in a perfectly coherent manner, that he was suffering from dreadful toothache, and wished to have one of his grinders extracted immediately. Of course, I ushered him

into this room, placed him in the patient's chair, and proceeded to examine his jaws. I don't think I ever saw a finer or more regular set of teeth,—not a vestige of decay could I perceive in any of them—and the one which he pointed out as the offender seemed to me perfectly free from disease. However, he insisted so strongly on having the tooth pulled out, declaring that his comfort, nay, his very life, depended on its being done, that I consented, though most unwillingly, to perform the operation, and in a twinkling the tooth was out. Having paid me my fee, the patient deliberately wrapped up his tooth, put it into his pocket, rose, and wishing me good-night, was about to depart, when a suspicion which arose in my mind caused me suddenly to thrust a lighted candle close to his eyes. They never blinked; the pupils were fixed and distended: in fact, to cut the story short, my visitor was fast asleep, and in a fit of somnambulism had left his bed, and caused me to extract his excellent tooth. As he still continued in the trance, and it would have been dangerous to arouse him suddenly, I prevailed on him to allow me to accompany him home. He made his way with unerring accuracy to the hotel; and the gates happening to be open for the reception of the occupants of a night-coach, I was able to see him to his room without attracting observation.

"'On inquiring after him next morning, I heard that he had left by an early conveyance for E——, in Devonshire.'

"I looked attentively at the dentist; he was a tall man, dressed in black, with a white neckcloth; his head was large, nearly bald, and he wore a pair of gold spectacles, which had a trick of slipping down to the point of his long nose whenever he shook his head, which he did pretty frequently.

"'Did you ever ascertain,' I asked, 'the name of your visitor?'

"'Yes,' replied the dentist. 'He took the blank back of a letter from his pocket, and tore off the corner to wrap up his tooth; the remainder he dropped on the carpet, and it bore the address:—

'Capt. H. Ellis,
'—th Regiment,
'——,
'Devonshire.'

"Here then was the explanation of my poor friend's monomania He actually died the victim of somnambulism. And such was my first adventure as executor to a will."—*Eliza Cook's Journal.*

A HAPPY COMMUNITY.

Shall we write about the leaping tarantula, as large as the humming-bird it hunted, netted, and killed?—or of the large clew of hair, or greyish wool, half-buried in the ground, which suddenly turned into a 'possum, and springing upon a hare which had stood wondering what the curious object might be, killed it at a single "crunch?"—or of the grizzly bear which, being no climber, besieged the boys ever so long at the foot of the trees on which they had taken refuge? No; we will rather take, as something still more curious, the description of a very large community of animals of various species, living naturally in a town of their own, somewhat after the fashion of the Happy Family.

The town was in the midst of the desert, and the houses consisted of little mounds, about three feet in diameter at the base, and not more than two in height. They might have been thousands in number, or any number of thousands, for they covered the level desert towards three of the four cardinal points as far as the eye could reach. These dwellings were not new; they might have been very old, for they were clothed all round with smooth green turf, excepting the neighborhood of the door-place, near the top. "The inhabitants of these singular dwellings soon began to show themselves. They had been terrified by the thundering tread of the steeds, and had hidden at their approach. All was now silent again, and they thought they might venture abroad. First one little snout peeped out, and then another, and another, until every hole had a head and a pair of sparkling eyes looking forth. After a while, the owners of the heads became more courageous, and boldly stepped out of doors; and there could be seen hundreds of these strange creatures. They were of a reddish-brown color, with breasts and bellies of a dirty white. Their bodies were about the size of the common gray squirrel; but their general appearance partook of the squirrel, the weasel, and the rat—all three of which they in some respects resembled, and yet they were not like any of them. They were a distinct species of animals. They were marmots, that species known by the fanciful name of prairie-dogs (*Arctomys ludoviciana*). Their tails were very short, and not bushy, as those of squirrels; and, altogether, their bodies had not the graceful symmetry of those animals. In a short time, every mound had two or three on its top—for several individuals dwell together in the same house. Some sat upon all-fours, while others erected themselves on their hind feet, and stood up like little bears or monkeys—all the while flourishing their tails, and uttering their tiny barking, that sounded like the squeak of a toy-dog. It was from this that they derive the name of prairie-dogs, for in nothing else do they resemble the canine species. Like all marmots—and there are many different kinds — they are innocent little creatures, and live upon grass, seeds, and roots. They must eat very little; and indeed it is a puzzle to naturalists how they maintain themselves. Their "great towns" near the Rocky Mountains are generally in barren tracks, where there is but a scanty herbage; and yet the inhabitants are never found half a mile from their dwellings. How, then, do thousands of them subsist on what little grass can grow in a pasture so circumscribed? This has not been explained, nor is it known why they choose these barren tracts for their dwelling-places in preference to the more fertile prairies. All these things await the study and observation of the historian of nature.

These individuals formed the bulk of the inhabitants of the dog-town, as our author calls it—the common people, or working-classes, by whom the houses had doubtless been constructed; but there were other portions of the population quite as interesting in their way. Let us notice, first, the white owls, which burrow in the earth (*Strix cunicularia*), and were seen gliding silently about,

or standing on the tops of the houses looking round them. These are the feudal aristocracy of the place, fallen a little into the arrear of time, and affecting old castles and such antiquated dwellings. They inhabit houses originally obtained by conquest from the prairie-dogs, but have suffered them to fall into dilapidation and decay. It is on antiquity they pride themselves, and being indulged in this, they live on very peaceable, but possibly on very supercilious terms with their neighbors. Another order of the inhabitants was the ground rattlesnake (*Crotalus tergeminus*), a class which, although powerful and therefore respectable, the rest of the community perhaps did not mix with on very easy terms. It is even said, that they have been found occasionally with the young of the prairie-dogs in their possession; but this, we are inclined to hope, may have been the result of some peculiar and unfrequent temptation.

Next, there were the lizards, that were seen in great numbers, scuttling about the mounds; then the land-tortoise (*Cestudo*), squatting upon the ground; and then the horned-frog (*Agama cornuta*), crawling slowly about—a hideous creature, half toad, half lizard in shape, and with the back, shoulders, and head covered with thornlike protuberances. All these were probably the lowest classes, the vagabonds and riff-raff of the population; and some of them, no doubt, fall a prey to the aristocratic owls. When the boy-adventurers came upon this place, they were at some loss how to proceed.

As it was now afternoon, and the butte still appeared distant, they made but a short halt—just long enough to swallow a morsel of meat, and take a drink from their water-gourds, which, owing to the intense heat, were now better than half empty. Their animals already suffered from thirst; so, without delay, the young hunters got into their saddles, with the intention of continuing their journey.

"Across the dog-town?" inquired François, who had mounted first. "Shall we ride through it, or go round?"

Here was a difficulty, indeed. The dog-town lay directly between them and the butte. To keep straight forward, they would have to ride through it. That would impede them to a considerable extent, as they could only ride slowly, and in zig-zag lines, without danger. To go round it, on the other hand, might lead them miles out of the way—perhaps many miles—for these marmot villages are frequently of large extent.

"Let us go south a bit," advised Lucien. "Perhaps we may come to the end of it that way."

They all turned their horses for the south, and commenced riding in that direction. They rode for at least two miles, keeping along the border of the settlement; but they could still see it a-head, apparently stretching for miles further.

"We have come the wrong way," said Lucien; "we might have done better had we turned north. We must cross it now; what say you, brothers?"

All agreed to this; for it is not very pleasant to be going about when the goal of one's journey is within sight. So the heads of the horses were brought round once more facing the butte; and the party rode in among the mounds, and proceeded slowly, and with great caution. As they approached, the little dogs ran to their hillocks, barked at the intruders, shook their short tails, and then whisked themselves off into their holes. Whenever the party had got past, a hundred yards or so, the marmots would come forth again, and utter their tiny cough-like notes as before; so that, when our travellers were fairly into the town, they found themselves at all times in the centre of a barking circle!

The owls rose up before them, alighting at short distances; then, once more startled, they would fly further off, sometimes sailing away until out of sight, and sometimes, like the marmots, hiding themselves within the burrows. The rattlesnakes, too, betook themselves to the burrows, and so did the lizards and agamas. What appeared most strange was, that of all these creatures—marmots, owls, snakes, lizards, and agamas—were observed, when suddenly escaping, sometimes to enter the same mound! This our travellers witnessed more than once.

The following is a description of the houses as given by one of the adventurers:—"The holes," said he, "had we time to dig them up, would be found to descend perpendicularly for two or three feet. Then run obliquely for several feet further, and end in a little chamber, which is the real house of the marmot; I say the *real* house, for these cone-like mounds are only the entrances. They have been formed out of the earth brought up from below at the making of the burrows. As you see, this earth has not been allowed to lie in a neglected heap, such as rats and rabbits leave at the mouths of their burrows. On the contrary, it has been built up with great care, and beaten together by the marmots' feet until quite firm and smooth; and the grass has been allowed to grow over it, to save it from being washed down by rain. It is evident the animal does all this with design—just as beavers, in building their houses. Now, upon these mounds the marmots love to bask, and amuse themselves in the sun; and it is likely that they can watch their enemies better from this elevated position, and thus gain time to make good their retreat." Since the snakes occasionally kill the young marmots, it is inquired, what is to prevent them from killing the old ones too? They can enter the burrows with as much ease as the marmots themselves.

"That is true," was the reply, "but not half so nimbly; and perhaps the latter can even escape them within. The rattlesnake is a very slow crawler; and, besides, only strikes his prey when coiled up. Perhaps, in these subterranean galleries, he is still less able to capture it; and the old marmots may, after all, have some mode of defending both themselves and their young ones from his venemous attacks. As yet, very little is known of these creatures. The remote regions in which they are found place them beyond the observation of naturalists; and such of these as have visited their towns, have been only allowed time to make a hurried examination of them.—They are very shy, rarely letting you get within range of a gun; they are, therefore, seldom shot at. Moreover, it takes great trouble to capture them by digging, on account of the depth of their burrows; and as their skins are not very valuable, and their flesh but a bite at best, they are not often molested by the hunter."

"But are they eatable?" inquired François.

"Yes," answered Lucien; "the Indians are very fond of their flesh, and eat it whenever they can conveniently get it; but, indeed, they will do the same for almost every living creature."

"What do marmots feed upon in winter when there is no grass for them?" inquired François.

"They then lie torpid. They have nests in their subterranean chambers, and curious nests these are. They are constructed of grass and roots, are as round as a globe, and so firmly woven together, that one of them might be kicked over the prairie like a football. The nest is within, with a small hole leading into it, just large enough to admit your finger; for when the marmot goes inside, he closes all up, except this little hole, through which he gets all the air he requires. In these snug beds they lie asleep during the cold season, and at that time are rarely een outside their burrows."

Conversing in this way, the young hunters rode on, keeping as far from the edges of the mounds as possible, lest the hoofs of their horses might sink in the excavated ground. They had ridden full five miles, and still the marmot village stretched before them! still the dogs on all sides uttered their "choo-choo"—still the owls flapped silently up, and the rattlesnakes crowded across their track.

The lizard tribe, some members of which, we have seen, were citizens of the Happy Community, appear to be among the most various in the American desert. The chameleon mentioned at the commencement was a lizard, and so was an enemy which avenged the destruction of the tarantula.

"Look—brothers look! A scorpion-lizard!"

Basil and Lucien cast their eyes where François pointed—up to the trunk of a tree that rose over the spot where the chameleon was crawling. About twenty feet from the ground was a dark, round hole, evidently the former rest of the red-bellied woodpecker (*Picus Carolinus.*) The birds, however, which made that nest had deserted it; for it was now occupied by a creature of a far different kind—a scorpion-lizard—whose red head and brown shoulders at the moment protruded from the hole.

All who have travelled the great American forests are familiar with such a sight, for this animal may be often observed in similar situations. A more disagreeable sight is rarely met with.—The scorpion-lizard, with his red head and olive-brown body, is a hideous-looking reptile at best; but when thus peering from his gloomy tree-cave, moving his pointed snout from side to side, his dark eyes glancing all the while with a fierce, malignant expression, it is difficult to conceive a more vicious-looking creature.

His head was in motion when François spoke—for it was this that had caught the eye of the boy. It was moving from side to side, protruded from the hole, the snout pointing downwards.—The animal was watching the ground below, and evidently preparing to issue forth, and come down. The chameleon, rustling over the dead leaves, had attracted his attention.

As quick as lightning, his whole body appeared upon the tree, and lay flat along the bark, head downwards. Here he halted for a moment; then, raising his shoulders, he ran nimbly down the trunk, and rushing outwards, sprang upon the chameleon. The latter, thus suddenly attacked, dropped the spider; and at first showed an intention of retreating. Had he done so, the scorpion would have followed him no further—as its only object in attacking him was to rob him of his prey. The chameleon, however, is a courageous little animal; and seeing that his assailant was not much bigger than himself—for the animal in question was one of the smallest of the skink family—he turned again, and shewed fight. His throat swelled to its largest extent, and grew brighter than ever.

Both now stood facing each other, and about twelve inches apart, in threatening attitudes.—Their eyes sparkled; their forked tongues shot forth, glittering in the sun; and their heads at intervals rose and fell, in a manœuvring manner, like a pair of pugilists "coming to the scratch."

After a short while, they sprang at each other open-jawed; wriggled over the ground a moment, their tails flying in the air—then separated, and again assumed their defiant attitudes, manœuvring as before. In this manner they met and parted several times, neither seeming to have gained much advantage.

The weakest part of the green lizard lies in his tail. So tender is this appendage, that the slightest blow of a small switch will separate it from the body. The skink seemed to be aware of this fact, as he several times endeavoured to get around his antagonist, or, in military phraseology to "turn" him. It was evidently his intention to attack the tail. This the chameleon dreaded, and was equally desirous not to be "out-flanked!" In whatever way the skink manœuvred, his antagonist met him with his scarlet front.

For several minutes the battle raged, these little creatures exhibiting as much fury and fierceness as if they had been a pair of great crocodiles. The chameleon at length began to shew symptoms of giving out. The throat grew paler, the green became less vivid, and it was evident that he was getting the worst of it. The scorpion now made a rush, and threw the other upon his back. Before the chameleon could recover himself, his antagonist seized his tail, and bit it off close to the body. The poor little fellow, feeling that he had lost more than half his length, scuttled away, and hid himself among the logs. The scorpion-lizard, however, in his turn met with retribution.

While the fight was raging, a slight movement in the leaves above had attracted the attention of the boys. The next moment, a red object was thrust downward, until a foot or so of it appeared hanging clear of all the branches. It was about the thickness of a walking-cane; but the glistening scales and the elegantly curving form told that this singular object was a serpent.

It did not remain stationary. It was slowly and gradually letting itself down—for more of its body was every moment becoming visible, until a full yard of it hung out from the leaves. The remainder was hidden by the thick foliage, where its tail, no doubt, was coiled around a branch.—That part of the body that was seen was of a uniform blood-red colour, though the body, or under side, was much the lighter. This was the red snake of the Rocky Mountains (*Coluber testaces*), and is found only in the Far West. The skink at this moment perceived the long red body of

the serpent dangling above him; and knowing, from experience, a terrible enemy, ran off, endeavouring to hide himself in the grass. Instead of making for a tree—where he might have escaped by his superior nimbleness—his confusion and terror led him out into the open ground. The snake dropped from the mulberry and glided after, with his head raised high in the air, and his jaws wide open. In a second or two he overtook the lizard; and, striking forward and downward, killed it upon the spot. The serpent in its turn becomes the prey of another animal; and so on, till the "chain of destruction" is complete. We confess, however, we are better pleased, though less excited, by the picture of the dog-town, where lizards, snakes, owls, prairie-dogs, and other creatures of various races, live in what is, comparatively at least, a Happy Community.

We might easily fill our sheet with extracts as good as the above, for, in fact, the whole volume is quotable; but as we have no doubt it will be extensively read, both in England and America, we think it unnecessary to do more than refer our young readers, and old ones to, to the work itself. —*Chambers' Journal.*

THE TREE OF DEATH.

Let the King of the Grave be asked to tell
The plant he loveth best,—
And it will not be the cypress tree,
Though 'tis ever the churchyard's guest:
He will not mark the hemlock dark,
Nor stay where the nightshade spreads;
He will not say 'tis the sombre yew,
Though it springs o'er skeleton heads;
He will not point to the willow branch,
Where breaking spirits pine beneath,
For a brighter leaf sheds deeper grief,
And a fairer tree is the tree of Death.

But where the green rich stalks are seen,
Where ripe fruits gush and shine,
"This, this," cries he, "is the tree for me—
The Vine, the beautiful Vine!"
I will crouch amid the emerald leaves,
Gemmed with the ruby grapes;
I dip my spear in the poison here,
And he is strong that escapes.
Crowds dance round with Satyr bound,
Till my dart is hurled from its tractor sheath,
While I shriek with glee, "No friend for me
Is so true as the Vine, the tree of Death."

Oh, the glossy Vine has a serpent charm,
It bears an unblest fruit,
There's a taint about each tendrilled arm,
And a curse upon its root!
Its juice may flow to warm the brow,
And wildly lighten the eye,
But the frenzied mirth of a revelling crew
Will wake the wise man's sigh.
For the maniac laugh, the trembling frame,
The idiot speech and pestilent breath,
The shattered mind and blasted frame,
Are wrought by the Vine, the tree of Death.

Fill, fill the glass, and let it pass,
But ye who quaff, oh! think
That even the heart that loves must loathe
The lips that deeply drink.
The breast may mourn over a close link torn,
And the scalding tear-drop roll,
But 'tis better to weep o'er a pulseless form,
Than the wreck of a living soul.
Then a health to the hemlock, the cypress, and yew,
The worm-hiding grass and the willow wreath,
For though shading the tomb, they fling not a gloom
So dark as the Vine, the Tree of Death.

ELIZA COOK.

ARISTENDEEN.*

CHAPTER IV.

WE CALL ON THE DOCTOR AND SEE MARY.

About seven o'clock, on demanding admittance to Dr. Bernard, we were ushered into a large and handsomely furnished drawing-room. The servant who had gone to announce us, shortly returned, requesting us to wait a few minutes as the doctor was then engaged.

In the meantime, Writ was expatiating on the doctor's character, as a man and physician, giving him the highest praise for the diligence with which he investigated all cases of insanity coming under his care; indeed were one to believe the half that Writ said in his favor, the conclusion would be that the doctor was an exceedingly good and clever man. Happily for me, the doctor interrupted Writ's laudations, for I began to tire, not being one of those who either believe in, or seek for perfection in this world. The doctor, a man apparently not exceeding forty, rather stout, with a fat, red, good-natured face, advanced, cordially shaking Writ by the hand and bowing to me, bade us be seated. On my making known the object of my visit, the doctor said that he was pleased to inform me that Mary was so far recovered that she would be able to return to her father's before the ensuing Christmas. Writ, as well as myself, were rather unprepared for this piece of good news; and on my requesting to hear the history of her case, the doctor no doubt pleased at the interest I manifested in his patient, detailed to me fully, not only her symptoms and the mode of cure he practised, but also entered into the probability of her having a relapse, and the best method of preventing such a recurrence. "She always," he said, "while in my care, enjoyed good health. At first she appeared melancholy and subject to frequent fits of abstraction, caused, doubtless, by her removal from home and friends, but in a few months she improved; yet still a certain melancholy which I feared I should fail in entirely removing, pervaded her countenance. She was never unhappy, but said she was

* Continued from page 195, vol. ii.—Conclusion.

fond of thinking. Whenever I asksd her to relate to me her thoughts, she would with the greatest delight, tell some fancy tale of angels, beautiful and fair, hovering over the world, watching the affairs of man. Indeed, when first I received her, she went so far as to declare she saw the happy beings she spoke of, and even heard them whispering to each other, or singing songs of praise; and when they sang, she said she could *see the spirit of the song ascending like incense to the high heavens.* These were her worst symptoms. I thought it necessary to consult with some of my brother physicians on her case, which was certainly the most extraordinary one I ever witnessed. In our consultations we were seldom unanimous; some asserting most positively that she was an impostor, while others, flying to the opposite extreme ventured to question the possibility of her not holding communion with some unseen spirit. However, this was simply absurd, and her being an impostor I considered equally ridiculous, for the history of her life, which I had received from her father, forbade in me any such supposition. An impostor has generally some design to further, some object to attain, but what design or object, may I ask, could this girl have in view, when she came under my care at sixteen years of age?"

The doctor had allowed himself to be carried away by his relation; he had risen from his chair, and standing before us with his back to the fire, gesticulated in a most theatrical style. Without awaiting a reply to his question, he continued, with renewed earnestness.

"No! she was mad, simply mad. But her insanity was of the most dangerous kind to herself and friends, if she were permitted to be at large. It was fortunate for her, and perhaps many others in this world, that her neighbors shunned her as a child. Her ramblings were such when I first saw her, as would lead the ignorant or half-educated, to regard her as a messenger from heaven. Her little religious tales of what she fancied she saw, were precisely of the character to seize on the half-cultivated minds of those who would most likely be her associates while she occupied her father's home. Such being the case, how likely would it be for her fame to spread, her sayings to be noised abroad: many would then come to see her, to pray with her, to listen to her rhapsodies; to, in fact, become her devout and humble followers, looking on her as a saint or angel; and she cunning enough in her madness to see that with a little tact all this might be turned to her advantage, would then become the impostor that some of my friends would have made her, on our consultations.

"However, steadily and gradually I worked all these idle fancies out of her head. I kept her constantly employed on various easy tasks, that required the steady exercise of the mind without fatiguing it; and then, seeing that she was quick at learning, I had her taught many little accomplishments, which will ever be to her a source of amusement, as painting, music, dancing, singing. For a long time, I would not allow her to see or read any religious book or go to church. I know that there are many who would blame me for my mode of treatment, but I can safely say, that to this procedure is due the restoration of her mind. And now," continued the doctor, in a self-cangratulatory manner, that I must say displeased me, "you see the benefit of the course I adopted. She is about to be restored to a fond father and an affectionate sister; she courts not that solitude which was formerly so dangerous to her, nor does she devote so much of her time to religious pursuits, as she once did. She is now contented, and, I believe, for the first time in her life, truly happy. Her father, whose visits I forbade, will be greatly surprised in once more receiving his daughter; but he must not retain her. If she returns to her own home to live, I fear she will have a relapse; she must be placed in some town, with friends who mix more with the world than honest Mr. Tindal; where she will have an opportunity of amusing or employing herself in the manner she has lately been accustomed to do; and then I have no doubt but that she will live long and happily, and form, in her humble capacity, a useful ornament to society."

"Bravo!" cried Writ.

I thanked the doctor for his kindness in detailing so fully her case, and ventured to request an introduction to his fair patient.

"Willingly," replied the doctor. "I left her poring over a novel in the private sitting-room. We will go to her."

Leaving the room we followed Dr. Bernard up stairs to the apartment occupied by Mary Tindal. On entering, we found her reclining on a sofa, seemingly deeply interested with some book she held in her hand; she did not notice our entrance, but on hearing the doctor's voice, started up, blushing with confusion on discovering that strangers were present. She, however, recognized Writ, and soon was holding an animated conversation with that gentleman and the doctor, which I enjoyed extremely, though I did not take part in it; for I was looking over a sketch-book of hers, which the doctor had placed in my hands.

The sketches were for the most part fanciful,

and chiefly original. Among them were a series of twelve, done in colors, very beautiful, and entitled by her "the two attendants of life." The first represented a little child sleeping in a cradle, over which hovered an angel, draped in long, white, flowing garments, with golden hair falling in ringlets over the shoulders, large, white, feathered wings outstretched in the air, thus poising the body over the child, as if to protect it from harm, his right hand pointing to a golden crown surrounded with clouds of glory, the left beckoning to the child to follow in the course pointed out. In the back ground was depicted the form of an evil spirit of most hideous aspect, grovelling on the earth, with with one hand pointing to an emblem of death, partially concealed by beautiful flowers, the other endeavoring to clutch the child. Another of the sketches shewed the figure of a young man, and on either side of him walked the attendant spirits; the one shielding him from harm, the other striving to lead him over a beautiful path, at the end of which the emblem of death again appears. The last of the series represented the Evil One falling headlong to the earth, and the man now appeared as a little child again, with the golden crown on his head, shrouded in glory, borne aloft by his happy guardian angel. Closing the book I reminded Writ that it was getting late, and we retired. Again we congratulated the doctor on his successful cure, and left him much pleased with our visit.

Mary was really a beautiful girl, far more beautiful than I expected to find her; seldom indeed had I seen features so delicate, yet of so high a cast, and were it not for her extreme paleness, I could have pronounced her perfect; her eyes were of an intense blue, and her hair, a glossy auburn, hung in ringlets over her shoulders; her figure was light yet gracefully formed, and she moved with an ease and self-possession that lent grace to every motion.

Whilst driving home Writ was again profuse in the doctor's praise; I let him ramble on scarcely listening to him. I endeavored to picture to myself Mary, who was now as innocent as a child, in the busy, active, uncharitable world that the doctor would place her, and I became melancholy, for the picture was a sad one.

CHAPTER V.

I GO TO PARIS.

It was with surprise and alarm that my wife learnt on the following day, that I intended leaving for Paris. I thought it proper to conceal from her the object of my journey, so I briefly informed her that business of the utmost importance, demanded my immediate presence in that city. But this far from satisfied her, on the contrary it rendered her more nervous, for I showed by my manner that I did not wish to be questioned. In silence, and with tears in her eyes, she set about preparing the necessary articles for my trip; but when I said I knew not how long I would be away she fairly sobbed aloud. I was subdued, and told her how my brother had committed a forgery, and that I must see him in order to induce him to return the money he had taken, and save him, if possible, from the consequences of his crime. She was terrified, but protested she could not believe Harry guilty, that there must be some mistake. I hoped that such might be the case, but feared otherwise.

It was on a Sunday that I arrived in Paris, a bright, clear Sunday morning; the streets and boulevards were crowded with gay and happy mortals, decked out in their gayest dresses, chatting merrily as they passed to and fro. I put up at the Hotel d'Angleterre. In the afternoon, while standing before the door of my hotel, I saw pass my old friend M. Martin; we had not met since our adventure in Germany, yet he recognized me immediately and embraced me, declaring over and over again his joy on seeing me. I felt equally pleased, and arm in arm we sauntered along. Speaking of our last meeting, he said, "I have recovered the papers I lost, and curiously enough they were returned to me by Darnell, accompanied by a note, from which I learnt that he was a distant relative of my wife; though I hope," he continued, by way of parenthesis, "that she has not many such questionable relations. The fact was, that the papers I lost were the marriage certificates of my wife's parents, who were English, and made a run-a-way match. It was with great difficulty that I obtained these documents, which were necessary to establish her claim to some property in England. For a long time I advertised, offering a large reward for their recovery, and even proposed through the same medium to receive from the persons having them in their possession, any demand they might make for their restoration, but without success. Indeed I had given up all hopes, when about a month ago I received them with a note signed "I. Darnell," in which he informed me that the papers were now valueless to him, as an uncle of his, whose heir he should have been, had lately died, leaving him unmentioned in his will; and that the only revenge now left him, for being thus disinherited, was to restore me the papers he had stolen, for these papers,

he said, concerned the very property his uncle died possessed of. Is it not strange, that man can make a just action serve the purposes of revenge?"

It is certainly strange!

After congratulating M. Martin on his good fortune, I told him, *en passant*, that I had come to Paris in expectation of meeting my brother, but that I had not yet succeeded in finding him; however I intended calling on several persons to whom I knew he had letters of introduction, and would, no doubt, see him shortly. Refusing a pressing invitation to dinner, on the pretext of fatigue after my voyage, I left M. Martin. My refusal in reality was given in order that I might have an opportunity of calling on Madame Sayez. Madame was a quiet little French woman, with whom my brother was in the habit of lodging when in Paris, she was the widow of a gallant soldier, who fell fighting under Napoleon against the Austrians. I had but slender hopes of finding him with her this time, yet I knew that he was a great favorite of hers, and it was possible that she might have seen him. I was not disappointed; he was living in her house, and was then in.

It would be impossible to picture Harry's astonishment on seeing me; but he expressed still greater astonishment on learning the cause of my presence in Paris. At first he would not be persuaded, but that I was joking with him; but on my sitting down and deliberately relating the whole history of the forgery, and the fact of the banker's clerk being ready to swear that he was the person who had presented and endorsed the forged cheque, he saw that I was in earnest. Indignantly he denied having ever committed such a crime, saying, that he felt exceedingly hurt by my suspicions, and wondering how I could, even for a moment, have considered him capable of such dishonorable practices. But he cooled down after a while and admitted that I had reason to suspect him, for appearances were against him. I had, of course, misunderstood him, when he told me not to be uneasy if I missed anything, he had referred to the pistols; it was an unfortunate mistake. I now felt ashamed of myself and suspicions, for I firmly believed in Harry's innocences. The forger, doubtless, bore a strong resemblance to my brother, to have enabled him to commit so successfully this double forgery, if I may so call it.

"You can easily prove an alibi?" I asked. But Harry, after thinking for some minutes, and asking several times if it was on Tuesday morning the forgery took place, replied, that he believed it would be impossible for him to do so. He was in London at the time, and at an exhibition of paintings, and while there, and even during that day till evening, he did not see or speak to any one he knew. Unfortunately he kept no diary; had he done so, his memoranda might have been admitted as evidence. If he could not prove his innocence, how could I assert that I had been robbed? The banker's clerk would certainly reply, "It was your brother robbed you!"

Harry saw the difficulty as well as I, and, after a good deal of useless conversation, I saw no better course before me than to return to England and bear my loss as best I could. Any attempt made to discover the criminal would immediately expose my brother to suspicions, if not to an accusation, impossible to disprove. Indeed, Writ afterwards told me, that had I moved in the matter, it would most likely have resulted in the trial and conviction of Harry for forgery. The annoyance I suffered from being placed in such a dilemma rendered me ill, and for several weeks after my return, I could not leave my home.

I may here add, that up to this present day, I have never discovered the true forger, though, from what I have seen and heard of late years, I strongly suspect that it was Evans who was guilty. He died by the hand of his friend, Darnell, in a drunken quarrel, a few years after the incident recorded in the next chapter.

CHAPTER VI.

MARY'S HISTORY CONCLUDED.

For several months after my return, I heard but little of Mary; she had left Dr. Bernard's perfectly restored, and was now living with her uncle in London—a Mr. Osborn. He was a widower, and like her father had two daughters; they were both young, the eldest being scarcely twelve. Here it was hoped that she would find that change recommended by the doctor; at least she would mix more with the world, and see more to amuse her, than she could at her father's, where for weeks together she would lead that dull, monotonous life that the doctor considered so prejudicial. Mr. Osborn delighted to call himself a merchant, but he was a merchant in a very small business, yet sufficiently large to support himself and family comfortably, and, as he used to say, to "lay some aside for a rainy day." His shop, which was beneath the rooms he lived in, was his care, being in it from morning to night; though now that Mary was with him, he devoted to her an hour or two daily, in order that she might see some of the wonderful London sights, or visit some of his friends.

Mary was kindly received wherever she went, and, loved much for her innocent, childish ways

and happy disposition, she quickly became a general favorite. There was one disadvantage, however, in Mr. Osborn's house, which rendered it unsuitable for a home for Mary, and that was—she had no female companion with whom she might associate. It was true there were her young cousins, but one gets tired of always romping with children ; and the housekeeper, who also acted as nurse, was a vulgar, low-bred wretch, whom Mary could not endure, though Mr. Osborn thought her an excellent creature, and reposed every confidence in her. So sometimes I am afraid time hung heavily on her hands.

I saw Peter, Mary's father, often ; for I was obliged to pass his snug little place whenever I had occasion to go to London. Frequently, of a mild pleasant evening, I would stop and chat an hour. I loved to hear him talk and speak of the joy he felt in his child's recovery. Thus passed many months. At last I was told by Peter that Frank Evans was living in London, studying law ; his father was dead ; and Frank Evans, tired of the idle dissipated life he had been indulging in, determined to settle down and gain an honorable living from a profession. He often visited Mary, and Mary was always delighted to see him, for they were old acquaintances. "And I believe," said Peter, "that Mary loves him, for he is always mentioned in her notes to me. He is a good lad at heart, and I hope—hope—hope—" stammered Peter; "and I hope so too," I said. Peter blushed, and felt, I am sure, extremely happy.

And so it was. Evans was living in London, and hearing that Mary was living with her uncle, called on her. Mary was greatly pleased with his visit, for his presence recalled to her mind long forgotten days ; which, though really painful to dwell upon, yet afforced her a certain *morbid* pleasure, termed by most people *melancholy*. At length Evan's visits became so frequent that even Mr. Osborn, one of the blindest of mortals, could not help remarking them. He was not of a suspicious nature, curiosity appeared to be his greatest fault. So, when he thought that Frank might mean something by coming so often, he did not ask him his "intentions ;" but determined rather to watch, and thus endeavor to discover the attraction. This was an easy task. A closet off the parlor communicated with his bedroom, and so afforded him a safe place to listen, while from the key-hole he commanded a full view of the apartment. No sooner did he conceive this idea, than he determined to put it into execution.

The next time Evans made his appearance, he was snugly esconced in his hiding-place ; he saw Mary start forward to meet her visitor when he entered, and then they sat together on the sofa, and talked in whispers by the hour. That they were in love, was clear enough to Mr. Osborn; and he thought they had engaged themselves, but it might be only fancy, he would watch and see. He was not long in doubt ; in a few days he found that his suspicions were correct, and that Evans wished their engagement to be a secret. Why ? he could not discover ; but he saw that Mary yielded a reluctant consent.

This concealment had a bad effect on Mary's mind ; again she was subject to frequent fits of abstraction, but Mr. Osborn regarded them as a natural consequence of love, and therefore of no importance. He never allowed Mary even to suspect, that he was aware of her engagement ; but he considered it his duty, to let her father know that Evans was a constant visitor. The father, Osborn saw, was gratified, so he returned to his old post to watch and fancy, how astonished they would be, if he were suddenly to break in upon them, and tell how long he had been a silent listener. But he would be depriving himself of too much pleasure, were he to do so, it was he thought, as good as any play only a great deal longer and far more natural. Often would he laugh and chuckle inwardly at their silly speeches, and sometimes would he feel inclined to cry, she acted her part in such a gentle, winning manner. 'Twas then he'd think Evans loved her not so much as she did him. But her's was woman's love!

Mary had now been a year with her uncle, and was looked upon as permanently cured. About this time it was necessary that Mr. Osborn, should leave his home for a week to transact some business in Liverpool. Mary would not feel his absence he thought; yet it did occur to him that it would be better did she go to her father's till his return, but, then, he was not to be long away, and the housekeeper "good motherly old soul," would be as kind, and take as much care of her, as if he were present.

'Twas in an evil hour that he thus decided. Ere he returned poor Mary was—no more.

It appears that the day after he had left, Evans called as usual, and after being an hour or so with Mary, the house was alarmed by piercing shrieks interrupted only to give place to maniacal shouts of laughter. The housekeeper was out with the children for a walk, and a clerk in the shop rushing to the room, discovered Mary in the farthest corner, crouched down, her hands before her face, giving utterance to the fearful cries and laughter that had alarmed him. Evans was standing in

the middle of the room gazing with terror on the unhappy girl, and did he but venture to approach, her dreadful cries were redoubled. It was only on his leaving the room that she allowed herself to be conducted to her chamber by the housekeeper who now returned. The seizure, Evans said, was sudden; and at the time it came on they were talking of their intended marriage, nor could he account for the aversion she displayed towards him. Her father was immediately sent for; the poor old man appeared heart-broken. At his request Dr. Bernard was called in, who ordered her instant removal to his establishment. Here she gradually sank in spite of all his care and attention.

If spoken to of Evans, she would burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter, which added much to her weakened state.

The day before her death, Rose was with her sister for many hours; what passed between them I never heard; but whatever it was, Rose could never again behold Evans without manifesting the utmost dislike and indignation.

Mary was buried beside her mother.

SLIGHTED LOVE.

A young Yorkshire traveller, some time ago, occasionally visited this town in the course of his journeys; and during one unlucky visit he suddenly fell "over head and ears" in love with one of the fair maids of Preston. The Yorkshire hero lost no time in declaring his love for the fair one, and for a time he was led to believe that the feeling was mutual. Presents of every description, that the love-sick Lubin supposed would please the lady, were purchased, presented, and received; and he thought himself secure in the affections of his Desdemona. But "there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip;" and the fickle one ultimately began to show unmistakeable symptoms of coldness towards him she might have have called her own. Finding that his advances and entreaties were in vain, and that the heart of the lady was obdurate, he finally took leave of her. Being determined, however, not to sacrifice the amount of money expended on "the girl he left behind him," he forthwith made out a "bill of particulars," which he despatched by post to the lady's mamma, for payment: and if sympathy on our part with the Yorkshire wight be of any avail, we certainly—"wish he may get it." We subjoin a copy of the singular document, *verbatim et literatim*, with the exception of suppressing the names of the parties concerned, and hope its publication will be of service, as a warning to those young gentlemen who may be in the fashionable position of "courting by presents:"—

Presents given to M—— P——, by T—— A——, during the time of courting her.

	£.	s.	d.
1847 One mahogany work box, and sent by railway..............	0	5	0
1847 One spice cake, and small one ditto, and 2lb. figs, and by rail......	0	8	0
1847 Paid two fares by railway from Blackburn to Preston, for M—— P—— and S—— P——......	0	2	0
1848 One grey muff, superior quality..	0	15	0
1848 One fine parasol, of blue skey sattin mixture................	0	9	0
1848 3lbs. of brandy snap, best quality.	0	2	6
1848 and 49, 4 pairs of kidd gloves, 2s. per pair....................	0	8	0
1848 One net of lace, for collar to ware	0	1	6
1848 and 49, 2 best tortoise shell combs	0	2	6
1848 2 pairs of kidd gloves for her friend W——...............	0	3	0
1348 Paid for fares by railway to Blackpool for 2 ditto..............	0	6	0
1848 Paid for 2 dinners and 2 teas, and spirits for 2 do..............	0	8	0
1848 Silver lever watch, and silver guard, and jewelled..........	4	15	0
1848 and 47, paid for wine, spirits, deserts, teas, &c.............	1	10	6
1848 One handsome rosewood framed picture of Lord Brougham, with drawing of his robes..........	0	10	0
1848 2 framed rosewood pictures of Lord Brougham and Lord Abercrombey, late speaker House of Commons..................	0	15	0
1848 One framed picture and likeness of T—— A——.............	1	8	0
1848 One framed picture of Baron Rolfe	0	4	0
1848 Given in two different times.....	2	0	0
1848 and 49, Drawings, and pictures, and newspapers, and 1850, funeral biscuits................	0	12	0
1849 One Britania metal tea pot and Britannia coffee-pot..........	0	15	0
Knife for pocket, with one gold ring	2	17	6
1848 A handsome large American knife,	0	5	0
1849 Paid 3 fares by railway to Manchester for the Misses P——..	0	7	6
Ditto, fares paid from Manchester to Preston.....................	0	7	6
Paid also for 3, Misses M——, M——, and S—— to Museum.......	0	3	0
Also Young Woman's Own Book......	0	2	0
One smelling bottle, with cent, &c.....	0	2	0
One silk handkerchief, for neck.......	0	1	6
One-horse cab from Preston railway sta- to S—— A——, for Miss M—— P——, of Preston, and driven by her brother-in-law, Mr. W—, cabman....................	0	1	0
One silver thimble..................	0	1	0
Sum total........	£20	8	0

And one present only from M—— P—— to T—— A——, to a pen to write with, valued 6d., returned. And lastly I received a letter from Miss M—— P——, wrote in her own hand-writing, as a gift to ——, and called me a d——d fool.—*Preston Chronicle.*

FROM JOHN CANADA,
(FOR SELF AND FAMILY)
TO MAJOR CULPEPPER CRABTREE.

DEAR MAJOR,

A letter to our beloved relative John Bull, from his cousin "Brother Jonathan," published in the February number of Putnam's excellent monthly, has fallen into our hands, —now if the said letter contained only such matters as strictly related to our beloved relative's home farm, we should not interfere, as we are well aware that our Uncle Bull is generally able to answer for himself, and that no other party can show such a satisfactory balance sheet, or one so likely to create a smile at any little mistake that may have crept into Brother Jonathan's figures.—Besides, Brother Jonathan knows that, though very good natured, Uncle Bull has a curious way with him of showing up any absurdities into which he may, in his transition state, (called hobbledehoy, I think,) be betrayed: knowing these things then, I should not interfere in this matter, had I not seen in the letter some passages relating to myself and family—for instance, Brother Jonathan calls us "slaves governed from a distance," and declares that, because we are not ungrateful to our Uncle, we shall never get on. We would fain then, jot down a few figures just to convince you that we are not so backward as Brother Jonathan insinuates, and that sticking by Uncle Bull is not so bad or foolish a thing after all—there are one or two other matters, too, which we shall also remind Brother Jonathan of, but to begin, the passage in his letter which we complain of is:—"The Canadas, under European rule, would remain what they are; under our tutelage, they would grow into powerful communities."—Be this then our text: our aim, to show that Canada, under monarchical institutions, has not only not come out of the small end of the horn, but has actually taken a whole horn to herself, and is quite as capable as Brother Jonathan of sounding her own praises thereon.

A LETTER TO JOHN BULL.

My Dear Cousin,

I HAVE elected myself a representative of twenty-three millions of constituents,* black and white included, and design, in that capacity, to open a brief correspondence with you. Our entrance upon a new year of existence—an occasion which always suggests a candid review of the past, and a considerate forecast of the future—is the only apology I shall offer for this frankness.

It is nearly seventy years, you know, since my countrymen undertook a bold and somewhat hazardous experiment in this new world. They did so, in the face of many prevailing convictions, and against the prophecies of civilized mankind. It was quite generally expected that the career which they then marked out for themselves, would prove a disastrous failure; and loud and long-continued was the merriment, or the obloquy, as parties chose to take it, with which the mistakes and awkwardness of their rude beginnings were received.

Now I wish to show you that their attempt has not failed; that their experiment is no longer an experiment; that time has sanctioned and fulfilled their most swelling hopes; that what was once a timid and shrinking conjecture—vague aspiration rather than firm faith—has become a victorious fact; and that doubt and dismay no more beset our path, which, on the contrary, we tread with the buoyancy of assured success. The ominous cloud is passed, and across its receding folds we see the many-colored iris of suffused and tranquil sunshine.

Just read, my dear Major, after this last sentence, the article which we selected from the same number of Putnam that contained this, and which we sent you, on which we have made a few comments—however, to resume, read it I say, and judge for yourself:—

I am aware you will exclaim, at this slightly elated outset of mine, "Oh! that boastful and vainglorious people, will they never have done? Are we doomed to hear for ever its reverberating flatulencies about the 'model republic' and the 'greatest nation in all creation?'" Let me answer you frankly, that I hope not! The bombast into which our irritable vanity has been too often betrayed, is as distasteful to most of us as it can be to you; but at the same time bear in mind, that I for one shall not allow myself to be frightened into any tameness of statement,† in what I may have to say, by any menaces of your wit. Ridicule is terrible to me—as terrible perhaps as an army with banners‡—and yet there is a thing still more terrible. It is this—want of fidelity to my most cherished convictions; untruth in the assertion of my character and aims. We Americans are devoted to democracy from our mothers' breasts, and are therefore forward and proud to proclaim what we suppose will further its claims to regard.

What I wish to present to you is, the influence of that democracy on the physical, political, social, and moral condition of the people. Looking upon it as the central and organic principle of our nationality, working itself out freely, through all the

* Said constituents to be divided thus—white freemen, black chattels.—*P. D.*

† That is to say, TRUTH.—*P. D.*

‡ The use of banners in an army is to terrify the advancing enemy—just as the charging bull is scared by the scarfs which are shaken at him by the picaflores in a bull-fight.—*P. D.*

ramified forms and interests of society, it is the very heart and fountain of our life; nor are its effects as such, speculations or theories with us, but facts. We study it in its actual phenomena; we see its practical operations; and whether these be for good or ill, we know that they are at least well-authenticated, tangible, and permanent. A recent census of the United States, moreover, places it in our power to show just what they are, what attainments they have made in every sphere of national progress, and to demonstrate triumphantly, as I am sure, the solidity and the beneficence of popular government.

Bide a wee! Major, and you will see that it is not quite so easy to get at the returns which are to do all this without paying something handsome for the information.

Such a demonstration is needed all over Europe, and scarcely less in England than elsewhere. This country has never been adequately represented by travellers and statisticians, who have taken its case into their hands. We find ourselves aspersed rather in many quarters, needless to be mentioned here, by the most unfounded statements, the most illogical inferences. the most damaging insinuations, and the most outrageous caricatures. Our prosperity is often ascribed to any but its true causes; our errors of a day are set down as permanent characteristics; the eccentricities of a part of us are imputed to the whole of us, as cherished principles of conduct; occasional rudenesses of conduct are treated as innate vulgarity; and that devotion to practical ends, which is inevitable in a state of youthful and ruddy prosperity, degraded into a mean, prostrate, and abandoned worship of money. Indeed, could we believe some accounts that are given of us, we should be forced to confess that slavery was our only "institution," and a sharp practice with the bowie-knife our most delectable amusement. Meanwhile, these wilful or bigoted tourists do not see the deeper pulses of life beating beneath the surface, and they say nothing of the nobleness and generosity that may be in our heart, nor of the exalted and blissful destiny that we are, consciously and unconsciously, working out for humanity.

Hold hard now, Brother Jonathan, and, before going into figures, let us inquire what has been the influence of democracy on your political, moral, and social condition.

In page 53 of "Politics for American Christians," a work published by Lippencott, Grambo, and Company, Philadelphia, Anno Domini, 1852, are these remarkable words—remarkable, we say, when placed in apposition with your glowing description:—"The power of our vast republic, the patronage of its rulers, offices, salaries, the public treasury and its disbursing agencies, distinction and influence are put up, by our system of government, not to the highest bidder, but to be struggled for by the boldest politicians the most unscrupulous intriguers, and the most active demagogues.—These prizes stand glittering in their eyes, and they feel that they have an equal right to contend for them." A little farther on we are told:—"They engage in a strife for plunder, and they offer to divide the spoils, thus employing the offices of the country, its power, and the control of its treasury as means of corruption at once of fatal tendency and extensive operation." Again,—"There is, perhaps, no subject on which the friends of democratic institutions choose to remain under greater delusion and mystification than that of popular elections,—*no remedy having been discovered for the mischiefs attending them*, there seems to be a tacit agreement that silence shall be maintained on the subject, *least some degree of discredit should be attached to republicanism*." Again,—"Our system of elections presents exactly the conditions which enable unscrupulous and unworthy men, to take the chief control of government into their hands. It furnishes to such men the very means and inducements which enable them *effectually to sap public morals*, and prey upon the vital interests of the conntry. That worse results have not followed such events may be owing to the *fact*, that demagogues have no interest in destroying institutions, *the working* of which they can turn to their private advantage."

Most knowing of Majors! look on this picture and on that, reflect on the convulsion into which Brother Jonathan is thrown every four years, and then judge of the solidity and benificence of popular governments.

"Let all this pass, however, and let us try, under better information or motives, to come at a truer picture of the condition and prospect of the American people.

"The United States, to begin at the beginning, John, are a league or confederation, of thirty-one separate and independent republics. They cover a territory which extends from the 26th degree of latitude south, to the 47th degree north, and, in the other direction, from the Atlantic to the Pacific Oceans. Consequently, they enjoy every variety of climate, from the freezing to the torrid zones, though the greater part of them lie in the temperate regions; they possess every kind of valuable soil, capable of the diversified productions of every kind; and they are exposed, on hill-sides and valleys, to all the genial heats of the sun, and to all the fertilizing influences of the gentle summer rains. The public lands, belonging to the central government alone, amount to more than (12,000,000,000) twelve thousand millions of acres, which, according to the present estimates of the population of the world, is more

than an acre a piece for every man, woman, and child on the globe. Adding to this, the land belonging to the separate States, and that in the possession of private individuals, and you have an area of three millions, two hundred and twenty-one thousand, five hundred and ninety-five square miles (3,221,000) in extent. Now Great Britain, exclusive of Ireland, contains 34,000 square miles. The extent of the United States is therefore 95 times as great as that of the island of Great Britain. France contains an area of 197,400 square miles—a territory less than one-fifteenth the size of that of the United States. Austria, including Hungary and the Italian dependencies, contains but 300,000 square miles. Russia is the only nation which exceeds the United States in extent of territory. She has, including her immense Asiatic possessions, a territory of about 4,000,000 square miles. The whole of Europe contains only 3,807,195 square miles, which exceeds by less than one-fifth, or 545,000 square miles, the territory of the United States. The greater part of these immense tracts is almost spontaneously fertile; wherever you strike in the spade or the plough, the corn springs and waves;* mines of iron, more extensive than those of Sweden, and of coal, as inexhaustible as those of England, to say nothing of the gold of California, are deposited in its bowels; rivers, which, with one exception, are the largest in the world, and inland lakes, like seas, connect and lace its fields; its immeasurable forests stand thick with oak, hickory, locust, fir, and woods of the finest fibre; while the great watery highway of the nations stand ready to roll its products to Europe on the one side, and on the other to India, and the farthest East.

"Such is the theatre on which the Americans are called to play their parts, and you see that Providence has placed no physical obstacle, at least, in the way of the freest action. Never, indeed, was a more rich, varied, or magnificent residence prepared for any portion of our race. Europe is ten thousand fold more splendid in the accumulations of art; in grand historical monuments; in the treasures of libraries; in the means and appliances of luxurious living; in the numbers of its people: but in all that nature can do to make a dwelling-place for men, the New World is beautiful and blessed beyond measure.

"But who are the actors who are placed in this new theatre? Are they worthy of the great drama in which their parts are cast? and will they conduct it to a catastrophe or a triumph?

The American people are almost as varied in character as the origins from which they sprung, or the climates under which they live. That stereotyped Yankee, in a long-tailed blue coat, and short striped pantaloons, with a nasal twang to his voice, and a prodigious fondness for exaggerated stories; who appears periodically upon your stage, and who furnishes the staple of stale wit to Nova Scotia book-makers, is an amusing fellow enough, and he would be nowhere more amusing and wonderful than in nearly every part of the United States. He is the type of a class unknown to all, save diligent antiquarians, or those who sedulously explore the curiosities of natural history. Some remote and scarcely decipherable antetype of him, might be found in the nooks of New England, but at the West and the South, he would seem to every body about as much like an American, as a dodo resembles an eagle, or the hippopotamus a cart-horse.

The American, John, with some odd variations here and there—don't start!—is an Englishman, without his caution, his reserve, his fixed habits, his cant, and his stolidity. He has all the independence of the original stock, all the pluck and determination, with more of quick and restless enterprise. At the East, he displays some of the canniness or cunning of the Scot; at the South, the vivacity, and light graceful air of the Frank, and at the West, the humor of the Irish crossed with German enthusiasm. But everywhere practical energy predominates in his composition. He is facile, changeable, ever open to adventure, taking up a business in the morning which he discards at night, and sleeping in his boots, that he may be ready for a fresh start the next day. Yet if success beckons him to the end of any race, he will persist in it for years, will pursue doggedly for a lifetime what others despise, and if he fails at last, unbroken by care or old age, he will "pick up his traps," and move onward with his children to a new settlement. His weary bones are never laid until he is quite dead, when some successor, indefatigable and elastic as himself, resumes and continues his projects. The house of his prosperity and comfort is always a building and never built. It is no part of his life plan to retire on a plum; he eats his plum as he makes it; then makes and eats it again. In short, then, the American is an inventive, intelligent, driving, and invincible man, with an unexampled adaptability to circumstances."

Certainly a modest picture, and not at all overdrawn—what says our other friend, however? does he invest his Yankee brethren with the same attributes? Let us hear him?—"We shrink from the use of such terms as would suffice aptly to depict the individual characters of a large majority of the members of the present (1852) Congress, and the legislative character of the whole body.—When we reflect that these men have been chosen by the *free suffrages* of the citizens of this *great, proud, and intelligent* nation, we are filled with astonishment, if not dismay, and we exclaim,—If self-respect, if the cause of self-government, if the interests of humanity could not save us this flagrant disgrace, could not the Christians of the country have averted such a calamity." Complimentary this, Major, and not at all at variance with the character already drawn. There is, however, one drop left to sweeten this bitter cup—there is yet left some good in Yankeedom—some hope for the house of Doodle. Hark!—"There is yet a remnant of good men in Congress, but they are hopelessly

* Vide Martin Chuzzlewit's description of Eden.—P.D. No. 3.

overpowered,—their virtue may remain, but their courage is withered." Alas, alas! is it even so? Must all our hopes that, Brother Jonathan, was not quite so irretrievably ruined, be frustrated? Must we have the conviction forced on us, that men laugh in derision at the idea of honesty and patriotism as compatible with legislation,—that there runs not in Congress the slightest perceivable current of morality, or wisdom, or public virtue. —Och! Thunder and turf!—Tare and ages! no! Must we, can we be expected to believe that any member who ventures to speak on a measure designed for the public benefit is regarded as "super-serviceable, over-righteous, and eminently verdant." Must the hard conviction be forced on us that the A.D. 1852 American has but exchanged the *fixed habits*, cant and stolidity of the Britisher for—worse, —but so it is, according to our friend. "The extent to which this moral prostitution has gone, under the shadow of our capitol, can be fully credited only by those who ascertain it on the spot. How many there may be of those Congressional brokers—they deserve a name more descriptive of their calling—it is difficult to tell; they may be numbered by scores or hundreds.* They fill a great variety of grades, from those who procure special legislation for one, two, or three hundred thousand dollars to the humbler police of this hungry pack, whose office it may be to keep members in their seats at the hour of voting, or to keep them away, or to lead them to the gaming-table to win their money, or to lend it; for all which, and manifold otherlike services, they may receive a few dollars daily, and a share of the plunder when a great prize is secured. These men pervade the whole atmosphere of Congress and the capitol, they hunt singly, in pairs, and in whole packs; and when fairly on foot for prey, no hounds in the world are more greedy, more keen of scent, more fleet, or sure of their wind, in pursuit of game, than those which follow at the heels of members of Congress."

So much for the actors who pull the wires—what says our honest friend of the puppets!—how dance they when set in motion?—"The favors of Congress are thus constantly struggled for by hosts of impassioned suitors utterly regardless of the dignity or reputation of that body." "Details could be furnished of Congressional shame and degradation which would far more than justify the language we have used." But, asks some one, surely a host of impassioned men on the floor of Congress are "wearying high heaven" for justice, on behalf of some expectant and deserving claimant,—of course they are. Judge gentle reader for yourself.—"Who can tell the numbers of the destitute and suffering who are now waiting Congressional justice, without the slightest prospect of success? The debts, assumed by the United States, to the claimants upon the French government, now fifty years old, are not yet paid—France became indebted to citizens of the United States, in a large sum, for merchandise and ships taken by her cruisers—after a long period the Government of Louis Philippe acknowledged the debt and *paid the money into the treasury* of the United States, where it remains* through the refusal of Congress to order it to be paid to the rightful owners. Many of our merchants, whose property was thus taken away from them, were ruined by the loss. They passed the remnant of their lives in fruitless applications to the justice of Congress. Their widows and orphans have grown old in poverty and in suffering, whilst continuing these fruitless applications." Just one short quotation more and we will leave this flattering picture of inventive, intelligent men who have divested themselves of the fixed habits and cant of the Britishers:—"The returns of the census of 1850, containing information of the highest importance to the country at large, and of great interest to all the world, lie useless in the office, in which they have long been completed, the expense of printing being merely the ostensible cause, the real difficulty being that the two great parties which divide the country, are contending for the spoils of the printing. This printing will be eventually performed in a manner alike disgraceful to the art, to the nation, and the subject.—But we may as well pause from the attempt at enumeration, and say there is no assignable limits to the perfidy, to the injustice, to the corrupt

* We are very far from including in this class, many respectable gentlemen whose knowledge and services are really invaluable to those *who have* business before Congress. The cleverest of these men are among the sufferers by the state of things we so much deplore.

* Does it?—P. D., No 4.

practices, to the breaches of trust, and breaches of oaths, and other official and private immoralities which are committed in and about the Congress of the United States. They are such as, if brought to light in equal intensity of iniquity, in any profession, or department of social life, would bring on the perpetrators such a storm of indignation and scorn, as would drive them from society with a reputation, from which the pillory and the penitentiary would alike shrink with loathing and disgust." Now, my dear Major, what are we to believe, —it is from statements, precisely similar to the one we have been quoting from, relating to other countries, that Brother Jonathan adduces his superiority in everything—so, may we not fairly infer, from Messrs. Lippencotte and Grambo's pamphlet, that he is not quite such a fine fellow as he imagines himself to be, nor his family quite so orderly or well principled as he imagines.

We can prove from our own books, which have been very well brought up lately by Mr. Smith,* that, as far as we are concerned, our balance sheet is a better one than Brother Jonathan's.—Let us compare figures, if but to satisfy you:—

"Every year adds more than a quarter of a million of the population of the old world to the new. The sedate and prudent Englishman, the impulsive Irishman, the volatile Frenchman, and the plodding German, all rush to our "fresh fields and pastures new;" but they are soon caught up and absorbed by the influences around them, and long before the second generation, they are dashed forward with the prevailing activity. They forget the stale habits of thought, and of manner, which they left behind them, and they soon exhibit as much eagerness, courage and enterprise, as the "oldest inhabitant." Thus, an incessant bustle and tumult comes to characterize our society; a noise of awakening life and busy preparation; of vast industrial hosts going forth to battle with the stormy elements, and stubborn glebe; of a young, hardy, glowing nation, putting in order and embellishing the homes of uncounted millions yet to come. In comparison with this universal mobility, the slow advances of Europe seem like the decrepit and tottering steps of an old man, whose life, rich though it be, is hidden in the dim past; while we are the supple and smart youth, radiant with the flushes of undisciplined vigor, and rushing impulsively on to a future filled with images of increasing splendor and power. The most favored portions of Europe grow only at the rate of 1½ per cent. per annum, while we grow at the rate of 3½—say the figures.

"Figures are unhandsome things to introduce into polite writing—and very dull too—but they are unfortunately often necessary in this arithmetical world. Pardon me, therefore, if I subjoin a few for your enlightenment—they relate only to the past, present, and future population of the United States. Skip them, if they are disagreeable.

Year.	Population.
1850	23,138,004
1875	46,276,008
1900	92,552,016

"Supposing population to double every twenty-five years, which is less than the actual rate of increase. Thus, you find, that the child is living who will see one hundred millions of brother freemen on this side of the Atlantic."

Just one moment, Major, out of the "one hundred millions of brother freemen," how many will there be, do you suppose, who, because they are not quite so white as Brother Jonathan, will be, not *brother freemen*, but *chattels*.

"Well, having before you the scene and the actors—an open, broad theatre, and a free, energetic people in the possession of it—the next point, that interests us, is how the play is going forward. We are democrats, operating unobstructedly under mere democratic impulses, with an almost unlimited space to operate in—what, thus far, are the results?"

Here again, Major, we will, before going into Brother Jonathan's results, submit for your inspection a few statements respecting ourselves, and, for the sake of securing all possible exactness, we will take Mr. Smith's figures as quoted by Mr. Lillie. We will just put aside Jonathan's result of figures for a few moments:

"Between 1824 (from which period the calculations agree) and 1834, a rise takes place from 151,097 to 320,693; which is doubling in ten years, with 18,499 over. The next fourteen years bring us up from 320,693 to 791,000—the return for 1850. Within the brief space of a quarter of a century there is an advance from 151,097 to 791,000; which gives us at the close of that period over five times our population at its beginning—more than ten times our population in 1811, or according to Smith, close upon ten times that of 1806.

"Lower Canada during the same time, rose from 423,630 to 791,000; the same number with the Upper Province; being an increase of nearly 90 per cent.

"Taking Canada as a whole its population has increased from 60,000 to 1,582,000 in 90 years. Hence in 1850 it was over 26 times what it was in 1760; more considerably than 2½ times what it was in 1815, when it numbered 581,657.

What "availeth" it, some of us peevishly exclaim, that we are growing at a rate which cannot be denied to be rapid, so long as our neighbors on the other side of the Line are so far outstripping us? How far do you con-

* Vide Smith's Canada.
A re-issue of this truly valuable work has just appeared. —And a well finished map illustrated with statistics and views of the principal Canadian towns, is presented gratuitously to all purchasers.

ceive are they outstripping us? Let us look at the facts, however terrible they may prove to be. Wise men hold it well in very bad cases to know the worst.

Compare we then Upper Canada, first with the Free States of the Union, then with the State of New York, and lastly with Ohio, Michigan, and Illinois conjoined; and see what the result will be.

"According to the American Almanac for 1851, page 212, and "The World's Progress" (a "Dictionary of Dates" published by Putnam of New York in 1851) page 481, the free population of the United States, was, in 1800, 5,305,925. The latter work, (Appendix. p. 704) states it to amount to 20,250,000 in 1851, In 1810 it was 7,239,814, (page 481.

"Thus it is in 1850 about (not quite) four times what it was at the commencement of the century; while Upper Canada contains, as we have seen, over ten times the population it possessed in 1811; or, at the lowest calculation, ten times its amonnt in 1806. The slow growth therefore turns out to be a rate of progress not much under thrice that of our neighbors who are supposed to be moving ahead of us so fast. Slow growth this of rather an anomalous description. Taking the ten years between 1840 and 1850, the difference is less: though during that time we have advanced at a rate fully twice that of the Free States, whose increase has been 45 per cent. (that of the whole states being 33½; World's Progress, p. 704), while ours has been 94 or 95 per cent.

"In Lower Canada the increase for the thirteen years between 1831 and 1844 was nearly 35 per cent.—to wit, 34·94 (Scobie's Almanac 1850, p. 53.) An increase of 50 per cent. has taken place within the last seven years in the county of Quebec; which has advanced from 12,800 to 19,074 in 1851.

"Let us turn now to the State of New York, one of the best in the Union. That State contained in

1810	959,000	Inhabitants.
1820	1,372,812	do.
1840	2,428,921	do.
1850	3,200,000	do.

[World's Progress, pp. 443, 704.]

"In 1850 its population is thus 3⅓ times (a trifle over) what it was forty years before, that of Upper Canada being in the same year close upon 8½ times what Smith makes it in 1814; or over ten times its amount in 1811, as stated by the Board of Registration.

It is, however, towards the west the tide is flowing, let us pass with it and mark the results.

For the purpose of comparison we have chosen the States of Ohio, Michigan, and Illinois combined, chiefly for these two reasons; first, because they have been, we believe, among the most rapid in their growth—sufficiently rapid at all events to make the comparison fair for the West; and secondly, because our statistics enable us to take in a longer period than we could have done in the case of some other states which we should else have been disposed to include.

"Availing ourselves once more of the aid of our old friend "The World's Progress," we ascertain the united population of these three states to have been in 1810, 247,570—namely, Ohio, 230,760; Michigan, 4,528; and Illinois, 12,282. They stand as follows in 1850—Ohio, 2,200,000; Michigan, 305,000; and Illinois, 1,000,000: in all 3,505,006, or fourteen one-sixth times their numbers, forty years before. This assuredly is a splendid increase; enough, and more than enough to justify the most glowing of the descriptions we hear of what the West is to become."

How will poor Canada West stand in comparison now? Let us see.

"As already observed the Board of Registration and statistics gives the population of Upper Canada as 77,000 in 1811. Between that and 1850, when it is set down at 791,000, there intervenes a period of 39 years, within which we have an advance of close upon thirteen times (twelve six-sevenths) to set over against fourteen one-sixth times in 40 years. Does not this bring them sufficiently near to prevent their despising one another; to make them regard one another with respect and interest?

"Here, it will be observed, the statement of the Board of Registration is followed. Should it it be objected that Mr. Smith makes the numbers larger in the earlier period, being unwilling to question the accuracy of that gentleman, who has evidently taken great pains to inform himself, and produced a work eminently reliable—thereby laying the community under an obligation, of which, I trust, they will show their appreciation in the proper way;—I know only one satisfactory method of disposing of the difficulty, namely, to take as the basis of comparison a period at which the representations substantially coincide.

"For 1810 then let us substitute 1830, which will allow twenty years for development and comparison. In that year Ohio, Michigan and Illinois contained in all 1,126,851 inhabitants: Ohio numbering 937,637; Michigan 31,639. and Illinois 157,575. Hence the number in 1850 (3,505,000) was three and one-fifth or one-sixth times that of 1830.

Canada West contained in 1830, 210,437. Twenty years after, namely in 1850 (1849, Smith) it numbers as we have seen, 791,000—over three and three-fourth times what it did in the former year; which makes the scale descend handsomely in our favor.

Thus it turns out that Canada West is advancing at a rate fully equal to that of the best of the Western States.

These comparisons, triumphantly as it has come out of them, can hardly be denied to be unfair to Upper Canada, or at all events to stretch fairness to its utmost limit; because

they set selected portions of the States against her as a whole, and because the Western States are growing, to the extent of the native portion of the immigration, at the expense of the others. Of the increase of the Western States a large portion consists not of additions to the country as a whole, but of mere removals from one part of it to another; while the increase shewn to have taken place in Canada West, is an increase on the whole. To return again, however, to our iriend, Jonathan :—

"I will begin the answer, where every thing human begins, with our physical and external relations to the earth and man. Our gross annual product in 1851, was $2,445,300,000; that of Great Britain, as given by Spachman in 1846, was $1,182,221236. Other staticians have made the amount much larger than this, but, as I think without sufficient grounds.

"Here also is a table, corrected from the *Belfast Mercantile Journal*, which shows the amount of the shipping and tonnage, entered and cleared by the leading nations of the world.

	Entered.		Cleared.	
Countries.	Tons.	Vessels.	Tons.	Vessels.
Great Britain,	6,113.696	31,249	5,906,978	29.011
United States,	4,993.440	29,710	5,130.054	29.986
France - - -	1,837,291	15.264	1,430.035	13,868
Russia - - -	1,323.080	6,401	1,177,994	6,197
Netherlands -	1,099.771	6.959	1,136.864	7,017
Norway - -	772,885	7,969	806,766	8,163

"But of the vessels and tonnage which belong exclusively to each of these nations, the following statement will give a clearer account:—

Countries.	Tons.	Vessels.
Great Britain - - - -	4.144,145	24,090
United States - - -	3,772,439	18.225
France - - - - - -	595,344	13,679
Russia- - - - - -	100,000	750
Netherlands - - - -	396.924	1,793
Norway - - - - -	337,058	3,064

"It will thus be seen that the United States are close under the lee of Great Britain, and far in advance of all other nations; but at the comparative rates of increase of these two leaders, it will only take us five years to get the start of Great Britain!

"Of the rate at which our import and export trade, with our tonnage, increases, the subjoined comparison of two separate dates, will convey some instructive hints:

Years.	Imports,	Exports.	Tonnage.
1842	100,162.087	104.691,534	2,092,391
1851	223,405,272	217,523,201	3,772,439

"Or, in other words, our exports and imports have more than doubled in value in ten years, and our tonnage nearly doubled.

"The steam marine of Great Britain was reckoned in 1850, at 1,200 vessels, including ferry boats and canal barges; that of the United States in 1851, was 1,489, which were divided as follows:—Ocean steamers 95, tonnage 91,475; propellers 119, tonnage 27,974; ferry boats 130, tonnage 22,744; first class river steamers 1,145, tonnage 275,000. Other computations make the number of steamers 1,800, but I prefer the lowest statement. At the same time, I forbear any comparison of the respective merits, as to speed and beauty, between the different descriptions of vessels in the two nations.

"But the growth of our internal communications, in other respects, are quite as worthy of note. On the first of January, 1853, there were in the United States, 13,219 miles of completed rail-road, 12,928 miles of railroad in various stages of progress, and about 7,000 miles in the hands of the engineers, which will be built within the next three or four years—making a total of 33,155 miles of rail-road which will soon traverse the country, and which, at an average cost of $30,000 (a well ascertained average) for each mile of road, including equipments &c., will have consumed a capital amounting to $994,650,000, as follows:

13.227	miles completed - - - -	$396,810.000
12,929	miles in progress - - - -	387,840,000
7,000	miles under survey - - -	210,000,000
33,155	Total -	$994,650,000

or in round numbers—$1,000,000,000—one billion of dollars: a sum which, at six per cent., would yield $60,000,000 annually, or more than sufficient to cover all the expenses of the United States government and of the governments of every State composing the United States—if administered with republican economy.

"Now compare with the foregoing, what has been done in the railroad line abroad. Here is a statement from late received authorities:

	Miles.	Aggregate.	Cost per Mile.
Great Britain and Ireland	6,800	$1,213,000,000	$177,000
German States, including Prussia and Austria.	5,332	325,875,000	61,000
France - - -	2.518	338,905,000	254,000
Belgium - - -	532	46.288.000	39,000
Russia - - - - -	700	35 000.000	75,000
Italy - - - - - -	170	15,000.000	88,000
	16,142	$2,159,068,000	

"The canals of the United States are 5,000, miles in length; the electric telegraph wires 16,000; and the rivers actually navigated 47,355 miles by the shore line.

"It is worth while to remark, that these successes refer only to the developements of the past, and insufficiently indicate the more accelerated and prodigious strides we shall make in the future. They have been achieved in the midst of difficulties of every kind—difficulties incident to the want of wealth, of machinery, of skill, and of a knowledge of the best industrial methods. But in the future these defects will be repaired; every new discovery in practical art will quicken the passage to others, and the attainment of accumulated capital will put within our command resources that are now utterly beyond our reach. Our people have already spread themselves over the long extent of the Pacific coast, and are opening new springs and channels of trade in these vast and fertile regions. They will soon enter into the competition for the opulent trade of the East. A ship canal across the Isthmus of Panama, or a railroad to California from the Mississippi Valley—projects now vehemently agitated—will bring us nearly two thousand miles nearer to China and the East Indies, than any of the nations which have heretofore possessed the lucrative trade of Asia. What the result must be, as well upon the reduction

of the commerce of other nations as upon the growth of our own, no one who comprehends the increasing and indomitable enterprise of the Americans need be told.

"It behoves England especially to take this suggestion into profound consideration. With an ambition on the part of Russia, to extend her possessions down to the Mediterranean, so as to form a complete barrier to European trade in Asia, she has a vital interest in this movement. Should the despotic powers of the continent cut off or interrupt the possibility of her overland communication with the prolific magazines of Southern and Eastern Asia, England will have none but the old routes of travel left her, in which event, the route across America would soon absorb the entire trade of the east. As the Argosies of the East once passed from Venice and the Italian Republics into her own hands, so they may hereafter pass from hers into those of the western world. But this is anticipating!

"You are a sensible man, John; no man more so; and will appreciate these facts, which I italicize, to impress them on your mind. *Our annual product surpasses that of Great Beitain; our domestic commerce also surpasses yours; our foreign tonnage is almost equal to yours, and in five years will be greater than yours; our means of internal communication by railroad equal yours, with the Continent thrown in; our telegraphic lines exceed yours, by nearly the same measure; and in every other physical element of national superiority we can well consent to hold the candle to you.*

Jonathan does not add—I presume his modesty alone prevents it—that all this, too, has been done without the aid of European men and money; and that to "inventive, intelligent, daring, invincible, and sound-principled Americans" alone are the praise, honor, and glory to be ascribed. Who refused to allow Irishmen to assist in our public works? Invincible Jonathans! Who spurned the loan of English gold? intelligent, well-principled republicans. Who have no equals in the world for the dexterity with which they wield the pickaxe and the spade? same response! Who can with truth boast that, in all their manufactories and workshops, to native talent alone are they indebted? inventive Yankees! Who are daily, from their simplicity of heart and honesty of purpose, in all trading transactions becoming the victims of calculating Palanders? the innocent down-easters with swallow-tailed coats!—and so, *ad infinitum*, might the instances be multiplied where Jonathan is victimized. One mere question remains for Jonathan to ask. Who are always the foremost to recognize benefits conferred, and who are so impatient under *obligations or bonds, whether pecuniary or otherwise*, that they invariably get rid of them *somehow?* Men with an *unexampled adaptability to circumstances!*

"Let our neighbors the despots know this, will you? and tell them, too, not to be so shallow as to try to account for this vast and increasing prosperity, as they have hitherto done, by ascribing it to the extent of our landed possessions. Russia has land enough in all conscience; is a young nation, moreover; yet Russia cannot compare with us, in solid and swift developement. Your Colony of Lower Canada has plenty of land; but how far it lags behind the States which are only separated by a river! There is a whole continent of fertile land in South America, but where is the population, the trade, the thrift, the peace? No! this land theory will not suffice; it cannot hold water: and it were better for your aforesaid neighbors to concede at once, that we are what we are, because of those free institutions, which give the reins without a curb, to the native enterprise of the people. We are prosperous because we are free, as every nation is prosperous just to the extent of its freedom, which is so abundantly evinced by your own history.

"It must be confessed, however, that a nation's, like a man's life, 'consisteth not in the abundance of the things that it possesses.' All the wealth of the world would do us no good, if it were unaccompanied by the richer treasures of intelligence, virtue, and religion. It is a part of my task, therefore, to show the effects which democracy has had upon these; and, I think, in pursuance of it, I shall be able to make it clear that we are about as well-educated, moral and orderly a people as you can find; or in other words, that our intellectual, social, and religious progress has kept pace with our physical developement."

We need not say anything more abont Jonathan's possession of these qualities—poor fellow, we do not wish to be too severe on him, and, as in the former part of our letter we touched on the subject already, we will not again bring it forward, *especially* as we have no room just at present, and must defer to next month the proof that, while Brother Jonathan is boasting of his superiority, we are in reality, surely, and not slowly, laying the foundation of the power, which will in time to come balance the influence possessed by the States —should that power not have crumbled into smaller states long ere that period.

Till next month, dear Major, farewell.

A DEAD CERTAINTY.—Mr. Naysmith has been promising to endow England with a new "destructive engine." We doubt if it can be half so destructive as the railway engines England has already got.

PRECIOUS POULTRY.—Hens rear ducklings; but the price of Cochin China fowls is so enormous, that their chickens can only be raised by geese.

MAXIM FOR THE ADMIRALTY.—You may take a ship to the water, but you can't make it swim.

THE CANKER ROSE AND THE THORN.

A LEGEND OF HELMSLEY HALL.

"But my fause luve he staw my rose,
And O! he left the thorn wi' me."
Burns.

It was a lovely May eve. Nature rejoicing in her beauty and fragrance, seemed loth to withdraw the brightness of her face from the fair, flowery earth. The dewy air was loaded with the perfume of roses and blossoms of every tint, a happy murmur came from the leafy boughs, and songs of birds mingled with the rush of a bright streamlet that cut its way through the smooth shaven turf, soothed the spirit and charmed the ear. On such an eve as this, two lovers paced the margin of the stream with arms fondly entwined. There was an air of troubled sadness in the countenance of the young female—of stern and manly daring in that of her companion, mingled with an expression of fond and passionate affection for the fair girl beside him. For some minutes they walked on in silence—that silence which is often more eloquent than words,—it was first broken by the young girl—

"And now Walter—my Walter,—we must part! it was for this we met. We are parting, perhaps, for ever, and you will forget me in the change of scene; in foreign climes, amid the bustle of the camp. You will think of me for a few weeks—a few months, and then—forget me."

"Eleanor, is this your love? Is it kind thus to embitter the last few minutes that we may be together, with doubts and jealous fears?—True love is trusting."

"Who have I on earth but you to love? Who has ever loved me as you have done—my only friend in adversity and sorrow. When the world frowned upon me, you only smiled, soothed and cheered me."

"How can I forget you? my all in life, my first, best, only love!" He stopped and gazed tenderly, but reproachfully, into her eyes,—they responded sadly to his glance.

"Forgive me, dearest Walter, if I have pained you. I was thinking of my dream, and a yet more singular circumstance, in its partial fulfilment."

"I know you are fanciful, and deal much in the vain theory of sympathies, and dreams, and warnings.—Tell me your dream?"

"It was simple, Walter, but it pained me, and the thought still dwells on my mind—the conviction that it will ultimately be fulfilled haunts me. If I tell it you will laugh at me."

"Tell it. I will not laugh—I am in no merry mood," he gravely replied.

"I dreamed that I was walking in the rose-walk, with you, dearest, at my side. I bade you gather me a rose to place within my girdle.—You plucked a half-blown bud, and gave it to me hastily—a thorn pierced my finger and made it bleed.—I took it from my bosom again pettishly, and perceived as I did so, that the canker-worm had eaten to the heart of the rose.—I was grieved, and wakened to muse upon my dream."

"Silly girl!—and what more?"

"Yesterday you were walking in the garden with me, the two Evelyns were with us—we were in the rose-alley; you gallantly plucked roses for *them*—you gave me none. I noticed the omission—you hastily snatched a bud from the bush and placed it in my hand, a thorn lacerated my finger—see here is the wound; I looked upon the bud—a canker was in its very core. The thorn and the canker dwelt upon my mind. Was it not a singular coincidence?"

"A mere coincidence, favored by your fancy. You are too imaginative, Eleanor; check this weakness, lest it prove your bane. We have other things to talk of to-night, than an idle dream."

A cloud darkened the brow of Walter Tyrrel, as he said these words. There was something harsh and unloving in the tones of her lover's voice, that smote the ear of Eleanor Danvers. The thorn was already rankling in her heart.

The lovers parted that evening, with many vows and protestations on the part of the young soldier, to love on—love ever. Eleanor said less but felt more; hers had been no summer love—"like winter's sun it rose in tears," like it, was destined to set in clouds and darkness.

Time rolled on, and in its course brought many changes. Walter Tyrrel had run a noble career in arms, on many a well fought field in Spain his blood had been shed. The world smiled on the young warrior. The dark-eyed daughters of Spain had also smiled upon him. Honors poured upon the poor friendless grandson of the curate of Ashfield, he was now an officer of high rank in the service,—but the love of his youth, his faithful true-hearted Eleanor was forgotten; the canker-worm was in the rose, the thorn was lacerating her heart.

And now we pass an interval of ten long years: the girl of seventeen was matured into the woman of seven and twenty,—many had sought her hand in marriage, but none had won her love. Of Walter Tyrrel she had long lost all trace, she fondly mourned him as dead, and trusting, vainly believed that her name was on his lips when he met a soldier's fate on the battle field.

It was about this period that Eleanor received

a kind and pressing invitation from a noble relative residing at Helmsley Hall, to share in the festivities of her cousin Matilda's bridal. Among the groups of graceful, lively, English girls that moved so joyously among the terraced walks and flowery parterres of the garden at Helmsley, there were not two more distinguished beauties than Matilda Hammerton and her cousin Eleanor, but there was a marked difference between the cousins; Matilda was fair and sylph-like, her eyes were blue and joyful, she looked so radiantly happy as if a cloud had never dimmed the sunshine of her life; but in the large, dark eyes, classic outline, and purely pale complexion of Eleanor there was an expression of something allied to melancholy, on which the eye of the beholder would rest with more than common interest, and sometimes wonder at its quiet sadness.

Eleanor had heard much from her cousin in praise of the bridegroom elect, the noble handsome, gallant Sir Walter D'Eyncourt, and with feelings of more than common curiosity she awaited the arrival of the object of her cousin's love.

The lively bride, with her sisters and bride's-maids, were assembled on the lawn and on the balcony, to meet and welcome Sir Walter as the carriage drove up to the hall.

An expression of surprise, and suddenly suppressed emotion, on the part of Sir Walter, was met by a glance, something akin to despair and horror, on that of Eleanor Danvers, as, bowing low before her to conceal his confusion,he returned the introductory greeting with the cousin of his betrothed.

Pale, statue-like, her arms tightly folded across her heart as if to keep down its agonizing throbbing, stood the unfortunate victim of forgotten love. How shall we describe the feelings of the deserted one as she withdrew from the painful sight of her cousin's joyful raptures. The thorn was piercing to her inmost heart, the canker worm was destroying the silken folds of the rose. Alas! for human love, for it also hides in its depths the seeds of human woe.

Ten years had passed since they parted in the garden at Ashfield Priory—and how had they met? No longer the young, the loving Walter Tyrel, the obscure grandson of the old curate, but the admired, the courted of all beholders, the fortunate heir of Sir Walter D'Eyncourt, a distant relative, whose name he had taken when he inherited his wealth, and now the affianced husband of her cousin—a beauty and an heiress. Alas! for man's ambition and woman's love. In her heart his image had been hidden, as an idol in a shrine, holy, untouched, locked up from every eye but her's, the poor, trusting devotee.

Unable to endure the eye even of her attendant, the unhappy Eleanor left her chamber, and wandered forth in the twilight; there, cast down upon the grass beneath the overhanging shade of boughs, in a lonely recess in the garden, she vented her anguish.

A tall figure approaches through the gloom,—the pulse of her aching heart seemed stopped,—that tall majestic form that bends to lift her from the ground, is the same Walter on whose arm she once had hung so fondly.

"I did not think, Eleanor, that we should thus have met," he said in deep tones. "My Eleanor look up."

"Call me not yours," she said, in chiding accents, "we have met in an evil hour—met but to part for ever."

"It had been better, indeed, that we had never met, or never parted," he said. "But it must be so,—and I must sacrifice my once beloved one to my ambition. I cannot now retrace my steps, or break my vow to Matilda,—you see the impossibility of *that.*" He paused—

"Do not part from her now, it would break her heart—mine is already broken," hurriedly responded his companion. "But what matters it to you? Sir Walter D'Eyncourt. You will have a younger, a fairer, and a richer bride.—One who loves you, but not as I have loved you—in poverty, in sorrow, through good report and through ill report—she has loved you in sunshine, I in storm—and thus am I requited."

There was a darker shade on the brow of Sir Walter.—Yes, she, that broken-hearted woman who now bent beneath his stern, cold glance, as a snow-drop beaten down by the hail-storm of winter, had been long years ago his only friend and comforter, had clung to him in adverse fortune, cheered and sustained him by her smiles, had been his guiding star in the stormy path of life,—and how was she requited. How was her dream of faithful love dispelled when he spoke to her of his bride, and even dared to bid her command her feelings, for his sake, and take her part in the approaching ceremony as her cousin's bridesmaid.

With dull apathy she listened to his request,—the words rang in her ears, but she seemed unable fully to comprehend the meaning of his words. With fixed, expanded eyes she gazed upon him.

Alarmed at her strange, ghastly look, and passionless manner, Sir Walter took her icy hand in his. "Eleanor," he said "we have a part to play in this sad drama of life—you must forget that we have ever loved, that we even met."

She answered only by one deep, heavy sigh,—the sound smote on the ear of Sir Walter, the muscles of his face moved convulsively. He pressed her icy hands in his, but she proudly withdrew them, and waved him from her. Awed by the dignity of her despair he dared not again look upon that marble tearless face, those eyes from which no tear-drop fell.

The man of the world smothered the remorseful feeling that had been awakened in his heart. She is yet young,—yet lovely, she will call up her woman's pride to smother this dream of early love—the romantic creation of her fancy. Thus argued the sophist as he retraced his steps, and once more sought the side of his betrothed.

Of Eleanor he saw no more that night. The bridal morn dawned gloriously,—never had the villagers of Helmsley seen so gay a pageant, every face was decked with smiles, and flowers were strewed, and bells rung joyously. Two and two came the bride's-maids, and groom's-men. The bride, radiant in beauty and happiness chastened by tender emotions, was the centre of attraction. One alone was marked by her striking contrast to the rest of the happy group that surrounded the altar.

This one was Eleanor Danvors—a deadly pallor was on her brow, her lips were white and closely compressed; her raven hair fell in heavy masses on her ashy cheek, damp and uncurled, from beneath the white veil and chaplet of white roses which she wore.—A strange unearthly glare was in her dark eyes, and once she reeled with dizzy movement as if she would have fallen.

"It is nothing," she said, and faintly smiled as her companions whispered their fears that she was ill. "I shall be better soon," she said, "the pang is past."

That night who so gay as she among the dancers. Sir Walter D'Eyncourt watched her with stolen anxious glances—was her gaiety feigned, or had her pride come to her aid to heal her sorrows.

Once, when they met in the mazes of the dance he pressed her hand, but she recoiled from his touch as from an adder, or some deadly thing, and his eye sank beneath the look that met his—it spoke volumes of concentrated anguish, of stern resolve and bitter withering scorn.—How had a few short hours turned the deep fount of tenderness to gall within her breast.

The night was far advanced, the bride had left the ball-room, the revellers one by one were retiring from the banquetting hall.—Suddenly a cry was heard, so wild and peircing that it rose above all other sounds; it fell upon the ears of the astonished guests with terrible distinctness—then there were hurrying feet and a wild tumult in the gallery above the council hall,—for an instant the ghastly form of Eleanor Danvors was seen poised on the stone balustrade, her long black tresses, divested of the chaplet and veil, hung all disheveled round her fair neck and shoulders, her garments were disordered, and her pale face and wildly glancing eyes bespoke the fearful state of mental agony to which that fierce conflict of grief had reduced her.—That thrilling cry was echoed back by the horror-stricken spectators as she cast herself down upon the pavement below.

And still the superstitious peasantry declare, though nearly a century has passed over, that the cry of the broken-hearted may be heard at midnight, and her form, clothed in white garments, may be seen hovering like a bird with outstretched wings in the gallery above the council hall. Sir Walter D'Eyncourt left the country with his bride, and though he lived to be an aged man was never seen to smile. The canker and the thorn was transferred to his own heart

Oaklands, Rice Lake. C. P. T.

THE INFANT.

I saw an infant—health, and joy, and light
Bloomed on its cheek and sparkled in its eye,
And its fond mother stood delighted by,
To see its morn of being dawn so bright.
Again I saw it when the withering blight
Of pale disease had fallen, moaning lie
On that sad mother's breast: stern death was nigh,
And life's young wings were fluttering for their flight.
Last I beheld it stretched upon the bier,
Like a fair flower untimely snatched away,
Calm and unconscious of its mother's tear,
Which on its marble cheek unheeded lay,
But on its lips the unearthly smile expressed,
Oh! happy child! untried and early blest.

Agnes Strickland.

Rydon Hall.

A short Theatrical Catechism.—Q. What order do the Press Orders belong to?

A. The order of the Fleece.

A Youthful Party.—Six admirals dined together one day last week at Portsmouth, and their united ages amounted to 556 years. The youngest of the party, who was not more than 73, is anxiously waiting for his turn to be called into active service. It is strongly feared by his friends, however, that his age will stand materially in his way, as he is considered far too young at present to be appointed to any responsible post. The other admirals join their ships (gout permitting) in a few days.

THE TURNING-POINT IN MY LIFE.

A RETROSPECT.

To-day I am eight-and-twenty. A birthday always disposes me to retrospection: and though still very far from even the half-way point in the journey of life, I feel disposed to take a backward view of the path already trodden.

It was precisely ten years ago—on my eighteenth birthday—that the conviction thrust iteslf upon my mind that I had lost my heart-freedom—that I was in love. I struggled against the belief in vain; it was forced upon me; and I received it at length with an intense bitterness of spirit, as I would have received some inevitable but galling humiliation. I had no hope of a return; and worse than all, I had a stinging consciousness that I deserved none.

Undeserving, I, an heiress with wit and beauty! undeserving of one who doubled my age, who possessed not a tenth of my wealth, who had won his hardly-gained position by his own personal exertions! I, whom so many strove to win,—the centre of a little court, the Corinne in my own sphere, the mark for envy and for admiration, not worthy of the quiet, taciturn, undesirable, Mr. Oliphant! There seemed a mockery in it. How gladly would I have persuaded myself that there was! I went up to my glass. I was beautiful; that was absolute truth, no lying flattery to please the ear of an heiress. But what availed my beauty with one whose eye had penetrated within, and who, seeing self the deity, and vanity the master-passion, shrank from my "mere beauty" as from the whited sepulchres which cover dust and corruption?

I turned away from the glass and thought over my gifts and accomplishments. But what was it to me that artists glanced at my sketches admiringly, and that German professors drew their chairs to my piano with prospective delight radiant in every line of their critical features? What was it to me that ears and eyes disciplined by the masters of the stage followed my impassioned recitations with enthusiastic approval? Nothing! Absolutely nothing! And if I had had admiration still more universal, and homage still more exciting, it would still have been valueless so long as one drew back and refused to worship with the rest.

My father was a rich city merchant, and I his only child. I had the misfortune to lose my mother in my third year, and up to nine years of age passed my life in the nursery, under the eye of a fond, but fatally injudicious aunt. With ill-judged kindness she had made it the principle of her conduct "that poor Ada's child should be thwarted in nothing." I reaped the inevitable fruits. Naturally selfish and vehement—tendencies which might, under proper discipline, have been eradicated or regulated, grew rank and strong, and struck their roots into the very core of my heart,—I grew in time beyond my aunt's control, and was sent to school. My training was not much better here. I was an heiress, and had abilities above the common; and with this in my favour, my teachers were not rigorous. A boarding-school, too, is more frequently the soil where evil is planted than where the roots of it are torn up. Intellectual culture helped me, however. My trained perceptions discovered that there is beauty in goodness, and dignity in self-denial. From various sources I gathered fine theories of moral excellence; and at times my own heart swelled with impassioned but transient aspirations after their realization.

Before I left school I was conscious of a void in my existence; the primary want of humanity was already crying within me; I was on the search for happiness. My nature was an ardent one; I looked forward to getting what I wanted when I left school and was mistress of myself.

At seventeen I made my trial. I was the head of my father's house, and free to do whatever I pleased. I started with many advantages. I had wealth, beauty, and youth. To aid my natural capabilities I had received every possible advantage; and, having exhausted the resources of my own country, I had spent the last twelve months at a high class-school at Paris, to get the conventional touch of perfection to my education. I brought back with me a thorough knowledge of French, ease, style, and unhesitating confidence in my own powers.

My father's circle of friends was large, and I increased it. Willing to exert all my fascination, I dazzled society. I wanted something absolute and tangible, and I tried admiration. I had my fill of it. I was wondered at, envied, censured, imitated. I was everywhere sought after, everywhere talked of. Every night was a triumph, a fresh draught of the intoxication of adulation and homage

For a time I thought my point was gained, and fancied myself happy; but after a while I was surfeited with praise, and looked about for some novel stimulant. I found it. There was one who did not praise me, who refused to admire. Inflated by ready conquests and universal regard, I resented this fact almost as a wrong. Mr. Oliphant defrauded me of my right. I made up my mind to win or force that which he would not give.

Mr. Oliphant was a barrister by profession; an old friend of my father; and was very fond of relating the history of his early struggles with fortune. However, he had won the day; he had gained an honourable position at six-and-thirty, and had a high moral and intellectual reputation. But in society he did not deign to shine; it seemed his business rather to observe others than to show himself. As he observed all his fellow-beings, so he observed me; but with a silent gravity which seemed to express disapprobation. This piqued my pride. I knew him to be intellectual—far above many of my brilliant associates; and his good opinion was worth having.

"If he had given me that," I said to myself in the insolent triumph of my charms, "I would have been content; now I will have his heart."

I tried for it. I passed every accomplishment in array before him. I played for his ear; I sang to his taste; I deferred to his judgments. In vain! Personal vanity was not his stronghold; and the siege was useless. The difficulty of the pursuit stimulated me, and I went further still.

One evening, after I had been urged to a recitation of the *Marseillaise*, after the manner of the French actress Rachel, I sat down on the same sofa where Mr. Oliphant was sitting. It was in an obscure corner of the room; and I really wished to escape from the plaudits I had raised. I was

in a state of high excitement; my cheeks flushed, eyes glowing still with the fury I had feigned, and every pulse throbbing. Mr. Oliphant turned away his eyes from my face with an expression of pain. I felt humiliated.

"Mr. Oliphant," I said, "would you give me anything for the pleasures and gratifications you would take away?"

"Yes," he returned; "if I could, I would give you your own self-respect, which you have not now, and the heart to live as a rational, accountable creature should."

"Oh! I know," I exclaimed, "that you despise me; that all must who are like you; but what is the use of longing to be different? No one lends me a helping hand."

At the moment I felt this. I caught a glimpse of how unwomanly and ignoble my frivolous, self-seeking life of display was; and a genuine aspiration stirred within me to get a step nearer his level.

He looked at me earnestly. I saw he mistrusted me; but this time my face bore his scrutiny. He seemed to reflect. Presently he said—"If, Ada, my friendship could serve you, I would willingly help you to step out of your present sphere into one a little wider—a little higher."

These words recalled me to myself. I might have momentary impulses after something better; but I had no settled purpose to give up my present mode of life. What was to take place? At this same time the idea flashed upon me, that now, at last, I might gain my point. If anything would win the heart of Oliphant, with his impossible principles, and lofty sense of duty, it would be for me to feign the disciple; to submit to his directions; to yield to his views; to learn his creed, and essay to practise it: there surely would be a charm in this relationship to which even he would yield.

I played my part well. I surrendered some of my favourite pleasures and most triumphant exhibitions, convinced by the cogency of his arguments. When interested he could be eloquent; and when he urged upon me noble considerations which were the base of his own practice, and advocated principles which I felt were alone adequate to the wants of humanity, it was not altogether hypocritical art which tinged my cheek and inspired my words. In truth, when directly under his influence, I was what I feigned to be; when he presented truth, I was a truth-seeker; when he described the ragged, but sublime path of duty, I fixed upon it an eye of desire.

Owing to this impressibility, I succeeded in deceiving myself as to the real worthlessness of my fundamental object. I hid myself from the self-contempt which his teachings were calculated to quicken.

Thus some time passed, and our seeming friendship appeared to thrive. The world explained my conduct as a new form of my allowed capriciousness; and some of my most intimate associates, whose support was necessary to my object, I let into my secret.

But I went too far; I was snared in my own net. Mr. Oliphant might feel a benignant friendship for the passionate, mistaken girl, who had plunged so recklessly into the vortex of life; but she herself, whose aim had been to subjugate a noble heart, in the very wantonness of coquetry, was conquered. I loved him.

I remember vividly the hour when I made this discovery. It was, as I have said before, my eighteenth birthday. My father being indisposed, instead of the usual party in honour of the day, I had consented to be alone with him. He had invited Mr. Oliphant to come in and cheer our rare solitude, if disengaged. He came. I never remembered to have spent a more delightful evening. I had the satisfaction of a light self-sacrifice, and Mr. Oliphant's presence supplied sufficient stimulus to make me exert my powers of pleasing. I thought, too, he felt the social animation of the scene; his fine face was unusually lighted up; his conversation, more lively than ordinary, had a double charm. In all this I read my fancied power. Had I known my own heart better, I might have been sure that even gratified vanity would not have produced so exquisite a thrill. Presently our conversation took a most familiar turn. My father, as he was wont to do, began to joke his guest about his bachelorhood. For some time Mr. Oliphant parried the raillery in the same strain; but presently he said more gravely:—

"I have made no vow against matrimony. When I meet with a woman who has the same purpose in life as myself, able and willing to lend me both sympathy and co-operation, then, should I be so happy as to win her, I will take your advice and marry at once; but not till then. I want a companion and friend: nothing short will content me."

The words fell upon my heart like lead. Obeying a sudden impulse I said, with extreme bitterness,—"You will never find what you want, Mr. Oliphant, to the end of your life!"

"Why not?" he asked, looking quietly at me.

"You require the impossible: no woman will ever reach your standard."

"I still hope," he returned, with a slightly heightened color, "though you doubtless think it is high time I abandoned hope. I should be sorry to doubt that simplicity and sincerity are rare qualities in your sex."

I made no answer. I was glad when the evening closed, and I was alone in my room. I dismissed my maid; locked the door; and gave way to a passion of tears. "Fool! fool!" I cried vehemently, "to think he would love me!" Oh, it was in vain, I could not deceive myself. I had yielded where I meant to force a surrender. Painful, bitter, as the truth was, I could not deny it. I loved him. As if in mockery, of my humiliation, and to increase my anguish, all that I knew of his nobility of character, of his sterling worth, of his firm integrity, intact amidst the trials of his profession, and of his tender forbearance with my many faults since childhood, rushed upon my mind. My imagination busied itself with the idea of what, had he loved me, I might have become. I stood amazed that I had ever cared to gather the suffrage of his inferiors; it seemed to me as though life had suddenly lost its savour. "I see his opinion of me. He has lent, as he imagined, a helping hand,—a word of advice,—to one who needed it; he would have done as much for any daughter of Eve. His seeming interest was nothing but principle and compassion; his 'companion' must stand on an infinitely higher level;

I should scarcely be worthy of his friendship—and for this I have given him my love!"

"Oh! I am rightly punished!" was the next bitter reflection. "It is Heaven's judgment that I feel what I would have inflicted."

I passed a miserable, sleepless night, trying in vain to calm my excitement. I could not reason myself out of my love, it was so reasonable; all that I could do was to trample it down under the feet of my pride—at least it was left to me to hide from him that I had the presumption to aspire to be his friend and companion. I dreaded lest he should have misinterpreted my late conduct; and yet I dreaded lest he should have read it aright. To be despised by him as a heartless coquette, or to be supposed a love-sick girl, soliciting the heart which had conquered hers,—both ideas were terrible. "Oh! he cannot know it yet; he never, never shall;" and the burning glow on my cheek seemed to dry up my tears.

There was a stern necessity laid upon me now. I would willingly have avoided Mr. Oliphant, but after our late intercourse I feared to do so. Still, occasionally, I was forced to seek his society,—to hear him converse; while every word or sentiment made its deepening impression. One day my father proposed taking me to hear a trial where the cause of the defendant was to be undertaken by his friend. I could not forego the temptation. I went. I heard right upheld against might, and with so resolute a tone, so convincing an eloquence, that that day it triumphed. Had I never admired, never loved Mr. Oliphant before, that day would have forced my heart. While his intellect commanded my admiration, his high morality and generosity of feeling drew towards him all the wavering good, all the fitful aspirations of my better nature.

"Had he loved me," thought I, "he might, perhaps, have made me worthy of him; he might have made transient emotions permanent, and strengthened moods into principles. But there is a wide chasm between us, and he does not care to lessen it."

From the stinging misery of my disappointment, I turned again to my former pleasures, and plunged into everything that promised excitement, with a recklessness that the world mistook for gaiety. Love failing me, I threw myself back again upon admiration, and threw off, in the unchecked exercise of every power that I possessed,—the few restraints which had formerly held me. "If he whose love I valued deemed me unworthy, better reduce me to the level of those who admired me."

Once or twice, Mr. Oliphant ventured to expostulate with me, but I could not bear it, and repulsed him haughtily. To know that, when he was present, his grave eyes followed every movement, with an anxious, pained expression, goaded me, by the law of contrariety, to fresh excesses. Even my indulgent father began to complain of my extravagance. My sarcasm cost me the favor of my friends, my lovers dropped their suit with a mistress so contemptuous. Added to that, I felt I was sinking lower, becoming more worldly, heartless and selfish. I passed bitter nights of self-condemnation, and yet, when the morning came, I rose to spend just such another day as the last.

One night I returned very late from the house of one of my fashionable acquaintances, and on entering the drawing-room, was surprised to see Mr. Oliphant sitting by the dying embers of the fire. I knew he had been going to spend the evening with my father, but had not expected to find him there alone at that hour. He rose somewhat abruptly at my entrance.

"You wonder to see me still here, Miss Elliott," he said with a passing smile, "but I have waited expressly to have the opportunity of speaking a few words with you."

He seemed embarrassed. I felt my heart beat. A wild idea—a momentary hope rose in my mind. I sat down to preserve the appearance of composure.

"To-morrow," he pursued, "I leave London for several months on important business. I do not wish to alarm you, Miss Elliott; but I am very much afraid I may not see my old friend again. Your father's health is rapidly declining; do I assume too much with one whom I have known from a child, if I venture to remind you how much he stands in need of your attention?"

I was silent. The reaction of his words was exquisitely painful both to my heart and pride, while every item of his explanation had a separate sting. He going! My father dying! He forced to call me back to duty!

"Ada," he said, "are you already displeased?"

"Already!" I repeated bitterly; "then you have something further to suggest?"

"What has changed you, Ada," he demanded, fixing his eyes on my face, ill-fitted to sustain the searching scrutiny; what has become of the sweet teachableness, the better feelings of so few months back? How have I offended you? How lost your esteem?"

His earnestness almost overcame me. I felt if I did not make an effort I should betray all.

"I have the reputation of caprice," I said, with a forced laugh. "I cannot explain it in any other way. To be serious occurred amongst other moods, and has passed away in its turn."

"I was deceived then; I believed you in earnest; I cannot consent to give up the belief. It seems to me as if *then* you showed your true self,—your *present* conduct strikes me as unnatural, as assumed. Throw off the disguise, Ada! Let me, before I go, see you like yourself."

He approached me as he spoke and took my hand. I withdrew it hastily; I feared lest he should perceive how I trembled. He turned abruptly away and began to walk up and down the room. The interview was getting too painful for me.

"Have you anything further to say!" I inquired at length.

"I wish I dared speak, Ada!" he returned with energy.

"No one, sir, controls your freedom," said I, gazing at his evident signs of emotion with astonishment, for I knew not how to render them. I would not a second time believe because I desired.

"Well then, I will speak. You shall listen to a dream, Ada; it had better out than burn inwardly. I have watched you with interest from a child. It was not your beauty nor your talents which attracted me so much as the existence of certain elements in your character which, I always believed, would in the end get the mastery of the

inferior, and help you to become what God meant you to be—a noble work. Occasionally, as a child, you would curb your high spirit, and bear a word of reproof from me. The human heart is very weak, Ada; perhaps it was this early amenability to my influence that first planted the seeds which have struck so deep. At least, I have loved you, Ada. In the height of your frivolity and gaiety, I fancied I saw beneath all the empty glitter and display, a heart capable of higher things,—a nature superior to the life you stooped to. It was necessary,—necessary to excuse to my own judgment the passion that was growing so strong.—Three months back, when you suffered me to resume the office of your earliest years—when you showed me yourself under an aspect even lovelier than I dared to hope——. But, Ada, I cannot describe the happiness,—the pure joy I felt. Not that I had any hope, except to see you worthy of yourself, and of one nearer your own level than I. Sometimes, I confess, deceived by your frank kindness. I —— yet no matter? you know all now, Ada. I will say nothing of what your inexplicable change has cost me, but nothing shall persuade me you were not then sincere. Now will you bear a word of advice from me!"

I made no answer. His words had bound me in a delicious spell, and I feared to break it. He repeated his last inquiry more gravely than before. This aroused me,—aroused me to a painful consciousness. What signifies the past? He did not say he loved me *now*. He urged no plea: asked no questions of my heart. I could not give what he had never begged to receive! No! no! Dignity, pride,—everything forbade that. Besides, he might be weak enough to love one he would be too wise to make his wife. Had I been fool enough to believe myself happy?

I was, however, forced to speak, for he translated my silence into displeasure. I gave him leave to say all he wished, and listened with every nerve at its tension. I felt, though he did not say it, that he never meant to see me again; his noble, earnest counsels,—his almost passionate expostulations, were those of one who would have no after-concern in the life he wished to direct.—At last all was said, and he had extracted from my lips a mechanical promise. He paused, as if to gather up his courage.

"Farewell! God bless you, Ada?" he said, with restrained vehemence; and resisting the impulse to kiss the hand he held, he let it drop, and turned to the door.

Then he was going for ever! Pride fell before passion, reserve before agony. I stretched out my arms as if to arrest his departure. "Oliphant," I cried, "I cannot let you go!"

The next moment I would have recalled my words; well for me that I could not recall them. That I had not sacrificed the happiness and safety of my life to a conventional scruple. He turned back; there was no mistaking the intonation of my voice.

One glance into my troubled, crimsoning face, and he clasped me in his arms. With his passionate kiss upon my lips, his fervent words in my ear, I did not defraud him of the confession he prayed for, and there was no shame now in the admission—"I love you."

Ten years have passed since then, and I have become accustomed to the happiness of being Oliphant's wife. Accustomed! yes: but it is to an even deeper and fuller flavour. With him my moral education began: happy for me, his kindly penetration detected something worthy of his care! I have not, however, under his guidance lost my distinctive character. I am still ambitious,—still aspiring; but my ambition has centred in becoming more worthy to be his friend and companion, and the teacher of his children; I aspire chiefly to keep true time with him in his untiring progression towards God and Heaven. Mine is the retrospect of gratitude,—the anticipation of love and happiness.—*Eliza Cook's Journal.*

IT WAS WRITTEN ON THE SAND.

It was written on the sand,
"Love cannot know decay;"—
The waves rose o'er the strand,
And love had passed away.
It was written on the sand,
"How firmly friends are tied;"—
Yet, traced by Friendship's hand,
How soon the impress died!
Written on the sand.

It was written on the sand,
"The world is full of truth,"
By a happy sportive band,—
Go search the spot, oh youth!
They are written on the sand,—
Our hopes, our joys, our fears,—
As the shores of life expand,
The waves are but our tears
Falling on the sand.

England's Best Defences.—If the whole length of the coast were defended by a good line of railway, with trains running at all hours, and garrisoned with an efficient corps of signalmen and guardsmen, picked from our worst managed railway companies, we are confident that Louis Napoleon would at once abandon all ambitious ideas of invading England, for to land an army on the coast in the teeth of such strong defences would be only to expose it to certain death. Once set the trains running, and not a Frenchman would be found to face the fearful danger, more especially if a set of "time tables" were published "by authority," at the same period. The only difficulty is, with the many contending claims, on what chairman or committee man of our numerous railway companies we should confer the proud honor of being appointed commander in chief of these most important fortifications. All claims, however, fairly considered, we think the preference should be given to the Oxford and Buckingham line. Under its signal care, or rather the want of it, England may be safely pronounced to be impregnable. The destructive powers of railway engines have been sufficiently tried upon Englishmen, and it is time now that those same engines of destruction should be turned a little against our foes. We will pay the damages of the next railway accident, if, with such defences on our coast to receive an invading army, a man of it leaves the island alive!

SEDERUNT IX.

[*The Major and Laird are discovered standing on the Lake shore.*]

Laird.—Whaur's our Palinurus? I thocht he wad be here wi' his new fangled boat afore this time, what dis he mean by keeping twa decent bodies in the cauld in sic like a fashion.

Major.—A little patience, Laird, even now, I see something looming in the distance and rapidly approaching.

[*The Doctor and a friend are seen approaching the shore in an ice boat, under full sail.*]

Doctor.—Are you all ready? sit there, Laird, and look sharp for your head when we go about, or jibe. All right, let go. [*They start.*] Major, allow me to introduce to you and the Laird my valued friend, Dr. Cuticle, a monopolizer of the alphabet, I verily believe he has nearly all the letters tacked to his name.

Major.—This is certainly a most delightful and indescribable sensation—this rapid gliding along—why, Laird, see, we are literally borne on the wings of the wind.

Laird.—If the Ice-boat, as you ca' it, was na so like a wheen sticks tied together, I should na be so afeart. Hae ye ony o' thae contrivances in your country, Dr. Cuticle.

Dr. Cuticle.—I think in the north they are to be found. How are they made, Doctor.

Doctor.—The Ice-boat was first introduced in the winter of 1832, by Mr. J. A. Cull, an ingenious fellow citizen, who made many experiments on a small scale, previous to the winter of '32, which resulted in the production of a sailing machine or boat, many of which picturesque craft we now daily see on our frozen bay. Mr. Cull at first tried common skates, and the ordinary sails of a boat, but found that the Felucca rig was best suited for convenient working. The Ice-boat is in form of an Isosceles triangle, the base of which is in front, and to which two wrought-iron skates (firmly bedded in oak blocks) are fixed; the width of the front is about 12 feet, from the ends of which the two sides are fixed, which come to a point about 13 feet on a perpendicular or centre piece, which is fixed to the front piece in the centre boarding, extends from the sides over this centre piece, and is in space sufficient to accommodate seven or eight persons. The mast is firmly fixed in a block or hollow box, firmly bolted through the junction of the base and perpendiculars. The sail, as will be seen by the drawing, comes to a point about 8 feet forward of the masthead; the dimensions of the sail are as follows—after leach 30 feet, yard 35 feet, length of boom 32 feet. The skates vary in size, but those most liked are about 18

inches long, 8 inches deep, and ½ inch thick. The front skates are ground, slightly curved fore and aft, with the side edge bevelled to the outside, so as to enable the boat to hold to the windward. The stern skate is firmly attached to an oak rudder post, which is placed perpendicularly through the stern, and reaches about a foot above the top deck. The tiller fits on top of the rudder post; the stern skate is ground straighter than the two in front, and bevelled at both sides to a point. The turning of the ice-boat is managed with this stern skate—the time taken in going about is not more than three seconds. The speed attained by these boats is very high, but commonly from forty-five to fifty miles per hour, with a beam wind, or a little off; it has been doubted by theoretical men that these boats sail faster than the speed of the wind, but one fact is certain, that when put before the wind the sail becomes a back sail and the boat will scarcely move. Now I'll repeat the words of a song which I intend to ask our friend, the Mus. Bac., to set to music for me. They are by a young friend:—

1.

In a cloud of spray we fly,
While, below, a sudden roar
Of insulted pride, from the fettered tide
Rolls echoing to the shore.

2.

We heed not the water's rage,
Tho' we seek their wild domain;
For the billow's crest, Old King Frost hath pressed,
And bound with an icy chain.

3.

Now, swift as the sea bird's flight,
We skim o'er the glassy bay!
Tho' no bird, in its sweep, like our bark can keep
So untired, its eager way.

4.

We fear not the North Wind's might,
Tho' fierce from its frozen seat,
Where the icebergs wheel, in their dizzy reel,
And in awful conflict meet.

5.

Impelled by its icy breath,
We glide o'er the frozen main,
As shadows fly, 'neath autumnal sky
O'er a field of waving grain.

6.

On! our bark brooks not delay:
We sigh for a wider sea,
Where on strong wing, ever forward we'd spring,
And mock at the storm in our glee.

LAIRD.—Vara appropriate, and will mak' a bonnie sang, if ye can get them weel married to gude music. Hae ye been lang in our toun, Dr. Cuticle?

DR. CUTICLE.—But a few days. I promise myself, however, another visit shortly, as I find I cannot get through my business in the time I have to spare. Statistics are troublesome things, and require both patience and perseverance.

MAJOR.—Statistics! May I ask are you interested in our Canadian matters?

DR. CUTICLE.—I am here for that purpose. I am on a tour of hospital inspection, and to examine into the number of deaths, in certain localities, arising from certain diseases.

MAJOR.—I fear you will not gain much information hereabout. Canada offers a poor field for such investigations: it is, as you Medicos would say, "for your pockets, unwholesomely healthy." What do you think of our Hospital?

DR. CUTICLE.—As far as the Hospital is concerned, it is hardly fair to ask me now. Wait till my book comes out, and I'll send you a copy.

LAIRD.—Our freen thinks that the truth shouldna be tauld at a' times; it happens noo and then, and I jalouse it's so in this case, that our judgment is best shown by keeping a calm sough on matters till we're far eneugh awa; then we can bleeze richt and left.

DOCTOR.—I am afraid the Laird is right. Our Hospital is, I am sorry to say, not the best conducted in the world.

MAJOR.—Then we ought to know the faults in the establishment; and who can better point them out than an intelligent stranger? Come, Dr. Cuticle, give us your ideas; you're among friends, and what you say, now, shall go no farther.

DOCTOR.—I would really very much like to hear Cuticle's remarks on the Hospital. He would do me a favor, by speaking boldly.

DR. CUTICLE.—I scarcely like to say anything, but if I do venture, you must promise to pardon me for telling exactly what I think.

ALL.—Certainly.

DR. CUTICLE.—And you will also promise to let me get out of town, unscathed. I'm no fire-eater.

ALL.—We will.

DR. CUTICLE.—Well, then, on those conditions I'll give you a full and true account of my visit to your Hospital, what I saw there and what I think of it. On first arriving in Toronto, I determined to transact my business before delivering any letters, except such as were absolutely necessary. Having obtained, then, the necessary *open sesame*, I set off for the Hospital, which I easily found, from the directions that had been given, which were, to walk along King Street, west, until I reached a large square brick building, set down *crookedly* in a vacant lot of ground. I knew it as soon as I saw it, and thought it a very judicious arrangement, as strangers cannot possi-

bly mistake it. I presume it was for their accommodation it was thus placed askew.

DOCTOR.—That was not the reason. It was erected many years ago, and to please some fanciful gentleman, it was placed with the front facing due south, so that the corners might represent the cardinal points of the compass.

DR. CUTICLE (*taking out his tablets*)—An odd idea. It is not the position, however, that I find fault with, but its arrangements. It does not look as if it were built for an Hospital, on entering the hall I noticed a row of benches set against the wall to accommodate the out-door patients, or those desiring admittance: it is true that there was a stove in the hall, still every time the door opened, in came a blast of cold air, on the poor sickly wretches, and God knows many of them looked miserable enough without being exposed to the wild wintry wind which whistled round their half-clad pinched and shivering forms. Who are the visitors of this Institution? Where is their humanity? Why is there not a proper waiting room for the accommodation of patients? Why are these unfortunate beings doubly unfortunate, for they are both ill and poor, not treated with more consideration. On every Hospital should be inscribed "Blessed is he who considereth the poor and needy," and the directors of the Hospital of whatever grade, should assuredly not be the last to observe the precept. But this is not all; passing on, one of these miserables asked me if the doctor had not yet come? So, thought I, the attendant physicians are not regular,—poor suffering creatures, I pity you! Thus cogitating, I passed on to the surgery. The surgery! Had I not been melancholy enough from what I had already seen, I should have burst into a laugh. The surgery! a small, badly-lighted room, with a partition across the centre, behind which were ranged on shelves musty-looking old bottles covered with dust and cobwebs; while the drawers beneath, for holding powders, roots, &c., were as dingy-looking as the shelves above. This room, crowded as, I was told, it always is, and as it was on my visit, is no place to dispense medicines in. You ought to have a proper dispensary, with a dispensing clerk or apothecary attached, and there should also be a regulation that the room should be cleansed at least twice a year. Presently there was a bustle and stir among the students—the Doctor HAD come. He was greeted on his arrival by the resident surgeon, who, advancing, informed him how many of his patients had been relieved by death since his late visit, and that there would be a couple of operations—one for cataract, the other an amputation of the leg, below the knee, of a man who suffered from a compound comminuted fracture of both bones. The students manifested, very naturally, evident symptoms of delight at hearing his, but I remember, when I was a student, the glee with which the announcement of an operation was received; even now I take an actual pleasure in seeing a skilful surgeon whipping off a leg or an arm.

LAIRD.—Eh, megstie! but ye Doctors are a hardened set o' brutes, and hae nae mair feeling than a whin stane.

DOCTOR.—People like, whatever their profession may be, to see talent combined with dexterity, especially so where a minute of suffering seems a prolonged year of agony to the patient; but pray proceed, Cuticle, I am afraid that but too many of your remarks, though unpleasant, are just and true.

DR. CUTICLE.—The visiting physician taking a chair ordered the patients to be brought in. One by one they were presented and dismissed, after, as I thought, a very superficial examination. The tongue of one was glanced at; the pulse of another felt; a question or two asked, and then something prescribed, but *what*, or *why*, or *wherefore*, I am sure that not one half of the students could in any wise make out; indeed not one in ten had a chance of either seeing the patient or hearing what was said. This part of the physician's duty over, I followed in the train through the different wards, listening to the bedside clinics, but here again the crowding of the students prevented any thing like attention being paid to the remarks of the physician, had he made any! I come now to the worst feature in the institution—I speak with reference to the students, for if you had no students it would not matter—the want of a proper operating theatre. The amputation I saw performed—no, I cannot say I saw it, but it was performed in this wise—the patient lay in one of the back wards on the ground floor, a dark, close room; of course he had to be removed, so he was taken into the corridor, and placed on a table fronting the window which lighted the narrow passage. The operator and two or three other brother chips occupied the space between the window and table, the students stood chiefly in the rear of the table, on stools, benches, or chairs, so as best to command a view, and two actually got on the table on either side of the head of the unfortunate patient; *they*, doubtless, saw best. I was so disgusted with the whole affair that I left the hospital, marking it down in my note book as one of the worst arranged and managed I had ever seen.

MAJOR—What do you say to that, doctor?

DOCTOR—The picture is in the main correct, and has more truth than poetry in it; but still I think it is a little exaggerated. Cuticle has been so accustomed to larger and more perfect establishments, that our imperfections appear more glaring and of more importance than they really are. He ought to remember that the Hospital was erected fully thirty years ago, and was then a noble institution. Since

then the population of the town and country has more than quadrupled, and in consequence the Hospital, as it now stands, is wholly inadequate to the purpose for which it was designed.

Dr. Cuticle—And is turned therefore into a sort of Calcutta black-hole—surely you have abundant means at your command to erect another. If the country can support three schools of medicine in Toronto, it can surely afford to build a decent Hospital.

Laird—Cuticle's remarks are right, doctor, and the suner you get up a new ane the better, baith for your ain credit's sake and that o' the puir people wha need to go there.

Doctor—You're as great a nuisance as the Hospital, Laird; however, we'll make it all right by and bye; we'll sweep away the whole affair, sell the land, and with the proceeds erect a palace, and—

Major—Take care that it be a little further out of town, where the air is pure. By the bye, Cuticle, you said you were collecting statistics with regard to the mortality arising from certain diseases in Canada.

Dr. Cuticle—True; I came here with that intention, but as far as I can learn, there is not such a thing thought of amongst you, if I except the returns made of one or two hospitals and the Lunatic Asylum.

Doctor.—In the States you are no better off; for, unless I am misinformed, I do not think you keep any regular registry of the deaths occurring throughout the country.

Dr. Cuticle.—No, but in almost every town, an annual statement of some kind or other is made, and in large cities a weekly bill of mortality is published.

Doctor.—And very useful they must prove; however, a move has been made here, though a very slight one, I must own. A letter was published in a late number of the *Upper Canada Medical Journal*,—which I have now in my pocket,—calling the attention of the profession to this most important matter. I'll read you an extract or two :—

"It is a wonderful thing that the entrance or exit of a fellow being should be so little cared for by the living. Already Canada numbers nearly two millions of inhabitants, and has scattered over her broad lands numerous villages and towns, while here and there a city dots the space. But as yet no attempt has been made to estimate the increase of the population by the births, or the decrease by the deaths of its inhabitants.—Now and then we see recorded the number of deaths in a particular locality, but we may question the truth of the statement; for until every city and every county has its *health officer*, we can have no just data to estimate the healthfulness of the climate of Canada. * * * *

"The establishment of health officers would be by no means useless. The annual statistics which would thus be obtained would afford the most valuable information, as to the frequency of certain fatal diseases at different periods of the year, and at what period of life they are most fatal, &c. The adaptability of the climate to intending settlers would thus be tested, and many more advantages would also be obtained sufficiently obvious to strike the most careless inquirer.

Major—I hope that this point will not be lost sight of. I think the emigration agents would find it for their advantage—do you not think so, Doctor? But what are you looking at so intently now?

Doctor.—I am trying to make out the whereabouts of the Loraine shales.

Major.—The what?

Doctor.—The Loraine shales—but I suppose I must explain. This pale colored quarto which I hold in my hand you will at once recognize as the February number of the *Canadian Journal*—and a capital number it is—it contains, among other original contributions, a lecture entitled "Notes on the Geology of Toronto," by H. Y. Hind, Professor of Chemistry at Trinity College, and I am just now looking for the rocks called the Loraine shales, which lie near the new garrison, and contain the fossil remains alluded to in that same lecture.

Major.—Hand me over the book, Doctor, if you please, and let me have a glance at its table of contents. Hum! here's the memorial of the Canadian Institute respecting the continuance of the Observatory, under Provincial management—Notes on the Geology of Toronto, by Professor Hind—The Mineral Springs of Canada by Professor Croft—The Horse and its Rider, by Bailie Turner, Esq. of Quebec, &c. I tell you what, Doctor, this Canadian Institute of ours is going ahead—but what about these Loraine shales that you were seeking for?

Doctor.—The Loraine shales, my non-geological friend.

Major.—Well, well, Moraine or Loraine, all's the same to me; I dind't learn geology at Sandhurst, and have not had time to study it since those distant days—but go on.

Doctor.—You see the low cliff just beyond the new garrison?

Laird.—Ay, that's plain enough.

Doctor.—Well, according to the lecturer that cliff is composed of two parts.

Laird.—Twa pairts, Losh! I should have maundered about hundreds o'millions o' pairts.

Doctor.—Very true in one sense, but I mean that you distinguish two distinct horizontal portions; one, the uppermost, composed of iron clay, the other a blue, hard, stratified rock.

Major.—It may be so, but I can't exactly see at this distance.

Doctor.—We will take the testimony of the *Canadian Journal* for the truth of that part of the story, as we cannot approach nearer with safety in our ice boat. However the clay belongs to the recent drift formation,

the rocks below, called the Loraine Shales, to the most ancient Lower Silurian Rocks, but let the Professor speak for himself, he says:

"Above the Loraine Shales we find an aggregate of fossiliferous strata having a thickness exceeding 26,000 feet, or five miles, not represented at Toronto, but which are nevertheless illustrative of that immense period which has endured since the Formation which underlies the Drift upon which Toronto is built was slowly and perhaps tranquilly accumulated.

"The relation of the Drift and Loraine Shales may be familiarly shown by dividing a line into thirty equal parts, and numbering them 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, &c., the position of the Drift would be approximately represented by the 1st division, the Loraine Shale by the 26th division, and the true Coal Measures by the 15th division. From the 27th division to the 30th, we should have the rocks which were formed before the Loraine Shales and the probable dawn of life upon the surface of the Globe. It is an important question to ascertain the relation which exists in time between the true coal measures and the Loraine Shales; this may be roughly and generally represented by a series of formations, having a thickness of 12,000 feet, which we may suppose to be placed between the uppermost layer of the Shales and the lowest stratum of true coal. And further, if we assume that the vast Devonian group has no representative in the western part of this Province, yet the rocks which have been discovered by Mr. Murray, in the Western Peninsula, have a thickness exceeding 1000 yards, and are unquestionably of earlier date than the true coal measures, and must be considered as members of the upper Silurian groupe. They constitute the substratum of the whole Province west of the Credit. If coal is found in the western Province, it will be found above these rocks. These rocks seem, however, everywhere to be covered immediately by the Drift, so that the probability of finding true Coal, is remote in the extreme. Brown Coal, similar to that which has been recently discovered in Vermont, may yet be found in Canada.

"A glance at the layers of rock at the Garrison Common beach, each layer apparently distinguished by some peculiarity in its fossil remains—some containing corals in abundance, others the remains of marine vegetables, others especially rich in bivalve shells, and others beautifully ripple-marked,—will probably convey a better idea of the time which elapsed during the deposition of five feet in thickness, exposed there, than any calculation based upon examples from other localities. If we assume that other stratified rocks have required an equal period of time to attain the same thickness (five feet) by slow deposition at the bottom of seas; our conceptions become still more defined of the immensity of that period which divides the Drift from the Loraine Shales, when we remember that the thickness of the rock we have been contemplating is less than one five thousandth part of the rocks of that unrepresented epoch, which existed between the respective periods of their creation."

LAIRD.—About thae fossils spoken of. Just hear till him, noo, div ye mean to say that in that cliff, wast o' the garrison, shells, and corals, and ripplemarks and marine plants, and I dinna ken what else, are to be found?

DOCTOR.—Certainly; thousands of them, and many very curious and beautiful relics of a bygone world; but if you or I were to go there for an hour or so, we might perhaps not be able to find what would repay us for our trouble. Such examinations require considerable patience, constancy, and powers of endurance. But here's the concluding passage to the Notes on the Geology of Toronto.

MAJOR.—One word, by your leave; what was it you said about the ripplemarks?

DOCTOR.—I will give you the Professor's own words :—

"Here, however, we have a far more beautiful indication of the condition of the Silurian Sea during the deposition of the ripple-marked shale which answers to the number fifteen in the diagram of the strata. These ripple-marks penetrate the stone to a considerable depth, as may be seen by splitting the specimen.

"We seem here to have the distinct and permanent record of a gentle ripple on the beach of a shallow sea, countless ages ago. We may even attempt to form a conjecture of the direction in which the wind blew, which disturbed the surface of the water, in those remote times. If we suppose that the Loraine Shales here exposed, have received no lateral change in position, and I am not aware of any reason for conceiving such change to have taken place, the direction of the ripple-marks, shows the direction of the motion of the little waves which rolled upon a gentle beach, and consequently determines the point from which the wind blew at the time, which appears to have been a little to the east of south. Appearances very similar to ripple-marks are to be found in some of the layers above the one I have described. They are not, however, sufficiently distinct, and continuous, to settle the question of their origin. These ripple-marks appear to indicate the presence of a beach or boundary of the sea at that time. The occurrence of a beach of a fresh water lake during the present epoch, in the same locality, is an interesting coincidence. The gradual submergence of the land after the hardening of the sand on the Silurian beach, and the varying depths of the sea, which eventually covered it, is sufficiently indicated by the superimposed layers of shales and sandstone, with fucoides, corals, and other organic remains."

DR. CUTICLE.—Ah! the idea about the ancient Silurian Sea, with all its living monstrosities, being beached just in the same place as our own modern and respectable blue Ontario, is very suggestive and interesting; but, Doctor, do tell me (and here the eye of Dr. Cuticle twinkled visibly,) do you think there is any chance of the remains of a Silurian Ice-boat being found imbedded in those ripple-marked shales as you call them.

DOCTOR.—I am afraid we have been going rather too fast, and you are getting excited, Cuticle. Listen awhile, until I give you the concluding paragraph of the lecture, and then

we'll take a drink at Professor Croft's mineral springs:—

"I have now briefly adverted to the most important and characteristic fossil members of the three classes of the animal kingdom, which meet the eye during a very cursory and incomplete examination of layers of rocks, about three hundred yards long and five feet in perpendicular altitude, in the immediate neighbourhood of this city. If such a superficial examination indicates the existence of abundant remains of an ancient vegetable and animal world, within twenty minutes' walk of this room,—rich, most probably, in numerous undescribed and at present unknown species,—it is surely to be hoped that through the instrumentality of its members, the museum of the Canadian Institute will soon be enriched with the stony records of that remote epoch in the history of the world, which is so distinctly and beautifully traced out by these mute memorials of the past."

Major.—Good! I'll take a stroll that way in the summer myself, but perhaps I might find the like rocks nearer home. I'll geologize a few, as Yorkoline says, when the roses blossom; but what about the mineral springs of Canada? My cask of Plantagenet water is just done, and before I order another, I'll hear what Professor Croft says.

Doctor.—I'll read you an analysis of a spring which promises to acquire some reputation among "a discerning public":—Broxinide of potassium, so much; iodide of potassium, so much; chloride of——

Major.—Stop, Doctor! enough! I'll stick to the old Plantagenet. I could not, for the life of me, stomach those hard names.

Doctor.—All right, my old friend, so I'll put the pale quarto in my pocket, and we'll have a chat about the horse and its rider some other time.

Laird—I see that the Harpers have lost nae time in *pamphletizing* (there's a new word for auld Noah Webster!) Sir Archibald Alison's new history! There's the first volume o' the buik, churted down to the dimensions o' a number o' the *Anglo-American*, and vended for the homæopathic consideration o' half a dollar!

Major—Say *two and sixpence*, O Laird, as you love me! To use one of your cherished vernacularisms, it always makes me *scunner* to hear Canadians reckon by that un-British coin, the dollar!

Laird—I sit corrected, Crabtree, and shall endeavor to eschew a repetition of the offence. But touching Alison, what is your opinion o' his last born production?

Major—I have not been able to bestow upon it as yet that amount of attention which the importance of the subject and the celebrity of the author demand. Sufficient, however, of the volume have I read to warrant me in pronouncing that it is at least equal to the great work of which it is a continuation. Nay, I may go further, and affirm that so far as fluency of diction is concerned, it exhibits a marked improvement. Constant use of the quill has softened down the *hardnesses* into which the learned Sheriff used so frequently to be betrayed, and which so greatly marred the amenity of his style.

Doctor—I sincerely trust that Alison will be spared to bring his undertaking to a conclusion. Though lacking the warm coloring of Macaulay and the artistic eye of Tytler, he possesses more of the qualifications desiderated by the historian, than any writer of the present age. His industry and perseverance are indomitable, and he never contents himself with a second-hand authority when access can be had to the original record. The habit of minute investigation which he has acquired in the exercise of extensive judicial functions has proved invaluable to him as a chronicler, and, unquestionably, has mainly tended to give him such a marked superiority over his brother annalists.

Laird—What is the baronet like? Did ony o' ye ever see him?

Dr. Cuticle—I have had the pleasure of frequently meeting with Sir Archibald. Physically speaking, he is one of the finest specimens of Adam's family you could meet with on a mild summer's day. Fully six feet in height, he is athletic without degenerating into stoutness, and his countenance exhibits a fine admixture of firmness and good nature. Conceive a refined and intellectual edition of Dandie Dinmont, and you will form a pretty correct notion of the distinguished Sheriff's outward man.

Laird—And do the historian's moral features correspond wi' his physical, as ye ca' them?

Doctor—Most entirely. Alison abounds with every quality which can win the warmest regards of his fellows. Frank, hearty, and utterly devoid of the slightest tincture or admixture of cant or sham, you cannot be in his company ten minutes without feeling as if you had known him for as many years.

Laird—After your bit sketch o' the man, I'll read his history wi' greater appetite. Sae far as buiks are concerned, I'm something like the Laird o' Fykyknowes, wha never could enjoy a meal o' meat without he kent what the cook was like!

Major—I'm just now engaged in perusing Sir E. Bulwer Lytton's "*My Novel*,"

Doctor—Indeed! I thought you would have read the affair long ere now—at least with the exception of the concluding portion.

Major—I commenced to do so at its first appearance in *Blackwood*, but soon got so interested in the narrative that, with a strong restraint, I postponed its discussion till the whole was completed. To my taste there is something supremely tantalizing in being compelled, month after month, to break off a story just at the moment when your appetite is sharpest.

LAIRD.—Great wits jump they say. My ain experience completely harmonizes wi' your's in this respect. Thae periodical mouthfu's o' fiction are just as bad as feeding a hungry man wi' oysters, allowing ten minutes to elapse between the discussion of every *native.*

DOCTOR.—Well, and what is your opinion of the production?

MAJOR.—That it is decidedly, and beyond all controversy, the greatest literary triumph which Lytton, up to this date, has achieved.

LAIRD.—For my pairt I never had a great opinion o' that same Bulwer, or Lytton as they noo ca' him. Ye speak against your *Eugene Shews* and *Paul Kocks*, but I defy ony o' thae outlandish reprobates to write mair unwholesome trash than what Sir Edward has inflicted upon the world in his day and generation. He has canoneezed murder, and done his best to unsettle the religious belief o' his thochtless and superficial readers. Na, na, nane o' your Bulwers for me!

MAJOR.—There is too much truth, oh thou valet to mother Earth! in the strictures which you have enunciated, but Lytton has long ago sown his wild oats, and having "purged," like the fat knight, now writes "cleanly," as befits a Christian gentleman.

LAIRD.—There was muckle need for reformation.

MAJOR.—Granted—but the reformation has taken place. I dare you to point out in the whole range of British fiction a more healthful creation than "My Novel." Without being what you would call a *religious* story, it breathes in every line a spirit of sound, bracing morality; and I defy any one to rise from its perusal without being both a better and a wiser man, always supposing that his heart is not too case hardened to be influenced and taught.

DR. CUTICLE—I think the same remark may be made of the Caxtons.

DOCTOR.—Do you place the book in the first class of ideal literature?

MAJOR.—Hardly. With all its manifold merits it smacks rather largely of the *melodramatic.* The incidents too frequently are got up too palpably for mere stage effect, and the writer goes out of his way, on numberless occasions, in order to elicit a *clap* from the *galleries.*

DOCTOR.—That is precisely the character of the author's histrionic attempts. It has ever struck me that Bulwer's plays were more suitable for the meridian of the minor theatres than of Covent Garden or Old Drury. Their principal scenes could generally be heightened by the intervention of a peal of mechanical thunder, or the ignition of a handful of red fire.

MAJOR.—With all this, however, I must reiterate my conviction that *My Novel* is deserving of no mean commendation. The moral which it inculcates is sound to the core, and a fine English spirit pervades it from the primary to the closing chapter.

LAIRD.—Upon the strength of your recommendation I'll buy the buik for Girzy, but woe upon your head if ye hae been puffing off damaged, or rather I should say damaging goods. If my honest sister should be seduced by its perusal to make a moonlight flitting wi' some ne'er-do-weel land louper, I'll mak ye responsible, if there's law and justice in Canada.

MAJOR.—In the face of your threat I renew my assurance. If the fair and vestal Grizelda chooses a husband after the model of Lytton's hero, Leonard, I'll ensure that should the union turn out unfortunate the fault will be on the lady's side.

DOCTOR.—Here's another of Appleton & Co's reprints of Thackeray's contributions to Frazer's Magazine, and one of the happiest of the series, I allude to the "*Confessions of Fitz-Boodle.*"

LAIRD.—I opine frae the title that there will be something sappy in the production.

DOCTOR—You are right, Laird. It abounds with humor of the purest quality, and sparkles with satire most merciless but most brilliant, upon the foibles and vices of the most improvident portion of our aristocracy. Tory, as you are, Major, I defy you to read half a dozen pages of the book without laying it down in order to hold your sides.

LAIRD.—Let us pree a morsel o' the viands which you crack up sae highly.

DOCTOR.—Here is an appetizing parody of the modern school of sentimental poetry:—

THE WILLOW TREE.

Know ye the willow-tree
  Whose grey leaves quiver,
Whispering gloomily
  To yon pale river;
Lady, at even-tide
  Wander not near it,
They say its branches hide
  A sad, lost spirit!

Once to the willow-tree
  A maid came fearful,
Pale seemed her cheek to be,
  Her blue eye tearful;
Soon as she saw the tree,
  Her steps moved fleeter,
No one was there—ah me!
  No one to meet her!

Quick beat her heart to hear
  The fair bells' chime
Toll from the chapel-tower
  The trysting time;
But the red sun went down
  In golden flame,
And though she look'd around,
  Yet no one came!

Presently came the night
  Sadly to greet her—
Moon in her silver light,
  Stars in their glitter;

Then sank the moon away
Under the billow,
Still wept the maid alone—
There by the willow!

Through the long darkness,
By the stream rolling,
Hour after hour went on
Tolling and tolling.
Long was the darkness,
Lonely and stilly;
Shrill came the night wind,
Piercing and chilly.

Shrill blew the morning breeze
Biting and cold,
Bleak peers the grey dawn
Over the wold.
Bleak over moor and stream
Looks the grey dawn,
Grey, with dishevelled hair,
Still stands the willow there—
THE MAID IS GONE!

Domine, Domine!
We sing a litany,—
Sing for poor maiden-hearts broken and weary;
Domine, Domine!
Sing we a litany,
Wail we and weep we a wild Miserere!

THE LAIRD.—Puir thing! I wonder what could hae become o' the unfortunate lassie.

THE DOCTOR.—Listen to the continuation of the lyric, and your anxieties will be set at rest.

I.

Long by the willow-trees
Vainly they sought her,
Wild rang the mother's screams
O'er the grey water;
"Where is my lovely one?
Where is my daughter?

II.

"Rouse thee, sir constable—
Rouse thee, and look;
Fishermen, bring your net,
Boatmen, your hook.
Beat in the lily-beds,
Dive in the brook!"

III.

Vainly the constable
Shouted and called her;
Vainly the fisherman
Beat the green alder,
Vainly he flung the net,
Never it hauled her!

IV.

Mother, beside the fire,
Sat, her nightcap in;
Father, in easy chair,
Gloomily napping,
When at the window-sill
Came a light tapping!

V.

And a pale countenance
Looked through the casement.
Loud beat the mother's heart,
Sick with amazement,
And at the vision, which
Came to surprise her,
Shrieked in an agony—
"Lor! it's Elizar!"

VI.

Yes, 'twas Elizabeth—
Yes, 'twas their girl;
Pale was her cheek, and her
Hair out of curl.
"Mother!" the loving one,
Blushing, exclaimed,
"Let not your innocent
Lizzy be blamed.

VII.

"Yesterday, going to Aunt
Jones's to tea,
Mother, dear mother, I
Forgot the door-key!
And as the night was cold,
And the way steep,
Mrs. Jones kept me to
Breakfast and sleep."

VIII.

Whether her pa and ma
Fully believed her
That we shall never know,
Stern they received her;
And for the work of that
Cruel, though short, night,
Sent her to bed without
Tea for a fortnight.

XI.

MORAL.

Hey diddle diddlety,
Cat and the Fiddlety!
Maidens of England, take caution by she!
Let love and suicide
Never tempt you aside.
And always remember to take the door-key!

THE LAIRD.—Served the limmer richt, for her moon-light stravaugings! Och, if she had been a dochter o' mine she wad hae wanted tea for a twal month!

THE MAJOR.—To descend from poetry to prose, permit me to make you acquainted with a somewhat unpolished but exceedingly amusing Yankee, George Wilkes to wit.

THE LAIRD.—And wha' may the lad be, when he's at hame?

THE MAJOR.—He is the editor of a sort of police gazette, published at New York, who by way of recruiting his exhausted energies took a flying trip over the Atlantic, and has given his experience to the world in this neatly printed volume, issued by Long and brother, and entitled "*Europe in a Hurry.*"

THE DOCTOR.—I hope that the ancient adage which teaches that "the more haste the worse speed," does not hold good in the case of your friend?

THE MAJOR.—Very far from it, Sangrado! Wilkes is a shrewd observer, and a "fellow of infinite jest." Though his time for sight-seeing was limited he had all his eyes about him, and has produced one of the most amus-

ing duodecimos which I have met with for many a long day. As I hinted before, he is somewhat lacking in refinement, and is a republican and a democrat to the back bone, but with all this he constrains you to accompany him in his perigrinations, and smile at his quips and crudities whether you will or no.

The Laird.—May be you will let Maister Wilkes say a word for himsel!

The Major.—With all my heart. Here is the account which he gives of the comparative features of English and French feeding:—

"At an English hotel table, which of course represents the best style of private living, you enter the general dining-room, take a seat at a side table by yourself, and if the joints are ready, which they are at four or five o'clock, according to the custom of the different houses, you call for your dinner. You begin by asking for an evening newspaper and a pint of wine, and fill up the order by calling for soup, to be followed by salmon, roast beef, or mutton, as the case may be. You get the newspaper at once; in about fifteen minutes you get your pint of wine, and in about fifteen minutes more your soup is placed upon the table. You must not hope for it sooner, but after that, everything follows with great exactness and in regular succession. Next to your salmon comes a huge mountain of beef or a whole leg of lamb, from which you cut collops to your heart's content, and retain as long as you wish, unless you choose to release it at the polite request of the waiter, who may want it "for another gentleman, *please*." There are no fancy dishes, and you cannot, except very rarely, get either puddings or pies. The half of an immense cheese, weighing perhaps from twenty to thirty pounds, is set before you instead, and you make your dessert out of that with the assistance of the remainder of your wine. Such is an English hotel dinner, and it is needless to say, that if you have any appetite, you rise from it full and content.

"A French dinner requires the same time for its performance, but it is eminently social, and divides its charms for the palate between the delights of gossip and intrigue. In the way of eating, however, it is a dinner of shreds and patches, scarcely any part of which you know, and the entire bulk of which, in actual food, would appear truly insignificant, if you could only see it laid in the beginning, before the artist's knife went into it for the delusion of eight or nine score of people. The deficit, however, is ingeniously made up by rolls of bread some twelve or fourteen inches long, which are laid beside your plate, and which you insensibly fill yourself with, during the intervals of the courses, to aid you in sipping the bottle of claret which is furnished with the bread. You rise with the wing of a chicken, the hind quarters of a frog, a wafer of beef, a shaving of mutton, and a fragment of salmon stowed away inside you in successive layers of biscuit and bread moistened with wine, and as you walk away from the table, you can scarcely resist the impression that you would make a capital chowder or pot-pie, if you could only endure being boiled. Among the whole of this *melange* you are never treated to butter (either in England or France) unless you specially demand it, and the pepper of both countries is of a flavor that is almost offensive to an American palate. In France, you have but little chance to use it, for neither of that, nor of salt, do they allow more than an acorn full to five or six persons. Indeed, the seem to regard it as an insult to their art when you use either. The English and continental butter is, however, unbearable to an American, without salt, and we recognise each other continually, in travelling, by the ceremony of kneading salt through it with our knives as the first preliminary to our meals."

The Doctor.—The writer does scant justice to the promptitude of our English hostels. Judging, at least, from my own experience, he must have lighted upon a preposterously *slow* house.

The Laird.—So say I! In the Flesh Market Close at Edinburgh, your steak was smoking before you, ere the order had been weel given!

The Major.—Can you conceive anything more repulsive and ghastly than the following peep into a London cheap lodging house:—

"Our policemen led the way across the street, and brushed the crowd away from a narrow passage, the entrance to which seemed like the entrance to a pig-stye, and was but wide enough for us to advance in single file. The board flooring, sluiced and undermined by continual streams of filth, plashed under our feet, and our noses were assailed with vapors that seemed almost tangible to the touch. However, we groped on, sustained in hardihood by a common example, though the loss of my handkerchief almost made me a deserter. Far up in this foul alley we came to a side door, which let us into an apartment some sixteen feet square, and about ten feet high. All was dark when we entered, but our lantern lit up a sight such as I had never seen before, and such a one as I pray God I may never see again. In that contracted lair lay thirty human beings, men, women, and children; yes, thirty white Christians, of a Christian land, packed head and feet in layers, like the black cargo of a slave-ship under chase, and most of them, adults as well as infants, as naked as they were born. Some were families, some were man and wife, some were single lodgers at a penny a head. Some wore a few scanty patches, others were partly covered by a sheet, but many were threadless and indifferent to exposure. In the centre of the room stood a large tub or reservoir, which the comity of the apartment permitted to be used by two or three at once; and in the muck and gloom, and stench and vermin of the place, these larvæ of a stifled and rotten *civilization*, crawled and grovelled and profaned the rites of nature; and what seems most strange of all, bred souls for immortality. I deal with a repulsive subject, but surgery cannot be fastidious, and I dwell upon the features of this den, because it exists almost within a stone's throw from the palaces of nobles, and under the noses, it may be said, of the snuffling hypocrites of Exeter Hall, whose mock philanthropy commissions emissaries to excite our slaves to insurrection, and who plunder well meaning poverty to provide blankets and bibles for the happier heathen."

The Doctor.—This is all very terrible, and

blood-chilling, but does Mr. Wilkes mean to infer that poverty and misery as abject are not to be found in the model Republic? No one who has visited, as I have done, the *Five Points* of New York would have the assurance to maintain the affirmation of the proposition!

The Laird.—True for you Doctor. And in further corroboration o' what you say let me read to you the following extract frae a New York paper o' last month. Listen! "*A little girl and her mother were found frozen to death on the morning of the 16th in an alley at the South end of Troy, New York. The girl, aged about ten years, was standing erect with a basket in her arms.*" If sic a thing had happened in London, Wilkes, I will be bound to say, would hae rung the charges thereof in your lugs till deafness, mercifully, steps in to your relief!

Doctor.—We will take one run now up the bay, to see where the natural canal has been formed, and then we shall have had enough sailing for one day.

Major. [*Looking at his watch.*]—We must not be late, as there is all our home sederunt yet to do. I think we had better postpone the canal until another opportunity—especially as I wish to see about some business respecting poor Allanson.

Doctor.—Ah! poor fellow, he went off very rapidly at last.

Dr. Cuticle.—Who are you speaking of?

Major.—A very worthy and clever Artist whom Consumption has claimed for its own, within the last day or two.—He was the principal engraver for the Magazine until within the last three months.

Laird.—Puir Allanson! he was a vera deserving fellow, and had he been spared wad hae been a credit to his profession. He had gude taste, and naebody can ever be an engraver without it. However, let's hame noo.

[*The Ice-boat is directed to the shore—they land—and exeunt.*]

Scene—*The Shanty.*

Major—Now, boys, we will dispose of our heavy matters, and then call on Mrs. Grundy to give us her gatherings, and hear the Doctor on musical matters.

Laird—Weel, Major, I hope you hae a walth o' foreign news for our delectation.

Major—Not a great deal. I will first read you an extract from a letter, and then lay before you such gleanings as I have deemed worthy of your notice. [*Major reads.*]

It is stated "on good authority," that an increase of the army will be proposed soon after the meeting of Parliament by the noble secretary for the home department, Lord Palmerston.

A fear is springing up on every side that the rage for emigration is passing its proper bounds, and that we are destined before long to behold an English Exodus, far worse than that which has depopulated Ireland, and which will drain away our best and healthiest blood.

An amazing amount of bullion is being poured into the country. Two millions more from Australia are just at hand, and five millions more than that has left 'its own native land' for our shores. The production of gold, too, is increasing with the most marvellous rapidity. New Zealand has now commenced the business, and great success has already attended her 'diggins.'

GOLD IN NEW ZEALAND.

It appears pretty certain that gold has at last been found in New Zealand, in great abundance. The position of the new gold field is most advantageous. Vessels of two hundred tons burthen can go within ten miles, and coasting crafts within three miles of the actual workings, so that the great expense of land carriage will be obviated. To Auckland this discovery will be of the utmost importance, as it is situated within forty

miles, and will naturally be the head-quarters to which the diggers will have to resort for supplies.

The tone of many of the late leading English papers, render it evident that Great Britain places little reliance on the oft repeated declarations of peace made by the French Emperor. Indeed these declarations appear to be totally at variance with the warlike preparations going on throughout France. The French government are constructing many war steamers, and are busy at other warlike preparations. French soldiers and sailors are being trained to embark and disembark until they have become expert at both—these preparations must mean something; and we think that they can mean nothing so probable, as a descent upon England. It would seem that the government of England are inclined to this opinion themselves, for they, too, are unusually busy at their preparations. The militia are regularly drilled, and are instructed to be in readiness at a moment's notice, for any emergency. Much activity also pervades the different dock yards with careful watchfulness along the coasts. The British Government have addressed enquiries to the Railway companies as to the number of troops, men and horses with munitions of war, that each line could transport in a given space of time, from one given point to another. A large military station is to be established near Birmingham, and no more soldiers of the line are to be sent from home at present. All these things look ominous, although every thing betokens peace. But the most singular incident in connection with the business is, that an order to Napier, the shipbuilder on the Clyde, from the French government, for sixteen frigates, has been cancelled by the British Admiralty, and a like number ordered for the English service, fifty-three are, however, still reported as being fitted out. (Twenty line of battle ships, eighteen frigates, and fifteen smaller ships of war.) This shows that dark clouds are looming in the future.

The Duchess of Sutherland appears to be in a fair way to gain a good deal of a certain kind of notoriety, and also to have the past acts and oppressive conduct of the Duke reproduced and narrowly criticised by the public. This is what people may always expect as a consequence of intermeddling in the affairs of others. Dunrobin Castle, a place "in the days of auld lang syne" the scene of a busy, happy patriotic and thrifty population; is now reduced to a comparative desert, thinly inhabited by a people who are far from being happy or even above want. It may perhaps be possible that the Duchess of Sutherland was ignorant of the cruelties practised towards her own tenants; but it is a pity that she did not inform herself of the fact and take the beam out of her own eye before she attempted to take the mote out of brother Jonathan's. When the women of England step beyond their proper sphere, they become as awkward as a fish out of water; and the rebukes which the Duchess of Sutherland and her friends are now receiving ought to induce others not to meddle in affairs they do not understand.

The immediate marriage of Louis Napoleon to the Senorita Montijo, a very charming young Spanish lady, is the leading topic of French news conveyed to us by the last European mail; nor, considering the position and character of the man himself, ought the intelligence to excite much surprise! Strong points and startling effects being rigidly the order of the day, a *coup de théâtre* very naturally succeeds to a *coup d'état.* Foiled in repeated efforts to ally himself with the Royal families of Europe, and equally foiled in his attempts to establish a disreputable connection between himself and the lady of his love, he has snapped his fingers in the face of the Sovereigns who frowned on him, and humoured his own passion by making the woman his Empress, who had refused any more ambiguous title. A few particulars regarding the person thus prominently set before the eyes of the world will be found elsewhere, together with a remarkable address, delivered by the Emperor to his assembled Ministers, Senators, and Legislators, when officially declaring to them his intention. To this set speech we would invite candid attention, partly because it has been lauded by influential portions of the British press, whose commendation carries weight, and partly because it exhibits in strong colours that audacity, duplicity, meanness, insolence, and want of principle, which are no less component parts of Louis Napoleon's character, than are his iron will, his impenetrable secrecy, his infinite cunning.

Do us the favour to turn back to this vaunted document. It commences with an unmitigated falsehood, in asserting that the nation has often expressed its anxiety for his nuptials. Here and there some bumpkin of a country office holder, in the fulsomeness of his adulation, has indiscreetly besought his master to leave lineal successors behind him; but there has been no address to this point from his obsequious senators, no *plebiscite* from his obedient subjects. That there might have been no one can doubt, if it had been thought advisable. The ballot boxes are there for the ready eight millions of voters; the prefects are there to register faithfully; the *Moniteur* is there to record officially. The popular voice would have been expressed with equal alacrity on behalf of a Russian Archduchess, or of the *Vivandière* of a regiment; but the voice might have been troublesome whilst Hymen was unpropitious. It was consequently not called for, it was not uttered. To the justice of His Majesty's remarks on the proper mode of bringing back France within the pale of old monarchies, no one can object; only, how much it is to be regretted that this simple process does not appear to have hitherto occurred to him. The allusion to Josephine would have been a happy one, if the Great Napoleon had selected her for an Empress, which he did not; and between the cases there is therefore no parallel, even if one could forget that "the modest and good wife of General Bonaparte" was set aside for state purposes. As for the succeeding paragraph, in which the Austrian alliance and the Duke and Duchess of Orleans are comprised, nothing can exceed its absurdity, unless it be its injustice. What Fate condemns the present Emperor to burden himself with the memory of his predecessor, in season or out of season? Must his uncle's shade become his old man of the sea? Otherwise what could have induced that unhappy allusion to Maria Louisa? What sort of a guarantee for the future was it? Did it assure to France the friendship of Austria? Did it assure any personal

advantages to the bridegroom of that day? What genius of stupidity could have dictated the writing of those lines, intended for quick-witted Frenchmen, lines wherein royal alliance is first scouted on general principles, t en held up to admiration when applied to Napoleon I., and then scouted again as applied to Louis' own immediate case? What is said regarding the late Duke and the living Duchess of Orleans is in equally bad taste.

The whole of the Orleans property is now alienated, the year allowed for the sale having expired.

Later accounts from the Cape of Good Hope, and another Indian mail, have arrived. We are not inclined to devote room to the meagre and unsatisfactory statements that they contain from the seat of war in both places. It would be doing no honour to our gallant army at Rangoon, were we to chronicle at length the trifling exploits to which they have been limited by the extraordinary caution and inactivity of their commanding officer, General Godwin. His pompous despatches are much too wordy and unimportant to be read with interest even by our military readers. For a different reason we refrain from making extracts from Cape papers. The enemy there cannot be found; and the details of marchings and counter-marchings, and the capture of waggons and oxen, become dry reading for those who have already had much of it submitted to them.

And now for my gleanings:

Boundaries of the French Empire.—The object of the new Imperialist *brochure* recently issued in Paris by M. Masson, entitled *Les Limites de la France*, is to show that it is the duty and interest of France to regain the frontier of 1795. It is assumed that the Rhine, the Alps, and the Pyrennees are her natural limits; and the writer urges that the French nationality, if confined within narrower boundaries, is constantly exposed to attack, and is at the mercy of any coalition of the other powers of Europe; whilst, on the other hand, with the acquisition of Belgium, Savoy, and the cis-Rhenan provinces, the empire might be secure from the kindred races of Spain and Italy.

French Competition for Artillery Horses.—A report has been circulated that the French Government has sent orders over to England to contract for the purchase of 1,000 horses fit for the Artillery, to be supplied within three weeks. If that be so, we take it to be a method for retarding as much as possible, the completion of the augmentation of that same number of horses for our own Artillery.

And now I'm fairly out of breath. So, Doctor, you must e'en read my Colonial chit-chat for me.

Doctor—With pleasure. Ah! I see you begin with the Colonial Secretary's despatch. [*Reads:*

"Downing Street, 15th Jan., 1854.

"My Lord,—I have the honor to acknowledge your despatch of the 22nd of September last, addressed to my predecessor, and forwarding an address to the Queen from the Commons of Canada, in Provincial Parliament assembled, on the subject of the Clergy Reserves.

"2. This address was laid before her Majesty by my predecessor, and your Lordship is probably aware from what has recently passed on this subject in the Imperial Parliament, that her Majesty's late advisers had taken the matter contained in it into their consideration, and were proposing to communicate with you respecting it, when the recent change in the Administration interfered with their intentions.

"3. In consequence of that event it became my duty to bring the subject under the attention of my colleagues at the earliest opportunity, and I have now to inform you that her Majesty's Government have determined upon advising her Majesty to accede to the prayer of that address. In arriving at this decision they have felt it their duty to keep out of view the question whether or not any alteration is at present desirable in the mode of appropriating the fund derived from these Reserves, established by the 3rd and 4th Victoria, cap. 78.

"4. They do not deny that they share in the regret expressed by Lord Grey in his despatch of January 27th 1851, that any desire should be entertained to disturb a settlement devised with a view to reconcile conflicting interests and feelings, which it was hoped might have accomplished that object, but they are fully satisfied that no such sentiments of regret would justify the Government or Parliament of this country in withholding from the Canadian people through their representatives, the right of dealing as they may think proper with matters of strictly domestic interest.

"5. That such was, to a great extent, the view originally entertained by the British Parliament, of this question, appears evident from the provisions of the original constitutional act of 31st George 3d, by which a wide discretion was left to the then Canadian Legislature, to alter or repeal its provisions. That liberty it was thought proper in framing the act of 1840, to *withdraw*, but in restoring it, Her Majesty's government are but reverting to those general principles of policy which were recognized in 1791, in this instance, and which had been habitually adopted. and adhered to in the colonies: principles on which alone they conceived that the government of Canada can or ought to be conducted, and by the maintenance of which they believe that those sentiments of loyalty to the Crown and attachment to the existing connexion with this great empire, which now animate the colony can be most effectually confirmed.

"6. They will, therefore, be prepared to follow the course already indicated by Lord Grey in the despatch above referred to—namely, to recommend to Parliament to pass an act giving to the Provincial Legislature authority to make, subject to the preservation of all existing interests, such alterations as they may think fit in the present arrangements respecting the Clergy Reserves. Her Majesty's Government are induced to make this reservation solely from those considerations of justice which they rejoice to find so fully recognized in the addresses which have been from time to time presented to the Crown.

"7. The language of these addresses is such as to give every ground for confidence that the power to be thus given to the Provincial Parliament will be exercised with caution and forbearance

towards the feelings and interests of all classes in those two great districts which are now so happily united under the single legislation and government of Canada; but I must repeat, that it is not from a reliance on this confident anticipation, however strongly they may entertain it, that Her Majesty's Government have come to their present decision, but because they are satisfied, on more general principles, that the Parliament of Canada and not the Parliament of the United Kingdom is the body to which the functions of legislation on this subject must, for the public advantage, be committed.

"8. You will take an early opportunity for communicating the contents of this despatch to the legislature.

I have &c.

NEWCASTLE."

LAIRD.—Touching these same Reserves I have nae reserve in saying that——

MAJOR.—Pray shut up, *amico mio!* You might as well discuss a cigar, enthroned upon a keg of gun-powder, as enlarge upon such a theme in the Shanty!

LAIRD.—I sit corrected, Crabtree.

DOCTOR.—Our Province, I see, is to be favored with the presence of an architectural notoriety. Stephenson, the engineer of the far-famed Menai bridge, is said to be on his way to Canada, to construct a viaduct across the St. Lawrence at Montreal.

MAJOR.—Such an undertaking would be a great fact, to use one of the cherished slangisms of the day, and I trust it will be carried into effect.

DOCTOR.—By the way, Major, did you observe that a despatch has been received from the British Government, declining to grant medals to Militia Officers who had served in the War of 1812?

MAJOR.—I did, and must say that the resolution is at once ungenerous and unwise. There can be no question that at the period referred to, our militia rendered the state shrewd service,—and in the event of any fracas with *frater* Jonathan, it would be mainly upon their stalwart arms that the safety of our altars and hearth-stones would depend. Most short-sighted, then, I repeat, (to say nothing of common justice,) is the determination of Government in the premises.

DOCTOR.—Have you heard anything of late regarding the state of matters in Nova Scotia since the opening of the Legislature?

MAJOR.—You will find it as you go on.

[*Doctor continues*:]—

The latest Nova Scotia papers are occupied with debates on the answer to the address delivered by the Lieutenant Governor, at the opening of the Legislature of that Province. The chief questions are "Reciprocity;" and the "Fishery Question." Some of the speakers, among whom was Mr. Howe, appeared anxious to give up the exclusive rights to the fisheries, and to allow American Fishermen to fish on the same terms as the colonists, provided the American government would relax its commercial restrictions in favour of the Colony. Other speakers, however, did not approve of such an arrangement, and denounced the idea of giving up the Fisheries, on any terms, in most emphatic language. They also expressed themselves much annoyed at the Imperial Government's attempting to settle the question without having first obtained the concurrence of the Colonial Government and Parliament. M. Wilkins has moved several resolutions to this effect; and he insists on the strict observance of the treaty of 1818. He denies the right of the British Government to annul that treaty, and complains of the injustice which the Colonists have suffered for years back by the unwarrantable and unchecked encroachments of the Yankees on the Provincial Fishing Grounds. Further, he advises the British Government not to allow the Americans the privilege of these Fisheries, which he says, will serve them as a nursery of sailors that they can employ against England at any time.

LAIRD.—What hae our *collective wisdom* been doing since they re-assembled at Quebec?

MAJOR.—Why, man, they have not had time to draw breath yet, after their cold pilgrimage to the city of Wolfe and Montcalm. You must allow them to recruit for a week or two, before tackling to the tough business of the session.

[*Doctor continues*]:—

The treaty between England and the United States brought by the Africa, on her last passage to New York, being ratified by the British Government, was concluded about a fortnight ago at Washington between Messrs. Crompton and Everett. It embraces two subjects—the fishery question and reciprocity of trade between the United States and the North American Colonies. Among other things it provides that colonial vessels may obtain American registers. The Americans disapprove of this article, inasmuch, as they argue, that it would bring colonial ship-builders into direct competition with their own, and that as American builders are liable to pay duty on several articles used in ship building, such as iron, cordage, &c., upon which the colonists pay no duty, the advantage in favor of the latter would be manifest. For these and other reasons it is presumed that the treaty will be rejected by the senate, and that the matter will be suffered to stand over until General Pierce comes into power, and he is said to be favorable to Reciprocity and free trade in the most liberal view of the case. So that the long talked of Reciprocity may become a thing of reality after all.

MAJOR.—One moment, Doctor. I did not intend to have taken any notice yet of the Harbour Commission, as it is scarcely ripe for public discussion, but a little extract relating to the Don struck me particularly. You will find it, Doctor, in the next paragraph; read it.

[*Doctor reads*]:—

The Don should be prevented altogether from discharging itself into the bay—to effect which I would cut a canal from some point below the bridge into the lower bay (Ashbridge's), at the same time making an opening through the penin-

sula opposite the mouth of the canal, or, as it would then be, the river, so as to give to the waters free egress to the lake. I would divert the stream into this new channel by throwing a dam across its present "debouchment," or, if necessary, right across the lower side of the bay. The distance from the new mouth of the river across Ashbridge's Bay would be, comparatively speaking, so short, that the current would be likely to retain its full force so as to carry away most of the silt into the outer lake, and at the annual period of freshets, would have the effect of sluicing the opening, so as to keep it always clear and free from an undue accumulation of sand. Another effect likely to be produced would be, the forming of much deposit from the floods of the Don, in rear of the dam, thereby tending to raise the low lands in that vicinity, until perhaps a considerable width along the margin and fronting on the harbor, would be available for building or other purposes.

MAJOR—Now, Laird, for your "Facts."

LAIRD—Facts hae I nane, so I have just prepared a lang screed o' observations that I think are quite as gude.

DOCTOR—We're all attention.

LAIRD—I have aye thocht that we puir folk who win our daily bread by the sweat o' our broo, dinna think as much o' oursels as we ought, and these remarks are the fruit o' my cogitations. [*Reads:*

THE FARMER'S INFLUENCE—CAN FARMING BE MADE PROFITABLE?

THE true test of ability for farming, all the world over, is the greatest amount of success in the management of those two practical antipodes, *cost* and *result.* A man who may raise enormous crops at a cost of ten times all that these crops will repay; or who may compel his farm laborers, however industrious and efficient they may be, to work without tools, or at best, to hoe his corn with a garden trowel, or to water his cattle in an egg shell —would be set down as decidedly a bad manager. On the contrary, the farmer who applies his means in the best possible manner, to obtain the greatest amount of results, whether by enriching the land ultimately, or increasing its immediate products —who turns all the currents of waste into profitable channels—shows that the touch of his hand is that of a master, and that he possesses the true philosopher's stone, which turns all his applied energies into gold.

But our present object is not to point out the best way to secure large dividends from farm capital. We shall deviate for once from this almost universal track, and endeavor to show how the farmer may increase the physical and mental comfort of himself and those about him, quite as much (and by the outlay of far less monied capital,) as by simply heaping together piles of gold. The means by which this most desirable result is to be secured, is the proper *use of his influence.* "*My* influence? I have no influence!" exclaim a host of moderate farmers, more ambitious and restless perhaps, than they are willing to admit, and who failed to secure any nomination at the last town caucus. "What influence can I possibly have," gravely expostulates the more sedate country resident, "when I cannot even persuade my own boys to avoid the city and become cultivators of the soil?" "You can't expect us to have any influence?" is the inquiring exclamation of the young farmer of taste, who failed in saving from the remorseless axe, a beautiful group of sugar maples which stood in the public road; and whose public spirit has been chilled by the jeers of his stupid neighbors, for proposing to line the highway with a mile of forest trees.

But our friends must not by any means despair. They possess a power of which they are not conscious, although it may not be capable of operating quite in the way they would most desire.— The truth is, there are too many who are looking only for some great or extraordinary occasion to exercise their powers. They may profitably remember the fable of the sweeping mountain torrent, that was soon dry, contrasted with the perpetual rill, which always enlivened and refreshed its banks, and in process of time filled a vast lake with its waters.

In the first place, every one may exert a most healthful influence for *rural taste.* A friend of ours moved into a district of country where the people generally would have been regarded as utterly destitute of all taste of the kind. He could not persuade a single man among them to plant an ornamental tree. He however resolved to have the comforts and embellishments of country life, though of a cheap character, for his own family, His wondering neighbors began to inquire about the trees he planted, "that were good for nothing but to look at," and pitied the wretched taste which he exhibited by not placing his lilacs, honeysuckles, magnolias and evergreens, "all in a row." But it is a characteristic of the works of true taste, that the more they are scrutinized, the more pleasing they appear; and those rude inhabitants evinced, before they were aware of it, that the latent principle of genuine appreciation of the beautiful, which had so long slumbered within them, was beginning to show itself in the little plantations of roses and shrubbery about their dwellings, that they might enjoy something of the most delightful home scenery which they had been insensibly led to admire in their pioneer neighbor. It was not many years before a great change had come over the face of the country, and many had learned that there was some satisfaction in neat dwellings surrounded by tasteful grounds.

In the next place, every one may exert a most valuable and powerful influence, in leading his children, and those more immediately beneath his care, to exalted views of the scenes around them. It does not at all destroy or lesson one's skill to manage those two refractory opponents, Cost and Profit, to look up occasionally from the ploughpoint before him, to the rich, varied, and magnificent panorama around him,

> From the blue rim, where skies and mountains meet,
> Down to the very turf beneath his feet;

neither does it at all require the rare gifts of the "philosophic few" to look upon

> The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
> The pomp of groves, the garniture of fields,
> All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
> And all that echoes to the song of even,

with something of the eye of a painter, naturalist, and admirer of the wonderful and beautiful in Design. This study very soon becomes contagious

We knew a skilful cultivator of the earth, whose delight in reading the works of creation, had rendared him quite as skilful in making this study attractive to others; and when we have remembered the great numbers of young people whom he had fascinated into this pursuit, we have often involuntarily been led to contrast him with

> "The churl who holds it heresy to think.
> And knows no music but the dollar's chink;
> Who never found what good from science grew
> Save the grand truth, that one and one make two;
> And he, across whose brain scarce dare to creep,
> Aught but the parent pair, *to get*, *to keep*."

Again—every farmer may exert an excellent influence in his own neigborhood in many ways. By perseverance, he may accomplish much in elevating the character of the neighbou ing schools—those fountains from which are to flow the very life-streams of intelligence to our successors on the great theatre of life. He may promote agricultural knowledge by assisting in the diffusion of periodicals. He may often find means to contribute to the happiness of those whom sickness has stripped of physical comforts. It is scarcely necessary to point out all the ways in which a really earnest, straight forward, kind and modest man, may benefit the community in which he lives, if he is not afraid of labor, although all and even more may be done while others may be idling, talking nonsense, or attending public amusements—and it is impossible, from the very nature of things, that all this should not make a strong impression on those who come in contact. In his own family, too, his influence is still greater than elsewhere, either for good or evil. Domestic sunshine or storms are very much at the command of the head authority. A single ill-natured remark will often send its poison and contagion through a whole household—a uniform air of kindness cannot fail greatly to soften the asperities of life; and especially when, to speak colloquially, "every thing goes crooked," a few words fitly spoken, will drop like balm into the corroding irritation of bad nature, and like the atmosphere of spring, breathe cheerfulness and sweetness about those within their influence.

Now, if any one believe that the accomplishment of these duties does not greatly increase one's own happiness, to say nothing of the happiness of others, "then has he no human blood in his veins." He is one of those chrysalides of mortality, whose object in living is to suffer as little, and enjoy as much as possible, within their own shell of physical selfishness. There are others who assent to all we have said, but who commit the supreme folly of chasing the rainbow of promised enjoyment, by trying *first to get rich!* No wonder that farmers' sons rush into the city, when their country homes, with the inexhaustible attractions which *might* be thrown around them, are made repulsive, or at least dull. Fortunately, the exercise of taste in rural improvements—the study of the beauties of country life—the performance of neighborhood amenities—and the soothing influence of kindness in families—do not require the income of a duke; and he who has accomplished all these well, in addition to the skilful management of his plantation, has perhaps as just an expectation as any one, of a pleasant evening in his life, in the hope that he has not lived wholly in vain..

Too much hard work for the money earned, is the general cry against farming; and there has been, in days past, and still is much truth in it.—Let any man spend some time in an agricultural district, and see the labor of men, women and children, and we feel sure he will be disposed to join the cry; but we hope for improvement in this respect. Farmers are becoming better educated than they have been, and with education will come wants and tastes to be gratified; and with education, too, will come the ability to gratify those wants. We do not mean to say that we ever expect or wish to see the time come when farmers will desire to live according to the fashionable mode of living in our large cities, but we do desire and pray for the time to come when they will, as a mass, be educated with the manners and feelings of true gentlemen, possessing, too, the learning and ability to make their wants known, and to demand the rights which belong to them as owners and occupants of the soil of this vast country. We would see farmers not lords of the creation in *name*, while they are truly slaves in *deed*, but elevated to their proper position. It can be done—it must be done. We feel that now is the time to press the matter upon the attention of the farmers. The movements for our benefit must originate with us, certainly no other class of men will undertake them for us. A convention of farmers called to meet at Toronto, at some future day, when no other business would be before them to distract their attention, would be productive of much good. So much dissatisfaction is expressed from many quarters, about the profit of agriculture being altogether inadequate to the labor, that we would gladly see where the fault lies, and have it corrected if possible. Our own humble opinion is, and always has been, that we hold the power in our own hands to rectify all the difficulties, providing we use it properly. The nineteenth century has brought changes to all classes of men.—Progress is the order of the day. The farmers can form no exception to this rule. A choice lies before them,—it is simply this, either to raise themselves by education to their lawful inheritance, or to lose it through ignorance, and to remain for ever mere "hewers of wood and drawers of water."

And now, Doctor, for your science and art.

DOCTOR—I have already told you that the *Canadian Journal* does the thing so well as to supersede the necessity of our attempting it; besides, I have already given you a sufficient dose in the ice-boat about the Lorraine Shales and other matters.

MAJOR—True; well, then, we will summon Mrs. Grundy, pluck the fruit of her "gatherings, and then call on you, Doctor, to close the evening's work with your song and music.

DOCTOR—I have really a very pretty song from the Mus. Bac.; it will well repay the trouble of learning it. My remarks, as usual, are without fear, favor, or affection, and if they do not satisfy every one, I cannot help it. By the bye, Cruvelli is positively spoken of as meditating a visit. Will it not be a treat? Cruvelli and Alboni—the two greatest contraltos in the world. My New York advices

Paris Fashions for March.

report Alboni as about to visit Toronto in June.

[*Enter Mrs. Grundy with her contributions. Mrs. Grundy reads*] :—

Our fair subscribers will perceive that the lace waistcoats and jacket bodies are not so much worn for evening costume as last season; the bodies *en stomacher* are most in favor. Narrow party-colored fringes are being introduced for trimming evening dresses. Satins and rich silks are also trimmed with rather broad and full silk fringes.

In mantles, the *Victoria* and *Montmorency* are the most in favor.

In consequence of the mildness of the season, ladies are wearing bonnets rather backward on the head, as during the last summer.

DESCRIPTION OF PLATE.

Carriage Costume.—Dress of ruby satin, the skirt, long and full, is without trimming. *Mantille* of black velvet, the ends in front falling broad and square: it is trimmed with two rows of lace which terminate in the front of the arm, the first row of the lace being extremely broad; the bottom of the front ends are finished by the broader lace; above the lace and down the fronts of the *mantille*, is a plaiting, *à veille*, of satin, each edge of the plaiting confined by a narrow band of velvet. Bonnet of white satin, trimmed with black velvet, very low at each side are placed a white and black feather, the white feather is turned up to lay on the front close to the edge, the black one droops; the strings are of broad pink satin ribbon.

Promenade Costumes.—Victoria mantle of rich dark ruby velvet. Dress of brocade silk. Bonnet of amber satin; a trimming of stamped black velvet is laid on the front, where the satin is plain; the crown is composed of *bouillons* of satin, divided and edged by a very narrow *rûche*, in the centre of which is a row of narrow black velvet; the curtain corresponds with the front; the edge of the bonnet is finished by a narrow black lace; the interior trimming is of pale amber *tûlle*.

Or—*Manteau* of black satin; it is trimmed entirely round with a silk fringe, above which is a plaiting *à veille* of satin; two rows of fringe are placed at equal distances from the bottom, each headed by a plaiting *à veille*; large square collar trimmed to correspond. Bonnet of drawn white silk; the brim round and open, is finished by a narrow *rûche;* a full white feather is placed at the right side; white roses and foliage ornament the interior.

Evening Costume.—Dresses of checked *glacée* silk, shaded pink and white: the skirt opens at each side on a breadth of white satin; the satin is cut longer than the dress, and consequently is a little full; it is gathered across at equal distances, forming puffs, which are divided by narrow bands of silk; the edges of the skirt at each side of the opening are finished by a plaiting of narrow ribbon. The low pointed body opens on a stomacher of white satin a little full and crossed by narrow bands of black silk; a broad lace forming a *berthe* at the back, narrows to a point in front at each side the stomacher: the sleeve is formed by two puffings, one of silk, the other of white satin, finished by a narrow pink band and deep lace ruffle.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS. An extensive wedding for which a Parisian dressmaker has recently been commissioned to execute for a young English lady of high rank, comprises a number of splendid dresses, together with several complete Court costumes. We select for description those which are most remarkable for their novelty.

One is a Court dress of white moïre antique; the skirt very long and ornamented up the front with embroidery, consisting of large bouquets of convolvulus. The flowers and their foliage are of natural colors, and are embroidered in floss silk, whilst the stamens and the stems are worked in silver. The rest of the dress is scattered with sprigs, consisting of light buds of convolvulus. The sleeves are of the Venetian form, demi-long, reaching just below the elbow at the back of the arm, and, in front, looped up by an agraffe of precious stones. The corsage is not pointed, but straight at the waist and draped at the bosom. To this dress is added a Court train of cerulean blue velvet attached to the waist by a *ceinture*, embroidered in silver lama, and fastened by an agrafe set with jewels, the same as those employed to loop up the sleeves. The bottom and sides of the train are edged with rich embroidery, representing wheat ears and blue-bells in silver lama. The coiffure to be worn with this dress is a wreath of diamonds in the form of a coronet, with very wide *barbes* of blonde descending to the shoulders.

Another costume is of a more fanciful character, but very elegant. The dress is of pink therry velvet, trimmed in front with six rows of fringe, graduated in width. This fringe is formed of pink chenille, and it has an open-work heading. The corsage has no point at the waist, and has a berthe, which is crossed in front *en cœur*. The berthe and the sleeves, which are short, are trimmed with pink chenille fringe. The Court train which accompanies this dress is rounded and composed of black satin, lined with pink satin, and edged all round with a wreath of weeds and aquatic plants embroidered in relief with pink chenille. This trimming has a very novel and pretty effect. The head-dress consists of four plaits or twists of pink therry velvet. One of these plaits is placed just above the bandeaux of front hair, and the other three are placed at the back of the head, slightly apart at the top, and, meeting in a point above the ears, are there joined by the ends of the one passing over the front hair. At the point of union on each side are bows and flowing ends of pink therry velvet and satin ribbon embroidered with silver, and attached by diamond wheat-ears. The gloves are trimmed with a ruche of tulle sprigged with small rosebuds. Two bracelets are destined to complete this costume. One consists of topazes and cameos, and the other is a large bracelet of richly wrought gold set with rubies

SUMMER AND WINTER.

A Ballad.

THE POETRY BY THE REVEREND R. J. MACGEORGE,

THE MUSIC BY

BY J. P. CLARKE, MUS. BAC.

Slow, with expression.

Voice.

P. Forte.

Sym.

One balm - y morn in blithesome May, I sat by Bothwell's ivied tower: The blackbird and the linty gray, Sang sweetly 'mid the hawthorn bower.

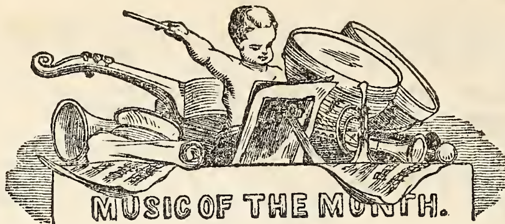
Be - side me sat up - on the green The fair - est maid in the west count-

rie; The brightest diamond flash I ween, Shone dim be - fore her hazel ee'.

I broke my love! she said na nay;
We pledged our vows; it seemed a dream
The sunny hours fled swift away,
As foam bells on the whirling stream,
Earth was a new-born paradise,
A fairy land of wild delight;
We spoke not,—in each other's eyes,
Our every thought we read aright.

Time's stayless chariot rolled along,
Again I sat by Bothwell's ha'
But nae mair came the linty's song,
The summer's balm had passed awa',
Cauld was the gloaming hour; and loud
December's blast swept o'er Clyde's stream
Bearing along with sleety cloud,
The screech-owls eldritch boding scream.

Oh welcome winter; for to me,
The garish summer smiles in vain,
And songs of birds fall jarringly,
Upon the heart whose hopes are slain,
But blow ye winds; it likes me well,
To hear you hoarsely round me rave,
Henceforth; 'mong you I'd ever dwell—
Dirges ye howl o'er Mary's grave.



MR. PAIGE'S FIRST SUBSCRIPTION CONCERT.

Our anticipations in relation to this Concert were fully realized, and seldom has a more flattering reception greeted a corps operatique. The performances were a little late in commencing, but the audience could easily perceive that Mr. Paige was unremitting in his exertions not to keep them longer than possible—so they bore the short delay with good humored philosophy. In so long a programme it is impossible to touch upon everything, and we really find it very difficult to particularize. However, we will begin by remarking that the opening overture was very good, and seemed to give general satisfaction. With the opening part of the opera from "Bella Venezia" to "Vieni! la danza invitaci," we were not satisfied; we did not think that Mr. Strathey seemed at home in his duties, and although he is most undoubtedly a thorough musician, we are afraid that he rather threw the first chorus into confusion from his want of experience as an accompanyist and director. The Brindisi, however, made amends, and we can with justice assure the singers that we have heard it at the Broadway opera house, with Bishop as a prima donna, and Bochsa as conductor, when it was neither as correctly nor as spiritedly executed. Any little defects were, however, speedily forgotten when the first notes of Lucrezia's opening cavatina, "Com' è bello, quale incanto," were heard. We have seldom known such wonderful improvement as we noticed in Miss Paige's voice, both in power and clearness of vocalisation. Her singing of this song was truly artistic; it was given with grace, tenderness, and that *truthfuluess of expression* which characterizes this young lady's singing. We must not omit the finale, "Maffeo, Orsini, signora, son io," which told with wonderful effect. Mr. Paige, as Gennaro, was very effective in the duet with Lucrezia, and in the beautiful "Di pescatore ignobile." Mr. Hecht was evidently suffering from a cold, which of course prevented his doing himself justice; his part was nevertheless well sung. We do not remember ever to have heard Mr. Humphrey's voice to such advantage as on this occasion; he was evidently on his mettle, and right well did he acquit himself. His singing was expressive, and really very fine.

The second part of the progrtmme was, with one exception, English. The excoption, however, was one of the gems of the evening—a terzetto sung by Mr. Paige, Miss Paige, and Mr. Humphreys—and was given with such effect as to cause an enthusiastic burst of applause, and a vociferous demand for an encore. While we think of it, we would remind the Toronto audiences that lungs are not made of leather, and cannot last for ever; a demand for an encore is, therefore, sometimes unmerciful—as, for instance, in the difficult and trying "Polka song," so well sung by Miss Paige. Had not the performers been possessed of the most invincible good humor, they could not have stood the repeated calls on their patience. "Avis au lecteur." We trust we have said enough—space forbids our enlarging; but we cannot pass over "The last rose of summer." When Miss Paige sings this, she almost reconciles us to English music. We can give her no greater praise than this admission. The second concert will take place on the 3d March, and is to consist exclusively of classical sacred music, and from what we can learn it will surpass in interest even the first. We shall have, for the first time in Toronto, some of the grand chorusses from the Oratorio of St. Paul, with their grand orchestral accompaniments. Miss Paige will sing "I know that my Redeemer liveth," and that alone will be something, we should say, worth hearing. We intended to have said a few words about the difficulty of concert-giving, but are without space, we will only then observe, *en passant*, that the getting up an affair in the successful and correct style of the last concert, is not so easy as some may imagine; when, therefore, it is done, and well done for us, we ought to show our appreciation of the trouble taken. We were glad, then, to see the brilliant, fashionable, and overflowing house that had asiembled to stamp Mr. Paiges merits with approval.

TORONTO VOCAL SOCIETY.

Since our last notice this Society has changed conductors, and Mr. Paige has been appointed conductor in place of Mr. Clarke. We are quite in the dark as to the why and wherefore the change has been made. There is a rumor that the first open meeting will be on the 9th of March, but we are not certain (in fact, we do not see how it can be done), that the necessary amount of practice can be got through by that time, as pupils and teacher must still be comparative strangers to each other. We must make one suggestion to the Society. We have been repeatedly asked where tickets for the open meetings could be purchased, and dissatisfaction is expressed at the difficulty in getting one. We propose to the Society to issue for sale at least two hundred tickets at a quarter dollar, this plan would give general satisfaction, and would add something to the funds, so as to enable the Society to make their bi-ennial concerts more attractive.

BOOKS FOR THE MONTH,

AT T. MACLEAR'S, 45, YONGE STREET.

Harper & Brothers have issued the third volume of the *Restoration of Monarchy in France*, by Lamartine. The work embraces the history of French affairs from 1815 till 1821, a stirring period in France, during the exile of its idolized tyrant. The work is written in a pleasing, racy style, smooth and attractive. Lamartine as a writer, though he writes with railroad rapidity, is a most engaging author—his long apprenticeship as an editor has given him a commanding knowledge of facts and figures, and his position and occupation as a journalist during the period embraced in the three volumes before us, rendered him eminently fit for becoming the most reliable historian in that country of such a period.

Blanchard & Lea, of Philadelphia, have issued, in three small 8vo volumes, the entire course of *Niebuhr's Lectures*, translated by Dr. Schmitz, and universally lauded in Great Britain. The edition before us is in all respects equal to the British edition. (*See Editor's Shanty of August.*)

The Hand Book of Natural Philosophy, by Dionysius Lardner, D. C. L., &c., has just appeared from the same press. The book may be regarded as *intrinsically* excellent. Dr. Lardner's European fame as a man of science will secure for the work a place among standard works on the sciences of the nineteenth century. But the book has another strong recommendation, it is the appropriate and *required* sequel of his popular and splendid *Treatise on Natural Philosophy and Mechanics.* And it has still higher commendations; it treats on the *present state* of the abstract sciences, as applied to *practical purposes.* It is divided into books and chapters; Book I. Heat—13 chapters. Book II. Magnetism—4 chapters. Book III. Electricity—13 chapters. Book IV. Voltaic Electricity—15 chapters.

Cornelius Nepos, Schmitz & Zumpt's edition. Among the recent issues by the above firm we have one of the most modest and portable editions of this popular classical work extant. It is one of a series of school books now being issued by Blanchard and Lea. For the use of schools and academies, we regard this edition of the classics a most valuable and suitable one. The text is from the most approved Leipsic editions.

History of Classical Literature, by Rev. R. W. Brown, M. A., recently issued by Blanchard & Lea, a work needed as a hand book for a student, or text book for a professor in that department of study, we have seen none superior, and seldom if ever, any equal to this work.

Outlines of English Literature, by Thomas B. Shaw. This is a neat, compendious, little work. It furnishes an epitome of the material which Chambers and others have elaborated into large volumes, and is not like their more ponderous books, likely to produce *bibliophobia.*

Lippincott Grambo & Co. Philadelphia, are issuing a splendid edition, uniform, of *The Novels of Sir Walter Scott*, which they purpose completing in some *nine* or *ten* volumes. The edition before us seems to be one of the best American editions, for the price at which it sells, that has ever been given to the public, and the public would seem to be of our opinion, inasmuch as this edition appears to command a more rapid and extensive sale than any of its predecessors that have been introduced into the Canadian market. Sir Walter has appeared in many a form and many a dress on this continent, and we intend to introduce him in Lippincott and Grambo's habit into our emporium next month.

Ancient Christianity Exemplified.—Among their most recent issues Lippincott, Grambo, and Co. have given to the world a book which has placed the Theology of the Nineteenth Century under a great debt of gratitude to Dr. Coleman, of Philadelphia. This really valuable volume is one which must have cost its learned author an immense research. It fills a great blank in the Theological literature of our age—and fills it well. We have seen it highly spoken of by *all* the leading journals of Canada and the States.

The Bible in the Family, or Hints on Domestic Happiness, by the Rev. Dr. Boardman, of Philadelphia. In ten lectures Dr. Boardman gives many admirable hints to the parent and the Sabbath-school teacher in this neat and well-written volume.

J. W. Moore, Philadelphia, has just published (1853) a magnificent edition of *Hebrew Scriptures*, stereotyped by L. Johnson, Esq. This is the most recent improvement of the London and Leipsic new editions,—is got up in excellent style, and will, no doubt, become the leading and most current edition in the United States and Canada.

The Koran or Alcoran of Mahommed.—Moore has also published, during the present year, a large and fine edition of the Bible of Mahommed. Many editions of this singular work are extant, and it must be a current book. It is the only medium by which we can reach a knowledge of the Faith of the False Prophet. New editions are therefore, appearing constantly—as men grow wiser they want to know what *was, and is, and will be.* Hence the rise and fall of the Ottoman Empire is become a world's talk, on which account Mohammed, and Bible, and his followers are all prated about. Some two or three years ago, Philips, Lawson, and Co., published in a most valuable 8vo. volume, the Life of Mohammed, by the Rev. Jones Merrick, Missionary to the Persians, and member of the American Oriental Society, a book that gave us much satisfaction. This work and the Koran ought to be read together, as a comparison of the two shows plainly how the impostures of the latter gradually sprung up in the mind of the False Prophet.

Knapp's Theology.—To Moore we are indebted for a new edition (1853) of the Theological writings of this great German author. In 1836 these works were translated by one of the learned Professors of Andover, and so eagerly were the lectures read, and so popular has the work become in that department of learning to which it belongs, that few libraries and private individuals could be found without it. In January of the present year, Mr. Moore has opportunely furnished the reading public with the course of Evangelical lectures which for many years were read by the venerable Knapp in the University of Halle—we would like

to invite old Knapp into our *Shanty* but our door is too narrow to admit polemics.

G. P. Putnam and Co.—This house has undertaken a Monthly Miscellany, two numbers of which have been issued, and, having had an opportunity of glancing at them, we think we may with all safety commend this new magazine—we hail every effort with delight, that the Press undertakes for pushing forward the cause of Literature. "*Putnam's Monthly*," for such is the name given to the new magazine before us, differs from most of its compeers, and we might add, competitors, in these respects:—1. Its articles are original—not derived, not copied.—2. Its articles, with some exceptions, contain good wholesome food, and partake of the solid rather than the light and phantasmagorial.—3. It proposes to advocate the Scientific and Metaphysical studies of the country. To this new competitor in the great course of modern Letters we say *macte virtute*—we hail thy birth as we would that of another child born into our large family, not for a moment dreaming that thy *food or clothing* will either impoverish us, or deprive thy numerous brothers and sisters of one particle of their present luxuries.

Putnam & Co.—Historical Department.—*Bungener's History* of the Council of Trent—recently translated from the French, and published by Putnam—is an authority on the Romish controversy. It bears a high character in Europe, and not less so among the students of Ecclesio-historical and Polemical Divinity in the United States.

Ruffner—the Father of the Desert. The origin and progress of ascetic observation in the Eastern Churches, the history of nunneries, external and internal. Must be a most valuable work.

Tennent's (Sir James Emerson) "*Ceylon.*" All North of Ireland men know Sir James. His *Letters from the Ægean*, and latterly his work on "Ceylon," prepared while he was Governor of that island, have given him a place among the literati of Europe; and though some of the British reviewers who were opposed to him and the Government from which he received the appointment bore heavy on his book, still, by the best judges this work has received the highest praise. We may ere long admit it into our Shanty.

Encyclopædia Britannica. The seventh edition, completed in 1842, being now out of print, a new edition, with improvements, additions, and revisions, is in course of preparation, to be published quarterly or in semi-annual volumes. Subscriptions to be received by Putnam & Co. This offers a most suitable opportunity for any private gentleman who wishes to possess a copy of thls great national work. Mr. Maclear will undertake an agency for this great work, provided he is encouraged by such parties as wish to introduce it into public or private libraries. The work is too well known to require anything more than a mere mention made of the publication of each volume as it is issued.

Mathematical.—We have noticed some of Putnam's mathematical works, which we are sorry to see so very limited in their circulation in this country. It is deplorable that a taste for the higher branches of pure science is so very rare. Such works as those of Chauvenet, Comte, Smith, Hahn, Jillet, Loomis, Gregory, &c., would be perfectly devoured in the old country, while some of them can scarcely be found in our public libraries in Canada.

Illustrated Magazine of Art, No. 1, Vol. 1.—The first number of this, a new undertaking, has been sent as a specimen. The project seems to us by no means novel, but certainly most likely to be very popular and very successful. Our readers may wonder what the new Magazine bearing the above title can be. Our reply is, there was a want in the Magazine department. We are fond of pictures, we are children in this respect; and the readers of the great London *Times* wanted a newspaper with pictures in it—hence the *Illustrated London News*, the most popular paper in the empire. Now the new Magazine before us is intended to fill the place in the Magazine department that is filled by the *Illustrated News* in the newspaper department of our popular and current literature. The publishers are Alexander Montgomery, 17 Spruce Street, New York; Redding & Co., Boston; and J. W. Moon, Philadelphia. We predict and wish the new Magazine every success.

Appleton & Co., 200 Broadway, New York.—We can only notice a few of Appleton's most recent issues which have come to hand. The Appletons are at present issuing a uniform edition of the great British bards—Byron, Burns, Milton, Cowper, Moore, Campbell, Beattie, Wordsworth, Scott (Sir Walter), &c., with translations of Tasso and other continental poets, which, when complete, will be one of the best poetic libraries ever given to the reading public. One or two of the latest of this series must have an early place in our Shanty; indeed, we have been so busy of late, and so occupied by the welcome intrusion of strangers, that we had almost forgotten our old friends, but we plead not guilty of any intentional disrespect towards them, and to prove this we hold out our hand with hearty welcome for the first of those good old gentlemen who knocks at our door. Ha! come in! Tasso, thrice welcome! You are the good old gent, who addressed an ode to your cat begging the light of her eyes by which to write it—being so poor as not to be able to provide thyself with a candle; but you are not alone here—your old daddy, Homer, had the fame, *when dead*, of seven cities striving for the honor of having given him birth, while he had the honor, *when alive*, of begging his bread in the streets of those very cities!—who is that with you? pray walk in, old gentleman! Oh! is it possible! Tom Moore! Glad to see you in company with Tasso, and in that nice Appletonian garb. Shades of Moore! speak, and say would you not rather appear attired in the chaste simplicity of Appleton's drapery than in the Russellian dress, flaunting about on the tables of a Cabinet Ministry. Good night, old friends; pray tell Cowper, Milton, and all the rest of your fraternity, that we intend to have a jubilee in the Shanty, to which all the poets in Appleton's Series are to be invited. Cards will be issued before April, 1853. *Bon soir.*

THE

ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

Vol. II.—TORONTO: APRIL, 1853.—No. 4.

HISTORY OF THE WAR BETWEEN GREAT BRITAIN AND THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,

DURING THE YEARS 1812, 1813, AND 1814,

CHAPTER IV. CONTINUED.

As a foil to General Hull's vaporing gasconade, General Brock's proclamation, which will be found at length in our notes, may appropriately be placed, the one as remarkable for firmness and dignity of tone, as the other was noteworthy for presumption and bombast. The artful and threatening language, in which Gen. Hull's proclamation was couched, failed, however, in producing the anticipated effect, and seemed but to nerve, still more keenly for the contest, the gallant few on whom the successful defence of the province depended—even then, in fact, had the foresight and energy of the British General prepared the first of those disasters which were so shortly to overwhelm

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(*Continued from page* 240.)

The United States are sufficiently powerful to afford every security consistent with their rights and your expectations. I tender you the invaluable blessing of civil, political, and religious liberty, and their necessary result, individual and general prosperity. That liberty which gave decision to our councils and energy to our conduct, in a struggle for independence, and which conducted us safe and triumphantly through the stormy period of the revolution. That liberty which has raised us to an elevated rank among the nations of the world, and which afforded us a greater measure of peace and security, of wealth and improvement, than ever fell to the lot of any country.

In the name of my country, and by the authority of government, I promise you protection to your persons, property and rights; remain at your homes, pursue your peaceful and customary avocations, raise not your hand against your brethren. Many of your fathers fought for the freedom and independence we now enjoy. Being children, therefore, of the same family with us, and heirs to the same heritage, the arrival of an army of friends must be hailed by you with a cordial welcome. You will be emancipated from tyranny and oppression, and restored to the dignified station of freemen. Had I any doubt of eventual success, I might ask your assistance, but I do not. I come prepared for every contingency —I have a force which will look down all opposition. And that force is but the vanguard of a much greater. If, contrary to your own interest and the just expectation of my country, you should take part in the approaching contest, you will be considered and treated as enemies, and the horrors and calamities of war will stalk before you. If the barbarous and savage policy of Great Britain be pursued, and the savages be let loose to murder our citizens, and butcher our women and children, this war will be a war of extermination. The first stroke of the tomahawk, the first attempt with the scalping knife, will be the signal for one indiscriminate scene of desolation. No white man found fighting by the side of an Indian will be taken prisoner; instant destruction will be his lot. If the dictates of reason, duty, justice, and humanity, cannot prevent the employment of a force which respects no rights, and knows no wrong, it will be prevented by a severe and relentless system of retaliation. I doubt not your courage and firmness—I will not doubt your attachment to liberty. The United States offer you peace, liberty, and security—your choice lies between these and war, slavery, and destruction. Choose, then, but choose wisely; and may He who knows the justice of our cause, and who holds in his hands the fate of nations, guide you to a result the most compatible with your rights and interests, your peace and happiness.

By the General.

A. P. HULL,
Capt. of the 13*th Regt. of U. S. Infantry, and Aide de Camp, &c.*

Head Quarters, Sandwich,
July 12, 1812.

the unfortunate Hull.* Early in the spring, ere events had assumed a decidedly hostile aspect, General Brock had provided for the protection of Fort St. Joseph, a small post

*The unprovoked declaration of war by the United States of America against the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and its dependencies, has been followed by the actual invasion of this Province, in a remote frontier of the western district, by a detachment of the armed force of the United States.

The officer commanding that detachment has thought proper to invite his Majesty's subjects, not merely to a quiet and unresisting submission, but insults them with a call to seek voluntarily the protection of his government.

Without condescending to notice the epithets bestowed, in this appeal of the American commander to the people of Upper Canada, on the administration of his Majesty, every inhabitant of the Province is desired to seek the confutation of such indecent slander in the review of his own particular circumstances. Where is the Canadian subject who can truly affirm to himself that he has been injured by the government, in his person, his property, or his liberty? Where is to be found, in any part of the world, a growth so rapid in prosperity and wealth, as this colony exhibits? Settled, not thirty years, by a band of veterans, exiled from their former possessions on account of their loyalty, not a descendant of these brave people is to be found, who, under the fostering liberality of their sovereign, has not acquired a property and means of enjoyment superior to what were possessed by their ancestors.

This unequalled prosperity would not have been attained by the utmost liberality of the government, or the persevering industry of the people, had not the maritime power of the mother country secured to its colonists a safe access to every market, where the produce of their labour was in request.

The unavoidable and immediate consequences of a separation from Great Britain must be the loss of this inestimable advantage; and what is offered you in exchange? To become a territory of the United States, and share with them that exclusion from the ocean which the policy of their government enforces; you are not even flattered with a participation of their boasted independence: and it is but too obvious that, once estranged from the powerful protection of the United Kingdom, you must be re-annexed to the dominion of France, from which the provinces of Canada were wrested by the arms of Great Britain, at a vast expense of blood and treasure, from no other motive than to relieve her ungrateful children from the oppression of a cruel neighbour. This restitution of Canada to the empire of France, was the stipulated reward for the aid afforded to the revolted colonies, now the United States; the debt is still due, and there can be no doubt but the pledge has been renewed as a consideration for commercial advantages, or rather for an expected relaxation in the tyranny of France over the commercial world. Are you prepared, inhabitants of Canada, to become willing subjects, or rather slaves, to the despot who rules the nations of continental Europe with a rod of iron? If not, arise in a body, exert your energies, co-operate cordially with the king's regular forces to repel the invader, and do not give cause to your children, when groaning under the oppression of a foreign master, to reproach you with having so easily parted with the richest inheritance of this earth—a participation in the name, character, and freedom of Britons!

The same spirit of justice, which will make every reasonable allowance for the unsuccessful efforts of zeal and loyalty, will not fail to punish the defalcation of principle. Every Canadian freeholder is, by deliberate choice, bound by the most solemn oaths to defend the monarchy, as well as his own property; to shrink from that engagement is a treason not to be forgiven. Let no man suppose that if, in this unexpected struggle, his Majesty's arms should be compelled to yield to an overwhelming force, the province will be eventually abandoned; the endeared relations of the first settlers, the intrinsic value of its commerce, and the pretensions of its powerful rival to repossess the Canadas, are pledges that no peace will be established between the United States and Great Britain and Ireland, of which the restoration of these provinces does not make the most prominent condition.

Be not dismayed at the unjustifiable threat of the commander of the enemy's forces to refuse quarter, should an Indian appear in the ranks. The brave bands of Aborigines which inhabit this colony were, like his Majesty's other subjects, punished for their zeal and fidelity, by the loss of their possessions in the late colonies, and rewarded by his Majesty with lands of superior value in this Province. The faith of the British Government has never yet been violated—the Indians feel that the soil they inherit is to them and their posterity protected from the base arts so frequently devised to over-reach their simplicity. By what new principle are they to be prohibited from defending their property? If their warfare, from being different to that of the white people, be more terrific to the enemy, let him retrace his steps—they seek him not—and cannot expect to find women and children in an invading army.—But they are men, and have equal rights with all other men to defend themselves and their property when invaded, more especially when they find in the enemy's camp a ferocious and mortal foe, using the same warfare which the American commander affects to reprobate.

This inconsistent and unjustifiable threat of refusing quarter, for such a cause as being found in arms with a brother sufferer, in defence of invaded rights, must be exercised with the certain assurance of retaliation, not only in the limited operations of war in this part of the King's dominions, but in every quarter of the globe; for the national character of Britain is not less distinguished for humanity than strict retributive justice, which will consider the execution of this inhuman threat as deliberate murder, for which every subject of the offending power must make expiation.

ISAAC BROCK,
Major-Gen. and President.

Head Quarters,
Fort-George, July 22, 1812.
By order of his honor the President.
J. B. GLEGG, Capt. & A.D.C.

to the north-east of the American island of Michilimacinac, and one of his first acts, on hearing of the declaration of war, was to send a notification of it to Captain Roberts, then in command at St. Joseph's, with instructions to make, if practicable, an immediate attack upon Michilimacinac. This order was acted upon by Captain Roberts with singular promptitude and decision, and on the 16th July he embarked with forty-five men of the 10th Royal Veteran Battalion, two hundred Militia under the command of Mr. Crawford, and two hundred and fifty Indians, composed principally of Sioux, Ottawas, and Chippewas. This force on the morning of the 17th effected a landing, and, without opposition, this vital post, with a garrison of some sixty regulars, was surrendered.—Lieutenant Hancks, the officer in command of the Americans, has officially stated that the summons to surrender the fort was the first information he had of the declaration of war. This, however, appears but little probable, when we remember that the Americans had been making preparations* for a decisive attack in this very quarter for nearly six months, and that General Hull's army alone, the fruit of this preparation, exceeded the whole available force in Upper Canada. Be this, however, as it may—with Michilimacinac fell at once General Hull's hopes of an easy and bloodless conquest of Canada,—spirit and confidence were thereby infused into the Indian tribes, and the poor old General—already familiarized with Indian warfare, finding them less inclined for neutrality, and the Canadian Militia less favorable than he anticipated—even at this time began to discover the fallacy of the expectations he had so prematurely formed. Michilimacinac, (or Mackinaw, as it is now more commonly called,) is an island in the Straits between the Lakes Michigan and Huron, about four miles from land at the nearest point—its name is derived from a fancied resemblance to a turtle's back. The fort, on the south-east side, was situated on a rock, almost perpendicular in some places, extending nearly half round the island, and rising some two hundred feet from the water. It overlooked, and, of course, commanded the harbor, a beautiful basin of about a mile in extent, sheltered from Lake Huron by two islands stretching across its mouth, and leaving only a narrow ship channel by which to enter the harbor. This position was a most valuable one, as it commanded the passage by which, if necessary, Hull might expect his supplies or reinforcements. In the fort were a quantity of military stores and seven hundred packs of fur, the first fruits of the war.

While these scenes, so important in their effects, were being transacted in his rear, Gen. Hull commenced an advance on Fort Malden, or Amherstburg. At this time the British force on the frontier was nearly nominal, and could scarcely have been expected to offer much resistance, the garrison at Amherstburg, consisting of but about two hundred men of the 1st Battalion of the 41st Regiment, commanded by Captain Muir, a very weak detachment of the Royal Newfoundland Fencibles, and a subaltern's (Lieutenant Troughton's) command of Artillery—such was the material on which Canadians had to trust for a defence of one of the most important points along their frontier. This point was, indeed, of the most vital importance to the British, as it formed the key to their relations with the Indians of the West, and was, naturally, an object of very great interest to the enemy. General Hull had experienced no difficulty in ascertaining the weakness of its defences, and judging from the almost utter impossibility of its obtaining supplies, he looked forward to the fate of Amherstburg as an event which did not admit of a doubt—with this view, therefore, he laid his plans, and against this point was the thunder of the American artillery to be first directed. The fort at Amherstburg could not have sustained a seige of long duration, four bastions flanking a dry ditch, with a single interior defence of picketing, perforated with loop-holes for musketry, offering but little obstacle to an enterprising enemy; a few shells, indeed, would have sufficed to destroy all the defences, as, with the exception of the magazine, all the buildings were of wood, and covered with pine shingles unfit for resisting any missile. The

* We learn from General Armstrong, (Secretary at War at that period,) that preparations had been made along the whole Canadian frontier, in the fall of 1811, and that warlike stores had been sent to Burlington, on Lake Champlain. From the same authority we also learn, that General Hull began his march from Drayton, a frontier town in the State of Ohio, on the 1st day of June, 1812, twelve days before the declaration of war, to coöperate with such other corps as might be destined to the invasion of Canada.—Ed. A. A. M.

disadvantage of remaining in this position, Col. St. George, the commanding officer, well knew—orders were therefore given to the garrison to be ready at a moment's notice, as Col. St. George preferred giving battle, even with his inferior force, to remaining cooped up without the means of offering any resistence whatever.

The want of decision and energy* on the part of General Hull became at this time very apparent to his more enterprising opponents, indeed, the American General seemed to have forgotten altogether the intended objects of his invasion and to have confined his efforts to levying provisions and forage from the inhabitants towards whom the troops behaved with great severity, as if to avenge their disappointed hopes at meeting enemies where they expected to find friends.

This state of inaction was only interrupted by some desultory attempts to cross the river Canard, but the daily skirmishes which ensued led to no action of a decisive character. Here, however, was shed the first blood,† and the gallant behaviour of the troops is apparent from the following extract from a general order dated August 6th:—"The Commandant of the Forces takes great pleasure in announcing to the troops, that the enemy under Brigadier-General Hull have been repelled in three attacks made on the 18th, 19th and 20th of last month, upon part of the garrison of Amherstburg, on the river Canard," particular mention is here made of the heroism and devotion displayed by two privates (Hancock and Dean, the former killed, the latter taken prisoner,) of the 41st, and the general order goes on "Instances of such firmness and intrepidity deserve to be thus publicly recorded, and his Excellency thinks that it will not fail to animate the troops under his command with an ardent desire to follow so noble an example, whenever an opportunity shall hereafter be offered to them."

Amongst the records of gallant deeds we must not omit to mention the bravery of twenty-two warriors of the Minoumim tribe of Indians, who repelled the attack of a body of Americans ten times their number, who, under the command of Major Denny had advanced with a view of crossing the river Canard, here not more than a few yards wide—a timber bridge crossed the river at this point, but Col. St. George seeing the importance of the position, and anxious to retard the advance of the enemy had caused it to be destroyed, and had placed, in ambush among the grass and weeds which lined the banks, a picked body of marksmen for the purpose of preventing its reconstruction.

The Queen Charlotte, a vessel of some size and force, was also mounted with twenty guns

* The following extract, from General Armstrong's work, will show how eager the Americans were to find any excuse, at whatever sacrifice of previously well established reputation and character, for want of success:—"The General's conduct on this occasion could not escape animadversion. His more severe critics,—combining his uniform indifference to the state of his communications, the presure necessary to induce him to take any means for re-opening them, and the perverse preference given to those of the most inefficient, shapeless character,—did not scruple to impute to him a secret and systematic coöperation with the enemy; while others, less prone to suspicion, and of *more charitable* temperament, ascribe it to an honorable but false estimate of the value of the objects to be attained, and of the degree of danger to be incurred in attaining them, and, lastly, to a persuasion that the safety of his own position required cautious measures."

† The first blood was shed here, but the first hostile act was the capture of a merchant vessel in Lake Ontario, by the brig Oneida, commanded by Capt. Woolsey. This vessel was a fast sailer, and, while beating up the Lake from Prescott, in company with serveral others, was considerably a-head. The Oneida made for her first, intending to take those to leeward afterwards, but night coming on, they fortunately escaped. The object of the American Government in thus attacking, *in time of peace*, the vessel of a friendly nation, was to secure as many of the vessels on the Lake as they could, to assist any future contemplated attacks against Canada. One of the owners proceeded immediately to Sackett's Harbor, and reclaimed his property—war not having been declared at the time, nor was it till a fortnight afterwards that it was declared—his remonstrance and claims were, however, disregarded, and the vessel was immediately armed and manned. This same vessel was, the next year, upset in a squall on Lake Ontario, during a night action with the British fleet under Sir James Yeo, and went to the bottom, very few of her crew escaping.—Strange to say, the owners of the vessel have never been indemnified for their loss, by either their own or the American Government, although repeated applications have been urged on both, and even a joint address to the Crown voted by both branches of the Legislature of Upper Canada,—although more recently we have seen a British fleet sent to Athens, to compel payment of a few hundred pounds to Don Pacifico.—Ed. A. A. M.

and anchored across the mouth of the river to keep the enemy more effectually in check.

Movements of Col. St. George.

While Col. St. George was thus engaged in keeping the enemy in check, Gen. Brock was anxiously expecting the time when, having disposed of the business for which the Legislature were about to assemble, he might be at liberty to repair in person to the scene of action—in the meantime he despatched Col. Proctor of the 41st Regiment, with such reinforcements as he could spare, to assume the command at Amherstburg. Immediately on his arrival he learned the fate of a detachment of the enemy, two hundred strong, under the command of Major Van Horne, which, sent as a convoy to guard the mail, and open a communication by which provisions could be obtained, had been intercepted at the river Raisin, thirty-six miles from Detroit, and cut to pieces by Tecumseh with a small party of his Indians; and having been informed that a second convoy with provisions was then on its march to Detroit, Col. Proctor ordered Captain Muir with about one hundred of the 41st, the same number of militia, and about two hundred and fifty Indians to cross the river and occupy Brownstown, a small village on the American side, through which the convoy was expected to pass. The expedition did not, however, prove as successful as former attempts, as the following account given by Major Richardson fully proves:—

"On the morning of Sunday the 9th, the wild and distant cry of our Indian scouts gave us to understand that the enemy were advancing. In the course of ten minutes afterwards they appeared issuing from the wood, bounding like wild deer chased by the huntsman, and uttering that peculiar shout which is known among themselves as the *news-cry*.—From them we ascertained that a strong column of the enemy, cavalry and infantry, were on their march to attack us, but that the difficulty of transporting their guns rendered it improbable they could reach our position before night, although then only at a distance of eight miles. It being instantly decided on to meet them, the detachment was speedily under arms, and on its march for Maguaga, a small Indian village distant about a league.—The road along which we advanced was ankle-deep with mud, and the dark forest waving its close branches over our heads, left no egress to the pestilential exhalations arising from the naked and putrid bodies of horses and men of Major Horne's detachment, which had been suffered to lie unburied beneath our feet. No other sound than the measured step of the troops interrupted the solitude of the scene, rendered more imposing by the wild appearance of the warriors, whose bodies, stained and painted in the most frightful manner for the occasion, glided by us with almost noiseless velocity, without order, and without a a Chief; some painted white, some black, others half black, half red, half black, half white; all with their hair plaistered in such a way as to resemble the bristling quills of the porcupine, with no other covering then a cloth around their loins, yet armed to the teeth with rifles, tomahawks, war-clubs, spears, bows, arrows, and scalping-knives. Uttering no sound, and intent only on reaching the enemy unperceived, they might have passed for the spectres of those wilds, the ruthless demons which war had unchained for the punishment and oppression of man.

"Having taken up a position about a quarter of a mile beyond Maguaga, our dispositions for defence were speedily made, the rustling of the leaves alone breaking on the silence which reigned throughout our line. Following the example of the Indians, we lay reclined on the ground in order to avoid being perceived, until within a few yards of the enemy.—While awaiting, in this manner, the approach of the column, which we knew to be, at no great distance, advancing upon us, our little force was increased by the arrival of Lieut. Bullock of the 41st Grenadiers, who, with a small detachment of twenty men of his own company, twenty Light Infantry, and twenty Battalion men had been urged forward by Gen. Brock, from the head quarters of the Regiment, then stationed at Fort George, for the purpose of reinforcing the little garrison of Amherstburg, and who, having reached their destination the preceding day, had been despatched by Col. Proctor, (lately arrived to assume the command) to strengthen us. Shortly the report of a single shot echoed through the wood; and the instant afterwards the loud and terrific yells of the Indians, followed by a heavy and desultory fire, apprised us that they

were engaged. The action then became general along our line, and continued for half an hour, without producing any material advantage; when unluckily, a body of Indians that had been detached to a small wood about five hundred yards distant from our right, were taken by the troops for a corps of the enemy endeavouring to turn their flank. In vain we called out to them that they were our Indians. The fire which should have been reserved for their foes, was turned upon their friends, who, falling into the same error, returned it with equal spirit. The fact was, they had been compelled to retire before a superior force, and the movement made by them, had given rise to the error of the troops. That order and discipline which would have marked their conduct as a body in a plain, was lost sight of, in a great measure, while fighting independently and singly in a wood, where every man, following the example of the enemy, was compelled to shelter his person behind the trees as he could. Closely pressed in front by an almost invisible foe, and on the point of being taken in the rear, as was falsely imagined, the troops were at length compelled to yield to circumstance and numbers.

"Although our retreat, in consequence of this unfortunate misapprehension, commenced in some disorder, this was soon restored, when Major Muir, who had been wounded early in the engagement, succeeded in rallying his men, and forming them on the brow of a hill which commanded a short and narrow bridge intersecting the high road, and crossing a morass over which the enemy's guns must necessarily pass. This was about a quarter of a mile in rear of the position we had previously occupied. Here we remained at least fifteen minutes, when finding that the Americans did not make their appearance as expected, Major Muir, whose communication with Tecumseh had been cut off, and who now heard some smart firing in the woods beyond his left, naturally inferred that the enemy were pushing the Indians in that quarter, with a view of turning his flank, gaining the high road in our rear, and thus cutting off our retreat. The order was then given to retire, which we certainly did at the double quick, yet without being followed by the enemy, who suffered us to gain our boats without further molestation.

"In this affair, which we never then regarded as anything more than a sharp skirmish, yet to which the Americans have since attached an undue importance, their loss was eighteen killed and sixty-three wounded; ours, one rank and file killed, two Officers, two Sergeants, nineteen rank and file wounded, and two rank and file missing, but afterwards recaptured by the Indians. The wounded officers were, Major Muir, and Lieutenant Sutherland. They were near each other when the attack commenced, and Major Muir having observed an American taking a deliberate aim at them, hastily placed a short rifle, which he usually carried with him on these occasions, on the shoulder of his companion, and levelled it at his enemy. Both fired at the same instant. The ball of the American, entering Lieut. Sutherland's cheek, came out at the back of his neck, and passed through one of Major Muir's wings (he commanded the Light Company of the 41st,) while the rifleman himself fell dead on the spot, from his adversary's bullet. Major Muir soon afterwards received another ball in the leg, yet without being disabled. Severe as proved the wound of Lieut. Sutherland, (who was borne off the field when the retreat commenced, on the back, if I do not greatly mistake, of one of the Messrs. Caldwell of Amherstburg) he would have recovered had he not imprudently, some ten days afterwards, made premature use of his tooth-brush. This opened the wound, brought on hemorrhage, and before medical assistance could be procured, (the main body of the force being then in occupation of Detroit) he bled to death.—Tecumseh was also slightly wounded, by a buck-shot, on this occasion."

Here it was that an opportunity was first afforded of proving the extreme disadvantage of opposing regular troops to the enemy in the woods. Accustomed to the use of the rifle from his infancy—dwelling in a measure amid forests with the intricacies of which he was wholly acquainted, and possessing the advantage of a dress which rendered him almost undistinguishable to the eye of an European, the American marksman entered with comparative security into a contest with the English soldier, whose glaring habiliment and accoutrements were objects too conspicuous to be missed, while his utter ignorance of a mode of warfare, in which courage and discipline were of no avail, rendered the struggle for mastery even more

unequal. The principal armies to which the British troops were opposed during the war, consisted not of regular and well-disciplined troops only, but of levies taken from the forests of Ohio and Kentucky, scarcely inferior as riflemen to the Indians. Dressed in woollen frocks of a gray color, and trained to cover their bodies behind the trees from which they fired, without exposing more of their persons than was absolutely necessary for their aim, they afforded, on more than one occasion, the most convincing proofs that without the assistance of the Indian Warriors, the defence of so great a portion of Western Canada, as was entrusted to the charge of the few regulars and militia, would have proved a duty of great difficulty and doubt.

The Americans attached an undue* importance to this affair—and when the disparity of the forces engaged is considered, it will be seen that there was in reality but little to boast of. By Col. Miller's admission the forces under his command consisted of the whole of the 4th Regiment of United States Infantry, except one company left at Sandwich to garrison a fort, built by order of General Hull: a small detachment of the 1st Infantry, and Artillerists enough to man the guns,—this composed the regular force, there was besides about four hundred militia, making in all about seven hundred men: the total force opposed to them, was, as we have shewn, not more than four hundred and fifty men, two hundred and fifty of whom were Indians.

Conduct of our Indian militia.

Great stress has been laid on the cruel policy of the English for acting in concert with allies so little disposed to deal mercifully with the captives placed by the chances of war in their hands, and the Americans in particular have been loud in their condemnation of a measure to the adoption of which the safety of the Western Province was in a great measure to be attributed. These writers are however forgetful that every possible exertion was employed by the agents of the United States Government to detach the Indians from us and to effect an alliance with them on the part of the States.

"Besides," as Major Richardson observes,—"The natives must have been our friends or our foes; had we not employed them the Americans would, and although humanity must deplore the necessity, imposed by the very invader himself, of counting them among our allies, and combating at their side, the law of self-preservation was our guide, and scrupulous indeed must be the power that would have hesitated at such a moment in its choice." On the other hand too the Indians had always been our allies. No faithless dealing nor treachery on our parts had alienated their trust and confidence from a Government which had heaped bounties on them with no sparing hand. We were not the aggressors, we did not, for the purpose of adding to our territorial boundaries, carry ruin and desolation among an almost defenceless population, we only availed ourselves of the right, common to every one, of repelling invasion by every means possible, and while we admit that our allies were in some instances guilty of the excesses peculiar to every savage nation, it cannot be supposed that these acts were sanctioned by the Government, or that, so far as it was possible, principles of toleration and mercy were not inculcated by us amongst our red allies.

In justice, too, to the Indians, we must remark, that acts of barbarous cruelty were not confined to them. The American backwoodsmen were in the habit of scalping also, and, indeed, it is singular enough that, although General Hull's famous, or rather infamous, proclamation awarded death to any one of the subjects of Great Britain, found combating at the side of, and therefore assumed to be a participator in the barbarities attributed to the Indians, the very first scalp should have been taken by an officer of his own army, and that within a few days after the proclamation was issued.*

* This is pretty evident from General Hull's remarks. His official, letter giving an account of it, laments "that nothing was gained by it but honor; and that the blood of seventy-five men had been shed in vain; as it but opened his communications as far as their bayonets had extended."

* James, in his History of the War, writes:—At the action fought at Brownstown, where Major Van Horne was defeated, a letter was found in the pocket of Captain McCulloch (who was among the slain on that occasion) addressed to his wife, and stating that he had shot an Indian near the Canard Bridge, on the 15th of July, and had the

General Brock, with a body of volunteers, leaves York for the scene of action, and arrives on the 13th of August.

On the 6th of August, General Brock had the satisfaction of finding that he could be spared from the seat of Government for, at least, a short time. He had divided the small force at his disposal for the defence of the Province, in the various quarters most likely to be attacked; but still he was without a military chest, without money enough at his command to buy provisions, blankets, or even shoes for the militia. Under these circumstances, he made his wants known to a number of gentlemen of credit, who formed themselves into what was called "the Niagara and Queenston Association," the late Mr. Robert Grant of Queenston being manager, and several thousand pounds were issued in the shape of bank notes, which were currently received throughout the country, and afterwards redeemed with army bills. Having thus disposed of his difficulties, General Brock found himself at liberty to repair in person to the scene of hostilities, and he accordingly embarked for Burlington Bay, whence he proceeded by land to Long Point on Lake Erie. General Brock's force, on leaving York, amounted to two hundred volunteers,—forty men of the 41st regiment had been, some time previously, despatched to Long Point, for the purpose of collecting the Militia in that neighbourhood, and fifty men of the same regiment had been sent into the interior, with a view of encouraging and being joined by the Indians,—part of these troops would, the English General anticipated, be ready to join his force on the shores of Lake Erie.

It may not be uninteresting to give a short extract from the note book of one of those veteran militia men who so distinguished themselves during this and subsequent campaigns. It will shew the spirit which actuated Canadians:—

"After having been a few weeks in garrison, and made as much progress in the duties of a soldier's life as was possible, I and several others, having volunteered, in addition to the ordinary duties, to make ourselves acquainted with the great gun exercise, began to be very anxious for the more active duties of a soldier's life, it was with no little excitement, then, we heard that General Hull, with a strong force, had crossed into Canada from Detroit—a proposition was then made to me by two persons much older than myself to aid them in forming a company of volunteers, in which I was to hold the rank of Ensign, to march to the west to meet Gen. Hull. This scheme, however, was put an end to by General Brock's proclamation calling for volunteers of which the York Garrison was to furnish one hundred. When the proclamation or general order was read on parade by Major Alton, most gladly did I avail myself of my position, as right hand man of the Grenadier company, to shoulder my musket and step to the front as the first volunteer for that service. I was followed in a few minutes by the necessary number, we were then allowed three days to visit our friends and make the necessary preparations for our first campaign. Many were the predictions made that we should never return, and that we should be overpowered by the immense force of Gen. Hull, but, with two exceptions, every man was ready at the appointed time. As far as I was myself concerned, had I even been disposed to hang back, (though such a thought never entered into my head, I was too much elated at the prospect before me,) it would have been at the risk of suffering the most severe reproaches from my mother—who, at parting, as she clasped me in her arms and then tore herself from my embrace, exclaimed—Go, my son, and let me hear of your death rather than your disgrace. I marched off with a full heart but a buoyant spirit."

With such volunteers as these fighting for the protection of their homes and the sanctity

pleasure of *tearing off his scalp with his teeth.* Now of the fact itself there can be very little doubt, for we had one Indian (and one only) killed and scalped at the Canard. But, although Captain McCulloch is entitled to all the credit of this feat, there is reason to infer that James is incorrect in stating this information was obtained from a letter found in his pocket. In the first instance, it is extremely unlikely that the Indians, in rifling and stripping the body, would have brought off anything so valueless to them as a letter, and secondly, it is much more probable that such communication from McCulloch to his wife had been placed in the mail, which the party to which he belonged, were escorting from Detroit, with the correspondence of General Hull's army, and which, it will be recollected, was captured by the Indians. The whole of the letters passed through our hands, and it is highly probable the disclosure was made in this manner.

of their native land, General Brock had not much reason to shun an encounter as far as the spirit of his troops was in question.

When passing the Mohawk settlement on the Grand River, General Brock held, on the 7th, a council of war for the purpose of ascertaining how far their professions of friendship could be trusted, and from them he received the assurance that sixty of their braves would on the 10th of the same month follow him.—At Long Point, on Lake Erie, he embarked his few regulars and three hundred militia in boats of every description, collected amongst the neighbouring farmers, who usually employed them for the transportation of their corn and flour, but now cheerfully and willingly urged on the General his making use of them as a means of transportation. The distance from Long Point to Amherstburg is somewhat under two hundred miles, with scarcely a bay for shelter, and this want the little flotilla suffered materially from, as they encountered much rough weather on their passage along the Lake. The spirit, however, of the volunteers was sustained by the hope of ere long finding themselves in presence of the enemy, and they felt each day increased confidence,as the varied resources of their gallant and indefatigable leader were developed. After four days and nights of incessant exertion the little squadron reached Amherstburg shortly before midnight on the 13th, and in a rough memo taken from General Brock's note book the following entry is penned: "In no instance have I seen troops who would have endured the fatigues of a long journey in boats, during extremely bad weather, with greater cheerfulness and constancy; and it is but justice to this little band to add, that their conduct throughout excited my admiration."

Shortly after landing at Amherstburg, Gen. Brock was first brought into actual communication with the Shawanee Chief, the celebrated Tecumseh, and the manner of their introduction was so interesting, that we quote the passage from "Sir Isaac Brock's Life":—

"The attention of the troops was suddenly roused by a straggling fire of musketry, which, in a few minutes,became general, and appeared to proceed from an island in the Detroit river. Colonel Elliott, the superintendent of the Indians, quickly explained that the firing arose from the Indians attached to the British cause, who thus expressed their joy at the arrival of the reinforcement under their white father. Major General Brock, aware of the scarcity of the munitions of war, sent Col. Elliott to stop this waste of powder, saying: "Do, pray, Elliott, fully explain my wishes and motives, and tell the Indians that I will speak to them tomorrow on this subject. His request was promptly attended to, and Colonel Elliott returned in about half an hour with the Shawanee chief, Tecumseh, or Tecumpthé, already mentioned. Capt. Glegg, the aide-de-camp, being present, had an opportunity of closely observing the traits of that extraordinary man, and we are indebted to him for the following graphic particulars:—'Tecumseh's appearance was very prepossessing; his figure light and finely proportioned; his age I imagined to be about five and thirty; his height, five feet nine or ten inches; his complexion, light copper; countenance, oval, bright hazle eyes, beaming with cheerfulness, energy, and decision. Three small silver crowns, or coronets, were suspended from the lower cartilage of his aquiline nose; and a large silver medallion of George the Third, which I believe his ancestor had received from Lord Dorchester, when Governor General of Canada, was attached to a mixed coloured wampum string, and hung round his neck. His dress consisted of a plain, neat uniform, tanned deer skin jacket, with long trowsers of the same material, the seams of both being covered with neatly cut fringe; and he had on his feet leather mocassins, much ornamented with work made from the dyed quills of the porcupine.'

"The first and usual salutations of shaking hands being over, an allusion was made to the late firing of musketry, and Tecumseh at once approved of the reason given by Major-General Brock for its discontinuance. It being late, the parties soon separated, with an understanding that a council would be held the following morning. This accordingly took place, and was attended by about a thousand Indians, whose equipment generally might be considered very imposing. The council was opened by General Brock, who informed the Indians that he was ordered by their great father to come to their assistance, and, with their aid, to drive the Americans from Fort Detroit.—His speech was highly applauded, and Tecumseh was unanimously called upon to speak in reply. He commenced with expressions of joy, that their father beyond the great salt lake (meaning the king of England) had at length awoke from his long sleep, and permitted his warriors to come to the assistance of his red children, who had never ceased to remain steady in their friendship, and were now all ready to shed their last drop of

blood in their great father's service. After some speeches from other chiefs, and replies thereto, the council broke up. General Brock, having quickly discovered the superior sagacity and intrepidity of Tecumseh, and his influence over the Indians, and not deeming it prudent to develop before so mixed an assemblage the views which were at that moment uppermost in his thoughts, and intended to be carried so quickly into execution, directed Col. Elliott to inform the Shawanee chief that he wished to see him, accompanied by a few of the oldest chiefs, at Colonel Elliott's quarters. There the General, through the medium of interpreters, communicated his views, and explained the manner in which he intended to carry into execution his operations against Fort Detroit. The chiefs listened with the utmost apparent eagerness, and expressed their unanimous assent to the proposed plan, assuring General Brock that their co-operation, as pointed out, might be depended on. On General Brock asking whether the Shawanee Indians could be induced to refrain from drinking spirits, Tecumseh assured him that his warriors might be relied on, adding, that before leaving their country on the Wabash river, they had promised him not to taste that pernicious liquor until they had humbled the 'big knives,' meaning the Americans. In reply to this assurance, General Brock briefly said: 'If this resolution be persevered in, you must conquer.'"

Offensive and retaliatory measures at once adopted by Gen. Brock.

Previous to General Brock's arrival, General Hull had, on the 7th and 8th, recrossed the river with the whole of his army, abandoning at once all his visionary schemes for the conquest of the western district of Canada, if indeed he cherished the hope of effecting any movement of importance after the fall of Michilimacinac.

The day after his arrival, General Brock resolved on, and began to prepare in his turn for, offensive operations. Batteries had already been erected under the superintendence of Capt. Dixon of the Engineers, and Capt. Hall of the Provincial Navy, on an elevated part of the bank of the Detroit, here about a mile across, and directly opposite the American fort of that name, and Brock resolved to strike a decisive blow ere his opponent should be strengthened by reinforcements.

General Brock despatched a flag to the American Commander, with the following summons, having previously arranged for the concentration of all his available force on the spot:—

"Head Quarters, Sandwich, August 15th, 1812.

"Sir.—The force at my disposal authorizes me to require of you, the immediate surrender of Fort Detroit.—It is far from my inclination to join in a war of extermination, but you must be aware that the numerous body of Indians, who have attached themselves to my troops, will be beyond my control the moment the contest commences. You will find me disposed to enter into such conditions as will satisfy the most scrupulous sense of honor. Lieut. Colonel McDonnell, and Major Glegg, are fully authorised to conclude any arrangement that may tend to prevent the unnecessary effusion of blood.

"I have the honor to be,
"Sir, your most obdt. Servant,
"(Signed,) Isaac Brock, Major Gen.

"His Excellency,
"Brigadier Gen. Hull,
"Commanding at Fort Detroit."

"To which the subjoined answer was returned:

Head Quarters, Detroit, Aug. 15, 1812.

"Sir,—I have received your letter of this date. I have no other reply to make, than to inform you that I am prepared to meet any force which may be at your disposal, and any consequences which may result from any exertion of it you may think proper to make.

"I avail myself of this opportunity to inform you that the flag of truce, under the direction of Captain Brown, proceeded contrary to the orders, and without the knowledge of Col. Cass, who commanded the troops which attacked your picket, near the river Canard bridge.

"I likewise take this occasion to inform you that Gowie's house was set on fire contrary to my orders, and it did not take place until after the evacuation of the Fort. From the best information I have been able to obtain on the subject, it was set on fire by some of the inhabitants on the other side of the river.

"I am, very respectfully,
"Your Excellency's most obt. Servant,
"(Signed,) W. Hull, Brig. Gen.
"Commg. the N. W. Army.

"His Excy. Major Gen. Brock,
"Comm'g. His Britannic Majesty's Forces,
"Sandwich, Upper Canada."

A requisition of this kind, alike so important and unexpected, coming from an enemy, too, so inferior in force, could meet with but one response, and accordingly, as we have seen, the American General rejected the demand, and to God and his sword committed the issue. Fortunately, however, the defiance was addressed to one who did not for a moment suffer it to abate his diligence or lessen his hopes, and the return of his messenger was but the signal of attack, and a galling fire was immediately opened on the town and fort of Detroit.

On the court-martial held on General Hull for cowardice, the strength of the respective forces was pretty clearly ascertained. In speaking of General Brock's army, it is stated —"The force at his disposal did not exceed seven hundred combatants, and of this number *four hundred were Canadian militia, disguised in red coats;* with this small corps, preceded by five pieces of light artillery, six and three-pounders, he began his operations." Respecting the Americans, the following admissions were made on the same occasion:—"The strength, position, and supplies of the American army have been frequently stated, and even judicially established. The morning reports to the Adjutant General made its effective force one thousand and sixty, exclusive of three hundred Michigan militia, and as many Ohio volunteers, detached under M'Arthur. Of this force, four hundred effectives (native and artillerists of the line) occupied the fort—a work of regular form and of great solidity; surrounded by a wide and deep ditch, strongly fraised and palisadoed, and sustained by an exterior battery of twenty-four pounders. Three hundred Michigan militia held the town, which in itself formed a respectable defence against the troops. Flanking the approach to the fort, and covered by a high and heavy picket fence, were stationed four hundred Ohio volunteers, while a mile and a half on the right, and advancing rapidly, was M'Arthur's detachment. Of provisions and ammunition the supply was abundant; in fine, everything was then sufficient for the trial of strength and courage which impended."

The following extract from General Brock's official communication to Sir George Prevost will place all the events of the memorable 16th August clearly and succinctly before the reader:—

"The force at my disposal being collected in the course of the 15th, in the neighborhood of Sandwich, the embarkation took place a little after daylight on the following morning, and under the able arrangements of Lieut. Dewar, of the Quarter-Master General's department, the whole was in a short time landed without the slightest confusion at Springwell —a good position, three miles west of Detroit. The Indians, who had in the meantime effected their landing two miles below, moved forward and occupied the woods, about a mile and a half on our left.

I crossed the river, with an intention of waiting in a strong position the effect of our force upon the enemy's camp, and in hopes of compelling him to meet us in the field; but receiving information upon landing, that Col. M'Arthur, an officer of high reputation, had left the garrison three days before with a detachment of five hundred men, and hearing, soon afterwards, that his cavalry had been seen that morning three miles in our rear, I decided on an immediate attack. Accordingly, the troops advanced to within one mile of the fort. and having ascertained that the enemy had taken little or no precaution towards the land side, I resolved on an assault, whilst the Indians penetrated his camp. Brigadier-General Hull, however, prevented this movement, by proposing a cessation of hostilities, for the purpose of preparing terms of capitulation. Lieutenant-Colonel John Macdonell and Captain Glegg were accordingly deputed by me on this mission, and returned within an hour with the conditions, which I have the honor herewith to transmit. Certain considerations afterwards induced me to agree to the two supplementary articles.

"The force thus surrendered to his Majesty's arms cannot be estimated at less than 2500 men. In this estimate, Col. M'Arthur's detachment is included, as he surrendered, agreeably to the terms of capitulation, in the course of the evening, with the exception of two hundred men, whom he left escorting a valuable convoy at some little distance in his rear; but there can be no doubt the officer commanding will consider himself equally bound by the capitulation.

"The enemy's aggregate force was divided into two troops of cavalry; one company of artillery engineers; the 4th United States regiment; detachments of the 1st and 3d United States regiments, volunteers; three regiments of the Ohio Militia; one regiment of the Michigan territory.

"Thirty pieces of brass and iron ordnance have already been secured."

Besides the cannon four hundred rounds of twenty-four pound shot fixed, one hundred thousand cartridges, forty barrels of powder, and two thousand five hundred stand of arms

fell into the hands of the conquerors. The articles of capitulation* will excite in the reader's breast some surprise—some curiosity will be awakened, to ascertain the reasons why to so small a body of regulars and a few DISAFFECTED Militia, *disguised in red-coats*, (Vide Armstrong,) such abject submission should have been manifested, or why, without one blow being struck, or one sign (except of extreme trepidation) exhibited, so powerful a force,—"in sure anticipation of victory, awaiting anxiously the approach of the enemy; each individual at his post, expecting a proud day for his country and himself,"*—should so tamely consent to stack their arms and hoist a white flag, in token of submission to an enemy so vastly inferior in numbers and only with difficulty restrained from deserting. The only solution of the question is to be found in the following position:—That it required all the exaggerated statements, which could be brought to bear on the subject, to induce the citizens of the United States to enter on the service at all, and that, on finding how grossly they had been deceived with respect to Canadian loyalty, and the numbers flocking to their standard, and that the bayonet's point, not the warm grasp of friendship, was the reception awaiting them, they were dismayed at the bold front, and energetic measures of the British commander.

Another solution is, that Gen. Hull lacked confidence in his troops—he knew what fighting was, they did not. National vanity has endeavored to find a salve for the disgrace, in aspersions on General Hull. Imbecility, treachery, and cowardice,† were the charges brought against him, throughout the length and breadth of the country; and errors fairly attributable

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*Camp at Detroit, Aug. 16, 1812,

Capitulation for the surrender of Fort Detroit, entered into between Major General Brock, commanding his Britannic Majesty's forces, on the one part, and Brigadier Gen. Hull, commanding the north-western army of the United States, on the other part.

Article I. Fort Detroit, with all the troops, regulars as well as militia, will be immediately surrendered to the British forces under the command of Maj. Gen. Brock, and will be considered as prisoners of war, with the exception of such of the militia of the Michigan territory, who have not joined the army.

Art. II. All public stores, arms, and all public documents, including everything else of a public nature, will be immediately given up.

Art. III. Private persons, and property of every description will be respected.

Art. IV. His Excellency, Brigadier General Hull, having expressed a desire that a detachment from the state of Ohio, on its way to join his army, as well as one sent from Fort Detroit, under the command of Col. McArthur, should be included in the capitulation, it is accordingly agreed to. It is, however, to be understood, that such part of the Ohio militia as have not joined the army, will be permitted to return to their homes, on condition that they will not serve during the war, their arms will be delivered, up if belonging to the public.

Art. V. The garrison will march out at the hour of 12 this day, and the British will take immediate possession of the fort.

J. MACDONELL,
Lieut. Col. militia, P. A. D. C.,
J. B. GLEGG,
Major, A. D. C.
JAMES MIETER,
Lieut. Col. 5th U. S. Infantry,
E. BRUSH,
Col. commanding 1st regt. of Michigan Militia,

Approved, { W. HULL,
Brig. Gen. com'g. N. W. Army.
ISAAC BROCK, Major General.

An article supplementary to the articles of capitulation, concluded at Detroit, the 16th of Aug. 1812:—

It is agreed that the Officers and soldiers of the Ohio militia and volunteers shall be permitted to proceed to their respective homes, on this condition, that they do not serve during the present war, unless they are exchanged.

W. HULL,
Brig. Gen. commanding U. S. N. W. Army.
ISAAC BROCK,
Maj. Gen.

An article in addition to the supplementary article of capitulation, concluded at Detroit, the 16th of August, 1812:—

It is further agreed that the officers and soldiers of the Michigan militia and volunteers, under the command of Major Wetherall, shall be placed on the same principles as the Ohio militia and volunteers are placed by the supplementary article of the 16th instant.

W. HULL,
Brig. Gen. commanding N. W. Army U. S.
ISAAC BROCK,
Maj. Gen.

Return of the Ordnance taken in the fort and batteries at Detroit, August 16th, 1852.

Iron Ordnance—nine 24 pounders, eight 12 pounders, five 9 pounders. Brass Ordnance—three 6 pounders, two 4 pounders, one 3 pounder, one 8 inch howitzer, one 3½ inch ditto.

* Vide Armstrong, page 27.

† We felt it due to truth—to Government—to General Hull, and to all persons directly or indirectly concerned with the facts or circumstances leading to the shameful capitulation of Detroit, to suspend our opinion until a sufficiency of light

to the Administration at Washington, were all imputed to the poor old General. The sentiments and feelings expressed by General Armstrong, in his history of the war, may be fairly taken as a sample of the exertions which were made at the time to find a victim, somewhere, on which to wreak the vengeance of mortified national vanity. In order to make the case still more strong against Gen. Hull, rashness and ignorance are qualities freely bestowed on the English General,—a short extract will, however, enable the reader to

was afforded to chase away the doubts and shadows that rested on the strange transaction. But doubt has resolved itself into certainty—we no longer hesitate to join in opinion with the whole people of the west, "of every sect or persuasion, religious or political," that the army at Detroit was treacherously surrendered; and that General Brock instead of General Hull ought to have been the prisoner. This idea is powerfully enforced by many private letters from gentlemen of the first respectability in the State of Ohio, who had opportunity to know the verity and strength of the opinion advanced; but the detail by Colonel Cass is conclusive—it is, besides, supported by a host of testimony in all the substantial facts it exposes. —*Niles' Register*, *Baltimore.*

Extracts from Col. Cass' Letter, with reference to the same subject, to the Secretary at War:

Letter of Colonel Cass, of the Army late under the Command of Brigadier General William Hull, to the Secretary of War.

WASHINGTON, September 10th, 1812.

"When the forces landed in Canada, they landed with an ardent zeal and stimulated with the hope of conquest. No enemy appeared within view of us, and had an immediate and vigorous attack been made upon Malden, it would doubtless have fallen an easy victory. I knew General Hull afterwards declared he regretted this attack had not been made, and he had every reason to believe success would have crowned his efforts. The reason given for delaying our operations was to mount our heavy cannon, and afford to the Canadian militia time and opportunity to quit an obnoxious service. In the course of two weeks, the number of their militia who were embodied had decreased by desertion from one thousand to six hundred men: and, in the course of three weeks, the cannon were mounted, the ammunition fixed, and every preparation made for an immediate investment of the fort. At a council, at which were present all the field officers, and which was held two days before our preparations were completed, it was unanimously agreed to make an immediate attempt to accomplish the object of the expedition. If by waiting two days we could have the service of our artillery, it was agreed to wait; if not, it was determined to go without it and attempt the place by storm. This opinion appeared to correspond with the views of the general, and the day was appointed for commencing our march. He declared to me that he considered himself pledged to lead the army to Malden. The ammunition was placed in the waggons, the cannon were embarked on board the floating batteries, and every requisite was prepared. The spirit and zeal, the ardor and animation displayed by the officers and men on learning the near accomplishment of their wishes, was a sure and sacred pledge, that in the hour of trial they would not be wanting in duty to their country and themselves. The plan of attacking Malden was abandoned, and instead of acting offensively, we broke up our camp, evacuated Canada, and re-crossed the river in the night, without even the shadow of an enemy to injure us. We left to the tender mercy of the enemy the miserable Canadians who had joined us, and the *protection* we afforded them was but a passport to vengeance. This fatal and unaccountable step dispirited the troops, and destroyed the little confidence which a series of timid, irresolute, and indecisive measures had left in the commanding officer.

"On the 13th, the British took a position opposite to Detroit. and began to throw up works. During that and the two following days, they pursued their object without interruption and established a battery for two eighteen pounders and an eight inch howitzer. About sunset on the 14th, a detachment of 350 men from the regiments commanded by Colonel M'Arthur and myself was ordered to march to the river Raisin, to escort the provisions, which had some time remained there protected by a company under the command of Captain Brush.

"On Saturday, the 15th, about one o'clock, a flag of truce arrived from Sandwich, bearing a summons from General Brock, for the surrender of the town and fort of Detroit, stating he could no longer restrain the fury of the savages. To this an immediate and spirited refusal was returned. About four o'clock their batteries began to play upon the town. The fire was returned and continued without interruption and with little effect till dark. Their shells were thrown till eleven o'clock.

"I have been informed by Colonel Findlay, who saw the return of the Quarter-Master-General the day after the surrender, that their whole force, of every description, white, red, and black, was one thousand and thirty. They had twenty-nine platoons, twelve in a platoon, of men dressed in uniform. Many of these were evidently Canadian militia. The rest of their militia increased their white force to about seven hundred men. The number of the Indians could not be ascertained with any degree of precision—not many were visible. And in the event of an attack upon the town and fort, it was a species of force which could have afforded no material advantage to the enemy.

"In endeavoring to appreciate the motives and to investigate the causes which led to an event so unexpected and dishonorable, it is impossible to find any solution in the relative strength of the contending parties, or in the measures of resistance in our power. That we were far superior to the enemy, that upon any ordinary principle of calculation we would have defeated them—the

judge for himself:—"Notwithstanding the repeated blunders of the American General, fortune did not yet entirely abandon him; and on the 16th August, presented a new occasion, requiring on his part only the vulgar quality of defensive courage, to have completely baffled the designs of Brock, and re-established his own ascendancy on the Detroit. This occasion was found in the *indiscretion* of his adversary; who on crossing the river with a force smaller than that it was his purpose to assail, had hastily determined to risk the storming of a fortification, strong in itself, abundantly supplied and sufficiently garrisoned. If it be thought extraordinary, that under these circumstances, General Brock *should have forgotten* all the dissuasions from attack furnished by history, it was certainly still less to be expected that General Hull should have forgotten all the motives for defence furnished by the same source, Such, however, was the fact; the *timidity* of the one kept pace with the *temerity* of the other; and at last, in an agony of terror, which cunning could no longer dissemble, and which history is ashamed to describe, the fort, army, and territory were surrendered without pulling a trigger." We have been thus particular in exposing the attempt of Americans to bolster up their wounded honor, because every attempt to attach imbecility or cowardice to the American General, tarnishes directly the lustre shed on the British arms on that occasion.

Immediately after the surrender of Detroit, General Brock issued his proclamation* to the

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wounded and indignant feelings of every man there will testify.

"A few days before the surrender, I was informed by Gen. Hull, we had four hundred rounds of twenty-four pound shot fixed, and about one hundred thousand cartridges made. We surrendered with the fort forty barrels of powder and two thousand five hundred stand of arms.

"The state of our provisions has not been generally understood. On the day of the surrender we had fifteen days' provisions of every kind on hand. Of meat there was plenty in the country, and arrangements had been made for purchasing and grinding the flour. It was calculated we could readily procure three months' provisions, independent of one hundred and fifty barrels of flour, and one thousand three hundred head of cattle which had been forwarded from the state of Ohio, which remained at the river Raisin under Captain Brush, within reach of the army.

"But had we been totally destitute of provisions, our duty and our interest, undoubtedly, was to fight. The enemy invited us to meet him in the field. By defeating him the whole country would have been open to us, and the object of our expedition gloriously and successfully obtained. If we had been defeated, we had nothing to do but to retreat to the fort, and make the best defence which circumstances and our situation rendered practicable. But basely to surrender without firing a gun—tamely to submit without raising a bayonet—disgracefully to pass in review before an enemy as inferior in the quality as in the number of his forces, were circumstances which excited feelings more easily felt than described. To see the whole of our men flushed with the hope of victory, eagerly awaiting the approaching contest, to see them afterwards dispirited, hopeless, and desponding, at least five hundred shedding tears because they were not allowed to meet their country's foe, and to fight their country's battles, excited sensations which no American has ever before had cause to feel, and which, I trust in God, will never again be felt, while one man remains to defend the standard of the Union.

"I was informed by General Hull, the morning after the capitulation, that the British forces consisted of one thousand eight hundred regulars, and that he surrendered to prevent the effusion of human blood. That he magnified their regular force nearly five-fold, there can be no doubt. Whether the philanthropic reason assigned by him is a sufficient justification for surrendering a fortified town, an army and a territory, is for the Government to determine. Confident I am, that had the courage and conduct of the general been equal to the spirit and zeal of the troops, the event would have been as brilliant and successful as it now is disastrous and dishonorable.

"Very respectfully, sir, I have the honor to be, your most obedient servant, LEWIS CASS,
"Col. 3rd Regt. Ohio Volunteers.
"The Hon. WM. EUSTIS,
"Secretary of War."

*Proclamation by Isaac Brock, Esq., Major-General, commanding his Majesty's forces in the Province of Upper Canada, &c.

Whereas the territory of Michigan was this day, by capitulation, ceded to the arms of his Britannic Majesty, without any other condition than the protection of private property, and wishing to give an early proof of the moderation and justice of his Majesty's government, I do hereby announce to all the inhabitants of the said territory, that the laws heretofore in existence shall continue in force until his Majesty's pleasure be known, or so long as the peace and safety of the said territory will admit thereof; and I do hereby also declare and make known to the said inhabitants, that they shall be protected in the full exercise and employment of their religion, of which all persons, both civil and military, will take notice, and govern themselves accordingly.

All persons having in their possession, or having any knowledge of, any public property, shall forthwith deliver in the same, or give notice thereof, to the officer commanding, or to Lieut.-Colonel Nichol, who are duly authorized to receive and give proper receipts for the same.

Officers of militia will be held responsible, that

inhabitants of the Michigan territory, and took such precautionary measures as he deemed necessary for the protection of the inhabitants of the conquered territory. To the honor of the Indians, however, be it said, that although many enemies fell into their hands, no loss of life was sustained, beyond that caused by the British batteries. Faithfully did they obey the injunctions of Tecumseh and the other chiefs, who had impressed on them that in nothing could they testify more strongly their love to the king, their great father, than in following the dictates of honor and humanity which he, through his General, had inculcated. This behavior on the part of our Indian allies did not, however, prevent General Hull from basely aspersing them in his attempt to vindicate his conduct. "The bands of savages," wrote the General, "which had then joined the British force, were numerous beyond any former example. Their numbers have since increased, and the history of the barbarians of the north of Europe does not furnish examples of more greedy violence than these savages have exhibited." This passage must always reflect everlasting disgrace on him who penned it, as in no one American work on the war have we been able to discover an authenticated statement of the excesses imputed to the Indians by General Hull. There is very little doubt but that the fear of them, however, operated effectually on Gen. Hull, and produced in a great measure the surrender of Detroit, as in another part of his official despatch he thus expresses himself:—"It was impossible, in the nature of things, that an army could have been furnished with the necessary supplies of provisions, military stores, clothing, and comfort for the sick, on pack-horses through a wilderness of two hundred miles, filled with hostile savages." The General's fears for the safety of his troops certainly here got the better of his judgment, as he goes on. "It was impossible, Sir, that this little army, worn down by fatigue and sickness, by wounds and deaths, could have supported itself against not only the collected force of all the Northern Nations of Indians, but against (save the mark!) THE UNITED FORCE of Upper Canada, whose population consists of more than twenty times the number contained in the territory of Michigan, (as if the General had depended for his defence on the Michigan Militia) aided by the principal part of the regular forces of the Province."

Our readers are in a position to judge of the truth of this part of the statement. The General by way of climax arrays also against him and his devoted army "the whole influence of the north-west and other trading establishments among the Indians, which have in their employment and under their control MORE THAN TWO THOUSAND WHITE MEN. We will close this portion of our subject with an extract from one of General Brock's letters to his brothers, which shows pretty clearly the real secret of his success:—"Some say nothing could be more desperate than the measure; but I answer that the state of the Province admitted of nothing but desperate remedies. —I got possession of the letters my antagonist addressed to the Secretary at War, and also of the SENTIMENTS WHICH HUNDREDS OF HIS ARMY uttered to their friends,—evident despondency prevailed THROUGHOUT. I crossed the river contrary to the opinion of Colonel Proctor; it is, therefore, no wonder that envy should attribute to good fortune what, in justice to my own discernment, I must say proceeded from a cool calculation of the *pours et contres.*"

Effect produced on Canadians by these unhoped for successes.

The first and greatest effect was at once to release Canadians of all fears of invasion, and to suggest to them that the frontiers of Ohio, Pennsylvania, and Kentucky were now open to a retaliatory invasion, either by themselves or their Indian allies. They were now taught how a conjunction of incidents, under Providence, had occurred, which shortsighted man could not provide for or foresee. The boasted prospects of acquiring Canada, at least as far as the Niagara, had been frustrated and overturned, and the whole Union as much astonished at the failure of their long-cherished plans, as if the mighty Niagara had changed its current and been thrown from Lake Ontario to Erie upwards, by earthquakes or other

all arms in the possession of militia-men be immediately given up, and all individuals whatever who have in their possession arms of any kind, will give them up without delay.

Given under my hand at Detroit, this 16th day of August, 1812, and in the 52d year of his Majesty's reign.

ISAAC BROCK, Major-General.

convulsive phenomena. Such was the revulsion from overweening confidence to utter amazement. The effect, indeed, produced throughout the Canadas by the fall of Detroit was as electrical as it was unexpected. It was the first enterprise in which the militia had been engaged, and its complete success not only imparted confidence to that body, but it inspired the timid, fixed the waverers, and awed the few disaffected who might have been inhabitants of the Province. This victory, too, at the very commencement of the campaign, produced the most beneficial results in attaching yet more strongly to the British cause, the Indians of the west—many of whom, had reverses overtaken the British arms, would have seceded from a cause which they conceived us too helpless to defend, or joined the American standard. The tribes, also, and numerous they were, who were undecided which party to join, would have thrown their influence and numbers into the opposite scale.

Fortunate, indeed, was it for Canada, that to a General of such energy and decision as Brock, had been entrusted the defence of the Province, and by the capture of Detroit he may fairly and deservedly be called the saviour of Canada. Had this decisive blow not been struck, both the Canadas must have passed under the yoke of the United States, and cut off, as they were, during six months of the year by ice, from all European assistance, they would, in all probability, have become integral portions of that country. To General Brock it may be ascribed that Canada was not only not conquered, but not even injured, and that a delay of nearly a year was, at least, ensured ere another invading force could be organised from the same quarter. The effect produced in the lower Province, also, was not less marked, and the arrival at Montreal of General Hull and the regulars of the American regular army, as prisoners of war, did not fail to produce a marked and beneficial result. We subjoin a short account of the event:—

"Montreal, September 12.

"Last Sunday evening the inhabitants of this city were gratified with an exhibition equally novel and interesting.

"That Gen. Hull should have entered into our city so soon, at the head of his troops, rather exceeded our expectations. We were, however, very happy to see him, and received him with all the honors due to his high rank and importance as a public character. The following particulars, relative to his journey and reception at Montreal, may not be uninteresting to our readers:—

"It appears that General Hull and suite, accompanied by about 25 officers and 350 soldiers, left Kingston, under an escort of 130 men, commanded by Major Heathcote, of the Newfoundland regiment. At Cornwall, the escort was met by Capt. Gray, of the Quartermaster-General's department, who took charge of the prisoners of war, and from thence proceeded with them to La Chine, where they arrived about two o'clock on Sunday afternoon. At La Chine, Captains Richardson and Ogilvie, with their companies of Montreal militia, and a company of the King's from Lower Chine, commanded by Captain Blackmore, formed the escort till they were met by Colonel Auldjo, with the remainder of the flank companies of the militia, upon which Captain Blackmore's company fell out and presented arms as the General and line passed, and then returned to La Chine, leaving the prisoners of war to be guarded by the militia alone. The line of march then proceeded to the town in the following order, viz:

"1. Band of the King's regiment.

"2. The first division of the escort.

"3. General Hull in a carriage, accompanied by Captain Gray. Captain Hull and Major Shekleton followed in the second, and some wounded officers occupied four others.

"4. The American officers.

"5. The non-commissioned officers and soldiers.

"6. The second division of the escort.

"It unfortunately proved rather late in the evening for the vast concourse of spectators assembled to experience the gratification they so anxiously looked for. This inconvenience was, however, in a great measure remedied by the illuminations of the streets through which the line of march passed. When they arrived at the General's house, the General was conducted in, and presented to his Excellency Sir George Prevost, and was received with the greatest politeness, and invited to take up his residence there during his stay at Montreal. The General appears to be about sixty years of age, and is a good looking man, and we are informed by his friends that he is a man of general information. He is communicative, and seems to bear his misfortunes with a degree of philosophical resignation that but few men in similar circumstances are gifted with. On Thursday last General Hull, with eight American officers, left this city for the United States, on their parole."

THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

THE THOUSAND ISLES.

Beautiful are the scenes which present themselves to your gaze, as, seated on the deck of the steamer, you thread the mazes of this lovely Archipelago. As you are hurried past, what appear to be creeks seem to run far inland, and appear like chains of silver, at the next moment the channel becomes almost a sheet of water, studded with countless islets of a romantic beauty, forming a picture of the rarest delicacy of tone. The Thousand, or the sixteen hundred and forty-three Islands, for such we believe is their number, are situated on the St. Lawrence, between Brockville and Kingston, a distance of about sixty miles. They are of almost every possible size and shape, from the small bare granite rock just jutting its pointed head above the water, to the large fertile island, several miles in extent, covered with fields of grain, the abode of some hardy settler; on some of them there are several farms of considerable extent, and well cultivated.

The islands begin a short distance below Brockville, where three of them, called the Sisters, are ranged side by side, forming a sort of advance guard: above the town they are thickly strewn, for about five or six miles, where the river assumes the appearance of a small open lake, almost wholly free from islands. At the upper extremity of this lake, which is about seven miles long; they begin again, more thickly studded than before, and are found more or less densely crowded together till we reach Kingston. The islands are, for the most part, composed of a sort of soft granite, which in some places presents a very singular contrast to the regular stratified lime-stone found on either side of the river at the same place, offering to the geologist an interesting field of enquiry, while quantities of fish of various kinds found in the eddies and deep channels between them, and numerous flocks of wild fowl of almost every variety, frequenting the sequestered bays and nooks with which they abound, hold out the prospect of a rich treat to the sportsman and naturalist, in the prosecution of their favorite pursuits.

Numerous and romantic are the tales connected with these Islands, and it would well repay the curious in these matters, to collect the various traditions still extant. The exploits of the calebrated (shall we call him pirate or patriot?) Bill Johnson and his daughter are fresh in the recollection of every one, and may yet furnish material to some future Cooper or James to weave a narrative from.

On the occasion of our last visit to this spot, we were busied in contrasting the scenes before us with those of a more southern clime. These islands, covered with the dark, cold foliage of the evergreens, with the land, which almost looks sprinkled with gold from the flowers of the aloe: the rugged rocks bearing perhaps a single tree or massed into a bowery island, with the shores bordered with sand, on which Amphitrite and her train might love to dance, and weave their flowery locks with the dropping sea weed, while zephyrs come laden to you with the scent of tropical flowers. We were lost in admiration that scenes so dissimilar could yet be both so wonderfully beautiful, when our attention was attracted by a deep sigh breathed near us; turning round we discovered a tall and rather elderly person, of a most particularly melancholy look and with a good deal of the military cut about him. Assuming our blandest expression, we made some remark on the scenery around, and we fell by degrees into a conversation which soon became more and more interesting. On rounding an island and entering a reach of more than usual extent, we inquired of our new acquaintance, who had informed us previously of the deep interest he felt in all around, if he had not a store of legends connected with these islands. "Alas!" was his reply, "the only legend I know is one painfully connected with myself; but perhaps the recital of my griefs may serve to while away the time, and be a warning to you never to surrender yourself to the sweet day-dream of peopling the scenes around you with imaginary beings." He then commenced the following narrative:—

The Lake of the Thousand Isles! Ah! with what delight was it, that Harry Randell and I received leave of absence from our Regiment, then stationed at Kingston, in order that we might spend a fortnight in fishing and shooting among these islands. It was the latter end of October, the Indian summer had set in, the weather was delicious. At early dawn we embarked in our canoe with an Indian guide. The country was then but thinly settled, for it was many, ay, a great many, years ago. A

couple of days and we were in their midst.

Some of them were so close together that the confined waters shot with increased velocity through the gorge down which our light bark was hurled with arrowy swiftness. For days and days we wandered through this maze; the scene was an ever-changing one, yet the scenery was still the same,—wild, but beautiful, most beautiful. Wooded to the very shores, the deep color of the various evergreens contrasted pleasantly with the brighter tints of the oak and maple whose leaves, as autumn fades into winter, assume a brilliant orange, red or yellow.

> "Hail, Lake of Thousand Isles!
> Which clustered lie within thy circling arms,
> Their flower-strewn shores kissed by the silver tide,
> As fair art thou as aught
> That ever in the lap of nature lay."

And ah! how pleasant the soft balmy evenings, stretched on the grass watching the dense aromatic smoke arising from a fire of the leaves and dry twigs of some balsamic tree, which had been hastily lighted to cook our evening meal, our tall, gaunt, Indian friend performing that service for us. It was then that Harry would break out into raptures on the unparalleled beauty of scenery and climate we were enjoying. Then, after supper, Harry would take the Indian with him and spend another hour or two in fishing: he was an indefatigable sportsman. I would generally prefer remaining, for I loved solitude and was happy by myself, peopling in my imagination the islands with numerous tribes of Indians, or fancying the changes that would take place in them as the country became more civilized.

It was thus one evening—our guide was teaching Randall how to spear by torchlight—I lay dreaming. Already had I fancied the island on which we were encamped, to be the abode of a small party of Indians, who dwelling together, spent their days in fishing or snaring wild-fowl—nothing was more likely than that such should be the case—and then I thought that they were attacked by an hostile tribe. Was I still dreaming? No! I actually heard their shouts and horrid yells as they met together; and now high above the din, the war-whoop sounded loud and clear, and I shuddered as that fearful sound rang echoing through my ear. A terror came over me, I feared to move. Should I be discovered,—true my gun lay by my side, yet I would be murdered. My friend away, perhaps far away—I felt happy at this thought, for then he would be safe; but, again, I grieved to think on the sorrow he would feel if, on returning, he should find me—dead. I know not why I did not seek escape, I did not even make an effort; but, in a kind of stupor, I lay listening to the increasing noise. At last the shouts had nearly ceased, and I was in hopes that the Indian warriors would leave the island and that I should remain undiscovered. But my ear, rendered doubly acute by the intensity of fear under which I labored, detected the crackling of branches as if trodden under foot by some one seeking safety in flight. I was not deceived, the sounds approached nearer and nearer. I still lay quiet, happily I might be unnoticed, I did not dare to look. But no! directly towards me, on came the pursued and pursuers,—close, closer, closer still. In an agony of fear I started up to fly. Tripping forwards fell into my arms an Indian girl! Astonished, I held her to prevent her falling, and, looking in the direction from whence she came, beheld two tall ill-favored wretches, who, perceiving me, turned and fled as quickly as they had appeared.

Turning my eyes towards the face of my companion, I saw her large dark eyes, swimming in tears, gazing on me and imploring, as it were, protection. She was very young, scarcely I should say seventeen, and dressed after the manner of her race in deer skins, trimmed and embroidered with porcupine quills, dyed in various colours. Her hair, a rich glossy black, hung in disorder o'er her shoulders; her breast heaved convulsively and her heart beat audibly as she lay in my arms gasping for breath. She was a lovely girl. Gently placing her on the grass, I sat beside her, and when she had recovered, pressed her to relate how it happened she was thus pursued. Long was she silent; at every little noise she would start and cling to me. I assured her that she was safe and asked again her history. With my arm round her I drew her nearer to my side, and heard her tell that she was the daughter of a chief, who, flying from his enemies, sought refuge among the islands. All the past summer had a more powerful tribe been in pursuit of her father and his few followers—her friends. At last it was thought that they had succeeded in escaping from their merciless foes and had

encamped on this island. Here they dwelt some days in safety. Alas! this evening, scarce two hours ago, they were discovered and attacked. Her father and his tribe resisted, but after a short and ineffectual struggle, now all lay dead. She alone had escaped and was now —— she placed her hands in mine and nestled her head in my breast——" safe," I murmured leaning over her.

"There!" she suddenly cried, springing to her feet, "there, there," quick as thought an arrow pierced her heart; falling to the earth she bent and tore the grass with her hands, her death-convulsed body bounding hither and thither in the agony of dying. Ah! horror, horror! Seizing my gun, I rushed wildly forwards; before me were two skulking figures: I fired—one shrill cry rent the air—it numbed my brain—it was a word, that word—my name.

Long years have passed, and they tell me that I am an old man now. I can't believe them; it is as yesterday that Harry and I went on our fishing excursion to the Thousand Isles. But then my hair is scant and grey, and I am partially bald. They say, too, that I never saw the Indian girl, that it was some frightful dream, but it is false, I saw her die, and Harry, am I thy murderer? Merciful Father, have pity on me.

I must cease. I pray God that I may not die a ———

Here we were interrupted by the summons of the steward to supper, and when next I looked at my melancholy friend he was in the act of despatching, with every appearance of gusto, his third pork chop; apple-pie and cheese were also on the plate, and his dismal aspect had nearly vanished. I therefore concluded that the long and melancholy tale I had just heard was the effect either of too long a fast or dyspepsia.

THE CHRONICLES OF DREEPDAILY.
No. X.

CONTAINING THE CONCLUSION OF ALDERMAN DIP'S MISADVENTURE.

THE most prominent lion of the "Exclusive Club" was Sir Fungus McKailrunt, the undisputed head of the ancient and chivalrous clan of that name.

Now the aforesaid Sir Fungus chanced to be richer in blood than in blunt, and had left "his own romantic land" to avoid a certain troublesome adversary, called in North Britain a Messenger-at-Arms, and in merrie England a Bum-Bailiff. This obtrusive personage had, of late, displayed a most impertinent and unseasonable importunity regarding some trifling money matters utterly beneath the attention of a Celtic Thane.

Every gentlemanly device did the illustrious chieftain resort to, in order to get rid of his tormentor, even going the length of offering him the trial by battle. The legal functionary, however, insisted on choosing his own arms, which consisted of a small roll of paper; and bargained, moreover, that in the event of his being victorious, his opponent should submit to dree penance in Sir Hudibras' "wooden bastile." To such ignominious conditions the head of the Kailrunts would, on no account, agree; and rather than dispute with so captious an antagonist, he turned his face southwards, till better times should come round.

Our friend, the Alderman, attached himself in a most peculiar manner to the distinguished exile from "mountain and flood." He paid his *devoirs* to him early and late, and the flattery which he doled out in bucketsfull, joined to the wide-spread reputation of his wealth, soon produced a marked effect upon the titled Caledonian, whose *acquisitiveness* and *self-esteem* were both above the middle size.

Sir Fungus was a widower, and his whole family consisted of a daughter, who faithfully followed the fortunes of her sire.

The Honourable Bridget McKailrunt was, at this period of our narrative, a lady more distinguished for her experience than her beauty. She had outlived her five-and-fortieth year, and was possessed of certain reminiscenary bequests, left her by that most ungallant of all suitors, the small-pox, which, in the opinion of the fastidious, did not contribute much to her personal charms.

Now, though no lady, by any chance, comes to think herself plain, it is difficult resisting altogether the evidence of a truth-telling mirror; and the virtuous Bridget began at last to suspect that her charms, like fresh fish in the dog-days, were not improved by the keeping. She therefore the more readily listened to a hint delicately dropped by her paternal ancestor, at a moment when his exchequer chanced to be at its lowest possible ebb. The suggestion was, that she should pay a little extra attention to the setting of her cap on a particular evening, when he purposed introducing to her notice one of his friends from the "Exclusive." Dull as a razor which has been prostituted to the opening of oysters, must the reader be, if he requires to be told that the friend in question was the civic magnate of whom it is our privilege and supreme felicity to be the historiographer.

Belonging, as we do, to the ancient frater-

nity of bachelors, we honestly confess ourselves incapable of narrating the passages which occurred during the six months of the Alderman's existence, following his first domestic symposium with the McKailrunts. Most happily, we know of the acts of female warfare only by name; and we should merely expose our ignorance did we attempt to describe the "witchcraft" which the fair daughter of the mist employed to secure the affections of the man of tallow.

One thing is certain, that she soon discovered his weak point, and cut her cloth accordingly. She talked of the romantic situation of her hereditary mansion. She expatiated on the hundreds of devoted vassals, who only lived and moved at the will of their liege lord. She shed tears at the recapitulation of the many noble youths whose hearts she had broken, by refusing their proffered alliance, for the simple reason, that the noblest of the lot was not worthy to be henchman to the Kailrunt. And she soared into the altitudinal regions of poetry as she spoke of the antiquity of her family tree, which was, she asserted, a flourishing sapling, when that which formed the gallows of Egypt's chief butler was, as yet, a puny acorn!

This was a gilding which rendered palatable to our hero a pill, even of half a century's standing. The antiquity of the lady's person vanished before the glorious antiquity of her house, and the upshot may be easily anticipated. One fine morning the Alderman rose from his couch a single man, and, ere the shades of night pervaded the earth, found himself lord and master of the high-born dame, at least as much so as the curate of St. George's and his clerk could make him.

Master Dip had now gained the summit of his ambition, but, some how or other, the prospect from the lofty vantage-ground was not quite so enchanting as he had been led to anticipate when at the bottom of the hill.

Lady Bridget Dip soon gave her "beloved" to understand that he must no longer consider himself the autocrat of either his house or his habits. Sternly did she interdict him from a multitude of little luxuries which long usage had rendered indispensable to his comfort. She banished cheese from the dinner-table,—prohibited the poor man, under pain of her sovereign displeasure, from stewed onions to his potations of "half-and-half;" and even this cherished admixture he was, after a vain resistance, obliged to abandon, as being altogether *infra dig*. But the severest cut of all was the bull which was savagely thundered against his darling narcotic. This was enough to make even a husband valorous; and he actually stood out in opposition to the mandate which extinguished his pipe, for the better part of a week. He was only mortal, however, and the tube perished! Peace to its ashes!

We have heard of a certain worthy commoner who, when he married a Lady Janet, confidently calculated upon becoming Lord Janet, in virtue of his matrimonial rights. And Master Jeremiah, when he pronounced at the nuptial altar the awful words "for better, for worse," had a certain dreamy impression that the term "better" implied his doffing for ever the base hide of plebianism, and donning the lion's aristocratic skin! Too soon, however, did he make the discovery that though he had bestowed his name upon his lady love, she had not rendered to him in return the smallest perception of her nobility. He was still plain, unvarnished Master Dip; and, what was worse, his high-born connections took pious pains to cherish in him the cardinal virtue of humility, by reminding him of what he longed so sorely to forget—his former self, to wit! Whenever he attempted to speak or act in opposition to his "betters," he was certain to be favored with some pointed and caustic allusion to oil casks and tallow,—much on the same principle that dictated the placing of a skull upon the eastern monarch's dining table! The unlucky fat had left an odour on his escutcheon which "all the perfumes of Arabia could not sweeten;"—and in his bitterness he would doubtless have joined Lady Macbeth in her exclamation of "Out! out! d——d spot!" but for the simple reason that he had never perused the works of the inspired poacher!

Nor were these the least of the poor man's sorrows. Lady Bridget, conscious that she was not precisely the model which a painter or statuary would select in depicting the flirting spouse of Vulcan, gave early intimation that she contemplated her husband through an intensely verdant medium.

In his younger days the Alderman had earned the reputation of a man of gallantry,—and even now he opined that there was no peculiar harm in admiring the contour of a nose, or the turn of ancle. It would have been well for his comfort, however, had he possessed as scanty a perception of the beautiful as the scholastic theorists upon that commodity. If his "espoused saint" ever detected him looking at a female anything short of sixty, she was certain to make it the text of a curtain homily more practical than pleasing. On more than one occasion, when on the threshhold of his domicile he ventured to chuck the chin of a buxom milk-maiden, and unhappily his Xantippe detected the playful gesture, so great a commotion was excited that nothing short of a necklace or pair of bracelets could allay it.

Thus curbed and cribbed at all points, the unhappy Alderman began to feel miserable enough,—and it seemed as if more unlikely things had come to pass than that he should be induced to test the temper of one of the renowned Mechi's magic razors, a few inches below the field of that ingenious instrument's

legitimate operations. The resolution of "the family," however, (he, of course, not being comprehended in the category,) to migrate for a season to their native fastnesses, inspired new life into Dip's drooping spirits, and deprived the Coroner and his myrmidons of the fees of an inquest.

Our hero looked forward to the expedition with much the same ideal delight which an urchin experiences when about to look into the glass of a penny panorama. He had frequently witnessed Highland melo-dramas at Astley's classic establishment, and being an intensely matter-of-fact man, he believed that he was about to see a complete realization of the pomp and parade of these histrionic spectacles. Visions of "men of mould, and maidens fair," enveloped in silken tartan—of boundless forests, and castles of interminable battlements, floated gorgeously before his mind's eye,—and he cherished a kind of hopeful idea that the homage of the clan Kailrunt would be tendered to him as an adopted scion of their race. * * * * * * *

It was towards the fag-end of a cold, drizzling December day, that the dropsical Kailrunt chariot drew up in front of a damp, dull, desolate-looking mansion, the very appearance of which sent a chill through the marrow of the half-frozen Southern. If Giant Despair had left a widow it might have formed an appropriate jointure-house for the bereaved dame! The windows were small and gloomy;—the gables pinched and puckered, as if they had been pressed together by two opposing battering-rams; and altogether it looked more like an asylum for

"hermit owls and pauper bats,"

than a habitation of Christian men. A few miserable looking caitiffs, whose noses, from their frigid sharpness, seemed as if they had received an extra squeeze from John Frost, stood shivering before the door;—and as the vehicle disgorged its contents, these living skeletons emitted what was intended for a jubilate of welcome. To the ear of the citizen, accustomed as he was to the hearty, porter-inspired huzza of an Anglican mob, it sounded more like the shriek of a wretch on the wheel begging for the *coup-de-grace!*

The "quality" having disappeared into this tomb for the living, Master Dip, who showed no inclination to leave his quarters, enquired at one of the mouldy on-lookers how far it was called to Kailrunt Castle, and what might be the name of the dismal-looking inn before which he sat. The "questioned knave" eyeing the querist with a look in which contempt and wounded pride were equally blended, replied, not in the most choice English, that this was the great palace of his honor's majesty the chief! He added in a softened tone, for the miserable appearance of the frozen oilman (whom he evidently mistook for a Cockney domestic) that he "had better gang into the kitchen by the back-door, where he would aiblins get a cog o' brose to warm his hause, as his honour's servants were aye weel seen to!"

"Oh! that I were once more in the Goat and Compasses!" groaned the forlorn victim of the chain matrimonial, as he shuffled out of the carriage and slunk into the house, more with the air of a beaten hound than the son-in-law of the lord of the soil!

Next day the "castle" was literally besieged by a countless throng of kinsmen and cousins of all degrees, even to the fiftieth remove, who came to pay their respects to the head of the house. They brought along with them, however, none of the "pomp and circumstance" which the romantic imagination of the Londoner had imaged to be indispensable to the "gathering of the clan." Instead of gallant warriors

"all plumed in their tartan array,"

he beheld some gross of little smoke-dried, hook-nosed beings, redolent of peat-reek and whisky,—whose sole talk was about crops and cattle, and who seemed to regard our hero with no more reverence than they did the *tyke* or house-dog. Indeed it is questionable whether the quadruped did not stand higher in their estimation, as its kin could be traced for many generations, whilst the biped was only a "bit packman body," whom necessity alone had compelled their Chief to receive into his family!

To add to the delectation of the hapless Alderman, a storm of snow set in which kept him in close ward for the better part of a week, and his sole recreation consisted in listening to certain tender remonstrances which his lady favored him with, touching the peccadilloes be had been guilty of during the journey to Scotland. She brought before his shrinking conscience every glance he had lavished on womankind, from the period of his losing sight of St. Paul's, all which she had carefully bottled up for future use. Nay, we have heard that she even went the length of enforcing her precepts by the application of her slipper to his tingling ears. We agree, however, with the *Times*, that this part of the story lacks confirmation!

Sunday at length came round, as Sundays generally do, and the storm having somewhat abated, it was announced that the Chief and his family meant to gladden the eyes of the much-expecting serfs, by appearing at the parish Kirk which was some seven miles distant.

The London-built chariot—already the pride and wonder of the surrounding country, drew up in due form, and was packed with the fair Bridget, her respected sire, and half a dozen antideluvian-looking aunts, who had come down like eagles from their mountain fastnesses to fatten on the spoils of the Sassenach. It then drove off amid the barking of some

hundred curs, and the wild *vivas* of certain red-headed imps of children, attracted from miles around by the fame of "*the parlour on wheels*," as they denominated the locomotive marvel.

As for honest Dip,not even an outside place could be afforded him. After the noblesse had departed, he set forth on a dwarfish Highland colt attended by a lineal descendant of the illustrious Dougal Cretur, who to every interrogatory touching the name of this hill or that loch, gave for response a most intelligent and euphonic "Oigh! Oigh!"

The district being unfettered by the slavish Saxon appendages termed toll-bars, our friend's progress was somewhat less velocitous than that of an express railroad carriage. Accordingly ere he reached the barn, termed by courtesy a kirk, he found that the services had been for some time commenced.

His primary impulse was to seek the pew appropriated for the magnates, which was aristocratically situated in a small gallery to which access was obtained by a stair on the exterior of the building. Here, however, there was no admittance, the "loft" being crowded *usque ad nauseam* by a multitudinous collection of Kailrunts, who, from all points of the compass had congregated to pay homage to the head of the *Slioch*. Master Dip essayed to edge himself "side ways" into this Celtic synod, but was soon obligated, like his countryman General Sir John Cope, to

"Gae back the gate he cam again,"

being put in bodily fear by the scowling glances which the fierce-looking sons of the north cast upon the southern intruder. Not relishing the idea of being absent from his own "kirking," he descended from the ecclesiastical *dais*, and sought the body of the temple, into which, as it was packed to the very door, he insinuated his portly and worshipful person with no small difficulty,

Now it is proper to mention, at this stage of our narration, that in addition to the arrival of the Chief, there was an attraction this day, which in no small degree conspired to increase the throng.

An exciseman, residing at some thirty miles distance, but still within the jurisdictionary bounds of the parish, had committed a certain offence which the Scottish Established Kirk, at the era we speak of, was in the habit of visiting with the most ultra rigour of her wrath. The "session" having satisfied themselves of the guilt of the culprits, for there were two of them—the second, with sorrow we record it, being of the gentler sex, they were cited on this very Sunday to undergo a penance for their fault. The lady tearfully promised obedience to the mandate, but the masculine sinner, who had thought proper to stand his trial by proxy, had given no intimation of his intention to show face in "the hour of cause." Many indeed doubted whether even the ghostly terrors of excommunication could induce him to travel such a distance for such a purpose. We may add that the peccant exciseman having but lately come to the district, was personally almost unknown; and no small curiosity was excited, particularly among the ladies, to see one who for the last six weeks, had occupied such an engrossing amount of the gossip of the parish.

Return we now to our hero, whom we left in the act of forcing his way into the Kirk.

When he entered, every seat contained more than double the legitimate complement, and the Alderman might have been compelled to stand out the service (which as it extended to three hours without break or intermission, would have been no joke) had pity not been taken upon him by one of the officials of the sacred edifice. This was a tall gaunt personage, who rejoiced in no meaner rank than that of "Minister's man," and who, observing the perplexity of the stranded Anglican, grasped him by the collar, and led, or rather dragged him up the middle passage. The dignitary then opened the door of a pew in the very centre of the edifice, and directly facing the clergyman, which was tenanted only by a pretty, black-eyed damsel. Into this having thrust our hero he drew the bolt, and left him to his own reflections. Ere the functionary went away, however, the oil-man, to reward the first mark of attention he had received since his arrival in the land of kilts, slipped a crown piece into his freckled fist. This donation being equal to the "man's" half-years stipend, caused him to break forth into a stifled shriek of amazed joy, and he departed muttering some unintelligible sentences in which the words "Braw, braw, gauger!" could alone be distinguished.

Jeremiah, having wiped his fatigue-moistened brow, and adjusted his sorely moiled dress, prepared to render due attention to the homily, which by this time was in course of delivery. But, alas! he might as well have been in a Hebrew Synagogue or a Convention of the Unknown Tongue. The prelection was in the Celtic speech;—and after regaling his ear for some time with the *uchs* and *gachs* of the divine, he found that the eye was the only organ which he could use with any edification. That member, Master Dip, accordingly dedicated to the sightly handmaiden whom destiny had made his companion, and most assiduously did he scan all her noticeable points, which, to speak the truth, were neither few nor far between. Luckily this "exercise" was unnoticed by the orthodox Bridget, who seated immediately above the *virtuoso*, was too much occupied in keeping up the dignity of the house, to throw away a single glance on what was passing amongst the democracy below.

Very speedily our hero discovered that he had become an object of very extensive regard and consideration—"the observed of all observers!" Every now and then a grim *brownie*-

like face would erect itself from behind the covert of some projection, and, after a peering scrutiny, disappear like the phantom of a magic lanthorn. The young damsels were especially curious, and the man of molten tallow at last began to feel not a little uplifted by the notice he was engendering. He buttoned his coat up to his chin—frequently gave an adjusting tug to his wrist-bands, and strove to screw his features into something of the importance beseeming the important part which he doubted not he was at last enacting in the great drama of life.

Meanwhile the sermon progressed, and at its conclusion the Alderman, who ere this had been seduced into the kingdom of the poppy-crowned God, partly by his musings of honors to come, and partly by the cataract-sound of the strange language, was awakened by the aforesaid ecclesiastical officer tapping him on the sconce with his dog-eared psalm book. On looking up he discovered every eye glaring upon him, and the officiating sacerdos looking as if about to commence an oration.

Fully persuaded that the time had come when he was to be owned as the adopted "Lord of the manor," Master Dip promptly arose, and having performed one of his most graceful counter-bows, waited with fluttering heart to hear the complimentary address which was doubtless to follow. In the delicious triumph of the moment he could not help casting the tail of his dexter eye upon his fair dame, to see if she relished his exaltation, but her face was gracefully beclouded by a huge fan, doubtless to conceal the blushes which the compliments awaiting her spouse would call forth.

The reverend orator first directed his speech to the female who was Jeremiah's co-tenant in the lonely pew. As, however, the language of Ossian was still employed, the "illustrious stranger" could only conjecture its meaning. He guessed that its purport was to impress his companion with a due sense of the privilege she had enjoyed by sitting beside so altitudinous a personage. In this hypo thesis he was the more confirmed by the air of intense humility which the fair mountaineer assumed during the exordium. She covered her face with both her outspread hands, and any beet-root might have envied the crimson which appeared through the intervals between each tremulous digit.

Having said his say to the lady, the *padre* whispered something in the ear of his grim *aide-de-camp*, who bustling up to our hero, asked him whether " she could spoke the Gælic?" A reply was rendered in the negative, which the herald promptly communicated to his principal, and then a deep silence prevailed for some seconds, in which even the dropping of a pin might have been heard.

Thinking that perchance the reverend speaker was embarrassed and overawed by the surpassing greatness of his rank, the oil-man favored him with a bland smile, waving, at the same time, his cambric pocket-handkerchief, with as great an air of dignified condescension as he was able to summon for the occasion. " Don't be frightened, my good man," he exclaimed in an under tone—" pray speak to me as if I was only your equal!"

Thus adjured, the priest opened his mouth and spake.

But who shall paint the horror and consternation of poor Jeremiah Dip, when the first words which fell upon his erected and tingling ears, were:—" HARDENED AND BRAZEN WRETCH, WHO DAREST TO ADD SHAMELESSNESS TO GUILT!"

Here was " a precious go," to use the Alderman's classic expression when recounting the adventure, in after times, to his boon companion, Guy Cleaver. The breath emigrated from the body of the assailed peregrinus,—a cold sweat drenched his trembling limbs;—and we make no doubt that " each particular hair " would have promptly stood on end, " like quills upon the fretful porcupine," had the thatch of his cranium been derived from nature instead of the peruquier! Dip would have given worlds, had he possessed them, to escape from the fascination of the theologian's little blood-shot eye, but there was no dodging the infliction. He was compelled to gaze—and what was worse, to listen,—for the tongue now sported, though not exactly his mother's, was still Saxon enough to enable him to taste all the bitterness of the libation which was now poured upon his aching brows!

For a full quarter of an hour was the pitiless pelting of the tornado of words directed against the helpless and half-crazed Cockney. Every epithet which the lexicon of rage and indignation could supply was launched at him with ruthless energy. "Reprobate," " Villain," " Seducer," " Wolf-in-the-fold," and " Son of Iscariot," were the gentlest and most honied vocables of that hideous nomenclature. A Synod, nay a General Council of scolds, could not have contributed a single additional stone to the cairn of abuse!

Human nature can only sustain a certain amount of torture, and the worried Alderman, at the close of one of his tormentor's choicest periods, lost altogether the power of restraint. Springing from the pew he rushed towards the pulpit, and grasping the baptismal basin, hurled it at the head of the inquisitor, uttering at the same time an exclamation which tradition reports to have sounded vastly like a good round oath!

All now was confusion thrice confounded. The "elders" [Mr. Quill erroneously called them church wardens] stood with uplifted hands, absorbed in horror at the daring sacrilege. The " minister's man" appeared as if waiting a mandate to fell the infidel to the earth with

the ponderous Kirk key. And as for the "precentor," or clerk, he, overcome by terror aud surprise, swooned away, and disappeared from mortal ken in the profundities of his capacious desk!

When the first fury of his delirium had somewhat evaporated, the cause of this mighty turmoil turned his eyes mechanically to the select gallery, when he became cognizant of a scene enough to turn a bolder heart into stone.

Drawn up to her full allowance of six feet, he saw his gentle keep-mate in an attitude which might have served Flaxman for the model of a fury half-seas-over! One hand clutched the fragments of the demolished fan, and the other played wild havoc with the fiery ringlets which danced around her time-battered, grewsome visage. Jealousy of the most extatic degree was marked in every line and crowfoot of her countenance. Her teeth gnashed and ground together with the energy of a million mill-stones And a commingled shriek of rage, hatred, and revenge burst from her foam-encircled mouth. Had Edmund Kean been present he might have acquired some invaluable additional hints for the finale of Sir Giles Overreach.

Jeremiah Dip stood for a moment contemplating in imbecile amazement this Gorgonic apparition, but he was soon brought to a certain measure of recollection by a click-clicking of rusty dirks, which began to leap from the sheaths of the kinsmen of his spouse. What the row was they could not precisely comprehend, but they gathered that the Sassenach had mortally offended the daughter of the Kailrunts, and, as in duty bound, devoted his flesh to the vultures of Glen-Custock!

This was a fraction more than the nerves of mortal tallow-chandler could brook. Our hero never was "cunning at fence,"—and with Sir Hudibras was entirely alive to the perils

> "which environ
> The man who meddles with cold iron."

Fearful visions of Celtic revenge, gleaned retrospectively from "The Curse of the Mountain Hag," and "The Bloody Philabeg," (each in three volumes octavo) glared before his fevered fancy. He grasped the ladle for gathering in the oblations of the congregation, rushed forward with it *en couche*, like a Crusader charging the Paynim, or rather like a gin-inspired baker, shoving a batch of muffins into the oven;—and by the most desperate exertions gained the open air. The dwarfish Bucephalus was opportunely standing by. With all the agility of "young Lochinvar," he leapt on its back; smote the astounded quadruped in mad energy with his wooden lance; and ere ten minutes had elapsed, was some miles on the road—the blessed, thrice blessed, road—leading to the Lowlands!

As to his after progress we can say but little. How he overtook the post-gig, and by a handsome douceur, gained a seat beside the Mercury,—how he at last reached a Christian town, where horses were let on hire,—and how he never spared whip or pressed couch till the merry peal of Bow Bells fell once more upon his ear,—all this must be recorded by some future Cowper. The chronicler of the race of Gilpin alone could do justice to the theme.

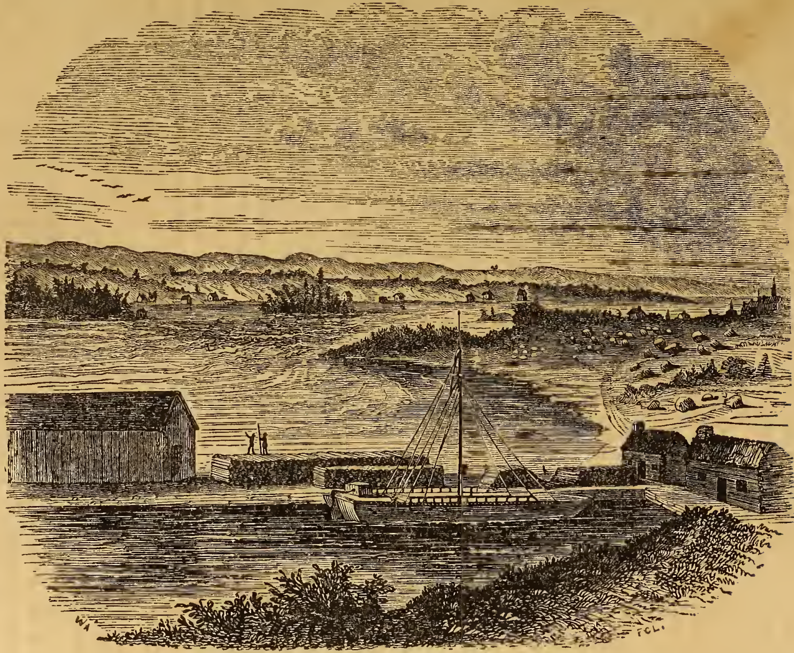
A month passed, and the obituary of the *Morning Post* contained a notice of the decease of Lady Bridget Dip, wife of Alderman Dip, in consequence of the breaking of a blood-vessel. The "bereaved" husband appeared ten days thereafter in the Club-room at the once-despised Goat and Compasses, "a sadder but a wiser man" than when he had last filled the chair of President.

Alderman Dip (said Quinten Quill, in conclusion) became from that hour a determined and uncompromising democrat. Lustily does he declaim at reform meetings against the countless vices of the aristocracy;—and it is currently reported in Threadneedle Street that he has destined the bulk of his fortune to endow an hospital, the only restriction on the bequest being that no Scotsman can ever participate in the benefits of the institution!

SAULT STE. MARIE AND THE COPPER REGION.

The knowledge of copper would seem to have been of great antiquity, and it is mentioned, under the name of brass, contemporaneously with iron, in the oldest records of our race. Only a few generations after Adam we find skill in the working of those metals ascribed to Tubal Cain. It was evidently of extensive use among the Greeks. Combined with gold, silver and tin, it formed the principal constituent of the wonderful shield forged by Vulcan for Achilles; and numerous expressions in Homer, recognise its common applications. It formed the principal ingredient in the colossal statue of Rhodes; was the material first used by the people of Ægina for the coining of money; was the main constituent of the Corinthian brass; and is recognized by Paul in one of his epistles to Timothy, where he makes reproving reference to Alexander, the *copper-smith*.

However abundant may have been the supply of this metal in those early days, in the lands hallowed by the events of the Bible, and in those made classical by profane history, certain it is, that they now furnish no considerable quantity for the consumption of the world. Armenia and the islands of Eubœa and Cypress—the latter of of which furnished at one time a large portion of the supply to the nations around the Mediterranean, and has even given to the moderns the term by which they designate the metal—have long since ceased to yield their contributions to commerce. And though copper is found in most parts of the world, to some extent—in Enrope generally, in South America, Africa, Cuba, Japan, China, Kamschatka, &c., existing as an oxide or sulphuret, or in other combinations; yet it is to



VIEW OF SAULT STE. MARIE.

the mines of Sweden, of Germany, Russia, Hungary, and Cornwall, that the arts still look for their main supply.

The recent discoveries in our own country, render it probable that no great length of time shall elapse ere the mines of North America will equal in their produce, and probably surpass those of any other country. A careful estimate of the directors of some of the mines of Lake Superior will give a produce from that region of 2,000 to 2,500 tons. Of this amount, 1,000 tons is assigned as the yield for the present year of the Cliff Mine. Yet it is only eight years since mining operations were first commenced in this region; only six years since the first decisive success was had in the discovery of the Cliff vein, in the vicinity of Eagle River. Copper mining is, however, in its infancy, and all that has as yet been done is hardly more, in any instance, than may be expressed by the phrase, common among the miners, of "proving up" the veins.

The importance which the mineral region of Lake Superior is beginning to assume, may be better understood, perhaps, from a glance at the whole copper produce of the world. This is here given from the latest and best authorities, principally Ure. We thus learn that in

		Tons.
1832.	All the mines of Sweden yielded about	1000
"	France—only a few hundred-weights.	
1833.	Russia	2000
"	Hungary	2000
"	Hartz Mountains	212
"	East Germany	142
"	Hesse	500
"	Norway	7200 ?
"	Zacatecas (Mexico)	200
"	United Kingdom (of which Cornwall furnishes 11.000 tons	14000
	Australia—unascertained.	
1852.	Lake Superior	2500
		28220

Besides this, Spain derives a small portion from Cuba, as well as from her own territory. Chili and Africa both furnish a little; while in China and Japan an unknown amount is obtained. Probably from all other sources, however, there is not another 1000 tons which passes into the commerce of the Western nations.

It thus appears, that, stating the whole produce of the world in round numbers at 28,000 tons, the Lake Superior region already furnishes over one-fourteenth part of the whole amount. As compared with individual nations, it produces one-fifth the quantity of Cornwall, more than Mexico and Germany, more than twice as much as Sweden, and more than either Hungary or Russia.

The mineral region of Lake Superior, in a physical point of view alone, is a subject of deep and peculiar interest, as well from its volcanic character, as especially from the fact, that of all the mines which history has made known to us, *in none has there been found the native metal in masses of such magnitude and purity as in those located here.* This region, so far as it has been surveyed geologically, extends to the southern shore of the lake, from Chocolate River, in about 87° 20' longitude west from Greenwich, to 90° 40', or the Montreal River, the boundary on the lake between the States of Michigan and Wisconsin. This, it will be seen, includes the iron region of Carp River, or Marquette, which, in the richness and quality of its ores, rivals, and perhaps surpasses all that the world can show elsewhere.

To confine ourselves, however, to the copper. This has been found generally disseminated all over the region indicated, in its appropriate rocks, but occurs in especial abundance on Keewenaw Point, the Ontonagon River and Isle Royal. Doubtless the mineral region will be found to extend considerably into Wisconsin, on the lake shore, since the same general formation is known to prevail, and copper, in the shape of boulders, has been found abundantly at the boundary, in the Montreal River. On our northern, or British side of the lake also, the geological explorations under the directions of the Provincial government have shown the existence of trap ranges, with the most encouraging indications of mineral wealth.

When the stranger, in making his course for Keewenaw Point, first sails within seeing distance of that coast, his curiosity is deeply excited by the character of the formation. The fiery redness of the rocks, suggestive of a time when this whole region was wrapt "with fervent heat," attaches not only to the conglomerate formation which first salutes him at the water's edge, in rounding the point, but also colors the trap which he will meet with soon after leaving Copper Harbor, and the successive layers of trap, amygdaloid, red-sandstone, and conglomerate, which he will find to constitute the formation at Eagle Harbor and above. He will next observe that these rocks all incline to the N.W., at an angle of 20° to 45°; and after stepping ashore, and extending his observations to the trap range which forms the bold heights of the point so conspicuous from a distance he will find that this inclination is general.

He will next learn that the copper veins run *vertically* through the whole of these rocks, and with a regular bearing, varying but little from a right angle with the trap range. He will soon find also that the copper is not solid or continuous throughout the vein, as in his innocence he might have supposed, but that it occurs most abundantly, and in the largest masses, in that portion of the vein which traverses the amygdaloid. That what is called the "vein" is in fact chiefly made up of veinstone—"poor stuff," as the miner terms it; and that the copper is either in huge bunches, strings, or sheets, or disseminated in small jaggy points through the mass of the veinstone. He will learn that much the larger portion of the veinstone is destitute of copper; and that while sometimes accompanied by native silver, and ores of lead and zinc, the veinstone is chiefly of quartz or calcareous spar, mixed with laumonite, epidote, or prehnite. These minerals he will often find of great regularity, transparency, and beauty of coloring. If the vein should divide and apparently be lost, as sometimes happens in passing from one formation to another, he will find it to come together again, and run on as before.

Some of the most valuable veins are those whose existence has been indicated by the remains of ancient operations. Depressions run along the surface of the ground, marking the pits whence the ancient race, with their rude stone hammers and copper chisels, separated fragments of the metal from their parent masses. That their skill never reached much beyond such feeble accomplishments, seems fairly inferred from the rude-

ness of the instruments themselves, as well as from the fact of the great boulders, as that of the Ontonagon, remaining evidently undiminished to the present time. Depressions such as here alluded to, may been seen at the Copper Falls Mines. Excavations for the copper are, however, generally made in consequence of a previous prospecting by a practical mineralogist. Taking a vein at the lake shore, where to the uninitiated it may present no indications of metal, but of calcareous spar perhaps, or other mineral, he follows it by its regular bearing, till it enters a rock which he knows by experience is promising of valuable results. Still more frequently, the proper points for excavation are determined from surface observations, which are often made with most fortunate precision. The discovery of the Cliff vein, like the silver mines of Potosi, is said to have been the result of accident. A miner sauntering about, *suo more*, with pick in hand, had sat down to rest. While in this situation, his eye was caught by certain metalliferous appearances in his vicinity, which seemed on examination to justify more thorough researches. The prosecution of the encouraging indications thus disclosed, has resulted in the discovery of a vein, the most productive of native copper in the known world.

The visitor who has looked with curiosity thus far, will hardly be content to return without seeing the interior of a mine. He may have already entered one or more of the mines at Eagle Harbor, as the Northwest, which is one of the oldest and most successful, the Copper Falls, or the Northwestern. He may have examined the Minnesota, which in the magnitude and productiveness of the mass copper comes nearest rivalling the Cliff, or other mines on the Ontonagon, or the Siskonit on Isle Royal; he will perhaps still conclude that he has not seen mining in its best phase till he visits the "Cliff."

Supposing this the intention, he will do well to step first to the works of the South Cliff, whence he will obtain the best general view of the whole vicinity—The Cliff works, the old works of the North American, the houses of the miners, and the fine old Cliff above. After this *coup d'œil*, he may have pointed out in succession, the Raising-room—the Roasting-room or Kiln, which adjoins the former on the left, near the Wood-shoot—the Stamps, the old, and the new now in process of erection—and the Floors, which are low buildings in front of the Stamps, and a similar one off to the right of the former. Repairing thence to the office, he will make the acquaintance of Captain Jenning, a Cornish miner, and the able superintendent, under whose direction, for six years past, those great excavations have been made which the visitor is now so impatient to see. From the captain he will meet with a very civil reception, and be attended in the descent either by him, or by some one well qualified for the purpose, whom the captain will recommend. Before entering upon this it is necessary, on account of the water which is found more or less in all the mines percolating through the fissures, to "shift," that is, to change one's habit. He will assume instead, the usual miner's garb, which is furnished him at the office; consisting of rough, strong overalls, a large woollen shirt, and hard round hat or cap of woollen material. Seeking thence the Raising-room, where the metal and veinstone first sees the upper air, the visitor is handed a lighted candle, with a lump of clay adhering to it; this, is for the greater convenience of carrying, or sticking against the rock if desired, or on the top of the hat just alluded to, in order to leave both arms free. All things being now ready, your guide raises the trap-door, and you descend by ladders firmly attached by iron staples and bolts to the rocks. The ladders are provided mostly with iron rounds, which, though cold to the bare hands, are yet the best material for the incessant use which is made of them. Holding your candle between the thumb and forefinger of your right hand, you assist yourself wholly with the left. The position of the ladders varies very slightly from the perpendicular; the tops of some of them seemig even to incline toward you. At intervals of 20, 30, and even 60 feet, are platforms upon which a momentary rest is obtained. During the whole course of the descent, you are accompanied by the noise of the pump by which the drainage is effected. The "lift column" and the piston are close by you all the while; the latter being steadied in its motion at intervals of 100 feet, by balance-beams and other appliances. This portion of the shaft, which is the main shaft, appropriated to the pump and the descent of the miners, is partitioned off by thick plank, from the other and larger portion, used entirely for the raising of the masses, the veinstone, and waste material.

In the course of your descent, if you go to the bottom you pass four levels, and rest on the fifth, at the distance, perpendicularly, of 420 feet from the surface. Here you may look down 70 feet more, where the sinking of the shaft is still proceeding. If, having followed the bottom level or drift, you are under the bluff, your distance from the surface is rising of 600 feet. Great as this depth appears, in comparison with that of some of the European mines it is but inconsiderable. Those of Sweden, and Germany, and Cornwall, are often from 1200 to 1500 feet in depth; that of Catorce in Zacatecas is about 2000; while there is one in the valley of the Inn, near Innspruck, in the Tyrol—that of Kutz Puhl—which reaches the startling profundity of 3300 feet. Lower than this, it is perhaps found impracticable to go, from the difficulty of procuring a good air for respiration.

In the Cliff Mine there are at this time three shafts, all of which are in use, though but one penetrating to the lowest drift. The longest drift has a length of 1100 feet. In pursuit of what is most remarkable in the mine, and, especially the largest specimens of mass copper, you will follow the drifts on each level with still excited and unsated curiosity. As your guide points out to you the indications of copper over your head, you are at a loss to know with what facility he distinguishes the lode or metalliferous portion of the rock, from the "poor stuff" or "country"—terms which he uses to designate those portions which are destitute of copper. To your eye the whole appearance will be very similar; and, save where you see the copper, either in bent projections, or in jagged bunches, or in ponderous masses, already laid bare, and prepared for cutting into manageable blocks, you will be at a loss, without some experience, and much trial, to distinguish with certainty the vein-stone from the trap. This

difficulty is enhanced in many cases by the presence of water, and by the effect of the powder-smoke, occasioned by the blasting, giving every where the same hue to the rock. The truth is soon made apparent, however, when the miner strikes it with his pick.

The system of mining pursued at the "Cliff" is the same which is used every where in the like circumstances. Premising, as not altogether superfluous, that all excavations in a horizontal direction are termed, technically, "drifts," "levels," or "adits," while the name of "shaft" is applied to those which are made vertically, this system may be explained in a few words. Supposing the operations to commence with running a drift, it is still carried on until it enters an unproductive formation, as is mostly the green-stone and conglomerate. Another adit, as the drift is generally termed in this case, is then opened lower down on the declivity, if the nature of the ground permits it, to which the shaft is carried down. Thus the shaft is still carried down, until the drifting is done altogether below the surface, having no outlet above. In the Cliff Mine, four of the drifts are altogether below the surface, only one having an outlet above. They are, at intervals, below one another of 10, 20, 30, 40, and 50 fathoms; the Cornish fathom being something over eight feet.

As the shafting and drifting gets only the copper which is in the immediate course of those operations, in order to get that which lies *between the drifts*, further means are resorted to. These are in the first place, the *timbering* the walls and roof of the drift, so as to form a roof or platform of great strength; and, in the next place, excavating over head, above the timbers. This operation is termed *stoping;* and in conducting it, the copper and metalliferous vein-stone is thrown down below into the drift, while the "poor stuff" is left to accumulate on top of the timber-arch. In this way, while the excavation is carried on overhead, the bridge or arch is still elevated by the accumulation of "poor stuff," thus serving as a platform for the workmen, until the process terminates in the drift above.

Progress in excavation is effected by the drill and hammer, followed by blasting. Commencing with a short drill—the common cold-chisel—longer ones are still used as the hole is sunk deeper. In this way the rock is often bored to the depth of six feet. One man holds the drill, which he keeps revolving; while two others, with alternate strokes of seven-pound hammers, gradually drive it to the desired depth. Sometimes what is termed a *hall*, that is to say, a cavity large enough to hold a keg of powder, is formed behind a great mass of rock which it is desired to remove. The aperture is then closed over with packing of stones and earth, the powder having been deposited, and the fuse (which is a kind of cord chemically prepared for burning at a slow rate) having been first inserted. By means of the safety fuse, the miner, with ordinary care, conducts these operations with very little danger to life or limb. The proper length of fuse, united to reasonable caution, generally enabling him to place himself out of danger before the explosion. Often in the course of his explorations, the visitor will hear the thunders of the blasting roll grandly upon his ears. For the purpose of ventilation, a shaft is often sunk from one level or drift to another, this is termed a *winse*. In raising the copper, the veinstone, and poor stuff, to the surface, strong iron kettles, made of one-quarter inch sheet-iron, termed *kibbles*, are employed. In this way, the smaller pieces of mass copper, termed *barrel work*, the veinstone, and the poor stuff, are all raised, either by the same engine which performs the operation of draining, or by means of a capstan, or still further, by the *horse-whim*. This is a combination of the lever power with the wheel and axle; by means of which a horse is enabled to raise great weights with little expenditure of effort. The engine employed at the Cliff Mine is 45 horse-power.

THE AMERICAN PARLIAMENT.

THE House of Representatives in Washington is certainly not so formal or so quiet as the House of Commons in Westminster. It is not composed of the same class of persons. The merchant and the manufacturer; the tobacco, the cotton, and sugar-grower; the hirer of labor and the laborer himself are there—men not polished to the niceties of etiquette, but statesmen nevertheless; and though not all wealthy, *now and then* incorrupt. Each receives eight dollars a day, that he may spare his time to make or improve the laws for his fellow citizens. But amid the throng—though an honorable member from Ohio may have one button too little on his coat, and though an honorable member from Arkansas may have an ancient hat brushed the wrong way—there are many of gentlemanly bearing, with ease and dignity of manner—the very models of courtesy and graceful demeanor. Hanging in mid air above them—like the gods in our theatres—are the sovereign people, who generally attend in considerable numbers to observe the proceedings of their representatives. There is one curious difference between the English and the American Parliament. With us members keep their hats on, except when they speak, and strangers must uncover. With them, strangers keep their hats on, while honorable members must take theirs off. With them, too, the presence of ladies is recognized, and clusters of pretty faces may daily be seen brightening the space between two noble columns behind the chair.

In England, too, there is a very distinct division of parties in the House. Members sit either as ministerialists, or as oppositionists, or as on the "independent" benches. In America, Whigs and Democrats manage to keep their opinions separate without having a table and a floor between them. You can never, by glancing at the House, see the relative strength of parties. As a general rule, it is true, those who sit on the Speaker's right support the Government, and those on his left oppose; but a Whig frequently declaims forth amid a mass of Democrats, and a Democrat sits comfortably side by side with one whom, in a moment or two, he will be denouncing as one of the most unpatriotic men in the world.

Perhaps, as we enter, some one is speaking The echoes, however, are so numerous, and th

interruptions so frequent, that you cannot at once learn what he is saying. He pitches his voice at the highest key; emphasizes his words even to exaggeration; and adopts all the forms of elocution to command a hearing, but usually addresses only a group of listeners collected around him. Some few members are walking about; others are leaning forward in their arm chairs and talking loudly to others a dozen paces off; others are scratching with a pen; and above all, there is continually heard a succession of reports like the discharges of a small pistol. This sound puzzles a stranger exceedingly. The cause of it is rather characteristic of the place. Every member has a desk with his name affixed to it, and filled, at the expense of the State, with all sorts of stationery, penknives, &c. Accordingly, he writes all his letters here—there being a Parliamentary post-office in the building. Whenever he wants to send a letter to the post, or a motion, or amendment, or message to the chair, he strikes the desk before him with the flat surface of a quire of paper, and this operation being performed, with no little energy, produces the comical sound alluded to—which is at once multiplied by fifty echoes to the furthest recess of the hall. At the summons a boy rushes to attend; but as it generally happens that nearly all the members want the boys at once, there is a regular platoon firing kept up, sometimes rising into a perfect volley, amid which the Speaker may ring his bell, or rap his hammer to command order, but the orator goes on mindless of all, and only resolved to finish "what he has to say."

"These boys," says a traveller, "are quite a feature in the *coup-d'œil* of the House. When they have a moment's rest, they frequently meet on the vacant space in front of the table, where they sometimes amuse themselves with pantomimic gesticulations, not altogether compatible with the dignity of the House. More than once, when something had occurred to disturb their equanimity, have I seen two of them meet and shake their heads at each other, accompaning the action with a by-play which unmistakeably indicated a mutual castigation as soon as the forms of the House would permit."

On grave occasions, however, there is nowhere in the world a more calm and majestic assembly than the House of Representatives. And it has this advantage over the House of Commons—which is sometimes as unruly as it can be—that a speaker is never attempted to be put down, The members will not listen unless they choose. but they allow every man to speak. When any grand debate is occurring, the crowded hall is as still as death. The dropping of a pin might be heard. So it was when the correspondence with Great Britain on the Oregon question was read from the table. There had been an offer of friendly arbitration, and it had been refused. There seemed no hope of peace. The exciting and terrific thought of a bloody appeal brooded over the whole body of men, and as one by one the hostile letters were read, the first deep murmur of emotion subsided into a death-like silence, amid which the voice of the clerk, monotonous and solemn, sounded like a prophecy of war.

Whenever, too, a man, influential or eloquent, rises in debate, he is respectfully listened to and loudly cheered; but the fault of the American House is, that every member feels he must speak. If he only voted, his constituency would think him good for nothing. The pride of the electors is in a "thorough talking man," who will always speak his own opinions or theirs "now or sooner." If he makes a long speech, it is printed and sent down in bushels for the perusal of "his friends and the public." Fortunately, no one may occupy more than an hour with one oration, and at the end of that time, though the eloquence may be up in heaven with the larks, a rap from the speaker's hammer brings it down like a bullet peremptorily and flatly to the ground.

American oratory is often too prodigal of figures, —too plethoric of fine words,—too loaded with historical allusions. Scarcely a set speech is made without reference to the voyage of Columbus,—to the achievements of the pilgrim fathers,—to the deeds of Washington, and the glories of the war of independence. The American Eagle, too, is made to fly over every object, from a tax on cart-wheels, to the addition of a state to the Union. "It is high time," says an amusing writer, "that this poor bird were taken under the Animal's Friend Society." He is never at rest; he is perpetually spreading his wings, sweeping over the length and breadth of the continent,—sweeping down on some fell savage,—frightening the British lion,—or surveying with proud eye some imperial panorama, soon to be called his own! He is now sent to perch on some sublime mountain whence he may pick up a rock, and just drop it so as to sink a fleet in the Atlantic ocean. Then he is instructed to swallow up the whole of Oregon. Next he is to keep a good look out on Canada, as he has already made a prey of New Mexico, and then he is expected to shake his wings over Cuba in due time. This is all well, and we hope that wherever an American sail is spread the Union will one day be erected; but we do think that the poor Eagle might be spared a little leisure to himself to plume himself and whet his bill.

The Senate Chamber is constructed on a similar plan, but is smaller, lighter, and neater than the House of Representatives. It is admirably adapted for public speaking. There are galleries for the public, and seats for the ambassadors, judges, and such members of the Government as chose to witness the deliberations of this assembly. For it should be remembered, that there is this difference between the Parliamentary usages of England and America. Here, the principal ministers must be members of the House of Lords or Commons; there, they are disqualified by law from serving either as Representatives or Senators.

In one circumstance the Upper Chamber of the United States contrasts strongly with our House of Lords,—in the larger attendance of members. Unless detained by illness or peremptory business, every senator is present, daily, during the session. In the gorgeous chamber at Westminster, on the other hand, there are seldom more than a dozen peers and often not half that number. On one occasion, the Duke of Buccleugh, after moving the second reading of a bill, was about to unfold an elaborate statement of his reasons in favor of it, when he was stopped by Lord Lyndhurst, then chancellor, who was standing by the woolsack, impatient to go away and dine, and who asked

him "if he was addressing himself to the noble lords opposite?" Now there was not a single noble opposite,—the mover, the seconder, Lord Stanley, and the chancellor, forming the entire House! So the duke moved, and the lord seconded, and the question was put, and the motion was carried, and the Government was satisfied, and the chancellor went home to his dinner.

With this final peep into the Lords *apropos* of the American Parliament, we leave legislators for the present.

SPRING FLOWERS.

Each month in the calendar can boast its own especial friends and patrons, that give it a pre-eminence over its sisters. Some love one month for its flowers; some prefer another for its fruits; others welcome a third for its warm days; others again praise a fourth for its customary festivals; and another is greeted for the sake of its sports. To the general observer, the face of Nature does, in truth, seem without a smile, and her brow without a wreath; and they who love Nature's floral gifts must often have borne privations. The rich may, indeed, replenish their vases with hot-house exotics; but they who are less favored by fortune can look only for the productions of the simple garden, the field, and the dell: and how desolate an expanse lies before them! The late autumnal flowers, that lingered with enduring hardihood through many a wintry hour, have at length been subdued: blown away by the winds, washed away by the rains, burned by the frosts; and it is still too early for the full flush of the spring flowers.

Well, then, let us snatch a sunny hour (there *will* be some sunshine even now), and go forth to seek what flowers April will yield us. It will be a labour of love to gather them, and bring them home for those dear friends who have not been able to brave, like us, the cold air or the damp ground; and it will be an hour's amusement to arrange them as a wreath, or a bouquet, on the social table beside the glowing fire; and to talk together of the historical or legendary reminiscences connected with each flower. And we may find a few simple lays, not inappropriate, which some one of our companions may adapt to a familiar melody, and sing to the easily improvised accompaniment of the guitar—that accommodating instrument, that permits its minstrel to retain his place without leaving or disturbing the comfortable circle.

SPRING FLOWERS.

THE CHANT OF THE SNOWDROPS.

Bend down thine ear! Soft o'er thy senses stealing,
Hear'st thou the music of each silver bell?
Listen! our chime speaks to the heart of feeling,
Hymning *His* praise who hath made all things well.

Praise be to Him who called us forth to blossom,
Cheering the chill breast of the wintry earth;
Praise be to Him who thus in mourner's bosom,
Gives to meek hopes and consolations birth.

See! mid wild winds we wave, and are not broken;
Nor doth the dark rain sully our fair hue:
Who doth protect us? He of whom 'tis spoken,
"His love is to man as unto grass the dew."

Praise be to Him who sent us here, foretelling
Winter's reign is passing, spring-tide draweth nigh;
Fair flowers we herald, flowers ourselves excelling—
Sweeter in their fragrance, brighter in their dye.

Praise be to Him, for types and emblems cheering,
Praise, for the eye that learns to read them right;
Praise, for the ear pure Nature's anthems hearing;
Praise, for the voice that can with them unite.

The modest and fragrant Violet, the general favorite, is universally accounted a vernal flower; and we shall not easily find it wild before spring.

The name seems derived from the Latin *via*, a way, from the frequency of the wild flower by the road-sides. It was the national flower of Athens, which city, personified by sculptors and painters, was represented as a majestic female wearing a wreath of violets.

THE EARLY VIOLET.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF A. MAFFEI.

"Odorosa fodiera dell Aprile," &c.

Sweet fragrant flower, that heraldest
The vernal days, how like art thou
To germ of love in gentle breast,
That springs—as thou art springing now.

To this bleak sod thy bloom is bright;
As hope that bids sad thoughts be gay,
As life's glad smile of calm delight,
When pain long borne hath passed away.

From out the snows that round thee melt
I call thee, hermit of the field!
And scent, with rapture deeply felt,
The living breath thy odors yield.

Oh, that to fill my charmed ear
Thy perfum'd breath had words and voice:
Then as to vocal spirit near
My soul would listen and rejoice.

Then would I learn why thus the sun
Woos thee, ere past is winter's gloom;
Why maid who mourns her plighted one
In absence, loves thy tender bloom:

Why the lone wand'rer sheds the tear
For distant home, and native skies;
And renders exile doubly drear
By vain regrets and fruitless sighs.

Companion of the sorrowing!
Thou dost not smile for happy heart;
Thy spells to mem'ry only bring
The bliss of days we've seen depart.

Our joys!—they fly like fickle friends,
(Perfidious friends that fail'd in truth),
Soon as the sweet delusion ends
That charm'd awhile brief, changing youth.

The trailing Periwinkle should be now showing its blue convolvulus-like flowers. Its botanic name, *vinca*, is from *vinculum*, a band or tie; because its long, flexible stems are applicable for ligatures; and were, in old times, used to bind round limbs affected by the cramp; to cure which it was thought to have some virtue.

De Lille, in his rural poem, "L'Homme des Champs," alludes to Rousseau's long search for the wild flower (called in French, *pervenche*) which is so common in England—

"Quand la pervenche, en nos champs ignorée,
Offre à Rousseau sa fleur si long-tems desirée;
'La pervenche! grand dieu! la pervenche!'—soudain
Il la couvre des yeux; il y porte la main,
Saisit sa douce proie; avec moins de tendresse
L'amant voit, reconnoit, adore sa maitresse." *

The single yellow Wallflower contributes its spicy perfume to our bouquets, and reminds us of the troubadours, with whom it was an especial favorite, from its adorning of ruins; whence they adopted it as an emblem of affection surviving time, and of fidelity in adversity. For this floral lover of ruins we shall essay an accompanying sonnet:

THE RUINED TEMPLE.

Heart! thou wert once a joyous temple—there
One idol stood, high o'er the altar plac'd;
And Hope, bright priestess, made the shrine her care,
With emblem flowers, and votive garlands grac'd;
Her incense was those pure and painless sighs
That oft from deep calm happiness arise.
The temple now is ruined—not the slow
Hard hand of time wrought this—but sudden blow.
The priestess Hope is dead—the shrine o'erthrown;
All is destroyed; but not the idol—no!
Buried beneath the broken altar-stone
It safely rests—while oft, with noiseless tread,
Memory, a faithless votaress, steals alone,
Amid the wrecks her midnight tears to shed.
—*Dublin University Magazine.*

CALIFORNIANA.

BY ALFRED H. ST. GERMAIN, OF TORONTO.

Having visited California with an object in view, entirely different from nearly every one who arrives in that country, I was enabled, by not being connected with any kind of business whatever, to take a note of everything that I thought sufficiently interesting to entertain those of my friends who might desire to peruse my journal. From the time I sailed from New York, and during my wanderings through Central America and California, until I arrived again in the Atlantic States from those countries, there was not a day passed without something singular occurring that afforded me ample material to write about.

There being in another portion of my Diary, a descriptive account of Central America and California, with statistical information, subjoined, the actual condition of California, and a few general observations in regard to the emigration to that country will form the subject of my present remarks.

California has been the source of disappointment, sickness, exposure, destitution, and neglect, to thousands of the most enterprising, industrious, and useful men of all climes. How many husbands have bid farewell to families and homes, around whose fire-sides were every imaginable comfort, to gain a glimpse of the yellow dross on the shores of the far Pacific,—how many sons have shaken the hand of a kind father, and kissed the cheek of a loving mother, to exchange for a season the happy associations of home, for a hut in the mountain gorges, or on the banks of Sacramento and its tributaries? Facts answer—Thousands, whose lifeless bodies now lie mouldering in a strange land, and in unmarked and unmoistened graves.

Since gold was first discovered in California I have entertained the opinion, that no man should leave his country, and risk his all, in travelling thousands of miles through savage and barbarous countries, without first sitting down and counting the cost. It is true that, in every community, there is a class of persons who are inert and useless, many of whom have gone to to California and have been impelled there to exertion and production, who would otherwise have been nuisances at home. Yet had those persons been willing to labor in their own country with the same energy and persistency, saying nothing about privations, &c., as they have in a foreign one, I venture to assert, that they would be better off, and happier, than they are to-day, and unexiled from their native land.

The masses are misled with regard to the productiveness of gold mining. We are continually being favored with the perusal of letters in public prints, of the inexhaustible wealth of California and Australia. We learn that men are making ten and fifteen dollars per day, by digging, but we never seem to think anything about the time it takes to reach the gold-bearing region, and the great expense and dangers attending the journey; the anxious days spent in prospecting, hut-building, exposure to all weathers, and the possibility of being shot or *tomahawked*, without having given cause or provocation; the heavy cost of every necessary of life; the dollar-and-a-half per pound often paid in the diggings for meat, and sometimes *mule-meat* at that; a dollar a pound for meal or potatoes; two dollars per *one* pound of flour, this article, too, often not to be had for either love or money, as was the case ten weeks since; one dollar for the privilege of laying on the bare ground, or on the floor in some small shanty or tent, called *a hotel*, between two old dirty and musty blankets, thereby allowing your breast to become a suspension-bridge, during the night, for rats and other vermin to cross over *on business* to the *opposite frontier of the house.*

Persons go to these gold-famed countries without ever, for a moment, taking into consideration the palpable realities I have enumerated, and when they arrive the very friends,—whose letters have induced them, and other too credulous citizens, to

* Thus translated—
"The pervenche, thus, with us that never grew,
Its long-sought blossom gave to Rousseau's view;
He marks the treasure with an eager glance:
'Good heavens! the pervenche!' and his hands advance,
Sudden to seize the prey; not more delight
Feels the fond lover at his mistress' sight."

sigh for a lodge and a pick on the banks of the Feather or the Yuba,—turn a cold shoulder, and tell them that they were fools ever to leave their country to suffer the privations and hardships incident to a California life. They find that instead of their friends being in prosperous circumstances, as represented in their letters, they are out of situations and living on the charity of others; and merely wrote home favorable letters to console anxious wives and parents. I saw in California, Canadians who had been living on one meal a day for weeks, who were forced to get *even that* on credit, and could not procure employment on any terms. I brought letters from these self-same parties to their friends, and to my astonishment those letters contained flattering accounts of their circumstances, and they begged of me to give an exaggerated representation of their affairs to their friends, and to tell them that they had done well and that they would return home in a few months, when at the same time they *had not money enough* to buy a meal. It seems strange that men will misrepresent matters in this way; but it is invariably the case that nearly every one who goes to California and does not succeed, writes home glowing accounts of the country, and would fain have every one believe that they were *coining* money rapidly, while, perhaps, if the truth were known, they are shuffling in every way to get a living.

When it is taken into consideration that a great deal of time is necessarily spent in tent-building, prospecting, and conveying thither food, utensils, &c., a clearer idea will be obtained of the actual profits of mining, and it will be more fully understood why so many have been d gging for years, yet are nearly as poor as when they began. Doubtless many have succeeded better in California than they would haye done in the same space of time at home, but when some things re considered, they will not be found to have benefitted themselves much after all. Lucrative situations are subject to risk and drawbacks.

The climate of California is not so *salubrious* as is generally supposed--sickness, in consequence, is far more prevalent and fatal than people at a distance are aware of. The year is about equally divided by the wet and dry seasons. The rains commence in November, and continue, with occasional interruptions, until May. Six months rain, with heavy dews every morning! There is every degree of temperature in California. I have statistics in my possession, procured from authentic sources, which prove that there are diseases incident to the present unsettled state of California, and deaths are more numerous than is made public. It is preposterous to suppose that men can enjoy good health while living the life of sots, sleeping on damp ground, between dirty blankets, swarming with vermin, and having to sleep with muddy clothes on, as is the fashion in that favorite Eldorado. In San Francisco there is misery existing that no tongue has told nor pen described. In the streets of California, there are men employed, in all weathers, at the business of blacking boots, who were doctors, lawyers, and members of every profession, in their respective countries, and who have been compelled to enter the *profession* of boot-black, to keep them from starving. In December last, an advertisement appeared in a San Francisco paper, to the effect that a "Porter was wanted" in a wholesale store, and before ten hours had elapsed, *three hundred and fifty* applicants made their appearance at the office, to solicit the situation, and they embraced all classes of society, from him who might have been considered an aristocrat of the first-water, to the humblest peasant. It is an impossibility to create business for the increasing population. There are from three to four thousand emigrants arriving in the port of San Francisco and *viâ* the Plains, monthly. Many, yea, there are thousands in California at present, "sucking their thumbs," who have very little prospect of finding anything else to do. Business is as brisk this year as it ever has been since the country was first settled, and mechanics are commanding as high wages, but, unfortunately for those out of employment, there are no situations vacant. Men who can earn from fifty to seventy-five dollars per week, do not often make fools of themselves by changing about, as people sometimes do in other places; and, not unfrequently, too, for the worse. No man should go to California now, without having previously a situation secured, or knowing how he will arrange matters, if he be ever spared to reach there. Unless he is satisfied in a degree as to this matter, he is quite likely to be a public nuisance, as they term *loafers*, or men that cannot find work in that country.

I pity the men that are out of employment in St. Francisco for their lot has been cast in *slippery places*, and some rather *ugly* places, too.

My friends in California earnestly persuaded me to remain among them longer; I refused to do so, as it was my intention from the first to merely visit the gold regions for the purpose of having a sea voyage, to become familiar with the process of mining, and to see as much as I possibly could during the few weeks that I might remain. A gentleman from Toronto, who is now in an extensive business in San Francisco, requested me by all means to abandon the idea of returning to Canada without tasting more of the luxuries of Western life, but I respectfully begged to be excused, as I had no particular desire to expose myself to the dangers attending a residence in a land of privation and starvation. He told me that if I would determine to stay, he would obtain for me a lucrative situation. I parted with him, without giving him a definitive answer in reference to his kind proposal. In the mean time he succeeded in procuring me the situation he referred to. I was introduced in due time to the head of the firm, and then had an "excellent" situation tendered to me. I enquired of the gentleman what would be the salary, office hours, &c. He replied that I should have fifty dollars per week; that it would be necessary for me to be engaged every Sabbath, to attend theatres every night during the week, with other duties that he would thereafter mention. I acquainted the gentleman that I would be under the necessity of declining his liberal offer. I mention this circumstance for the purpose of giving publicity to the fact, that there are thousands of persons in California who are engaged in their respective businesses every Sunday throughout the year!

The people of California seem to have lost all trace of the days of the week, they do not seem

to know when the Sabbath rolls round. I witnessed hundreds of the young and the old in this place, who were engaged in their respective avocations on the Sabbath. Some of them informed me that they must either comply with their employers' demands in this respect, or sacrifice their situations, and walk the streets in idleness. No matter how religious or moral a man might have been prior to his leaving home, he is soon found violating the laws of God and man, and his only plea for thus acting is, that he was compelled to do so, in order to keep from starving or something else.

In California, society at present is in a very unsettled condition,—the country is blessed with civil laws, and crime is nominally punished, but murders and robberies are on the increase. It is generally believed that some awful calamity must befal the country ere long. Provisions continue exorbitantly high, and there are very many who cannot earn money to buy the necessaries of life.

I consider it to be the duty of every man, who has become personally acquainted with the present deplorable condition of California, to warn his fellow-creatures against breaking up the associations of home and exposing themselves in foreign countries to disease and death, in expectation of realizing that which so many thousands have failed in procuring. Gold is not now to be picked up in California without investing capital. Men leave various countries for the gold regions, entirely ignorant of the fact that now a capital is essential in order to make money.

Emigrants must not expect that they are going to be favored with employment immediately on landing, nor that, if they go the mines, they will at once strike on some rich digging without having first purchased a claim. There are some who think it is only necessary to take money enough to pay their passage, and that directly after arriving, he will find large lumps of gold on the streets of San Francisco and in its immediate vicinity.—But, when these persons arrive they are sadly mistaken; they learn when it is too late, that the "diggings" are very many miles from the seaboard, and that it requires considerable means to be conveyed to where the Simon Pure resides.—And when a man arrives at the Mines he discovers that he cannot locate himself any where without being liable to serious losses. He may borrow money from a friend, and have to pay ten per cent. a month for the use of it, to enable him to prospect around, and to meet current expenses, and after all not be fortunate in making a pile—not even enough to defray the interest on the borrowed capital. He may again borrow money to purchase a claim of a miner, and after working it, learn, to his sorrow,—that the "spot" has been worked out. Such circumstances have transpired recently through different sections of California, and there are a class of speculators in that country who are engaged in no other business but selling worked out claims, for from five to fifteen hundred dollars each.

Business in California is very fluctuating. There is no security for the business man. Flour may be six dollars per barrel to-day, and in one month hence, be two hundred dollars! as it has recently been sold for, in that land of an apology for comfort and plenty. Men may be worth fifty thousand dollars to-day, and to-morrow not be able to raise a single sixpence, in consequence of fires or floods. You can effect no insurance on property. Every thing is at the mercy of the elements of fire and flood.

I trust that my feeble voice and humble pen may save some from destroying their prospects and all in a far-off uncertainty. It is useless in me to attempt to depict life as it is in these regions.

A vast amount of human wretchedness now curses that portion of the world, where thousands still continue to flock to. Gambling saloons, grog shops, and houses of ill-fame seemed to be and,—I was confirmed in my opinion by a gentleman who is well versed in those affairs, that these places are, the principal business of the country. Almost every corner is a hell, and nearly every other house a rum-shop. There are very few women that can be depended on, in Cal fornia. All seem easily to become habituated to drinking, smoking and gambling. Balls, fights, cock-fights, and grizzly bear hunt's are still to be the order of the Sabbath. In Sacramento all the gambling houses are open on that day, and they are literally crammed with betters. The bands play all manner of profane tunes, and there appears to be a general disregard paid to morals throughout the entire extent of the country. How long such an unfavorable and gloomy state of things will last it is impossible for me to say. I trust that every man who values his soul, loves his family, and is enjoying the pleasing association of relatives and friends in this our own beloved land of security, will ponder well over the dismal aspect of things in those countries where the influx of population is so great that the most appalling evils are apprehended.

Oxford Puns.—Dr. Barton, warden of Merton College, was the oddity of his time. Of the puns belonging to Dr. Barton, we believe that the following is little known. As he was a man of remarkable insensibility, people told him everything that happened. A gentleman, coming one day into his room, told him that Dr. Vowel was dead. "What!" said he, "Vowel dead! thank God it is neither *u* nor *i*." Dr. Eveleigh, who with his family was some years ago at Weymouth, gave occasion to old Lee, the last punster of the old school, and the master of Baliol College, Oxford, for more than half a century, to make his dying pun. Dr. Eveleigh had recovered from some consumptive disorders by the use of egg-diet, and had soon after married. Wetheral, the master of University College, went to Dr. Lee, then sick in bed, resolved to discharge a pun which he had made. "Well, sir," said he, "Dr. Eveleigh has been egged on to matrimony." "Has he," said Lee; "why, then, I hope the yoke will sit easy." In a few hours afterwards Dr. Lee died. The yoke did sit easy on Dr. Eveleigh, for he had a most amiable wife.

The heart is the only measure of infinitude.

Oaths are the weapons a coward wields, the froth which tells the water's shallowness.

We learn to climb by keeping our eyes, not on the hills that lie behind, but on the mountains that rise before us.

THE THREE DJINNS.

Mr. Alderman Perkins, common councilman of the ward of ——, in the city, was in every respect a thoroughly comfortable man; he knew he stood well with his banker, and was confident of his position, both public and private, which he filled with credit, alike in the important office of alderman, and the hardly less important one of wholesale spirit merchant, as well as in the domestic capacity of husband and father. Each of these posts he had occupied for a double decade. If there were two things Mr. Perkins loved even better than his public duties and honors, it was, first, his pint of port at his half past five dinner, and, secondly, his day's *Times*, in his large spring-bottomed chair afterwards. From this it may be gathered that Mr. Perkins was one of those quietly constituted beings who do not love excitement, always avoiding subjects which occasioned it, whether religious, political or social. Regarding the first, he made a point of holding the same views as the rector of his parish; for the second, he always agreed with the party in power, and, consequently, with the "leading journal;" whilst the third he tabooed altogether with horror, as entirely French, and therefore inextricably connected with Robespierre and the guillotine. Poor Mr. Perkins! we must pity him; he had lately been tormented about a subject he detested, viz., American slavery. Ever since the appearance of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," he had had nothing but excitement. In vain he asserted the right of every nation to do what it likes with its own; he was met on all sides with hot-brained, unreasonable interferers, who denied his assertions, and almost roused him enough to make him wipe his brow with his bandana. It was in the hopes of soothing his spirit with some calm, sensible remarks from his oracle, that, after a pleasantly full meal, Mr. Alderman Perkins took his seat on the shining leather cushions, *Times* in hand, at half-past seven, on the evening of the 22nd of October, and turned to the inner leader, which, fortunately, consisted of a rational, able article, on the subject of slavery. Our alderman had not gone far ere his eyes were arrested by the following passage:—"On the one hand, the grotesque and semi-barbarous character of the unfortunate race which forms the subject of the quarrel, imparts a touch of the ludicrous to their justest claims and their saddest wrongs; it infects the eloquence and conduct of their advocates, and alienates from them that large portion of mankind, that fears neither bullets nor swords, but quails before a jest." It might be the port wine, it might be the mock turtle, it might be his day's exertions, but Mr. Perkins began to nod. The *Times* dropped from his relaxed hand, and, it *might* be, the last words he read suggested a dream, so strange to aldermanic brains, that Mr. Perkins actually remembered and recounted it to the narrator, who thinks it worth offering as a "psychological curiosity" to profounder and clearer heads than either the alderman's or his own.

The grand-master of the Djinns held a large court in the dreariest part of the desert of Stony Arabia, to consider a subject requiring all their counsel, but a counsel in which no good angel shared. The stars hid themselves, not to look upon the hideous conclave, and the crescent, symbol of the Prophet of Truth, put a cloud as thick as the veils which cover the face of Allah between it and the agents of evil. Darkness reigned over the face of the desert for every being, save those to whom darkness was light. Their thoughts were darkness, their words were darkness, their counsels were darkness, like their vengeance on the head of those on whom it descended, when the grand djinn rose up and spoke:—"Hear, O ye agents of Eblis, hear, and answer me according to your wisdom. There is a mortal who has offended against me, and slighted my power, and the power of Eblis, on him do I desire to be avenged; and I ask your counsel how best to avenge myself on him. I cannot touch his life, but I can poison it. I cannot take him from the power he serves, but I can destroy his service to that power. Counsel me, then, ye servants of Eblis, how I can make him mine, and aid me in doing it; so shall the glory be to him who can suggest the surest means for the destruction of mine enemy." He ceased, and the darkness grew deeper as a djinn, uglier and more evil than his fellows, rose up and spoke:—"Vicegerent of Eblis, I have counsel for thee. I will go to thy enemy, and make him commit an act which shall rankle in his heart; he shall yearn for some mortal who has been likewise tempted, on whom to repose the burden of his soul, and shall find none. Many shall surround him. They shall smile and speak kind words to him, but not the one he longs to hear. His wife shall look in his eyes and say, 'What ails thee?' His children shall gaze in silence and wonder at him. His friend shall try to probe the wound with gentle words, with loving questions and hints; but none shall find where his secret lies; none shall say the word which could draw it from his bosom. Will he not then devour his heart in silence? will he not curse God and come to thee?" Then answered the grand djinn, "Thou hast spoken wisely, O servant of Eblis, but not wisely enough. Thou hast shown thou canst understand the heavy burden an untold evil secret is to the heart of man, and the torture of vain yearning for human sympathy and relief, and how far it goes to move a weak mortal to make him fly the service of his God. But he on whom I desire revenge loves Allah, and to him will he go with his heavy secret, to him will he unburden his heart, to him will he cry for the sympathy denied to him by man, and his very human loneness will draw him nearer to a power which alone can know him as he is. If thou triest thy torture, I shall lose my victim. Thou dost not yet understand what the human heart can bear. Learn more evil, O servant of Eblis, and then give me thy counsel." Darker and darker grew the night, as a djinn, still uglier than the last, rose up and spoke:—"Vicegerent of the power we serve, hear my counsel. I will go to thine enemy, and make him commit an act, known but to himself, full of shame, and which he shall not dare to tell, and fear to have divined. He shall hide it in the depth of his heart, and think it is not hid: he shall fear the looks of his wife, his children, his friend, lest they should read it in his eyes. He will not dare to speak the simplest word, lest it should betray him. He will hardly dare to breathe, lest his secret

should escape with his breath. They who love him shall wonder; they shall weep and say 'Alas!' when they see his heart go away from them. He will shun those he loved best, lest they see him as he is. Will not his heart grow dark, O Vicegerent of Eblis? Will he not curse God and turn to thee?" "Thou hast spoken well," answered the mighty djinn, "and thy torture will truly make the soul of mine enemy grow dark. But he loves Allah, and knows that he can pity shame as well as forgive sin. He knows his shame is not hidden from Allah, though it is from the eyes of his fellow-men; and the isolation from man will make the bond of union stronger with God, and my enemy will not serve me. Go, servant of Eblis, and learn more evil, then come to give me thy counsel." A lurid flash swept across the black face of heaven, and threw its glare upon the hideous conclave, as a demon, more frightful than all the rest, gave a low howl of triumph, and approached the grand djinn—"Vicegerent of Eblis," said he, in horrid tones, "on me be thine errand of vengeance, for Eblis himself could suggest nothing better to thee than the counsel I now utter. I will go forth to thine enemy and smite him with a grief, one of those griefs which make the life of these wretched mortals like that of a crushed and writhing worm—a long act of suffering. But this is nothing, did he only suffer; there is hardly a mortal who would not feel with him, or if they could not, he would open his bleeding heart to his God, and feel that he pitied him. His wife, his children, his friend, would all try to bind up his wounds, and pour the balm of their love into them. But with the grief, and in the grief, making it a part of the grief itself, I will interweave a subject of such bitter mockery, that he dare not speak of it to his most beloved, lest the pity should fade from his eyes, and the mocking laugh rise to his lips. His very life shall appear to him a mockery ander the influence of this hideous jest, and his grief shall mock itself and him, until he mocks God and turns to thee, for mockery can do no more than cursing." A long, long, laughing howl of triumph greeted the counsel of the third djinn, and the grand-master bade him go forth and avenge him, for Eblis himself could not suggest a better punishment. With the speed of evil intention, the accursed agent took his flight to the heart and home of the doomed man, and hurled the curse upon him with all its power. First, he deprived him of liberty, and all that such a deprivation involves—the erect stature of manhood, the onward course of self-dependent action, the humanity of the heart by social and personal bonds, the elevation of the soul to the Father who gave it, and to whom alone he owed and owned responsible subjection. In a word, he made him that creature whose name is a symbol of degradation—a slave—but a slave with still the feelings of a man who had known and yearned for the free birth-right caught from him. Yet was not the fiend satisfied; a heart and life-crushing grief, the shutting him out from the sympathy of those who had never felt it, might yet call for compassion, but the victim was denied even the poor consolation of contemptuous pity, for to the heavy doom of hopeless slavery, he added a frightful mockery, or, as the words on which the dreamer's eyes had last rested expressed it, "a grotesque character, which imparted a touch of the ludicrous to his justest claims and saddest wrongs, alienating from him that large portion of mankind (*how* large he knew!) which, fearless of bullets or swords, quails before a jest," making the fear of that jest a punishment such as a fiend alone could conceive or execute.

Mr. Alderman Perkins awoke with a struggle and a start, rubbed his eyes, groaned, got up, and exclaimed "Nightmare!" then, like a wise man, began to consider the cause thereof. It must have been the scalloped oysters; no, it was the pancakes; but no, it must, indeed—it was the curried calf's-head which had given a hot Eastern tone to his horrible dream. He would consult Drugwell to-morrow. He rubbed the gastric region at the thought. His friend Brown had told him of some excellent "chenese pills," for indigestion; he would try them. Something or other he must take, for he was satisfied that the *cause* of his disturbed dream was purely physical, and lay in the Englishman's seat of thought and feeling, the stomach.—*Hogg's Instructor.*

THE GOLDEN HEART.*

CHAPTER III.

Mr. John Mornington was a tall, stately man, with rather good features, a dark complexion and dark eyes, profusion of dark hair and whiskers; and last, though by no means least in his own estimation, the most military-looking dark moustache in the world! It had been a weakness of Mr. John's youth to pass for a military man; and it was currently reported in B——, that at a review which took place in the vicinity, he had actually feed a little boy to pick up his glove, and on presenting it to him, to say aloud in the hearing of some strangers—"Is this your glove, captain?" However, the weakness had evaporated long ago, and John better liked to count the guineas than to attend reviews now.

As to Mr. John's capacity, that had never been severely tested, his life having hitherto glided on smoothly, and his father's banking-house receiving him into the sinecure and somewhat lounging position he occupied. Mr. Mornington, senior, tolerating very little interference, John stood in awe of his father, whose taciturnity, green spectacles, and extremely important and portly carriage, impressed other folks besides Mr. John with the like feeling. Mrs. Mornington was dressy and fussy, and thought her daughters (but this was a mother's natural and amiable partiality,) the most beautiful, talented, and charming creatures in the whole universe. Mrs. Selby was three or four years older than John, the widow of a man who had been old enough for her grandfather, but who had left her the interest of his large fortune during her lifetime only, there being no children to inherit it. Mrs. Selby enjoyed herself, and lived up to her income, having, as she remarked, no one to leave it to of her own kin.

Julia, or Miss Mornington, properly speaking, was a little, ringletted, flounced, foolish-looking body, chattering a vast deal of nonsense, and reading a vast number of French romances; she

* Continued from page 276, vol. ii.—Conclusion.

talked sentimentally, when she found anybody to listen, of "blighted hopes and a chequered life." Nevertheless, Julia despised not creature comforts, and never refused an invitation to a ball or a party of pleasure. Alfred, the younger brother, came next in succession to Julia, and, being nearly of an age, they assimilated much together; in disposition the resemblance was strong, and in appearance also, allowing for masculine characteristics. Alfred was small in person, ringletted and perfumed, and a very miserable, desponding individual, exclaiming against his hard lot, in being chained to his father's banking-house; but this was done *sotto voce*, and, in reality, Alfred was a steady, industrious fellow during business hours. He had formed hopeless attachments, times without number, concocted verses, and, when the fit was on him, rambled by moonlight in the garden twanging a guitar, the joint possession of Julia and himself.

The youngest of this interesting family was Frances; she was two or three years Aurora's senior, and a pretty-looking, fair creature, with manners laboriously amiable, so strenuously did she endeavour to gain favour in the eyes of all whom she came in contact with. Frances talked hugely about the value of time, and occupying it well, about being useful to others, and unselfish, and giving up one's own wishes. She wrote a quantity of little notes to numbers of dear female friends, and was always busy and bustling about nothing, her letters always ending with the assurance of being in great haste, and not a moment to spare! Frances was brought forward with affectionate perseverance by her sister, Mrs. Selby; and "angel Fanny," "beautiful Fanny," and "darling Fanny," were household words with Mrs. Selby. She infinitely preferred Fanny's water-colour sketches (blue, washy affairs, as all third-rate water-colour sketches are) to the best productions of the old masters; and, on Aurora declaring that she only felt and appreciated the latter, Mrs. Selby remarked aside, with a pitying smile, "How usually we find those devoid of artistic taste thinking thus. My precious Fanny, what a gem this is!"—bending over a sketch, which had one merit at least—being just as likely to realise a scene in Palmyra, as on the banks of the Wye. Mrs. Selby also sketched, and was extremely ambitious to be thought a patron of the arts in general; she conversed with considerable animation and fluency, and with gesticulations positively oppressive to the hearer, who pined for a slight cessation of these fatiguing demonstrations. Fanny was assiduous in cultivating Aurora Desmond's friendship; all sorts of little indescribable attentions she flew to perform; and Aurora, unaccustomed to the companionship of young ladies, began to deem herself a most cold, unamiable, unsociable being, so impossible was it for her to reciprocate the philanthropic feelings of the busy young lady. Nor was Julia backward in affectionate expressions; and, between the sisters, the poor girl had no peace. Mrs. Chatterbin leaving her entirely to them, being engaged in visiting with Mrs. Mornington, and other congenial recreations, Aurora was wearied and confused; John Mornington escorted her and Fanny every day, and scarcely left her side; and ere Aurora thoroughly understood what it all meant, John made an offer of his hand and heart, and Mrs. Chatterbin, with delighted smiles, informed Aurora that now "she could die in peace." Vainly Aurora protested to Mrs. Chatterbin, that she had not thought of Mr. John Mornington in the light of a husband—that she was astonished, and could not entertain the idea. Then, for the first time, Mrs. Chatterbin betrayed open violence, and her anger terrified the unhappy girl into silence, and soon into submission.

"How dare you speak to me of not entertaining the idea of marrying John Mornington? Do you think I mean to encourage your abominable flirtations, miss? After all the encouragement you have given him, to think of refusing him! Do you think I'll receive you again beneath my roof? Not, I indeed. Fanny tells me that her brother considers you have already silently accepted him. And what an honour is this—you, without a penny of your own to bless yourself with, to be chosen by John Mornington, and he such a fine man, too!"

Aurora at that moment closely clasped the golden heart; then meekly bowing her head, she whispered, "Be it as you will, aunt Chatterbin, I am ready to obey you."

"That's a good, sensible girl," quoth the exasperated lady, smoothing down her ruffled plumes. "You shall not want for a splendid marriage-present."

As Aurora withdrew, Mrs. Chatterbin heaved a deep sigh, as if relieved of some heavy burden, which had long tormented her, exclaiming, "Thank heaven, now I shall die in peace!"

Oh! if all the exclamations heavenward uttered on earth are registered there, what words of blasphemy will one day be proclaimed aloud—that dreadful day, when the thoughts and intents of the heart shall be made known! And Mrs. Chatterbin thanked Heaven, and declared she would die in peace. Her *awakening*—we cannot follow *that*. Offended Heaven thanked for thoughts of revenge and hate! Alas! "peace, when there is no peace," is on the deluded lips of many a dying sinner. Mrs. Chatterbin's words were awfully prophetic; she little dreamt of being so soon called to her account. Pause! May *we* not be nearer to ours than we dare to contemplate?

Mr. and Mrs. Mornington, with affected surprise, heard of their son's "attachment" to the beautiful orphan niece of the wealthy Mrs. Chatterbin; and Mrs. Mornington got up a scene with perfect conventional propriety—embracing Aurora, and calling her "my charming new daughter." Congratulations poured in from all quarters; and the bride elect, simple soul, felt really touched by the disinterested preference of her intended and his family. She—the ruined chieftain's daughter—to be thus received for herself alone!—oh! all her genuine Irish sympathies and warm-heartedness were aroused. "God sees—I will try and be to him a good wife," she cried, weeping alone in her chamber: "but I cannot understand all about the people round me: they seem very fond of money, yet I have none; and what is in *me*, that I should make up to them for its absence?" Then, on her knees—casting away all vile suspicion—she prayed for strength to fulfil her self-sacrifice, or what she as faithfully believed such

as did the Hindoo widows on their husbands' funeral pile.

Mrs. Mornington and her daughter Selby were very differently occupied meanwhile; they were driving about in their respective equipages, to disseminate among their world—the fashionable world of B——, the pleasant fact of John's engagement and immediate union with the most beautiful and accomplished creature—the niece and heiress of the enormously wealthy Mrs. Chatterbin, who so doated on the girl, that it almost broke her heart to consent to part with her, even for such happiness.

"I never knew such people as those Morningtons," said their scores of dear friends; "they care for nothing but money."

Notes of congratulation poured in upon Fanny, and Julia and Alfred were unusually sighing and singing doleful ditties—a sure proof that they, in their own way, were especially enjoying themselves. Mr. Mornington had of late been very much pre-occupied, and his mind was evidently burdened with weighty matters, though he asked for no sympathy, and sought for no counsel.

The preparations for the marriage were hurried on by Mrs. Chatterbin's especial desire, and her love for Aurora visibly increased, if outward demonstrations, at least, were proof of the fact. The Morningtons never doubted it, but looked on with great complacency; and the pale bride-elect was feted, caressed, and courted by all. Sumptuous were Mrs. Chatterbin's presents to the whole family; doubly sumptuous to Aurora—such as became the heiress of scores of thousands—such as became the generous and affectionate donor. Julia and Fanny were the bridesmaids, for Aurora would name no others; but the marriage was a very gay one, troops of friends and acquaintances being present, whom the happy Morningtons could not possibly leave out. Mrs. Chatterbin, in a perfect ecstacy of delight, fluttered hither and thither, shaking hands with all, and sobbing between whiles, just as if she had been the real mother, and Aurora her own and only daughter. It was quite affecting, and all the folks present felt it so, particularly at the breakfast, when champagne flowed, and toasts and speeches ensued. The bride was the only one who appeared calm and composed; and there were some who regarded her lovely countenance that day, who never afterwards forgot its expression—it came to them in dreams, in visions of sleep, when earth and earth's vanities faded from remembrance.

Mr. and Mrs. John Mornington set off for the lakes on their bridal tour, and Mrs. Chatterbin returned home. The former were to occupy Mrs. Selby's retreat for a few weeks, until their own house in B—— was prepared for their reception, Mrs. Selby having determined on a visit to Italy, with her darling Fanny for a companion. Mrs. Chatterbin betrayed a feverish restlessness after the wedding to get away. "It had been too much for her weak nerves," she said; "she needed the quietness and tranquillity of home, to restore her exhausted spirits." Alas! good Mrs. Chatterbin, you little thought what sort of a home was awaiting your pampered body, or perchance you might not have been so anxious to approach it.

During John's absence, Mr. Mornington's cares and perplexities had so greatly increased, that even Mrs. Mornington became apprehensive of something being wrong, though she was wise enough to keep her fears and observations to her own breast. The banker assumed a forced hilarity, which passed off with the world as the result of unusual prosperity and flourishing affairs in general; and was also indicative of Mr. John's recent union with a reputed great heiress, having afforded infinite satisfaction to Mr. Mornington. No suspicion of any screw being loose entered the heads of those whose fortunes were in many instances intrusted to his care.

Very busy and important was Mrs. Mornington in superintending the arrangements of her son's new house in the Paragon of B——; and when all matters were finished with scrupulous order and exactitude, as became the small and comparatively economic establishment of a junior partner, then was Mrs. John Mornington ushered into her future home with much warmth and *empressement*. Who would have thought the gathering clouds so soon would have burst, and the whole sunny scene change to a wintry desolation? Aurora's low sweet laugh resounded but for a well-appointed abode, and the innocent *persiflage* was not yet subdued; the voice of unkindness had not yet chilled her soul—she had not yet learnt to fear. From the moment she became John Mornington's wife, Aurora combated with the tender emotions of her nature, and she believed, poor thing, that no lingering weakness lurked in her heart towards him whom she had rejected. She had saved him by immolating herself, and ought she not to glory in the sacrifice? Aurora had no correspondents; and if she had, probably her letters would not have conveyed any positive information as to the condition of her mind at this period; an extract from her diary more fully reveals it, though even there she would not permit her pen to indite treason to her solemn marriage vows; and, if she ever thought of Philip Eardley at all, it was in prayer and supplication to God.

"And so I am a matron, and settled down, as the saying is,"—thus ran the extract—"and surrounded by good, worthy folks, all intent on money-making, or show-making, or gossiping, or detracting. I ought to be a grateful, happy girl; and I am, save for the lonely corner of my Irish heart. In that lonely corner I garner many early memories. I see Ellen Blanc's green grass grave, and the blessed cross, garlanded with spring flowers which marks the spot. A little way beyond my father's dust reposes. Poor father! he is never named here. I hear old Nelly's voice calling on her princess, and promising a future of unrivalled brilliancy. Then comes Dr. Progin on the stage, and all is darkness and mystery. I flutter in this gilded cage, and I place my hand on a throbbing heart, and say, 'Be stern—be still—be heroic;' then I smile when Nelly's favorite aphorism, of 'many persons walked under great umbrellas when reason was rained down from heaven,' seems so often applicable now; though I am tempted to fear my vanity flatters me into believing a tiny parasol alone protected my exalted head from the intellectual shower; and, sure I am, the whole race of Morningtons would disclaim even *that* shelter, and declare they walked bare-

headed. Ah! surely I was born beneath the star Soheil—the one genial star that nightly rises over the heads of the people of Zinghe, and to which they attribute the unfailing cheerfulness they enjoy. Beautiful star Soheil! were this not so, how could I endure? Dr. Progin must have known this, when he sent me the golden heart by Nelly Blane—a golden heart, containing a priceless treasure, when this poor heart of clay is void. Star Soheil, shine down on me, as thou didst at my birth, on my own fair isle, where the princely Desmonds sleep."

Other extracts from Aurora's diary allude frequently to omens. dreams, forebodings, and many ancient superstitions, which she religiously believed, and, in many instances, scrupulously and secretly adhered to. They were foolish and innocent in themselves, but they fostered the faith of her childhood—the unwholesome diet on which she had been nurtured.

"John," she ventured to say to her husband one day, for her heart was full, and the words fell unadvisedly from her lips—"John, I much fear some heavy calamity is overhanging us all, for I heard the banshee of my race scream at my chamber window last night, and the death-watch has not ceased for a week past, when the hours of darkness set in."

John stared at his wife in blank dismay, evidently thinking her senses had flown; but, on observing her pallid cheeks and serious looks, he broke forth into a laugh, and bade her tell him the next time she heard these dismal warnings.

"But you cannot hear them, John, without faith," replied Aurora, gravely, "and if you did hear them once, you would not laugh, John, dear," she added meekly, for John looked angry, and John was a thorough bull, and muttered, "Pooh, pooh," and something about "Irish folly."

So Aurora never again confided her troubles or sorrows to her husband; and when the news arrived of Mrs. Chatterbin's sudden decease, John had forgotten all about the banshee and the death-warning; he only remembered the old lady's coveted wealth. Not so Aurora; she wept when the tidings arrived, for Mrs. Chatterbin had been kind to her, and she was Philip's aunt. Her departure from this world was awfully sudden, and Aurora murmured, unheard, "Never in vain—never in vain are the warnings sent, and more calamity is in store. The banshee is unquiet yet—the dark shadow floats round the falling, doomed house."

With ill-disguised alacrity, John Mornington obeyed the summons to attend Mrs. Chatterbin's funeral; no doubt the deceased had left a will, and Aurora, as her nearest and dearest, of course stood first and foremost. No one had ever for a moment entertained a wavering opinion as to that natural expectation. John kissed his wife with unusual tenderness, and set off on his journey, which he little deemed would prove the dismal and disappointing one to him it eventually did.

Mrs. Chatterbin had left no will—no need of one; for, unknown to all the world, after the demise of Mr. Chatterbin, she had purchased a life annuity with the handsome principal he had bequeathed her, thereby securing to herself a larger income than she could otherwise have enjoyed, and at the same time cheating the hated Morningtons so cleverly, and laughing in her grave at the downfall of their mercenary hopes! Aurora was the victim—the attractive bait held out to lure them, greedily swallowed, and when too late, found to be unreal. Instead of the possession of substantial thousands, she dwindled down into the ruined Desmond's neglected and destitute daughter!—the Irish race, whom the English Morningtons held in contempt and dislike, whose alliance they would have spurned, unless transformed by the talismanic power of gold! The poor victim herself, utterly unconscious that she had any interest in the revelation, and always ignorant of the reason why her husband's family had attached so much importance to her, with dismay and surprise unutterable, cowered beneath the storm which broke in fury on her young, defenceless, and unprotected head.

John Mornington, who had not yet grown tired of his beautiful wife, and really admired her, and loved also (if such feelings as his may be termed love), endeavoured to shield her from the outburst of his parents' wrath. But there was more in Mr. Mornington's disappointment and vexation than met Aurora's ear; he had looked forward to *her* gold as the means of propping up a crumbling concern, and now the crisis could not be long averted, and ruin and horror stared him in the face. Obliged to confide fully in his son, and hinting to his cautious wife the state of affairs, the unhappy man determined to carry on the game as long as possible; his all was staked, and if the crash did come, it would be tremendous.

Mrs. Mornington gave a grand party, and everything was conducted on a scale of even additional splendour; troops of dear friends flocked round her, and never before had she appeared more smiling and gracious. It was particularly remarked also, how warmly affectionate Mrs. Mornington was to her lovely daughter-in-law, who, pale, silent and trembling, clad in deep mourning habiliments, and looking, oh! so unlike the princess of the old chateau, formed one of the company. "She is in mourning for an aunt," said one, "who has left her an enormous fortune, they say." "She doesn't look very happy, poor thing," said another, "for all that; but old Mrs. Mornington's so sweet upon her, depend she's plenty of gold to buy the sugar with!" Alas! could these wise folks have peeped behind the scenes, what a dark and dreary sight they had beheld! could they have heard Mrs. Mornington's *asides*, such as, "Pray don't look so wo-begone, Mrs. John, or you'll really frighten my friends. They are all people of consideration—society that you have not, perhaps, been accustomed to: therefore I make allowances. But look at my daughter, Miss Mornington, how *she* comports herself—elegant creature—and take a lesson from her. Stand out of the way, *if* you please, Mrs. John—you are always in the way—Irish stupidity. Don't you see I want to pass you, to speak to that dear, fashionable Miss Crowden?" A gentle push—a *very* gentle push, admonished poor amazed Aurora that times were changed. From the petted, cherished, feted heiress, she had become an interloper—an alien. But who may follow the purse-proud vulgarities, the *empty*-purse assumptions, the mortifications, petty insolences, and long train of impertinences, which poor

Aurora, the sensitive, refined and high-born lady, had to contend with?

The speaking *at* her was far worse than speaking *to* her, and this was often done under the assumed guise of kindness. Mrs. Mornington would break in upon her daughter-in-law's morning retirement (how different to the manner formerly adopted!) exclaiming, "I have come, Mrs. John, to look after my poor boy's household! I hope you are economical; I know you Irish folks are often not very thrifty, though I suppose you were not accustomed to *very* good living in your father's house; but *my* son has been brought up in a luxurious way; all our friends are luxurious—the most charming people in the world. John might have loved, picked, and chosen whom he liked, poor, *poor* fellow"—here a deep sigh. "But, by the by, Mrs. John, excuse me, but I must say I *do* think it rather extravagant of you to wear that handsome silk in a morning."

"All my dresses are equally good," replied Aurora, rather distantly.

"Ay, ay," interrupted Mrs. Mornington, spitefully, "that old cheat Chatterbin, took care to bedizen you to good purpose; but, I presume, *my* son paid for this mourning, and these are hard times, Mrs. John—very hard times, I assure you."

Aurora glanced at her mother-in-law's Genoa velvets and golden chains, but held her peace.

John Mornington had taught her a salutary *fear* of offending; by what process, God grant gentle woman's heart may seldom know. But it had been instilled; and Aurora feared her husband's frown—feared his mother's tongue. Yet there was a look in Aurora's eye which quailed them—a steadfast look, not scornful, not contemptuous, no, because she was a wife; but it was a look which made Mrs. Mornington hate her, and which made John Mornington assert his power, with loud-voiced authority, whenever an opportunity presented. He could not say, "I won't be looked at in that way, madam, I am not your inferior;" but he felt it at his heart, and the victim was in his power. Who could save her? Who could shield her? Who could presume to hint that the husband's authority was unlawful, or the mother's contumely unjust?

"By the by, Aurora," said John, one evening, to his wife; (he was always late home now, irritable and harrassed;) "by the by, didn't you see my friend, Philip Eardley, at that horrid old Chatterbin's—a one-armed fellow, but a fair enslaver, nevertheless. Bell Selby writes home that he is very sweet on Fanny; and as he is a monstrous 'eligible,' I hope Bell may play her cards well, and bring him to the scratch. Do you remember him, Aurora?"

"Yes, John," faintly replied his wife.

"Yes, John," mimicked her husband; "why, what's the matter? Did he make love to you?"

There was no reply; and John became angry, repeating his question.

"Oh, please, John," pleadingly urged Aurora, "do not ask me such questions; indeed, I ought not to answer them." And she wept bitterly.

"I insist, madam, on knowing what took place between you and Mr. Eardley. Did he make love to you, madam, or did *you* make love to *him?*" cried John, violently.

"Be content, dear John, when I tell you that nothing would have induced me to become Philip Eardley's wife," replied Aurora, gravely, and drying her tears.

John felt flattered by the preference she had accorded to him; and, his wrath being mollified, he laughingly remarked, "Well, well, Aurora, my love, don't make a fuss about it; 'twas very natural for Philip to fall in love with you; but you had better taste; and so there's an end of it. However, I hope Fanny wont be such a goose as to refuse him, because he's only one arm, poor fellow; things are not so bright just now, that such a chance for one of the girls ought to be thrown away." The latter portion of the sentence was muttered to himself, and John looked black and gloomy enough.

Mrs. Selby had established herself with the pretty Fanny at Naples, and there Philip Eardley became a constant visitor at her palazzo, being drawn thither in the first instance, by the agreeable conversation of Mrs. Selby, and afterwards attracted by the amiable and lively manners of Frances Mornington. That young lady, not being in the least degree shy or reserved, soon evinced a marked preference for Philip's society, and contrived to be so very sisterly, so very confidential and easy in her demeanour towards him, that the young sailor was led on unawares; and, before he well knew his own mind, found himself entangled in what promised to become a "remarkably serious flirtation," as the English gossips resident in Naples unanimously declared. At this juncture, Mrs. Selby received a letter from her mother, beseeching her, without delay, "to bring Fanny's matter to a crisis," and, if possible, to have the marriage solemnised without returning home. The reasons she assigned were of a strictly confidential nature; reasons, which too soon, however, were before the deluded public; but Mrs. Selby perused her mother's letter with dismay, and calling forth all her latent energies, set to work industriously, and with infinite tact, to bring about this most desirable end, so delicately referred to by Mrs. Mornington. Philip liked Fanny exceedingly, thought her a sweet, dear, natural girl, and often felt inclined to talk to her about Aurora's cruel treatment, and the aching void at his heart. But ere he could quite make up his mind to do this, he found himself one morning *tete-a-tete* with Mrs. Selby, and ere they separated, he had pledged himself to make an immediate offer of his hand to Fanny, whose "happiness was at stake for life," Mrs. Selby had assured Philip. The offer was made, and cordially accepted; and Philip to his own surprise and consternation, found himself on the eve of matrimony. Mrs. Selby's talents for diplomacy were now brought into daily requisition, in order to hasten her sister's marriage; and so well did she exert them, that after a short engagement, and with apparent great reluctance on the part of the fair Frances herself, and little else on Mrs. Selby's, Philip carried his point, and after writing to Mr. and Mrs. Mornington for their consent, and receiving their letters of warm approbation in reply, ("settlements, and all that formal stuff," Philip said, "could wait till they returned to England,") the marriage was duly solemnised at the British Embassy. Shortly afterwards, Mrs. Selby announced the necessity of her returning to England forthwith, on matters of business; but

she affectionately counselled Philip to remain abroad for some time longer; "Darling Fanny doated so on Italian life, and the climate *so* agreed with her sweet love." Philip did not like the idea of Mrs. Selby travelling home alone; but he was an easy-tempered being, and Fanny early began to rule. So the widow departed alone, full of anxiety to reach B——, and to gain an insight into the true state of affairs there. They were far worse than she had anticipated, and, full of horror, she almost regretted that she had returned to witness the downfal and disgrace that no longer could, by any possibility, be warded off. Aurora listened to her account of Fanny's brilliant marriage, with sensations indefinable to herself, so vague, contradictory, and mysterious they were. What was Philip to her, or she to him? The fearful gulf she had prayed for yawned betwixt them, when she became the wife of John Mornington. Then, wherefore this perplexity, this dull, stupefying pain, which gathered so darkly around her heart, when she thought of him loving, and wedded to, another? Yet Aurora shrank from the sin of such contemplations, and her pure soul revolted at the bare idea of entertaining a passion so unhallowed. But the thought flashed athwart her distressed and vexed mind, that *if* Dr. Progin was fallible, *if* there was no truth in his words, *then* what a life of folly had her's been, what remorse she had to endure, what a needless sacrifice had been achieved! It was but a lightning flash of thought, for, had it lasted longer, the poor victim had been struck down, dazzled and bewildered with the shock. But darkness followed, and superstition reigned triumphant, strangely united to a religious faith, which piously inclined her to believe all things possible with God, and that for the benefit of the human race he permitted his appointed agents to read the stars. And the wanderer, who dare doubt *his* power? Had *he* not read the glittering page with those wise ones of the East, whose memory is a possession for ever? Yes, and the talisman of the Golden Heart was the spell by which he wielded his power over the last of her race—the Irish Desmond. "Heart of clay, be strong and pure as thou art," cried the votary, pressing to her lips the talisman in secret, "and when I am no more, and my golden secret revealed to him whom it most concerns, *then*, perhaps, a tear may fall for her who sacrificed hope and happiness to save the beloved of her soul."

Fond imagination! couldst thou have read futurity, poor Aurora, with what sickening disappointment thou wouldst assuredly have flung thy golden treasure where no human eye could ever pry into its contents.

CHAPTER IV.

There was a short calm after Mrs. Selby's return a hush before the storm broke in all its wild devastating fury. Who may describe the consternation and excitement which pervaded the coteries of B——, when it was reported that Mornington's bank had stopped payment? In a short time the disastrous intelligence spread with certainty, coupled with rumors of the utter and deplorable ruin which must ensue to all connected with it. Whispers also began to circulate of Mr. Alfred's disappearance; and at length it was openly promulgated that he had gone off to America, with a large sum of money in his possession. Where is Old Mornington? what has become of the old swindler? was heard on all sides from those whose property had been swallowed up. At his house out of town, skulking, and hiding his misery and disgrace? Yes, yes, there Old Mornington was found, but deaf to reproach, heedless of ruin; for he was found dead in his library, and, to all appearance, he had been dead for hours. An inquest was held, and a verdict returned of "Died by the visitation of God, occasioned by distress of mind inducing apoplexy." But wise folks shook their heads, and mysteriously hinted the dreadful affair had been hushed up; in short, that Mr. Mornington had put an end to his miserable existence. However, the jury expressed a different opinion, and they were quite as likely to be right as the sagacious persons who differed from them. The widow took refuge with her daughter Selby, and thither also repaired poor, silly, little Julia—now, for the first time in her life, made acquainted with real anguish. Stupefied, stricken down, and shrinking from the light of day, John Mornington cowered beneath the blow, scarce understanding its full extent. His capacity, never very bright, and his appreciation of the banking details, never very clear, did not improve by calamity; and he was utterly incapable of affording information or assistance. The truth also became noised abroad that he had been cheated into marrying a penniless girl, whose heart he was breaking by unkindness, on discovering the imposition practised by Mrs. Chatterbin. It is astonishing how evil reports accumulate and fly. From the north and from the south, from the east and from the west, they gather and cluster round the fallen wretch. Vainly Aurora essayed to comfort her unhappy husband—in the day of adversity he had no prop whereon to lean, and he scorned to rest, even for a while, on gentle woman's soothing. He repulsed her with coldness, and, wrapt up in egotism and selfishness, moodily abstained from discussion of the past, or consultation as to their future hopes. Aurora was denied admittance at Mrs. Selby's; and in her own desolate home she awaited in silent suspense, from day to day, her husband's signal for removing from their luxurious abode. John had told her he was a beggar—irretrievably ruined and disgraced—and that he could not dig; to beg he was ashamed. What was to be done? Willingly John Mornington would have fled from B——, but he had no funds at his disposal. People rather felt for him too; he had been kept in the dark by his father and brother, and had no ill meaning about him. He gave up all he had in the world; he could do no more, and the tide of popular sympathy set in towards the junior partner of this once highly-estimated firm. That he was unkind to his wife was nothing; with domestic matters, the business world of B—— had nothing to do. John had been amongst them all his life, and the "rich Morningtons" were associated with the local impressions of B—— in their minds; therefore John was not so hardly dealt with as he might have been, and friends of the family came forward to assist him. In the course of a few months, Mrs. Selby turned her back on the scene of these family misfortunes, and, taking her sister

Julia as a companion, resorted to a distant watering-place, where she eventually fixed her residence. John, after removing to a humble house in a confined street, obtained a mercantile situation in B——, with a very moderate salary; for the present, Mrs Mornington continued with her son; Mrs. Selby thought it better—*she* was so "unsettled;" and when darling Fanny and Philip returned to England, *they*, no doubt, would be so delighted to have mamma with them. Alas! Goneril and Regan fled, and Fanny was to prove the Cordelia. Poor weak woman! Aurora pitied her deeply; endured patiently all her fretfulness and rude, insulting behaviour, and repaid it with attention, because she had fallen from a high estate, and the sympathies of a Desmond never failed under such circumstances. In her straitened home, on straightened means, Aurora first understood the bitter lesson of actual poverty; in the old chateau it had been a romance of poverty, never realized in cold, biting, petty details.

Besides, *then* she was a hopeful, young, and inexperienced girl, with life before her, and happiness too. *Now*, alas! how changed the aspect of all things! Mrs. Mornington, deserted by her former acquaintances, and not able to endure the mortifications heaped upon her, shut herself up in the small chamber appropriated for her use, waited on and tended by Aurora, whom she insulted and reviled on every opportunity; her time was passed in selfish lamentations, and in peevish complaints of bodily ailments—the consequence of increasing years and anxiety of mind.

John Mornington, not improved by adversity, began to contract habits of excess, ending in frequent inebriety, which shocked and afflicted his poor wife more than aught that had gone before. *She*—Nelly Blane's princess of the ancient and chivalrous Desmonds—stood alone in her desolation, amid the ruins and wreck of her young life's peace. But there was even then one drop of sweetness left in this brimming cup of bitters. She had saved him, so fondly loved, from a threatened fearful doom; Philip Eardley was safe, though she was sacrificed. There was a secret clinging belief in poor Aurora's inmost heart of clay, that Philip still cherished her memory—still remembered with tenderness the early love-dream, so transient and so beautiful; and that, when he learnt the truth (and he would learn it when she was no more), he would do her justice, and give a sigh for the hard and mysterious fate which had divided them. She judged of Philip by herself, and forgot how widely sundered, and how different were their paths through the wilderness; one beset with thorns and briars, the other strewed with flowers beneath summer skies. Far was it from Aurora's pure mind to entertain a wish that Philip Eardley should cherish aught towards her inimical to his peace, or aught that was unhallowed in God's sight. It was but a natural lingering weakness, scarce deserving the name of vanity, which made her sometimes think how he would feel and look if they ever met again. The experience was vouchsafed ere the contents of the golden heart were revealed.

In process of time, Mr. and Mrs. Eardley returned to their own land; Philip purchased an estate in the vicinity of the watering-place where Mrs. Selby had fixed her abode, and where Julia still remained her companion in single blessedness. As to Alfred, he had disappeared in the gold regions, and Julia prognosticated that he would one day return triumphantly, and pay principal and interest, besides leaving enough to build a palace of the precious ore, studded with diamonds. Fanny had presented her husband with several fine children, and Aurora clasped to her bosom one little sickly, miserable infant, whom the father never noticed, and Mrs. Mornington detested, because it cried, and disturbed her rest; for the partitions of the ill-built house they inhabited were not thick enough to shut out such "domestic music." Gladly her mother accepted Fanny's procrastinated invitation, to pay Philip and her a "long visit;" the children had been ailing, the mansion had been under repair, and various other items were enumerated, to account for the apparent neglect. Mrs. Mornington's departure was a sensible relief to Aurora—it enabled her to devote more time to the poor babe, and she needed rest for herself. Rest! who would have recognized in the wasted shadow, cowering beneath her husband's violence, the gay, beautiful creature, idling away her time in the sunny gardens of the old chateau, flitting about Dr. Progin like a butterfly, and coaxing him to read the stars?—a moth fluttering around the flame to its own certain destruction.

John Mornington's habits became more and more confirmed; he seldom returned home sober, usually late at night, from some disreputable orgies in the neighborhood after business hours were over. Once, when Aurora gently remonstrated, the man struck her; from that hour she was mute, and death was written on her face.

John rarely heard from his sisters; and when they did write, Aurora was not named. Fanny's epistles were filled with descriptions (which John never read) of her wonderful children; and Mrs. Selby's contained good advice, and at Christmas a five-pound note for "dear John," which dear John took care to pocket for his own especial behoof.

At length a Christmas tide approached, and the snow lay deep on the ground, and Aurora and her little son were almost as white as the snow—(the poor mother often yearned that together they might be swathed in the same shroud, 'twas so cold a world to leave him in)—when a letter, couched in brotherly terms, from Philip Eardley, addressed to John, and containing many kind messages from Fanny, was placed in Aurora's hands by her well-pleased husband, whose anticipations resembled those of a schoolboy—immunity from work, and lots of eating and drinking. The letter contained an urgent invitation to pass the Christmas week at Eardley Grange, including the trio—father, mother, and child. Aurora shrank from the meeting; she was ashamed of her husband—ashamed of her own bowed-down, shabby appearance, and, alas! ashamed of her wan and miserable-looking boy. But John listened not to objections—he was decided to go, and there was no appeal from his fiat.

The journey was performed in a stage-coach, as suited their scanty means; and at a certain point of the high-road, as evening was closing in, a luxurious carriage awaited their descent from the common vehicle, to convey them across the

country to Philip Eardley's seat. Cold and weary, the peevish child nestled in a soft corner, saying, "Mamma, why haven't you a nice carriage to ride in like this?"

Before Aurora could reply, her husband, with a hoarse laugh, interrupted her, exclaiming, "Why? you silly urchin, because she was a cheat, and her hideous old aunt as well, that's why."

A timid and gentle "Oh! John, don't speak so to the child," produced a rude "Hold your tongue."

A tear on Aurora's white cheek was kissed off by her little boy, who, clasping his mother round the neck, whispered, "I know you're not a cheat, my own mamma; I love you so."

Aurora looked out in the cold prospect, and on the glittering snow; but it was congenial to her feelings, for there was a cold at her heart which no sunshine could eradiate and warm. "Poor little creature," she sighed inwardly, as the boy dosed in her arms, "what will become of you when I am gone? This is my last Christmas on earth; the snow will gather on my grave ere another season comes round."

The approach to the Grange was through a noble chestnut avenue, and the dwelling itself was a fine old structure of the Elizabethan era. It was Philip's home; it might have been her's—it had been offered to her. Poor Aurora, she was but human, and these and kindred thoughts crowded into her mind. A kind word, a pressure of the hand from her husband, had assisted to dispel them; it was not privation or even incessant anxiety which had brought Aurora low—it was the outraged and desolated spirit, scathed by the infliction of wrong. Her head swam and her footsteps faltered as, ushered into a spacious saloon, she found herself in the midst of a numerous company, though, as Fanny had said, they were strictly a family party. But the blooming children and their governess, according to custom, were in the apartment before dinner. Mrs. Selby and Julia also were there, and Mrs. Mornington, looking almost as consequential as in her palmy days. Aurora heard a well-remembered voice—she felt her hand kindly taken, and the voice said, "My old friend, Mrs. John Mornington, I am so glad to see you." And this was Philip's greeting to her, after years of separation: her who had died ten thousand deaths to save him. Aurora could not speak; but Philip had turned away to run after one of his saucy boys, who pulled papa's coat-tail.

"Philip, my love," cried his wife, in a peremptory tone, "don't make such a noise, you really encourage the children to be tiresome." Then, approaching Aurora, in a patronising way—the condescension of the rich towards the poor—the elegantly-attired lady mildly continued, "I am afraid you are not very strong, Mrs. John, or your little boy either; perhaps the journey has tired you. You would like to retire to your room, would you not? Pray, let me assist you, Mrs. Mornington." Aurora silently gazed on the speaker; she recovered now—the pang gave way to an unnatural calmness, when Philip's careless recognition was over. Fanny had grown stout, and really handsome; she looked supremely happy and contented, and her extremely beautiful children clustered round her, forming, as Mrs. Mornington declared, "a picture rarely to be seen, and worth looking at." Philip, too, had become the portly papa, and his bronzed countenance beamed with contentment and good humour; and this was the lover of her youth, whom Aurora had often fancied retaining a secret and sacred remembrance of lost love. It was clear that if he did retain any remembrance of the circumstance, it was to be heartily ashamed of it, and to think what a fool the girl had been to refuse him, and marry John Mornington. There was not a turn of his eye, or a tone of his voice, to indicate that Philip Eardley contemplated Aurora with any other feeling than that of astonishment that such a personal change could be wrought in the course of years. A slight dash of pity, perhaps, mingled with his observation of her wasted form and pallid brow; but he knew that her husband had been "unfortunate"—not that it was *possible* John Mornington could be harsh or unkind. John was his darling Fanny's brother—John was Mrs. Selby's brother, and Julia's brother; and these ladies saw no fault in him: he had "a sickly, peevish wife," they said, "more the pity." There was not an individual present who believed the angel of death overshadowed them, gazing down with glassy eyes on the victim of a false faith. But she recognised the cold flapping of the dark angel's wings, and that cooled her burning brain and feverish pulse with assurances of soon being beyond the reach of mortal ills.

With real motherly feeling, Fanny regarded her shy little nephew; but the boy could not be induced for a long time to consort with his cousins. At length they won him over completely, and, being generous, high-spirited children, the amicable contention never was settled of which was to take especial charge of "poor little Johnny," because he was "so poorly, and so shy."

"It's quite dreadful to look at John's child," said Fanny to her husband, "it makes my heart ache, he looks so starved and wretched. I don't think he'll live long."

"Pooh, pooh, my dear," replied Philip, "you're so accustomed to see our own beauties, that you don't understand other people's children at all." And Philip proudly thought of his lovely and blooming flock.

"That's very true, my love," responded Fanny, "but I've been thinking it will be a kindness to John if we ask this poor little creature to stay a while with our darlings. He requires companionship and change, I'm sure. His mother was always very odd, very wayward, before she married John, and I'm sure it was a bad thing she ever did; for, as it turned out, John might have done much better for himself."

"She was a most lovely girl, my pretty Fanny," said Philip, patting his wife's cheek fondly, "and you know I had a weakness for her once myself, before I saw you."

"Stuff and nonsense, Philip," retorted Fanny, angrily—"weakness, indeed, just as if *she* would have refused *you*, if you had asked her."

Philip laughed; and had he not been so bronzed, he might probably have blushed; as it was, he did not think it necessary to disturb the flattering conclusion which his wife had arrived at, so he merely rejoined, "Well, poor thing, there's no trace of beauty left, she'll make nobody jealous

now; and as to her poor boy, keep him, by all means, my darling."

So the affair was arranged without even consulting Aurora. John was caressed and feted by all his affectionate relatives, but few troubled themselves about his wife—"she moped and sulked," Mrs. Selby declared, "quite annoyingly, evidently desiring to pass for a martyr. John ought to have had a fine, high-spirited, sensible woman for his wife, not a half-wild Irish girl, such as Mrs. John had been."

It was a long, long time ago, Mrs. Selby, since her you designate as "Mrs. John" was a wild, happy girl. It was difficult to recognise the Irish "princess" now in the broken-hearted, dying wife.

"And so, Johnny dear, I am to part with you, it seems," said Aurora tenderly to her child. "I am to return home without you; do you like best to stay here, dear?"

The boy hung his head, and for a long time kept silence; then, gently sliding his little thin hand into his mother's, he said, "I'll go home, mamma, if you wish me to go. But Gerald Eardley has got such a nice little brown pony of his *very* own, and he says, when the snow goes, I may ride on it whenever I like. Only think of *that*, mamma?"

The mother said no more; checking a heavy sigh, the silent prayer arose, "Bring me to thyself, O God, in thine own way, and then in mercy take me home." It was difficult to analyse what train of subtle thought gave immediate rise to the heavy sigh and the silent prayer: could it be because her only child seemed so willing to resign her for mere selfish gratifications? Rare and charming to him, poor fellow, child of sorrow as he was, were these innocent pleasures; it was natural he should cleave to them—it was human nature. But of human nature Aurora was weary; there was not a green spot on earth whereon she could rest: and what if she had been a dupe of superstitious credulity?—what then? Why, *then* she had taken her fate into her own hands, and cast the ruling hand of Omnipotence aside? And what a destiny *she* had wove! But was it too late—even at this awful eleventh hour—to seek the Rock of ages, and there to build up a hope for eternity—to cast that fatal golden heart away, and in its place to clasp the priceless cross? No money needed to purchase that jewel beyond cost—nothing save a bleeding contrite heart of clay!

No lingering fond farewells detained Aurora a moment beyond the appointed hour of departure from the Grange. Little Johnny, happy, and surrounded by blooming companions, did not even cast a wistful glance towards his mother; and Philip Eardley, warmly shaking hands with John, as he escorted them to the carriage waiting to convey them to meet the stage, smilingly bade a careless "Good morning" to Aurora, and politely trusted she would soon recover her usual health. Oh, world, world, it is thy way! Thou foolish, blind, time-serving, tuft-hunting, deceitful, heartless, hollow world! There is no resting-place for the noble heart, self-sacrificing and grand, even in its folly!

Moody and discontented, John Mornington returned to his humble dwelling, doubly disgusted with the position he occupied, and more prone than ever to regard the hapless woman whom he had married as the author of much of his ill-fortune. His sisters and his mother continually told him how much better he might have done for himself; they forgot her beauty, her youth, her chance of being wooed in those bright early days for herself alone. What wonder *they* forgot all this, when Philip Eardley rejected those memories of youth with derision! Aurora entered their dark dwelling with a shudder: a darker one awaited her ere long, and the mortal frame recoiled from the contemplation. She must die alone; her pillow smoothed by the menial's hand, who, fortunately, beneath a rough exterior possessed a woman's heart. John seldom entered the sick woman's chamber, and, when he did, seldom sober: and thus old Nelly Blane's idol turned her face to the wall, and prepared to meet her God. Earthly joys and earthly sorrows faded—faded then to shadows vague and dim; and her last night on earth, slightly delirious, Aurora wandered in the gardens of the old chateau by moonlight, while from the dark forest re-echoed the angel hymns of paradise. She cried, "I am going into the dark shadows, but I am not afraid, for the angels are in the forest," and so fell asleep.

John was in a drunken stupor when she passed away; and the next morning the weeping servant girl, worn out with watching, used but little ceremony in acquainting him with the awful event.—For an hour or two he appeared stricken down with shame and grief; but old habits revived, ere "dust to dust" was pronounced over the remains of one who had indeed been a willing victim on the altar of a false faith—the loveliest and sweetest victim ever adorned for sacrifice with amaranth garlands.

To the hands of her humble attendant, poor Aurora had confided a small packet addressed to Philip Eardley, receiving the woman's promise to deliver it in person, and to repeat the mother's parting solemn benediction to her child. The promise was faithfully performed: and when Johnny heard that he never more would see his dear mamma, sorely he wept, and for long he refused to be pacified. But time worked swiftly with the child—can we wonder at this, when time works so swiftly with the man?—bearing healing on its wings, and dispensing balm.

Philip Eardley opened the packet addressed to himself with some curiosity and surprise; it contained a golden heart, accompanied by a letter, which had been written by Aurora, immediately after her return home, when she felt her end so rapidly drawing nigh. Its contents were those:

"Philip Eardley,—Long before I first saw you, this golden heart was worn next my own. It contains a slip of paper, on which is written the prediction of an astrologer—the Wanderer of ages. I promised never to reveal the prediction, save at the hour of death. When you read it, you read my life's history. Destroy it, unseen by other eyes, and give the golden heart to my poor boy. My poor boy! From the grave I plead for him. Not because he is mine, but that he is the child of John Mornington. Save him from evil influence; keep him with your children, or place him at school. Frances has a mother's heart, and I commend the motherless child to your notice.

AURORA MORNINGTON."

Philip was alone; yet with some confusion he opened the golden heart, and found the slip of

paper, which ran thus, written in minute, but fair characters—"Suffer not the hand to follow the gift of thy heart; or so surely shall the widow's coif encircle thy brow, and a bloody shroud swathe thy beloved, ere the May moon fadeth. *With* thee he perisheth; *without* thee he prospereth,"

In mute astonishment, Philip Eardley regarded the mystic paper, and at length he broke silence, exclaiming, "Can it be possible that Aurora Desmond actually believed this, and acted upon it? What a fortunate escape I had from a woman who could marry one man when she loved another.—It's quite complicated, when one thinks of her extraordinary delusion. I would not have my fair Fanny see *these* (and Philip cast Aurora's letter and the prediction into the fire together, where they speedily consumed) on any account whatever; she'd never cease her bantering. As to the poor boy, I suppose John Mornington can take care of his own child; however, I shall hear what Fanny says."

Fanny said, "It was very odd that Mrs. John had sent a trumpery locket to her husband, requesting him, indeed, to give it to the child. It was vastly romantic and dolorous, no doubt; but what had Philip to do with it?" As to little Johnny, he would be attended to, "of course;" and it was soon decided that it was quite time to send him to school—John Mornington, senior, being about to join his brother Alfred in the distant regions where the gold reapers congregate.

Ere Johnny completed his fourteenth year, he had bartered the golden heart for some schoolboy's bauble; profoundly arguing that a knife with six blades, or such like acquisition, was of far more intrinsic value to him than a girl's ornament. He retained some recollection of a pale silent shadow, which used to glide round his bed, and always tend him with soft and fondling love, and Johnny opined it might be his mother. Such shadows haunt us all, perchance, sometimes; but how truly it has been remarked, that "the veil which conceals futurity was woven by the hand of Mercy."—*Hogg's Instructor.*

MEMORIES OF THE DEAD.

Who says a parent's heart must break,
A weeping mother sink?
A kinder, truer voice I hear,
Which e'en beside that mournful bier,
Whence parents' eyes would hopeless shrink,
Bids weep no more—O hearts bereft,
How strange to thee that mournful sound,
Sad parents o'er their only son,
Feeling more bitterly alone
For friends that press officious round.

E'en such an awful soothing calm
We sometimes see alight
On Christian mourners, while they wait
In silence, by some church-yard gate,
Their summons to the holy rite.
Far better they should sleep awhile
Within the Church's shade,
Nor wake until new heaven, new earth,
Meet for their new immortal birth
For their abiding place be made.

Then pass, ye mourners, cheerly on,
Through prayer unto the tomb;
Still, as ye watch life's falling leaf,
Gathering from every loss and grief
Hope of new spring and endless home.
Then cheerly to your work again,
With hearts new braced and set
To run entire love's blessed race,
As meet for those, who face to face,
Over the grave their Lord have met.

K——.

THE AMPHIBIOUS CITY.

On a hot summer day, I left La Rochelle with my face to the north. This part of the western coast of France is very picturesque; but the picturesque was not my object just then. I merely wanted to see the birthplace of certain shell-fish which I had devoured with extraordinary satisfaction at the *table d'hôte* of the modest inn which I had selected with the befitting humility of a foot traveller. They were mussels; but such mussels!—so soft, so rich, so delicate of flavor! and, what was more they had a story, invested with almost a romantic interest. At any rate there was something to be seen where these mussels grew; something widely different, as I was told from the ordinary forms of the picturesque, of which I was by this time well nigh tired; and being then under the "curse of the wandering foot and weary breast," I once more adjusted my knapsack, poised my staff, and set forth to follow my fortune.

I had wandered about five miles along the coast in a northerly direction, when I reached the Bay of Aiguillon, a fine sweep of the ocean into the land between the departments of La Vendée and Charente Inférieure. From the summit of the cliffs that overhang the sea, the view was very imposing—in more senses than one, as will presently be seen. The bay, on the right, looked like an immense lake; while on the left was the long, low island of Rhé, with its picturesque ruins, the fortifications of St. Martin, and the open sea beyond. The sun was intensely hot, and I was glad to sit down in the shadow of the cliff, to enjoy the view at my ease, and to watch the movements of the human pigmies below, on the right, where stood a little fishing town called Esnendes. The smooth waters of the bay resembled an immense mirror blazing in the sun; and this, with the excessive heat, fatigued, and at length made me drowsy. The movements of the little beings below became confused; my eyes slipped along the glittering surface of the waters, and then closed against the glare; in a very short time I was sound asleep.

I had been walking a good deal for many successive days, and was in some degree used up. My organism was, therefore, in need of repose, and took advantage of the opportunity. How long I remained in a state of unconsciousness I do not know, but I presume it must have been two or three hours at least. When at length I opened my eyes, and looked round, I was greatly at a loss to know where I was. It is true I had a very strong impression that I had come from La Rochelle that morning, and was now snugly

niched in a precipice: which was the fact. But an immense plain of waters, I recollected, had been below that precipice, and there was now no such thing. The expanse beneath was not merely dry land, but in the middle of it there was a city of some considerable magnitude, with regular streets of buildings running in parallel lines, and wide colonnaded vistas lessening and fading in the distance. That I was broad awake, there was no doubt. It was obviously a delusion, the notion that I was overhanging the sea; and I tried to remember where I ought to be. But facts were stubborn. There below, on the right, was still the town of Esnendes; here was the peak of Aiguillon, which gives its name to the bay: and on the left were the island of Rhé and the ocean beyond. But where were the smooth waters of the bay? Absorbed, no doubt, at ebb tide by the mightier waters of the sea: but what was that submarine city now risen from the deep? I thought at first of the mirage, and was almost loath to use my telescope, lest the fairy picture should vanish. But it stood the test. The buildings, the streets, the colonnaded vistas, all remained, not fragments and ruins of a submerged city, but laid out in a complete and regular plan, and—still more wonderful—crowded with a busy human population!

There appeared to be a considerable traffic of some kind carried on between this mysterious place and the shores of the bay, but its agents performed the journey in a curious manner. The plain of waters did not seem to have entirely dried up; for the whole surface of the expanse glittered here and there with what seemed to be lakes of soft mud, separated from each other by narrow tracks of a firmer consistence. Over the former great numbers of people glided swiftly in what may be termed boat-velocipedes; while the tracks of comparatively firm land were traversed by a few provided with a rude modification of snow shoes, and, as it was necessary for them to avoid the mud lakes, flitting in a zigzag line like so many daylight Will o' the Wisps. All this piqued my curiosity so much—for the imperfect account of the scene I had received at La Rochelle had by no means prepared me for the reality—that it was with huge strides I descended the steep to the town of Esnendes.

What I had seen was in reality an amphibious city—in one state of the tide submerged by the sea, and inhabited by millions of mussels and small fish, and in another state of the tide breathing the air of heaven, and affording a field for the enterprise and industry of men. The place was founded long ago by a wandering Irishman of the name of Walton, who at first made his living by catching sea-fowl with nets. This person, an observant, ingenious fellow, finding that the poles of his nets were quickly covered below the water, with marine vegetation containing vast quantities of mussel spawn, set himself to watch this product of the bay. He discovered that the mud mussels grew with singular rapidity, and became so fat and delicate, that the neighboring towns formed a most profitable market for all he could raise; and from that moment he had a new trade. But the numerous poles he fixed in the mud at low water were frequently unfortunate. Sometimes the waves of the sea came in swelling and roaring, and did them great damage; and sometimes an unlucky vessel having missed in the night time the proper anchorage, was driven in among them by the wind, and carried all away.

But Walton was not discouraged. His plan was obviously defective, and it was necessary to offer a larger and more yielding surface to the tide, and yet to present it in such a way as to permit the least possible strain. He accordingly drew upon the muddy plain the initial letter of his name, W, the points being directed seaward, and the sides, several hundred feet in length, extending towards the inner part of the bay, so as to form an angle of from 40 to 45 degrees. Along each line, at intervals of three feet, he fixed strong and lofty posts, sinking them to half their length; and the spaces between he filled with long, pliant branches, forming a sort of close but yielding trellis-work. At the points of the W, which were open, he placed osier baskets to receive the fish which, imprisoned by the palisade, would flow out in that direction on the recess of the tide; and lastly he fastened to the interior old nets of small mussels gathered on the coast, which he knew would attach themselves to the palisade, and fatten and refine in the civilizing mud. This first W he called a *bouchot*, from a Celtic word signifying "wooden enclosure;" and it retains the name to this day. *His* day, however was long ago, and important changes have since occurred. The construction, which was placed exactly 1246 fathoms from Esnendes, in honor of the year in which it was commenced, is now unvisited by the sea, and a meadow flourishes on its site; while far out in the bay—from two to thee miles—between 300 and 400 other buchots imitate so exactly, at low water, the appearance of a town, that even a spectator standing on the shore might be deceived.

To cross these miles of mud might seem a dangerous service, but the people of Esnendes think nothing of it. The more substantial proprietors have a vehicle they call a *pousse-pied*, formed of three light thin planks, one for the bottom and the others for the sides. These are closed by a square stern—supposing the thing to be a boat—and a slightly elevated bow, allowing it to slide along the mud. Having carried this peculiar set-out on his shoulders to the bay, the proprietor places in it his baskets, and then, kneeling in it with his right leg, and leaning both hands on the sides, he strikes out with his left upon the mud in the fashion of a frog when swimming, and away he goes with a speed which has been likened to that of a horse at full trot. To give an idea of the consistence of the surface, I may mention that neither the tracks of the boat nor of the foot (shod with a triple sole) are obliterated, and yet it would be impossible to walk upon the mud. Some others, however, as I have mentioned—provided with a peculiar kind of shoe, or rather skate, the bottom of which is a flat piece of thin wood elevated at the point—balancing themselves with outstretched arms, glide along other portions of the surface that are somewhat hardened by a greater proportion of sand. But both require to be rapid and incessant in their several motions; and the whole scene brings to mind the journeying of Satan across Chaos—

So eagerly the fiend,
O'er bog or steep, through, straight, rough, dense, or rare,
With head, heels, wings, or feet, pursued his way;
And swims, or sinks, or walks, or creeps, or flies.

I slept that night at Esnendes; and the next afternoon, when looking at the stir into which the place was thrown by the sudden rush towards the bay of many hundreds of the inhabitants, I determined to make one of the company, and visit the amphibious city. The pousse-pied I could not venture upon; but having provided myself with a pair of mud-skates, which cost less than a franc, I thought if I only followed the tracks of the rest, I could run no peculiar risk. In this idea I was encouraged by the crowd; and one motherly old woman assured me, that if monsieur could only keep moving like the rest, and to be sure to return before dusk, and before the mud began to feel the approaching tide, there was no danger in the world. Behold me, then, after looking for a while at the uninviting waste, "pondering my voyage," at length take heart of grace, and dash gallantly off in the wake of a stout young fellow, a skater like myself.

I was at first a little nervous, as I found myself absolutely committed to the adventure, and as I saw the mud lakes around me tremulous even from the weight of the pousse-pieds that flew along their surface; but there was nothing difficult in the use of the skates, and very soon I found recreation in the exercise, and interest in the strangeness of the scene. When arrived at our destination, I found the place nothing more than what I have described; yet it was amusing to flit from buchot to buchot, and watch the quantities of fish taken in the baskets, the mature mussels gathered in the interiors, and the whole deposited in the pousse-pied—every thing being necessarily done with a haste and restlessness ("like a hen on a hot griddle') which made me laugh aloud sometimes, both at my comrades and myself. The importance of this curious branch of industry may be understood, when I mention that it produces half a million of francs in the year, and supports 3,000 persons.

My attention was so much occupied with the novelties of the scene, that I was quite insensible of the lapse of time; and surrounded by a crowd of busy men intent on nothing but their occupation, I did not observe the gradual withdrawal of the few who were unprovided with pousse-pieds. Chancing to look round, however, I descried a thin silvery haze advancing from the seaward quarter, and pointed it out to those nearest me; who thereupon demanded suddenly, what I did there so late? I at once turned a somewhat startled glance towards the shore, and saw that the nearest of the skaters was a good mile off.

"Monsieur need not be alarmed," said an old man, observing my change of countenance: "the haze has nothing to do with the tide; but if allowed time to gather, it might obscure the tracks that are safe for mud-skates."

"And you," said I, "all of you?"

"We are safe," replied the old man, and shall be at home yet before you foot travellers. If caught in the mist, we could find our way were it as dark as night; and even if overtaken by the tide on a calm evening like this, we are in no danger, for our pousse-pieds are water-tight, and each being provided with a pair of paddles, it can be used as a canoe by a man of proportionate weight." By this time the group around us seemed to have become alarmed on my account; and separating in different directions, I could hear them shouting: "Michel! Michel!"

"They will find him," said the old man, "for poor Michel makes it a point of honor to stay and have a race with the pousse-pieds. But take care he does not outrun you—that is all you have to fear, for he knows the bay better than any of us." While he was yet speaking, the crowd came back, some coaxing, some driving before them, a young lad apparently about eighteen. His legs, arms, and neck were bare; flowers were knotted in his long unkempt locks; and his wandering, vacant, yet pleasing eyes, shewed that whatever knowledge he possessed was that of instinct not intellect.

"He will guide you safely," cried they, "there is plenty of time before the tide. Away, Michel. Bon voyage, monsieur." But Michel hung back with the sullen look of a child who had been disappointed of his favorite pastime; till one of them gave him a lash on the bare legs with a rope—more severe, possibly, than he intended—and the poor maniac sprang forward with a yell of mingled rage and pain. I followed instinctively. My only aim was to keep up with him, for I remembered the warning of the old man; but, as if divining this, he glided out of my way, taking a course which I was persuaded was intended more to lengthen than abridge the journey. For a moment I hesitated as to whether I should not trust to my fortune alone, but whether influenced by prudence or cowardice, I decided that this was hopeless; and on the instant, instead of following him round a narrow mud pool, I dashed desperately across it, and succeeded in catching firm hold of him. Loud laughed Michel his applause at this daring feat; and on we flew, arm in arm, over the quivering waste—Folly guided by Madness.

It was but rarely I dared to raise my eyes from the track; but I saw enough of what was beyond to be aware that the haze was gathering fast, that it already rendered it impossible even to guess at the distance of the lofty steeps bordering the bay, and that to seaward all was a boundless expanse of trembling vapor. I was fairly panic-stricken; and when voices, shouts, and wild halloos came floating on the thick air, telling of the passage of the train of pousse-pieds, I was utterly unable to determine whether the sound was behind, or before, or around me. This was partly owing to the erratic course and abrupt turns of my companion, who was either unable or unwilling to comprehend what I said to him, and of whose gibberish I did not understand one word; but at length, when the land had been entirely swallowed up in the mist, now darkened by the falling of the dusk, I felt an intense consciousness that we were sweeping out to sea to meet the returning tide.

I became desperate. I shouted in Michel's ear till he laughed, and then griped him by the arm with a force that made him yell. He spoke loud and volubly; pointed resolutely before him as if asseverating something that should dispel my doubts and fears; and quickened his already

headlong pace, till my breath began to fail like my courage. And then a voice came upon my ear—a long, low, desolate, wailing sound, which I felt to be the voice of the tide. There were no longer sandy tracks; all was mud, which grew softer and softer at every flying step; and at length, as a wilder roar came from the open sea, which dispelled all doubt, if any had remained, I was about to throw the maniac from me in horror and despair, when, with a cry of exultation, he sprang upon a tall pole which suddenly appeared beside us, as if growing out of the desert of mud. Even then I was almost too late, for my strength had failed; and if Michel had not grasped me by the collar, I could not have climbed, even with the aid of the sticks that were nailed rudely across the pole to serve as steps.

I think I must have been for a certain time in a state of insensibility; for when I became cognizant of what was around me, I saw that the desert of mud was now a waste of foaming waters. The rising wind came in from the sea to the assistance of the tide; and breaking here and there the clouds that had covered the sky, allowed the broad, full, newly-risen moon to throw down a fitful gleam upon the scene. We were midway between the two sides of the bay, far to seaward of Esnendes; and before, behind, and around us, there was an expanse of rushing waters, breaking ahead in white crested waves. The pole to which we clung was obviously a beacon for the guidance of vessels in the daytime; and there was attached to it at the top a long, narrow streamer of white bunting. Such were the details revealed to me by a sudden glare of moonlight, which vanished in a few seconds, leaving everything in obscurity as before, relieved only by the white foam of the billows, as they broke with a rush and a roar at the entrance of the bay.

Michel had gained his object. The pole was what he had pointed to in the distance as the goal of our journey; and perhaps the idea of reaching it had flashed into his disturbed brain at the same moment the savage lash overturned the ordinary movement of his thoughts or instincts. But the maniac was now in his element. Joy like his I never saw before or since; and at every new apparition of the moon, he burst into wild laughter, clapped his hands, and yelled forth a fragment of a church hymn, in a voice so clear, so piercing, so unearthly, that I was struck with awe as I listened. Then he swung the pole madly to and fro; and the water having by this time reached our feet, the final moment seemed at hand. The imminence of the peril recalled me fully to my senses. Though with hardly a ray of hope, I was determined to cling to life as long as possible. By means of severe blows and stern words, I taught Michel that he was not to move hand or foot, and with the narrow streamer I bound both him and myself securely to the pole. But the sea, by and by, was as wildly mischievous as the maniac; for the waves came on with redoubled force, bending backwards our frail support till we overhung the hissing waters. Had it not been for the well fastened knots of the bunting, I for one should have been very soon finding my way back to the amphibious city.

The bay being of almost the same depth throughout, the water was slow in rising; but still, when it was little higher than our knees, the spray broke so violently in our faces, that I sometimes thought we should be drowned long before the tide overtopped our heads. The wind had risen; the clouds had thickened and blackened in the sky; and the moon was rarely visible. What fancies came over me, as I hung there, helpless and hopeless! What phantoms flitted through the gloom! What memories rose upon my soul? My whole life was gathered into that span; and the dead, the living, and the unborn, crowded around me. Sometimes I heard voices calling, and I hailed in return; sometimes a ship's boat drove against the pole, and, extending my hand to seize hold of her, I grasped only empty water. Higher came the tide—higher—higher. The water was in my throat, it hissed in my ears, and I prepared for the death which was now so close at hand. Michel was still singing his wild songs, still laughing through the spray, still enjoying the recreation he had sought. My heart at that moment softened toward the poor fellow; and I thanked God for the compensations that, from time to time, must have thrown a heavenly sunlight over a fate apparently so dreary and forlorn.

My struggles became easier as my mind became more tranquil. The tide had reached its culminating point; the wind decreased; and as the fear of suffocation at length vanished, I yielded to the sense of fatigue, and fell into a kind of stupor between sleeping and waking. This must have lasted many hours; for when I was at length roused by a violent tugging and screaming, I found, on opening my eyes, that it was broad daylight, and that the waters had retired anew into the depths of the sea. Michel had fortunately been unable to undo the knots of the bunting, and he pointed impatiently towards Esnendes and then to the opening of the bay—informing me, doubtless, in his unintelligible gibberish, that it was now ebb-tide, and time for us to return from our little excursion.

I need not say with what gratitude, mingled at first with almost incredulity, I found myself once more on dry land! It was my intention to take Michel to the inn, and to give him a comfortable meal, but he escaped from me the moment we entered the town. I learned that he was the only son of a widow who, having become paralytic, was supported by the community. But this kind of support implied neither hardship nor degr dation. No one in the place was poor but through the visitation of God, and all such were looked upon not only with kindness, but respect. They were accustomed to stand in a line on the beach when the fishermen returned from the bouchots; and each man, in passing, presented them with a handful of mussels and another of small fish, the first-fruits of his expedition. In addition to this bounty, the surplus of which supplied them with other necessaries, the good wives of Esnendes, when giving in the bi-weekly bakings to the public oven, always broke off a piece of the dough for the basket of the poor; from which the baker, as his contribution, prepared an immense loaf, to be divided among the pensioners. All this appeared to me to be done with infinite kindness and good-will, both men and matrons seeming to think that the

voluntary offering of a part drew down a blessing upon the rest. Michel, upon the whole, was not uncomfortably situated, for he worked hard in the service of the fishermen, and was generously rewarded. His malady, I was told, was always at its height during the full of the moon; and the present was not the only occasion on which he had passed the night on the beacon pole. A long interval, however, had elapsed since his last escapade, and the fishermen had ceased to watch him.

Such was my visit to the Amphibious City. It was productive, it must be owned, of more fatigue and terror than I had anticipated. But, for all that, I say still, the mussels of Aiguillon are excellent.—*Chambers' Journal.*

THE OLD CHURCH.

I stood within those ancient walls, time's ruthless sway I felt.—
The curtain'd niche was still unchanged wherein my childhood knelt;
Where girlhood's thoughts of vanity roamed from the sacred shrine—
Oh memories how full and deep throng this changed heart of mine!

Before that solemn altar my young sister knelt a bride;
I viewed the gallant company with childish glee and pride:
With wreaths of fairy roses, and tears so strangely springing,
I sported down the sombre aisles while marriage-peals were ringing.

And again at that old altar, in the spring-time of my youth,
Robed in the mystic veil, I heard confirmed my vows of truth:
'Mid bands of young companions and hand in hand with one,
Whose sweetness even then was doomed—whose death-call forth had gone.

Within those sacred walls I knelt a newly-wedded wife,
With girlhood's smiles yet lingering, and hope, still charming life:
The old familiar faces! That look good-by with pain,
May ne'er look on their changed brow, nor I on theirs' again!

And now within this noble pile, once, once again I kneel—
Father! 'tis thou alone can'st know the pangs thy creatures feel;
Fond memories are clinging fast, dark shadows claim their sway;
Long years have passed—one vivid dream—since childhood's careless day!

All is unchanged within these walls, all as in days of yore;
And so 'twill be in future years when I shall be no more;
And plaints as mournful as my own, from living ones that come,
Will sound, old church, within thy aisles, like voices from the tomb.

EXTRAORDINARY IMPOSTURE.

In the quiet village of Shottisham, in Suffolk, a young girl is now engaged in an imposture of a most extraordinary kind—only rendered more so by the tender interest which she is fitted in other respects to excite. Her parents are in humble life, but admitted to be persons who have heretofore borne an irreproachable character. Elizabeth Squirrell, for such is her name, gave early tokens of superior intellect, and during two years of schooling, between the tenth and twelfth of her age, made singular progress, spending most of her spare time in reading. She became acquainted with history and the works of the English poets, and devoted much attention to matters connected with religion. At length, as sometimes happens with brilliant pupils, illness, in the form of a spinal affection, obliged her to leave school. After being treated for some time in an hospital, she was taken home, and there speedily became worse. Being assailed with locked-jaw, she could obtain sustenance only from milk poured into her mouth; and this was taken in such small quantities, that her death was daily expected. Still she lived on for many weeks, though deprived, it was alleged, of the powers of seeing and hearing. At midsummer, 1851, she recovered from locked-jaw, but continued, as was given out, to live without solid food.

The case now attracted general attention, and many persons came to see her. They found her in an humble apartment, placed on a bed with pillows to raise her head, and carefully attended by her parents. Her air of resignation, a spiritual grace beaming from her countenance, and the high tone of her religious expressions, added to the interest excited by her alleged abstinence from solid food. Her prayers were particularly admired for beauty of language, as well as elevation of thought. She told her visitors that she had had a vision of angels, and one of them had undertaken to be her guardian. She prayed that, for the confirmation of her tale, some manifestation might be made by this tutelary spirit; and in time this prayer appeared to be granted. A small drinking-glass of antique construction, which stood by her bedside, seemed to give forth faint sounds, which she said were produced by her angel brushing it with his wing. The visitors, especially such as were of a devout frame of mind, listened with wonder to these sounds, and many became convinced that a true cause had been assigned to them.

All through the winter of 1851–2, Elizabeth Squirrell continued in this state, an object of infinite local wonder, though not as yet alluded to in the public prints. At length, early in summer, her mother announced that the milk had ceased to nourish her, and she thenceforward lived without food of any kind. This of course increased the public curiosity, and an immense afflux of visitors was the consequence. Some of these, almost as a matter of course, gave money to the mother, and it has been alleged that a considerable revenue was thus realised by the family; but, on the other hand, the mother has indignantly denied this allegation, and stated that the whole sum did not exceed £7. Clergymen, and other persons of the upper ranks of society,

were among the visitors of the Squirrell cottage, and all came away with a feeling of deepened interest, owing as much to the beautiful expressions which flowed from the child's lips, as to anything of a more marvellous nature connected with her. On being asked when her present extraordinary state would end, she said: "Oh, in my triumphant entrance into glory!"

As might be expected, many of the visitors beheld the whole case with something more than doubt, and were anxious to subject its genuineness to some decided test. It was arranged that two women should remain with the girl as a watch for a week. They did so, one relieving guard with the other, and, at the end of the appointed term, returned with the report, that no food had passed the child's lips during that time. Doubts being still entertained, it was resolved by a committee of gentlemen, that they should themselves mount guard upon the bed of the ecstatic, and minutely chronicle every event that took place. This watch was commenced on Saturday the 21st of August by two gentlemen, who remained at the cottage till the ensuing Thursday, without observing anything of a suspicious nature. They were then relieved by two clergymen, Messrs. Webb and Whitby, the former of whom was more than usually sceptical. While Mr. Webb was absent for a walk, the father came into the child's apartment, and addressing Mr. Whitby complainingly on the scepticism which had been shewn regarding his daughter, proposed that they should seek the blessing of God. He immediately commenced a prayer of great fervour, which extended to a considerable length. In the midst of it, the suspicions of Mr. Whitby were excited by a circumstance, of which Mr. Webb was likewise disagreeably sensible the moment he re-entered the room. Nevertheless, on the bed being searched by the nurses, nothing unusual was discovered. The watchers, being still unsatisfied, called in a medical gentleman, named Frances, who happened to be in the neighbourhood, and a new search was instituted. It ended in the discovery of a bundle between the child's arm and body, and which she made great efforts first to conceal, and finally to retain. On its being opened, upwards of twenty pieces of old dress were found, offering indubitable evidence that digestion had taken place, and, consequently, that food must have been received by the stomach. The parents seemed overwhelmed by this discovery; but Elizabeth only folded her hands, and said: "I commit myself to the care of my guardian angel, and know that God will take care of me."

The watching committee now quitted their charge, under the belief, that sufficient evidence had been found that the child did not live without food. The Squirrells made efforts, through the newspapers, to arrest the judgment pronounced against them by the public; and a medical gentleman, named Matcham, announced his conviction, that the testimony against the girl was at least defective; pointing particularly to the fact, that the evidence of the cloths did not apply to a recent date. The decision of the watching committee, as expressed in a report they drew up, nevertheless was, that Elizabeth Squirrell did not practise that system of total abstinence from food which she pretended to, and that she was capable of both seeing and hearing.

It does not appear that this decision has either stopped the child in her course of deception, or settled the curiosity or the faith of the public in regard to the case. Two or three weeks after the events above detailed, the Rev. Mr. Erskine Neale paid her a visit, which he has described in a volume recently published by him.* We give his statement, with a little abridgment: "I found Elizabeth," says he, "lying on her low pallet-bed, in a small but neatly-arranged room, on the ground-floor of a little cottage, encircled with a garden. The hour was early, but a group of visitors was assembled round her The attendance she needed was supplied by her mother, who stood at the back of her bed, ministering kindly and sedulously to her wants. The appearance of this widely-controverted personage, by some so greatly caressed, by others so severely stigmatised, is beyond question most prepossessing. She has a very gentle, intellectual, and highly devotional cast of countenance; and her voice, clear, sweet, and touching in its tones, is susceptible of very effective and very impressive modulation. The day was warm, and a parasol lay open upon the bed, to which her mother told me recourse was had to screen her from the light. This, to a person perfectly blind, seemed to me a superfluous precaution; and I said as much. The explanation given was, that the sensitiveness of her skin was extreme; and that the sun's rays seemed to scorch her where they fell. Her countenance was plump; her skin moist and warm; pulse, 85; and what struck me as most unusual, after such lengthened and close confinement to her couch, no excoriation or abrasion of the skin apparent, or complained of. By her side was the old-fashioned drinking-glass, of which so much has been said; which rang out when brushed by an angel's wing, and audibly gave response to prayer! It stood on a little deal-box by her bedside, containing letters and papers and manuscripts, among which was a letter to Elizabeth from the Rev. Thomas Spencer, the temperance advocate, couched in the kindest and most sympathising terms. Our interview was long, for I wished to arrive at some definite conclusion, and thought it sad, that, if a case of well-contrived imposture, religion should be so largely mixed up with its details. I asked her—the finger-alphabet was used—whether she thought she should ever eat again? She replied with emphasis, and with an expression of countenance very animated and very pleasing: 'Never, never, till I eat of the new bread, and drink of the new wine, in the kingdom of my Father.' Now, if the whole affair was based on fraud, there seemed something frightfully blasphemous in this reply. I looked at her again. Her face bore no trace of emaciation. No mark of suffering, or pain, or famine was visible. It was the plump, fleshy face of a smiling, happy girl. She went on after a pause. 'I loathe food altogether. The very sight of it disturbs me. Far from wishing to partake of food, the very mention of it disgusts me.' The mother then added, deliberately and firmly: 'Nothing, either solid or liquid, I SOLEMNLY declare, has passed my poor girl's lips

* The Summer and Winter of the Soul.

for seventeen weeks.' The next question was:—"What object do you think THE SUPREME has to answer by keeping you in this state?" 'To make His power known; to shew what He can do; to shew that, with food or without it, He can support the frame.' 'Do you wish to be released?' After a pause: 'I have no wish at all on the subject. I form none. My only wish is to lie passive in the hands of God, to do and suffer His will. If the moving of a finger would suffice to alter my state, to restore me or to release me, I would not make the effort. Sufficient for me to know I am in MY FATHER'S HANDS!' The calm, gentle, and submissive tone in which this was uttered was very touching, and the uplifted eye and devotional expression with which it closed carried the feelings of her hearers involuntarily with the speaker. If *acting*, no Siddons need have disdained it!.... Her mother then, with considerable tact, as if to escape from a painful subject, and divert her daughter's thoughts, asked Elizabeth to repeat her poem on blindness. She complied. The lines were not many, but the images they embodied were striking, and recited as they were with good taste and emphasis, and in a full melodious voice, told greatly in her favour. One of the party asked her—the mother interpreting by means of the finger-alphabet—whether time did not pass heavily during this long confinement. She replied: 'No; I am constantly attended by my guardian angel. *I see him now.* Closely, most closely connected are the visible and the invisible world. You can form no idea of the beauty and *earnestness* of the countenances of the angelic host. One of that glorious retinue is always hovering around me. *He is with me now.*' This was said calmly, slowly, and impressively; without any rant, or any mock display of feeling, but as the deep and settled conviction of a thoughtful mind. This introduced the subject of the glass.... ... The mother of Elizabeth said it had belonged to her parents. While examining it, one of the party put this question to the sufferer: 'Do you consider your life as prolonged or sustained by supernatural influence?' 'No, no,' was the answer: 'I have always objected to that conclusion.' 'What, then, sustains you?" 'The air: I feed on that, and that alone.' She then added: 'But *the* question, the material question, is this: do I or do I not hold spiritual and intimate communication with Heaven? I maintain solemnly that I do.' The tone and earnestness with which this latter asseveration was made were remarkable. The gentleman before alluded to—I know not his name, but for distinction's sake let us call him 'Mr. Grey'—here said: 'This glass, and the legend connected with it, throw great doubts on your story. It is a stumbling-block with many. Why not remove the glass elsewhere? Place it, let me suggest, in some other corner of the house.' This advice was communicated to Elizabeth, who said, with much dignity and emphasis: 'No: *it* SHALL NOT *be moved.* Its place is by *my* side. *There* it received *direct communications from Heaven*, and there it shall remain.' Mr. Grey then proposed to take it away, or to break it then and there, promising both mother and daughter that he would replace it by another, or give them its value in money. .... The mother communicated this proposal to Elizabeth. In most peremptory terms, she forbade the exchange, and declared in unequivocal language how distressing the destruction of the glass would be to her; adding: 'It has been the honored medium of communication between Heaven and myself, and its destruction would be heinous sin.' In the unwillingness of the daughter that the glass should be removed, destroyed, or in the slightest degree injured, the mother vehemently coincided. The interview had now lasted nearly three hours, and I took my leave with saddened feelings. It was a grievous spectacle. Before me was a noble intellect. Intimate knowledge of Scripture—great command of diction—an imagination fertile in images—and a most winning and graceful delivery—all these were there, and each and all wrecked hopelessly and irretrievably. The web of deceit was woven around all. I was convinced she saw. I was convinced she heard. How she was sustained in being without food was a medical question: with that I had nothing to do."

It is difficult to imagine the state of mind, a mixture of religious exaltation, vanity, and love of excitement, which can lead a young person into a course, attended by so much personal inconvenience, and in which detection is so probable in the long-run, and so certain to be attended with a crushing effect. But we know very well that such things are within the compass of human nature. There is one proof of the subjective character of all such phenomena, which we wonder has never been thought of by any of the good people who have gone to see Elizabeth Squirrell. When such a case happens on the continent, the patient always has visits of the Virgin Mary. Now, Squirrell's other-world experiences are all of a strictly Protestant order. A Squirrell in Italy would probably have had "the five wounds" marked in the appropriate parts of her person. Squirrell, in Suffolk, only sees an angel; she is strictly evangelical in her illusions or deludings. This might be a lesson, too, for the worthy people who are so often imposed upon by ecstatics in Catholic countries—namely, that the analogous persons in England never see the Virgin, and never manifest any especial tendency to miraculous representations of the physical sufferings of Christ; things which, as is well known, are much more dwelt on in their literal character by Catholics than by Protestants.

As for the deception in question, it is not worth while pursuing its history further. We may just mention, however, that at a meeting in Ipswich, held for the purpose of examining the phrenological character of the girl's head, a circumstance was mentioned which was conclusive, even with the most credulous. The wife of a dyer stated, that she had called at the house one day and left a veil, which had been under her husband's treatment. Having occasion to return in a few minutes, she entered the room suddenly, and found the blind saint with a mirror before her adjusting the veil on her head and shoulders!—*Chambers' Journal.*

True living is not thinking what to act, but acting what we dare to think.

Love, only, unlocks the door upon that futurity where the isles of the blessed lie like stars.

AN ODD ADVENTURE BEFORE BREAKFAST.

The three brothers slept lying along the ground within a few feet of one another. Their tent was gone, and, of course, they were in the open air. They were under a large spreading tree, and, wrapped in their blankets, had been sleeping soundly through the night. Day was just beginning to break, when something touched François on the forehead. It was a cold, clammy object; and, pressing upon his hot skin, woke him at once. He started as if a pin had been thrust into him; and the cry which he uttered awoke also his companions. Was it a snake that had touched him? François thought so at the moment, and continued to think so while he was rubbing his eyes open. When this feat was accomplished, however, he caught a glimpse of some object running off that could not be a snake.

"What do you think it was?" inquired Basil and Lucien, in the same breath.

"A wolf, I think," replied François. "It was his cold nose I felt. See! yonder it goes. See —see—there are two of them!"

François pointed in the direction in which the two animals were seen to run. Basil and Lucien looked, and saw them as well. They were about the size of wolves, but appeared to be quite black, and not like wolves at all. What could they be? They had suddenly passed into a darker aisle among the trees, and the boys had only caught a glimpse of them as they went in. They could still distinguish their two bodies in the shade, but nothing more. What could they be? Perhaps javalies? This thought, no doubt, occurred to the brothers, because of their late adventure with these animals.

"They are too large, and run too clumsily, for javalies," said Lucien.

"Bears!" suggested François.

"No, no; they are not large enough for bears."

All three were puzzled.

They had risen upon their hands and knees, disencumbered themselves of their blankets, and each had grasped his gun, which they always kept close by them when asleep. They remained in this position, straining their eyes up the gloomy alley after the two black objects, that had stopped about fifty yards distant. All at once the form of a man rose up before them, and directly in front of the animals. Instead of retreating from the latter, as the boys expected, the upright figure stood still. To their further astonishment, the two animals ran up to it, and appeared to leap against it, as if making an attack upon it. But this could not be, since the figure did not move from its place, as one would have done who had been attacked. On the contrary, after a while, it stooped down, and appeared to be caressing them!

"A man and two dogs," whispered François; "perhaps an Indian!"

"It may be a man," returned Lucien, also speaking in a whisper. "I know not what else it could be; but those *are no dogs*, or *I* never saw such."

This Lucien uttered with emphasis, and in a serious tone, that caused the brothers to draw closer to each other.

During all this time Marengo stood by, restrained by them from rushing forward. The dog had not awakened until the first cry of François roused him. He was wearied with the long gallop of the preceding days; and, like his masters, had been sleeping soundly. As all started almost simultaneously, a word from Basil had kept him in; for to this he had been well trained; and without a signal from him he was not used to attack any creature, not even his natural enemies. He, therefore, stood still, looking steadily in the same direction as they, and at intervals uttering a low growl that was almost inaudible. There was a fierceness about it, however, that showed he did not regard the strange objects as friends. Perhaps he knew what they were better than any of the party.

The three mysterious creatures still remained near the same spot, and about fifty yards from the boys. They did not remain motionless, however. The two smaller ones ran over the ground—now separating from the upright figure, and then returning again, and appearing to caress it as before. The latter now and then stooped, as if to receive their caresses, and, when they were not by, as though it was gathering something from the ground. It would then rise into an upright position, and remain motionless as before. All their manœuvres were peformed in perfect silence.

There was something mysterious, awe-aspiring in these movements; and our young hunters observed them not without feelings of terror. They were both puzzled and awed. They scarcely knew what course to adopt. They talked in whispers, giving their counsels to each other. Should they creep to their horses, mount, and ride off? That would be of no use; for if what they saw was an Indian, there were no doubt others near; and they could easily track and overtake them. They felt certain that the strange creatures knew they were there—for indeed their horses, some thirty yards off, could be plainly heard stamping the ground and cropping the grass. Moreover, one of the two animals had touched and smelt François; so there could be no mistake about *it* being aware of their presence. It would be idle, therefore, to attempt getting off unawares. What then? Should they climb into a tree? That, they thought, would be of just as little use; and they gave up the idea. They resolved, at length, to remain where they were, until they should either be assailed by their mysterious neighbours, or the clearer light might enable them to make out who and what these were.

As it grew clearer, however, their awe was not diminished; for they now saw that the upright figure had two thick, strong-looking arms, which it held out horizontally, manœuvring with them in a singular manner. Its colour, too, appeared reddish, while that of the small animals was deep black! Had they been in the forests of Africa, or *South* instead of *North* America, they would have taken the larger figure for that of a gigantic ape. As it was, they knew it could not be that.

The light suddenly became brighter—a cloud having passed off the eastern sky. Objects could be seen more distinctly, and then the mys-

tery that had so long held the young hunters in torturing suspense was solved. The large animal reared up, and stood with its side towards them; and its long-pointed snout, its short erect ears, its thick body and shaggy coat of hair, showed that it was no Indian nor human creature of any sort, but *a huge bear standing upright on his hams!*

"A she-bear and her cubs!" exclaimed François. "But see!" he continued, "*she* is red, while the cubs are jet black."

Basil did not stop for any observation of that kind. He had sprung to his feet and levelled his rifle, the moment he saw what the animal was.

"For your life do not fire!" cried Lucien. "It *may be a grizzly bear!*"

His adv.ce came too late. The crack of Basil's rifle was heard; and the bear, dropping upon all fours, danced over the ground, shaking her head and snorting furiously. The light had deceived Bazil, and instead of hitting her in the head as he had intended, his bullet glanced from her snout, doing her but little harm. Now, the snout of a bear is its most precious and tender organ, and a blow upon it will rouse even the most timid species of them to fury. So it was with this one. She saw whence the shot came, and, as soon as she had given her head a few shakes, she came in a shuffling gallop towards the boys.

Basil now saw how rashly he had acted, but there was no time for expressing regrets. There was not even time for them to get to their horses. Before they could reach these and draw the pickets, the bear would overtake them. Some one of them would become a victim.

"Take to the trees!" shouted Lucien; "if it be a grizzly bear, she cannot climb."

As Lucien said this, he levelled his short rifle, and fired at the advancing animal. The bullet seemed to strike her on the flank, as she turned with a growl and bit the part. This delayed her for a moment, and allowed Lucien time to swing himself to a tree. Bas.l had thrown away his rifle, not having time to reload. François, when he saw the great monster so near, dropped his gun without firing.

All three in their haste climbed separate trees. It was a grove of white oaks; and these trees, unlike the pines, or magnolias, or cypress-trees, have usually great limbs growing low down, and spreading out horizontally. These limbs are often as many feet in length as the tree itself is in height.

It was upon these that they had climbed—Basil having taken to that one under which they had slept, and which was much larger than the others around. At the foot of this tree the bear stopped. The robes and blankets drew her attention for the moment. She tossed them over with her great paws, and then left them, and walked round the trunk, looking upwards, at intervals uttering loud "sniffs," that sounded like the "'scape" of a steam-pipe. By this time Basil had reached the third or fourth branch from the ground. He might have gone much higher; but, from what Lucien had suggested, he believed the animal to be a grizzly bear. Her colour, which was of a fern or fulvous brown, confirmed him in that belief—as he knew that grizzly bears are met with of a great variety of colours. He had nothing to fear then, even on the lowest branch, and he thought it was no use going higher. So he stopped and looked down. He had a good view of the animal below; and, to his consternation, he saw at a glance that it was not a grizzly, but a different species. Her shape, as well as general appearance, convinced him that it was the "cinnamon" bear—a variety of the black, and one of the best tree-climbers of the kind. This was soon put beyond dispute, as Basil saw the animal throw her great paws around the trunk, and commence crawling upward!

It was a fearful moment. Lucien and François both leaped back to the ground, uttering shouts of warning and despair. François picked up his gun, and without hesitating a moment, ran to the foot of the tree, and fired both barrels into the hips of the bear. The small shot hardly could have penetrated her thick shaggy hide. It only served to irritate her afresh, causing her to growl fiercely; and she paused for some moments, as if considering whether she would descend and punish the "enemy in the rear," or keep on after Basil. The rattling of the latter among the branches above decided her, and she crawled upward.

Basil was almost as active among the branches of a tree as a squirrel or a monkey. When about sixty feet from the ground, he crawled out upon a long limb that grew horizontally. He chose this one, because he saw another growing above it, which he thought he might reach as soon as the bear followed him out upon the first, and by this means get back to the main trunk before the bear, and down to the ground again. After getting out upon the limb, however, he saw that he had miscalculated. The branch upon which he was, bending down under his weight, so widened the distance between it and the one above, that he could not reach the latter, even with the tips of his fingers. He turned to go back. To his horror, the bear was at the other end in the fork, and preparing to follow him along the limb!

He could not go back without meeting the fierce brute in the teeth. There was no branch below within his reach, and none above, and he was fifty feet from the ground. To leap down appeared the only alternative to escape the clutches of the bear, and that alternative was certain death.

The bear advanced along the limb. François and Lucien screamed below, loading their pieces as rapidly as they could; but they feared they would be too late. It was a terrible situation; but it was in such emergencies that the strong mind of Basil best displayed itself; and, instead of yielding to despair, he appeared cool and collected. His mind was busy examining every chance that offered. All at once a thought struck him; and, obedient to its impulse, he called to his brothers below—"A rope! a rope! Fling me a rope! Haste! a rope, or I am lost."

Fortunately, there lay a rope under the tree. It was a raw-hide lasso. It lay by the spot where they had slept.

Lucien dropped his half-loaded rifle, and sprang towards it, coiling it as he took it up. Lucien could throw a lasso almost as well as Basil himself; and that was equal to a Mexican "vaquero" or a "gaucho" of the Pampas. He ran nearly un-

der the limb, twirled the lasso around his head, and launched it upwards.

Basil, to gain time, had crept out upon the limb as far as it would bear him, while his fierce pursuer followed after. The branch, under their united weight, bent downward like a bow. Fortunately, it was oak, and did not break. Basil was astride, his face turned to the tree and towards his pursuer. The long snout of the latter was within three feet of his head, and he could feel her warm breath, as with open jaws she stretched forward, snorting fiercely. At this moment the ring-end of the lasso struck the branch directly between them, passing a few feet over it. Before it could slip back again, and fall off, the young hunter had grasped it, and, with the dexterity of a packer, double-knotted it around the limb. The next moment, and just as the great claws of the bear were stretched forth to clutch him, he slipped off the branch, and glided down the lasso.

The rope did not reach the ground by at least twenty feet. It was a short one, and part of it had been taken up in the hasty knotting. Lucien and François, in consternation, had observed this from below, as soon as it first hung down, and prepared themselves accordingly; so that, when Basil reached the end of the rope, he saw his brothers standing below, and holding a large buffalo skin stretched out between them. Into this he dropped, and the next moment stood upon the ground unhurt.

And now came the moment of triumph. The tough limb that had been held retent by Basil's weight, becoming so suddenly released, flew upward with a jerk.

The unexpected violence of that jerk was too much for the bear. Her hold gave way; she was shot into the air several feet upwards, and falling with a dull heavy sound to the earth, lay for a moment motionless. She was only stunned, however, and would soon have struggled up again to renew the attack; but, before she could regain her feet, Basil had laid hold of François's half-loaded gun, and, hurriedly pouring down a handful of bullets, ran forward and fired them into her head, killing her upon the spot.

The cubs by this time had arrived upon the ground, and Marengo, who had now partially recovered, by way of revenging himself for the castigation he had received from their mother, attacked them with fury. The little creatures fought fiercely, and, together, would have been more than a match for Marengo; but the rifles of his masters came to his assistance, and put an end to the contest.—*Hogg's Instructor.*

A FLEET MARRIAGE.

BY AN IRISHMAN.

Lady C. was a beautiful woman, but lady C. was an extravagant woman. She was still single, though rather past extreme youth.—Like most pretty females, she had looked too high, had estimated her own loveliness too dearly, and now she refused to believe that she was not as charming as ever. So no wonder she still remained unmarried.

Lady C. had but five thousand pounds in the world. She owed about forty thousand pounds; so, with all her wit and beauty, she got into the Fleet Prison, and was likely to remain there.

Now, in the time I speak of, every lady had her head dressed by a barber; and the barber of the Fleet was the handsomest barber in the city of London. Pat Phelan was a great admirer of the fair sex: and where's the wonder? Sure Pat was an Irishman. It was one very fine morning, when Phelan was dressing her captivating head, that her ladyship took it into her mind to talk to him, and Pat was well pleased, for Lady C.'s teeth were the whitest, and her smile the brightest in all the world.

"So you're not married, Pat;" says she

"Divil an inch! your honour's ladyship," says he.

"And, wouldn't ye like to be married?" again asks she.

"Would a duck swim?"

"Is there any one you'd prefer?"

"May be, madam," says he, "you niver heard of Kathleen O'Reilly, down beyant Doneraile? Her father's cousin to O'Donoghue, who's own steward to Mr. Murphy, the under-agent to my Lord Kingstown, and—"

"Hush!" says she; "sure I don't want to know who she is. But, would she have you, if you asked her?"

"Ah, thin, I'd only wish I'd be after thrying that same."

"And why don't you?"

"Sure I'm too poor." And Phelan heaved a prodigious sigh.

"Would you like to be rich?"

"Does a dog bark?"

"If I make you rich, will you do as I tell you?"

"Millia murthers! your honour, don't be tantalizing a poor boy."

"Indeed I'm not," said Lady C. "So listen. How would you like to marry me?"

"Ah, thin, my lady, I believe the King of Russia himself would be proud to do that same, lave alone a poor devil like Pat Phelan."

"Well, Phelan, if you'll marry me to-morrow, I'll give you one thousand pounds."

"Oh! whilabaloo! whilabaloo! sure I'm mad, or enchanted by the good people," roared Pat, dancing round the room.

"But there are conditions," says Lady C. "After the first day of our nuptials you must never see me again, nor claim me for your wife,"

"I don't like that," says Pat, for he had been ogling her ladyship most desperately.

"But, remember Kathleen O'Reilly. With the money I'll give you, you may go, and marry her."

"That's thrue," says he. "But, thin, the bigamy?"

"I'll never appear against you," says her ladyship. "Only remember you must take

an oath never to call me your wife after to-morrow, and never to go telling all the story."

"Divil a word I'll ivir say."

"Well, then," says she; "there's ten pounds. Go and buy a licence, and leave the rest to me;" and then she explained to him where he was to go, and when he was to come, and all that.

The next day Pat was true to his appointment, and found two gentlemen already with her ladyship.

"Have you got the licence?" says she.

"Here it is my lady," says he; and he gave it to her. She handed it to one of the gentlemen, who viewed it attentively. Then, calling in her two servants, she turned to the gentleman who was reading.

"Perform the ceremony," says she.

And sure enough in ten minutes Pat Phelan was the husband, the legal husband of the lovely Lady C.

"That will do," says she to her new husband, as he gave her a hearty kiss; "that'll do. Now, sir, give me my marriage certificate." The old gentleman did so, and, bowing respectfully to the five-pound note she gave him, he retired with his clerk; for, sure enough, I forgot to tell you he was a parson.

"Go and bring me the warden," says my lady to one of her servants.

"Yes, my lady," says she; and presently the warden appeared.

"Will you be good enough," says Lady C., in a voice that would call a bird off a tree, "will you be good enough to send and fetch me a hackney-coach? I wish to leave this prison immediately."

"Your ladyship forgets," replied he, "that you must pay your forty thousand pounds before I can let you go."

"I am a married woman. You can detain my husband, but not me." And she smiled at Phelan, who began rather to dislike the appearance of things.

"Pardon me, my lady, it is well known you are single."

"I tell you I am married."

"Where's your husband?"

"There, sir!" and she pointed to the astonished barber; "there he stands. Here is my marriage certificate, which you can peruse at your leisure. My servants yonder were witnesses of the ceremony. Now detain me, sir, one instant at your peril."

The warden was dumb-foundered, and no wonder. Poor Phelan would have spoken, but neither party would let him. The lawyer below was consulted. The result was evident. In half an hour Lady C. was free, and Pat Phelan, her legitimate husband, a prisoner for debt to the amount of forty thousand pounds.

Well, sir, for some time Pat thought he was in a dream, and the creditors thought they were still worse. The following day they held a meeting, and finding how they had been tricked, swore they'd detain poor Pat for ever. But as they well knew that he had nothing, and wouldn't feel much shame in going through the Insolvent Court, they made the best of a bad bargain, and let him out.

Well, you must know, about a week after this, Paddy Phelan was sitting by his little fire, and thinking over the wonderful things he had seen, when as sure as death the postman brought him a letter, the first he had ever received, which he took over to a friend of his, one Ryan, a fruit-seller, because, you see, he was no great hand at reading writing, to decipher for him. It ran thus:

"Go to Doneraile, and marry Kathleen O'Reilly. The instant the knot is tied I fulfil my promise of making you comfortable for life. But, as you value your life and liberty, never breathe a syllable of what has passed. Remember you are in my power if you tell the story. The money will be paid to you directly you inclose me your marriage-certificate. I send you fifty-pounds for present expenses.

C."

Oh! happy Paddy! Didn't he get drunk that same night, and didn't he start next day for Cork, and didn't he marry Kathleen, and touch a thousand pounds? By the powers he did. And, what is more, he took a cottage, which perhaps you know, not a hundred miles from Bruffin, in the county of Limerick; and, i' faix, he forgot his first wife clean and entirely, and never told any one but myself, under a promise of secrecy, the story of his "Fleet Marriage."

So, remember, as it is a secret, don't tell it to any one, you see.

DESPONDENCY.

When the pale moon her silent course is keeping
Along the sky,
And night-dews on the chilly Earth, are weeping
Their fountains dry,—
Who then in visions, dream amid their sleeping
Of such as I?

My own sad thoughts within my bosom swelling,
Sad company!
Are all the friends that cheer my lonely dwelling,
Or come to me;—
Why should my heart the rest so soon be telling—
"Thy poverty!"

When penury hath in a whisper spoken
Unto the ear;
How cold are friends, how easily are broken,
Like tendrils sere,
Those ties which now pass like the silent token
Of parting year!

Yet on my head the constant stars are shining
So sweetly pale,
As if they grieved to listen my repining,
Which, like the gale,
Seems sadder when no anxious ear inclining
Lists to its wail.

There is a rest, of every rest the sweetest,
So calm and still;
There is a river of all the streams the fleetest,
Lonely and chill;—
And thou, O River! all the bound'ry metest
Of human ill!

Wrapped in the mantle of that rest for ever,
I may find peace;
Bathed in the billows of that unseen river,
All woes shall cease;
Death lays his broken arrow in his quiver—
And all is peace!

WILLIAM SMITH.

DEATH AND THE MOTHER.

FROM THE GERMAN.

A MOTHER sat beside her dying infant's couch, weeping bitterly. The poor baby was very pale; and lay quietly—with its little eyelids closed, and its breathing growing fainter and fainter every moment—until the mother's alarm amounted to agony.

A knock at the door was heard; and an old man slowly entered, wrapped in a large rug to shield him from the cold. He had need of it, for the season was the depth of winter. Everything was covered with ice and snow, and the wind blew sharply enough to cut one's chin off. The old man stood shivering with cold, while the mother, taking advantage of a moment when her child appeared easier, placed a can of ale near the fire to warm for her aged visitor. She then resumed her place beside her infant; while the old man, sitting down, rocked himself silently to and fro.

The baby's breathing became more laboured, and the poor mother, taking its tiny wan hand between her own, turned for comfort to the aged beggar—for so he seemed.

"Do you think he will live?" she said. "God will surely not take him from me!"

The old man for reply made a singular gesture, that might be taken for either yes or no.

The mother sighed, and tears flowed over her pale cheeks. She had not closed her eyes for three days and nights; fatigue overpowered her, and she slept. It was but for a moment in the next moment she started up, trembling from head to foot.

"What is that?" she asked, looking wildly round.

An ancient clock droned and ticked in the corner. The noise that startled the mother was caused by the fall of its heavy leaden pendulum, which fell with a crash upon the floor, and then was silent. The mother looked round for the old man, but he was gone; then at her baby, which had appeared to sleep, so still had it lain beside her—alas! it was gone also.

The poor mother rushed frantically out of the house, raving, shrieking for her child. In the midst of the snow sat an old woman clad in long black garments. She stopped the distracted mother, and she said to her, "Death has been beneath thy roof. I saw him hurry forth with a little infant. He flies swifter than the wind; and what he once takes he never returns."

"Tell me which way he has gone," implored the forlorn mother. "Tell me that I may find him."

"I could tell you with the greatest ease in the world," replied the woman in the sable garments; "but before I enlighten your ignorance, you must sing me all the songs you sang to your child. I am the Night, and your songs have often beguiled me."

"I will sing them all, all," replied the poor mother, "but do not hinder me now. Let me overtake him—let me find my child while yet I may!"

Night remained silent and immoveable. The mother wrung her hands and sang. Such songs! flooded, drowned in tears!

At length Night relented, and she said, "Go into yonder dusky pine-forest, for thither I saw Death take his way with the child."

The mother hastened to the forest, but many paths wound through it, and she doubted which she should take. Near her stood a thorn bush, which bore neither leaves nor flowers, but instead thereof, icicles hung on the boughs.

"Have you seen Death pass by with my little one?" said the mother to the thorn-bush.

"Yes," replied the Bush; "but I shall not tell you which way he took, unless you will warm me in your bosom. I freeze to death."

The devoted mother embraced the cruel bush, and pressed it so closely to her bosom that the thorns pierced her delicate flesh and blood began to flow in large drops. Wherever these drops fell, the ground thawed, and flowers and fresh green leaves sprang forth; so warm is the heart of a mother!

Then the Thornbush showed her the way she should go, which led to a wide river. What was the poor mother's despair at finding no means of crossing it! The water was not sufficiently frozen to bear her weight, and it was too deep to be forded. Yet she must pass over to find her child. The insane idea seized her of endeavoring to drink the river dry, and she stooped for the purpose of doing so; for in her distraction she believed that a miracle might happen.

"Nay," said the River, "that cannot be; let us rather try what we can do together. I have a fondness for jewels, and your eyes are the clearest diamonds I ever saw. Give them to me, and I will guide you to the great hothouse where Death rears his human flowers."

"Oh! what would I not give to find my child!" said the weeping mother; and as she wept, her eyes fell to the bottom of the river; where they lay, and glistened like jewels of

the finest water. Then the river embraced her with its watery arms, and in a moment wafted her to the opposite shore, where stood a large and wonderful edifice, so singularly constructed that one knew not whether it were formed by nature or art. But the poor mother could not see it, having wept herself blind.

"Where shall I find Death, who has taken away my child?" she asked of any that would answer.

An old grey woman replied, who guarded the entrance of the wonderful hothouse—"He has not yet arrived. How have you found your way thither? Who has assisted you?"

"God has aided me. He is merciful. Show thou mercy also, and tell me where I shall find my child."

"I do not know it from another," said the old woman, "and you cannot see. Many flowers have withered to-night, and Death will soon be here to transplant them to other regions. In every tree and flower that this hothouse contains beats a human heart identified with the life of a human being living upon the earth. Enter; you will perhaps be able to recognize the beating of your child's heart. But stay a moment; what will you give me in return for my good offices?"

"I have nothing to give," said the poor mother; "but I would go to the end of the world for you."

"There is nothing I particularly care for there," said the old woman; "but you can give me your long black hair It is beautiful, and pleases me. I will give you mine in exchange."

"Is that all you wish for? I give it you willingly."

So the young mother parted with her beautiful tresses, and received in exchange the old woman's snow-white locks.

And now enter with her the hothouse of Death, where plants and trees of every variety bloomed side by side. Here, stood splendid hyacinths, under glass shades; there blossomed immense water-lilies, some fresh and handsome, others half dying with water-snakes coiled round their stems, and black crabs clinging tightly to their leaves; glorious oaks, palms, and plantains, reared their lofty heads in the midst, while primroses and sweet-scented herbs nestled close to their roots. Every tree and flower had its name. There was one peculiarity observable. Many large trees were confined in little pots, which had become too narrow, and were almost bursting with the bulk of the root within. Little weak flowers, on the contrary, were often placed in immense pots, and appeared almost lost to perception in the midst of the rich, black soil covered with moss.

The miserable mother, her bosom slowly heaving with a sigh of hope, bent over the smallest plants, and listened to the beating of the hearts within. Out of a million, she recognised the heart of her child.

"Here it is!" she exclaimed, stretching forth her hand towards a little crocus, which feebly drooped its head.

"Touch not the flower," said the old woman, "but stand aside; and when Death comes—I expect him every moment—listen to his movements. If he approach the crocus, do not let him root it up, but threaten to do the same with all the rest. He will then be afraid; for none of these plants may be uprooted until God gives him leave."

An icy wind rushed through the apartment, and the blind mother felt that Death approached. He soon espied her.

"How hast thou found thy way hither?" he inquired.

"I am a mother."

Death stretched forth his hand to the little crocus, but the mother protected it with both hers, so as not to disturb a single leaf. Her adversary breathed upon the shield thus interposed, and the hands fell powerless.

"Against me thou canst do nothing," he said, with hollow voice. "I only fulfil the will of the Almighty. I am his gardener. When the appointed time arrives, I take up his trees and flowers, and transplant them into the garden of Paradise, in the unknown land. How they prosper there, it is not for mortals to know."

"Give me back my child," said the mother, and she wept and groaned. Suddenly, in her agony, she seized two delicate flowers, and exclaimed, "I will destroy all thy plants, for I am in despair."

"Touch them not," said Death, gently. "Wouldst thou make other mothers as wretched as thyself?"

The poor mother released the flowers, conscience-stricken.

"I give thee back thine eyes," said Death. "As I passed the wide river, I saw them shining brightly, and took them out, though I knew not they were thine. They are clearer than before. Replace them in their sockets, and gaze into this fountain. I will show you the future human life of the two flowers you would have uprooted."

The mother did as she was desired. She looked down into the depths of the pure fountain, and beheld how one life became a blessing to the world, spreading joy and happiness around The other, on the contrary, was full of sin and sorrow.

"These lots are equally ordained by God," said Death.

"Whose lives are they?" asked the mother trembling.

"That I may not exactly tell," replied Death. "This much I am permitted to reveal. In thy distraction, thou didst seize upon the little crocus, and one of the fates which thou hast before thee is the future of thine child."

The mother shrieked with terror. "Which is my child? Tell me that. Oh! deliver my child. Preserve him from such misery. Rather than that, take him away to his Father's kingdom. Forgive my tears, my prayers, all that I have done to recall him."

"I understand thee not," said Death. "Wilt thou have thy child back, or must I take him to the unknown land?"

The mother wrung her hands, fell on her knees, and prayed. "O God! deny my petitions when they are contrary to thy will, for thou alone knowest what is best for thy children!"

Her head sank back upon her breast; and Death conveyed her little one to that unknown "bourne whence no traveller returns."

A WORD IN KINDNESS SPOKEN.

How sweet in the spring, do the green woods ring
With notes of joy and gladness;—
In the sunshine of May, how happy are they,
Who cherish no thought of sadness!
But though we may hear each wood-note clear,
Our pleasure may soon be broken;—
But dearer we find, to a sensitive mind,
Is a word in kindness spoken!

An ungrateful part may wound the heart,
And cloud the spirit with sorrow;
But never repine while the prospect is thine
Of a brighter sky on the morrow!
And look upon this as an earnest of bliss,
As a cheering, promising token,
When falls on the ear, from a heart sincere,
A word in kindness spoken!

Wm. Smith.

MY UNCLE'S STORY.

I am about to relate a marvellous tale. I know it. Those who have never, in the course of their uneventful lives, had reason to acknowledge the soundness of the axiom, I know not whence derived, that "truth is stranger than fiction," would, on glancing at the following pages, shake their wise heads, and turn away in disgust, with some such exclamation as "Pshaw! French romance and sentimentalism." Nevertheless, I am not a Frenchman, nor is my worthy uncle—whose adventures I am about to relate in his own language, as nearly as possible as he related them to me—of foreign extraction. We are both—I being his nephew and godson—plain Thomas Jones.

This is how I came to hear his tale; for he had resided at Rotterdam for many years, and I had not seen him since my christening, if I could be said to have seen him even then. Upon finishing my education, my father, Edward Jones, Esq., of Armitage, Yorkshire, wished me to see something of the world before settling down to a profession; so he provided me with a good supply of the needful, and sent me to the Continent, with special injunctions not to return without seeing Uncle Jones.

After traversing almost the whole of Europe, I at length found myself at Rotterdam. My uncle was very easily discovered, for the first individual I addressed pointed out his house, which was pleasantly situated at the angle of two canals, and in the middle of one of those gardens peculiar to the country. Unfortunately, the season was autumn, which is almost winter in Holland, so I had not the pleasure of seeing the place looking its best. The outer door opened immediately upon a grand hall, or rather saloon, which was almost filled with plants, and formed the centre pavillion to two galleries, stretching right and left. In this saloon I found a stout, good-looking elderly gentleman, who was giving orders to two or three servants as to the degree of heat he wished to be kept up in the galleries, which were of great extent, and lighted up by windows imbedded in beautiful creepers, loaded with white and rose-colored blossoms, while the floors were crowded with palms and bananas, cocoa-nut trees from the Maldives, mangusteen and cassia-trees, and the most splendid Polynesian shrubs.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the owner of all these vegetable treasures, in whose honest phiz, so like that of the worthy governor at home, I believe I should have recognized my uncle anywhere—"I beg your pardon, sir, did you want me?"

"Uncle," said I quietly, "don't you know me?"

My uncle took me by the shoulders; but no, these recognitions have been often enough described; so I will merely say, that having satisfactorily established my identity, I received a hearty invitation to remain with my worthy godfather as long as I could make myself comfortable. I was then introduced to my aunt; and, having sipped a glass of liquor, and smoked a huge black cigar with which my uncle presented me, we sat down to breakfast in a snug room opening out of the saloon.

It was some evenings afterwards, that my godfather related to me the following episode of an eventful life. I well remember the scene. The hour was twilight. My aunt sat apart, in the embrasure of a deep window, against which were defined her handsome profile and the flowing lines of her well-proportioned figure. "In her youth," thought I, "she must have been a splendid woman."

"She was, my dear boy," said my uncle, for in my absence of mind I had unwittingly spoken my thought aloud. My aunt looked up in amazement. Laughing heartily at my confusion, my uncle proceeded. "I should like you to have seen her some thirty years ago, that's all. But I will tell you a story thereanent."

We were seated at a table curiously woven of twisted and varnished bulrushes, bamboos, and cocoa filaments — a kind of vegetable mosaic transported from New Holland. Having sipped from a long-ribbed glass a few drops of his favorite liquor, and laid aside his huge black cigar of exquisite flavor, my uncle proceeded.

In the year 18—, I was on my way to Batavia, on behalf of my employers, Messrs Clarkson and Co., the eminent Liverpool merchants. It is impossible to describe the charm of sailing in those seas. Our evenings especially were delightful, for most of the passengers were young men like myself. We agreed on almost every point—in tastes, sentiments, and opinions. To this amicable state of things there was but one exception

—an English lieutenant on his return from his native country, whither he had been for the restoration of his health.

Buxton was the sworn enemy of the imaginative — reveries and poetical emotions excited alternately his mockery and his indignation. Strange to say, he played admirably on the flute, drawing from it such pathetic tones, as to make the hearts of the listeners melt within them. It was the only sign of feeling which he showed.

On the particular evening in question we were crossing the line. The captain had dispensed with the usual ceremony on such occasions, and we were tranquilly enjoying the beauty of the hour. The evening was calm and serene, and the sea reflected in its glowing waters the tints of the magnificent heavens above.

"Well, Buxton," said one of the admiring group, "does this make no impression upon you, excite no feeling?"

"I feel," replied the phlegmatic lieutenant, "a mingled odour of tar and salt-water, and there is nothing very agreeable in these."

"But this splendid sunset!"

"I wish I were in the place of that luminary: I should then be certain of sleeping until morning."

"Then, these glorious stars!"

"What of them? One sees them night after night, and they are always in the same place."

Buxton, you are a wretch; only observe the tinting of those clouds!"

"They promise very bad weather to-night, I can tell you. The pretty yellow cloud is hail; that graceful bluish one a waterspout; that magnificent green cloud a tempest that will cause us to dance upon the waters like a nut-shell."

"Gentlemen," interrupted the lieutenant of the Galathea, "the captain requests your presence at the baptism of his little son."

We all assembled on the quarterdeck. The father and mother ascended from the cabin, the latter carrying her little son in her rounded arms. Behind followed the chaplain of the vessel, book in hand. The boatswain let down a small silver bucket from the poop, to draw up the water which the priest was about to bless. A flag was hoisted, the cannon thundered a salutation, and every one took off his hat. Just then the boatswain took from the bucket a plain glass bottle.

There was nothing surprising in such an incident. It is a common thing with sailors to commit these bottles to the waves, containing information of some unknown danger which they have discovered in their route, or a prayer to the charitable that they may make known to their friends the disaster which has overtaken the unfortunate writers. Still at sea the slightest occurrence creates an interest; and it was singular enough that the bottle should have got into the bucket.

I am afraid that our curiosity made us somewhat inattentive to the ceremony that followed, during which the bottle was laid aside. Scarcely had the service concluded, than we gathered round the captain; who, delivering the bottle to me, begged me to unseal it. I rapidly cut away the packthread, canvass, and tar which secured the cork, then, drawing the latter, and reversing the bottle, a small roll of paper fell into my hand. The captain, his lady, and all the officers surrounded me closely; while the crew, eager to know the result, had climbed into the rattlings of the mizzenmast. The contents of the paper, written in a fine, though tremulous hand, were as follows:—

"I, Margaret Floreff, perish by shipwreck. I entreat the person who by divine permission picks up this bottle, and reads the note therein enclosed, to cause prayers to be said for the repose of my soul. I die in the true faith. Farewell, my mother!"

A few hours later, I was alone upon the deck. The calmness of the night still continued, and nothing prevented me from giving way to my imagination. Somehow or other (there is no accounting for these things, they seem like destiny), the contents of the bottle had made a deep impression upon me. I pictured to myself the features, age, and character of the hapless Margaret Floreff; who, I felt quite certain, had been young and beautiful. I had preserved the paper, and I now re-opened it, and minutely examined the handwriting. Evidently written by a young and delicate hand, it was quite in the modern style, as was also the paper, which, from its smooth and even texture, was certainly of European fabrication. All this I could distinctly see by the splendid moonlight of the tropics.

I leaned over the gunwale, and, giving the rein to my present hobby, was lost, I know not how long, in a fantastic reverie. From this I was suddenly roused by a huge swell of the sea, as if a submarine volcano had exploded beneath the vessel. Looking up, I saw that the aspect of the heavens likewise betokened a strange commotion. The moon was veiled as if by an eclipse, and the stars, after gleaming with a sanguine lustre, paled and disappeared. The water became black, the sky of a dull yellow; the slackening sails flapped against the masts, a sign that the wind was sinking, which it did so rapidly that we soon felt stifled for want of air. A frightened sailor, who rushed past on his way to the poop to rouse the captain, muttered to himself, "the monsoon!" I daresay you know, my dear boy, that the monsoon is the name given to a certain wind which prevails at regular periods upon the Indian and Chinese seas. During these periods, tempests are frequent and devastating.

Scarcely a second elapsed, when the Galathea was assailed by a dozen blasts at once. Every one crowded upon deck. The first onset of the storm tore away our sails; the resistance of the remainder, which no human effort could furl, caused the vessel to rear like a vicious horse. Ten of the crew disappeared, to re-appear no more. We could not even hear their cries. The others, clinging by their horny hands to the ropes, which snapped, one after the other, like the strings of a violin, awaited the captain's orders.

"Cut down the foremast," shouted he. "Quick with your saws and axes. Cut away."

It was done, but with no result. The ship could not right herself.

"We have sprung a leak!" cried a sailor, who had discovered that the hold was filling.

"Man the pumps!" shouted the captain. "Some of you cut down the mainmast."

The pumps were manned, and the mast fell; but this last operation, instead of contributing to

the safety of the vessel, only rendered her position more critical. Retained by the numerous ropes, to which it served as pivot, and hurled against us with immense fury by the waves, the mainmast was transformed into a huge battering-ram, which threatened to split the side of the ship by its incessant attacks. As for the pumps, they were of no service whatever; for one bucket of water that they got rid of, twenty entered by the large breach in the hold.

Suddenly one half of the moon's disc re-appeared, and at the same time we were assailed by a terrific shower of hailstones, which fell diagonally upon us, bruising and cutting us like so many knives and pestles. The vessel filled rapidly. Every one crowded upon the poop, the only part of the ship that was not submerged. The captain's wife, with her newly baptized child in her arms, ran, half-dressed as she was, to her husband, and frantically implored his protection. He hurriedly embraced her, placed her at his feet, where the wind would have less power over her, and continued to give all his attention to the vessel and crew.

"Cut down the mizzenmast," he shouted, in an agitated voice, "throw overboard all that you can, and hold in readiness the long-boat and the barge."

The water already poured in by the port-holes; the chaplain knelt upon the poop, murmuring the prayers for the dying. A sudden thought struck me like an inspiration. It was strange that I should have it at such a moment, and stranger still that I should have the coolness to carry it into execution; but, as I said before, there is a destiny in these things. I accordingly rushed into my cabin, already two-thirds submerged. Taking a sheet of paper, I wrote some words in pencil, and rolled the paper round that on which Margaret Floreff had traced her last request. Then putting the two together in a bottle, and enclosing with them £50 in bank-notes, I sealed up the bottle with as much care as the urgency of the time permitted.

I hastened upon deck, to throw the bottle into the sea, but the vessel saved me that trouble. With a shuddering groan, she disappeared beneath my feet, sinking plump down, like a stone; and I found myself battling with the waves, amid the thousand relics of our disaster. At a short distance, the long-boat, crowded with men, made useless efforts to escape being engulfed; and the barge, in which I could distinguish the captain and his wife, capsized a few fathoms farther on. Arms, heads, tresses, sailors' caps, hats, dogs, chests, were for an instant scattered upon the foam of the turbulent billows. One wild, simultaneous shriek, and all had disappeared. Drenched, suffocated, dragged down by the weight of my wet clothing, I found myself, I knew not how, hurled upon a large piece of wood that floated near me. I grappled with it, slid off, caught it again, slid off again. My strength was failing, and I should certainly have been drowned, had not a strong hand seized me by the collar, and pulled me on to the plank. It was Buxton.

* * * * *

Day dawned, and with its first beams vanished the last traces of the tempest. The sun rose majestically out of the ocean, which shone like an silver mirror. Buxton and I still remained seated upon the large piece of wood, where we had so miraculously found safety. It measured twenty feet by four, and had been destined to repair the keel of the unfortunate Galathea.

We passed the long day in a species of stupor. Night came, and we were still nearly in the same place. The following day a light breeze ruffled the sea, but no sail appeared upon the surface of the waters.

Buxton happened to find a biscuit in the pocket of his jacket. All crumbled and soaked as it was, we divided it between us, and then we resigned ourselves to our fate. I leave you to imagine the pangs of hunger—the aching, sinking sensation at the stomach—then the raving and the despair.

My uncle paused, covered his eyes with his hands, then resumed.

About five o'clock in the evening of this day I felt myself dying. I lay almost insensible on my back, on the raft, with my eyes closed, dead to all external things. Suddenly my friend's voice sounded shrilly in my ear.

"Jones," he exclaimed, raising my languid head upon his breast, for he still retained a little strength —"Jones, my dear fellow, rouse yourself and look before you."

With considerable difficulty I obeyed "A vessel!" I feebly cried, "Thank God!"

"We are saved," said Buxton; and the joker at spiritual things, the would-be sceptic, knelt down, and humbly thanked the Providence that had come to our relief in our extremity.

I now, in the strength of this new hope, sat up, and opened my eyes wider.

"Oh, Buxton!" I said, "look again. Is it not on fire?"

"I fear so," he replied, "God grant that we be not deprived of this timely refuge. See with what rapidity the wind drives it towards us. Be of good courage, my friend. What a strange and mysterious-looking craft! It has not a single sail."

"It is, perhaps," said I, "a steam-packet. How quickly it comes! I shall not have time——"

"Here it is! One effort! Grapple with it for dear life!" cried Buxton.

I had swooned. When I recovered, I found myself lying on the deck of a bark, similar to several that I had met with during a previous voyage to the Maldive Islands. It was not on fire as we had feared; but in the centre, on a species of altar, a pyramid of aloes and sandal-wood was slowly burning. The ends of the bark were pretty high, but as the sides descended in the middle, to only about three feet above the surface of the water, Buxton had managed to jump upon the deck, and lift me after him.

This strange vessel, without sails or crew, was one of those which the inhabitants of the Maldive Islands launch upon the waves to appease the God of tempests, after loading them with perfumes and spices, which they set on fire, and provisions destined for the invisible priests of the hidden, though powerful deity. The tempest in which we had been wrecked was doubtless the occasion of this new sacrifice of the Maldivians, who were far from suspecting who would profit by their devotion. The sacred bark was full of fresh water, cocoa-nut milk, enclosed in vases, fruits and meats dried in

the sun. Our lives were saved! When our strength returned to us, we availed ourselves of the oars with which the vessel was provided—for they alway make it as complete a thing as possible—and directed our course according to the wind.

The next day, at sunrise, we awoke to find ourselves surrounded by nearly a thousand barks, that respectfully hovered about ours, which they recognised as sacred. We were before Colombo, the capital of Ceylon. They towed us in triumph, when they had learned how we met with the expiatory ship, evidently believing that we were under the especial protection of the God of tempests.

Our sojourn at Colombo was but short. We remained only enough to recover the shock which we had received from our fearful adventures. Buxton sold a magnificent diamond ring, which he had happened to wear at the time of our disaster, and thus realised more than sufficient to carry us to Madras, where he had friends. Once in that city, it would be easy to wait until we could make known our position to our relations, and my employers.

While awaiting the answers to our letters despatched from thence, I occupied myself in exploring the city and its environs. In the course of these explorations, chance or destiny one day conducted me to the vast cemetery, where repose the mortal remains of the English and other strangers who so speedily pay their tribute to death, in that delightful, but murderous climate.

Having examined the more striking monuments, I came where a catalpa, with its drooping branches, barred my further passage. Lifting one of these, I perceived a small marble tombstone. This secluded monument excited my interest and curiosity. I stooped to decipher the epitaph, engraved in golden characters. Thus it ran:—

"Here sleeps eternally, in the arms of her Saviour, Margaret Floreff, 27th August, 18—. Weep not for her."

You may imagine, my dear boy, how mortified I was by this discovery. She then, whose fate and last request had so excited my youthful imagination, was not at the bottom of the sea at all, but had quietly reposed for ten years in the cemetery at Madras. Her body had doubtless been tossed from wave to wave, in one of the terrible storms incidental to those seas, until, flung on the shore like a decayed weed, it had been rescued by some pious hand, and interred where I now found it, beneath a marble monument, surrounded by verdure and shade; its guardians the azure birds, with their crimson beaks, that fluttered quietly away at the sound of my footsteps.

A few days after this discovery, our expected letters arrived. Buxton was ordered to Batavia, where his regiment then was; and I was requested by my employers to proceed thither at once, to arrange the business upon which I had left England. Furnished with these orders, and with the needful funds, we bade our friends farewell, and prepared for our expedition, in high spirits at the idea of not being separated; for it is needless to say, that the constant association of two characters, not unpleasantly contrasted, and the dangers we had escaped together, had by this time produced a fast friendship between us.

"Buxton," said I, when all our arrangements were completed, "will you not go with me before we leave, to see the tomb of poor Margaret Floreff?"

"My dear fellow, what nonsense! It is a tomb like all others, I presume."

Buxton had become more pliable and less sarcastic since our perilous adventures. This, as may be supposed, rendered him infinitely more agreeable. We visited the tomb of her he called my dead sweetheart. The next day we sailed for Batavia.

Nothing particular occurred during our voyage, which was long and tedious On our arrival at our destination, I was initiated by Buxton into all the gaieties of garrison life, which in the colonies is luxurious and dissipated in the extreme. The business which had brought me to Batavia was a delicate one, and promised to be some months in settling. I had therefore plenty of leisure to attend the numerous dinners, balls, and fetes that followed each other in rapid succession, and were to me attended with but one drawback—the incessant and enormous consumption of wine, rum, and tobacco.

Three months had quickly sped in this gay and thoughtless life, and my business was drawing to a close, when a grand religious service was celebrated one Sunday in the most beautiful temple in the island. Buxton, his comrades, and myself, repaired thither, in full dress, and we all took our places beneath the pulpit. The service was performed in the usual manner amid the most profound silence; the orator favoring us young men with an eloquent morsel prepared expressly for our edification. All at length being over, we were preparing to return to our dwellings, when the preacher requested us to reseat ourselves.

"Brethren and sisters," he said, "this morning a French captain deposited in my hands the sum of £50 sterling, for the purpose of erecting a handsome tomb to the memory of two persons whose names I am about to give you. Providence charged my friend with this mission, to which his avocations will not permit him to attend, and which he has therefore transferred to me. These are the facts. My friend, on his last voyage, fished up a bottle containing the £50 sterling in bank notes, and this paper, (the priest held it up for all to see,) which I am now about to read to you:—"The undersigned, being about to perish by shipwreck in the open sea, bequeaths the sum of £50 sterling in bank notes, contained in this bottle, to him or her who shall cause prayers to be said for the deceased Margaret Floreff, according to her request in the paper, likewise herein contained, and who shall cause a monument to be erected to the joint memories of the said Margaret Floreff and the undersigned——"

"Stop!" cried I, hastily making my way up to the pulpit, "I am the person who wrote these lines, and assuredly I am not dead."

"And I," said a woman, coming up from the other side, "am Margaret Floreff!"

To describe the sensation caused by this denouement, would be impossible. The whole congregation stood up, while those furthest off leaned and strained over their neighbors, to catch a glimpse of the two resuscitated ones who met thus strangely before the same pulpit. I glanced

at Buxton, who was with difficulty restraining his laughter.

"But, uncle," said I at this point of the narrative, "how could it be? Did you not find the tomb of Margaret Floreff in the cemetery at Madras? How, then, could she——"

"The explanation will come all in good time," replied my uncle.

"And was she young, pretty—just what you imagined her?"

"She was frightful," answered my uncle, "frightful! And this was the cause of the mischievous hilarity of that abominable Buxton."

My uncle resumed his tale:—

"It is very right and just," said Buxton to me the next day, "that those who, like you, pursue the ideal, should invariably meet with discomfiture. You will know better in future. Here is your Margaret Floreff, whom your fancy had exalted into a deceased angel; and what does she turn out to be? A toothless old woman, with a very bad complexion." I did not reply. "Take my advice," he continued. "Marry some rich Creole, who will bring you plenty of pepper and cinnamon for dowry, and make you the proud father of half a dozen piccaninnies. Leave in peace your brain, which is, after all, but a soft, whitish substance, and your heart, which is nothing more than a big muscle."

This time I answered, "Come with me; we will go and see this woman.

"What! you are not convinced?"

"No more than the priest was, before I brought my proofs. There is too much improbability."

"But this public avowal. Why did she make it?"

"No doubt she had some interested motive. She is poor, and——"

"Well, let us go. Do you know where she lives?"

"I have inquired."

"Come along, then."

We went, accordingly, and found the object of our visit in a miserable lodging, where everything around testified to an extreme degree of penury.

"My good lady," said I, after the first salutation, "I am Mr. Thomas Jones, whose name has been so strangely mixed up with yours. I daresay you thought it very odd that I should take the liberty, in a moment of peril and confusion of mind, of requesting that our names should be inscribed on one and the same monument."

"Indeed, sir——" stammered she.

"But," I continued, "if my request was extraordinary, your position is not less so. You were shipwrecked——"

"In the Indian Ocean, sir, two hundred leagues north of Madagascar."

I must confess that the precision of this reply straggered me. If she had not been shipwrecked, how could she have spoken with so much topographical exactitude?

"You were shipwrecked," I resumed, "and in the moment of peril you wrote your last request. This you carefully enclosed within a bottle, which afterwards came into my possession; when, under similar circumstances of danger, I added my request to yours. Now, may I ask what followed your throwing the bottle into the sea?"

"It was picked up by you, and then by a French captain, who ——"

"Excuse me, there was another circumstance," said I, with an ironical smile. "Your corpse was thrown ashore."

"The lady being dead," said Buxton, slyly, "was probably unaware of the circumstance."

"She is then likewise ignorant," said I, more and more convinced that we had to do with an imposter, "that she was interred ——"

The woman finished my sentence for me.

"Yes," said she, "interred in the cemetery at Madras."

Our mirth came to an abrupt termination.—The unimaginative Buxton shivered to the last hair of his moustache. What had we to deal with?

"Well, my good woman," said I at length, striving to resume my calmness, "if you had been dead ——"

"I never said that," replied our tormentor, with a smile, "you held me so closely to the funereal style, that I was compelled to follow your lead. However to be serious, the Margaret Floreff, whose tomb you have met with, did not perish by shipwreck. She was the daughter of a Dutch merchant, and died tranquilly upon her bed."

"And you, who bear the same name, who are you?"

"Her niece and god-daughter."

All was explained. Buxton's looks told me that he was equally satisfied with myself. It was indisputably Margaret Floreff who stood before me. But how different from the being of my imagination! Still—the handwriting. I would yet have another proof. The woman herself paved the way.

"As you were willing to give so much to erect a tomb to my memory, you would, perhaps, at any rate, allow me, being alive, half the sum, in consideration of my miserable poverty."

"I am quite willing," I said, "to do so much for charity. Get pen, ink, and paper, and give me a receipt for £25. I have the money about me."

The woman began to write, in obedience to my request, which, nevertheless, she must have wondered at, for one does not usually demand a receipt for a gift. At the second line I stopped her.

"This is your own handwriting?" I said.—"This is your usual style?"

"To be sure, sir."

"Then this"—and I took from my pocket-book the paper which had been in the bottle, and which had been returned to me along with the bottle and the rest of its contents—"this writing is not yours?"

The deception was discovered. The eyes of the unhappy woman filled with tears; she hung her head, and uttered not a word. She was in reality named Floreff, but she was a distant relation, and not the god-daughter, of the lady who had died at Madras. Upon hearing the proclamation of the minister, she had said to herself, with the greedy instinct of poverty, "If they bestow so large a sum upon the memory of the dead Margaret Floreff, they will certainly not grudge some of it to the same person living. I will personate the young girl who suffered the perils of shipwreck. I do not fear her returniug to give

me the lie; for she is, doubtless, long ere this, a prey to the fishes."

This was the sum of the imposter's confession.

"Take the money, nevertheless," said I, when she had concluded; "but tell me truly, did the Margaret Floreff whose hands traced these lines perish on the ocean?"

"I do not know what may have happened to her. I have not heard anything of her since she was here with her father, eighteen months ago."

"Here?"

"Since you seem so interested in her, sir, I will show you some letters that I once received from her, and her portrait. You can compare her writing with the paper in your pocket-book, and see if it be really the same."

The writing agreed perfectly with that which I possessed. "The portrait!" I cried; "the portrait!"

Buxton leaned over me to look at it. The portrait represented a young, fair face, with large blue eyes, and locks of paly gold. It was very much like the Margaret of my imagination. I could not suppress some slight agitation. Buxton observed it, but he did not smile this time. He was, perhaps, half a convert to the ideal, formerly the object of his sneers. I wished still to know a little more.

"You said that Miss Margaret Floreff was here with her father. May I ask his rank and position?

"Certainly. He is inspector-general of the colonial customs.

"When they left here, were they going to Europe?"

"No, sir, to Surinam,"

"Your romance is ended," said Buxton, taking me by the arm, and drawing me out of the house. "You have pushed it far enough, in all conscience."

Are not these things pre-arranged for us? or how can you account, my dear boy, for the fact, that the lovely face I had beheld in the portrait from this time took close possession of my heart, and that to such an extent, that it was impossible for me to enjoy our usual gaieties? The thought that she might have been preserved from the perils which menaced her, and might now be dwelling, in all her loveliness, safe and unharmed, at Surinam, her heart still free: but no—on that I dared not think: this idea completely haunted me. Tired at length of dragging about a listless, absent companion—a body without a soul—Buxton bethought himself of a desperate remedy.—One day he took me to the Marine Office, and addressed himself to one of the clerks, with whom he had some acquaintance.

"Can you tell me," said he, "whether a vessel that left this place for Surinam about eighteen months ago, met with some disaster during the voyage?"

The clerk turned over one of the Atlantic registers. "The Nicobar, Captain Van Kessel, left about that time for Surinam. Here it is. Here is a cross upon the folio. Yes, she perished."

Buxton pressed my hand. "And how did she perish?" inquired he.

"It is impossible to say, since no one was left to tell the tale."

"How? She was never heard of?"

"No, sir, that was not the case," said another and older clerk. "I think I can give you the desired information. Here is our colonial correspondence. If I mistake not, we shall find it here." He read over several names. "The Albatross, Captain Boxwell; no, that is not it. The Arrow, Captain Verhagen; no. Here it is—the Sumatra, Captain Suyers."

He pointed out a report, which I read aloud for Buxton's benefit. This report certified, that on a certain day, at sunset, the captain and crew of the Sumatra had perceived through the mist, at about five leagues' distance (being then off the archipelago of the Maldives,) an intense light, which turned out to be a ship on fire. That the Sumatra immediately tacked about, and hastening to the relief of the burning vessel, succeeded in saving the lives of all on board save two—the boatswain and a young female passenger—who fell back into the flames. The rest were received on board the Sumatra, and conveyed to their destination.

If this young passenger were she!

"Buxton," I said, a few days afterwards, hastening to him with an open letter in my hand, "congratulate me. Such a singular coincidence!"

"I think I am never to hear the last of your coincidences," replied he, good-humoredly. "How is it? Some poor fellows never have them. Witness your humble servant."

"But, Buxton, this is a real one. Listen." And I read a letter from Messrss. Clarkson & Co., that morning received, to the effect, that a bankruptcy having taken place at Surinam, in which a firm with whom they were connected was involved, they requested me to put my business at Batavia in such a train that it might be concluded by correspondence, and immediately go to Surinam, to look after their interests, prior to my return to England.

"I wish you joy," said Buxton. "I only hope you may not find your Margaret Floreff already snapped up for her guineas and her pretty face."

The rest is easily told. I found out the country-house where the father of *my* Margaret—for, with the presumption of youth and hope, I had already called her so a hundred times—lived, they said, in retirement. It was situated at the entrance of a village similar to those of my adopted country. I was directed to an alley of citron-trees; at the end of which was seated a young girl. "Allow me to introduce her to you," said my uncle, approaching his wife, who rose with a smile and a blush, and leading her forward.

"You! my aunt! Margaret Floreff!" exclaimed I, in amazement.

"Even so," concluded my good uncle, laughing heartily at the effect of his *coup de theatre*. "After this, never say, my dear boy, that there is not a destiny (may we not humbly say a providence?) in marriages."—*Hogg's Instructor.*

He who is satisfied with existence as long as it shines brightly, forgets that snuffing the candle will not prevent it from burning to the socket.

A man with knowledge, but without energy, is a house furnished but not inhabited; a man with energy, but no knowledge, a house dwelt in but unfurnished.

A NIGHT AT THE SMUGGLER'S.

"O we'll hae the gude French wine,
We'll hae the brandy and tea,
And in spite o' the law and excise,
We'll drink 'em duty free."

Old Cumbrian Ballad.

In the afternoon of a very cold October day, about five and twenty years ago, I left the town of Workington with a single companion, our intention being to reach Maryport that night by the road along the sea shore. As the shades of evening began to close around us, we found ourselves upon a desolate common, one isolated habitation only being in view; it was the "Coin House."

The Coin House is, or rather was, an old and nearly ruined building, standing alone upon the wild and barren waste, about half-way betwixt Workington and Maryport; it fronted the Irish Sea, and in high tides, or stormy weather, the ocean spray flew over its turf-built roof.

As we approached the gloomy building, my companion, who had never travelled this way before, eyed it very inquisitively, and then remarked, "Well, if ever man did meet witches on the blasted heath, this would be a proper spot for the purpose, and yonder ruined cottage a fitting place for their nocturnal deviltries; it looks as though ghosts alone were its inhabitants."

"I know not," returned I, laughing, "whether it be the habitation of *ghosts or not*, but of this I am certain, that many an honest gentleman has *raised spirits* in it, and with your good leave we will try if we cannot succeed as well as our predecessors."

Being at that moment close to the door, we made bold to enter, and in a long low room, that served "for parlor, and kitchen, and all," and was bedecked with fishing-nets, boat-hooks, old sails, and other articles that betrayed the ostensible profession of its proprietor, we found a rough-looking, hard-featured, strong-limbed man, about fifty or fifty-five years old. He was dressed in a blue jacket and trousers, and his weather-beaten visage showed that he had, during the course of his life, fought through many a tough gale. A tall haggard looking female, somewhat under his own age, was his only companion. I cannot describe the unearthly hue of her countenance better than by comparing it to a stewed muscle; to water, her neck, face, and arms had long been strangers; in short, I know not that I ever before saw a being, bearing "the human face divine," of a more forbidding appearance. These persons apparently formed the only inhabitants of the lonely dwelling.

Upon entering, I addressed the witch-like female by the title of "my good dame," and asked her "if she could sell me a couple of glasses of French brandy; for, as we had walked from Workington, and were both cold and tired, a little spirit and water would be very acceptable." "And wha may ye be," responded the woman, in a shrill Cumbrian, or rather Scottish accent, "that expect to get the wee drap o' gude liquor frae the like o' us?" "Tush, tush, my good woman," replied I, "ye have nothing to fear; we are honest folk, and neither excisemen nor informers; you may produce the free trader's spirit without any dread. "That may be, sirs," said the female, "and for ought I ken, ye may be canny folk enough; but ye'll guess there be plenty o' uncanny folk wandering here awa, ready to take advantage of a puir body's attempt to get a living by ways that the Justice may say are na oure muckle honest, an' it behoves the likes o' us to be wary and guarded; not that I mean to say there is onything to fear frae gentlemen o' ye're appearance, but ye ken we canna be too cautious." "My good dame," replied I, "there is such a thing as being over-cautious, and I'm sure when I tell you that we are going to be the guests of Mr. ——, at Maryport, you will think so; for I warrant, long before bed-time, we shall, in his house, have had a pretty good stock both of *cheap brandy and Hollands.*"

"Ye yellow d—l!" cried the man, who had not before spoken, "will ye hae done wi' yere objections, and gie the gentlemen what they want; I'se warrant we's nae rue letting them hae a drap o' free brandy." The woman approached her lord and master, and whispered something to him, of which I could only catch the words, "may be expected to arrive every minute;" but whatever was the purport of her speech, he heeded it not, for suddenly rising from his seat, he seized a boat-hook, and exclaimed, "Haud yere tongue, ye blatherin' jade, and fetch the brandy directly, or I'se mak yere bones feel the weight o' this boat-hook, and no mistake; am I to be eternally browbeaten and contradicted by a crazy half-witted noddy like yeresel?" The woman, with evident marks of reluctance in her countenance, left the room to obey his orders, and the husband then apologized for his apparent roughness, adding, that he did not mean to strike her with the boat-hook, but only intended to frighten her into compliance. "Puir woman," continued he, "She's not at all times sound in her upper works, and then if she taks a crotchet into her head the d—l himself can't drive it out. She's afraid that ye'll inform of a puir fellow, but I know better; so sit ye down by the fire, and the old dame will be here with the brandy in the setting of a top'gan't-sail." The words were scarcely out of his mouth, before the woman re-entered with a quart bottle of brandy, which she placed upon the table without saying a word, and then retiring to one corner of the chimney, she began to knit, but at times continued to eye myself and friend with looks that fully denoted there was but little good-will for us in her composition.

We, however, unheeding the sulky looks of our landlady, assisted ourselves without scruple to the smuggler's brandy, and in this occupation our host, notwithstanding the forbidding glances of his better half, freely participated. Whilst we were drinking the second round, the wind began to sigh and moan, and at intervals blew with such violence as though it intended not to leave one stone of the crazy building upon another. It was now quite dark, and I stept forth to look at the weather: large heavy drops of rain were falling, and before I could re-enter the cottage, they had increased to a most tremendous shower: in short, to borrow the language of Burns,

> "The wind blew as 'twad blaw its last,
> The rattlin' showers rose on the blast,
> That night a wean might understand,
> The de'il had business on his hand."

Just as I was returning into the house, a child came to the door, and we entered the kitchen together; it was a pretty little girl about ten years old, the sole offspring, as I afterwards understood, of our entertainers: she came from the neighboring village of Flimby, whither she regularly went to school. On seeing the little girl, the mother rose from her seat, and clasping the child in her arms, eagerly exclaimed, "Ah, my puir bairn, art not wet through thae night?"—"Nae, mither," replied the child, "the rain 'gan noe to fau' fast 'tull I reached hame;" without uttering another word, the mother placed her little one on a low stool by her side, and provided her with a porringer of sweet milk and some buttered oaten bread, on which the young girl began to make a very hearty meal. "Landlord," said I, on resuming my seat by the capacious fireplace, "it is altogether impossible for my friend and myself to leave your house whilst this soaking rain continues, and, for aught I see to the contrary, it may continue a pretty while, cannot you, therefore, extend your hospitality, and furnish us with something to eat?"

"'Deed that I can, and quickly too," cried the good-natured fellow, "my old dame has some tea in her possession, that I ken ye wad na be able to match in the Black Lion, at Whitehaven; come, Meg," continued he, "stir yer stumps, put on the kettle, an' gie the gentlefolk some o' yer best gunpowder; we'll show them what kind o' tea an auld Cumberland cottage can furnish." The woman silently obeyed her husband's directions, whilst he, raising his hand to the roof, from which hung a large quantity of dried flukes, took down several of the finest, and said, "Perhaps, gentlemen, ye'll be able to eat some o' these flukes and buttered cakes to yer tea." "That we can," replied I, "and the sooner you have them cooked the better." Upon this our host left the room for a moment or two, and returned with an armful of oaten straw; this he placed upon the house floor, and throwing the flukes into the middle of the bundle, set it on fire, and when the straw was consumed, the fish were ready for eating. Upon flukes cooked in this primitive manner, plenty of oaten bread and butter, and some most excellent tea, we managed to make a very comfortable repast, nothing the worse because the tea was drunk out of half-pint cups, and minus cream; but for that, the brandy formed a very good substitute. I know not how it arises, but certainly if there is any degree of sociability in a person's disposition, an enlivening cup of tea is sure to draw it out, and so it was with our hostess, who joined us in the meal, and during its continuance, lost much of the reserve that she had hitherto maintained.

The storm still continued to rage with unabated fury, and we, being determined to make ourselves happy whilst it lasted, as soon as the tea equipage was removed, again commenced operations upon the brandy, and the landlord, to add to our stock of comforts, produced two or three dingy tobacco pipes, and a seal-skin pouch of *real kanaster;* this was totally an unexpected enjoyment, and the room was soon filled with volumes of curling smoke from our steamers.

"You see, gentlemen," said our host, "that puir as ye ma' think this cottage is, I am na' without some o' the comforts o' life." The brandy he had taken began to make him very communicative: he related several anecdotes of his former life, and pretty plainly hinted at his present profession.

By this time the night was pretty far spent, and I quitted the house to have a second peep at the weather, as we wished very much to reach Maryport, if possible, that evening; the wind had in a great measure fallen; but the rain still continued with undiminished violence.

Whilst I stood in the doorway with my face turned to the sea, I saw several blue lights suddenly thrown up; I hastened to our landlord, and told him in a hurried manner, "that there was a vessel in the offing in distress, and that she was exhibiting blue lights as signals." "What's that you say?" said the fisherman; "blue lights! why, Meg, can it be?" "To be sure it is," replied Meg; "did I not tell you? but ye'll nevir be advised. If *I might hae had my will*, they wad hae been at hame noo, instead o' kenning what its likely they will ken, lang afore sunrise." "Weel, weel, Meg," answered the husband gruffly, "let's hae na mair o' that, ye aye ken I will hae my ain way;" so saying, he took some rockets from an old oaken chest, and with a blazing piece of pine waving in his hand, hastened into the open air, and I, curious to witness his proceedings, in spite of the woman's remonstrances, instantly followed him.

On looking towards the sea board, we saw the vessel, or whatever it might be, still throwing up blue fires; and the fisherman, whilst he replied to them by lights of a similar description, said, "Its nae wreck, sir, that sends

up yon rackets, but one o' the finest little craft that evir ran a cargo betwixt St. Bees and Skimburness."

We then turned our eyes towards Flimby, and saw two rockets ascend in that direction. "It's a' right noo," cried the smuggler, "the game's alive, an' in half an hoor the hale kintra for miles roun' will ken that the free trader is upon the coast; but let's noo gang back till the hoose, for there's naething mair to be done this gae while."

I followed him into the kitchen, and upon entering it, the smuggler thus addressed his wife—"Dame, do ye an' the bairn gang tull bed directly, an' if onything be wantin' thae night, I'll ca' ye up. Let's hae nae words," seeing that she was about to remonstrate; "do as I bid ye, or maybe ye's rue it." The woman obeyed without a murmur; then turning to us, he thus continued his discourse—"It's likely enough, gentlemen, that ye ken we are to land a cargo thae night, awfu' as it is, an' I should certainly hae bin verra glad o' ye're room, instead o' ye're company. But what can I do? Was I to turn ye out ye'd lose ye're way, an' perhaps ye're lives too, on this dreadfu' night; an', smuggler though I am, I hae still some sma' matter o' humanity in my breast; an' I wad na turn a dog out this weather, let alone a Christian. I's sorry there's nae bed i' th' hoose, but that whar the wife an' bairn sleep; but, however, I'll do my best to mak' ye comfortable; an' if *onything particular should happen* during the night, if awake, ye maun hear, see, an' say naething." We offered, at all hazards, to leave the cottage, rather than put him to any inconvenience or trouble on our account. "Nae, nae," returned he, "that will never dae; I wad na hae ye're lives to answer for gin I might hae the cutter an' her hale cargo." Thus saying he quitted the room.

When the smuggler was gone my friend remarked, "I think we are in a pretty predicament; but it's all your fault; if you had not been so fond of *raising spirits* we should, at this moment, have been snug in our beds at Maryport." "It is a fit thing, indeed, for you to reproach me," said I, "who have been quite as partial to *raising spirits* as myself. But it's useless to recriminate; we have had our pleasure: and if pain follows we must bear it patiently; but from what I have yet seen of our good-natured host, I think there is nothing to fear; so don't be down-hearted, man; 'screw up your courage to the sticking place,' and I warrant this formidable adventure will, in the end, prove only a laughing matter." This I said to cheer the spirits of my comrade, who, to use a vulgar expression, had begun to funk most terribly; for as to myself, I was very little satisfied with our situation, but to turn out upon the moor, on such a wild and stormy night, would have been madness; and, with Shakspeare, I thought "it was better to bear the ills we had than to fly to others that we knew not of."

By this time the smuggler had returned, with his arms full of straw. This he threw down on the floor, as near to the fire as he dared, and spreading thereon some old sails, we stretched ourselves upon this wretched substitute for a bed without undressing, and our host proceeded to cover us with one or two large Scotch cloaks, so that we lay warm and comfortable enough. Having repeated his caution, that "if anything happened during the night, we should hear, see, and say nothing," he mixed a couple of cups of warm brandy and water, and upon giving them to us, he requested that we would endeavour to obtain a little sleep, adding, that we had nothing to fear, and that he would pledge his life for our safety. Having said thus, the smuggler threw himself into an old arm-chair, and as he speedily fell asleep, we were convinced that we might without immediate apprehension of danger, follow his example.

In this situation, it may readily be supposed that our slumbers were not of a very refreshing nature, we, however, did sleep by fits and snatches, but after lying about three hours, we were awoke, for good, by a heavy knocking at the door, whilst, at the same time, a hoarse rough voice loudly shouted "Hilloa! house a hoy!" Upon this the smuggler instantly rose, and as he passed our bed in a low voice said, "Gentlemen, if ye be awake tak nae notice of what ye see or hear; be silent an' ye'll meet wi' nae harm." He then opened the door, and four rough looking fellows, dressed like sailors, with pistols in their belts and cutlasses by their sides, immediately entered the cottage, each of them being heavily laden with four five-gallon kegs, which, from their appearance, I judged to contain Hollands; after depositing their burthens on the floor they severally shook hands with our landlord, and one of them exclaimed, "By H——, Jock Anderson, it has blown great guns all night, it's surprising how well the cutter has weathered it: at one time I never thought we should have been able to land a package, but the wind having lulled, and the swell moderated, we ventured through with one boat load." "Ye're frae Rotterdam I guess this trip," said Jock Anderson. "Ay, ay, lad," replied the first speaker, "and we've a pretty tolerable cargo of gin, tea, and tobacco, besides a little lace, and some other trifling articles; but how the d—l does it happen that it is now past two o'clock, and there's ne'er a cart upon the shore yet?" "One can hardly expect them in such weather as this," answered Jock. —"Expect them, nonsense;" returned the captain, "it's the best weather in the world for a free trader; it keeps the hawks at home; but who the deuce have we here?" pointing to us; "is this your caution, Jock Anderson? By G— you will sometime or other ruin us

with these tricks."—"Pshaw, pshaw," replied Jock, "they are only a couple of honest gentlemen, who were benighted in the storm, and I sheltered them; I could na' do less; and had the muckle de'il hissel' knocked at the door, I wad na hae turned him fra it in such weather. I dosed them pretty well wi' brandy, an' they're sleeping as soundly as tho' they niver meant to wake again." "I'll see to that," said the captain; "and if they are awake, why hang me if I don't give them a mittimus to the other world." Upon this he approached our bed, with the candle in his hand; but we having taken Jock Anderson's hint, betrayed every outward and visible sign of sound sleep; the smuggler held the candle over us for a moment or two, and then muttered, "Ay, ay, they're fast as a church; there's no fear of them, for some hours at least: besides, they do seem to be honest lads enough."—"I tell ye, Harding," responded our friend Jock, "ye hae naethin' to fear frae them; the young men are bound on a visit to your good friend, Mr. ——, of Maryport: so ye may rest satisfied that they're not likely to turn informers, even though they should awake."—"Well, well," returned Harding, "for this time all may be right; but the pitcher that goes too often to the well gets broken at last; I'd still have you, friend Jock, to be a little more cautious: and now," addressing his discourse to the other three men, "do ye go to the boat, bring as much as ye can carry, whilst Jock and I stow away the cargo." The men obeyed his orders, and the two smugglers being left alone, removed the old lumbering chest of drawers, and raised a flag, which displayed the entrance into a vault. Jock descended into the cavity, and the captain handed him the kegs; the other smugglers soon returned with more kegs and some packages of tea and tobacco. As they were securely depositing them in the vault, the rumbling of carts was plainly heard. "Ah, ah," said the captain, "there are our friends at last; let us hasten to meet them." Upon this they closed the entrance into the vault, replaced the chest of drawers, and taking care to lock the door on the outside, left my friend and myself alone in the cottage kitchen.

(*To be continued.*)

HOW TO DIDDLE A SCREW.

It was verging, one summer in the early part of Elliston's career, towards the close of the theatrical season of one of his many country theatres, and the reputed best night in the whole year had been appropriated to the benefit of our manager, who had provided an exceedingly tempting bill of fare for the occasion.

Elliston was a universal favorite, and his benefits invariably proved bumpers; which is not always the case with popular actors. Dowton, though quite as good an actor in private as in public life, and excellent and admired as he ever was, never made a good benefit; and old Delpini, the most companionable of clowns, and in general request from the prince to the apprentice for his social and comic qualities, was equally unfortunate in this respect. It is related of him that meeting a friend one day shortly after he had taken his accustomed "benefit" at the Italian Opera-house, his friend, knowing the usual ill-luck that attended him on such occasions, inquired somewhat anxiously what had been his success.

"What sort of a benefit had you this time, Delpini?" said he.

"Oh, begar, grand *bénéfice*, very good *bénéfice*, indeed," returned our *Scaramouch*, "I get sixty pound by him dis time."

"Ah, indeed! I congratulate you; but how did you manage to do that?"

"Ah, begar, oui, yes—but I shall tell you all about him. You see, amico mio, I lose a hondred pound de last time I take de *bénéfice*, but dis time I only lose de forty pound; so dat I get de sixty pound quite clear."

But to return to Elliston—as may be supposed he was much interested in the success of the night in question, but there was another person quite as much interested, and this was a certain wine-merchant and bill-discounter of the town, whom we shall take the liberty of calling Sloejuice, though his real name is well known. This worthy was in the habit of cashing hopeful young gentlemen's post-obit bills, at the moderate discount of some fifty or sixty per cent.; being content on this "consideration" to wait till the death of their honored sires: a consummation he devoutly endeavored to hasten, whenever he had an opportunity, by furnishing them with a liberal quantity of his fine old port fresh from his own cellar, neat as concocted, its crust and bees'-wing being manufactured *secundam artem.*

This Mr. Sloejuice, in the technical slang of his craft, had smashed two or three bits of stiff for our friend Elliston; in other words he had discounted two or three bills for him, on the most moderate terms of course, besides supplying him with a few dozens of London particular Madeira—particular for nothing else than being really London Madeira, composed as it was in Mincing Lane, of approved Cape, properly devilled with alcohol, &c. &c. The public not having accepted Mr. Elliston's bills quite so freely as he had done those of Mr. Sloejuice, "No effects" was the natural consequence, and Mr. Sloejuice's account had amounted with interest, &c., to about eighty pounds.

The bill-discounter had read Elliston's announced benefit bill with great interest, though instead of being headed for the benefit of Mr. Elliston, he thought it ought to have been headed for the benefit of himself, he having fully determined that the whole of his de-

mand should be liquidated out of the night's receipts. Accordingly he applied to a legal friend of his, who lived in the town, through whose agency a *tickler* for the comedian was immediately placed in the respectable hands of Mr. Lumber, one of the principal body-borrowers of the place, who with his faithful follower, Mr. Bill Shackle, playfully called Nabbs by his intimates, soon after departed under the immediate surveillance of Mr. Sloejuice himself, and his foreman, clerk, and cooper, Mr. Broadfist, to hunt after their man, whom they (fortunately as they thought) picked up as he was returning from a late rehearsal, and within an hour of the usual time of opening the doors.

"Vell, I'm blowed," said Mr. Lumber, familiarly tapping the comedian on the shoulder, "but this ere is apropos; you are the wery identical gent as ve vas a looking arter."

"The familiar scoundrel!" muttered the disconcerted actor between his teeth. "Plaguey unlucky—the doors just on the point of opening, too. Can't this business be settled any how, my friend?"

"To be sure it can—nothing so easy," returned Mr. Lumber, "you have only got to pay down the debt and costs—seventy-eight pounds and no mistake, vith any little compliment you like for my being so wery civil; and as the office is already sarched, vhy I stashes this ere bit of parchment in a jiffy, and then the job's done—I likes to make things agreeable."

This mode of settlement, however, neither suited Elliston's pocket nor his inclinations; he talked of the usurious interest that had been exacted, the infamous quality of the Madeira that had been supplied, &c., and proposed to give a cognovit at a month. Mr. Sloejuice, on his part, strongly objected to any mode of settlement but that of money down; he dwelt on Elliston's want of faith, the number of times the bills had been renewed, and declared the affair must now be finally brought to a close.

"You will be sure to have money enough in the house to-night," said he.

"More, more than enough," said Elliston; "it will hold nearly a hundred pounds, properly packed, and I know it will be crammed. Only let me act to night, and I will pay you every farthing on the conclusion of the performance—nay, more,—give you a bonus into the bargain."

"No, no," cried Mr. Sloejuice, "I can't trust you, Mr. Elliston; you forget, Sir, you are a *telegraph-actor*—in Bath one night, in London the next. If I was to let you play to-night, you'd be up to town to-morrow morning, and then it would be all up with me and the receipts."

"Wery just," returned Mr. Lumber, "so you see it's no go, Muster Elliston—ve're all on us up to you, sir."

"What's to be done?" cried the comedian, writhing with indignation.

"Let *me* take the money in the front of the house to-night," returned Mr. Sloejuice, and you may do what you like behind."

"But," said Elliston, "the receipts of the house will be sure to be considerably more than your demand. However, since it seems *nolens volens*, give me a ten pound note, and a release of the present action—which of course will be a settlement of your debt, and I consent. You will have no objection to let me place my own check-takers, I suppose?"

"Indeed but I shall, though," cried Mr. Sloejuice, knowingly: "No, no, Mr. Elliston, I take the money myself in the front of the house to-night, and place my own check-takers, or its no go—I don't mind giving the ten pounds."

"Well, well," said Elliston, "needs must, you will have your own way I see—but as it is near time of opening the doors, and I've got to give a few directions behind, if the thing is to be done, let it be done at once."

"Ay, ay," said Mr. Lumber, "that's vot I calls quvite right and equivocable, Mr. Elliston; so ve'll just step into the Dolphin here, and over a bottle of your best black strap, Mr. Sloejuice, ve can prepare the dockeyments and conclude the business all reglar."

This was agreed to; the bottle of black strap was duly brought—which did not belie its name, being an ingenious brewage of vin ordinaire and logwood, doctored with a due proportion of B.B.—British brandy, and almost thick enough to be cut with a knife.—Over this precious decoction the dockeyments, as Mr. Lumber called them, were regularly drawn up and signed, the bottle was emptied, and Elliston received his release from Mr. Sloejuice's demand, together with ten pounds. He then proceeded, according to his agreement, to put the man of dregs and discount into full possession of the front of the house, with all the emoluments and advantages thereunto accruing, to be received by him for his own use and benefit, "for that night only."

Mr. Sloejuice was forthwith formally installed into the money-box, and supplied with a sufficient quantity of brass checks, soon to be exchanged, as he fondly thought, for gold and silver. His fingers perfectly itched at the idea.

There was but one entrance to the pay-place, from which other entrances conducted to the different parts of the house—a common thing in provincial theatres.

Mr. Lumber was placed as check-taker at the gallery door, he being supposed to be more capable of tackling the gods, should they prove at all uproarious, being a known good one with a rum customer. Mr. Broadfist, the cooper, having been used to check the cellar, was placed to watch over the interests of the pit, while Mr. Nabbs begged permission to

"vait" on the gentry in the boxes, as he observed he "knowed most on 'em, they being pretty nearly all old acquaintances of his'n."

The manager having now seem them all inducted into their several posts as stipulated, retired to give the directions he had hinted at, observing that he would send a man to open the doors the moment everything was ready. He was as good as his word.

Having got the wine-merchant, to use his own words, snugly bottled up, his first step, when he got behind the scenes, was to cause one of his largest bill-boards to be fixed at the top of a long pole, on this he put a written placard, which ran to the following effect:

TO THE PUBLIC.

TICKETS ADMITTED AT THE FRONT ENTRANCE ONLY.

Pay round the Corner.

With this notice he directed his stage-door keeper to parade backwards and forwards in a conspicuous manner before the front of the theatre at the time of the doors opening, taking care however to keep out of sight of Mr. Sloejuice and his assistant check-takers,—though this was easy, as they were safe at their several posts.

A great number of tickets to the boxes and pit were soon presented and admitted, but no money appeared.

"This is very strange," said Mr. Sloejuice, who began to think that he'd got into the *wrong box.*

The fact was, the intimation on the placard attracting the attention of each fresh comer, it really, as had been anticipated, drew all the money round the corner, where, when the payers arrived, they saw another very legible intimation conspicuously posted over the entrance of the stage door, "PAY HERE," in enormous characters. Accordingly thither they all repaired, where they found Elliston himself in attendance to take the money.

"Pay here, pay here," said he, "Four to the pit? thank you, sir—half a guinea—two and sixpence," giving change. "Pass on, master carpenter, take the party under the stage, through the orchestra into the pit. Six boxes? thank you, ma'am—obliged to admit you this way, the crush is so great in front. Open the side door, prompter. Five gallery, Wingman, let those gentlemen through the door in the flies into the gallery. Mind how you go up the ladder, gentlemen."

As had heen expected, there was very soon a tremendous house, the pit was in a short time literally choked.

In the meantime Mr. Sloejuice and the check-takers were much astonished at the apathy of the public. Presently, however, the mystery of no money presenting itself seemed to be explained by a shrill voice outside, which was heard, exclaiming:

"Box ticket for half a crown, take two into the pit and save you eighteen pence. Got any tickets I'll buy them of you. Pit ticket for eighteen pence, take two into the gallery, and save you six pence."

"Oh, ho!" thought Mr. Sloejuice, "its this that is spoiling the money, is it?"

Here he most energetically consigned all persons who sold tickets at the doors to a place much too low to be mentioned to "ears polite," concluding by loudly calling to the woman to come in, and bring her tickets with her.

"How many tickets have you got, my good woman?" said he, on her appearing.

"Eight box, and six pit, sir," said she.

"Give them to me, I'll take them all; there is the money for them: I'll not have the cash spoiled any more to-night if I can help it, so take yourself off as fast as you can, or hang me if I don't give you in charge of the constable."

The poor woman did not want twice bidding, but gladly shuffled away.

But not even the strong measure of buying up the tickets seemed to bring a farthing more to the pay place, and Mr. Sloejuice began to fear that some intimation of the bailiffs being the check-takers had got wind, and kept every body out of the house.

The performance had now commenced, and Mr. Lumber had enough to do to keep matters at all going; which he only accomplished by biting his name very often in a quart of brandy and water previously ordered. Towards the conclusion of the first act, however, a party with tickets, who had just been admitted by Mr. Nabbs into the boxes, returned with the intimation that there was not even standing room. Mr. Sloejuice was electrified, and declared that there must be some mistake.

"Not standing room! How can that be? Why there can be scarcely twenty persons in the house," said he; "the boxes must be nearly all empty!"

They angrily reiterated their assertions, and while he was disputing with them the first act ended, and between two and threo hundred thirsty souls descended from the lofty regions of the gods, and demanded checks from the astonished Mr. Lumber, in order, as they observed, to procure a little refreshment.

"Vy, vere the deuce do you all come from?" said that gentleman, completely astounded.

"Why, where should we come from but up stairs to be sure," said they, "there aint room there to cough; it's quite picking one's pocket to take one's money; you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"Vell, I'm blest!" said Mr. Lumber.

A similar nmuber at the same time issued or egress fro m the well crammed pit, to the

equal amazement of Mr. Broadfist, the cooper, who began to doubt the evidence of his senses.

"Where did you come from?" said he.

"Why from the pit to be sure," said they.

"It must be the bottomless pit, then, for I swear you never came in this way!" returned he.

"Scoundrels!" roared the enraged Mr. Sloejuice, "you have been letting them in without paying. This it is having people for check-takers that don't know their business."

"Vy blow my dickey, vot do you mean by that? Nobody passed without a check!" retorted the indignant Mr. Lumber, "so if there's any body to blame it's yourself. It's you as don't know how to take the *money*."

Here some very unparliamentary language passed on both sides, and matters might have become serious had not the truth suddenly flashed on the horrified Mr. Sloejuice. Precipitately leaving the money box to take care of itself, he rushed to the stage door, and obtaining access behind the scenes, easily found the comedian, who was then in high glee. He at once loudly accused Elliston of robbing, cheating, tricking him, &c.

Robert William heard him with the most provoking composure.

"What have you to complain of, my good fellow?" said he coolly; "how have I robbed, how have I cheated you? I have kept my agreement, sir, to the very letter. I agreed to give up the front of the house to you, but I said nothing about the back. If you have not turned the front to account, that is your fault, not mine; I have done the best I could with my part of the building, and have not been so much behind as you may imagine. You said I might do what I liked here, you know. You had the advantage of me at first I own, but I think I have made it equal now. Yes, friend Sloejuice, while you have been waiting to take the money in the front, I have been giving change for it behind here; so now I think we are about even. I wish you a very good night—take care of the traps!—carpenters, show this gentleman out."

It is but justice to say, that Elliston, afterwards, (not, it is true, till his own perfect convenience) repaid Mr. Sloejuice every farthing he was entitled to.

THE FLIGHT OF DEATH.

He riseth—he riseth slowly
From his bed—the vast—the lowly,
Where ages have swept o'er his slumbering form,
Unknown to the sunshine, unknown to the storm,
With greatness and power he has slept,
The Mammoth beside him reposed,
The vast Megatherium near him had crept,
When his terrible eye had closed.
Since he lay down to rest, their giant bones
Had crumbled to dust, and harden'd to stones;
And heaved, in chaotic slime,
O'er the hills that had shelter'd their giant play,
And the boundless woods that had melted away
With the moon from the night, and the sun from the day,
The wrecks of a perishing Time.

He riseth—the Phantom King,
On his strong and shadowy wing,
And he feels the breeze as fresh as at first,
When an earlier world on his vision burst.
The woods and the hills were there;
The ocean beyond them was roll'd;
The sun with his glory filled the air,
And bathed the springs in gold.
The soft blue sky and the woods were rife
With music, and beauty, and joy, and life,
And the bloom had a flagrant breath.
Together the fawn and the lion play'd,
And Might with Innocence gambolling made,
When rose from the sunless deep the shade
Of the terrible wings of Death.

He snuffeth the wind—Ha! ha!
Earth shudders with secret awe;
There is blood on its bright and flow'ry sod,
And it feels the frown of an angry God.
The first of human gore
On the blushing earth has been shed;
It held of human kind but four;
Now one is cold and dead.
And one with a fierce and bloodshot eye,
And crimson club, is standing by—
A sear'd and blasted man.
"Thou earliest child of a mortal race,"
Said the Phantom King, as he hover'd in space,
"Shalt hold, for the deed, the proudest place
In Death's pale army's van."

He saileth aloft, afar,
In a heaven where shines no star,
O'er a silent, dark, and moaning sea,
Where Earth and its isles were wont to be,
The living have passed away;
Their myriad heart is at rest;
It had leap'd into gladness at opening day,
With life and music bless'd.
But the tumbling tide, ere daylight's close,
Had still'd the tumult of joys and woes
O'er all the hills and dales:
The tribes of the cold and the burning zone,
The city and empire, the monarch and throne,
Have pass'd from the scene with a hollow groan,
Where Death's gray pinion sails.

He poiseth his plumes,—again
The day-star illumines the plain;
And again the forest melody floats
To the heart of heaven in million notes;
But other sounds are there;
The yell, and the shout, and the groan,
And the bickering blades as they cleave the air,
And the dying's anguish'd moan.
A female arm is uplifted high,
Guiding the March of Victory
O'er red and smoking plains;
Assyria's queen—she trampleth down
An empire's might, and the pride of its crown;
And the Phantom smiles to behold her frown
Blight Asia's rich domains.

Time passeth—His centuries weep
Assyria's throne from the steep
Where it tower'd—a beacon of flame and might
Claiming eternity—quenched in night.
The eye of the Phantom shone
On the earthquake that shatter'd its pride,
And upheaved the glories of Babylon
On empire's changing tide.
It glow'd with delight when the voice of wail
Pass'd over the city and shrines of Baal,
By the Persian trampled low.
It sparkled when Asia's haughty crest
Had stoop'd to the conquering spears of the West
And flash'd when the foot of a Cæsar prest
Achaia's plumes of snow.

Time ageth—his looks are hoar;
He hath gathered a ghastly store
Of years and of nations to darkness and sleep
In the tombs of the earth and the caves of the deep;
Still, the shade of the wings of death,
In motion or terrible rest,
Is falling wherever there heaves a breath
On the vale or the mountain's breast.
Refreshed by the lapse of a thousand years,
He smiles, as of old, on the clash of spears;
On the swift or the slow decay
Of imperial pride, with its pomp and power,
Of altar and pyramid, statue and tower,
And calmly awaits the last bright hour
That shall o'er their ruins play.

They gather—a mighty host!
All that have yielded the ghost
Since Time began. At the midnight hour
Death summons to meet him his ghostly power;
A vast and shadowy train.
They circle the earth in a zone:
With one hand the Phantom touches Cain,
With the other Napoleon.
Around they sweep on an infinite wing,
By race and by nation, the subject and king—
The lowly and the high.
And a voice they blend, like the awful chime
Of a distant ocean roll'd sublime,
"We are thine, O Death, till the terrible time
When Death himself shall die!"

THE IRISH FUNERAL CRY.

The well-known custom, so long used in Ireland, of keening, or lamenting over the dead, is of the most remote antiquity. History informs us, that it was known to the Greeks and Romans, who, however, seem to have borrowed it from the eastern nations, among whom probably it had its origin; and from the Scriptures we learn that it was practised among the Israelites. Dr. O'Brien tells us, that the word in the Irish language, as originally and more correctly written is *cine*, and not, as modern orthoëpists have it, *caoine;* and this makes it almost identical with the Hebrew word 'cina,' which signifies lamentation or weeping with clapping of hands. The learned Jezreel Jones, in speaking of the Shillah or Tarmazeght, a language or dialect of the inhabitants of the mountainous part of south-western Barbary, in a letter to John Chamberlayn, dated "Westmonasterii, 24 Decembr. 1714," declares that "the Shilhenses have the same custom as the Arabs, the Jews, and the Irish, of lamenting over the dead, uttering various cries of grief, tearing their hair, and asking the deceased why did he die? why did he leave them? and desiring that death would seize them also, in order that they might rejoin him whom they lamented." According to an old work, Armstrong's History of Minorca, the peasantry of that island, in their lament, ask the dead "if he had not food, raiment, and friends—and wherefore, then, did he die?" Sir Walter Scott informs us that the *coronach* of the Highlanders is precisely similar to the *ululatus* of the Romans, and the *ullaloo* of the Irish; that the words of it are not always articulate, but when they are so, they express the praises of the deceased, and the loss the clan would sustain by his death.

The funeral song introduced in Shakspeare's beautiful play of Cymbeline, where the scene is laid in Wales, upon the supposed death of the disguised Imogen, will, no doubt, recur to some of our readers.

From the fourth volume of the Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy, we transcribe the following passages, descriptive of the ancient observance of the custom—

"The Irish have been always remarkable for their funeral lamentations, and this peculiarity has been noticed by almost every traveller who visited them; and it seems derived from their Celtic ancestors, the primæval inhabitants of this isle. Cambrensis, in the twelfth century, says the Irish then musically expressed their griefs; that is, they applied the musical art, in which they excelled all others, to the orderly celebration of funeral obsequies, by dividing the mourners into two bodies, each alternately singing their part, and the whole at times joining in full chorus.

"The body of the deceased, dressed in grave-clothes, and ornamented with flowers, was placed on a bier, or some elevated spot. The relatives and *keeners* (singing mourners) then ranged themselves in two divisions, one at the head, the other at the foot of the corpse. The bards and croteries had before prepared the funeral caoinan. The chief bard of the head chorus began by singing the first stanza in a low doleful tone, which was softly accompanied by the harp; at the conclusion, the foot semichorus began the lamentation, or *ullaloo*, from the final note of the preceding stanza, in which they were answered by the head semichorus; then both united in one general chorus. The chorus of the first stanza being ended, the chief bard of the foot semichorus began the second gol or lamentation, in which they were answered by that of the head, and, as before, both united in the general full chorus. Thus alternately were the song and the choruses performed during the night. The genealogy, rank, possessions, the virtues and vices of the dead were rehearsed, and a number of interrogations were addressed to the deceased—as, why did he die? If married, whether his wife was faithful to him, his sons dutiful, or good hunters or warriors? If a woman, whether her daughters were fair or chaste? If a young man, whether he had been crossed in love? or if the blue-eyed maids of Erin had treated him with scorn?"

In ancient times it was the duty of the bard, who was attached to the family of each chief or

noble, assisted by some of the household, to raise the funeral song; but, at a more recent period, this has been entrusted to hired mourners, who were remunerated according to the estimation in which their talents were held. We are told that formerly the metrical feet of their compositions were much attended to, but on the decline of the Irish bards these feet were gradually neglected, and they fell into a kind of slip-shod metre among the women, who have entirely engrossed the office of *keeners* or mourners.

From Mr. T. Crofton Croker, the talented chronicler of many of our old legends and customs, we quote the following highly graphic account of the performance of a keener, by profession, of the present day."

"Having a curiosity," he says, "to hear the *keen* more distinctly sung than over a corpse, when it is accompanied by a wild and inarticulate uproar as a chorus, I prevailed on an elderly woman who was renowned for her skill in keening to recite for me some of these dirges. This woman, whose name was Harrington, led a wandering kind of life, travelling from cottage to cottage about the country, and though in fact subsisting on charity, found everywhere not merely a welcome, but had numerous invitations on account of the vast store of Irish verse she had collected and could repeat. Her memory was indeed extraordinary; and the clearness, quickness, and elegance with which she translated from the Irish into English, though unable to read or write, is almost incredible. Before she commenced repeating, she mumbled for a short time, probably the beginning of each stanza, to assure herself of the arrangement, with her eyes closed, rocking her body backwards and forwards, as if keeping time to the measure of the verse. She then began in a kind of whining recitation, but as she proceeded, and as the composition required it, her voice assumed a variety of deep and fine tones, and the energy with which many passages were delivered, proved her perfect comprehension and strong feeling of the subject; but her eyes always continued shut, perhaps to prevent interruption to her thoughts, or her attention being engaged by any surrounding object."

Till about the middle of the last century, the custom was very generally adhered to in Ireland, as well in families of the highest condition, as among those of the lower orders; and many of the elegiac poems, composed on such occasions, have come down to us, which, by their figurative language and highly poetical imagery, evince astonishing genius, and are strongly indicative of the natural talent of our people. The learned Dr. Adam Clarke has preserved one of considerable beauty, the music of which he tells us, though rude and simple, is nevertheless bold, highly impassioned, and deeply affecting, and is often used among the descendants of the aboriginal Irish on funeral occasions. We, however, prefer giving the following "Lament of Morian Shehone for Miss Mary Bourke," which is literally translated from the original Irish:—

"Silence prevails; it is an awful silence. The voice of Mary is heard no more in the valley.

"Yes, thou art gone, O Mary! but Morian Shehone will raise the song of woe, and bewail thy fate.

"Snow-white was thy virtue; the youths gazed on thee with rapture; and old age listened to the soft music of thy tongue.

"Thy beauty was brighter than that of the sun which shone around thee, O Mary! but thy sun is set, and has left the soul of thy friend in darkness.

"Sorrow for thee is dumb, save the wailings of Morian Shehone: and grief has not yet tears to shed for Mary.

"I have cried over the rich man; but when the stone was laid upon his grave, my grief was at an end. Not so with my heart's darling; the grave cannot hide Mary from the view of Morian Shehone.

"I see her in the four corners of her habitation, which was once gilded by her presence.

"Thou didst not fall off like a withered leaf, which hangs trembling and insecure; no, it was a rude blast which brought thee to the dust, O Mary!

"Hadst thou not friends? Hadst thou not bread to eat, and raiment to put on? Hadst thou not youth and beauty, Mary? Then mightest thou not have been happy?

"But the spoiler came, and disordered my peace; the grim tyrant has taken away my only support in Mary!

"In thy state of probation, thou wert kind-hearted to all, and none envied thee thy good fortune. Oh! that the lamentations of thy friends —Oh! that the burning tears of Morian Shehone could bring back from the grave the peerless Mary!

"But alas! this cannot be; then twice in every year, while the virgins of the valley celebrate the birth and death of Mary, under the wide spreading elm, let her spirit hover round them, and teach them to emulate her virtues.

"So falls into the depths of silence the lament of Morian Shehone."

Of late years the custom has fallen greatly into disuse, and is now of rare occurrence, except in some very few old families, and among the peasantry, and with them it has now generally degenerated into a mere cry of an extremely wild and mournful character, which, however, consisting of several notes, forming a very harmonious musical passage, approaches to a species of song, but is almost always destitute of words.

The crowd of people who assemble at the funerals of the peasantry in some parts of the country, is amazing, often exceeding a thousand persons, men and women. They gather as the bearers of the hearse proceed on their way, and when they pass through any village, or approach any houses, the wail swells out still louder than before, which gives notice that a funeral is passing, and immediately the people flock out to follow it. In the province of Munster it is said that it is a common thing for the women to follow a funeral, to join in the universal cry with all their might and main for some time, and then to turn and ask, "Arrah! who is it that's dead? who is it we're crying for?" The peasantry everywhere are wonderfully eager to attend the funerals of their friends and relations, and they make their relationships branch out to a great extent. The proof that a poor man has been well beloved during his life, is his having a crowded funeral. Even the poorest

people have their own burying places, that is, spots of ground in the churchyards, which are situated sometimes in the wildest parts of the mountains, their situation indicated by some remnant of a ruin, and a few scattered tombstones, and the low green hillocks of the graves. Here, they say, their ancestors have been buried ever since the wars of Ireland; and, though these burial places should be many miles from the place where a man dies, his friends and neighbors take care to carry his corpse thither.

The first time I ever heard the funeral cry, I was greatly struck by it, owing, perhaps, in some degree to its coming upon me quite unexpectedly. I was riding along an unfrequented road in one of the most retired parts of the County of Meath; I well remember it was a lovely morning early in spring; the trees were rapidly assuming their most brilliant clothing of green, there was a genial warmth in the air, the sun shone out brightly, and the lively songs of the birds added their animating influence at once to cheer and tranquillize the feelings, and I sauntered on in that delightful state of mind which one enjoys, when all the cares and anxieties of life for a few short moments are utterly forgotten, one is engaged solely in drinking in a variety of undefinable, but yet highly pleasurable emotions from every quarter. A faint wailing sound, so wild and indescribable, that it seemed almost something unearthly, came floating on the light morning breeze, but so indistinct and so faint from distance, that it was repeated more than once before I could be quite certain it was more than mere imagination. However, I heard it again and again at intervals of a few seconds, the sound becoming each time more distinct as I approached the quarter from whence it came, or the wind bore it a little more strongly towards me. From a sort of murmur it swelled out into a full tone, and then died away into silence; I know nothing it resembled so much as the sounds of an Æolian harp, as they rise gradually in strength, and then sink into the softest cadences. At length reaching a turn in the road, I perceived at some distance a vast crowd approaching towards me, and stretching along a considerable extent of ground; part of them only I was able to see, the remainder were concealed from my view by the windings of the road. In the front, where the crowd was most dense, I distinguished by their cloaks (several of which being scarlet gave a highly pictorial effect to the group) twenty or thirty females, and in the midst of them a bier carried by men, who were occasionally relieved by others of those nearest to them. I soon perceived that the funeral song was begun by some of these women, that it was gradually swelled by the voices of the remainder, and the men joined occasionally their deeper tones. The effect of the whole was most striking, and had something even grand in it: the song was guttural, but by no meant monotonous, and whether the contrast with the bright and joyous spring morning may not have rendered it more melancholy and lugubrious I know not, but certainly it struck me as the most singularly plaintive and mournful expression of excessive grief that could well be imagined.

As I drew nearer I perceived that the persons who composed the cortege were affected by very different feelings indeed. Some few of those who followed close to the coffin were evidently overcome by the most poignant and heartfelt affliction. Some of the women especially gave way to the most unrestrained and vehement expression of the liveliest sorrow, weeping loudly, throwing up their hands and clapping them together, or striking them violently against their bosoms. It occurred to me, involuntarily, that it was no small trial of the true pathos of this ancient melody to see that it bore with undiminished effect so close a juxtaposition with the real demonstration of genuine and unartificial grief; indeed I fancied at times that some of them, even in the utmost abandonment of their sorrow, joined in the wail of the other women, who, by their undisturbed countenances and unagitated demeanour, pointed themselves out as the professional *keeners* who assisted on the occasion.

As soon as the foremost persons came up to me, I raised my hat for a moment, and turned my horse's head about, aware that it was deemed unlucky if any person meeting a funeral passes it without turning back to accompany it at least some short distance. I am always anxious to yield to such prejudices as these among my countrymen; it costs not much trouble to show some slight respect to their feelings, and I think one is especially called upon to do so upon such occasions. It always appeared to me that trifles like these serve greatly to draw the bonds of charity and friendly feeling between the different classes in this much-divided country, which it is to be lamented are often heedlessly and rudely broken through by many who, unobservant of mankind, know not that it is one of those immutable laws inherent in our very nature, and nowhere of more force than in the bosoms of our warm-hearted countrymen, that a far deeper feeling of gratitude and affection is engendered by an expression of sympathy or participation either in sorrow or joy than by labored kindnesses, which, in truth, are often felt as absolutely oppressive.

By reining in my horse, I gradually allowed the whole crowd to pass me by, though it seemed almost to be interminable; I was astonished at finding that it extended probably along upwards of a mile of the road, and consisted of not less than two thousand people. I then resumed my journey, and in a few minutes the intervening ground hid the entire procession from my view, and the funeral wail gradually became distant, and at last totally died away.

I subsequently learned that the deceased was a very extensive farmer, claiming to be the descendant of one of the old native families, who derive their lineage from the ancient princes of our land; that he had just terminated a long life spent from his childhood on his paternal inheritance, in constant intercourse with the poor peasantry, by whom he was much beloved, not only in consequence of his ancient descent, but from his having had the character of exercising lavishly the hospitality of the olden time, besides possessing pre-eminently in his own person many of the other virtues and qualities which stand highest in the estimation of our countrymen.

It is an interesting fact that Curran, who was from his infancy familiar with the language of his country, and in his youthful days took especial pleasure in constantly mixing in the social meet-

ings of the peasantry, has been known to declare that he derived his first notions of poetry and eloquence from the compositions of the hired mourner over the dead.

PARASITES.

Amongst the wonders of creation, there is a large class of animals whose very existence is unknown to the majority of mankind. Indeed, most of them are so minute, that they can only be seen with the help of a microscope; and, had it not been for this invaluable instrument, we should never have become acquainted with the tiny population of our globe. They are a world within a world. We now allude to those creatures, called parasites, because they cling to and feed upon the bodies of other living creatures. They consist of a great number of species, and are of endless variety of form and structure. Their food and habits are as diversified as their places of habitation. These parasites infest every animal, and every organ of the body. They are found thriving in localities where no person would expect that they could live. They fatten upon the eyes, the blood, the gall, the bladder, the liver, the intestines, the kidneys, and all the muscles of the corporeal frame. They cast their grappling hooks in the mouth and jaws of the most voracious animals, and pursue the unwearied operation of sucking their juices, in spite of all the whirlwinds and earthquakes that are going on around them. Nay, they even find entrance into the brain, and unceremoniously take a seat upon the throne of sense and understanding. The operations of most of these parasites are unfelt and unperceived; though there are larger and irritating ones, especially of the louse genus, which we shall not attempt to describe.

Many of our readers will scarcely believe us, when we tell them that three hundred and sixty little worms have been taken out of a single eye of a perch. Each of these animals had a perfect organization, having organs for taking and digesting its nourishment, and for propagating its species. The minuteness of the animal world will appear more extraordinary when we add, that such parasites are themselves infested with animacules still more diminutive. A certain *monad* feeds upon them, as they do upon the juices of the perch's eye; and perhaps those monads have their attendant leeches. But human curiosity has its limits; and though the microscope discloses wonders within wonders, yet it at length leaves us in the depth of our researches, amazed at what we have seen, and imagining what may still remain undiscovered beyond the curtain of sight.

The structure of insect parasites is skilfully adapted to the various situations in which they are placed, some of which are very strange and hazardous. Another parasite which infests a different part of the fish to which we have already alluded, has been minutely described by Dr. Nordman. Some people have wonderful patience and tact for investigating the forms and habits of the creatures which people the microscopic world; and they think themselves well repaid for their trouble by the new exhibitions of creative wisdom which they perceive in every new discovery.—The doctor has made us acquainted with a parasite which he denominates *Actheres percarum*, or *pest of the perches.* It is a fresh-water insect; but instead of floating about in the liquid fields of nature, and enjoying the free exercise of liberty, until engulfed by some superior of the finny tribe, it boldly enters the mouth of the perch, and extracts nutriment from the very masticating organs of this voracious fish. As the perch is notoriously greedy, and often swallows its prey entire, the contortions and pressure of its mouth must sometimes be very great. Yet the Actheres hesitates not to attach itself to the palate, and even to the tongue, of this gormandiser. It, therefore, needs a very strong anchorage when it stations itself in the vortex of such a Charybdis. Nature has provided for this emergency. The Actheres is provided with two strong arms, proceeding from the base of its cephalothorax, or that part of the head which also serves for a neck; and these taper, like the trunk of an elephant, till they unite in a single sucker. The creature buries this organ so deep into the cellular membrane of the perch's mouth, that it can neither disengage itself, nor be extracted by foreign violence, without rupturing its arms. These arms are bent in a circle round the head, and in the same plane, just as if we should clasp our hands a little above our foreheads. The sucker, also, is placed in front. Hence the parasite lies with its whole body close to whatever part of the fish it may happen to fix upon, and is like a scale or small protuberance within its mouth. Still there would be a danger of the parasite being displaced by the violent gesticulations of the fish, or carried down with the food which it gorges. To prevent this catastrophe, and to keep itself as comfortable as possible, it throws out or raises a quantity of saliva, by which its back is well lubricated; so that the perch's food passes over the flat and slippery surface, without inflicting any injury by the temporary pressure.

We suppose that this little creature never sleeps, or else it possesses the power of *holding on* during its slumbers. Its whole occupation and enjoyment consist in sucking, a work which must be continued when once begun, for the instant it should let go its anchorage, it would be hurried down the perch's *fauces* into the gulf of its stomach, and entombed in the food which is there exposed to the action of the gastric juice. But the Actheres percarum is itself attacked by another parasite of more diminutive form; a very small species of mite, called the *Gamasus scabiculus*, finds an opportunity of bleeding the bleeder, and preys upon its blood, as it does upon that of the perch. The saliva, also, with which it is covered, becomes a sort of muddy pond, in which numbers of a species of *Infusoria*, of the tribe *Vorticella*, fatten and feed upon the back of the Actheres. The parasites are thus multiplied upon one another; and each species affords sustenance for others inferior to itself in the scale of being. The deeper we carry our researches into nature, the more does it seem to teem with living wonders, and its population to increase, the more diminutive that they become.

The next animalcule that we shall mention is the *Pteroptes*, a species of bat-mite, which infests the wings of this night-loving bird. As this organ of flight is a large and naked membrane, it would

appear almost impracticable for an insect to fix itself so firmly upon the bare surface, as not to be cast off by the violent flapping. But the creature is peculiarly constructed to meet this emergency. Its 8 feet are furnished with vesicles which it can use as suckers, and firmly cling to the smoothest object. Like a ship in an open bay, sheltered from the occan's waves, but not from the violence of the winds, which rides in safety by anchors thrown out from various quarters, so the Pteroptes fixes itself by as many of its feet as it deems necessary to its security. But lest any unwonted motion or sudden jerking should drive it from its moorings, it possesses the singular power of instantly turning up as many of its legs as it pleases, and laying hold of the object which was previously above its head. It can walk in this inverted position as if upon its back. In seasons of great tumult, it may be seen with four legs upwards and four downwards, ready to grasp either the ground or the roof of its strange dwelling. Such an organization would be useless to a parasite which nestles amongst feathers or upon a downy skin; it is only available to a creature which lodges in the wrinkles of a bat's slippery wing. The dangers of its situation are provided against by this unique expedient.

Another parasite which infests the same bird has been termed the *Bat-louse.* The structure of this animal also is contrary to the usual process of nature. Its head is placed in the back of the thorax, behind the attachment of the fore-legs. There is a cavity in the back terminating in a kind of pouch, into which the creature throws back its head when it is going to feed, and continues in this position whilst engaged in suction. It therefore takes its food with the belly upwards, and its head ensconced in the hole in its back! But this little monster, if so it may be called, is furnished with an eye, and with antennæ and feelers, so that it knows well what it is about, and where it is going. Its legs are not fixed, as is usual, in the lower part of the trunk, but in the upper margin, and its motion is so swift as to resemble flight rather than creeping. Whilst it is feeding, we might easily mistake the under for the upper part of its body, were it not for the form of its legs. It seems to have been made on purpose to show how manifold are the designs of the Creator, and what strange forms of beings can be produced by his skill, each complete in itself, and perfectly adapted to its particuiar sphere of action. It is this that renders an investigation into the secrets of natural history so satisfactory in the results, that we find every animal equipped with all necessary organs, and placed in a situation suitable for their exercise. This is the perfection of a creature.

Another parasite deserves special notice, from the singularity of its structure, as a double-bodied animal. The *Diplozoon* inhabits the inner gills of the *Bream* fish. What tempted a naturalist to look for anything in such a locality? As the leaves of this organ are in constant motion, and a perpetual stream of water passes through them, we might imagine it to be a very insecure place for feeding. But the Diplozoon is provided with all the requisite tackling for such a station; like a ship in a river, firmly moored to buoys, fore and aft, and on either side, so that it rides safely in the same spot, whether the tide ebbs or flows, and whether the water is high or low. The Diplozoon has two bodies, united at their centres, leaving the upper and under limbs free of each other. Being provided with a number of suckers from each half, it attaches itself at once to two leaves of the gills, with so firm a hold, that it is not moved by the constant motion of this slippery organ. Each of its upper limbs has a triangular mouth, with a sucker to steady it in performing its operations. The organ of suction resembles a tongue, which appears to be incessantly in exercise. The alimentary canal of this wonderful creature branches into both its lower sides. The circulation of its blood is carried on through four principal channels, each half of the animal having an exterior and interior tube; in the former of which the blood flows upwards, and in the latter downwards, the circulation being performed with great force and rapidity. The generative organs are also double. The lower lobes always move in the same direction, but each of the upper arms seems to have a separate will and power of motion. When its suckers are examined by a strong magnifying glass they are found to consist of very complex machinery, with hooks and stays, admirably adapted for hooking firmly to a proper object.

It is supposed that these parasites are created, not only for personal enjoyment, but for the good of the animals on which they feed. A great part of them, including all the microscopic species, pursue their avocations unknown to the creatures from whom they extract their nourishment. They cause no pain or irritating sense of their presence. Perhaps there is a surplus quantity of juices produced through the taking of food, which requires to be thus disposed of; or, there may be some unwholesome particles which would injure the organs, or pollute the circulation, which it is the office of these parasites to consume. Such a supposition, far from being extraordinary, is only analagous to other provisions of nature. Each of its departments has appropriate scavengers to devour the refuse of animal and vegetable substances. Birds, beasts, reptiles, fishes, and insects of various orders, perform this necessary work in the forest, the fields, the water, and in populous cities of the East. And why should there not be similar workers in the streets, lanes, and nooks of a living body? When we consider the strange compounds that are swallowed, the delicacy of most of our organs, and the facility with which the capillary tubes would be hurt or impeded, we shall not wonder at nature's care in furnishing cohorts of invisible leeches to cleanse every part, and keep it from being overloaded.

Every creature has its use. The larger parasites, to which we only made a passing reference, and which breed in the feathers or woollen coats of various birds and beasts, are supposed to be of important service in cleansing the roots of the hair from various impurities which it is liable to contract; and which if allowed to remain undisturbed, might harden and seriously injure the pores of the skin. This may be the case even with those revolting creatures which infest the human body, when kept in an uncleanly condition; and their presence is a warning that healthful ablutions have not been attended to. They are at once a bane and an antidote We can easily understand such a position. An animal

may be repulsive, on account of its occupation, whilst its office is a dire necessity. Few persons would choose the employment of a chimney-sweeper, or a deporteur of offensive matter, and when in their dirty robes of office, they are naturally shunned by sensitive organs; yet their labors is needful, and we could not dispense with their assistance. So it is with some of those disagreeable creatures which nature employs to purify larger or smaller portions of the earth or its inhabitants. We instinctively repel them from us, without acknowledging the great obligations under which we lie to them for their ill-requited services. We import leeches from distant lands, and gladly avail ourselves of them to reduce an inflammation which is palpable to the senses; whilst we feel no gratitude for that abundant provision of nature which supplies us with thousands of unseen bleeders, who cause us no annoyance whilst they pursue their unwearied task of preventing a plethora. But the regular and unperceived works of nature are far more wonderful and kind than extraordinary cures or flashy expedients. A sensitive imagination may shrink from the idea of his body being a world sustaining a living population; whilst he hesitates not to engulf hundreds of animalcules at every breath, and feels no repugnance at devouring scores of shrimps or oysters at a meal. Why should we grudge a little superfluous juices to afford food and enjoyment to thousands of useful parasites?—*Hogg's Instructor.*

THE SPANISH LADYE'S LOVE.

(*Being an Old Ballad altered to suit the times.*)

Would you hear a Spanish ladye
How an Emperor she won?
Very marked attentions paid he,
But she was not to be done.
The belle of all the Tuilleries balls was she,
And had a gross of titles and a mile of pedigree.

To be mistress of the master
Of the French she was too high;
Cupid's bonds did hold him faster
All the more that she fought shy;
In her charming company was all his joy,
But to favour him in anything he found her coy;

Till at last he gave commandment
At Compiègne a hunt should be;
To chase the dear was his intention—
But not the one spelt double e.
Then said the ladye milde, "His game I see,
But mine is not a heart that's caught so easilie."

"Gentle ladye, show some pitie;
I'm an Emperor—no lesse!"
But the ladye was too wittie
To be caughte with chaffe, I guesse;
"There's one way from my chains yourself to free,
My gallant Emperor—that is, to marry me."

"Aught I'll swear, so thou but love me;
See, on marrow-bones I goe!"
"Sire, fair words no parsnips butter,
Swearing don't coste much, you knowe.
Some people I have known swear over nighte,
Who all their oaths next morning have forgotten quite.

"The Assemblie saw no reason
'Gainst your treading Gallic grounde;
Then all traitors and all treason
How you swore, Sire, to confounde!
But now the Assemblie you have overthrowne,
And in their place you sit, as Emperor, alone."

"Hold your tongue, free-spoken ladye,
Hold your tongue, you are a bore:
Of fair ladies there are plentie,
France doth yielde a wondrous store;
Spaniards to their own fortunes may be blinde,
But the French ladies to my prayer will be more kinde.

"Yet forgive me, lovely Spaniard,
You alone possess my heart;
And with thee, if so it *must* be,
My Imperial crowne I'll part.
With all the Royal houses to wedde I've done my best,
But all decline the honor—Cobourgs 'mong the rest."

"I have neither golde or silver,
To maintain me in such place;
To be Empress is great charge,
As you know, in any case."
"My cash and jewels every one shall be thy owne,
The sums I've made by dabbling in the Funds are quite unknowne."

"On French thrones are many changes,
Quick they fall who quickly rise;
Then the way you've been behaving—
Poisoning, shooting, telling lies!"
"A better man henceforth I mean to be,
And all the credit of the change they will set down to thee!"

"Then your friends, Sire, of both sexes,
Have a reputation sad;
Louis Quinze and his Dubarrys,
Other Louis are as bad."
"I'll set them all a packing, whate'er age, sex, or claims,
Till your court's dull and decorous as that of sour St. James."

"Well, Sire, upon these conditions
I to share your throne consent;
Spanish ladies are no greenhorns,
With bare love to be content;
But Empress—though of such an Emperor—to be
Is a chance I can't resist, though a true blue-blood grandee."

Affection is the stepping stone to God.

Will is the root, Knowledge is the stem and leaves, Feeling the flower.

The human heart is made for love, as the household hearth for fire; and for truth, as the household lamp for light.

To wish that others should learn by our experience is sometimes as idle as to think that we can eat and they be filled; but when we find that we have ate poison, it is doubtless mercy to warn them against the dish.

THE DREAMERS.

A TALE OF IRISH LIFE.

It was on a fine harvest morning, when nature, decorated in her rich robe of natural beauty, wears the smiling appearance of pleasure and plenty, that old Nona na bocough (Nona the Cripple) sat on the little bench outside of her cabin door.

She looked sharply about her as she sat at her cabin door this beautiful morning. "Well," she said, thinking aloud, "it's not for nothing that the rap came to my door so early, before the birds were awake on the boughs—and it's not a good sign to see a black beast or bird the first in the morning—and I did not like that raven I saw flying about Ulick Maguire's house when I looked out—besides, I have been dreaming that one of my teeth fell out last night; umph! I'll lose a friend—I'll lose a friend that's certain; however the will of God be done; he knows what is best for us, what we can't know ourselves; and that he'll give us, glory be to his high and holy name. But as I live here's Kathleen coming in haste—I hope there is no harm."

The person she spoke of was a young girl about fourteen or fifteen years of age who with flying hair, flushed countenance, kilted petticoat, and bare legs, came running to her.

"Well, Kathleen, do you want me, or what is the matter with you?"

"Oh, Nona, the misthress wants you above the world; she says you must come over immediately; she has something to say to you."

"Is she sick, Kathleen?—is Ulick sick?—or has any thing happened good or bad?"

"Why they are all well, thank you kindly Nona —but the misthress is some way uneasy in her mind and wants to see you about it."

"Well tell her, Kathleen, that I'll be over after you the very minit I put on my clean cap and kerchief. I'll make no delay."

"Well, good morning, Nona."

"Good morning, Kathleen, and God bless you child; and mark you to his holy grace, and amen."

Away ran Kathleen with the speed of a frightened doe, and old Nona pursued her soliloquy.—"Well, as I said before, the Lord bless us. I am afraid there is something bad over some one in the neighborhood. Heaven preserve Ulick Maguire and his family at any rate, for they are good."

Ulick Maguire was a farmer in Nona's neigborhood, who married about six months previous an interesting girl to whom he had been long attached, and by whom he was tenderly beloved. He was in very happy circumstances, and generally esteemed by those around him as an obliging neighbour and a good, sensible, well conducted young man. Mary, his handsome wife, was sitting, in a melancholy posture with her head leaning on her palm, by the fire side, when old Nona made her appearance at the cottage door.

"God bless and save this house and all that's in it, and all that's out of it belonging to it; may neither sickness, sorrow, trouble, or unquietness ever enter under the roof," said Nona, devoutly crossing herself as she entered.

"You're welcome, Nona," said Mary, "sit down here and rest yourself."

"Well, child," said Nona, taking a seat opposite the young woman, and looking earnestly and anxiously into her face; "what is it that troubles your mind?—You dont look to-day like the smiling girl, I saw here on Sunday last—but tell me, what is it that troubles you?"

"Oh! Nona, I had such a horrid dream last night that I think still that it is half real, it terrified me so; my heart is beating fearfully yet."

"Dreams my child," said the sagacious old woman "often come from God; but there are many which we do wrong in attending to; indeed almost every one, so don't let this trouble you."

"But Nona, this was such a one as I never dreamed before in my whole life; it makes me shudder even now; but I will tell you, Nona, and you are a wise woman to judge for yourself. I thought I was on the road by *Shemus dhu more* O'Flanagan's, (big black James) who you know was courting me a long time, and was so very mad when I married Ulick that he vowed he'd have revenge; and though the priest told him the sin of it, and the badness of what he said, still he is a dark *budhough* (churl) and wont forget: well I thought I was there, and that I had a beautiful hound along with me that I was very fond of, and that a great raven dashed at him and killed him in an instant; and that he then tore out his bowels and flew away with his heart. I then thought I was running home when I met a funeral and all the people sprinkled with blood; and a stream of blood flowed from the coffin down to the ground. I thought they stopt me and laid the coffin at my feet, that they opened the lid and showed me Ulick all murdered, and his heart tore out. I was so frightened that I awoke and I can't content me to do even my business about the house."

"The Lord preserve all we wish well," said Nona, "and keep them out of the hands of their enemies and—" here she was interrupted by Paudien, a poor, harmless idiot, Ulick's first cousin, whose parents were dead; he lived with Ulick, and was attached to him with that degree of fondness which a dog bears his master. Paudien thrust his face in at the door, with that unmeaning grin which betrays the imbecile being who is deprived of reason.

"Ha! ha! ha!" he mirthfully exclaimed.

> "Riddle me, riddle me right,
> Tell me what I dhreamt last night?
> All the birds in the air, all the fish in the say,
> Could'nt tell me what's that dhream to-day."

"Oh, Paudien go away," said Mary, "your breakfast is not ready yet avick, go away like a good boy."

"Let him alone," said Nona, "till we hear what he says about his dream."

"Did you dream, too?" he asked as he advanced cautiously inside the door; then recognising Nona, "the queen ov the fairies scatther a shower of blessings on you."

> "There was an ould woman that lived alone,
> Alone, alone.
> She'd a cat, three ducks and a hen, all her own,
> Her own, her own."

"But I'll vinture to gether a bag ov misheroons (mushrooms) as big as the horn of Knockaree for any ov you's that 'ill guess my dhream."

"Come, Paudien," said Nona soothingly, "come, like a good boy, and tell me your dhream? to *me* Paudien."

"Ha! ha! ha! pusheen cat,
God bless your soul and gi' me that."

"Well, then, I'll tell you—listen to it all; listen I say!"

"His beak was drooping with warm gore,
The bowels from out the good hound he tore;
With his raven wing he flapped his prey,
Then he croaked and flew with the heart away."

"Then again, are you's listenin'?"

Then there came a coffin and pall,
With a crowd. and bearers, and keeners, and all,
And blood was sprinkled on all around,
And streamed from the coffin along the ground."

"Oh, Nona, dear," said Mary convulsively seizing the old woman's hand, "my very dream! as I live and breathe there is something in such dreaming; you look sad, too, Nona, what do you think?"

"Make yourself easy," said Nona, "he might have been listening to you telling me about it.—The dream itself is certainly an ugly one, I acknowledge, but then God is good and merciful, and you are too good Mary, and Ulick's too good to deserve the Almighty's anger, so don't fret child; but put your trust in him that never deceives, and pray to him to turn away any evil that may hang over you." Thus Nona sought to calm the agitation of the trembling girl, catching even at the shadow of a probability to hide the fears that rose in her bosom, and the evident alarm created in the coincidence of Mary's fearful dream with that of the innocent Paudien. Still Mary was uneasy; thoughts that she could not control forced themselves on her:

"A secret grief was at her heart,"

secret even to herself.—

Ulick came in to his breakfast, and observed Mary silent and sad, though she was evidently forcing herself to taste the victuals; but he soon perceived the efforts she was making to appear even easy.

"Mary dear," he tenderly enquired, "what is it that makes you so downcast this morning? has there any thing occurred to fret you? you don't look so pleasant as you used to do; why dont you take your breakfast, Mary dear?"

"I can't Ulick, I can't eat; my heart is full and my mind uneasy; I can't eat any thing this morning."

"Well, tell me, Mary, what troubles you, you know I can't bear to see you so; and Mary if you love me (here his tone assumed a something of earnestness,) and Mary, looked up at his face anxiously and reprovingly, yet tenderly, "and I know you do," he added mildly, "tell me what it is that has made your heart full?"

"Oh! Ulick," she sighed, "I am very foolish, I believe, and I should'nt give way to half the fancies that come into my weak head; but you have sense, Ulick, and won't mind what a poor giddy girl like me thinks; but don't laugh at me; tell me I am wrong, but don't laugh at me when my heart is sorrowful."

"No, Mary, dear," tenderly replied the now alarmed husband, "I wont laugh at you; but for heaven's sake don't keep me in this state any longer; if it is any thing bad, tell me at once; I am thinking of fifty things; what is it that makes you miserable, and makes me miserable looking at you?"

"Oh! Ulick, I was dreaming about you last night a terrible bad dream, and I was so frightened that I sent for Nona na bocough this morning, and she says——"

"Psha! and is that all," interrupted Ulick, "and are'nt you or ought'nt you be ashamed to give away to such fooling, and to alarm and frighten people from their breakfast with such childish nonsense that even the omedhaun Paudh would'nt think of such things?"

Here Paudien thrust in his whimsical physiognomy and sung in his wild strains.

"His beak was dropping with warm gore,
The bowels from out the good hound he tore;
With raven wing he flapped his prey,
Then he croaked and flew with the heart away."

"Ha! ha! ha! who'd think the ugly prchaun (raven or crow) could kill such a purty dog all out! but where was Shemus dhu more and his gun?—fire! ha! ha! ha!

"Then there came a coffin and pall,
With a crowd and bearers and keeners and all;
And blood was sprinkled on all around,
And it streamed from the coffin along the ground."

"There now, listen to that—see if poor Paudien hasn't being dreaming the very thing that I dreamed: O, Ulick! there is something in this—there is a heavy cloud hanging over me that I cannot account for, I am so much afraid"—

"Well, well, sure no one ever heard the like!—a woman and a fool—get out of that, you rhyming omedhaun, and if I catch you out of the corn field this day, I'll lay the black thorn on your lazy back."

"Oh! Ulick, don't speak cross to him, the creature—the hand of God is heavy on him, and he's so quiet and harmless that no one could have the heart to hurt him."

"Well, for God's sake, Mary, let me have no more of this; I'm going to the fair, so make yourself easy till I come back,—you know I'll be home early."

The fair was held in a little town, about two miles from the house of Ulick Maguire; his business was but of a trifling nature, and he expected to be soon home; but the meeting with one friend or another delayed him, and the night was falling fast and darkly, when Ulick turned to retrace his way to his own comfortable fire-side—but he never reached it alive:—yes, it is useless to conceal the thing for the sake of effect, Ulick was murdered that very night.

Poor Mary was anxiously expecting him the whole evening—night fell and she could not conceal her fears:—hour after hour passed, still no sign of Ulick, and she became more and more alarmed; she proceeded to town with one of the servant boys and the girl Kathleen; they inquired at every place where it was likely he might have called during the day, but they only heard that he was seen leaving the town in the evening by himself. They came home again—the night passed, a sleepless night with Mary—the morning dawned, no sign of Ulick, all was wonder and alarm. But what can paint their astonishment and horror? what words that I could use can convey an adequate idea of the scene, when poor Paudien leapt from his bed, and exclaimed, with all the energy he was capable of using—

"Ulick is kilt!—Shemus dhu more kilt him,

and buried him under the new ditch at the back of the garden: I dhreamt it all last night, every word of it. Now the ugly prehaun done his duty."

The neighbors crowded in; some went to a magistrate, and informed him of the mysterious affair; he came to the house, and heard the story from the distracted Mary. The new ditch at the back of O'Flanagan's garden was quickly levelled, and, beneath a certain part, the body of Ulick Maguire was discovered, with the skull nearly severed in two: search was made, but in vain, for O'Flanagan; he had absconded.

Some twenty soldiers, who had been relieved from guard, are assembled round a blazing fire, telling old stories of their young home-days, or chatting of their old adventures by "flood and field." One has not joined the group; he lay extended in silence and alone on the guard bed.

"Come, Dick Anderson, give us a song, we'll all go noddin', like Jem there, if you don't sing us something to rouse us," said one of the men, to a young hale Englishman with a fair brow, who sat enjoying the fumes of his pipe, with all the gusto of an epicure.

"Then by gum, you shall wait, Jack, till I ha' gotten this yere smoke to an end; I have no notion as how a man can sing and smoke a pipe at one time."

"Whistle, and chaw male," said a deep, sonorous, Irish brogue-tipped voice in the corner.

"Why, that's true, Dick," said the man who first made the request, "take your whiff—pull away, my hearty," and Dick enjoyed his pipe some minutes longer.

"I say, comrades," said another, "did you hear the news?"

"No," said one, "what?" said another, "why," said the first, "I hear there's a man to be flogged to-morrow, three hundred on the bare back."

"Who is he?" asked one, "what did he do," inquired another.

"Why, he kept a pipe in his mouth till he smoked it down to the very bottom," answered the first, such being contrary to the general rules and regulations, the standing orders, and mutiny act, and conduct unbecoming a soldier and a man."

Dick quietly resigned his pipe to this indirect claimant.

"Come now, Dick, let us have a verse, my son, your own favourite."

"Why now," said Dick, "I think I feel as though I should loike to have a drink of water."

"Come fetch Dick the bucket," and with a draught long and deep he slaked his thirst.

"Now," said Dick, "the very best day of my life I should prefer a good pull of yale to that there pure sort of stuff."

"Ay, ay, Dick, we dont doubt you, but let us have the song," and Dick after a few hems to clear his pipes, with a full harmonious voice trolled forth this merry ditty.

SOLDIER'S SONG.

Come, my love—O come with me
And oh! how happy we shall be:
O'er the mountain o'er the sea,
We'll rove along so merrily.

Woe shall never come us nigh,
Sorrow always pass us by;
Leaving, reckless as the wind,
Care a long day's march behind.

"Bravo Dick—that you may never lose the use of your voice!"

"Bravo, bravo!" was echoed from all quarters.

Still O'Flanagan lay extended motionlessly on the guard-bed, undisturbed by the noisy mirth around him.

"Now," said Dick Anderson, with the tone of one who has a right to make a demand, "I should loike very well to hear Moran there, spin us a yarn about them ere fairies, and such loike folk as he knows so well about."

"No excuse, Moran, you heard Dick's song, and you must give him a story: out with it old boy." "Oh!" said another, "let him alone for that, Moran was never backward in his part where fun or fighting was going on."

"Well, an sure boys," began Moran, with all the readiness of his nation, and the rich *patois* of a Connaught brogue, "myself id be sorry to refuse you's anything in rason, when we're so reg'lar entirely. Now I'll tell you's about an aunt's cousin ov my own, and what happened him one night. Do you's know where Lough Corrib is? O, the sorra know I suppose; well iv you's dont, I do; and that i'll do for us all, so you's all know Lough Corrib now as well as I do. Well, there was a young man, once upon a time, coortin a purty young girl, ov course, they were coortin for a long time, and used to meet every night in a shweet little shpot down by the lake, But to make my long story short, the big blackguard decaved the crethur, till she didn't know what had become ov her, 'Will you marry me Teady jewell,' says she, one night, 'an I in the condition I am in?' 'Divil a bit at this presint, Aileen,' says he; 'I'm goin to go to England, but maybe it id do phen I come back.' 'Well becomes her,' says she; 'I'll go to Father Luke, an he's my cousin Biddy's aunt's daughter's second cousin's son, and you'll see iv he won't do somethin on you, you bad man.' With that you see, Teady got frikened, and then he grew vexed, and that I may never enther a senthry box, but the villain murthered her on the spot, and threw her into the lake."

Here O'Flanagan started to his feet, with a deep, hoarse smothering groan of agony, and wildly exclaimed "O God!"

The soldiers stood up alarmed, and inquired what was the matter? "nothing, nothing," said he, recovering his self-possession; and he lay down quietly again, and Moran resumed his tale.

"Well, you see, afther the devil temptin Teady that way, he got no rest or pace, for she used to be hauntin him day and night: and one night as he was goin in his cot to a little island across the lake, who should he see comin sailin afther him like the wind, but the poor anforthenate Aileen that he murthered, an she all bloody. He shouted mi lia murther—but the divil a use it was, for she jumped into the boat, and the minit she got in she caught hould of him, and down sank the boat in the middle ov of the wather, an he or it was never seen afther."

Flanagan again leapt up all wild and terrified; his large fur cap hung behind at the back of his

head; the strap which fastened it under his chin had slipt up to his forehead, his eyes and ears were set in terror, and his hair stood erect.'

"For God's sake," he imploringly screamed, "have done—say no more. My God, my God!" apostrophising himself, "what will become of me!"

The sergeant, a keen old veteran, fixed his penetrating eye steadily on O'Flanagan, and observed with astonishment the workings of his countenance. O'Flanagan caught his eye on him and quailed beneath its searching glance: he appeared confused for a moment, but mastering his emotions with a strong effort, he continued, "My God! what a horrid dream I've had—I'm not right even yet;" and he paused as if recollecting his scattered thoughts. "No," said the sergeant, "I dare say not, nor will be for some time: a mind ill at ease gives frightful dreams;"

"What do you mean?" said O'Flanagan fiercely, *my mind is* at ease; yes," he added, lowering his high tone, "my mind is quite at ease."

"Why," said the sergeant, "I mean what I say just; but few folks say what they mean as I do, and I always suspect people to be either fools or knaves who act different from other men, without having some good reason for what they do."

"Psha-a!" said O'Flanagan, assuming a manner half careless and half contemptuous, and again extended his length in silence and darkness on the guard-bed.

Nods and winks were exchanged among the men, and half whispered surmises went round little to the credit of O'Flanagan.

The conversation gradually flagged round the fire, till at last it ceased entirely. The song of the singer was done, and the story-teller was silent for the night. The weary watchmen began to slumber about the fire, now waxing faint and dim, and the candles were fitfully flickering in their sockets, throwing the shadows of the herculean group in gigantic figures on the opposite wall. Jem Flanagan was sleeping alone, and entirely in the shade of the cold guard-bed, but his slumbers were broken and disturbed; he moaned painfully, and a slight convulsive shivering ran through his frame; his breathing became thick, short, and heavy; his moaning gradually grew loud and long, till at last extending into one wild, terrific, unnatural shriek, O'Flanagan again stood erect, panting and motionless; the fickle light exhibited his features, pallid and distorted, as he screamed in horror, conveying yells—"who, said I, killed Ulick Maguire?—who called me a murderer?—eh?"—and the last sound seemed to expire hollowly and fearfully in the uttering.

"Ha," said the sergeant, "is that the quarter the land lies; my fine fellow, I think I am right still."

"What is that you say?" asked O'Flanagan franticly; "was it you that said it? was it you that dared to call me a murderer?—there,"—and with one desperate blow, he felled the veteran to the earth.

He was soon overpowered, and made a prisoner. The sergeant, next morning, made a formal report of the transactions of the night. The colonel inquired the time O'Flanagan joined the regiment: "exactly the 25th of August last," answered the clerk.

"Let me have the hue-and-cry of that week," said the colonel; it was handed him, and he examined it with attention. He then proceeded to the prisoner's cell, accompanied by the sergeant and one or two of the officers.

O'Flanagan stood before him without changing a feature; he was much altered in his appearance, by even one night; his face was pale, his lips were compressed, and his looks firm and determined, yet tempered with something like calm resignation.

"O'Flanagan," said the colonel, "you are from ——"

"I am," said O'Flanagan, coldly and collectedly.

"Listen, while I read," said the colonel; O'Flanagan inclined his head, and bent his eyes on the ground.

"On the night of the 12th of August, on his return from the fair of——, a farmer named Ulick Maguire, was barbarously and inhumanely murdered, and a man accused of the murder, named James O'Flanagan, otherwise Shemus dhu more O'Flanagan, has since absconded. The said O'Flanagan is about 6 feet 3½ inches in height, black hair, dark complexion, and ——."

"You need read no more, colonel," interrupted the prisoner, "I am the man."

"You are an unfortunate man, then," said the colonel, "and I am sorry I can't do anything for you."

"I thank you, Sir, but I don't want you to do anything for me," said O'Flanagan, firmly. "I couldn't live with the load of such a crime bending me through life. I thought to live—I thought time might relieve me of the burden; but I daily grow worse and worse. I don't wish to live; I couldn't live *now*. Day and night *he* was before my eyes, mangled and bloody; now my life will pay for his, and I am satisfied to give it up; but I wish to be alone, as my bosom is relieved of its fearful secret."

The soldier who brought O'Flanagan his dinner, found him calm and easy; he merely requested a drink of water. Next morning the constables came to receive him from the military; they opened the cell, but Shemus dhu more O'Flanagan was a lifeless corpse: they found him hanging by his braces out of a clothes rack, and the chair on which he mounted was lying broken against the wall, on the spposite side of his cell, with such violence and determination did he kick it from under him.

He was buried that evening in the dark, and without the honors of a soldier.

NOTE.—It may be necessary to say here, that all the circumstances detailed above, are strictly true.

MEN OR GIANTS OF PRODIGIOUS STATURE.

OLD ANA IN A NEW DRESS,

Selected from a Magazine published in 1694.

WE read in the 3rd chapter of Deuteronomy, of a giant called Ogge, of the town of Rabath, who had a bed, of iron, which was nine cubits long and four cubits broad.

In the 17th chapter of the 1st Book of Kings

there is mention of Goliah, whose height was a palm of six inches, which is more than nine of our English feet. He was armed from head to foot; the curnat, lance and other armor which he wore weighed, of our weight, at least 500 pounds.

In the time of the Grecian Wars, after a great overflowing of the rivers, Salinus reports, that there was found upon the sands the carcase of a man whose length was 33 cubits, (which in our measure is 49½ feet.) A prodigious carcase! for the face must have been five feet in length.

Pliny reports that, after an earthquake, there was found in a mountain which was cleft by it, a body standing upright which was 46 cubits high. Some report it to be the body of Orion, but whose ever it was it must have been monstrous, for what can be thought of a hand seven feet and a nose two feet and a half in length.

Plutarch reports, in the *Life of Seutorius*, that in Timgy, a maritime town, Seutorious, to convince himself of the truth of what he had heard reported, caused a sepulchre to be opened, and found a body therein which was 60 cubits in length;—according to which proportion it must have been 15 of our feet in breadth, the face nine feet and the thumb three feet in length, which is nearly the dimensions of the Colossus at Rhodes.

It is reported by Symphoris Campesius, that at the foot of a mountain near Trapani, in opening the foundation of a house, a cave was discovered in which was found a giant who held in his hand a great post like the mast of a ship;—upon handling it, it all mouldered into dust except the bones. It was of so great a size that the head would hold five quarters of corn; from which proportion his length must have been 300 feet, the length of his face 30 feet, and his nose 10 feet.

Josephus Ancosta, in his *Italian History*, reports that in Peru were found the bones of a giant 18 feet high; and other histories are full of the description of giants of nine, ten, and twelve feet high.

In the Senate House at Lucerne, in the year 1584, I was shown, says an old author, the fragments of some bones of a prodigious size; they were found in a cave near the Monastery of Reiden, under an old oak which the wind had blown down. When I had considered them, says he, though they were wasted, spongy and light, I observed that they answered (though the skull was not there) to the body of a man, and wrote upon each of them what they were, as the lowest bone of the thumb, a cheek tooth, the shoulder-blades, a heel bone, and many others, all which differed nothing from the bones of a human body. These bones I compared with a skeleton of my own, and caused an entire skeleton to be drawn of such greatness, as all those bones would have made, if they had been whole and together; and it amounted to full 19 feet in height.

Walter Parsons, an Englishman, born in Staffordshire, was apprenticed to a smith, and grew so tall that a hole was made for him in the ground to stand in up to the knees, to make him adequate to his fellow workmen. He was afterwards porter to King James the First. He would think nothing of taking two of the tallest Yeomen of the Guard under his arms at once, and do with them as he pleased.

William Evans, born in Monmouthshire, may justly be counted the Giant of his Age, for he was full seven feet and a half in height. He was porter to King Charles the First,—he succeeded William Parsons in his place, and exceeded him in height two inches, but he was not so well proportioned as Parsons was.

WESLEYANA.

[The voluminous "Journals" of the Rev. John Wesley are replete with quaint and interesting matter, demonstrating that the writer was a wit and a humourist, as well as a divine. We subjoin a few extracts from the above volumes, of a non-theological character, and more may perchance, be forthcoming hereafter.—Ed. A. A. M.]

A WITTY RETORT.

Having been sent for several times, I went to see a young woman in Bedlam. But I had not talked with her long, before one gave me to know that, "none of these preachers were to come there." So we are forbid to go to Newgate, *for fear of making them wicked;* and to Bedlam *for fear of driving them mad!*

VOLTAIRE AND PASCAL.

I read over Pascal's Thoughts. What could possibly induce such a creature as Voltaire, to give such an author as this a good word? Unless it was, that he once wrote a satire. And as his being a satirist might atone even for his being a Christian!

CORPORATION OF ALNWICK.

We came to Alnwick, on the day whereon those who have gone through their apprenticeship are made free of the Corporation. Sixteen or seventeen, we were informed, were to receive their freedom this day: and in order thereto, (such is the unparalleled wisdom of the present Corporation, as well as their forefathers!) to walk through a great bog, purposely preserved for the occasion, otherwise it might have been drained long ago—which takes up some of them to the neck, and many of them to the breast.—1753.

CARISBROOK CASTLE.

In the afternoon I walked to Carisbrook Castle, or rather the poor remains of it. It stands upon a solid rock, on the top of a hill, and commands a beautiful prospect. There is a well in it, cut quite through the rock, said to be seventy-two yards deep, and another in the citadel, near an hundred. They drew up the water by an ass, which they assured us was sixty years old. All the stately apartments lie in ruins. Only just enough of them was left, to shew the chamber where poor King Charles was confined, and the window through which he attempted to escape.

A RARA AVIS.

I preached in Gwenap at five; and afterwards saw a strange sight—a man that is old and rich, and yet not covetous!

THE CHEVALIER RAMSAY'S PHILOSOPHY.

He undertakes to solve all the difficulties in the Christian Revelation, allowing him only a few postulates. 1st. That all human souls existed, and personally sinned in Paradise. 2nd. That the souls of brutes are fallen angels. 3rd. That pain is the only possible means whereby God himself can cure sin, and 4th, That he will in the end by the pains of Purgatory, purify and restore all men and all devils. Amazing work this!

OLD SARUM.

I walked to Old Sarum, which, in spite of common sense, without house, or inhabitants, still sends members to the Parliament. It is a large round hill encompassed with a broad ditch, which it seems has been of considerable depth. At the top of it is a corn-field; in the midst of which is another hill, about two hundred yards in diameter, encompassed with a wall and deep ditch. Probably before the invention of cannon this city was impregnable. Troy was! But now it is vanished away, and nothing left but the stones of emptiness.

STATUTE OF MORTMAIN.

To oblige a friendly gentlewoman I was a witness to her will, wherein she bequeathed part of her estate to charitable uses; and part, during his natural life, to her dog Toby. I suppose, though she should die within the year, her legacy to Toby may stand good. But that to the poor is null and void by the statute of Mortmain!

A SKY VISION.

Last year (1754) a strange letter, written at Penzance, was inserted in the public papers. To-day I spoke to the two persons who occasioned that letter. They are both of St. Just's parish, sensible men, and no Methodists. The name of the one is James Tregeer of the other Thomas Sackerly. I received the account from James two or three hours before Thomas came. But there was no material difference. In July was twelvemonths they both said, as they were walking from St. Just church towards Sanchrist, Thomas, happening to look up, cried out, "James, look, look! What is that in the sky?" The first appearance, as James expressed it, was three large columns of horsemen swiftly pressing on, as in a fight, from south-west, to north-east, a broad streak of sky passing between each column. Sometimes they seemed to run thick together; then to thin their ranks. Afterward they saw a large fleet of three mast ships, in full sail towards the Lizard Point. This continued above a quarter of an hour. Then all disappearing, they went on their way. The meaning of this, if it was real, (which I do not affirm) time only can shew.

"THE FABLE OF THE BEES."

I looked over a celebrated book, the Fable of the Bees. Till now I imagined there had never appeared in the world such a book as the works of Machiavel. But Dr. Mandeville goes far beyond it. The Italian recommends a few vices, as useful to some particular men, and on some particular occasions. But the Englishman loves and cordially recommends vice of every kind; not only as useful now and then, but as absolutely necessary, at all times, for all communities? Surely Voltaire would hardly have said so much! And even Mr. Sandiman could not have said more!

IMAGINATION.

I took a walk in the Charter-house. I wondered that all the squares and buildings, especially the school-boys looked so little. But this is easily accounted for. I was little myself when I was at school, and measured all about me by myself. Accordingly the upper boys, being then much bigger than myself, seemed to be very big and tall; qui[te] contrary to what they appear now, when I a[m] taller and bigger than them. I question if t[his] is not the real ground of the common imagin[a]tion, that our forefathers, and in general m[en] in past ages, were much larger than now, [an] imagination current in the world eighte[en] hundred years ago. So Virgil supposes [a] warrior to throw a stone, that could scarce [be] wielded by twelve men.

"Qualia nunc hominum producit corpora tellus."

Whereas in reality men have been, at lea[st] ever since the deluge, very nearly the same [as] we find them now, both for stature and unde[r]standing.

DOUGLAS.

To-day, Douglas, the play which has mad[e] so much noise was put into my hands. I wa[s] astonished to find it is one of the finest tragedies I ever read. What a pity, that a fe[w] lines were not left out, and that it was eve[r] acted at Edinburgh.

NOT OF THE PARISH.

I took my leave of Newcastle, and about noon preached at Durham, in a pleasant meadow near the river's side. The congregation was large and wild enough. Yet in a short time they were deeply attentive. Only three or four gentlemen put me in mind of the honest man at London, who was so gay and unconcerned, while Dr. Sherlock was preaching concerning the Day of Judgment. One asked: "Do you not hear what the Doctor says?" He answered, "Yes: but I am not of this parish!"

PEACE AT LAST.

I buried the remains of Joseph Yarrer. The peace which filled his breast, during his last hours, gave such a bloom to his very countenance as remained after death, to the surprise of all who remembered the cloud that used to hang upon it.

FROM JOHN CANADA,
(FOR SELF AND FAMILY,)
TO MAJOR CULPEPPER CRABTREE.

No. II.

DEAR MAJOR:

During the time I was inditing my last epistle to you, touching the self-glorification of Brother Jonathan, in his letter to John Bull, one of my juveniles came into my study, shouting out, "Oh, listen, listen! is not this funny?" "*Perge Puer*,"* said I, whereupon John, junior, proceeded as follows:—

"Why, cook, what are you thinking of so steadily?" said Martin.

"Why, I was thinking, sir," returned Mark, "that if I was a painter, and was called upon to paint the American Eagle, how I should do it."

"Paint it as like an eagle as you could, I suppose."

"No," said Mark, "that would not do for me, sir. I should want to draw it like a bat, for its short-sightedness; like a bantam, for its bragging; like a magpie, for its honesty; like a peacock, for its vanity; like an ostrich, for its putting its head in the sand, and thinking nobody sees it—" †

"Stop, stop!" said I, "that writer had a glance like an eagle, no doubt, but he did not write that about Canada!" and so I went on with my epistle. Since then I have reflected that as Brother Jonathan is a fast man—as he is born in a hurry, eats in a hurry, and goes a-head like "greased lightning," he could not wait until April for the remainder of my communication; so I wrote the accompanying note and had it put into his own hand by a member of the Charleston Jefferson Lafayette Guards and Sons of Freedom, who had been travelling in the Provinces, to see with his own eyes the melancholy fruits of our subjugation and slavery under British tyranny:—

FRIEND JONATHAN,—I suppose that as we are "slaves governed at a distance," there must be something worse in our estate than if we were "slaves governed at home." You have more experience in that department of government than we possess, or are ever likely to enjoy. We are thankful that the fetters, and cow-hides, and brutal slave-marts, and all the civilizing institutions of "slaves governed at home," have no existence in the Provinces. We are better pleased that the wail of mothers parted from their children is not heard in our households,—that the moralizing influences of the slave-breeding yards should cast the halo of their glory elsewhere. We know, and we bless God for it, that the instant the bondsman touches the soil of Britain, his chains are rent asunder; and we are proud and thankful to know, that amid the darkness and desolation of your "tutelage," the longing captive, as he pines in the night of his bondage, never casts his wistful eye towards the pole, without yearning for that land in the north, which it lightens, as the home of liberty. We want not your "tutelage"—without it, we are growing into "powerful communities."

My friend, the Major, has already given you satisfactory evidence of a truth which you don't like, I doubt not, to hear. When you informed John Bull that your population was so rapidly advancing to 100,000,000, why did you not tell him that we in the Canadas could boast of a progress even more surprising? Why did you not tell him that during the ten years between 1840 and 1850, the increase of population in the Free States was only 45 per cent. (that of the whole Union being 33½,) while the growth of Upper Canada has been 94 or 95 per cent. You might have told him that an increase of 50 per cent. has taken place, within the last seven years, in the county of Quebec; but, as you politely and kindly observe, "Figures are unhandsome things to introduce into polite writing, and very dull, too,* but they are, unfortunately, often necessary, in this arithmetical world." Now that we are dealing with figures, it may be well that you should lay the following aside for your next trans-Atlantic epistle:—

"To compare any of our cities as to growth, with cities of such world-wide repute as Boston or New York, may perhaps be deemed somewhat too bold. As this, however, is an adventurous age, it may be worth while, were it but to prove we are not behind the times, to run the hazard.

"Begin we then with Boston—New England's noble capital—which, taken all in all, is without question one of the finest cities in the world. Boston contained:—

* Which, being interpreted, may mean in Yankee parlance. "Go ahead, my boy!"

† Martin Chuzzlewit, pp. 410, 411.

* Especially when they tell in favor of a British slave Province.

In 1790, 18,038 inhabts.	In 1830, 61,391 inhabts.
1810, 33,250 "	1840, 93,000 "
1820, 43,298 "	1850, 135,000 "

—*World's Progress*, pp. 212, 694.

"Divide the above into two periods of thirty years each, Boston contained at the close of the first, about two and a half times its number of inhabitants at the commencement; while the close of the second shows three and one-tenth times the number of the beginning. The population of 1850 is eight times, or nearly, that of 1790: Toronto being in 1850 over six times what it was eighteen years before, to wit, in 1832; more than 75 times what it was 49 years before, or in 1801. Between 1840 and 1850, the increase is—on Boston, 45 per cent.; on Toronto, 95. The recent census makes the increase between 1842 and 1852—100 per cent.

"New York, the emporium of the New World,—a city that for its age, will, we suppose, vie with any on earth—numbered:—

In 1790, 33,131 inhbts.	In 1840, 312,710 inhbts.
1810, 96,373 "	1850, 517,000 "
1830, 202,548 "	

—*World's Progress*, pp. 444, 701.

"Its increase thus stands as compared with Toronto, two and a half times in the twenty years between 1830 to 1850, against six times in the eighteen years between 1832 and 1850, or nearly eight times in the twenty years between 1832 and 1852; sixteen times in sixty years against seventy-five in forty-nine; sixty-six per cent. between 1840 and 1850, against ninety-five.

"Hamilton contains now (1852) over five times its population in 1836,—an interval of only sixteen years. In 1850, Montreal contained over three times that of 1816; Quebec fully two and one-eight times—now over two and one-third—and Sorel about four and one-half times, or 6,646 inhabitants in the place of 1000.

"Perchance we may be asked how our Canadian cities compare in growth with Cincinnati, or St. Louis? Very favorably, we reply, as the following statistics prove:—

"The population of Cincinnati was in 1850,—when it reached 115,590,—about twelve times its amount in 1820, (thirty years before,) when it numbered 9,642—[*World's Progress*, p. 245];—while Toronto had, in the same year (1850) eighteen times its population in 1817—that is, thirty-three years before; and has now (1852) over twenty-five and a-half times.

"Davis's *Half Century* (p. 29) reports Cincinnati at only 82,000—nearly 24,000 less than the statement we have adopted. We give the larger number, because being professedly taken from the census of 1850, we suppose it the more correct; and because too we would do our neighbor full justice.

"Saint Louis contained in 1820, 4,597 inhabitants; and in 1850, 70,000—a trifle over fifteen times the previous number. Toronto, as we have seen, had in the latter year, eighteen times its population in 1817

"During the last thirty years our growth has thus. in its rate, exceeded that of both these cities, which among those of the West hold first rank."*

‡ Canada: its Growth and Prospects, by the Rev. A. Lillie. Toronto. T. Maclear, 1852.

I am sure that this information will please you. But we have not done with the subject of the growth of your great American cities. If your letter have any meaning at all—any logic—you must and you do convey the idea that your progress in the great cities of the Republic, and generally over the Union, has arisen from the fact that your institutions, as opposed to ours and to British institutions,—that your energy as "inventive, intelligent, daring, invincible, and sound-principled Americans," as opposed to the stupid, sluggish, and indolent condition of Canadian and British temperaments, have made your cities and states what they are. Now, what are the facts of the case? Hear the testimony of one of the leading men of the age, the celebrated Professor Johnston, of Durham University. I quote from his "*Notes on North America*":

"New York has certainly attracted many native-born Americans from the interior of the State and from New England to settle within its bounds, for the purposes of traffic, but it has drawn its main increase from this side of the Atlantic (the European). Every manufacturing district in Europe, and every large commercial port has sent its agencies and branch establishments with similar trading objects, so that during these sixty years New York may be said to have been built by Europe rather than by the exertions of America herself. This fact becomes more striking when we are informed that at the census of 1845 *two-fifths* (about 150,000) of the whole population were foreigners born, and that, with their children, these formed a considerable majority of the population. Were we to go back to the grandchildren, how many persons of what may be called real Americen blood would remain?" Vol. 2, pp. 376-377.

If the figures were not so unpolite and dull, it would be a capital subject were you to inform John Bull of the enormous amount of British funds that have been sent across the Atlantic, and which have so largely made New York what it is. Yes, British energy and British talent and industry have made Great Britain the workshop of the world, have covered the island with the monuments of her progress, and enabled her to send in unknown millions the dollars that have built your stores, erected your public institutions, permeated your country with canals and railroads, and thus materially raised the States to the position which they now so vauntingly occupy. Honesty and candor would give credit where credit was due, and no better example can be found than New York, whereby to show the

nature and source of American enterprise, when that enterprise is really so largely British in the elements of population, education, moral principle, industry, wealth, and successful application. To pass from New York to Philadelphia, would you learn what Great Britain is doing in that city? England admittedly has some energy, but the ignorant, idle, thriftless Irish, can they, in a city of such surpassing beauty and elegance, have made themselves of any social importance? Examine the leading streets, enter the magnificent mansions, look at the lofty and extensive stores, and witness the two or three-and-twenty crowded churches in which the Presbyterians of Ulster worship, and the numerous churches where the Roman Catholics of Ireland assemble, and deny, if you can, that Philadelphia is largely an Irish city. For fifty years the north of Ireland has been a great nursery in which the population of Philadelphia and Pennsylvania have been trained and educated. And then, again, as to funds and the sinews of commerce in this city likewise, very interesting facts could be revealed by "figures" as to the share of property in the gorgeous hotels and other buildings of this "metropolis," which belongs to the enslaved British capitalists, that are trodden under foot by a bloodthirsty aristocracy. There are times and places among friends where the truth oozes out. Yankees, friend Jonathan, have no objection that England should build up the prosperity of the States by her people and their wealth, but there are prerogatives which it is not convenient even in a land of liberty to accord to such generous benefactors. Hearken to a modern philosopher of your own:

"European *capital* and European *enterprise*, which have been eagerly and extensively seeking this country within the last thirty years, are now coming faster than ever; and one result of it, aided by some othar things that we could mention, is an extensive and increasing *European* ownership of property in the United States. Should this process advance as rapidly during the next fifty as it has during the last thirty years,* a large portion of the United States will be owned in Europe and mostly in England. Already do Europeans own the greater portion of our public debts, State and Federal, and even of our railroads and canals. They own extensively, under cover, large amounts of the best real estate in our seaports, and the American flag boastfully flaunts over more than one fine ship covertly owned in England.* We may add that, in New York at least, if not in New Orleans, not a few of the importing merchants are foreigners,† aliens, who have no intention of becoming citizens, and who, in their great business, involving millions on millions, pay no taxes."‡

For my part, I see little difference between England building railroads, digging canals, erecting stores, and contributing to commercial and social prosperity on the east or the west side of the Atlantic. It is England all the while; and nothing but a brazen-faced ingratitude and overweening conceit that struts and vapors in borrowed feathers and unpaid garments, and calculates on the ignorance of others, could exhibit such a spirit as your vain-glorious epistle displays.

It is sickening to read or hear the everlasting exaggeration and bombast of your press and orators on the subject of your endless fertility in invention, your progress in the arts, and the discoveries of your philosophers. Every paper in the Union will praise and laud to the skies "the genius of our great American Sculptor, Crawford, and anon it leaks out that he is an Irishman, from Donegal, in the north-west of Ireland. Agriculture would become a losing concern only for the inventive genius of our American farmers—and lo! some reaping machines have been *invented* and paid for or rewarded in Scotland and others in Northumberland, in England! London resounds with the fame of American productions, and by and bye it is found that the solid and useful articles have come out of the hands of English mechanics, and the fanciful and ornamental have been produced by the French or Italian artificer, whose skill and taste were matured in Paris or Florence! To quote again from Professor Johnston:—

"To appreciate the full force of what is said in regard to American mechanics and American mechanical skill, it is necessary to be aware of the kind of men with whom their workshops are filled. I went into some of the machine-shops, where the materials for the new line of steamers were in process of manufacture, and heard almost every working man talking with either an English or a Scottish tongue.

"I have a clever Englishman in my workshop,"

* The very period in which your country has so rapidly advanced. Have you gratitude to the people who helped you forward? The world can judge!

* What portion of the "Collins Line of Steamers" is really American, and what English? Figures could show, and the steam and vapor of American braggadocio might be condensed a trifle!

† The writer might have added Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore, &c.

‡ Public Ledger and Transcript. Philadelphia. Feb. 26th, 1852.

said a wholesale hardware merchant of Philadelphia to me, "and if any English article is wanted that we have never made, I send for him and ask him if he can have it made for me and he has never failed me yet."

Well and truthfully may the learned Professor add:—

"Workshops filled with British workmen are British workshops, on whichever side of the Atlantic they may be, and engines made by them are British engines; so that we in reality feel no jealousy in being beaten by ourselves."—*Notes on North America, vol. 2. p.* 384.

The manly, generous and frank spirits of your Republic would be independent enough, especially when they are abroad, to admit the truth of these positions. They know that it was European enterprize that first peopled your shores,—it was the free spirit of British liberty that founded all your valuable social institutions,—it was the healthful stream of British population and British wealth and British religion that has carried your Union forward, and by wholesome infusions from year to year has leavened many a corrupted section of the country. I say your citizens when abroad, have courage then, to avow this —for after all what have you that is not British, except Mormonism and the Hicksite Quakers. Your religion, your literature—but more of this anon, your laws so far as they are valuable—all—all are British. You have a wide territory and prairies that invite the stranger. Britain came and bought at the beginning, and sends to you, from season to season, that which makes you as a nation what you are. Speak then of your prosperity, but give the credit where credit is due. Remember "*Qui facit per alterum facit per se*," and be assured that if you are not ashamed of your ingratitude all intelligent people know, as Professor Johnston* has well observed:—

"The poorest Irish immigrants who land at New York, Boston, Philadelphia, or New Orleans bring with them some money, the greater number enough to pay the travelling expenses of their families, to buy a piece of land, and to maintain them for a year. The fare alone from New York to Chicago in Illinois, is $15 a head, which is about £10 for a man and his wife and two children. The English, and Scotch, and German emigrants, appear to be better and more thoughtfully provided for than the Irish; but *Pat's* ragged coat, as the captains of steamers know well, often conceals more gold than the decenter garments of the emigrants from other countries. Taking rich and poor together it is a very moderate assumption, that the emigrants, on an average, carry out £10 a head, which for the 200,000, who land at New York alone, makes the sum of £2,000,000 sterling, added at once to the money capital of the districts through which they pass, and in which they settle. Then, a single year's labor of this 200,000, in agricultural operations upon new land, must add, at least £5 a head, or another £1,000,000 to the capital of the New States, while the increased consumption of imported articles by the added proportion, augments the Federal revenue which is derived from the duties levied upon imports.

"It is *Europe*, not *America*, therefore, that is the cause of the rapid growth of the United States —European capital, European hands and European energy. *If all the native-born Americans*, not being the sons or grandsons of Europeans, were to sit down and fold their hands *and go to sleep*, the progress of the country would scarce be a whit less rapid, so long as peace between America and Europe is maintained." Vol. 2, pp. 245–6.

And now, friend Jonathan, do not the actual facts of the case, does not the relative condition of your states and cities bear out all that is affirmed in this extract, and the preceding observations. If all your progress, and the greatness of your glory, is real American—pure and unadulterated—free from the base blood and truckling spirits of the Britishers —why has Bath, in the State of Maine, and Wilmington, in North Carolina—why have Richmond, in Virginia, and Nashville, in Tennessee—why have nearly every town and district north of Boston, and nearly every city and district south of Baltimore, stood still, or at least, advanced with tardy steps? Why have they not been enriched, and stimulated, and sustained, and carried forward by the energy, and wealth, and morality of the British immigrants. New York, Albany, Buffalo, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Cincinatti, St. Louis, Chicago and every place within the influence of the life-giving and life-inspiriting stream have grown as rapidly as the gourd of Jonah? If it be said that the New England States lie to the north, and have a poor soil— does not Canada East lie farther north? or is climate to be an apology for the Yankee, but not for the Canadian? Is a warm climate to account for the stereotyped condition of the South, notwithstanding the advantages of "our Institutions!" How comes it then, that Charleston, Savannah, Mobile, and New Orleans, the cities which contain the largest impression of British residents, and possess the largest British trade, are the cities that take rank next

* I am fond of quoting from "*Professors*," because they are appreciated in the States, whether as School-masters, Fiddlers, Tooth-drawers, Barbers, or Teachers of Theology.

in order to the British made cities of the middle States?

Don't deceive yourself, friend Jonathan, or think that others are deceived as to the cause of the great prosperity of the middle States and cities of the Union. New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin have flourished just in proportion to the ratio of the European element that has settled in them respectively. And so also with the cities and smaller towns.—Go where you will, to Iron-works, to Coal regions, and to towns rising up in such neighborhoods, and everywhere you find enterprise and progress associated with the presence and influence of the foreign element. And farther still, the districts and cities of the Union that receive the first shock of this impetus, are galvanized into the greatest prosperity. Why is New York "a metropolis," and Wheeling, or Sandusky places of moderate importance? Why is Philadelphia growing apace, and bidding fair to outstrip New York, while St. Louis, or Cleveland lag behind? Simply because the elements of their prosperity—a healthy, industrious, toiling population, are annually landed on their wharves, and as many remain as suffice to carry them forward, while the others, in finding their way to the interior, confer similar advantages on the districts and cities that lie on the path of their westward journey. Here you find a solution of the problem of the rapid growth of Eastern cities, followed by the growth of others lying still farther to the Westward;—here also, friend Jonathan, we have an important principle in its connection with the towns and cities of Canada.—I like to quote from "Professors," it is almost as genteel as to shake hands with a Judge, or a Governor:—

"It is thoughtless in travellers, to contrast the towns of Buffalo, Rochester, and Oswego, on the New York side of the Lakes, with Colburn, at the mouth of the Welland Canal, on the Canadian side of Lake Erie—or with Toronto and Kingston, on the opposite coast of Lake Ontario; to draw comparisons, unfavorable to Canadian energy and enterprise, from the relative prosperity of these several places. There is quite as much energy in the blood of Upper Canada, as there is in the British and German blood of western New York. But the local position of these towns of Upper Canada, and the condition of the inner country, forbids their becoming, for many years, equal in size, or in wealth to the towns I have named. Suppose Colburn, like Buffalo, being at the head of canal navigation, had as large and growing a population behind it, and as extensive and valuable western territory before it, *and that the highway from Europe lay through it instead of through Buffalo*, then Colburn would have rivalled or exceeded Buffalo, even at this early period of their several histories. But this slow town of Colburn, as many have called it, has, nevertheless, a great future before it. The natural outlet of this Western region is by the St. Lawrence. The Erie Canal is already unable to accommodate its traffic. As this increases with the growth of the North-Western States, more and more of it must proceed by the Canadian canals and waters, and drop its fertilizing contributions as it passes through the country. With the settlement of the interior also, and the increase of the means of inter-communication, Toronto, as the natural course of the cross-country traffic from Lake Huron, and Kingston, from its situation at the head of the St. Lawrence, will both become seats of commercial wealth, and towns of political importance."—*Notes on North America*, vol. 2, pp. 246-7.

When you addressed our venerable parent, had you set before him a full array of all your miles and acres of territory, had you told him of your towns and cities, of your commerce and social prosperity, and, in the language of filial gratitude, expressed a becoming thankfulness for the people and the means that made you what you are;—had you not manifested the supercilious pertness of the upstart, the mongrel smartness, that Yankee ignorance receives as wit;—had you said, in the genial spirit of a grateful bosom, "Behold, O parent! raised up by Providence to the highest rank of nations—behold the prosperity of thy children on the Western Continent! Mightier than Greece, and the parent of more blessings to the world than Rome—behold in the hearty life and vigorous pulse of this young nation, and in the giant strides and manly growth of our kindred neighbors, the guarantee that if in the East the sun of thy glory should set, it will shine onward in this Western world with a lustre that is perennial!" Had you not, in exhibiting your condition, shown a hatred of Britain, and of every country and people connected with Britain, that was not even veiled by the appearance of gravity, the calm of your self-complacency would not have been ruffled by this communication. You might have descanted on your greatness, and truthfully said, behold the influence of our British origin even in the legislation of our Empire State. You might have pointed to the following table, in which an instructive lesson is contained. Read it, I beseech you, and ponder it well:—

Table shewing the influence of British blood in the Legislature of the State of New York:

In the year 1850, there were of 128 members, the undermentioned members descended from a parentage from the father's or mother's side, that shewed a national origin, as follows:—

	By the Father's side.	By the Mother's side.
England	77	72
Wales	10	5
Scotland	10	10
Ireland	8	9
Holland	11	9
France	7	7
Germany	4	10

So that five-sixths of the whole were from the British Islands by the father's side, and about two thirds of the whole from England. You might have pointed to your army, also, and while expatiating on the martial achievements in Mexico, you might have honestly admitted that a great proportion of your troops, both volunteers and regulars, were native-born Irishmen, and so largely was this the case, that many of your volunteer regiments were in this particular quite remarkable.* You might have hinted, also, at your obligations in the world of literature. You might have said that the great mass of all the books in your public libraries and in the studies of your ministers, and on the shelves of your bookstores, were either printed in Britain, or reprints of the standard works of the fatherland. You might have said that in no country does a greater deluge flow from the press than in the United States; but that the works which sell and keep their place, and inform and educate your men of intellect and learning, are mainly British. You might have said that in 1852, there were 1288 books printed in the United States, of which 322 were British reprints, leaving 966, of all kinds and sizes, as the produce of the American mind,—that these 322 would live and sell, and that of the 966, as many as were pilfered from the British authors* would live, also, but that before the year was expired, the great mass would be in the dead sea of oblivion. Perhaps you cleared your conscience by the following avowal:—"It is also a happy sign, which I get from the publishers, that the best books generally sell best,—by which I mean, solid, well-written, instructive books,—not your Reynolds' and Ainsworth's romances, but the works of Macaulay, Carlyle, De Quincey, Alison, Bulwer, Dickens, Thackeray, Bancroft, Prescott, Irving, &c." Be assured that even this array of names, British as they are,—the last three honored ones excepted,—gives no adequate idea of the indebtedness of the Union to British mind and British talent. In the departments of science, antiquities, classics, history, and every branch that is profound and influential on the nation's mind, your only refuge is in the intellectual wealth of Britain and the Continent.

So far I have been compelled to go, in vindicating Britain, even in attempting to explain the relative position of the States and Canada. The age and circumstances of the Middle States—the places which have prospered—when compared with the British Provinces, are adequate to account for their respective development. "Retarded by our slavery?" We cast the slander back with indignation! We possess all freedom for healthy social action and under the care of a liberal, generous government we are growing apace in all the elements of a stable, healthy, and free nationality. Our liberty has not become anarchical, and our legislation is not a synonym for flagitious turpitude and disgraceful peculation. Our Judges wear unsullied ermine, and our laws are not the spawn of bribery and corruption.† There are departments in which we concede your superiority. Our halls of legislation have never yet become a boxing

* During the war of 1812-14, just before one of the actions near Washington, the English and American troops were separated by a stream, which position they occupied until the following day. In the twilight an American soldier approached the stream, and in a loud voice called over. "Is there any one there from Saintfield [a market town in the county of Down, Ireland]?" "Yes," said a British soldier "I am from Saintfield; who are you?" "Oh, my name is James Thompson; what do they call you?" "William Young." "How long are you in America, and where do you come from, and who was your father? These questions were answered, and the genealogies and birthplaces of the two young men settled, who were born within a mile of each other, and their histories traced. After a lengthened conversation, in which they renewed their acquaintance, one of them said.—"Good night." "Good night" said the other. They parted, and next day this Britisher and this *American* were face to face in mortal combat.

* Again and again, when London publishers have heard a good report of a work in America, and have procured and published it, they have learned to their surprise from another London house, that it is a British copyright with a new name and additions or subtractions—and thus their capital is lost by the speculation. One notorious *author* is well known to buy English works, cut out the title page, hash the volume, and publish it under his own name, being sure that some of them will sell!

† See "Polities for American Christians," and all the periodicals that can afford to speak out. The last item we have heard of Congress purity is the statement that a bill has not yet passed (which certainly should have been granted long ago), as only $800,000, was the spoil to be divided among these patriotic sons of purity and freedom.

ring, and our senators consult not at the pistol's mouth. Our Judges are men in whom all classes can confide, for they are not the nominees of the rabble, and they hold their office as the dispensers of law and equity. We can produce no parallel in any section of our country to the unhallowed abominations that prevail in the States, from the East to the We t. Would you like a specimen? Take the following:—

A Remarkable Scene.—"On Saturday last the shocking spectacle was witnessed in our city, of a criminal indictment being brought into one of our courts against the judges themselves. Men whose sworn office it is to hear and determine cases of alleged violation of law are themselves arraigned as criminals of the worst sort! It will not strike our distant readers with all the force it does those living on the spot, but it is an event which deserves to be pondered far and wide, as a practical comment upon the theory of government. The public have long had reason to believe that a degree of profligacy and corruption exists in the governing councils of this city not elsewhere easily matched. At last the prevalent impression has taken the shape of actual testimony, and the truth distances expectation. A Grand Inquest, charged with the duty of investigating the rumoured malfeasances of our city officials, came into court on Saturday last, and after reciting sundry instances of corruption which had come to their notice, and more than hinting that there were other and grosser cases of fraud in high station which, but for the conniving absence of witnesses or their refusal to testify, they should have presented for judicial investigation, they deliberately presented two out of the three judges on the bench before them as guilty of bribery and most shameless corruption!" —*New York Independent*, *March* 3, 1853.

Or, perhaps you prefer a specimen from the West? If so, here is one at hand:—

"The subject of duelling is attracting attention, and an effort made to enact a stringent law, and such an one as can be put in force. It is wanted bad enough through the elements of California: society is such, that violence will exist, and personal rencontres will take place. It is only the other day that the Honorable Judge Murray attacked Mr. Conner, a member of the Assembly, for speaking in a free and open manner, on the floor of the Legislature. A short time since, two members of the great California Legislature had a personal conflict on the boat going up to the capital. General Estel talked about personal satisfaction and responsibility, &c., on the floor of the House, the other day; and here in town, a Judge of the Superior Court, had a personal rencontre with a public administrator. The former is a man totally unfitted for the office, but no matter, he is only one in a long category of similar tricky officials."—*Extract from Letter from San Francisco*, *Jan.* 31, 1853. *See Transcript*, *March* 8, 1853.

Need I advert to the murders which have made New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore famous all the world over, which in the second city have seriously affected the value of property, and in the last so terrified the inhabitants that churches have been closed in the evenings through dread of the savage and reckless population? Need I remind you of your leading cities, the tragedies of your firemen's fights and murderous mobs—and youths pervading your towns with knives and revolvers, have given you a deserved and world-wide reputation. Are not even your policemen armed with pistols, and in the exercise of a martial law, as if it were a time of siege or armed occupation, are they not called upon to shoot your ruffians down? And yet, in face of all this, you have the temerity to say, "It is certain that there is more public order in the United States than anywhere else!!" Oh! spirit of the Cockney Dickens,—is this the chirping of the Bat, or the crowing of the Bantam?

We are not ashamed of our progress, and we can exhibit our "figures" when assailed. We desire to cherish a spirit of amity where amity can be maintained,—but as far as the ratio of population, the spirit, industry, comfort, morality and general happiness of our people are concerned, we yield to no nation on earth. We have already exhibited a specimen of our progress, in this letter, and there is abundance of the same material ready at hand.

The connexion of Imports and Exports with a people's industry and comfort is obvious—how then do our people stand in relation to some of these points when compared with the United States? The following returns will shew:—

"The total customs received into the Treasury of the United States, for the year ending June 30th, 1849, amounted, as given by the American Almanac for 1851, to $28,346,738 82 cents—that is, between eleven and twelve times the customs of Canada (£615,694 13s. 8d.—$2,462,778 74 cts.) with a population more than fifteen times ours.

"The value of the products of the United States exported in 1849, was $132,666,955—*American Almanac*, 1851, *p.* 172)—less than thirteen times ours in 1850 (£2,679,998, or $10,679,992) for a population fifteen times as large.

"Between the value of the imports of the two countries, for the years specified, the difference is still greater, those of the States being under nine times ours—to wit—$147,857,439—against £4,245,517 or $16,982,068."

The intelligence of a people is shewn not by the number of the Newspapers they possess, so much as by the intellectual and moral

elevation of their contents. Judged by this criterion, a more demoralizing agency than a great portion of your Republican press is known to be, could exist in no country. Its vile slang, its descending to the level of the lowest in tone and sentiment, instead of lifting the readers to a higher and purer position, its murderous, reckless attacks on character, its pandering to the prejudices and passions of the mob, are deplorable, and lamented by the moral and virtuous of your people. And yet in numbers we can compare with you, and in talent we feel that we are not behind :—

"Mr. Smith tells us that the number of newspapers in Canada in 1810 was five, which were all published in the Lower Province. Kingston has now, if I am not mistaken, as many; Hamilton has, I believe, one more; Quebec somewhere about twice, and Montreal and Toronto each more than thrice the number. Canada West, which in that year had none, and only eight or ten when Bouchette published, (vol. 1, p. 111,) must, I conclude, from a list I have just seen, have over ninety—not much probably under a hundred. The whole number in the Province I cannot positively say; but judge it must be at least a hundred and fifty—or thirty to one what it was forty-two years ago.

"This, I am disposed to believe, our friends on the other side would call *going ahead.* Ninety where within the memory of by no means "the oldest inhabitant" there were none, they would, at all events, recognise as a very credible advance.

"On few things do our neighbors pride themselves more, justly we believe, than on their newspapers. Yet, young as we are, we have nothing to fear from comparison even here.

"The number of newspapers in the United States, as stated by Davis in his *Half Century* (p. 93) was 200 "as nearly as can be ascertained," in 1800; 359 in 1810; 1,000 in 1830; 1,400 in 1840; and in 1850 about 1,600. Of this last number 371 were in the New England States, and 460 in New York. The *World's Progress* (p. 445) reports 1,555 in 1839. A calculation I have lately seen reckons them now 1,800.

"Taking this latter as their present number the supply would be, in proportion to population, equal to about 180 to us; or 90 to Canada West, which is rather under than over the fact."

And farther still on the all important subject of education, we have nothing to be ashamed of, although we have yet much to do, as the country is opened up to the increase of our people. The following particulars, derived from the Chief Superintendent the Rev. Dr. Ryerson's very valuable Report for 1850, are worthy of your observation :—

"The number of Common Schools in operation in 1846 was 2,589; containing 101,912 pupils, and being sustained at an expense of £67,906 19s. 1 d. In 1850, the schools numbered 3,059, and the pupils 151,891; with an expenditure of £88,429 8s. 7½d.—an increase of 470 on the schools; 49,979—close on fifty per cent.,—on the pupils; and, on the amount of expenditure £20,522 9s. 5½d. Besides this, £14,189 14s. 0½d. was appropriated to the erection or repair of school-houses—an item of which, previous to 1850, no return was made. As compared with 1842 the sum available for the salaries of common school teachers was considerably more than double—being £88,429, against £41,500.

"Between 1847 and 1850 the private schools have increased in a still greater ratio, having advanced from 96, with an attendance of 1,831, to 224, with 4,663 scholars—a result gratifying on a variety of accounts. The Academies and District Grammar Schools have advanced, within the same time, from 32, with 1,129 pupils, to 57, with 2,070; which is nearly doubling both the institutions and their attendants in the brief space of three years.

"The grand total in attendance on educational institutions was in 1842, 65,978: in 1846, 101,912; and in 1850, 159,678.

"Compared with previous years there is in 1850 some diminution in the number of pupils in Colleges and Universities; which will, we trust, prove only temporary, the attendance having risen between 1847 and 1849, from 700 to 773.

"The following particulars, derived from the American Almanac for 1851, will assist us in forming an idea as to how we stand when compared with our neighbours, in regard to the number of our common schools and the parties being educated in them, with the sums expended in their support.

"In Ohio, with a population over two and three-fourths ours, there were in 1848, 5,062 schools, with 94,436 pupils, sustained at a cost of $224,801 44 cents—or £56,200 7s. 3d.; of which $149,205 44 cents were from public funds, and $75,506 from other sources (p. 277.)

"Illinois, whose population is over a fourth more than ours, had in 1848, 2,317 schools, with an attendance of 51,447 pupils, supported partly by the proceeds of a school fund and partly by tax. The amount expended for the year I could not gather from the statement given (p. 286.)

"Michigan with a population nearly two-thirds ours, had in 1849, 3,060 schools, containing 102,871 pupils: towards the support of which $52,305 37 cents were paid from the School Fund, and $75,804 92 cents from taxation—in all $128,110 29 cents, or £32,275 1s. 5d.

"Michigan had thus in 1849, in proportion to its population, about the same number of scholars we had in 1850. While, however, the number of schools was a third more than ours, in proportion to population (one more only in fact;) the sum paid for their support was much under one-half—a circumstance which, when we consider that our teachers are under, rather than overpaid, suggests doubt as to efficiency. With them the number of female teachers is much larger than with us, which accounts, in part, for the difference.

"It would thus appear that in the very important matter of Common Schools we are decidedly before the states just named, which may, we suppose, be taken as a fair specimen of those of the west generally."

Yes, friend Jonathan, the Canadas, without your "tutelage," are growing "into powerful communities." We have our Welland Canal, at a cost of £1,400,000, and a revenue already of £30,000 per annum. We have our canals on the St. Lawrence—the Williamsburg, of four miles long, with six locks, at a cost of £245,000 ; the Cornwall, 11½ miles, with seven locks, costing £75,000 ; the Beauharnois, twenty-four miles long, with nine locks, costing £310,000 ; and the Lachine, nine miles long, at an expense of £350,000. We were not asleep in the erection of these works. Below Montreal, our works on Lake St. Peter have cost us £75,000, and we have expended on the harbour of Montreal itself the sum of £231,000. The bloodthirsty, tyrannical Home Government, at a cost of £800,000, have united the waters of Ontario with the great basin of the Ottawa by the Rideau Canal. Altogether, our sleepy, thriftless people have permitted the Legislatures of Upper and Lower Canada to expend on works connected with the navigation from the Lakes to the Atlantic the sum of £3,000,000 currency, or $12,000,000. Consider our age, our northern position, our currency and revenues, and even you will admit that if we are the slaves of Britain we prosper in our serfdom. We feel that we have a fair and fertile country, a land worth living in, a country worth contending for. With our mighty rivers, inland seas, and the chain of railways that will soon unite the Provinces in an iron bond, and bring even Goderich to the ocean in the winter season? We contemplate the future with thankfulness. We can afford to allow our neighbouring States the place that Providence has allotted them. You have 2,750,000 square miles of territory, and we in British America have 2,810,000 square miles—an ample domain. We have each our place and each our duties. Let duty be our watchword, and leave vaporing and boasting to the braggart. There are spots on the sun, and it is easier to find faults than to mend them.

Your friend and well-wisher,

John Canada.

—Such, my dear Major, was my epistle. Of course you who know the facts of the case, "the exact figures, &c.," are aware how much more might have been advanced. Had time permitted, I would have analyzed that valuable repertory of information—Smith's Canada (a work which does the author and the country credit), and sent the result to your correspondent. He has never had his eye off Canada since 1812, for even while looking of late with one eye to Cuba, he has squinted with the other to "the Provinces." The pear is not yet ripe, however; but the allusions of the late inaugural speech of the President (if the democratic targums expound it aright) show that the fruit is still most anxiously looked for. Let our friends be wise. The past should be sufficient to teach wisdom.

With much esteem, my dear Major,

Yours, as ever,

JOHN CANADA.

A HIT AT THE FACULTY.

Calling on a friend, I found him just seized with all the symptoms of a pleurisy. I advised him to apply a brimstone-plaister, and in a few hours he was perfectly well. Now, to what end should this patient have taken a heap of drugs, and lost twenty ounces of blood? To what end? Why, to oblige the doctor and apothecary? Enough! Reason good!—*Rev. John Wesley's Journal.*

THE FRENCH LANGUAGE.

I read over a curiosity, indeed, a French heroic poem—Voltaire's *Henriade.* He is a very lively writer, of a fine imagination ; and allowed, I suppose, by all competent judges, to be a perfect master of the French language. By him I was more than ever convinced, that the French is the poorest, meanest language in Europe: that it is no more comparable to the German or Spanish, than a bag-pipe is to an organ: and that with regard to poetry in particular, considesing the incorrigible uncouthness of their measure, and their always writing in rhyme, (to say nothing of their vile double rhymes, nay, and frequent false rhymes) it is as impossible to write a fine poem in French, as to make fine music upon a Jew's harp!—*Ibid.*

A FAITHFUL HUSBAND.

I talked with one, who by the advice of his pastor, had very calmly and deliberately, beat his wife with a large stick, till she was black and blue, almost from head to foot. And he insisted, it was his duty so to do, because she was surly and ill-natured. And that he was full of faith all the time he was doing it, and had been so ever since!—*Ibid.*

FOREST GLEANINGS.

No. VII.

FEMALE TRIALS IN THE BUSH.

BY MRS. TRAILL.

It has been remarked how much more prone to discontent, the wives of the emigrants are than their husbands; and it generally is the fact, but why is it so? A little reflection will show the cause. It is generally allowed that woman is by nature and habit more strongly attached to home and all those domestic ties and associations that form her sources of happiness, than man. She is accustomed to limit her enjoyments within a narrow circle; she scarcely receives the same pleasures that man does from travelling and exchange of place; her little world is *home*, it is or should be her sphere of action, her centre of enjoyment, the severing her at once forever from it makes it dearer in her eyes, and causes her the severest pangs.

It is long before she forms a home of comfort to herself like that she has left behind her, in a country that is rough, hard and strange; and though a sense of duty will, and does, operate upon the few to arm them with patience to bear, and power to act, the larger proportion of emigrant wives, sink into a state of hopeless apathy, or pining discontent, at least for a season, till time that softener of all human woes, has smoothed, in some measure, the roughness of the colonists' path, and the spirit of conformity begins to dispose faithful wives to the endeavor to create a new home of comfort, within the forest solitudes.

There is another excuse for the unhappy despondency too frequently noticed among the families of the higher class of emigrants; and as according to an old saying, " prevention is better than cure," I shall not hesitate to plead the cause of my sex, and point out the origin of the domestic misery to which I allude.

There is nothing more common than for a young settler of the better class, when he has been a year or two in the colony, and made some little progress in clearing land and building, to go to England for a wife. He is not quite satisfied with the paucity of accomplishments and intellectual acquirements among the daughters of the Canadians, he is ambitious of bringing out a young lady, fit to be the companion of a man of sense and taste, and thoughtlessly induces some young person of delicate and refined habits to unite her fate to his. Misled by his sanguine description of his forest home and his hopes of future independence, she listens with infinite satisfaction to his account of a large number of acres, which may be valuable or nearly worthless, according to the local advantages they possess; of this, she of course knows nothing, excepting from the impressions she receives from her lover.

He may in a general way tell her that as a bush settler's wife, she must expect to put up with some privations at first, and the absence of a few of those elegant refinements of life which she has been accustomed to enjoy; but these evils are often represented as temporary, for he has rarely the candour to tell her the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

Deceived by her lover and deceiving herself into the fond belief that her love for him will smooth every difficulty, she marries, and is launched upon a life for which she is totally unfitted by habits, education and inclination, without due warning of the actual trials she is destined to encounter.

There is not only cruelty but even want of worldly wisdom in these marriages. The wife finds she has been deceived, and becomes fretful, listless and discontented; and the husband, when too late, discovers that he has transplanted a tender exotic, to perish beneath the withering influence of an ungenial atmosphere, without benefitting by its swectness or beauty. I need hardly dwell on the domestic evils arising from this state of things, but I would hold such marriages up as a warning to both parties.

Some will say, but are these things so? and is the change really so striking between a life in England and one in the colonies? I speak that which I have seen, and testify that which I do know. Even under the fairest and most favorable circumstances, the difference must necessarily be great between a rich fertile country, full of resources, and one where all has to be created or supplied at the expense of time and money. But I speak more especially of those, who, living in the less cultivated and populous portions of the colony, are of course exposed to greater privations and disadvantages, as settlers in the bush must be.

In towns and populous districts these hardships are less remarkable.

I remember among many instances that have fallen under my notice, one somewhat remarkable for the energetic trials of female fortitude that were called forth by a train of circumstances, most adverse and unexpected.

A young man residing in our neighbourhood, of sanguine disposition and slender property, had contrived by means of credit and a little money to start a large concern, a saw mill, a store, tavern,

and other buildings, which were to form the germ of a large village Full of hopes of the most extravagant kind, if he deceived others, I believe he also deceived himself into the vain belief that all his various castles, were destined to make his individual fortune, and confer a lasting benefit on the country where they were situated. Under this delusion, and finding moreover that it was absolutely necessary to raise resources for carrying on his schemes, he went home, and was not long in forming an acquaintance with an accomplished young lady of some fortune. She was an orphan, and charmed with the novelty of the life he described, she consented to marry him and become the queen of the village of which he gave her so glowing a picture. Perhaps at that period he was not fully aware of the fact, that the property of the young lady was under the controul of trustees, and that the interest only was at her command, and fortunate it was for her that the guardians were inflexible in their principles, and resisted every solicitation to resign any part of the capital.

The young bride, accustomed to the domestic beauties and comforts of the mother country, beheld with dismay the long tract of gloomy pine wood through which she journeyed to her forest home, and the still more unseemly fields, blackened by charred pine and cedar stumps, in the midst of which rose the village, whose new and half finished buildings failed to excite any feeling in the breast but bitter disappointment and aversion ; and she wept and sighed for all that was fair and beautiful in her own beloved country, rendered now ten times more lovely by the contrast with all she beheld around her; yet though she was miserable and discontented, she clung with passionate love to her husband, and, with womanly fondness, made every sort of excuse for him—even to herself, and always to others. It was this love which, as it increased, upheld her as the sad reality of ruin arrived. Misfortune, as an armed man, came fast upon the devoted pair—every fair and flattering prospect vanished. Unable to provide for the satisfaction of his importunate creditors as he had expected to do from his wife's property, they would no longer be put off and he became a perfect prisoner in his own house. The land, buildings, all, faded as it were from his grasp ; even the yearly income arising from her money, had been forestalled, and all her costly clothing went by degrees, all her pretty ornaments and little household business were disposed of piece-meal, to supply their daily wants. All, all were gone, and with fresh trials, fresh privations, came unwonted courage and energy to do and to bear. She was now a mother, and the trials of maternity were added to her other arduous duties. She often lamented her want of knowledge and ability in the management of her infant, for she had been totally unaccustomed to the trouble of young children. To add to her sorrows, sickness seized her husband, he who had been used to a life of activity and bustle, scarcely caring to rest within doors, unless at meal-times was sunk under the effects of confinement, chagrin and altered diet, and a long obstinate intermittent ensued."

Though to some persons it might appear a trifling evil, there was nothing in all her sad reverse of condition that seemed so much to annoy my poor friend as the discolouring of her beautiful hands ; she would often sigh as she looked down on them and say, "I used to be so vain of them, and never thought to employ them in menial offices, such as necessity has driven us to.

Poor thing! she had not been trained to such servile tasks as I have seen her occupied in, and I pitied her the more because I saw her bearing up so bravely under such overwhelming trials; she who had come out to our woods, not two years before, a bride, a proud fastidious woman, unable and unwilling to take part in the best household labour, who would sit on the side of her bed while a servant drew the silk stocking and satin slippers on her tiny white feet, and dressed her from head to foot—who despised the least fare that could be set before her by any of her neighbors—who must despatch a messenger almost daily to the distant town for fresh meat and biscuits—and new white bread, was now compelled to clothe herself and her babe, to eat the coarsest fare, black tea unsweetened and only softened with milk, instead of rich cream which she walked twice or thrice a week to fetch from my house or that of my sister-in-law, bearing her stone pitcher in one hand, with the additional weight of her baby on her arm. So strange a thing is woman's love, that she, whom I had been wont to consider decidedly selfish, now showed a generous and heroic devotion towards the man whose thoughtlessness had reduced her to that state of poverty and privation that seemed to make her regardless of poverty. What personal sacrifices did she not make, what fatigues undergo? I have met her coming from a small field where oats had been sown, with a sheaf on her back, which she had cut with her own fair hands to feed an old ox —the only remnant of stock that escaped the creditors, and which was destined to supply the household with beef the ensuing fall. Yet she was quite cheerful and almost laughed at her unusual occupation. There was a poor Irish girl who staid with her to the last and never forsook her

in her adverse fortune, but she had been kind and considerate to her when many mistresses would have turned her out of their house, and now she staid with her and hel, ed her in her time of need.

One day I came to visit her, fearing from her unusual absence, that something was amiss with the child or herself. I found her lying on a rude sort of sofa, which she had very ingeniously made, by nailing some boards together, and covered with chintz, after having stuffed it with hay,—for she was full of contrivances; "they amused her, and kept her from thinking of her troubles," she said. She looked very pale, her fair hair being neglected, and there was an air of great languor and fatigue visible in her frame. But when I expressed my apprehension that she, too, had fallen a prey to ague or fever, she eagerly replied,—"Oh, no, I am only dreadfully tired. Do you know, I was wandering in the woods a great part of the night!"

"On what errand?" I inquired, in some surprise,—on which she related her adventures, in these words:—

"I had reason to suppose that English letters of some consequence had arrived by post, and as I had no one to send for them, to whom I dared trust them, I made up my mind, yesterday morning, to walk down for them myself. I left my little boy to the care of Jane and his father, for, carrying him a distance of so many miles, and through such roads, was quite beyond my strength. Well, I got my letters and a few necessary articles that I wanted, at the store; but what with my long walk, and the delay one always meets with in town, it was nearly sunset before I began to turn my steps homeward. I then found, to my great distress, that I had lost my faithful 'Nelson,'—[a great Newfoundland dog that accompanied her wherever she went.] I lingered a good while in the hope that my brave dog would find me out, but concluding, at last, that he had been shut up in one of the stores, I hurried on, afraid of the moon setting before I should be out of the dark wood. I thought, too, of my boy, and wondered if his father would waken and attend to him if he cried or wanted feeding. My mind was full of busy and anxious thoughts, as I pursued my solitary way through these lonely woods, where everything was so death-like in its solemn silence, that I could hear my own footsteps, or the fall of a withered leaf, as it parted from the little boughs above my head and dropped on the path before me. I was so deeply absorbed with my own perplexing thoughts that I did not at first notice that I had reached where two paths branched off in nearly parallel directions, so that I was greatly puzzled which of the two was my road. When I had walked a few yards down one, my mind misgave me that I was wrong, and I retraced my steps without being at all satisfied that the other was the right one. At last I decided upon the wrong, as it afterwards turned out, and I now hurried on, hoping to make up, by renewed speed, for the time I had lost by my indecision. The increasing gloom of the road thickly shaded with hemlocks and cedars, now convinced me I was drawing near swampy ground, which I did not remember to have traversed in my morning walk. My heart thrilled with terror, for I heard the long-drawn yell of wolves, as I imagined in the distance. My first impulse was to turn and flee for my life, but my strength suddenly failed, and I was compelled to sit down upon a pine log by the side of the path to recover myself. 'Alas! alas!' said I, half-aloud, 'alone, lost in these lonely woods, perhaps to perish miserably, to be torn by wild beasts, or starved with hunger and cold, as many have been in this savage country! Oh my God! forsake me not, but look upon the poor wanderer with the eyes of mercy!' Such was my prayer when I heard the rapid gallop of some animal fast approaching—the sudden crashing of dry boughs, as the creature forced his way through them, convinced me it was too near for escape to be possible. All I could do was to start to my feet, and I stood straining my eyes in the direction of the sound, while my heart beat so audibly that I seemed to hear nothing else. You may judge of the heartfelt relief I experienced when I beheld my dear old dog, my faithful Nelson, rush bounding to my side, almost as breathless as his poor terror-stricken mistress.

"You know that I don't often indulge in tears, even when overwhelmed with trouble, but this time I actually cried for joy, and lifted up my heart in fervent thankfulness to Him who had guided my dumb protector through the tangled bush to my side that night. 'Come, Nelson, I said, aloud, 'you have made a man of me.' 'Richard is himself again,' dear fellow, I shall fear neither wolf nor bear while you are with me. I then fastened my bundle about his neck for my arm ached with carrying it, and on we trudged. At first I thought it would be best to retrace my steps, but I fancied I saw light like a clearing breaking through the trees, and conjectured that this bye-road led in all likelihood to some of the bush farms or lumberer's shanties. I resolved to pursue my way straight onwards; nor was I mistaken, for some minutes after brought me to the edge of a newly burnt fallow, and I heard the

baying of dogs, which no doubt were the same sounds, I, in my fright, had taken for wolves.

"The moon was now nearly set, and I judged it must be between one and two o'clock. I peeped into the curtainless window of the shanty, the glimmering light from a few burning brands and the red embers of the huge back-log in the wide clay-built chimney showed the inmates were all asleep, and as the barking and growling of the dogs, who, frightened by Nelson's great size, had retreated to a respectful distance, had failed to rouse them, I took bush-leave, opened the door, and stepped in without further ceremony. On a rude bed of cedar sticks slept two females, the elder of whom was not undressed but lay sleeping on the outside of the coverlet, and it was with great difficulty that I managed to rouse her to a consciousness of my presence and my request for a guide to the mills. "Och! och! och! my dear crayter" she said, raising herself at last upon her brawny arm and eyeing me from under her black and tangled locks with a cunning and curious look, "what should a young thing like yourself be doing up and abroad at sich a time of night as this?"

"Good mother," I said, "I have lost my way in the bush, and want a lad or some one to show me the way to the mills."

"Sure," said the old woman, "this is not a time to be asking the boys to leave their beds, but sit down there, and I will speak with the master." She then pushed a rude seat in front of the fire, and roused up the logs with a huge handspike, which she wielded with strength of arm that proved she was no stranger to the work of closing in log-heaps, and even chopping, and then proceeded to wake her partner, who, with three or four big boys, occupied another bed at the farthest end of the shanty.

"After some parleying with the man it was agreed that at day-break one of the elder boys should be sent to guide me home, but not sooner. 'There Mistress' said the man, 'you may just lie down on my old woman's bed, the girl has the ague, but she is as quiet as a lamb, and will not disturb you.' I preferred sitting on my rude seat before the now blazing fire, to sharing the girl's couch, and as to a refreshment of fried pork and potatoes which my hostess offered to get ready for me, I had no appetite for it, and was glad when my host of the shanty and his partner retired to bed, and left me to my own cogitations and mute companionship of Nelson. One feeling was uppermost in my mind—gratitude to God for my present shelter, rude as it was, the novelty of my situation almost amused me, and then graver thoughts came over me as I cast my eyes curiously around upon smoke-stained walls and unbarked rafters from whence moss and grey lichens waved in a sort of fanciful drapery above my head. I thought of my former life of pride and luxury. What a singular contrast did it present to my situation at that moment. The red flashing glare of the now fiercely burning logs illumined every corner of the shanty, and showed the faces of the sleepers in their humble beds. There lay close beside me on her rude pallet, the poor sick girl, whose pale visage and labouring breath excited my commiseration, for what comfort could she have, either mental or bodily, I asked myself. The chinking in many parts, had been displaced, and the spaces stuffed with rags, straw, moss, wool and a mass of heterogeneous matter, that would have plainly told from what part of the world the inmates had come, if their strong South of Ireland brogue had not declared it past all disputing. Few and scanty were the articles of furniture and convenience. Two or three unplaned pinewood shelves, on which were arranged some tinware and a little coarse delf, a block of wood sawn from the butt end of a large timber tree, and a rude ricketty table, with a pork and flour barrel, some implements of husbandry, among which gleamed brightly the Irish spade, an instrument peculiar so the Irish laborers' cabin, and a gun which was supported against the log walls by two carved wooden hooks, or rests, such was the interior of the shanty. I amused myself with making a sort of mental inventory of its internal economy, till by degrees weariness overcame me, and leaning my back against the frame of the poor sick girl's bed, I fell sound asleep, and might have slept on till broad day, had not my slumbers been suddenly broken by the rolling of one of the big logs on the hearth, and looking over, I almost started at the sight of the small, sinister-looking eyes of my host, which were bent upon me with so penetrating a glance, that I shrunk from before them. In good truth more stout-hearted persons might have been justified in the indulgence of a cowardly feeling, if they had been placed in a simliar situation, so utterly helpless and alone; but my courage quickly returned. I thought it wisest not to show distrust, and addressed the uncouth-looking personage before me with a cheerful air, laughing at his having caught me napping. Yet I remember the time, when I was a youthful romance reader, I should have fancied myself into a heroine, and my old Irishman into a brigand; but in my intercourse with the lower class of Irish emigrants, I have learnt that there is little cause for fear in

reality. Their wild passions are often roused to a fearful degree of violence by insult, either against their religion or their nation, to acts of vengeance; but such a thing as murdering or robbing a helpless, unoffending stranger, seeking the hospitable shelter of their roofs, I never yet heard of, nor do I believe them capable of an act of covetousness or cruelty so unprovoked. While I thought on these things my confidence returned, so that I would not have hesitated to take the man for my guide through the lone woods I had to pass, trusting to this impression of the Irish character, which, with many defects, has many virtues, while that of hospitality is certainly one of the most prominent.

"The first streak of daylight saw the old woman stirring, to prepare their morning meal of pork and potatoes, of which I was glad to partake.

"One by one came stealing sleepily from their nests four ragged urchins, whose garments I verily believe were never removed for weeks, either by day or night. They all had the same peculiar smoke-dried complexion, a sort of dusky greyish tint, grey eyes, with thick black lashes, and broad black eyebrows, with a squareness of head and a length of chin which I have not unfrequently noticed as a characteristic feature in the less comely inhabitants of the Irish cabins. The boys stole looks of wonder and curiosity at me, but no one spoke or ventured to ask a question; however, they bestowed great marks of attention on Nelson, and many were the bits of meat and potatoes with which they strove to seduce him from my feet.

"When our meal was ended, I gave the old woman a small piece of silver, and, accompanied by Master Michael, the biggest boy, I left the shanty, and was glad enough to seek my own home, and find all as well as when I had left them, though some anxiety had been felt for my unusual absence."

Such were the midnight adventures of my poor friend. It was only one of many trials that she afterwards underwent before she once more regained her native land. She used often to say to me, "I think, if you ever write another book on the backwoods, some of my adventures might furnish you with matter for its pages."

I would not have it inferred from these pages that, because some young men have erred in bringing out wives, unsuited by their former state of life, to endure the hardships of a bush-settling life, there are no exceptions. I would warn all who go home for British wives, to act openly, and use no deception, and to choose wisely such as are by habits and constitution able to struggle with the trials that may await them. It is not many who have the mental courage that was displayed by her whose adventures I have just narrated.

SCRAPS.

Perhaps no work ever exhibited such general attractions as the celebrated "Travels of Lemuel Gulliver." The air of simple veracity and minuteness of invention maintained throughout by the writer, causes "Gulliver" to be wonderfully amusing; whilst the rich satire with which it abounds is able to gratify the most cynical mind. "Gulliver's Travels" were given to the world under the mystery that usually shadowed Swift's productions. It offered personal and political satire to readers in high life, incident to the vulgar, marvels to the romantic, wit to the young and lively, lessons of morality and policy to the grave, and maxims of deep and better philanthropy to neglected age and disappointed ambition.

Young readers do not view Gulliver as a satirist, but simply as an adventurer. It is right that future youthful readers should know that the voyage to Lilliput refers chiefly to the court of Anne and George I., and to the politics that prevailed during Walpole's administration. Sir Robt. Walpole is plainly intimated, under the character of Flimnap. The factions of high-heels and low-heels express the factions of Tories and Whigs; the small-endians and big-endians, the religious division of Papist and Protestant; and, when the heir-apparent was described as wearing one heel higher than the other, the Prince of Wales (afterwards George II.), who at that time divided his favors between the two leading political parties, it is recorded, laughed heartily at the comparison. Blefusco is France. Some passages of the court of Brobdignag were supposed to be intended as an affront upon Queen Anne's maids of honor. The voyage to Laputa ridiculed the Royal Society, then just formed. Swift here satirizes Sir Isaac Newton, on account of an accidental error of calculation which crept into the philosopher's great work. The office of flapper was suggested by Newton's habitual absence of mind. The idea of the satire of Laputa itself is taken from Rabelais.

It was no motive of regard for mankind that originated this work. "The whole building of my Gulliver's Travels (says Swift) is erected upon a foundation of misanthropy. The chief aim I propose, in all my labors, is to vex the world rather than divert it."

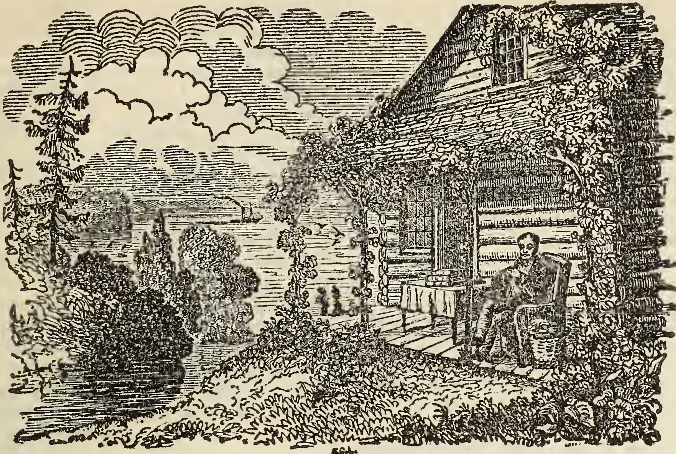
We perpetually fancy ourselves intellectually transparent when we are opaque, and morally opaque when we are transparent.

The firm foot is that which finds firm footing; the weak falters, although it be standing on a rock.

Every man's follies are the caricature resemblances of his wisdom.

Lies are the ghosts of truth—the masks of faces.

People who do a wrong, seldom have any difficulty in finding out excuses and justification for it.



THE EDITOR'S SHANTY.

SEDERUNT X.

[SCENE:—*The Shanty. Present—The Major, Laird, and Doctor.*]

LAIRD—What are ye glowerin' at sae lang and intently, Doctor? Ye're een are as bright as twa bawbee dips.

DOCTOR—I was thinking over the contents of a rather unpleasant epistle from my friend Cuticle, who does not seem over well pleased that our last sederunt should have embraced his opinions touching the hospital.

MAJOR—Is the epistle intended to be made public?

DOCTOR—I think so. You can judge, however, for yourself. [*Doctor reads.*]

Chesnut Street, Philadelphia,
March 21st, 1853.

DEAR SIR,—Had I for a moment supposed that you were so miserably poor in editorial furniture, as I now find you to be, certes my note-book should never have been opened in your presence, nor my rough jottings respecting the Toronto Hospital displayed to your subscribers' gaze. Do not fancy, however, that I am about, in the common vernacular, to eat my words, or that I said anything which I wish to retract. No. I am too sincere for that, too devoted an admirer of science going hand in hand with humanity to hide the truth; but I fear lest my remarks might not have been taken in the spirit in which they were made. Faults sometimes exist independent of crime, so in dealing with those faults we should be careful to separate the vices or defects of construction and arrangement, from those which may very properly be laid at the door of the authorities of an establishment. I am very unwilling to say or do anything that could possibly induce the learned Toronto Esculapii to give the "rheumatic shoulder" to their travelling Yankee brethren; but that I may more fully explain myself to you and your guests, I must ask you to give me a corner in your Shanty.

To begin, then, with your medicine Chief, the gallant old English gentleman, who, at some eighty odd years, goes about as light of foot as the youngest student—I thought, "well, if all the officers are a ditto of this old man, Toronto has in truth an admirable staff of medicos. However, as Mrs. Malaprop observes, comparisons are odorous, so I will make no further remarks touching your chirurgical Nestor, except that I was struck with the earnest anxious zeal, so characteristic of the true surgeon, displayed in the lively, cheerful, though sometimes unorthodox queries put by him. It is with the directors of the Institution, whoever they may be, that I have to deal, not with the mere officers. I presume, for instance, that, as is the case with similar institutions elsewhere, your corporation has somewhat to say and do with the Hospital, or that there is a Board for its regulation. It is to such bodies that we look for the removal of any evil that may have crept into any association directly or indirectly within their jurisdiction; and it is to them we look, should they not have the power to remove the evil, to take some measures to counteract it, and to ensure the desired good in some other way to the public.

Kindness and zeal are not alone sufficient for the cure of disease or alleviation of misery. If the poor victim of a mechanical injury be laid in the pestilent atmosphere of an offensive chamber, what art can prevent the poison from entering and contaminating the stream of life as it flows through its meandering course? Is it just towards the surgeon or physician to compel him to house his patient in a kennel where, in a city by no means overburdened with charitable establishments, you may easily find both room and means to ensure to the poor and sick destitute all that art and science can afford to make his suffering lighter, and, it may be, to render the pillow of

death less hard to him? If it was the custom *now*, as it was once, for the wealthier and more polite classes to seek out, in these abodes of "charity," as they are called, their suffering brothers and sisters, both you of Toronto and we of Philadelphia, should have fewer grievances and less real mischief uncorrected; but where a community leaves the pauper patient to be tended by a hired menial, where true charity gives not the "cup of cold water in the name of a disciple," when the offensive sore is suffered to exhale its noxious odors day and night into the nostrils of the poor, wasted, haggard being, who lies not even two feet from his equally unfortunate fellow-sufferer, the charity of the nineteenth century may not be vaunted. If you and others would but visit the dying couch of the victim of neglect, and stay beside their now deserted pallets, I trow scenes would be witnessed which would make you blush at the desecration heaped on the name when you hear men talk of their "Christian institutions;" nay, how much has the lapse of Christian charity tended to turn what ought to have been an imitation of the abode of happiness into a fac-simile of the regions of torment.

Contrast the fate of an inmate of such an institution as yours, with what you see daily taking place in the private home. Is a brother—not a Christian brother—but a brother *in station* and rank, thrown on the bed of sickness, instantly busy and willing hands are ready to minister to wayward wants, and with soft and tempered tones to sooth and quiet peevish moanings; perfumed waters scent the air, light elastic tip-toe steps steal through the room, lest perchance the light sleep be broken, and what expressions of sympathy greet the ear, as the bare possibility of danger falls from the lips of some one.

How eagerly is the physicians foot-fall watched for, and how anxiously does each one listen to and scan his every look as he notes the workings of disease on the frame of his suffering patient. To this scene your Hospital offers a contrast which proves "that though we give all our goods to feed the poor, we have not charity."

But before you can persuade men to undertake even what they may admit to be a duty, you must remove all those serious impediments which interfere with the performance of those duties. Build a proper asylum in which the sick man may be in reasonable comfort; give space that he may at least breathe a little of the pure air of Heaven, and so arrange, by the help of an improved architecture, for the cleansing of the atmosphere of his room, that pestilent and disgusting vapour hang not over his couch.

Next to cleanliness, ventilation and Christian sympathy, I would rank order and punctuality on the part of attendants, and the utmost *candour and publicity* of the condition of the affairs of the Institution. Of course, I am not fully informed of the internal management of your Institution, but judging from what passed before my eyes, I was not inclined to admit that your system was anything like what it is in the Old Country, as you call it, or as it is with ourselves. If I was correctly informed, the attendants have most of them been in office for some ten years or more, and yet up to this time they have made no Hospital Report of their successes or failures, nor did I see, save with one exception, a single Case Book which contained a regular well-kept record of the diseases and their treatment; this struck me with more force when I noticed the throng of students which blocked up the room in the "screened off" portion of which I noticed the bottles protected from the light by "the spider's silken web." Indeed, I was sarcastically informed by a Hibernian candidate for Esculapius' mantle:—"The only Reports that ever left the Institution were 'evil reports,' and some successful operations on the eyes of patients, who never after could see the difference between an altar candle and the bright beams of the mid-day sun when gone twelve by the town-clock."

Such, sir, are the remarks which, tho' I did not wish, I have been forced to make on your Toronto Tabernacle of erysypelas and death; but under the hope that you will strive to perfect its imperfections, I hope that your misjudged publication of Shanty chat has still not been unproductive of good.

Yours, &c.,
DAVID CUTICLE.

DOCTOR.—There is one part of the letter relative to the disposal of bodies, after the manner of the London Fever Hospital, but I do not think it particularly interesting.

LAIRD.—Ye're just richt, decent folk are no extraordinar fond o' having their own or their freen's bodies cuttet and carvit as if they were sae mony howtowdies.

MAJOR.—Doctor, did you or any other rational being ever take up a scull without having a train of thought awakened, that though sad, was yet not unpleasing?

DOCTOR.—I cannot say what feelings are generally evoked by handling a scull, but this I know, that the last one I handled, produced no such train of thought in my mind, I assure you, but just the contrary.

MAJOR.—Cause, sir, cause.

DOCTOR.—A friend was shewing me some sculls, pointing out their comparative thickness; one was, at least, three-quarters of an inch thick, another was something similar to ordinary pasteboard. He then (but I must premise, that he is no very firm believer in phrenology) put into my hands the remainder of his sculls, and two charts of a head taken by the same person at an interval of four days, pointing out at the same time, the difference of the sculls and the difference in the charts. He then asked me to explain how it was that fixed rules could apply to heads, where, in some cases, there was an *internal depression* WITHOUT a corresponding *external elevation*, and then fairly posed me by enquiring how one head, in four days, could so change, that, in that short space of time, the two charts would materially disagree.

LAIRD.—Eh man! that's surely no' possible.

DOCTOR.—I have the charts in my pocket, the sculls are at home.

MAJOR.—Produce the charts, but remember that Phrenology, as a science, should not be hastily condemned, because a few incompe-

tent persons are found amongst its priesthood.

Doctor.—The person in question is, I really think, a fair specimen of the priesthood, as you call them. Here are the characters, judge for yourselves. I will only add, that my friend made some alteration in his dress and played his part so well that the learned Doctor did not recognise him, and consequently, I presume, made out a new page from the examination of his cranium.* [*Doctor reads*] :—

Analysis No. 1.	Analysis No. 2.
Individuality. 8½.	*Individuality.* 8¾.
Is a great observer of men and things.	Is a great observer of men and things: quick of perception: sees what is transpiring, what should be done, &c.: has an insatiable desire to see and know everything.
Form. 8¾.	*Form.* 9.
Never forgets the countenance, form, of persons and things seen.	Never forgets the countenance, form, of persons and things seen: easily learns to read and spell correctly: reads and sees things at a great distance: has excellent eyesight.
Size. 8¼.	*Size.* 8¾.
Has an excellent eye for measuring proportion, size, height, angles, perpendiculars, &c.	Has an excellent eye for measuring proportion, size height, angles, perpendiculars, &c.
Weight. 8.	*Weight.* 8½.
Balances himself tolerably well in ordinary cases, yet has no great talent in this respect.	Balances himself tolerably well in ordinary cases, yet has no great talent in this respect.
Colour. 8.	*Colour.* 8½.
Can discern and recollect colours, yet seldom notices them; with practice, compares and judges of colours well.	Can discern and recollect colours, yet seldom notices them.
Order. 8.	*Order.* 8¾.
*Appreciates order, yet not enough to keep it.	Is systematic.
Number. 8¼.	*Number.* 8¾.
Can add, subtract, divide, &c., in his head with facility and correctness.	Can add, subtract, divide, &c., in his head with facility and correctness.
Locality. 8.	*Locality.* 8¾.
*Has a fair, though not excellent, recollection of places.	Recollects distinctly the looks of places, where he saw things, &c.; seldom loses himself, even in the dark.
Eventuality. 8¼.	*Eventuality.* 9.
Has a clear and retentive memory of historical facts, general news, what he has seen, heard, read, &c. even in detail.	Has a clear and retentive memory of historical facts, general news, what he has seen, heard, read, &c., even in detail; never forgets any occurrence even though it is trifling; has a craving thirst for information and experiment.
Time. 8.	*Time.* 8¾.
*Recollects about, but not precisely, when things occurred.	Tells dates, appointments, ages, time of day, &c., well.
Tone. 8¾.	*Tone.* 9¼.
Delights greatly in singing: has a correct musical ear.	Delights greatly in singing; has a correct musical ear; learns tunes by hearing them once or twice; is literally enchanted by good music; shows intuitive skill and spends much time in making it; sings from the *heart*, and with melting pathos.
Language. 8¾.	*Language.* 8½.
When excited expresses himself freely, yet not copiously.	Can write better than speak; when excited expresses himself freely.
Causality. 9.	*Causality.* 9½.
Always gives and receives the reason; has by nature an excellent judgment, good ideas, a strong mind, &c.	Has by nature an excellent judgment, good ideas, a strong mind; is endowed with a deep, strong, original comprehensive mind
Comparison. 8½.	*Comparison.* 9½.
Has a happy talent for comparing, illustrating, criticising, arguing from similar cases discriminating, between what *is* and what is *not* analagous, or in point.	Has a happy talent for comparing, illustrating, criticising, arguing from similar cases, discriminating, between what *is* and what is *not* analagous, or in point, classifying phenomena, and thereby ascertaining their laws.
Imitation. 9.	*Imitation.* 9¼.
Has a great propensity and ability to copy, take pattern from others, do what he sees done, &c., needs but one showing, gesticulates much, describes and acts out well.	Has a great propensity and ability to copy, take pattern from others, do what he sees done, &c., needs but one showing, gesticulates much, describes and acts out well: can mimic, act out, and copy almost anything: describe, relate anecdotes, &c. to the very life.
Constructiveness. 8.	*Constructiveness.* 8½.
Has fair mechanical ingenuity.	Has fair mechanical ingenuity.
Wit. 9.	*Wit.* 8½.
Has a quick, keen perception of the ludicrous: makes a great amount of fun.	Has a quick, keen perception of the ludicrous.
onder. 8.	*Wonder.* 8¾.
Rather credulous; desires novelty.	Believes some but not much in wonders, forewarnings &c.; is open to conviction. Delights in the supernatural; desires novelty.
Ideality. 8¾.	*Ideality.* 9¼.
*Love of poetry yet not a vivid imagination.	Has a vivid imagination, great love of poetry, eloquence, fiction, good style the beauties of nature and art; often gives reins t his erratic imagination; experiences revellings of fancy, ecstacy, rapture of feeling, enthusiasm.
Sublimity. 8¾.	*Sublimity.* 9¼.
Admires and enjoys mountain scenery, thunder, lightning, tempest, a vast prospect, exceedingly, hence, enjoys travelling.	Is a passionate admirer of the wild and romantic, feels the sublimest emotions whilst contemplating the grand or awful in nature, dashing, foaming, roaring cataracts, towering mountains, peals of thunder, flashes of lightning, commotions of the elements, the starry canopy of heaven, &c.
**Approbativenes.* 8¾.	*Approbativeness.* 8¼.
Is keenly alive to the frowns and smiles of public opinion, praise, &c.	Enjoys approbation, yet will not sacrifice much to obtain it.
Self Esteem. 8¾.	*Self Esteem.* 8½.
Is high-minded, independent, self-confident, dignified, his own master.	Respects himself, yet is not haughty.

* The contradictions are marked with an asterisk.

**Firmness.* 8¾.	*Firmness.* 8¾.
Is set in his own way; hard to be convinced or changed at all; holds on long and hard.	Has some decision, yet too little for general success: has perseverance enough for ordinary occasions.
Conscientiousness. 8¾.	*Conscientiousness.* 8¾.
Loves and means to speak the truth; cannot tolerate wrong.	Is honest; faithful; upright at heart.
Hope. 8¼.	*Hope.* 8.
Is seldom elated: is quite sanguine; yet realizes about what he expects.	Is seldom elated: is quite sanguine.
Veneration. 7¾.	*Veneration.* 8.
May feel religious, yet little respect for men.	Is not serious nor respectful; may feel religious, yet little respect for men.
Benevolence. 8¾.	*Benevolence.* 8¾.
Is kind, obliging, glad to serve others.	Is kind, obliging, glad to serve others.
Suavitiveness. 9.	*Suavitiveness.* 9.
an say and do hard things without creating difficulty —obtain favors–get along well; so say and do things that they *take.*	Readily wins confidence and affection even of enemies; can say and do hard things without creating difficulty,—obtain favors. .—get along well; so say and do things that they *take.*
Moral Intuitiveness. 8¾.	*Moral Intuitiveness.* 9.
Naturally understands human nature.	*Naturally* understands human nature; apprehends at once the moral truth or beauty of a subject or system: is prescient.
**Amativeness.* 8½.	*Amativeness.* 8.
Feels much love and tenderness for the opposite sex.	Is rather deficient in sexual love, attentions to the opposite sex. &c.; may have ardor, yet less strength of this passion.
Philoprogenitiveness. 8½.	*Philoprogenitiveness.* 7¾.
As a parent, is tender, but not indulgent.	Dislikes those of others; as a parent, is tender, but not indulgent.
**Adhesiveness.* 8¾.	*Adhesiveness.* 8.
Loves friends with indescribable tenderness and strength of feeling.	Is highly social, yet not remarkably warm hearted.
Inhabitiveness. 8¼.	*Inhabitiveness.* 8.
Soon becomes strongly attached to the place in which he lives.	Soon becomes strongly attached to the place in which he lives.
**Concentrativeness.* 8½.	*Concentrativeness.* 7¾.
Is disposed to attend to but one thing at once, yet can turn rapidly from thing to thing.	Indulges variety and change of thought, feeling, occupation, &c.; is not confused by them; rather lacks application.
**Vitativeness.* 8½.	*Vitativeness.* 8.
Desires life, but not eagerly	Loves and clings tenaciously to existence.
Combativeness. 8½.	*Combativeness.* 8.
Seldom either courts or shrinks from opposition.	Avoids collision, strife, &c. yet once excited, is quite forcible.
Destructiveness. 8½.	*Destructiveness.* 8¼.
Has not really deficient enough yet none too much, indignation.	Has sufficient severity, yet requires considerable to call it out.
Alimentiveness. 8.	*Alimentiveness.* 8.
Has an excellent appetite.	Enjoys good food.
Cautiousness. 8½.	*Cautiousness.* 9.
Is always watchful, on the look-out; careful.	Is always watchful, on the look-out; careful; anxious; solicitous; provident against real and imaginary danger; hesitates too much.
Acquisitiveness. 8.	*Aquisitiveness.* 8½.
Loves money but not greatly.	Loves money, but not greatly; can make it, but generally spends it freely: sets by property, both for itself and what it procures, yet is not penurious.
Secretiveness. 8.	*Secretiveness.* 8.
Is generally open, can conceal.	Is not artful nor very frank; is generally open.

LAIRD.—Weel, that is a poser and no mistake; but what are a' thae figures for, Doctor?

DOCTOR.—The comparative size of the organ is indicated. You will find by these figures that my friend's head grew considerably in three or four days; however, let us leave phrenology. By the by, Major, I rather expect a gentleman here to-night, who has just returned from California. He promised to bring me some notes on the gold diggings; I daresay, too, that he will be able to enlighten our ignorance as to the difficulties which must be encountered in reaching the "land of promise." Our worthy friend, Mr. Lanyard, the ——— I forget, precisely, what office he fills in the Yacht Club, has promised to guide him to our Shanty. Mr. L. is also to furnish me with some yachting statistics. [*Bell rings.*] Ah! here they are, I daresay.

[*Enter Mr. Lanyard and Mr. St. Germain.*]

DOCTOR.—Welcome, gentlemen.

[*Doctor introduces them to the Major and Laird.*]

MAJOR.—Our friend, the Doctor, informs us that you have just returned from California.

MR. ST. GERMAIN.—I left St. Francisco on the 1st of January last, and arrived on the 27th of the same month in New York.

MAJOR.—Quick work. By what route, may I ask?

MR. ST. G.—Nicaragua.

LAIRD.—Is that a mair expeditious route than the Panama ane?

MR. ST. G.—I think so, as the officers of the line engaged to forward us from St. Francisco, either to New York or New Orleans in twenty-two days. It took us twenty-eight, but still we beat the Mail line by three days, although we encountered heavy weather off Hatteras and in the Gulf, besides meeting with some unexpected delay on the Isthmus.

DOCTOR.—Is there not a railroad on the Panama route?

MR. ST. G.—There is, but unfortunately there is also a land journey of twenty-five miles, and this, in the rainy season, is utterly impassable. Now, though the Nicaragua route cannot boast of a railroad, there are good river and lake boats from San Juan del Norte to Virgin Bay, which is but twelve miles from San Juan del Sud, whence the steamers start for St. Francisco. But go by which route you may, privations and hardships innumerable are in store for the luckless travellers.

DOCTOR.—Have you quite recovered your health, Mr. St. Germain?

MR. ST. G.—Very nearly, although in my

efforts to reclaim the fugitive, I had to pass very nearly through the valley of the shadow of death.

MAJOR—What part of the world did you discover that valley in?

MR. ST. G.—In Central America, on the spot that John Bull and Brother Jonathan are at present quarrelling about. It is on the Isthmus that the grim monster is shadowed forth.

MR. LANYARD—Give us a peep at the monster then, tell us what his shadow was like.

MR. ST. G.—The man has yet to be created who possesses descriptive power sufficient to convey an adequate idea of the realities of crossing the Isthmus in the rainy season. However, it was on the 10th November last that I landed from the steam-ship Prometheus at St. Juan del Norte. Immediately on our landing, three small river steamers were in readiness to convey us up the river St. Juan to the Nicaragua lake. As soon as we had been all stowed away, we numbered four hundred and twenty-five, among whom were one hundred women and children, we commenced ascending the river, along whose banks we could distinguish hundreds of alligators of large size, sunning themselves. As the boat glided along, the passengers picked with ease the twigs from the branches that almost swept our hurricane deck, while birds of every hue chattered around, and we could distinguish the monkeys in numbers a short distance off. After proceeding about fifteen miles we were alarmed with a report that the boiler was likely to burst; this I thought not unlikely. It, however, proved a false alarm, and only resulted in a detention of five hours, after which we proceeded. On reaching the boats with the steerage passengers, we found that the captain of one of them had been killed by a blow from the bough of a tree. Into our already crowded boat we now received a great number more passengers, with a very large quantity of baggage. There was, however, no alternative left; we must either act the part of good Samaritans, or leave our fellow creatures to perish. The first person who stepped forward was a woman about forty years of age; she was, alone, on her way to join her husband in California. She slipped, fell into the river, and was drowned. We were again alarmed by a man (who had been sleeping on a bench) rolling overboard into the rapids; the captain of our boat sent two of the crew in search of the unfortunate man and woman, but owing to the darkness of the night and the rapidity of the current, the woman could not be rescued from a watery grave: the man was picked up; he saved himself by swimming. After all were on board, we proceeded on our way, but not without apprehending danger, as the vessel was very much crowded, and the navigation difficult, besides having to stem a current five or six miles an hour. We, however, arrived safe at the Castillo Rapids, where we waited for twelve hours. The Castillo Rapids is a fortified post, where there is an old Spanish fort, commanded by a detachment of native soldiers, whose military uniform consists exclusively of one garment, a *napkin*, no hat or cap; while *huge rusty* muskets and bayonets formed the materials of warfare. Here we had to stop all night. We took tea and breakfast, which cost us two dollars. It was raining all this time, and as it would not, under existing circumstances, be agreeable to sleep *al fresco*, as is the custom in that country during the dry season, all were compelled to seek shelter where they could. Those who were accommodated in houses of entertainment had to pay *one dollar* for the privilege of lying in hammocks, without beds, sheets, blankets, or pillows. I secured an Indian's hammock, and paid *one dollar* also for the use of two posts to tie it to in a smoky wigwam. The mosquitoe luxuries were *gratis*. The water is so bad in that region, that it is considered dangerous to drink it without its being first boiled; therefore we had to pay twenty-five cents for each cup of coffee that we drank, and the meats were so salt, which we were forced to partake of, that our thirst was intense and prolonged. We had chickens at this place, but they diffused such an aroma that we unanimously resolved on their removal from within reach of our olfactory nerves! After our baggage had been carried round the Rapids to the other boat, which was to take us up to the mouth of the Nicaragua lake, the bell rang for us to embark, and we were soon again on our course. The natives are engaged by the Isthmus Company on this route, to carry baggage and to provide mules. In the evening we arrived at Fort San Carlos, a place inhabited exclusively by Indians. Several ladies and gentlemen went on shore to see the *native standing army!* which presented rather a *naked* appearance. Native "civilians" came in canoes alongside of our steamer, which was anchored, they exposed for sale oranges, limes, cocoanuts, pine-apples, flour, biscuit, &c. &c. After leaving this place, we entered into the Nicaragua Lake. During the night, we passed the towns of St. Magill, Grenada, and Rivas, besides several small villages; we also passed several high mountains, the loftiest of which, called Homatecca, is a volcano; we arrived at Virgin Bay early in the morning. Virgin Bay is another military station, at which place several of the Isthmus Company's officers reside, and it is here, too, where we take the mules for the last twelve miles of the Isthmus travel, previous to reaching the Pacific steamer. During the morning we got our baggage checked, by paying fifteen cents per pound for freight charges on it. At one o'clock some hundreds of mules made their appearance,—some already bestrode by pas-

sengers of the steamship *New Orleans*, which had arrived twelve hours previously at San Juan del Sud, on the Pacific side, from San Francisco. We now selected our mules, after having procured our tickets, which had the words "Good for one beast," on them. Some of the women and children were carried on hammocks, on Indians shoulders; it now had stopped raining, and the sun was out: the heat was insufferable. We were told by persons who had just come over the road, that it was almost impassable, in consequence of the recent incessant rains; however, we started, but before I had proceeded *one* mile, my mule sunk down head-foremost into a mud-hole, and pitched me, like a shot, into the mud! I tried to extricate myself, but began rapidly to sink. While in this *fix* several of my fellow-passengers came along and were similarly dismounted, at short distances from me, but they were more fortunate than I, for they soon extricated themselves, and went on their way rejoicing, leaving me to my fate, if I could not "help myself." I implored "mercy" from every passer-by, but all excused themselves by saying that they would share the same fate with me, if they attempted to render me any assistance. By this time I had sank down nearly to my chin, when a Dutchman came up, on foot: he had sold his mule, as the animal could not get on through the mud; he replied, coolly and snappishly, that he would not. I told him that I would give him two dollars if he would render me his assistance; he told me he could not comply with my request. I then offered two dollars and a half to him; he still refused. I now felt myself sinking still deeper, and not knowing but that I might go through to the antipodes, I hallooed out to him at the top of my voice, that I would give him just what he would ask, if he would instantly assist me; he came up, and said that "he would lift me right up for three dollars." I told him to commence operations. He brought a stump of a tree that was near at hand, and, standing on it, took hold of the collar of my coat, *and lifted me clean out of my boots!* We then lifted the mule also, which had nearly been suffocated, as his nose had been sticking in the mud for some time. I re-mounted and renewed my journey until I met with another mishap. I noticed several mules with their riders, stuck in the mud, to avoid which, I commenced ascending a hill, but before I had reached the summit my mule slipped and fell, when both of us rolled into the abyss of mud below. Fortunately I received no serious injury, but I lost or had destroyed several articles of wearing apparel, worth from $50 to $70. Nearly every passenger lost something, —accidents and misfortunes were many and various,—having to pass through mud and streams of water five feet deep. When we arrived at San Juan, the noble Steamship Brother Jonathan, (Capt. Baldwin,) was at anchor in the Bay. Here we stopped another night, and during all the next day, waiting for our baggage; about five o'clock in the afternoon the ship's gun was fired, notifying thereby that we were to go aboard. A number of small boats now made their appearance to convey us to the ship. Two or three hundred natives stood on the shore to carry us on their backs through the surf to the small boats which were some distance out. We paid *one dime* a piece for this *back-ride*, and two dollars to the boat-men for taking us to the ship. At two o'clock the next morning we sailed for San Francisco. We were four days crossing the Isthmus. The passage was accomplished, notwithstanding in twenty-nine days from New York to San Francisco.

LAIRD.—Eh! but surely your lot was cast in pleasant places.

MAJOR.—The "auri sacra fames" must indeed be strong that can tempt men,and above all, women, to brave all these dangers—for my part if my boys get dissatisfied with home, Australia shall be the bourne to which I will recommend them to turn their attention.

Mr. LANYARD.—Six of one and half a dozen of the other, Major. I have promised the Dr. here, to give him some accounts which I can assure you are very similar to what we have heard from Mr. St. Germain.

MAJOR.—Did you travel much about California?

DOCTOR (interrupting).—Mr. St.Germain has given me a short sketch of his California adventures. It will appear in this number.

Mr. LANYARD.—And I promise you, for your next, my experiences in Australia, and if Canadians, after reading them, are not satisfied with the condition in which it has pleased God to place them in, a fine country with every aid to enable an honest and industrious man to secure a competence, why then I say, they deserve all the hardships and privations they may meet with. I for one will not pity them —but about the yachts.

DOCTOR.—Ah! have you got the paper you promised me?

Mr. LANYARD.—I have not had time to make it out yet, but I have jotted down a few figures to shew of what value this amusement is to Toronto, and that it is the interest of the citizens to encourage it. There are now connected with the club thirty boats that cost £2737—with fifty smaller craft that cost over £3000—in addition to this the repairs annually amount to more than £600, making a sum total of nearly £6500. This sum is surely worth looking after, but I fear that unless the the club have some place assigned for their use to moor at, and if they should be compelled to go to the Island for that purpose, that this amount which now goes to support our shipbuilders, will be diverted into some less healthy channel.

Major.—Well, we shall soon learn the fate of their petition, and you will I hope have your statistics ready for our next meeting.

Doctor.—I trust that we have done with "gloomy winter" for this spell at least. Despite the combined attractions of oysters, and ice-boats, my spirits always mount above zero when the latest remnant of snow weeps itself to death!

Laird.—As I cam in through Mrs. Grundy's bit garden I noticed some bonnie wee advanced guards o' spring, in the shape o' a wheen sna' draps. Od, Major, but the Shanty must be weel sheltered frae that grewsome carle, auld Boreas! At Bonnie Braes I canna coax a flower oot o' the ground do what I like!

Major.—Apropos to the advanced guards," of which you were speaking, did you read some sweet stanzas from the last number of the Dublin University Magazine, entitled, "*The Chaunt of the Snow-Drops*," and which appear in the present Anglo-American?

Laird.—I did. A sweet hymn in truth. Oh! that the dull ears o' regardless men were mair on the alert to notice sic anthems! We dwell amidst an atmosphere laden wi melody, but alas! the sordid grunts o' Mammon possess superior charms to our vitiated tastes. Rax me a cigar, Doctor, my man.

Doctor.—What a pestilent sinking in the sublime and beautiful, from the music of flowers to the reek of Raleigh's narcotic!

Major—Have you read the last published fiction by Mrs. Marsh, *Castle Avon?*

Laird—I hae.

Doctor—I have.

Major—One at a time, gentlemen, an' so it please you. The husbandman, methinks, caught first our eye.

Laird—In my humble opinion the story is ane o' nae common power, and possesses an interest that clean taks awa the breath o' the reader.

Doctor—So far I agree with you, but the main plot is somewhat lacking in originality. The resemblance between the fortunes of Clareber, Lord Aylmer and those of that somewhat spoony young gentleman, Henry Bertram, is as obvious as the huge green bottle in the window of Mr. Richardson's drug emporium. Blind, likewise, as a beetle, or the patient of a quack oculist must be the man who, in Parson Gorhambury, recognizes not our old acquaintance, Gilbert Glossin, with the slight addition of holy orders!

Laird—Noo that ye speak o't I see the resemblance. When I was reading the buik, I thought that I had seen something like it before; but I'm no very gleg at the uptak. Admitting, however, that there is a spice o' plagiarism in the production, ye maun admit that it presents many redeeming features o' merit. For instance, I defy you to wale oot o' ony modern novel a mair powerfu' scene than that in which the auld limner, Mrs. Gorhambury, breaks aff the match between her son Philip and the puir, ill used lassie, Hernana Lovel!

Doctor—I agree with you that the passage is a powerful one; but even here the scent of a sharp-set critic would detect a literary petty larceny. Mrs. Gorhambury is an indubitable sister of the excellent Lady Ashton!

Laird—Excellent! my conscience! I would gladly walk ten miles in my shoon, like Peter Pindar's Pilgrim, to set fire to the pile in which the hard-hearted carline was to be brunt. Excellent, quo he!

Doctor—Most literal of agriculturists! But I have another exception to take to the scene which you have cited. There is too much power about it.

Laird—What div ye mean?

Doctor—Simply what I say. Mrs. Marsh piles up the agony (as our Yankee friends phrase it) beyond all endurance.

Laird—Is that a faut?

Doctor—Unquestionably it is. I religiously hold that no author has a right to *torture* the feelings of his readers. It is his office, I grant, to excite the sympathies, but not to goad them to agony. A leech may lawfully open a vein, whilst he has no right needlessly to excoriate the healthy flesh of his patient.

Laird—It may be because I am a trifle doited, but I canna follow ye ava! In my humble opinion the mair excitement the greater genius!

Major—I must give my suffrage in favour of the Medico. The highest genius is at fault, when a certain altitude of the tragic is overtopped.

Take a case in point. In the whole range of the Anglo-Saxon drama you will find few plays more artistically constructed than "The Fatal Curiosity" of George Lilie, and yet the painfulness of the catastrophe has caused it to be shelved by universal consent. After laying dormant for many years it was revived during the dynasty of John Kemble and Sarah Siddons, the great brother and sister playing the leading characters. What was the result? After two representations it was withdrawn in consequence of the unsupportable misery of its wind-up.

Laird—Weel, weel, it's maybe because we farmer bodies hae stronger nerves frae being sae muckle in the open air, but I am free to confess that a' the fatal curiosities in the world wad never mak me say nay, when a Welsh-rabbit, or half a hunder o' natives woo'd my affections!

Doctor—Here is a volume which I can heartily commend, the more by token that it soothes and elevates the heart instead of splintering it, as an iron wedge does a pine faggot.

Laird—Name your pet!

Doctor—It is entitled *A Hero and other*

Tales, from the pen of the author of the *Ogilvies* and *The Head of the Family*.

Major—I would augur favourably of the work from the antecedent productions of the writer.

Laird—I hae nae conceit o' your *soothing* stories! A wheen fushionless havers, filled fu' o' purling brooks and cloudless skies, and laddies that never tell lees, and lassies wha keep their frocks as clean as a new-laid egg even when walking through mire up aboon the shoon!

Doctor—Pray shut up. To use one of your own jaw-breaking proverbs,you are fairly running away with the harrows. The duodecimo under notice is as far removed from the "fushionless," as you are from Beau Nash. In particular, the story denominated "*Bread upon the Waters*" is replete with quiet beauty and the most genuine pathos. Though the leading actress is a simple day-governess of the present era, and moving amidst the prosaic scenes of every day life, she exhibits a heroism which compels our admiration as potently as Joan of Arc herself could do. I regard this little tale as a veritable gem,and over-crowded indeed will be my library when no standing room can be conceded to the volume which contains it.

Laird—What hae we here? "*The Miseries of Human Life*." Od sake, I thought we had plenty o' sic commodities without paying a tax to Maclear for the same.

Major—It is a re-hash of a work amazingly popular in my "green and salad days." The author was a clergyman named Beresford, related, I believe, to the Irish prelate of that name.

Doctor—I remember the affair. Though occasionally somewhat long-winded, it contained a considerably infusion of quaint humor.

Major—Some Yankee bookmaker has got his clutches upon the poor divine's bantling, and by way of *improving* and *modernizing* the same, has mightily diminished its gusto.

Doctor—I lack all mercy for such *renovators* of literature, and if autocrat president of the republic of letters, would consign them to the gallows without benefit of clergy! What right has a great hulking penny-a-liner thus to cut and carve upon another man's property? Why, if such escapades are to be tolerated, we shall be favored some of these fine days with a *fashionable* version of the Vicar of Wakefield, with the characters dressed according to the costume plate of the Anglo-American Magazine for the current month!

Laird—Or what wad ye say to an edition o' the Bride o' Lammermuir wi' a happy ending, to suit the delicate nerves o' this feckless and fastidious generation?

Doctor—Peace, Laird! You are determined to be pugnacious this night!

Major—The idea of the transmogrifying Yankee has not even the merit of originality. John Wesley, who, as a man of sterling genius, ought to have had more sense, played the same unsavoury trick with that most exquisite novel, Brooke's *Fool of Quality*." He published an edition thereof, omitting as *superfluities* the episodical "dialogues between the author and reader," which, in my humble opinion, form the very cream and quintessence of the work. I never forgave John for that sore backsliding, and never shall!

Laird—I can furnish you wi' a mair aggravated case in point. About a fortnight ago, Grizzy asked me to bring out a *Pilgrim's Progress*, and accordingly, being in the market, I bought a copy, to all appearance orthodox and sound. When I got hame, however, I discovered, to my horror and disgust, that some barbarian editor had expunged what he was pleased to term the "*antiquated expressions of the pious author*," and "*made his rough versification more consonant with the modern ideas of harmony!*" I never was in sic a rage sin' the day that my drucken ploughman, Gibby Stott, sat down in the dish o' sowans that was cooling for supper at the back-door. If ever a ruling elder swore, I fear that I was guilty o' the sin on that occasion!

Major—I am sorry to break up our confabulation, but

"Hark! the bell is ringing!"

A sheep's head and *locomotive organs*, as the ingenious Mr. Goadby terms *trotters*, forms the leading attraction of our symposium this evening, and as Bailie Nicol Jarvie remarks, "*a sheep's head too much boiled is rank poison!*"

POST CŒNAM SEDERUNT.

[*Major, Laird, and Mrs. Grundy.*]

Laird—Eh! Mrs. Grundy, but yon was a grand tup's head, and gin you could hae had it properly singit, it wad hae been just ambrosia.

Mrs. Grundy—The people here do not understand that work, and you know I am but a beginner, and have not yet mustered resolution to attempt a haggis.

Laird—Eh, mem, dinna mention that word, unless you wish to renew my hunger.

Major—Come, Laird, the goodwife takes such care of your inner man at Bonnybraes, that you are getting fastidious. Let us leave the lower regions, and see what is provided for our upper works Let us first decide a point on which I wish to consult you. In looking over that part of our literary bantling devoted to Colonial Chit-Chat and News from Abroad, I confess that I have been struck with the meagreness of our reports, and on asking myself to explain this state of affairs, I could only do so by the fact that politics are an interdicted subject. I will premise by supposing it fixed, that we are not to depart from this rule, and will only observe that, unless

permitted to discuss the various questions constantly brought forward both here and in England, the sooner this part of our editorial work is set aside the better. Look over Harper's Magazine, you will find that all his current events have a decidedly political hue. Restricted as we are, our summary is nothing but an uninteresting compilation from papers that every one has seen. If a good article is taken from the United Service or Army Despatch, it is, sure to be something or other; in short, we do not profess to be an "Annual Register," consequently, we can, I think, very well afford to drop this part of the Shanty.

MRS. GRUNDY—But will it not be useful to refer to hereafter, Major?

MAJOR—I think not; for in these days, when every one writes, no difficulty is experienced in procuring the particular book that will give you the best and clearest information on any desired subject.

DOCTOR—I entirely agree with the Major.

LAIRD—I'm sorry to lose Colonial Chit-chat. I hae sic a prime field o' fall wheat, that I was thinking ye might aiblins chronicle the yield o't.

MAJOR—Our Shanty will then be divided into the Shanty proper. Your part (*turning to Mrs. Grundy*), my gentle friend; your's, Laird; and, Doctor, your music.

MRS. GRUNDY—I had prepared quite a basketful, but your Californian Anas have compelled me to discard everything but a few general observations on dress, &c.

LAIRD—And your precious friend, Dr. Cuticle, has ta'en up a' the room that I should have had about spring work and other interesting subjects. Doctor, you must not cheat me again in sic a fashion.

DOCTOR—Not till next month. Major, here is my music.

MAJOR—And here are my books for the month. Now to business.

[*Laird reads:*

THE SCIENCE OF MANURING—ON SPECIAL OR PORTABLE MANURES.

Superphosphate of Lime.—This manure is formed by using two parts by weight of crushed bones or coprolites (substances which will be subsequently noticed) and one part by weight of brown acid. To make it properly the bones and acid ought to be thrown into a leaden cistern, laid on tiles or thick iron bearers, so as to keep the fire from melting the lead. Farmers cannot make the article for less than manufacturers *profess* to sell the genuine superphosphate—viz., 7s. per cwt; but with this substance, as with guano, an immense amount of adulteration is practised by fraudulent dealers and manufacturers.

Nitrate of soda was extensively applied a few years ago, but greatly decreased since the introduction of guano into general use. As a source of nitrogen it is equal in value to commercial sulphate of ammonia; in fact, when the price is equal, the preference ought to be given to nitrate of soda.

Sulphate of lime can be procured in abundance in gypsum.

Sulphate of soda has not unfrequently been used both as a top-dressing and as a drill manure, when mixed with other substances. In some instances beneficial results appear to have followed its application, and that in cases, too, where it could not be accounted for on account of the sulphuric acid contained in it; in such cases the only theory that can be assigned for its beneficial influence is, that it has the effect of more speedily decomposing the inorganic substances in soils existing in a mineralized state, and thus rendering them susceptible of absorbtion by the roots of plants. The double decompositions which are known to take place when certain salts of potash and soda are mixed in a liquid state would seem to countenance this supposition.

Chloride of sodium or common salt, is composed of chlorine and the metal sodium, which, in the presence of water, is converted into muriate of soda as a source of chlorine and soda. On soils where these substances are absent the application of salt promotes fertility. As the quantity required for most crops is, however, small—except the horticultural plants, carrots and asparagus—some other cause must be assigned for the extraordinary effects which are sometimes seen on fields after an application of salt. One cause may, perhaps, be attributed to a property similar to that alluded to in noticing sulphate of soda; another very probable reason is, that it may combine with the lime in the soil, and, according to the state of dryness or humidity, form carbonate of soda and muriate of lime, and revert to their original forms of muriate of soda and carbonate of lime. A small quantity of muriate of lime, having the effect of abstracting moisture from dews, may, in dry seasons, produce a very beneficial effect.

Sulphate of magnesia, or Epsom salts, is useful in affording sulphuric acid and magnesia; it has been recommended to strew this salt over dung-heaps, in order to fix the ammonia; but cheaper substitutes can be obtained. Sulphuric acid can also be procured at a cheaper rate by employing gypsum: magnesian limestone, or dolomite, will afford magnesia.

Sulphate of lime, or gypsum, is the well-known substance from which plaster of Paris is made, the latter being merely sulphate of lime, with the water of chrystallization driven off: from the finer varieties chimney ornaments are manufactured. It may be well here to mention, that in crystallizating salt for household and other purposes at the large salt works, a scale forms at the bottoms of the pans, sometimes as thick as a couple of inches in the course of three weeks, and, in consequence of its slow conducting power of heat, has to be removed; this cake, known as pan scale, is thrown away in large quantities, it is composed of 75 per cent. sulphate of lime and 25 per cent. of common salt.

Animal charcoal is merely burnt bones, and is of little more utility than well-crushed bones, whilst the price is much higher; it is an article much adulterated.

Soot.—The beneficial effects of a top-dressing of soot have been known for many years, particularly when applied to young clover and wheats; these results are wholly attributable to

the sulphate of ammonia which is found in the soot, the quantity being, on an average, about one-tenth of that obtained from an equal weight of common sulphate of ammonia. Great quantities used to be sent to the West Indies, particularly to Barbadoes. This is an article which is also much adulterated. Recently it has been stated that potash has been found in appreciable quantities in the soot from iron furnaces, not sufficient, however, we believe, to make its extraction profitable.

Saltpetre refuse consists principally of common salt; occasionally it is also accompanied by a very appreciable per centage of muriate of potash; it may also contain about one-half per cent. of saltpetre, which has not been washed out. As, under the existing state of knowledge of the sources whence potash may be derived, saltpetre promises to afford the largest quantity, and in the greatest permanence, it is interesting to know what quantity has been consumed during the last few years, and also the prospect of future supplies. Compared with many years, the price of saltpetre during the past two or three years has been relatively high, the importations being comparatively small; this small production was the result of previous low prices: a large supply is expected for the present year (1853): so that, if a demand arises for agricultural use, the prices may still be expected to rule moderately. The imports during the last twelve months amounted to 14,070 tons, which would increase in future years to 50 per cent. if present prices are maintained.

Soda-ash.—This article has been much recommended of late as a remedy for the wireworm; its utility for this object, is, however, very dubious. Soda-ash is manufactured on the large scale for the use of soap-boilers, making soda crystals for washing, &c. The commercial article used formerly to consist of a mixture of carbonate and caustic soda, but the manufacturers now usually carbonate the whole; whether in the carbonated or caustic state, it is sold according to the per centage of caustic soda in the ash, the standard being 48 per cent., the price per ton being regulated according to the per centage, the market value, on an average, being 2½d. per cwt., which at the standard will be equivalent to £10 per ton. According to some experiments, it would appear that the soda-ash had some slight fertilizing influence; but it is quite as probable that this was owing to the presence of the sulphate of soda, or common salt which always accompanies soda-ash, as to the soda-ash itself.

In concluding these remarks on special manures, it will be well to remind the reader that above all things it is requisite that whenever he buys an article it is of the utmost consequence that he should know its composition; for, even with genuine guano, cargoes differ materially with regard to the quantities of phosphates and ammonia which they may contain. This is a point of great practical importance, because, if the guano is to be applied to potatoes, grass, or clover, the guano containing the most ammonia ought to be preferred; if for turnips, that containing the most phosphate should be selected. If this care is requisite for the economical use of guano where the genuine article has only to be selected from, how much more requisite is it for the farmer to be careful when he is about to purchase guano of doubtful quality.

THE IMPORTANCE OF POULTRY TO FARMERS.

At a recent meeting of the members of the Sparkenhoe Farmers' Club (Leicestershire,) Mr. Harrison read a most interesting paper on this subject, in which he says—"I set out by endeavoring to combat an opinion which I find is pretty generally held by farmers, that hens and chickens, ducks, geese and turkeys especially, are to be regarded in the light of depredators, whose business it is to rob the fields and stack-yards, for the sole advantage of the mistress of the family. There may, we admit, be some grounds for the prevalence of this opinion in the fact that whilst the master sees the mischief which is done both to the field and stacks by the poultry, he is kept by the mistress as much as possible in ignorance of the profit, and is scarcely ever allowed to know its return. I shall at once admit that fowls and poultry generally will make great havoc in a growing crop of corn. I will admit, too, that they are very great nuisances in a well-kept rick-yard, that they are intolerable pests when they make frequent visits to the garden. But, allow me to ask, will not a little care and extra labor greatly lessen such evils, if not prevent them altogether? Now, it has more than once met my observation, that a farmer who has well scolded his wife and daughters for the depredation of their poultry committed near a gate or in the corner of a field, has allowed the sparrows to feast at their ease until they had stripped the head land of the field entirely of its corn. I have heard a very considerable farmer grudge a breakfast to his wife's hens out of his corn field, and is there not many a farmer among us who will chase the hens from the rick-yard from the feeling that he cannot permit such wanton waste, whilst he views with comparative indifference the depredation of vermin, and tolerates the ravages of rats and mice? Now, I must not be supposed to justify waste in one place, by proving the existence of it elsewhere. I merely wish to ask, whether prejudice may not cause us to *overrate* the damage in one case, as much as it leads us to *undervalue* it in the other? A corner in a field of wheat or barley trodden down is very offensive to the eye; but value the damage, then measure the ground, and I will answer for it than an acre (*at the same rate*) will be worth a very considerable sum. So, in the stack-yard, a good fork-full of corn pulled from the rick, and distributed around it, would appear nothing less than a decent waggon-load But I am not even advocating *this* waste. Let all the gates and gaps against the corn-fields be thorned; let, also, all the stock of loose corn standing upon the ground in the rick-yard be protected by hurdles or faggots, and if the poultry will not pay the expenses of this precautionary labour, let it at once be given up. There are times, I believe, at which it may be a matter of good policy, as well as of necessity, to supply the poultry in the farm-yard with a small allowance of food. It would be folly to leave our cattle and our sheep to procure their own living in the fields during the winter, thereby to become so poor that the summer

Paris Fashions for April.

would be expended in restoring their condition and strength; and equally so would it be to withhold from the feathered inhabitants of our yards, during times of scarcity, the assistance which it is man's office to afford to the creatures beneath his care. But I would recommend that the cost of such assistance be ascertained, that its repayment may be insured, or similar outlay avoided for the future. In combating successfully the opinion that poultry are universal depredators on the farmer's property, it will be necessary for me to show that very extensive supplies for their support are scattered by nature around us, and that, by availing ourselves of these supplies, poultry may be made the source of very considerable revenue to the mistress of the farm-house, without at all interfering with her husband's corn, either when growing in his field or stacked up in the rickyard.

No one who has lived about a farm can have failed to notice the activity displayed by a brood of turkeys in beating a grass field. We cannot see the gnats upon the grass; but their eyes detect the hidden food, and every movement of their heads indicates the death of a gnat, or fly, or moth; and if we examine them when they return to shelter, their craws will be found filled. I will not say that their living is entirely secured by insect life; for I have noticed ours more than once, during this season, rob a nettle of all its leaves, and by a clever twist of their beaks, strip the grass seeds from a bent—thus blending vegetables with animal food. No one who has passed any portion of his life upon a farm can entirely have overlooked the hens watching a digging operation going forward. When a disturbance of the soil takes place, their food is exposed, they scratch for themselves in the looser ground, and they avail themselves of every opportunity of picking up their prey. Only last week I noticed several attending upon two pigs (who were rooting up the grass,) and thereby obtaining a good supply of grubs; the hens in this case follow the pigs from place to place, as if they considered the latter were only labouring for their pleasure and advantage. It must also have been noticed by hundreds of farmers how ducks wander among the grass in the dew of a summer evening; this is the season at which the earth-worms rise to the surface of the ground, and ducks are then only seeking their supper, and the earth-worm forms their prey.

Now, when it is considered that numberless insects are scattered over the whole of our fields, that animal life exists in abundance, not only above, but also beneath the surface of the soil; and when it is seen that our hedges are covered with fruits and other productions, which at present are not available to the use of man, it must certainly appear desirable that we should adopt the means within our power to bring them to profit and advantage. Worms, snails, gnats, flies, grubs of all descriptions, beetles, earwigs, &c. &c., would indeed be loathsome food; and farther, they are so widely distributed, their collection would be impossible, even did they possess a marketable value; but Providence has kindly furnished us the means of converting all these things into human food. It has created a higher order of creatures to collect and consume these insects for man's especial benefit and food. We find this higher order of creatures in the poultry which run about our ground: they assimilate food for us, in eggs and in their own flesh, and render matter of value to man which was completely valueless before.

A philanthropic farmer can never regard the cultivation of poultry as an object beneath his care; he will always look upon it as a means of increasing the supply of human food, and to carry out these means to the fullest extent, he will use that knowledge which observation and experience confer. He will look to the fowls in his yards with as much consideration to the improvement of their size and necessary qualifications, as he does to the improvement of his cattle and sheep. He will not patronize a degenerate race, but will import, from a distance, some better and healthier breeds. The interest lately exhibited in the article of poultry, shows that the value is now generally, if not nationally appreciated. Exhibitions are now held in various parts of the kingdom; and the breeding of hens calls forth as much rivalry now as the breeding of horses. It is not my purpose, nor is it my intention, to touch upon the cultivation of fancy poultry. I certainly would wish to see our fields and yards filled with birds of fine plumage and symmetrical form; but I would not wish to see these unless they were at the same time patient assiduous mothers, good layers, and of great value in the market for their size and favour. My closing advice, founded on my own experience, is this: treat your poultry with the utmost gentleness, care for their comfort, and feed them liberally in times of scarcity of food, and then I will venture to promise that your turkeys, your hens, your ducks, and even your geese, shall gratefully yield you a profitable return.

AVERAGE OF WHEAT CROPS IN CANADA.

The general average of the wheat crops, either in Canada or the United States, are not half what is the general average of Britain. The question for us to determine is, whether it would be advantageous for us to adopt the improved mode of cultivation practised in England, and thus increase our average products, or rest satisfied with our present imperfect system, and very short general average produce resulting from it. We do not pretend to say that we have not good farming in Canada. The fact is, that we have very many farms that would be creditable to any country, but unquestionably, the late census returns, if they are correct, show a very low and unprofitable average produce, and it should be the earnest desire of every friend to Canadian prosperity to augment this produce as much, and as soon as possible, by every means that can be adopted. If they had remained content in England with the averages of fifty years back, that country would now be in a very different position as regards her wealth and prosperity. Within that period her agricultural average products have been increased perhaps one-third or one-fourth.

Laird—And noo, Mrs. Grundy, it's your turn

[*Mrs. Grundy reads:*

DESCRIPTION OF PLATE.

Fig. 1.—Dress of *glacé* silk, with lace under the silk flounce, the lower part of the lace flounce covering the head of the second flounce; pointed

corsage with *ruches* of ribbon; the cape trimmed with lace to match the flounces. The *frisque* trimmed also with lace. Hair worn in bands, with artificial ringlets of roses.

Fig. 2.—YOUNG LADIES COSTUME.—Dress of black velvet; the skirt short and very full,—above the hem are several rows of very narrow, colored silk braid: the openings of the pockets, in the front breadth, are finished by two rows of braid, with a gold button at each end of the opening.—The jacket body does not close in the front, it is trimmed round with three rows of braid; the sleeves are of the pagoda form, the braid forming a *mousquetaire* cuff. Embroidered waistcoat of white silk, buttoned to the throat; a very broad collar of *guipure* lace, with *engageantes* to match. Bonnet of drawn pink silk, the front edged with narrow blond.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

The number of evening entertainments recently given in Paris, and those now in preparation both in the French capital and in London, have directed attention almost exclusively to evening costume.

A very elegant dress just completed consists of a double jupe of pink tulle over a jupe of pink silk, the tulle jupes reaching only to the top of the trimming on the silk jupe. The upper jupe of tulle is looped up nearly on the waist, and the gathering fixed by a bouquet of white roses with pendant sprays. On the opposite side, the jupe is gathered up and ornamented by a similar bouquet placed much lower down. The trimming on the silk shirt consists of bouillonnes of tulle intermingled with small white roses without leaves, and loops of very narrow ribbon. The berthe is of tulle bouillonné, ornamented with small white roses and loops of narrow ribbon. With this dress white roses will be worn in the hair.

Another dress recently made consists of light blue moire trimmed with two deep flounces of Alençon lace. These flounces are gathered up on each side by white roses with pendant sprays.—The corsage is draped. The coiffure is to be white roses intermingled with foliage of white crape and wheat-ears of diamonds.

A much-admired dress, worn a few evenings ago at a fashionable party, consisted of three jupes of plain white tulle over a slip of white satin. The tulle jupes were each edged with a trimming formed of loops of cerise-colour ribbon intermingled with white satin ribbon cut in the form of leaves. The two other jupes of tulle were gathered up by tufts of white feathers tipped with cerise-colour. The draped corsage was trimmed with white and cerise-colour ribbon, intermingled with blonde. In the hair were worn feathers and aiguillettes of diamonds, fixed by a diadem comb of diamonds.

At all the evening parties given last week in Paris, dresses ornamented with gold and silver were very general. We select from the most approved Parisian bulletins of fashion a description of one of these costumes. The dress, composed of gauze broche, with silver, is trimmed with three flounces, each edged with silver fringe. The corsage *à la Grecque*, and short sleeves also trimmed with silver fringe. In the hair foliage of crape of various shades of green intermingled with diamond wheat-ears. *Bouquet de corsage*, composed of crape foliage, same as that in the hair, intermingled with diamond wheat-ears. This bouquet was not placed in the centre of the corsage, but on one side.

A novel style of ornamenting ball dresses has recently been very fashionable in Paris. It consists of trimmings made of various kinds of feathers. Bands of feathers, curled and uncurled, are, like bands of fur, employed to trim the corsage of dresses and opera cloaks. These feather bands, spotted with gold, form a highly elegant trimming for brocaded silk and capes of pale colours. This new trimming has been employed in very broad rows on the skirts of dresses, for which purpose ostrich and marabout feathers are commonly intermingled. Among the newest dresses ornamented with this trimming, one was composed of pearl-grey therry velvet, trimmed with three rows of feather fringe, having an open work heading in the net form. This fringe is of the same colour as the dress, and of the usual depth of a flounce. Another dress consists of pale green watered silk, trimmed with rows of white feather trimming. Above each flounce is a row of embroidery representing a wreath of flowers, worked with white silk and dead silver. The corsage is made with a small basque, or skirt, at the waist, and is ornamented with feather fringe and embroidery. With this dress is worn a *gilet* of Alençon lace, over pink silk, fastened by pearl buttons with pendants. We may mention a third dress, wh'ch consists of light-blue watered silk, trimmed with four flounces of the silk edged with fringe made of white marabouts. The corsage, high, and with basquines edged with marabout trimmings in the form of fringe: the sleeves, which are open at the sides, are also trimmed with marabout fringe.

A greatly admired and very becoming dinner dress has been made of light green satin: the front of the skirt trimmed with a double bouillonné of tulle, of the same colour as the satin. These bouillonnes, which widened at the bottom and became narrow and close together as they approached the waist, were interspersed with small bows of green satin ribbon, disposed in the quincunx form, and becoming progressively smaller and closer together as they ascended to the waist. The corsage, which was half high, was trimmed with the same buillonnes, producing the effect of a berthe or *revers* round the top; and the ends of the sleeves were trimmed to correspond. The beautiful dark hair of the lady who wore this dress was arranged in a double plait; above the front bandeaux, and with each plait, was entwined a row of diamonds. The back was disposed in plait, and fixed by a large diamond comb in the form of a cornet, placed very backward, near the nape of the neck. On one side of the head was worn a water-lily, exquisitely made in crape, and the stamens ornamented with very small diamonds.

PAINTING ON GLASS.—The methods by which glass is stained are scientific, and require a profound knowledge of chemistry and such apparatus as must preclude the practice of this, which is the highest branch of the art, as an amusement. But that which may be treated as an accomplishment is the decoration of glass flower stands, lamp-shades, and similar articles, with light and elegant designs. Flowers, birds, butterflies, and

pleasing landscapes yield an extensive range of subjects. The glasses may be procured ready ground, the outline may be sketched in with black-lead pencil, which can be washed off with a sponge when the colours are dry. The whole of the colours employed must be transparent and ground in oil. They may be purchased in small bladders, only requiring to be tempered with fine copal or mastic varnish, and a very little nut oil, to be ready for use. Blue is produced by Prussian blue; red by scarlet or crimson lake; yellow by gamboge; green by verdigris, or a mixture of Prussian blue and gamboge; purple by a mixture of blue and red; reddish brown by burnt sienna; and all the other tints required may be obtained by combinations; for white or such parts as are required to be transparent without colour, the varnish alone should be employed. A very chaste and pleasing effect may be produced by painting the whole design in varnish, without colour. The work must of course be carefully dried, but may afterwards be cleansed with soap and water.

MRS. JULIA TYLER'S LETTER

TO HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND AND THE LADIES OF ENGLAND.

The address from Stafford-house to the ladies of America has just met with the response that we anticipated for it. The highborn dames of Virginia, who, with their mothers before them, have held slaves now for more than two hundred years, have risen as one woman to resent this interference with their immemorial privilege. Through the columns of the *Richmond Enquirer* they have appealed to Mrs. Julia Gardiner Tyler, or Mrs. ex-President Tyler, as she would be described in an American Court Circular, a lady whose parentage and accomplishments, whose birth and education at New York, whose marriage with the ex-President, and whose residence for the last eight years on a Virginia plantation as mistress of its colony of slaves, render her no mean champion of "the social institution." Prompt at duty's call, the illustrious citizenness has taken up her pen, and not laid it down till she has done summary justice on the Duchess and her friends. Mrs. Julia G. Tyler, extends the Munro doctrine of non-intervention from the soil to the institutions of North America, and retaliates on the Duchess by industriously stringing together all the unpleasant allusions which her imagination, her memory, or her friends could suggest In fact, when we come to sift the matter, it consists nine-tenths of retaliation; and as it is the peculiarity of the British press to tell foreigners everything that goes wrong in our country, the lady's task is not difficult, and the result will be no novelty to the British reader, always excepting the style of the document.

When we have said that Mrs. Julia G. Tyler's line is principally retaliation of the most screechy and indiscriminate species, we have expressed our opinion both of the Sutherland address and of the American reply. It is rather to the credit of the American ladies that no one has yet been found to retort but the mistress of a tobacco plantation, who wields the pen with a significant fierceness, and who was singled out as one of a thousand at a reply. Our fair castigatrix does not leave a raw place untouched. Ireland, the metropolis, the Dunrobin estate, the old slave trade, the Duchess of Sutherland's diamonds, the press-gang—nay, the very amount of our poor rates and charitable collections, our Queen, our bishops. our statesmen, our cotton imports, and our crocodile tears, are all lashed in succession with merciless dexterity. There is not a point of the whole body politic that does not come in for its share of the chastisement.

We cannot be quite resigned under Mrs. Julia's lash. The crushed worm will turn, and the schoolboy will remonstrate from the block if he has a shadow of a ground for a complaint. It is rather too much for even Mrs. ex-President Tyler to write as if England had done nothing, suffered nothing, paid nothing, in the cause of abolition. We cannot admit that we are perfectly unchanged since the days when Queen Anne and the King of Spain divided the spoils of the slave-trade, and that our statesmen, legislators, prelates, and peeresses are just the same sort of people they have been for two hundred years. In order to carry out this violent supposition, the fair Julia is obliged to set down the cause of Wilberforce and Clarkson—to what does the reader imagine? To envy of the United States, to revenge for their successful revolt, to grief at the loss of their market (which, by the bye, we have not lost), to the nefarious design of sowing discord between the northern and southern states, and to various other such motives, intelligible to a certain class of feminine understandings, but utterly inconceivable to any rational man. We must also beg to ask the fair ranger of Sherwood Forest, Virginia, U. S., just to look at the comparative space on the map occupied by her country, washed, as she says, by two oceans, and the British Isles. She will see that we may be excused for finding more difficulty in feeding thirty millions than the Americans in feeding twenty-six. If, in defending her own institutions from British interference, she really let ours alone, she would do enough, and more than enough for her part in the quarrel.—But she does not let our institutions alone, and by attacking them at every point she gives up her vantage ground, and almost justifies the intervention of the Sutherland-house philanthropists. The Royal and aristocratical institutions she speaks of are more than a thousand years old, and, even if we wished, we could not easily get rid of them; nor can it be denied that they contributed much to the formation of that national character of which the United States are so illustrious a result. As for the patriotic eulogies of her country with which she has adorned her reply, we are only too happy to acknowledge their general truth. We appreciate as they deserve the territory, the rivers, the two oceans, the soil, the harbours, the population, the enterprise, the political spirit, the cotton, the rice, the tobacco of the United States; and even though we have heard all about them before, we are glad to be reminded of them by so beautiful and accomplished a lady, but we do not see why all these magnificent advantages should prevent measures being taken with a view to the ultimate abolition of slavery.

Mrs. Grundy—We are now ready, Doctor, for your music.

MARY O' LAMMERLAW.

A Ballad.

THE POETRY BY JAMES PATERSON, ESQUIRE,

THE MUSIC

BY J. P. CLARKE, MUS. BAC.

Voice.

Andante Graviso.

P. Forte.

Sym.

Ma - ry o' Lammerlaw, Ma - ry o' Lammerlaw, What's a' the warld to sweet

Ma - ry o' Lammerlaw, Out in a muirland glen herd-ing a ewe or twa.

There I first met wi' young Ma - ry o' Lammerlaw, Ma - ry o' Lammerlaw,

Ma - ry o' Lammerlaw, There I first met wi' young Ma - ry o' Lammerlaw.

The sun was just risen, the ewes were new clippit,
The blue bell and gowan wi' dew-draps were tippit,
The hare limpit by and the grey mist seemed laith to draw
Up the green glen frae sweet Mary o' Lammerlaw.
Mary o'Lammerlaw, &c.

It wasna her cheek like the first rose o' simmer,
It wasna her breath like the bud o' the timmer,
But something baith sweeter and fairer forby than a'
Made me the slave o' young Mary o' Lammerlaw.
Mary o' Lammerlaw, &c.

The lav'rock frae up i' the blue lift aboon us,
The burnside our seat wi' the pladdie between us,
Wi' breathless emotion I tauld her my luve a'
And proffered my heart to sweet Mary o' Lammerlaw.
Mary o' Lammerlaw, &c.

The artless and innocent "ask at my daddie,"
She whispered and hid her sweet face in her pladdie,
And to my last breath will I bless the green bracken shaw,
Where I first met wi' young Mary o' Lammerlaw.
Mary o' Lammerlaw, &c.

MUSIC OF THE MONTH.

MR. PAIGE'S SECOND SUBSCRIPTION CONCERT.

This Concert took place on the 3rd of March, and consisted exclusively of Sacred Music.

If a crowded and attentive house may be considered as a criterion by which to judge of the success or failure of any undertaking, then the success of this Concert may be said to have been complete. We confess that we were scarcely satisfied—perhaps, however, this was owing to our having no seat, and very little standing room. Half an hour before the Concert commenced every available chair and bench was occupied, and there were many present who could but hear, and that indistinctly, and who never had a chance of even getting inside the gallery door, but were compelled to remain outside on the stairs.

On Mr. Humphries' opening song, "Comfort ye my people," we will offer no remarks. We ascertained that Mr. Humphries should rather have been in bed, had he listened to the dictates of prudence, than singing in the St. Lawrence Hall, we have, besides, too vivid a recollection of the pleasure his performance afforded us at the first Concert, to be too critical. Mr. Hecht's "God have mercy," was well given,—we would, however, venture to make a suggestion to that gentleman—the old-fashioned custom of giving utterance in singing to intelligible English sounds, has a good many advocates among the million, but were we in that gentleman's place, we would not sing in any language with the intonation of which we were not thoroughly conversant—Mr. Hecht ought not to sacrifice himself to please a false and uneducated taste. Miss Paige's singing of "I know that my Redeemer liveth" was expressive and artistic, and gave general satisfaction, as did also the "Inflammatus," from the "Stabat Mater." "Lord, what love have I!" was pleasingly given by the Misses Ellen and Emily Paige. The execution of "Deeper and deeper still," from Jeptha, established Mr. Paige's claim to be one of the most finished vocalists in our city, and met, as it deserved, a very hearty and rapturous encore.

The Chorusses, with one exception,—a solo and chorus—failed, we think, to please, and we would give Mr. Paige a hint,—to avoid, in future, undertaking any chorus where he has not full power to exercise his own judgment without any appeal. The last of this series of Concerts will come off, we believe, early in April, and from what we can learn, will comprise nearly all the musical talent, (private and professional) in the city. Mr. Paige announces his intention of sparing no pains or expense in making it a real musical treat, people should therefore lose no time in securing tickets.

Vocal Music Society.—The open meeting of this Society will take place the first week in April. Subscribers will be supplied with their tickets by the Secretary, Mr. G. B. Wylie, 18 King Street, east, and non-subscribers can procure them for 1s. 3d. at the same place.

Musical On Dits.—Marzteck has leased Niblo's Theatre in New York, for three months from the 28th March, and among his list of attractions we notice Alboni's name, so that we are unlikely to have the pleasure of hearing her, at all events, before July or August. Some excitement has taken place in New York, caused by the unwarrantable exclusion of the Musical Critic of the Albion from the Opera, by the Sontag management. Count Rossi seems to be the party blamed for the exertion of authority, and we think the Count will find that it is a mistake to attempt such a proceeding in this country. Sontag's engagement at Niblo's terminates on the 20th June. We have not ascertained her future movements.—Our thin skinned neighbors have had a hard pill provided for their digestion lately, in Mr. Fry's "American Ideas about Music," from which we make a few extracts. Mr. Fry sums up his remarks with the following conclusions, that—

"There is no taste or love for, or appreciation of, true Art in this country. That,

"The public, as a public, know nothing about Art—they have not a single enlightened or healthy idea on the subject. That,

"A sort of childish wonder is the only tribute paid in America to exhibitions of high Art, and even this tribute is only called forth by solo performances. That,

"We pay enormous sums to hear a single voice, or a single instrument, the beauties and excellencies of which (if it have any) we cannot discover.

"As an evidence that Art and artists are practically and publicly ignored by this nation, the lecturer would ask, Who ever heard Art or any eminent artist toasted, or complimented, or in any manner referred to, at Fourth-of-July celebrations, or on any public occasion?

"The American public are too fond of quoting Handel, Mozart, Bethoven, and European artists generally, and decrying whatever is not modeled after their rules. That,

"The American public decry native compositions and sneer at native artists. That,

"The ignorance of the American people generally, in relation to artistic matters is lamentable; they never can say whether they admire a composition until they see whose name is attached to it as composer."

BOOKS FOR THE MONTH.

AT T. MACLEAR'S, 45, YONGE STREET.

Harper & Brothers have issued the first volume of *Coleridge's Works*, to be completed in seven volumes; the volume issued contains "Aids to Reflection," and "The Statesman's Manual." The edition thus commenced will contain the entire works of this distinguished writer, his Newspaper "*Essays on his own Times*" (forming a separate volume and already before the public) excepted. The first volume is introduced with an admirable preliminary Essay by President March, D.D., the whole work to be conducted under the editorship of Professor Shedd. The introductory Essay is on the Philosophy and Theology of Coleridge, and is itself in point of composition, style and talent, a valuable contribution to the Theological Literature of our day. Coleridge stands among the foremost of the literary men of the 19th Century. His name is known as a poet and a philosopher to two continents, and will descend to posterity enshrined in all the glory of the age which his genius brightened and his talent enriched. With Wordsworth, Byron, Scott and Southey, his labors and character are intimately associated, as in their society he mingled, and with much of their spirit he sympathized. The history of Coleridge's *progress* is somewhat strange. He set out in the world of letters a rank Socinian, —indeed, we might almost say, an infidel—and by a process of close study and rigid application, his mind gradually threw off the slough of its natural scepticism and rose to the rational position of a common-sense believer in an inspired revelation. After wading through the mazes of ancient pantheism, and the empyrical theories of modern Germanism, he was conducted to the sensible conclusion that both were an outrage on the *intuitive* as well as the *revealed* Theology of the Bible, and, deriving his doctrine of ideas from Plato, and his opinions of the intellectual powers of our nature from Kant, he betook himself for his Theology to the fountainhead of all moral truth, the inspired volume, and on this ground he stood as immoveable as the rock, whilst entrenched in the impregnable rampart of a revealed Theology, he hurled with destructive effect the artillery of his gigantic mental prowess against all the modern scepticism of the 19th century.

Pastoral Theology, or the Theory of the Evangelical Ministry, by A. Vinet; translated and edited by Thomas H. Skinner, D.D., Professor of Pastoral Theology in the Union Theological Seminary of New York; with notes and an editorial chapter by the translator. Among their most recent issues, Harper and Brothers have published this most valuable volume, which, next to his Bible, may be deemed the Minister's *vademecum*. There is one grand difficulty which every clergyman, but especially a young clergyman, has to deal with, and experience is often tedious in teaching it, we refer to the right management of his flock. In his intercourse with men, his social nature is frequently taxed, his patience is taxed, his time is taxed, he often faulters and flounders in his sphere of labor from a want of *knowledge*, not a want of book learning, for this may be got in the library or the study, but from a want of knowledge of *human nature*. To remedy—at least in part—this evil, a course of Lectures on Pastoral Theology in its various departments, has been deemed essentially necessary, and hence it has been made a separate branch of collegiate education, and a distinct and separate Professor has been set over it. The work before us is devoted to this important part of the preparatory education of the ministry. After an admirable Introduction, written in a racy but pithy style, and breathing an excellent spirit, the work opens with what the author appropriately calls "Individual and Internal Life." Next he treats of "Relative or Social Life," next of "Pastoral Life" and finally of "Administrative or Official Life."

The Adopted Child, by Miss Jewsbery; *Agatha's Husband*, by the author of *Olive*; and Bulwers's *My Novel*, are among the most recent of the Harpers' issues. The *Adopted Child* we have read, and admire very much—so far at least as the intention of the learned authoress is concerned, we deem it due to say that her style and sentiment are very popular. The treatment of children, however, in this country we think somewhat defective,—a wise, indeed, an inspired author has said, "The *rod* and *reproof* bring wisdom."

Harper & Brothers, in the last issue of their Magazine, announce the fact that Auguste Comte has published a new work entitled *Catechisme Positioniste ou Exposition Courte de la Religion Universelle*, in which his views of religion are fully made known. This work we suppose may find its way into this country. His opinions are, of course, those of the modern philosopical school—full of scepticism—full, more properly speaking, of infidelity. He is one of the *progressionists* of the 19th century, and though a man of gigantic mental powers, and a profound scientific scholar, still his catechism, we fear, will do very little for the cause of modern Christianity—what a pity that such a splendid intellect should be so viciously squandered, and that the loftiest powers of mind should be lost on trifles, or desecrated by being lent to a service so ill-calculated to benefit the cause of humanity, or to promote the moral well-being of our race.

Putnam & Co. have issued the third number of their *New Monthly*, which we have taken some pains to examine. This is the March number,—and having in our last noticed the work, we deem it due to this enterprising and extensive house to say a few words *anent* its pretensions and merits, —and, without *exordium*, we beg to premise that Putnam's "Monthly" is, on the whole, a very readable Magazine. This periodical seems to us to promise fairly—its style and design are likely to render it more popular than Harpers' with some readers, insomuch as its articles are all original—though sometimes labored, with a mixture of profundity and flippancy. It pretends to advance the interests of a substantial rather than a popular and light literature, and with this view the editors and publishers have evidently engaged the master minds of America in this great enterprise. Among the scientific and would-be *literati*, the periodical will doubtless find a very extensive circulation, and to this we consider it fully entitled. It fills

an important place in the periodical literature of America, and we cordially welcome it as an honorable competitor in our department of Letters..—Our readers may form an estimate of its excellencies from the following facts:—Each number contains about 112 pages of doubled columned 8vo., and about twenty original and well-written articles on every leading topic of interest in the scientific, literary, political, and commercial worlds. The March number embraces "Japan," "Review of Reviews," "Robinson Crusoe's Island," "Women, and the Womens' Movement," "Are we a good-looking People,"* "Excursion to Canada,"* "Literature, American, English, French, German and Italian," &c.

The Bible of Every Land.—This good work, so universally lauded, has recently been published by G. P. Putnam & Co. The work is a history of the Sacred Scriptures in every language and dialect, and must be a *sine qua non* in every clergyman's library.

Bagster's Analytic Lexicon to the Greek New Testament.—This work has also been given to the public by the Putnams. It is a standard work in all Bible reading countries—an indispensible help to the reading of the Scriptures in the Greek language.

The Anglo-Saxon Series.—This Series embraces a number of the most valuable and excellent works now extant on the Anglo-Saxon Scriptures, as well as on the Philosophy of the Language.

Appleton & Co. have issued a work which will be read with much interest by the British in America, entitled "*English Items, or Microscopic Views of England and Englishmen*," by Mott F. Ward. We remember reading, a few years ago, an article in the *North American Review*, which was entitled "British Morals, Manners, and Poetry," intended as a *polite* retort upon a talented and erudite article which appeared from the pen of a master writer, in the *London Quarterly*, on "American Poets," and seldom, if ever, did we peruse a more unjust, not to say malicious, production. Such a conglomeration of abusive epithets, we have seldom met with; and certainly the effusion was by no means a becoming article for a journal pretending to be a leader of the *taste* of the adjoining Republic. But the book under notice, written by some disappointed and ill-tempered traveller in Great Britain, "out-Herod's Herod." Mr. Ward has been in England and he has not been just so fortunate as some of his countrymen; and, probably for a *good reason*, he has not found access to the more respectable circles,—in consequence of which he has returned a disappointed and a chagrined man; and like the mouse nibbling at the beard of the lion, he entertains his countrymen, not by telling them what he saw, or whom he saw, but by proving to them that such a "great unknown" as he could really pass through England, without being noticed. Mr. Ward would have shown alike his prudence and his policy by keeping his own insignificance in the back-ground, and along with it his book. John Bull cares very little for his abuse and his vituperation; nor is it at all likely that any reviewer in England will honor the book even by a little ridicule. We thought the time had come when travellers from each country, speaking the same language, and every day becoming more and more closely allied by commercial and diplomatic ties, could afford to admire each other's excellencies, and, to speak at least respectfully of each other's peculiarities—but, so long as peevish and irritable perigrinators like Mr. Ward, work themselves up into fumes of petulancy, and puff these fumes off in such books as that before us—stifling and choking every feelng of respect, which ought to exist in the national mind of each country, it is to be feared that some time will elapse before those reprehensible recriminations, so justly deplored by the wise and sensible of both countries, shall be buried in an ignominious grave.

* These two articles we shall duly notice—the excursion to Canada more especially.

Leonard, Scott, & Co.—This firm have during the last month issued the February number of Blackwood's Magazine, and the January number of the Edinburgh Review, which contains *nine* great articles, each of which is good, but the leader is an excellent review of Chevalier Bunsen's great work on Hippolytus. which has created a great sensation in the literary and theological world. The London quarterly has also been issued by the same firm, and is replete with both elaborate and useful literature. This firm are doing a great deal to help forward the cause of modern literature. This house reprints Blackwood's Magazine, the London Quarterly, the Edinburgh, the Westminster, (which we regret, and would commend them to discontinue,) and the North British Review; any one of which may be had for three dollars, any two for five dollars, any three for seven dollars, any four for nine dollars, and the whole five for ten dollars annually!

Redfield has published an edition of Macaulay's speeches in the House of Commons, which we have seen, and which we believe will prove a popular book. It is in two volumes, and handsomely got up.

Harper Brothers announce the works of Sir William Hamilton—the Whateley of Scotland—a publication which we sincerely long to see, and of which we shall give a proper notice, or introduce perhaps into our Shanty on its appearance.

The English Press has given forth some *large literature* of late. Among other works the learned Chevalier Bunsen has published the result of a tedious investigation, in four volumes. His work is on Hippolytus and his Age, being a powerful refutation, that the work placed in the National Gallery of France by the Minister of Public Instruction in 1842, as one of the unpublished works of Origen, is genuine and authentic. The Prussian Minister has demonstrated that this work is the production of Hippolytus, who was Bishop of *Portus Romæ* from A.D. 220 till A.D. 250. The Rev. Mr. Conebayre has published a splendid work on the Life and Epistles of St. Paul, said to be a great accession to the theology of the Church of England.

THE

ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

Vol. II.—TORONTO: MAY, 1853.—No. 5.

HISTORY OF THE WAR BETWEEN GREAT BRITAIN AND THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. DURING THE YEARS 1812, 1813, AND 1814.

CHAPTER V.

Naval encounters at sea, general remarks on.

The failure of all the military movements undertaken, so far, by the Americans was, in some degree, balanced by the unexpected success which attended their operations on an element which had long been the scene of triumph to their opponents—we may advisedly use the expression 'scene,' as the sea had hitherto been the stage on which the triumphs of British prowess had been most brilliantly represented. In entering, however, on a contest with American sailors, bone of their bone and sinew of their sinew, the British Government appear to have lost sight of the fact, that the strength of the United States navy consisted of a few frigates, of scantling and armament corresponding to their own seventy-fours, and that, by their own well understood regulations, every single-decked vessel was bound to engage any single-decked vessel of the enemy, nominally of her own class, however superior, in reality, in tonnage, guns and crew;—another important fact also, must not be lost sight of, that the American vessels were manned by sailors, many of whom, unfortunately, were British, while many more had been trained in the British service. For many years previous to the declaration of war, America had been decoying men from British vessels by every artful scheme, so that the captains of American vessels had to pick their complement not only from amongst men of their own nation, but from a numerous body also of foreign seamen. The constitution also of the body of American marines was wholly different from the British.

In the United States every man may learn to shoot, every man may be a marksman. To collect these expert marksmen officers were sent into the western parts of the Union, and to complete still farther their efficiency, a marine barrack was established near Washington, from which depôt the American ships were regularly supplied. There was another point in which the British were found, as compared with their opponents, very deficient—gunnery,—nor was this entirely the fault of the commanders of H. M. ships, as the Admiralty instructions, which they were bound to obey, restricted them, during the first six months after the ship received her armament, from expending more shots per month* than amounted to one-third in number of her upper-deck guns, and after these six months had expired, they were to use only half the quantity. The disastrous consequences of this discouragement of the expenditure of powder and shot will be apparent, as we shall have to bring forward in quick succession, instances that will show how much the British navy suffered by inattention to this most essential point in war, the proper handling of the weapons by which it was to be waged.

We have boldly made the assertion that the American frigates were of the scantling of seventy-fours, and a few explanatory remarks will show the correctness of the statement.

* Vide James' Naval History, part 8.

In 1794, an English shipwright,* Mr. Joshua Humphreys, resident at Philadelphia, gave in estimates of the cost of building three seventy-four gun ships, to measure sixteen hundred and twenty tons, American measurement, about seventeen hundred and fifty English. Before, however, the keels of these vessels had been much more than laid, Mr. Jay's treaty restored the amicable relations between England and America, and it was resolved to convert the vessels, begun as seventy-fours, into frigates. This was done by contracting the breadth about three feet and a half, and not connecting the quarter-deck and forecastle, so as to give in reality only one continuous tier of guns,—thus were these seventy-fours converted into enormous sixty-two gun frigates. A frigate, the Constellation, begun at the same time, and originally intended to class as a forty-four, was in a *similar manner* reduced to the rate of a thirty-six. It appears from the estimates rendered to Congress that the original intention had been to construct two forty-fours and a thirty-six; but, by the new arrangement it was confidently expected that the sphere of utility of these vessels would be widely extended "It was expected (vide estimates) from this alteration, that they would possess in an eminent degree, the advantages of sailing, that separately they would be superior to any single European frigate of the same rate and of the usual dimensions; that if assailed by superior force, they would be always able to lead a-head; that they could never be obliged to go into action but on their own terms, except in a calm; and that in heavy weather they would be capable of engaging double-decked ships." These were the principal advantages contemplated in thus rating vessels of this heavy scantling as forty-four gun frigates. Having thus shown that in designating these "line of battle ships in disguise" by their true titles we have not greatly erred, we shall add a few remarks on the Constellation, nominally a thirty-six gun frigate. "Even here (says James) was a frigate more than equal to any French or English frigate of the largest class carrying long eighteen-pounders, and, be it remembered, in the year 1811, France did not own any, and England only three frigates (Cornwallis, Indefatigable, and Endymion) that carried long twenty-four-pounders." The Constellation was a sister frigate to the Chesapeake, and "had ports for mounting on her two broadsides (vide James) fifty-four guns." Had the Americans, possessed no stronger frigates than the heaviest of these, Europeans would not have been so surfeited with tales of American naval prowess.

First objects of the War. chase of Belvidera —Escape of English homeward bound fleet of West Indiamen.

An object of paramount importance to the Americans was, the capture of the homeward bound West India fleet, supposed to be on the coast, and known to be under the convoy of but one thirty-six gun frigate, and a sloop of war. This fleet had left Jamaica on the 20th May, and had passed Havanna on the 4th June, at 3, a. m.: on the 23rd (*five days after the declaration of war*) the American Commodore spoke a brig, and ascertained that, four days previous, in lat. 36° long. 67°, the Jamaica fleet had been seen, steering to the eastward. In that direction he immediately proceeded, and, at 6, a. m., that day made out a large sail to the northward and eastward, standing directly towards them. This was the British thirty-six gun frigate, Belvidera, Capt. Byron, then on the look-out to intercept a French privateer schooner, hourly expected from New London. Capt. Byron having a few days before, spoken a New York pilot boat, and ascertained what was likely to happen, finding his private signals unanswered, and coupling this circumstance with the efforts of the Americans to close, was no longer in doubt as to the hostile intentions of the approaching squadron, and immediately tacked and made all sail, hoisting his colors. The American squadron did the same, the two commanders displaying their broad pennants; and, by signal, the frigates and the sloops hauled to the wind in chase. For twelve hours the chase was continued, during which time the Belvidera kept up a steady stern fire, firing upwards of three hundred round shot from her two cabin eighteen pounders. Commodore Rodgers, in the President, the leading frigate of the squadron, finding himself by this time three miles astern, shortened sail. The Belvidera suffered only from the fire of the President, (as the shot of the Congress, the only other vessel that got up, all fell short,) and her loss amounted to two killed, and twenty

† Vide James, part 8, page 2.

two wounded, the greater part slightly. According to the American official account, the President lost altogether, two midshipmen and one marine killed, the commodore, one lieutenant, one lieutenant of marines, three midshipmen, and twelve seamen wounded. This alone was a high price to pay for the day's amusement, but this was not all, as the homeward bound fleet, through Capt. Byron's judgment in leading the American squadron, so long a dance, arrived safely on the 23rd August, in the Downs, Com Rodgers only falling in with a fleet, not of ships, but, of cocoa nuts, orange peel, &c. To complete his misfortunes, the scurvy broke out among the men, and thus conferred an additional value on the oranges and lemons that were known to be in such profusion in the much coveted vessels.

Manning of American fleet as compared with that of the British.

It had been intended that the frigate Essex should have formed part of Commodore Rodgers' squadron, but she could not be got ready in time; the complement of this vessel, as acknowledged by Capt. Porter, was three hundred and twenty-eight men. Another confession was also made by Capt. Porter, (one for which his government did not thank him), that, out of his three hundred and twenty-eight men, there were but eleven landsmen To those cognizant of the material from which the complement of a British ship is made up, this admission must appear most extraordinary, and establishes the very important fact that, no pains were spared by the Americans to send their vessels to sea equipped and manned in the most complete way. We will now show the importance that was attached to the retention of British seamen on board the American ships of war, and this should be held in remembrance by all who desire to judge fairly of those encounters between British and American ships, of which we are now about to begin the account.

Captain Porter's inhuman treatment of an English sailor.

We give, on the authority of Mr. James, the following statement which shows, if true, and we would hardly suppose that Mr. James would lightly advance so grave a charge; the barbarous means to which an American officer could resort, to punish a native of England for refusing to become a traitor to his country:—

"A New York newspaper, of June 27th, 1812, contains the following as the substance of the formal deposition of the victim of Capt. Porter's unmanly treatment. The deposition states, that John Erving was born in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, England; that he has resided within the United States, but has never been naturalized; that, on the 14th October, 1811, he entered on board the Essex, and joined her at Norfolk; that Captain Porter, on the 25th June, 1812, caused all hands to be piped on deck, to take the oath of allegiance to the United States, and gave them to understand, that any man who did not choose to do so should be discharged; that, when deponent heard his name called, he told the Captain that, being a British subject, he must refuse taking the oath; on which the captain spoke to the petty officers, and told them they must pass sentence upon him; that they then put him into the launch which lay alongside the frigate, and there poured a bucket of tar over him, and then laid on a quantity of feathers having first stripped him naked from the waist; that they then rowed him ashore, stern foremost, and landed him; that he wandered about, from street to street, in this condition, until a Mr. Ford took him into his shop, to save him from the crowd then beginning to gather; that he staid there until the police magistrate took him away, and put him into the city prison for protection, where he was cleansed and clothed. None of the citizens molested him or insulted him." He says he gave as an additional reason to the Captain why he did not choose to fight against his country, that, if he should be taken prisoner, he would certainly be hung. This, as we remarked above, if true, is a significant fact, and shows the importance attached to the retention of a good seaman. So much has been already written on the way in which British vessels are manned, that it is almost unnecessary to remark, that there was no great cause for wonder that, seduced by promises of high pay, good seamen should enter the American service, and fight desperately; especially with a noose dangling from the foreyard arm ever before their eye when in sight of a British man-of-war.

The first fatal consequence of the disregard

First consequences of the meeting of unequal forces. Loss of the Guerriere.

of the difference of size and armament of American vessels, and of undervaluing their opponents' strength, was experienced by the frigate Guerrière, commanded by Captain Dacres, which, on August 19th, lat. 40° 20' N. and long. 53° W, was brought to action by the American frigate Constitution, Captain Hull.

The respective force is thus officially stated, —Guerrière forty-eight guns, throwing one thousand and thirty four pounds of shot: crew, two hundred and forty four: tons, one thousand and ninety-two;—Constitution fifty-six guns, throwing fifteen hundred and thirty-six pounds of shot: crew, four hundred and sixty: tons, fifteen hundred and thirty-eight. Even this statement will fail to convey an adequate idea of the real inequality that existed between the vessels, as it should be also borne in mind that the Guerrière was on her return from a long cruise with foremast and bowsprit sprung, and in absolute need of the refit for which she was then hastening to Halifax.*

The Constitution was seventeen days from port, and in all respects as well prepared for an engagement as the greatest care could make her. At half-past four the frigates came to close quarters, and by half-past six the unequal contest was ended by Capt. Dacres lowering his flag, the Guerrière being, by this time, an unmanageable wreck, rolling her main deck guns under, with her three masts gone by the board.

No imputation can be attached to Capt. Dacres on this occasion, he fought and handled his ship well, and he with his crew yielded only to the irresistible superiority of physical strength. So heavy indeed had been the fire* that after removing the officers and crew it

* "The Guerrière had nearly expended, not only her water and provisions, but her boatswain's and carpenter's stores; her gunner's stores were also deficient; what remained of her powder, from damp and long keeping, was greatly reduced in strength; her bowsprit was badly sprung, her mainmast, from having been struck by lightning, in a tottering state, and her hull, from age and length of service, scarcely seaworthy. No one then will deny that this rencontre was rather unfortunate; in fact, such was the state of general decay in which the Guerrière, at this time, was, that, had the frigate gone into Portsmouth or Plymouth, she would, in all probability, have been disarmed and broken up."

* Sir,—I am sorry to inform you of the capture of His Majesty's late ship Guerrière by the American frigate Constitution, after a severe action on the 19th August, in lat. 40 deg. 20 minutes N. and long. 55 deg. W. At 2 P. M. being by the wind on the star-board tack, we saw a sail on our weather beam, bearing down on us. At 3, made her out to be a man-of-war, beat to quarters and prepared for action. At 4, she closing fast, wore to prevent her raking us. At ten minutes past 4, hoisted our colors and fired several shot at her: at twenty minutes past 4, she hoisted her colors and returned our fire, wore several times to avoid being raked, exchanging broadsides. At 5, she closed on our starboard beam, both keeping up a heavy fire and steering free, his intention being evidently to cross our bow. At 20 minutes past 5, our mizen-mast went over the star-board quarter, and brought the ship up in the wind; the enemy then placed himself on our larboard bow, raking us, a few only of our bow guns bearing, and his grape and riflemen sweeping our deck. At forty minutes past 5, the ship not answering her helm, he attempted to lay us on board; at this time Mr. Grant, who commanded the forecastle, was carried below badly wounded. I immediately ordered the marines and boarders from the main deck; the master was at this time shot through the knee, and I received a severe wound in the back. Lieut. King was leading the boarders, when the ship coming too, we brought some of our bow guns to bear on her, and had got clear of our opponent, when at twenty minutes past 6, our fore and mainmast went over the side, leaving the ship a perfect unmanageable wreck. The frigate shooting ahead I was in hopes to clear the wreck, and get the ship under command to renew the action, but just as we had cleared the wreck, our sprit sail yard went, and the enemy having rove new braces, &c., wore round within pistol shot, to rake us, the ship lying in the trough of the sea, and rolling her main deck guns under water, and all attempts to get her before the wind being fruitless, when calling my few remaining officers together, they were all of opinion that any further resistance would only be a needless waste of lives, I ordered, though reluctantly, the colors to be struck.

The loss of the ship is to be ascribed to the early fall of her main-mast, which enabled our opponent to choose his position. I am sorry to say, we suffered considerably in killed and woonded, and mostly while she lay on our bow, from her grape and musquetry; in all, fifteen killed and sixty-three wounded, many of them severely; none of the wounded officers quitted the deck until the firing ceased.

The frigate proved to be the United States' ship Constitution, of thirty 24-pounders on her main deck and twenty-four 32-pounders, and two 18's on her upper deck, and 476 men: her loss in comparison with ours is trifling, about twenty: the first lieutenant of marines and eight killed; the first lieutenant and master of the ship, and eleven men wounded; her lower masts badly wounded, and stern much shattered, and very much cut up about the rigging,

was found by the captors impossible to keep this, their first naval trophy, afloat, and the Guerrière was accordingly set on fire and blown up. This must have been the more mortifying, as this ship had been made particularly obnoxious to the Americans, although the causes of quarrel arose before Capt. Dacres joined and while Capt. Pechell commanded her, still it was the same ship, and most acceptable would her acquisition as a trophy have been. It is not unworthy of remark, that on board of the Guerrière, at the time of this engagement, there were ten American seamen who had for a number of years belonged to her; but as the declaration of war by the United States was not known at the time of her sailing, no opportunity of course had since that period offered itself for discharging them. Capt. Dacres, however, conceiving it to be unjust in the extreme, to compel them to fight against their countrymen, ordered them to quit their quarters and go below. This conduct contrasts most favorably with the attempts made by Capt. Hull and his officers to inveigle the crew of the Guerrière and induce them to turn traitors. One of the means resorted to was to keep his prisoners manacled and chained to the deck during the night and the greater part of the day.

The reason assigned by Capt. Hull for this unusual severity was, that there were so many of his own crew who considered the Guerrière's men as their countrymen, (and who felt, as well they might, some degree of shame at their own fallen state), he was apprehensive the two bodies united would overpower him and the Americans, and carry the Constitution to Halifax. The more probable reason seems to have been to render the prospect of liberty the more alluring to those who would turn traitors. Capt. Hull calculated, it may be supposed, that any whom he could persuade to enter, would fight in the most desperate manner, rather than be taken and turned over to their former commanders, from whom they could only expect to receive a certain and well merited fate. Capt. Dacres bears testimony, in other respects, to Capt. Hull's treatment of himself and crew, and the care that was taken to prevent their losing the smallest trifle.

The author of the American "Naval History," Mr. Clark, remarks thus upon the Guerrière's capture:—"It appeared in evidence on the court martial, that many Englishmen were on board the Constitution, and that many of these were leading men, or captains of guns." The officers of the Guerrière knew some of them personally. One had been captain of the forecastle in the Eurydice, another had been in the Achille at Trafalgar, and the third lieutenant was an Irishman, named Read. In the latter end of 1816, a register of officers and others, military and naval, in the service of the United States, was issued from the Washington press, prepared by a resolution of Congress. Affixed to the list of names in this official document, is one column headed "State or country where born." Turning to this column, in the naval department, we find,

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The Guerriere was so cut up, that all attempts to get her in would have been useless. As soon as the wounded were got out of her, they set her on fire; and I feel it my duty to state, that the conduct of Captain Hull and his officers to our men, has been that of a brave enemy, the greatest care being taken to prevent our men losing the smallest trifle, and the greatest attention being paid to the wounded, who, through the attention and skill of Mr. Irvine, the surgeon, I hope will do well.

I hope, though success has not crowned our efforts, you will not think it presumptuous in me to say, the greatest credit is due to the officers and ship's company for their exertions, particularly when exposed to the heavy raking fire of the enemy. I feel particularly obliged for the exertions of lieut. Kent, who, though wounded early by a splinter, continued to assist me; in the second lieutenant the service has suffered a severe loss; Mr. Scott, the master, though wounded, was particularly attentive, and used every exertion in clearing the wreck, as did the warrant officers.—lieutenant Nicholl of the royal marines, and his party, supported the honorable character of their corps, and they suffered severely. I must recommend Mr. Shaw, master's mate, who commanded the foremast main deck guns in the absence of lieutenant Pullman, and the whole after the fall of lieutenant Ready, to your protection, he having received a severe contusion from a splinter. I must point out Mr. Garby, acting purser, to your notice, who volunteered his services on deck, and commanded the after quarter-deck guns, and was particularly active, as well as Mr. Bannister, midshipman. I hope, in considering the circumstances you will think the ship entrusted to my charge, properly defended—the unfortunate loss of our masts, the absence of the third lieutenant, second lieutenant of marines, three midshipmen and twenty-four men, considerably weakened our crew, and we only mustered at quarters two hundred and forty-four men, on coming into action; the enemy had such an advantage from his marines and riflemen, when close, and his superior sailing enabled him to choose his distance.

I enclose herewith a list of killed and wounded on board the Guerrière.

as we descend in the list, the blanks in the column of "where born" increase amazingly. Of the superior officers, only three captains—Shaw, Patterson, and Crichton—were ashamed to name their birth-place. Of one hundred and sixty lieutenants, five appear to have been British; but seventeen, all English or Irish names have blanks after them. Of twenty boatswains, four were born in the United States; the rest nowhere. Of eighty-three sailing-masters, fifteen had no birthplace; and eight appear to be British. Of twenty-five gunners, three appear to have been born in the United States; and out of thirty-three carpenters and master-mates, five only could be found to fill up the blank with the term "American." The blanks in the list of able seamen increase surprisingly. This, however, is not to be wondered at, when we consider Captain Brenton's statement:—"It was said, and there is no reason to doubt the fact, that there were two hundred British seamen on board the Constitution."

After this analysis, Mr. Clark's remarks on the capture of the Guerrière can be taken at their value—"It has manifested the genuine worth of the American tar, which has enabled him to meet under DISADVANTAGEOUS CIRCUMSTANCES (save the mark), and to derive glory from the encounter, the naval heroes of a nation which has so long ruled the waves."

We have been thus particular in dwelling on all the circumstances connected with the capture of the Guerrière, as with few exceptions the same disparity of force prevailed and the same remarks apply. That the American successes were unexpected, is apparent from the instructions given to the officers in command of the vessels about to leave port, and, in fact, the first capture of an English by an American vessel was made, if not in direct breach of orders, at least contrary to the calculations of the Navy Department, and had not Hull put to sea before his countermand reached Boston, he certainly would not have made his capture of the Guerrière, nor is it probable that any capture would have been made at all, if we may judge from the tone of the following communications:—

"Naval Department, Washington,
18th June, 1812.

"SIR,—This day war has been declared between the United Empire of Great Britain, Ireland, and their dependencies, and the United States of America, and their territories, and you are, with the force under your command, entitled to every belligerent right to atttack and capture, and to defend. You will use the utmost despatch to reach New York, after you have made up your complement of men, &c., at Annapolis. In your way from thence, you will not fail to notice the British flag, should it present itself. I am informed that the Belvidera is on our coast, but you will not understand *me as impelling you* to battle previously to your having confidence in your crew, unless attacked, or with a reasonable prospect of success, of which you are to be, at your discretion, the judge. You are to reply to this, and inform me of your progress.

"P. HAMILTON.

"Capt. Hull, U. S. Frigate Constitution."

This discouraging and, considered with immediate results, somewhat pusillanimous order, was soon followed by another of the same tenor, as follows:—

"Navy Department, 3rd July, 1812.

"SIR,—As soon as the Constitution is ready for sea, you will weigh anchor and proceed to New York.

"If, on your way thither, you should fall in with an enemy's vessel, you will be guided in your proceeding by your own judgment, bearing in mind, however, that you are not voluntarily to encounter a force superior to your own. On your arrival at New York, you will report yourself to Commodore Rodgers. If he should not be in that port, you will remain there untill further orders.

"P. HAMILTON."

The Constitution, on her way to New York was chased by a British squadron and prevented from getting into that port, so that her stealing to sea from Boston, into which she had been driven, and her encounter with the Guerrière was purely accidental and in contravention of orders, for even after his escape into Boston, a new order was despatched:—

"Navy Department, 29th July, 1812.

"SIR,—Your letter of the 20th instant, just received, has relieved me from much anxiety.

"I am truly happy to hear of your safety. Remain at Boston until further orders.

"P. HAMILTON."

Before receiving this order Capt. Hull had put to sea and escaped the doom, which his

affrighted Government had prepared for him —to be laid up in port.

A second action, tending to augment the confidence of Americans in themselves, took place on the 18th October, between H. M. brig Frolic, Captain Whinyates, and the United States sloop of war Wasp, Captain Jones.

Frolic and Wasp.

The Frolic was the convoy of the homeward bound fleet from the Bay of Honduras, and was repairing the damages her masts and sails received in a violent gale on the night of the 16th, in lat. 36° north, lon. 64°, in which she had carried away her main-yard, sprung her main-topmast, and lost both her topsails, when a vessel was made out which immediately gave chace to the convoy.

Although in the crippled state above mentioned, Captain Whinyates determined to save his convoy, and a close and spirited action ensued, which was maintained until the brig became, from her previous shattered condition, unmanageable. The Wasp taking advantage of this shot ahead, and raked the Frolic, which was unable to bring a gun to bear. She now fell with her bowsprit between the main and mizen rigging of the enemy, and was then immediately carried by boarding, after an action of an hour's duration. Such was the obstinacy with which she had been defended that, on the Americans taking possession of their prize, but three officers and the man at the wheel were found alive on the deck. In this dreadful conflict the British loss was thirty killed, and between forty and fifty wounded. The vessels were nearly equal in point of strength, both as regarded guns and men, and her previous crippled state alone brought on this disastrous and speedy issue. On the afternoon of the same day H.M. ship Poictiers, seventy-four guns, fell in with and captured both vessels, sending them into Bermuda. Congress awarded to Captain Jones a gold medal, to his officers a silver one, and to the crew generally, twenty-four thousand dollars, in testimony of their gallantry in capturing a British vessel of superior force. This may be accounted for, as Captain Jones in his official despatch, gave the Frolic two extra guns, and judiciously said nothing of her previous disabled state. The reader may, however, judge in what the superior force consisted from the statement here given :—Frolic, broadside guns, nine, throwing two hundred and sixty-two pounds of shot, with two twelve-pounder carronades,—crew, ninety-two,—size, three hundred and eighty-four tons. Wasp, broadside, nine guns, throwing two hundred and sixty-eight pounds of shot, with two brass four-pounders,—crew, one hundred and thirty-five,—size, four hundred and thirty-four tons. Nearly matched as these vessels were, the superiority if anything leaning towards the side of Wasp, yet the usual exaggerations of American officers made it a victory over a superior force.

Seven days after this affair, on the 25th of October, in lat. 29° north, lon. 29° 30′ west, the thirty-eight gun frigate Macedonian, Captain Carden, fell in with and brought to action the U. S. frigate, United States, Commodore Decatur. The action lasted for upwards of two hours, when, with one hundred shot in her hull, several of them between wind and water, her mizen mast gone by the board, main and fore topmasts shot away by the cap, her main yard in the slings, two remaining lower masts badly injured, and but few guns effective, the Macedonian surrendered. Of her complement of two hundred and fifty-four men, deducting eight foreigners who refused to fight, thirty-six were killed and sixty-eight wounded.

Macedonian, and United States.

Commodore Decatur, in his official despatches, makes very light of the damage done to his vessel; either in loss of men or injuries to hull or rigging, reporting only five killed and six wounded. Captain Carden, however, represents that the United States "was pumped out every watch till her arrival in port, from the effects of shot received between wind and water, and that two eighteen pounders had passed through her mainmast in a horizontal line." There is very little doubt, also, from what may be gathered from his account, but that these numbers were very far from representing the actual loss in killed and wounded.

The comparative force of the two combatants may be with correctness stated as follows:—Macedonian—weight of broadside, five hundred and twenty-eight pounds; crew, two hundred and fifty-four ; size, one thousand and eighty-one tons. United States—broadside, weight of metal, eight hundred and sixty-

four pounds; crew, four hundred and seventy-four; size, fifteen hundred and thirty-three tons. James mentions, among other proofs, that a large proportion of the United States' crew were British; the following fact,—"One of the officers' servants, a young lad from London, named William Hearne, actually found among the hostile crew his own brother! This hardened traitor, after reviling the British, and applauding the American service, used the influence of seniority in trying to persuade his brother to enter the latter. The honorable youth, with tears in his eyes, replied: 'If you are a —— rascal, that's no reason I should be one.'" Mr. James alleges that several of the Macedonian's men recognized their old shipmates; and "Captain Carden," says Marshall, "observing 'Victory' painted on the ship's side over one part, and 'Nelson' over another, asked Commodore Decatur the reason of so strange an anomaly; he answered, 'the men belonging to those guns served many years with Lord Nelson, and in the Victory, and they claim the privilege of using the illustrious names in the way you have seen.'" The Commodore also declared, according to the same authority, publicly, that there were but few seamen in his ship, who had not served from twelve to fifteen years in a British man-of-war. After reading this, the reader will naturally like to know what the register, which has been already so useful to us, says of the birthplace of Commodore Decatur. This authority assigns, as might be expected, a birthplace, not quite so far north as Captain Hull's, to the Commodore—Maryland.

On the arrival of Decatur, with his prize, at New York, the Macedonian was purchased by the American Government, and was rated as a thirty-six gun frigate, of which class she was the smallest ship. The same ungenerous system of tampering with the prisoners, that prevailed in the case of the Guerrière, was carried on by the Commodore and officers of the United States, and in order that his attempts might be unrestricted by the presence of the Macedonian's officers, they were sent on shore on parole. The officers, however, becoming acquainted with the honorable schemes of the American officer, returned on board.

We look in vain in Commodore Decatur's official communications for any admission that he had conquered a vessel of inferior force. This confession would certainly have been honest, but, then, it would have interfered with the Act of Congress of 28th June 1798, which provided that, "if a vessel of superior or equal force shall be captured by a public armed vessel of the United States, the forfeiture shall accrue wholly to the captors." Two hundred thousand dollars, the valuation of the prizes, was accordingly paid over to the American commander and his crew. The verdict of the court-marshall, puts the conduct of Captain Carden and his crew, beyond question—the substance of the sentence is as follows:—"Having most strictly investigated every circumstance, and examined the different officers, and ship's company; and having very deliberately and maturely weighed and considered the whole, and every part thereof, the Court does most honorably acquit Capt. Carden, the officers and crew."

Great were the rejoicings throughout the Union, at their third naval victory, especially as it was the first of which the fruits had been secured,—and the arrival of the colors of the Macedonian at Washington was attended with illuminations and a public and most brilliant fête. The press, too, teemed with such rhapsodies as the one of which we give a specimen.* Had a faithful statement of the com-

* With unutterable pleasure we record another most gallant naval achievement—a thing without precedent or parallel—an action *sui generis*, unique, incomparable—a *British* frigate dismasted and compelled to surrender in *seventeen minutes*, with 106 of her crew, one-third of her number, killed and wounded, by a vessel but little her superior in force—by a new people, unused to the horrid business of war; by strangers to the thunder of cannon.

We are lost in astonishment at the *effect* of *Decatur's* fire—no wonder that the *Britons* thought he was enveloped in flames, and rejoiced, giving three cheers. Weak mortals!—they had yet to learn the great activity of *Decatur's* youthful crew, and feel the power of the *vengeance-charged* guns of the *United States*.

Thus it was with *Hull*, with *Porter*, with *Jones*, and with *Chauncey*, on the lake. Every shot had its private commission to revenge a private wrong—some lashing at the gang-way of a *British* vessel of war—some privation of food for refusing to labor for "his Majesty"—some personal indignity which imperious *Britons* know so well to give to "Yankee rascals."

The gallant *Rodgers*, unsuccessful, vexes the deep. Like the bold bald eagle of his country, he darts over the region of waters in search of his enemy; groaning in spirit that the foe is not nigh.

parative force of the two vessels, been blazoned on the walls of that festive hall, we scarcely think that there would have been found cause for such extravagant demonstrations of joy, or room, on the part of the press, for such vainglorious paragraphs. Justice and truth would rather have awakened a feeling of admiration, at the bravery with which British sailors had contended against such unequal and fearful odds.

Java and Constitution, December 29th.

Another action, the result of which was even more disastrous to the British, yet remains to be chronicled, before closing the list of naval battles, for the year, on the ocean.

The Java, Captain Lambert, on her outward-bound voyage to the East Indies, with a number of passengers on board, besides a large body of recruits, on the 29th December, some forty miles from St. Salvador, in lat. 13° N. and long. 36° W., encountered, and was captured by, the American frigate Constitution. "The Java," according to Commodore Bainbridge's testimony, in a letter to a friend, bearing date January 29th, 1813, "was exceedingly well fought. Poor Lambert, who died, six days after the action, was a distinguished and gallant officer."

One can hardly credit that so much indifference could have been manifested by Government, as was shown in the case of preparing the Java for a voyage, in which the chances were so great that an enemy's vessel would be encountered. A little of the previous history of the Java will, however, place the affair pretty clearly before the reader. The late French frigate Renommeé, newly christened the Java, was under orders to carry out to Bombay the newly appointed Governor, Lieutenant-General Hislop, and suite, with a number of supernumeraries,—Marine Society boys. Finding, on joining, that out of a complement of two hundred and ninety-two, the whole number of petty officers and men, who had ever trod a deck or been present at an action, amounted to less than fifty, Captain Lambert loudly remonstrated against the inefficiency of such a ship's company. The only reply was, that a voyage to the East Indies and back would make sailors of them. It was in vain to urge the matter further, but as some slight amendment to the Java's crew, eight men were allowed to volunteer. Manned in this way, with sixty Irishmen, who had never smelt salt water, except in crossing the channel—the rest of her complement made up from prison ships, Captain Lambert was despatched to sea. Is there room for wonder that with such a crew he and his vessel should have succumbed to a superior, unprepared as he was for a contest even with an equal, force? The great cause for astonishment is that, with such a crew, the Java should have maintained a fight from a little past two till six, and that the colors should have been lowered from the stump of the mizen mast only when the Constitution had taken up a raking position athwart the bows of her then defenceless antagonist. The Java lost her masts and bowsprit, had upwards of twenty guns disabled, her boats shot to pieces, and her hull so shattered, that it was found necessary to burn her. Twenty-two were killed, and ninety-two wounded on board the Java, in this murderous conflict; and the American loss, though trifling in comparison, was yet severe—ten killed and forty-eight wounded. This victory added no glory to the American flag, as, with the same difference of force as in the instance of the Guerrière, the crew, although nominally stronger, was in reality not half as effective; indeed, Mr. James remarks on this head: "The Constitution captured the Java certainly, but in so discreditable a manner that, had the latter been manned with a well trained crew of three hundred and twenty men, no doubt remains in our mind, and we have con-

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But the time will come when he shall reap a rich harvest of glory.

Bainbridge, in the *Constitution*, with the sloop *Hornet*, commanded by the excellent *Lawrence*, was near the middle of the Atlantic, *hunting* British frigates, at the date of our last accounts from him.

Porter, in the little frigate *Essex* is,—we know not where; but doubtless desirous of paying his respects to Sir *James Yeo*, of the *Southampton*; who, *dubbed* a knight by a king, wants to be *drubbed* into a gentleman by a *Porter*; and we venture to say that if they meet, the knight will get a lesson on good manners.

The *Constellation*, Captain *Stewart*, will soon be at sea, to claim her portion of the laurels; and the *Adams* frigate, nearly fitted out at Washington city, will bring to the recollection of our aged patriots the ardent zeal that distinguished her *namesake* in "the times that tried men's souls."—*Niles' Weekly Register*.

sidered the subject seriously, that, notwithstanding her vast superiority of force, the American frigate must either have succumbed or have fled." According to the same author, "the manner in which the Java's men were treated by the American officers, reflects upon the latter the greatest disgrace." One object, however, the Constitution's officers missed by their cruelty in manacling and pillaging their poor captives—three only of the Java's crew entered, while the remainder, jail birds though many of them were, treated with contempt their reiterated promises of high pay, rich land, and liberty.

The verdict of the court martial held on the surviving officers and crew of the Java was, that "the action was maintained with zeal, ability, and bravery," and the compliment paid to Lieut. Chads, who commanded after Captain Lambert's fall, a very high one. Rear Admiral Thorn was the president, and, returning Lieutenant Chads his sword, he thus addressed him—"I have much satisfaction in returning you your sword. Had you been an officer who had served in comparative obscurity all your life, and never before heard of, your conduct on the present occasion has been sufficient to establish your character as a brave, skilful, and attentive officer." We think it but justice to bring these facts forward, to enable those who may have seen only American accounts of the war, to come to a more correct conclusion respecting the events we have been just detailing. We cannot forbear quoting from James a short account of the reception of Commodore Bainbridge by the citizens of Boston:—

"At this moment our eyes light upon a passage in a book before us, giving an account of the reception of Commodore Bainbridge by the citizens of Boston, and we cannot resist the temptation of placing it before the British public. 'On the following Thursday (that succeeding the frigate's arrival,) Commodore Bainbridge landed at the long wharf from the frigate Constitution, amidst acclamations, and roaring of cannon from the shore. All the way from the end of the pier to the Exchange coffee-house, was decorated with colours and streamers. In State street they were strung across from the opposite buildings, while the windows and balconies of the houses were filled with ladies, and the tops of the houses were covered with spectators, and an immense crowd filled the streets, so as to render it difficult for the military escort to march. The commodore was distinguished by his noble figure, and his walking uncovered. On his right hand was the veteran Commodore Rodgers, and on his left Brigadier-general Welles; then followed the brave Captain Hull, Colonel Blake, and a number of officers and citizens; but the crowd was so immense that it was difficult to keep the order of procession. The band of music in the balcony of the State Bank and the music of the New-England guards, had a fine effect." Here was a compliment to the British navy!

Effect of these successes on the American people.

There is very little doubt but that the effect of these four actions on the American mind was most important, as the successive triumphs gave a tone and character to a war hitherto decidedly unpopular with the moderate portion of the community, and imparted a still greater confidence to the war party, already far from deficient in the language of pretension and vain glorious boasting.

The tone, even, of the *National Intelligencer*, previously moderate, if not pacific, was at once altered, and the repeal of the orders in Council, simple and unconditional as it was, now failed to satisfy American demagogues, "the American flag was now to secure all that sailed under it."

This was a bold attitude to assume towards a nation whose seamen had beaten, in succession, every power in Europe into a confession of their superiority, more especially when we reflect that the Americans were to the full as much astonished as were the English at the unexpected aspect which naval events had now assumed. The various orders from Washington to the Commanders make this sufficiently apparent, and supply a more correct index to the reality of American expectations than do the vapourings of a few individuals, who prepared a highly seasoned dish of self-glorification for a public by no means unwilling to swallow the regale seasoned for the national taste.

"No one" says one Historian* "can compare the official accounts without acknowledging that accident or fortune had little to do with these battles, which were like nearly all

* Ingersoll.

the other naval engagements throughout the war, AFTER England had time to recover from her surprise, and endeavour to imitate or excel her antagonist. More extensive or more numerous battles would add little to the credentials of the few gained."

This last paragraph is a fortunate admission, as but few laurels were added to the American naval wreath after the first year, and as the American Navy disappeared nearly altogether from the ocean when the British Government awoke, at length, from their delusion, and adopted such measures as they should have done at the beginning of the war.

Measures adopted by the British Government.

We have just given a full account, not only of the exploits, but of the force in tons, men, and guns, of the American forty-fours, and we will now, as far as lies in our power, point out the steps that were taken by the British Admiralty, to put a stop to their further successes.

Three of the small class seventy-fours, the Majestic, Goliath, and Saturn, were cut down, and thus armed: The first deck battery of twenty-eight long thirty-two-pounders was retained, but in lieu of twenty-eight long eighteens' on the second deck, an equal number of forty-two-pound carronades were carried, with two long twelve-pounders as chase guns; this, with a complement of four hundred and ninety-four men and boys, was judged a fair match for the American, nominally, forty-fours; as, however, no glory could have accrued from the capture of an American forty-four, by what would have been styled a seventy-four in disguise, the policy or utility of this measure may be, and has been, very much doubted.

Besides the completion of these three razees, two vessels were built to answer the same purposes. They also merit a few remarks which we will take from James:—

"The Leander was constructed of pitch-pine, from a draught prepared by Sir William Rule, the ingenious architect of the Caledonia, and many other fine ships in the British navy; and the Newcastle was constructed of the same light wood, from the draught of M. Louis-Charles Barrallier, then an assistant surveyor under Sir William, but now the principal naval architect for the French at Toulon. The first of these ships measured 1572, the other 1556 tons; and they were both constructed of very thin and inadequate scantling. The establishment of each ship was 30 long 24-pounders on the first or 'upper' deck, and 26 carronades 42-pounders, and two, afterwards increased to four, long 24-pounders on the second or 'spar' deck; total, at first 58, then 60 guns, with a net complement of 480 men and boys. The Leander and Newcastle, therefore, in the disposition of their guns, perfectly agreed with the cut-down 74s; and yet they were officially registered as 'frigates,' but, by way of salvo for their anomalous structure 'with spar decks,' was superadded. If, by 'frigate,' is meant a ship with a single battery-deck from stem to stern, is it not a sufficient stretch of the term, to apply it to a vessel that has two additional short decks, upon which are mounted nearly as many guns as she carries on her whole deck? But must a ship, having two whole decks, upon each of which an equal number of guns is mounted, be called a single-decked vessel? And yet, in official language, the Leander and Newcastle are not two-decked ships, otherwise their lower battery-deck would not be called their upper deck, nor their upper, their spar deck; neither would their depth of hold be measured from the deck below the first battery-deck, nor the length of the same deck be registered as the 'length of gun-deck.' These are the only points, in which these frigates with spar decks differ from the cut-down 74s, and from the 56 and 54 gun ships already mentioned.

The command of the Leander was given to Captain Sir George Rolph Collier, and the command of the Newcastle, to Captain Lord George Stuart. Great difficulty was experienced in getting these two ships manned; and certainly the crew of the Leander, after it was obtained, was a very indifferent one, containing, besides many old and weakly men, an unusually large proportion of boys. This ineffectiveness of the Leander's crew has recently been contradicted; but we allude to the period of the ship's arrival at Halifax, Nova Scotia.

"We were then on board the Leander several times, and not only witnessed the quality of her crew, but heard the officers complain, as well they might, of their great inferiority in that respect to the ships against which they were expected to contend.

"When she quitted Spithead, for Halifax, the Leander was so lumbered with stores, that the ship would scarcely have made the voyage, had she not received a refit in Cork; and even then it was fortunate, much as was to be expected from her captain and officers, that the Leander did not encounter one of the American 44s.

"Another ship, of the same force in guns, and nearly so in men, as the Leander and Newcastle, was produced by raising upon the Akbar, formerly a teak-built Indiaman, and more recently known as the 44-gun frigate Cornwallis. The Akbar proved a very indifferent cruiser, sailing heavily, and rolling to such a degree, that she was constantly carrying away or springing her masts. The ship actually stowed 450 tons of water; while the Caledonia, a ship of double her measurement, could not stow more than 421 tons. The Akbar has since been converted to the only purpose for which, and carrying a cargo, she was ever adapted, a troop-ship.

"If it was deemed necessary to build or equip ships to oppose the large American frigates in fair combat, they should have been frigates, and two-decked ships like the Leander Newcastle, and Akbar. There was a frigate laid down in the year 1813, which would have answered every purpose; but, after the draught of the Java had been prepared as that of a regular frigate, to carry 52 guns, the pen of authority filled up the gangway with a barricade and a row of ports, and hence the Java was built as a 60-gun two-decked ship, similar to the Newcastle and Leander. If the American frigates, of 1533 tons, could not carry, with ease, their gangway guns, and the two last-named British 60-gun ships, averaging 1564 tons, found some inconvenience in carrying theirs, how could it be expected that the Java, of 1458 tons, could bear the eight additional guns ordered for her?"

Besides these two anomalous classes of frigates, the cut down seventy-fours, and the fifty; a few ships were constructed to which the name of frigates was really applicable. Two fine frigates were then afloat, but one carried a broadside of only twenty-six guns, while the forty-fours carried one of twenty-eight; the proverb of "L'an scottato ha paura de l'acqua calda"* is here applicable; the Admiralty had not scrupled to send out thirty-sixes, with instructions compelling them to bring to action any single-decked enemy's vessel, however superior; but now they hesitated to send a fine vessel, nay two, for the Egyptienne was rejected also, though mounting the proper number of guns, because she was inferior to her expected adversary by one broadside gun. The Firth, Liffey, Severn, Glasgow, and Liverpool were accordingly built, manned with a complement of three hundred men and boys, and with an armament of fifty guns—twenty-eight long twenty-four pounders, twenty carronades, thirty-two pounders, with two long nines. A new gun was also tried, and found to answer expectations. Says James—"The six-and-half feet thirty-three cwt. twenty-four pounders not having been found heavy enough, some guns of the same calibre were constructed, from a foot to a foot-and-a-half longer, and weighing from forty to forty-three cwt."

It is singular, that although American sloops were hunting for British frigates all over the ocean, as soon as the intention of arming British frigates with such guns was promulgated, the Americans seem to have suddenly mislaid their orders for hunting down the British, and we accordingly find that the Java was the last British frigate they captured or brought to action, although not, as we shall hereafter see, the last they fell in with.

Some of the minor classes of ships, must now receive our attention, as we shall soon have several cases to record, proving that the Americans were as keenly awake to "out-build the British in sloops," as they had out-witted them in their frigates.

To whatever is classed under one head, people are disposed, and not unnaturally, to attach the notion also, of equality, so that when there does exist any difference, the stronger is sure to triumph over the weaker party,—while there always will be found many, whom it will be hard to convince that any disparity of force really existed: such is the difficulty of removing an impression once conveyed, and of substituting for it another.

The Americans had built their new sloops, the Peacock, Wasp, and Frolic, and to meet these on anything like equal terms, it was deemed necessary to build new vessels. What were considered equal terms by the Admiralty,

* The burn child dreads the fire.

we shall now show. The English had in their possession, the late French corvette "Bonne Citoyenne,"—a very fine vessel. After placing the force of the Bonne Citoyenne in juxta position with that of the Frolic, the reader will be able to judge how far the action of Government was judicious: Bonne Citoyenne—length of main deck, one hundred and twenty feet; breadth, thirty-one feet; tons, five hundred and eleven; guns, twenty; men, one hundred and thirty-five. Frolic, length, one hundred and twenty feet: breadth, thirty-two feet; tons, five hundred and forty; guns, twenty-two; men, one hundred and seventy-five. Now, surely the easiest mode of encountering the Americans, would appear to have been, to have built vessels of some twenty-five tons burthen larger than the Bonne Citoyenne, and to have added thirty men, at least, to her complement. The Lords of the Admiralty thought otherwise, so, as the surest means of producing the effect they desired to bring about, the vessels, built from the lines of the Bonne Citoyenne, were shortened five feet, and instead of increasing, the burthen was decreased fifty-five tons,—two extra guns were put on board a smaller vessel, and to work the extra guns no extra men were considered necessary—the complement of one hundred and thirty-five being considered sufficient. Sir Jos. Yorke had the merit of sending his improved vessels to sea—the improvement consisting in diminishing a vessel's capacity to carry, and at the same time increasing her armament. Let us take Mr. James' testimony: "Scarcely were the twenty thirty-pounder carronades, and two long nines brought on board, than two of the carronades were sent on shore again, as having no proper ports fitted to receive them—already the remaining twenty guns were too close together, to render the quarters sufficiently roomy. With these, however, the ships went to sea; and they were soon found neither to sail well nor to work well. The utility of their stern chase ports, may be judged of when it is stated, that, owing to the narrowness of the ships at the stern, there was no room to work the tiller while the guns were pointed through the ports."

Of this last discreditable oversight and its attendant consequences, we shall have to give hereafter a practical illustration. Fortunately for the credit of the Brtiish navy, and for the individual honor of the captains and crews of the new twenty-gun vessels, the press gave rather an exaggerated account of their force and size, and held them up to view as much more formidable than they really were. The consequence was that the Wasp, Frolic, Peacock, and Hornet avoided every three-masted man-of-war they saw. Relative to the boasting that took place in the case of the Hornet and Bonne Citoyenne, we shall now speak, and shall establish, with Mr. James' help, the fact that the behavior of the Americans on the occasion was nothing but braggadocio of the most despicable character.*

* While in the early part of December, 1812, the United States' frigate Constitution, Commodore Bainbridge, and ship-sloop Hornet, of eighteen 32-pounder carronades and two long 12-pounders, Captain James Lawrence, were waiting at St. Salvador, to be joined by the Essex, an occurrence happened, which the characteristic cunning of Americans turned greatly to their advantage. In the middle of November the British 20-gun ship Bonne-Citoyenne, of eighteen 32-pounder carronades and two long 9-pounders, Captain Pitt Barnaby Greene, having, while coming from Rio-de-la-plate, with half a million sterling on board, damaged herself greatly by running on shore, entered the port of St. Salvador, to land her cargo and be hove down.

When the ship was keel-out, the two American ships arrived in the port. The American Consul and the two American commanders now laid their heads together to contrive something which, without any personal risk to any one of the three, should contribute to the renown of their common country. What so likely as a challenge to Capt. Greene? It could not be accepted; and then the refusal would be as good as a victory to Captain Lawrence. Accordingly, a challenge for the Hornet to meet the Bonne-Citoyenne was offered by Captain Lawrence, through the American Consul, to the British consul, Mr. Frederick Landeman; Commodore Bainbridge pledging his honour to be out of the way, or not to interfere.

Without making the unpleasant avowal, that his government upon this occasion, had reduced the vessel he commanded from a king's cruiser to a merchant-ship, Captain Greene transmitted, through the consular channel, an animated reply, refusing a meeting "upon terms so manifestly advantageous as those proposed by Commodore Bainbridge." Indeed, it would appear as if the commodore had purposely inserted the words, "or not interfering," lest Captain Greene, contrary to his expectation, should accept the challenge. For, had the two ships met by agreement, and engaged, the Constitution looked on without interfering, and the British ship been the conqueror, the pledge of honor, on the part of both American commanders, would have been fulfilled; and can any one for a moment imagine, that Commodore Bainbridge would have seen the Bonne-Citoyenne carry off a United States' ship of war, without attempting her rescue? It was more than

Before entering on the subject of the naval operations on the lakes, we shall proceed to give the American account of the havoc committed on British commerce, through the instrumentality of their cruisers, from the declaration of war to the end of the year 1812. It will be amusing, as the anxiety of the Americans to magnify every little coasting vessel, captured among the West India islands, into a sloop of war or armed vessel, will be thus shown.

American list of captures made.

According to the American account, from the date of the declaration of war, 18th June, to the end of the year, three hundred and five prizes were taken by their privateers.

It appears that of this number, sixty-eight vessels mounted seven hundred and sixty-three guns, (nearly eleven guns each,) and that in specie alone, one million eight hundred and fifty thousand dollars was secured, in twenty-one vessels, independent of the value of the crafts and cargoes.

In looking over this long list, we find so many vessels of from four to eight hundred tons each, and described as laden with the most valuable cargoes, that we conceive we are very much under the mark in valuing the three hundred and five prizes, at ten thousand dollars each. This valuation, with the amount of specie and the value of the seven hundred and sixty-three guns, would thus give, even at our low estimate, a loss of over five millions of dollars. To those who may remember the facts as they occurred, or who are otherwise conversant with our mercantile marine, the absurdity of this statement speaks for itself. It may, however, be as well to explain, for the benefit of the uninitiated, that the richest of these prizes, those represented as carrying the largest number, and the heaviest guns, were West Indiamen, principally homeward bound, and that, with some few exceptions, this class of vessels could not carry on deck anything heavier than a four or six-pounder, and of guns even of this calibre, few could bear more than four, six, or eight. In the American account, the guns are nearly all put down as twelve or fourteen-pounders, some even as eighteen-pounders, which makes the exaggeration still more apparent. It was a common practice for these vessels to mount four or six guns, and to have a number of what were called "Quakers," that is wooden guns, and, no doubt, our Yankee brethren have, in their version, reckoned each one of these "Quakers" as a *bona fide* long twelve.

Not the least injury done was the depriving Great Britain of the services of so many sailors, for, according to this list, forty-five thousand seamen were captured during the first six months of the war.

A brief notice of a few of the most remarkable of the captures, as chronicled in the American papers, will be amusing:—

Louisa Ann, laden with molasses, captured by a boat from the Benjamin Franklin, privateer, with seven men, *under the guns* (and we presume, also under the fire,) *of a battery of twelve eighteen-pounders.*

Ship Grenada, seven hundred tons burthen, eleven guns and thirty men, with schooner Shaddock, also armed, (with a complement, it may be presumed, of at least twelve men,)

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his head was worth. Where was the guarantee against re-capture, which always accompanies a serious proposal of this sort, when a stronger force, belonging to either party, is to preserve a temporary neutrality? The bait, therefore, did not take: the specie remained safe; and the American officers were obliged to content themselves with all the benefit they could reap from making a boast of the circumstance. This they did; and, to the present hour, the refusal of the Bonne-Citoyenne to meet the Hornet, stands recorded in the American naval archives, as a proof of the former's dread, although the "superior in force," of engaging the latter. The two ships, as has just been seen, were equal in guns, and not very unequal in crews; the Hornet having 171 men and two boys, the Bonne-Citoyenne, including 21 supernumeraries, 141 men and nine boys. But this inferiority was in a great degree compensated, by the pains which Captain Greene had taken to teach his men the use of their guns.

After the Constitution had sailed for Boston, the Hornet continued blockading the Bonne-Citoyenne and her dollars, until the arrival, on the 24th of January, of the British 74-gun ship Montagu, Captain Manley Hall Dixon, bearing the flag of Rear-Admiral Manley Dixon. The American sloop, on being chased, ran for the harbor; but night coming on, the Hornet wore, and, by standing to the southward, dexterously evaded her pursuer. Escorted by the Montagu, the Bonne-Citoyenne, with her valuable cargo on board, put to sea on the 26th of January; and on the 22nd of February, in latitude 5° 20' south, longitude 40° west, the rear-admiral left Captain Greene, to pursue his voyage alone. Sometime in the month of April, having stopped at Madeira by the way, the Bonne-Citoyenne arrived in safety at Portsmouth.

Could any scheme have been more cunningly devised for acquiring credit at a cheap rate?—Ed.

both captured at the same time, by the Young Eagle, of New York, *one* gun and forty-two men.

Ship Hassan, fourteen guns and twenty men, captured by the Tom Jones, three guns.

Ship Osborne, ten guns, long eighteen-pounders, twenty-six men, five hundred tons, captured by the Teazer, two guns, and *not* thirty men.

Brig Amelia, captured by the Mary Ann, one gun.

These are some of the more prominent exaggerations, but the list is filled with such, and, unfortunately for their credit, the cord has been too tightly drawn by these veracious chroniclers, and the arrow has, consequently, over-shot the mark.

In the case of the Hassan, for instance, who ever heard of a vessel carrying fourteen twelve-pounders intended to be used, and a complement of only twenty men! It would, however, be a waste of time to adduce further instances of the means resorted to, throughout the States, to blind the eyes of the public, and, under the smoke of the seven hundred and sixty-three guns, to conceal the real ruin that was fast approaching. A few individuals, like drawers of prizes in a lottery, were fortunate enough to realise large fortunes by a series of lucky captures at the very commencement of the war; but very soon these prizes were exhausted, as we find by the 1st of December the lamentation that "it has not been our good fortune, latterly, to record the capture of many prizes. This has not arisen from want of activity in our many privateers, but from the scarcity of the enemy's vessels. Several have cruised ten thousand miles without seeing an Englishman. Whether the British Government is unable to furnish the needful convoys, or whether the commercial mind of the nation is panic-struck by the hardy exploits of our tars, and will not venture forth, time will determine."

We are not at all astonished at the commercial panic which at that time pervaded the nation—the thought, that half a dozen frigates, and as many brigs and sloops of war aided by privateers, (some only open boats, and others mounting only one gun,) had in four months effected what the united navies of France and Spain had failed to do, must have been indeed a humiliating one to the Briton, and there is not much cause for wonder that the commercial energies of Great Britain were paralyzed. Five millions of dollars abstracted in five months. We only wonder that a national bankruptcy did not ensue.

Before closing this history we trust we shall be able to make it apparent, on which nation the greater injury was wrought, and that, during the years 1813 and '14, while English vessels were in every sea, and while her flag waved triumphantly everywhere, the American Marine, whether naval or commercial, was as effectually swept from the ocean, as if the besom of destruction had passed over it.

American President's Message. Nov. 4.

Before closing the chapter a few short extracts from Mr. Madison's speech will throw some additional light on the motives which prompted the American Government to prefer a war with England to one with France, even supposing that equal causes of complaint had existed against both those nations. We give one very significant paragraph towards the end of the message:

"The receipts into the Treasury, during the year ending on the 30th Sept. last, have exceeded sixteen millions and a half of dollars, which have been sufficient to defray all the demands on the Treasury to that day, including a necessary reimbursement of near three millions of the principal of the public debt. In these receipts are included a loan of *near eight million eight hundred and fifty thousand dollars* received on account of the loans authorized by the acts of the last session. The whole sum actually obtained on *loan amounting to eleven milloins of dollars*, the residue of which being receivable subsequent to the 20th Sept., will, together with the current revenue, enable us to defray all the expenses of this year."

Here we have, at once, a very obvious reason for the choice made by the American Government. We do not imagine that it was ever seriously contemplated that any prizes, taken could be an equivalent to the people, generally, for the certain drain on their resources which a war must inevitably entail, a list however of three hundred and odd prizes, with a certain amount of national glory acquired, backed, too, by nearly two millions of dollars in specie looked well on paper, and would not only furnish the Government with a satisfactory an-

swer to any outcry that might arise relative to increase of taxation, but would also render Mr. Madison's re-election to the Presidential chair pretty certain.

It is amusing to note how lightly Mr. Madison touches on the military events that had taken place in the west. The single sentence: "The expedition, nevertheless, terminated unfortunately," is deemed sufficient, and by way of accounting, we suppose, for the unfortunate failure, a long paragraph is introduced, relative to the British availing themselves of the aid of their Indian allies. We cannot forbear quoting the passage, as it will shew to what the chief magistrate of a powerful nation can stoop to serve a selfish end:—"A distinguished feature in the operations which preceded and followed this adverse event, is the use made by the enemy of the merciless savages under their influence. Whilst the benevolent feeling of the United States invariably recommended peace, and promoted civilization amongst that wretched portion of the human race, and was *making exertions to dissuade them from taking either side* in the war, the enemy has not scrupled to call to his aid their ruthless ferocity, armed with the instruments of carnage and torture, which are known to spare neither age nor sex. In this outrage against the laws of honorable war, and against the feelings sacred to humanity, the British commanders cannot resort to the plea of retaliation, for it is committed in the face of our example. They cannot mitigate it, by calling it a self-defence against men in arms, for it embraces the most shocking butcheries of defenceless families: nor can it be pretended that they are not answerable for the atrocities perpetrated, since the savages are employed with the knowledge, and even with menaces, that their fury could not be controlled. Such is the spectacle which the deputed authorities of a nation, boasting its religion and morality, have not been restrained from presenting to an enlightened age."

This reads well, and no doubt impressed the American mind with a very sufficient and wholesome indignation against a people who, if they did not themselves perpetrate atrocities, could at least countenance and encourage them in their allies. But what are the facts of the case:—That it was notorious that the Americans exhausted every possible means to induce the Indians to act as their allies, and that it was only on finding, that the memories of injuries perpetrated and wrongs inflicted by the Americans, were too fresh in the recollection of the Indians and rankled too deeply for the wound to be easily forgotton, that the Americans began to inveigh against the British, for their deviation from the rules of "civilized warfare."

Besides, we fearlessly challenge Americans to adduce the flagrant instances "of butcheries against defenceless families," mentioned in the presidential address.

The speech furnishes, also, another very convincing proof, that, in spite of all efforts, the war had not, even then, become as popular as generally represented by the American press:—

"Among the incidents to the measures of the war, I am constrained to advert to the refusals of the governors of Massachusetts and Connecticut, to furnish the required detachments of militia towards the defence of the *maritime frontier*. The refusal was founded on a novel and unfortunate exposition of the provision of the constitution relating to the militia.

"It is obvious, that if the authority of the United States to call into service and command the militia for the public defence, can be thus frustrated, even in a case of declared war, and, of course, under apprehensions of invasion preceding war, they are not *one nation* for the purpose most of all requiring it, and that the public safety may have no other resources than those large and permanent military establishments which are forbidden by the principles of our free government, and against the necessity of which the militia were meant to be a constitutional bulwark."

It is apparent from the tenor of this, that fears were entertained, even after the publication of the list of three hundred and five prizes, nearly eight hundred guns, and a large amount of specie, with any quantity of national glory added, that the Northerners might be found too ready to weigh the real value of these advantages against the certain disbursements of dollars and cents.

In short, there were fears that the Northerners could not be easily blinded as to the certain ruin which awaited them commercially.

VIEW OF QUEBEC, C. E.

CITIES OF CANADA.

QUEBEC.

*The** European poet may chaunt in undying strains the spirit-stirring associations of the far-famed Calpe,

"Calpe, though giant warder of the main,
Time hath not 'minished aught thy stately mien."

but have not we, the free denizens of the west, our own Quebec, a source from which we, also, may evoke with magical wand, the memories of mighty deeds, and if, unhappily, in the mists which enshroud the past, are lost the early legends connected with our own Calpe,† yet have we not enough of recollections, fresh in the mind, wherewith to circle our queenly citadel. History responds and points to the spot where, in the arms of victory, Wolfe fell, and where in later days Canadians repelled Montgomery. The first authentic fact connected with Quebec is the visit paid in 1535 to Cartier by Donnacona, "the Lord of Canada," who lived at Stadaconna, which occupied that portion of Quebec that was lately desolated by fire. Cartier was at that time with his vessels in the river St. Charles, which he then named Port de Ste. Croix. To the promontory, where he found some rough diamonds, he gave the name which it bears at the present day—Cape Diamond. But little more is known of Quebec until 1608, when Champlain, a distinguished naval officer, made his second expedition to Canada, and preceded up the river as far as the Isle of Orleans. He soon fixed on the spot, already visited by Cartier, called by the natives, Que-bio, as the site of a fort, and on the 3rd of July, 1608, he laid the foundation of the present City of Quebec.

The name of Quebec is derived, as some suppose, from the expression of Cartier's Norman pilot, who exclaimed, at first sight of the majestic promontory, in his patois, "Que bec?" but it appears to us much more probably derived from the Algonquil "Que-bio," which signifies, "what a beautiful end." The force of this signification will strike any one coming up the river and passing the Island of Orleans, when the promontory on which the city is built breaks on the view, giving all the appearance of a termination to the river. In the year 1759, it was determined by the British to undertake a plan of combined operations by sea and land, and Quebec was of course one of the most prominent and important points to be assailed. The force destined for its reduction was placed under the command of General Wolfe, and amounted to about eight thousand men. The account of its reduction is a thrice told tale, and it is needless for us here to give a history of what is doubtless familiar to all our readers, suffice it to say that Quebec fell, and with it fell also French dominion in the Canadas. One monument serves to commemorate that eventful struggle, in which both generals, the victor and the vanquished, fell. Wolfe's remains rest not, however, by the side of his chivalrous opponent, Montcalm,—England, proud of his fame, and jealous of his ashes, laid them in Greenwich, the town in which he was born. A fine monument has been also erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey.

Several attempts have been made by the French, and by the Americans, during the War of Independence, against Quebec; the last siege sustained was in 1775, when, after an unsuccessful blockade of six months General Arnold was obliged to give up the attempt in despair. It was towards the end of this siege that Montgomery, one of the American generals, was killed in a night attack. Since 1775, Quebec has remained in the undisturbed possession of the British, and has increased steadily in importance.

Our sketch is taken from Point Levi, on the opposite side of the river, from whence a fine view of the river, the fortifications, and the lower town is obtained. On the right of the engraving may be seen the Jesuit barracks and *L'école des Frères Chrétiens*, at the head of Gallows Hill, a substantial stone building. To the left, at the head of the Rue Fabrique, and in the Market Square, stands the Roman Catholic Cathedral, an old but handsome stone building, most gorgeously fitted up in the interior. The front of the cathedral has been recently re-built of cut-stone, and in the rear is the Bishop's Palace, a very handsome building. In Market Square is also, *le Séminaire de Québec*, a fine old building of venerable appearance. The Anglican Cathedral may be distinguished, apparently at the head of the street leading from the lower town; it is, however, in reality at the corner of Anne and Garden Streets, the back of it facing the Place d'Armes; near the Cathedral is the Anglican

* Does the misguided man by italicising *the*. mean to place Byron before Milton or Shakspeare?—P. D.
† The third, if not the second fortress of the world.-P.D.

Bishop's residence. On the extreme left is seen, in frowning grandeur, the citadel—the Gibraltar of the West. The street, which appears almost up and down the cliff, is Mountain Street, the connecting link between the upper and lower town, with Prescott Gate at the head of it. Close to Prescott Gate, and just within the walls, not, however, distinguishable in the plate, are the Parliament buildings, a very handsome pile of cut stone, forming three sides of a square, and commanding a very beautiful and extended view. The jail is a massive stone building, erected at a cost of about sixteen thousand pounds. It is in a healthy situation. The Court House and City Hall are plain stone edifices, well adapted to the purposes for which they were intended.

The Wesleyan Church in St.Stanislaus Street, Upper Town, is a fine Gothic building, the interior is tastefully fitted up, and by many it is thought, the handsomest church in the city; there are two churches belonging to this persuasion. There are also,a Congregationalist and a Baptist, besides the Free Scotch Kirk, a plain structure, and St. Andrews, in connexion with the Church of Scotland; there is a neat cut-stone manse adjoining this church. The Anglicans have four, and the Roman Catholics thirteen places of worship in Quebec. Among the other public buildings which deserve to be mentioned, are the Hotel Dieu, the General Hospital, the Ursuline Convent, and the Seminary of Quebec. The buildings of the Hotel Dieu are spacious, and the Hospital can accommodate about sixty sick. There are several fine paintings by celebrated masters in the church. This is, perhaps, the oldest institution in the city, and was founded in 1637 by the Duchesse d'Aguillon. The religious body consists of a superior and forty nuns. The General Hospital and Convent is a quadrangular pile of stone buildings, founded in 1693 by M. de St. Vallier, a bishop of Quebec. The religious body is under the care of a superior, there are about sixty nuns, and an excellent girls school is attached to the church. The Ursuline Convent was founded in 1641, and is a fine stone building with extensive gardens. One hundred and fifty pupils can be accommodated in the school,which is perhaps the best in the city, and about three hundred poor children receive a thorough education,at a charge almost nominal. Le Séminaire was founded by Mons. De Laval in 1663,—nearly four hundred youths are provided with a good education at a very moderate rate, and fourteen teachers are required for the various duties of the establishment.

We do not pretend, in our brief notices of the cities, to give more than an explanation of the plate, with a short sketch of the most prominent public buildings. We must,therefore,confine ourselves to remarking that here there are branches of all the banks in Canada, besides the Quebec Bank and the Quebec Savings Bank, and that the city is well supplied with hotels, of which the best are, perhaps, Payne's Swords' and the Albion. One building must not, however, be passed over—Bilodeau's dry good store: this is the finest establishment of the kind in British North America; inside and out, it is splendidly got up, and it is quite the Howell and James of Canada.

That the trade of Quebec is considerable, may be inferred from the tonnage of ships entering the port in the last year amounting to about 520,000 tons, and the number of passengers arriving during the last five years reaching 170,000. The greatest activity prevails, also, in the ship-building yards, and commercial prosperity is everywhere visible.

As a place of residence, Quebec may be considered as one of the pleasantest in the province. The society is considered remarkably good, and there is no lack of healthy out-door recreation, especially during the winter, to relieve the mind and cheer the jaded spirits. Among the notabilities in the vicinity of Quebec are the plains of Abraham, where the celebrated battle was fought which decided the fate of Canada. A monument serves to mark the spot where Wolfe fell. The Chaudière Falls, about nine miles distant, are very beautiful and romantic, and will amply repay a visit; but the Falls of Montmorenci are even still more attractive.

This is the favorite place of resort in the winter season, at which time the spray from the cataract, freezing as it falls, soon forms a mountain or pyramid of ice, in front, of considerable height, and supplies the citizens with the same sport which les Montagnes Russes do at St. Petersburg. The sleigh is drawn up to the top by means of steps cut in the ice, and the adventurous passenger, carefully ba-

lanced, shoots down the side of the mountain with a rapidity which, when the ice on the river is smooth, sends you a wonderful distance over the broad bosom of the river, from whence dragging your sleigh you return to renew the game *ad libitum*: considering the amazing velocity of the descent, and the steepness of the sides of the ice mountain, it is wonderful how few accidents occur. Quebec offers to those who may desire to give their children the benefit of a thorough knowledge of French, without the pain of separation—an admirable opportunity of effecting their purpose. There are capital schools, and the tone of society is more thoroughly French than in Montreal, while the kindness and bonhommie of the inhabitants are proverbial. We would fain linger on the various points of attraction in and about this romantic city; but space forbids and compels us to leave Quebec and its beauties to some more graphic pen—one more capable of doing full justice to the beautiful capital of Lower Canada.

THE SEA-WAVE'S SIGH.

1.

By the music of the waves,
On a sunlit isle,
Whose shore the ocean laves,
Came a child erewhile;
Earth's light awoke the tears
In his tender eye,
But music to his ears
Was the sea-wave's sigh.

2.

Poor infant!—Far away
Over deserts wild
Thy father's footsteps stray,
Lost to thee, fair child:
From that unkindly land
He returns no more,
To lead thee by the hand
On the wave-worn shore.

3.

Perhaps upon the wild
As he wandered, he
Had thought upon the child
He might never see;—
That father was my own—
His child unseen was I,
Left, nameless and unknown,
Where the sea-waves sigh.

4.

It was then the ocean's breast
Gave a home to me,
And rocked me into rest
As our bark did flee.
Like a father's voice of cheer,
When none else was by,
Upon my slumbering ear
Came the sea-wave's sigh.

5.

The fragrant summer gale,
With its murmur low,
May waft the whispered tale
That the wild-flowers blow;
But dearest, loved, and best
Of all winds that fly
Is that which to my breast
Bears the sea-wave's sigh.

6.

Oh! tenderly and soft,
Breathes the voice of spring;
My heart hath bounded oft
When one loved did sing:
But tears unbidden flow
From the life-seared eye,
When musically low
Comes the sea-wave's sigh.

7.

As an infant, on its foam
I was rocked to sleep;
As a child, I loved to roam
By the pathless deep,—
As a man, from shore to shore,
When the storm rolled high,
I revelled in the roar
Of the sea-wave's sigh.

8.

There is a fragrance in the gale
Breathing o'er the sea;
There is music in the wail
Of its waves for me.
A wild joy fills the brave
O'er its depths who hie,—
O! make for me a grave
Where the sea-waves sigh!

ERROL.

THE CHRONICLES OF DREEPDAILY.
No. XI.

SETTING FORTH HOW PEREGRINE WILDGOOSE SAVED HIS NECK FROM BEING STRETCHED ACCORDING TO LAW.

DURING our sojourn at Furnival's Inn, the Dominie and your humble servant made the acquaintance of a young fellow of whom we both took a great notion. His name was

Peregrine Wildgoose, and as he was paying his addresses to Miss Nancy Glover, the landlady's niece who took charge of the bar, he was naturally thrown much into our way. He was a gay thoughtless creature, more given to *larking*, as he termed it, than pushing his fortune, and might be described as one of the rolling stones of society, which gather but a small dividend of the moss of mammon.

Peregrine had early been left an orphan, and his patrimony being but small, he had come up from Westmoreland, his native place, to London, in search of employment, and, at the time when we fell in with him, was acting as assistant to a haberdasher. He would have been termed a *counter-louper* in Dreepdaily, but in England the pride fu'-bodies like to sport fine names, even ganging the length of baptizing the huxters of kail and leeks, as *green grocers!*

There is an auld sang which says:

> "How happy the soldier who lives on his pay
> And spends half-a-crown, out of sixpence a day!"

The secret of this jolly red-coat, it would appear, had been communicated to our measurer of ribbons, and though his stipend did not far turn the corner of fifty pounds per annum, he lived as if it had been multiplied by ten, or maybe even a higher figure. When he slipped the cable of the shop—as skipper Howison would say—he would swagger into the coffee room of our change house, as magnificent-like as the Duke of Montrose, or one of the beef-eaters of the Tower—the grandest tribe I ever met with in the Babylon of bricks and draft-porter! When plain-folk like the Dominie and myself were content with a tumbler of toddy or a glass of brandy and water, this Sardanapalus of a yard flourisher would look at nothing less aristocratic than a pint of wine, and I have even seen him leave the house with a quart bottle of claret below his belt.

It is true that owing to his engagement with Miss Glover, (for the question had been popped, and answered in the affirmative) my gentleman had not to settle his reckonings on the nail. Luckey Stingo, however, the hostess, aye kept a note of them, intending to present the bill when Wildgoose came into the possession of some great fortune which, according to his story, was to fall due in about a fortnight frae the time of which I am writing. His nuptials with the fair Nancy were fixed for the same epoch, and her wedding braws were in due course of manufacture.

As I hinted before, Mr. Paumie and myself took an especial liking to Peregrine, and he managed to do with us just as he pleased. Every other night he would contrive some ploy or expedition, to make us acquainted with life, as he termed the ten thousand vanities of London; and verily under his pilotage we were led into strange places, the very names of which would hae made the hairs of the Dreepdaily Kirk Session to stand on end.

Among other queer holes, he took us to a drinking shop, named a *sporting parlour*, kept by ane Thomas Cribb, a tinkler-looking loon, who had made his bawbees by breaking the noses of kindred bullies for the amusement of a denomination named the *Fancy*. When I questioned Mr. Wildgoose touching the creed held by this sect, he answered that they were not peculiarly strait laced, but if anything were followers of the ancient *Hittites!* Be this as it may the communion embraced some of the highest names in the land, Knights, Baronets, and Peers being among the number. Nay, even royalty itself did not disdain to patronize the *Ring*, which was another name for the body. Peregrine whispered me to take notice of a sonsy, full-faced, good natured looking customer who was chatting familiarly with Cribb, and drinking porter from a pewter pint stoup. This personage turned out to be nobody less exalted than the Prince Regent, who afterwards came to wear the imperial crown of Great Britain!

[*Nota Bene.*—The *Fancy* has dismally faded since the time when the worthy barber honoured London with his presence. A friend who some twenty years ago visited Tom Cribb's establishment gave us the following account thereof:

"In a small dingy comfortless room, containing one open table and a couple of boxes, sat a huge dirty personage, who might, as far as appearance went, once have been possessed of thewes, but who had run all to fat. Leech who is familiar with the ex-champion, saluted him and introduced me. Then a silence ensued; then an attempt was made on my part to affect a knowledge of the science pugilistic, which elicited nothing but a grim supercilious look from the old bull-dog. While I was seeking to digest my mortification, his wife entered, affecting to look at the bell pulls, 'Tom did you call?' The manœuvre was too apparent, and my companion remained silent. No sooner, however, had she quitted the room than turning to me, Tom proposed that we should have *a drop of summat.* When he sipped his beverage, I proceeded to note his den more particularly. It was closely hung with daubs in oil colours, and second-rate engravings, all setting forth the heroes of *the ring.* But there was a dimness in the light, a desertion in the room, that made everything comfortless. The whole time we remained, not a living being did we see, but our host and his spouse, and the stray guard of a coach who looked in to tell Tom he was off. Tom attempted to tell stories of his old feats, but there was no fire in them. He played a tune on a tea-spoon. Everything was dull and coarse. He reminded me of the hide of an old bull-dog, stuffed and left to gather dust in a lonely garret."]

From the howf of the *Hittites* we adjourned to a place the very name whereof makes me scunner and grew. Though lighted up with

waxen candles, and glittering with mirrors set in golden frames, it was called after the *evil place*, and assuredly I had not been ten minutes under the roof, till I cordially agreed that a more fitting designation for it could not be invented! To make a long story short, it was one of the most notorious gambling resorts in the city, and brief as was the space during which I tarried in the accursed region, I saw more ruin wrought than I had witnessed in all my preceding existence. Never can I forget the look of anxiety with which an elderly military gentleman, with a sair-worn coat, placed two guineas upon the table. Three seconds decided his fate, and my ears are yet ringing with the tones of his frenzied voice as he exclaimed "*my dying wife will lack food this night!*"

It grieved me not a little to see that young Wildgoose seemed completely at hame in this den of thieves and idiots,—and though he didna' risk his siller on that occasion, I beheld sufficient to convince me that he tried his hand oftener than he should at the sinfu' practices of the place. You may be sure that as a douce, kirk-ganging man, who had the lad's interest sincerely at heart, I read him a serious lecture upon the danger of such courses, reminding him that even if he gained, his winnings would never prosper with him, seeing, as the auld proverb says, that "WHAT IS GOT ABOON THE DEIL'S BACK IS SPENT BELOW THE DEIL'S BELLY!" During the lecture my gentleman looked mim as a maiden in her teens, when her hand is asked for the first time by a lover, but I had my ain doubts how far a practical application would be made thereof by the hearer.

As I have got a character to lose, I must keep my thumb upon the balance of the shrines of Mahoun, to which I made a pilgrimage with that daft, and unsettled callant. Suffice it to say, that I explored mysteries of iniquity which it had never entered my heart to conceive. Often when I read or hear tell of earthquakes making havoc of foreign lands, and mountains belching fire to the destruction of life to all around—do I wonder that London, hotching, as it ever is, sin, does not meet with a similar doom.

To proceed, then, with my narration. The time drew on apace for the wedding of Peregrine and Nancy, and already had the banns been proclaimed, and the marriage cake baked. A day was fixed for the solemnity—the services of a prelatic curate engaged, and a post-chaise hired in which the happy couple were to take their nuptial jaunt to Windsor. I mind weel that was the place where the honeymoon was to be spent, mair by token that I charged the bridegroom to be, to bring me back a good supply of the famous soap manufactured in that locality, judging it would be got a bargain at head quarters.

Two nights before the appointed solemnity—it was of all days in the year *gowks-day*, or the 1st of April—Wildgoose, the Dominie, and myself, Peter Powhead to wit, were sitting enjoying a sober crack over a few dozen of oysters, and a potation, I fear a trifle more potent than spring water. In the middle of our confabulation a spruce-looking comrade of Peregrine's ran into the room, and, with an air of concern, informed him that the great national lottery had been drawn that forenoon. "I grieve to add" said the messenger of gloomy tidings—"that all your tickets have turned out blanks!"

Wildgoose started up as if he had been shot, and muttering between his clenched teeth:—"Ruined! hopelessly, for ever ruined!" clutched a bottle of brandy which stood upon the table, and emptied about one third of its contents at one gulp. He then grasped his hat, and rushed away, before any of us could stop him, or even utter a word of advice or condolence.

Here then, the cat was let out of the bag! The grand fortune of the unhappy youth had consisted in estates situated among the clouds. Upon the uncertain whirl of the wheel of fortune depended whether he could wed as a man of substance, or be cast forth as a withered weed upon, the cold and shoreless sea of poverty and contempt.

In about two hours Peregrine returned, still flurried, it is true, but by no means so hopeless-looking as when he left. In answer to our questions and insinuations, he assured us with a laugh, which sounded, methought, somewhat forced, that his risk in the lottery had been a mere trifle, and that he had been overtaken with a sudden fit of sickness.

Just as he was speaking, a stout, grim-like man, wearing a drab greatcoat, entered without ceremony the box which we occupied, and touching Wildgoose upon the shoulder informed him that he was his prisoner on a charge of robbery. * * * *

As both Mr. Paumie and myself felt a deep interest in the accused, we made a point of attending his examination at Bow-street police-office the next morning, and verily the case looked black as midnight against him.

The prosecutor, who it appears, was the agent who had sold Peregrine the lottery tickets, deposed that he had been attending the gambling-house I have described above, on the preceding evening. When engaged in the game, Wildgoose entered, apparently the worse for liquor, and with violent language accused him of having been the ruin of him (the prisoner). After some farther altercation the servants of the establishment succeeded in ejecting the young man, and nothing more occurred till the complainant was leaving the house. On reaching the street he saw the accused and one or two other men standing near the door, and on passing them was suddenly felled to the groun l, but by whose hand he could not swear. When he regained pos-

session of his senses, he discovered that a pocket-book, containing notes to the amount of three thousand pounds, had been taken from his person;—and his suspicions at once fixing upon Wildgoose, he procured a warrant and had that person apprehended.

The officer testified to having searched Peregrine in the watch-house, and produced the articles which he had found upon him. Amongst these was the identical pocket-book taken from Harris (the prosecutor) containing the precise sum alleged to have been stolen.

So crushingly conclusive was this evidence, that we all came to the sad conclusion at which the magistrate arrived, viz., that the charge was completely substantiated. Peregrine did not speak a single word in his own defence, and after some forms had been gone through, he was fully committed to stand his trial for the crime of assault and robbery.

As the Sessions were just about to commence, little time was lost in bringing the puir misguided lad before a jury. His indictment had been prepared, and in the course of a week it was expected that he would have to appear at the bar, or in the dock, as the ignorant English folk term the stance for criminals' when answering for their misdeeds.

Several times did the Dominie accompany me to Newgate, to condole and advise with the accused. Mr. Paumie being, on the strength of his precentorship, (Clerkship, the Southerons would denominate the office,) a pillar of the Kirk, deemed it his duty to admonish him as to the propriety of making a clean breast, when called upon to plead before the judges of the land. He told him that, if guilty, repentance and confession were duties incumbent upon him, and would have a tendency to better his condition, both in this world and the world to come. To all these counsels, Peregrine, though he listened to them with sobriety and respect, would make no direct response. Never did he deny the fact with which he was charged, but as little could he be prevailed upon to own that he had committed the crime which had placed his craig in such pestilent peril. He thanked Mr. Paumie for his attention, and simply observed that the truth would come out in due time.

There was one thing which tended to convince me that Wildgoose was really guilty of the sair backsliding laid to his door, and that was the manner in which he universally spoke touching his prosecutor, Haman Harris. Whenever the name of that personage was mentioned in his hearing, he would break out into a perfect extacy of rage and indignation. He accused him of having been the instrument of seducing him into the crooked by-ways of dissipation and extravagance, and then swore that he could dance upon nothing with contentment and pleasure, provided always that Haman was his partner in the hempen jig.

On one occasion I thought that he was about to make an admission of his delinquency. His puir sweet-heart, Nancy Glover, was admitted to see her betrothed two day's before the trial, and the scene was the most touching I ever witnessed before or since. The unhappy couple could do little mair than sob and greet in each other's arms, and the maiden, when, the time for her departure arrived, fell into a deadly swoon, and was carried out as insensible to the cold world and its countless sorrows as if she had been the tenant of her quiet coffin!

When Mr. Paumie and Mrs. Stingo had removed the heart-broken lassie, Peregrine turned to me, and exclaimed, as if bewildered with surpassing sorrow, "I am now done with life, Mr. Powhead, and may as well tell you the whole outs-and-ins of the matter. It is quite true that——" Here he was suddenly interrupted by one of his companions in bonds occupying the same ward, who, slapping him on the back, cried out with a sneer, "Have you forgotten already what we were talking about this morning? Keep up your heart man!—never say die! It is an ill bird which fouls its ain nest!"

This quotation of one of my vernacular proverbs, caused me to eye the speaker more attentively, when I discovered in him a waif and stray of society whom I had known in Dreepdaily many years before, but who for a long season had been hidden from the range of my observation. His name was Paul Plenderleith, and his history, if written, I doubt not would be as full of out-of-the-way ups and downs, as that of Rob Roy, or George Buchanan, the King's Fool.

Paul had received a fair stock of education and served an apprenticeship to a lawyer in Ayr, but never could settle down to the law, or indeed to any regular occupation. In his time he had been a play-actor, an editor of a newspaper, a quack doctor, a travelling preacher of Mrs. Buchan's persuasion, a huxter of dead bodies to students of anatomy, and a writer of half-penny ballads which he used to sing himself through the streets. In fact, to borrow the words of glorious auld John Dryden, Paul Plenderleith was

> "A man so varied that he seemed to be
> Not one, but all mankind's epitome!"

This universal genius did not recognize me, for which I was thankful not a little, having no ambition to be esteemed one of his intimates, especially in the royal establishment of which he was now an inmate.

One thing was abundantly obvious, that Paul had managed to obtain no small influence and ascendancy over poor Peregrine. No sooner did the latter hear the sound of his voice than he stopped short in the midst of what, I am convinced, was going to be a full and frank confession of guilt, and would not utter a single additional word on the subject of his troubles.

As I was leaving the ward I heard Plenderleith saying in a sneering tone, "You were just putting your foot in it! Why that old swell would have split upon you, as a matter of conscience. I ken weel the nature of these stunkard West Country Whigs!" In thus speaking the vagabond did me an infamous wrong! If Wildgoose had made me his confessor I would sooner have ridden to my grave on a red hot salamander, and shod with the *bootikens* of Clavers, than have betrayed the confidence bestowed upon me!

On the morning of the trial the Dominie, Quinten Quill and the recorder of this veritable history, proceeded immediately after an early breakfast to the Old Bailey, and through the instrumentality of our legal companion who was weel known to all the door-keepers, succeeded in obtaining a seat where we could see and hear everything to the best advantage. Quinten was acquainted with the prisoner, and took a lively interest in the day's proceedings. Of the chances of that result being favourable, he spoke in very gloomy terms. "Would you believe it," quoth he, "that the foolish fellow has declined to retain a counsel to conduct his defence!" "Perchance," suggested the Dominie, "he lacked the means—I wish I had thought about that in time!" "You need not reproach yourself on that score," returned Mr. Quill, "because to my certain knowledge he received thirty guineas last night from his late employer, Lutestring, being the balance of his salary. I implored him almost upon my bended knees to give a fee to Scarlett, but in vain. He said that he had a better use for his *tin*, than to throw it away for a few dozen words! More preposterous conduct I never heard of. Why, the man richly deserves to be scragged for his unpardonable folly." Quinten spoke with an indignation which plainly demonstrated that the guilt of robbery was comparatively trivial, when weighed against the sin of a man going to trial with money in his purse, and yet lacking the services of a Gamaliel! It was not only a wanton tempting of providence, but a slight shown to the legal profession.

"You seem to have a very high opinion of Scarlett," remarked Mr. Paumie.

"I have," said Quinten. "He has a wonderful art in managing a Jury, and leading them to take an interest almost as great as his own, in the fortunes of his client for the time being. Scarlett's weight with the Court and Jury was well described by the senior partner of our house, when he spoke of him as being "*equal to a thirteenth Juryman!*"

"I will give you an illustration," continued Mr. Quill, "of the artistic manner in which this great pleader does his work, and the anxiety he feels for the success of the cause he advocates. Last year he had occasion to defend a gentleman of rank and fortune against a charge of an atrocious description. He had performed his part with even more than his accustomed zeal and skill. As soon as the Judge had summed up, Scarlett tied up his papers deliberately, and with a face smiling and easy, but carefully turned towards the Jury, he rose and said loud enough to be generally heard, that he was engaged to dinner, and in so clear a case there was no occasion for him to wait what must be the certain event. He then retired deliberately, bowing to the Court. The prosecuting counsel were astonished at the excess of confidence, or as some would have called it, of effrontery; nor was it lost upon the Jury, who began their deliberations. About half an hour after this, I had occasion to leave the Court, to convey a paper to a Barrister, and what do you think I discovered? There behind the door, stood Scarlett, who had taken his departure with so much confidence and fearlessness, trembling with anxiety, his face the colour of his brief, and awaiting the result of *the clearest case in the world*, with the most breathless suspence!"*

Here our communing was brought to a close, by the entrance of the Judge, and the Court having been duly constituted, orders were issued for the appearance of Peregrine Wildgoose, whose case was the first upon the black list of that day.

I could not but pity the unhappy stripling, as he made his entry into that crowded hall, filled as it was with glowering busy bodies, who had come there to glean diversion from his shame and anxiety. It has aye struck me that there is something dismally heartless in human beings extracting pleasure from the sufferings of their erring brethren. I never could behold without a scunner of disgust, men and women pretending to common humanity, gazing with gloating een upon a trembling wretch, whose life hung upon the word to be uttered by twelve frail mortals like himself, and scanning every twist and thraw of the pitiful object's haggard face as some circumstance of peculiar aggravation is given in evidence against him! We speak of the Indian savage dancing and singing around the roasted limbs of his tortured captive, but in my humble opinion it is but the toss up of a bawbee between him and the amateurs in criminal trials! The agonies of the mind are at least equal to the agonies of the body, and if the frequenters of our justiciary courts stuck feathers in their ears, and painted their noses with red lead and yellow ochre, they would present a mair appropriate appearance then when garbed in civilized linen and Christian broadcloth!

But my feelings are seducing me from my text, as the unctuous Mr. Blattergowl observes when he has made a digression of three quarters of an hour from the topic he is handling!

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* Quinten must have communicated the above anecdote to the *Law Review*. as it is to be met with in the pages of that journal.—Ed. A. A. M.

The trial proceeded, and verily, to all human appearance, it seemed as if the fate of the accused would be decided ere the day was much older. With an accuracy which made my heart sick, the witnesses established the facts narrated above, and at length the prosecuting counsel sat down with a self-satisfied air, declaring that in so clear a case he would not trespass upon the time of the Jury, by making any comment or observation upon the decisive proofs which he had given of the prisoner's guilt. "If Peregrine Wildgoose," he remarked, as a concluding flourish—"leaves that dock, except to the condemned cell, then assuredly every convict who has rendered up his life upon the scaffold, is a martyr, and the hangman is the most notorious murderer in Christendom!"

Just as the Judge was clearing his throat, in order to charge the Jury, the Governor of Newgate entered the Court in a hurry, and craved liberty to communicate a circumstance which had just transpired in the jail. Permission being granted, the official stated that one of the prisoners had been in a state of intense excitement and distress since the commencement of Wildgoose's trial, and at this very moment was yelling out without intermission, that if convicted, an innocent man's blood would be shed, as he could clearly demonstrate, if placed in the witness-box.

After a world of deliberation, and a weary-fu' hunting-up of precedents, as they called them, in law-books, it was finally decided that the fluttering prison-bird should be brought from his cage, and examined touching what he knew of the case in hand.

Up to this time Peregrine had preserved his composure in a wonderful manner, but now his nerve and smeddum appeared to be fast evaporating, like dew on the bosom of a primrose, when exposed to a midsummer sun. His gills got white as pipe-clay, and if a turnkey had not seasonably supported him, he would have sank down upon the floor, helpless as a sack of oatmeal. Beholding his predicament, the Judge, who was eating a bun and reading the newspapers, considerately ordered the prisoner a chair to sit down upon, and a tumbler of wine and water, to invigorate his inward and outward man.

And here I cannot help taking up my parable against the barbarous and utterly idiotical practice, which prevails in benighted England, of compelling an accused person to stand upon his feet when undergoing the ordeal of a trial for life or death! It is the boast of our laws that a man is to be accounted innocent till his guilt is proved, and yet, with monstrous contrariety to this maxim, a prisoner is denied the poor solacement of a seat when his case is under investigation! In *civilized* Scotland matters are ordered in a much more rational and humane matter. It is there wisely considered that if ever an individual requires to have his wits fully about him, and to be saved as far as possible from personal fatigue, it is when the question of his life or liberty is under discussion. Acting on this rule he is allowed to be seated from the commencement of his trial to the close thereof, an arrangement in accordance with common sense and common justice. I trust that the Englishers will have grace given them to borrow a leaf from the book of their North British brethren, and abolish a usage which would have cast an additional gloom upon the mirkest of the dark ages!

By this time the mysterious tenant of Newgate had arrived in Court, and without delay he was ushered into the pulpit from which testifiers gave their evidence. A single glance at this personage certiorated me that he was neither more nor less than that Jack of all disreputable trades, Paul Plenderleith, though assuredly he presented a much more respectable appearance than when I saw him last. He was dressed in a decent suit of black, with white cravat to match, and altogether had a strong flavour of one of the more orthodox examples of open air preachers!

Being duly sworn and admonished to tell the truth and nothing but the truth, Mr. Plenderleith unfolded an ecclesiastical looking cambric handkerchief, and commenced his narration, or rather I should say his confessions. With many a hollow groan, and multiform exposures of the whites of his eyes, he declared that the prisoner at the bar was as innocent of the offence laid to his charge as the babe whose primary squall had been uttered that blessed morning! "I alone am the guilty wretch!" he exclaimed. "Instigated by the Enemy I put forth my hand, smote Mr. Haman Harris to the ground, and took from his person the pocket-book replete with lucre, which had excited the cupidity of my evil nature!" Paul went on to narrate how that overcome with terror at what he had done, and dreading the consequences of detection he had dropped the stolen property into the pocket of the guiltless lamb now in tribulation for the backsliding of another, and made his escape without being observed by any one. "Since that moment," said the remorseful Plenderleith in conclusion, "I have never known a single moment's peace of mind. My conscience has been as uneasy as the back of a newly flogged deserter covered with a blister of Spanish flies! By night and by day a thousand voices are shrieking out *murderer* in my mind's ear, and should the excellent youth, now sitting in the dock, perish for my fault, I shall go mad with horrour and despair!"

This story created a profound impression upon the vast majority of the hearers thereof, more especially as it was delivered with much effect, owing, doubtless, to the speaker's practice as a stage-player. Even the grim old Judge appeared to be touched, and such of the Jurymen as possessed snuff-boxes

put them under frequent contribution, and sniffled as if they had been suddenly smitten with colds in the upper stories of their tabernacles!

The prosecuting counsel, however, a kiln-dried creature, who looked as if he had been steeped in suspicion from his nativity, was not so easily satisfied. He examined and cross-examined the weeping Paul, (for a perfect spate of tears was now issuing from the optics of that gentleman,) as thoroughly as a careful thrasher sifts a parcel of wheat with his flail. In no material point did the voluntary witness break down, or make a false step. He detailed minutely, circumstances which had been sworn to in Court, just as if he had been present during the trial, even describing the dress worn by Haman Harris, the shape and colour of the pocket-book, and the precise hour at which the assault and robbery had taken place.

It is hardly necessary for me to chronicle the upshot. After a few words for form's sake by the Judge, the Jury laid their heads together for six seconds, and returned a verdict of NOT GUILTY, amidst a perfect whirlwind of cheers! Peregrine Wildgoose left the dock as innocent as the laws of his country could make him, and Paul was committed upon the spot, to stand his trial in the course of a couple of days, for the capital felony of which he had accused himself.

The patience of my reader would be clean exhausted if I detailed at large, the meeting of Wildgoose and his Nancy after this miraculous turn in their affairs. Suffice to say that "*their felicity*," as the Dominie expressed it, "*was profound as the Atlantic, and altitudinous as the Andes. Relenting fortune smiled upon the pair, and the cushat doos of Venus fanned them with their silverized pinions!*"

When the first transports of their exultation had sobered down, and the effervescence had subsided from the tankard of their happiness, poor Paul's countenance became overcast with the mists of despondency. As I had conjectured, the fortune upon which he was calculating had been contingent upon the result of the lottery, and, with many grievous sighs, he confessed to his sweetheart that the cypher 0 expressed all his worldly means and estate!

Just as the devoted Nancy was beginning to protest that she was willing to share his lot even with the above-mentioned impalpable capital, the young man, who, on the night of the robbery, had proclaimed the drawing of the blanks, craved and obtained an audience. With much self-reproach, he declared that the statement which he then made was nothing but a *First of April hoax!* Not till the very morning of the trial had the award of destiny been given, and the result was a prize of Ten Thousand Pounds to the now independent and thoroughly happy Wildgoose!

Mr. Paumie and myself made a point of being present at the Old Bailey, when Paul Plenderleith was brought up for trial. Contrary to the expectation of all present, he put in a plea of *Not Guilty*, and the case was proceeded with. The same witnesses were examined who had before given their testimony, but not one of them could swear to the identity of the prisoner, or in the slightest degree couple him with the offence! The counsel for the prosecution threw his wig upon the ground, and danced upon it with even-down rage; the Judge growled like a bear with the gout, whose sorest toe had been trespassed upon—but all in vain! It was impossible to convict the knave upon his own uncorroborated confession, and a jury of his countrymen absolved him from guilt, which shortly before he had acknowledged in that very chamber!

As Wildgoose has long been gathered to his fathers, I may mention that he admitted to me, after the preceding passages had occurred, that he really had knocked down Haman Harris, and deprived him of his money. He did so under the excitement of temporary insanity, believing, as indeed was the fact, that his ruin was attributable to that individual. In the most solemn manner, however, he protested that he never would have made use of the ill-gained gear, but had just made up his mind to return it, when apprehended.

When in Newgate he communicated his position to Mr. Plenderleith, and that ingenious gentleman had covenanted, for the sum of thirty guineas, to get him out of the perilous predicament. He made Peregrine repeat to him every circumstance connected with the crime, sifting him like a witness, in order that not a fragment might be left untold. Thus primed, he chalked out his line of campaign, and the result thereof, is it not written in the foregoing *Chronicle of Dreepdaily?*

THE SHADOW OF THE CROSS.

BY A POOR MAN.

How many are the complaints of the poor! What desires they have for wealth or advancement in their social position! How bitter the feeling that they must toil and slave, and even then, their hard earned gains barely affording them and their families a subsistance, whilst their labour and the sweat of their brows, pour treasures into the coffers of the rich. "It might be endured" some cry, "were we alone in the world, but we have our wives and children, our aged parents to care for, how can we clothe and feed them? Should we fall sick, starvation threatens. Oh! we must early train our infants up to toil and suffering, and view their over-tasked, half-clad frames sinking prematurely to the grave." Thus discontent enters their abode, and a discontented poor man is a

most dangerous creature. He becomes a leveller and a republican, cries out for universal suffrage, talks of equal rights, or perhaps worse than all, advocates Socialism, and there are many, keen observers of the workings of the human mind, who are ever ready to impart a spirit of rebellion, and to feed into a flame by pernicious tracts the smouldering embers of strife that lie concealed in the unhappy one's heart.

I am a strong, and was once a happy man, living in the quiet and retired village of Hammark, scarce thirty miles from Toronto, the great and bustling city whose wants our unpretending hamlet in part supplied. Hammark, before an enterprising merchant established his woolen factory on the brook that wound round our meadows, was as secluded a spot as one who courted solitude could desire; but when the busy wheels were set in motion by the running stream, and the clank and constant hum of the complicated machinery reached the ears of the astounded villagers, admiration seized on their souls. Here these hitherto apathetic country folks found a near and ready sale for their wool and at an increased price; for before, the pedlar or wandering trader truly *fleeced* them. And now their sons and daughters thought the "mill," as they called it, the highway to fortune; we all sought employment there, I among the others, and many of us were received.

I was accounted a clever youth, and quickly learned the art of weaving. It was a proud day for me when my articles of apprenticeship expired, and the overseer, congratulating me on my skill as a workman, placed me immediately on high wages. I could now marry Caroline, a bright and sparkling girl whom I had loved from a boy. Beautiful Carry! Alas, why was I destined to behold thy cheek pale, thy brilliant eye become dim, thy joyful, animated character, happy disposition yield to the withering influence of poverty, to become a wretched discontented being. The first days of our love were as sunny and unclouded as the opening days of spring; with smiles we hailed the early dawn, and with a smile we retired at eve, blessed and blessing each, the other. Children, dear bonds of union, graced our home, their gambols were our pride. We saw in them ourselves reproduced; "George," his mother said, "had all the energy and talent of his father," and if he had, I certainly saw in him the form and beauty of the mother, and so with the others.

At length seven years had flown by—a change took place; they said the times were hard and reduced our wages. Again, some improvements were made in the machinery, and half of the employed, were disbanded. The struggle now commenced, yet I held my place; I had to labour hard. I believe I was looked upon as part and parcel of the works, a living piece of mechanism, whose motive power was money instead of steam; and as economy of fuel is an object to be attained where steam is used, so economy of money is equally desirable where man is employed. Thus I became restless, peevish, cross; my wife sympathized and inveighed against the tyrants whose slaves we were. Our children, there were three of them, and the eldest only six, were neglected; instead of being clean and tidy, they appeared at our table begrimmed with dirt, their clothes in rags, it was troublesome to look after them. We were not singular in our misfortunes; paupers filled the hitherto bustling village, and the authorities talked of a poor-house. But why dwell on our wretchedness? another day, and our cup was filled to overflowing. Going to my work, I found the "mill" was closed, a heavy failure had taken place, and we were ruined.

Is there justice in the world? Why should we suffer and starve, because a rich man falls. There are plenty to commiserate with him, to condole with his misfortunes, to render him aid in order that he may extricate himself from his difficulties; but his servants, poor fellows, they had a good time of it, and I dare say took care to feather their nests. I cursed the rich, I cursed their wants, and in my madness I cursed the earth and the poor who administered to their wants, and then I cursed myself. My wife did not escape; and she, O horror! returned the curse. Yet still I loved her, our grievances were mutual, and though disbelievers in the justice and mercy of our Supreme Ruler, we thought we might fight the battle against FATE and win the day. After a month's idleness, casting about what we should do, it was at last determined that I had better seek the city, and there perchance I might find employment. Tenderly bidding my friends farewell, I tore myself from wife and children.

The city (I had never yet been in one) was approached by a long and dusty highway; the green fields, bounded on either side by open wood fences, formed an agreeable contrast to the dull and sombre road that wound between them. Yet the contrast was at times painful, for I thought I saw before me the rich and poor. However, I trudged manfully on, striving to cast aside all gloomy thoughts, picturing to myself the mighty city to which I was bound. Surely a place wherein so many lived would afford employment for *one* more. Then I considered what I should do; no doubt I would grow rich; ah well! that is pleasant.

But a soreness in my feet and aching limbs ad-

vised a rest; I would seek a shady spot beneath the hedge and eat the food I carried. A lane led from the road, and, sauntering up it, I came to a wicket which opened into a meadow, where a dozen merry lads and lasses were busy making hay; and near the wicket stood a man, the overseer I supposed him, him I asked permission to step inside, and rest myself beneath some shady tree, and eat my scanty meal. He assented at once, and, hastening up, unlatched the gate to admit me, saying I looked weary, and asking how far I had walked.

"From Hammark, sir, and seeking the city for work."

"You have yet far to walk, night will overtake you on your journey; but if you will, you can rest here till the morrow, and after breakfast you can renew your way."

I thanked him, and passing on, felt grateful for his kindness. It was a poor man's hospitality offered to a poorer man. Selecting a wide-spreading beech, I stretched myself beneath its greatful shade. The ringing laugh of the merry haymakers, the joyous song of some tiny bird, the rustling leaves moved by the gentle breeze, fell pleasantly on my ear. My meal finished, I reclined my head against the tree, gazing on the scene before me. It was one I had often viewed before; but never with such feelings of admiration. How beautiful is nature! Exhausted, I closed my eyes and slept.

I was awakened by some one touching me on the shoulder, saying, "Why tarry ye here?" Wearily, I turned, and with half-opened eyes looked on him who had disturbed me. Bending over me, I saw a figure of stern and threatening aspect, but it was not the face of mortal man. I intuitively felt this and gazed with terror on the vision which paled and faded into thin air, while a voice as if from heaven cried out, "Arise!"

What a change! The green meadows, fields, hedges, all had disappeared, and around me stretched as far as the eye could reach, a boundless sea of sand! Not a shrub, or an unevenness in the surface interrupted the view. In dismay I turned to where the tree, beneath whose shade I rested, stood; and behold a large wooden cross occupied its place. Could I be dreaming, or was I mad, or worse still, was it all, horrible reality? For some moments stupor prevented me realizing, to the utmost extent, my desolate condition; and when recovering myself, the utter hopelessness of my lot crushed me. I became for a time a raving madman. "Vile cross," I cried, "emblem of suffering and death! Dost thou stand there to witness in me a death less endurable than if nailed to thy accursed form?" and I smote it with my hand, and spat on it. "What are you? A gibbet? Ay more than a gibbet, for you torture before you kill. Powerless to save, wherefore appearest thou unless in mockery of my sufferings?" I threw myself on the sand, and in my impotent rage kicked at the cross with my feet, as if I would batter it down; but it remained firm as if placed on a rock, though to me its only support appeared to be the shifting sands. At last the folly of my conduct struck me; wherefore waste time in giving vent to useless expressions of rage; rather let me seek escape from the dangers with which I was surrounded while it is yet Day; for by and by the Night cometh—aye, from the Grave there is no escape. I started to my feet with this thought, and casting a parting glance towards the cross, saw at the foot thereof, what had hitherto escaped my observation, viz., two small loaves and a flask of water. With joy I seized on these and felt thankfulness in my heart that I had not broken the flask or buried the loaves in the sand, during my insane attempts on the cross. I felt, too, a certain lightness, a buoyancy of spirit as I tasted the water, for it was cold and clear, and most refreshing. I set off, then paused, whither should I go? What guide had I? What to follow? The sun sinking in the west shone full on my face. Yes, I'll follow thee, O sun! be thou my guide and saviour! I knelt to it. A blast of wind came, sweeping o'er the desert, clouds of sand were lifted high and hurried on towards me, which now hurled into my face, pricked and cut my skin. I was forced to lay me down and wait till the fury of the winds had passed. Nothing daunted, I rose, hailing the sun with a joyous shout, and rushed on towards it. Again another storm of sand swept o'er me; again I pursued my course, but again I was impeded, and so a fourth, and fifth, and sixth time, till at last, in despair, I was forced to turn and flee before it. I found myself, again at the foot of the cross.

"Since, O Sun, the laws that guide thy course cannot, through thee, guide me, let chance decide my way." Then going at a distance of about ten paces from the cross, I bound my eyes up with a bandage, and turning round twice or thrice, commenced my journey. At the very first step, I stumbled and fell; what could have tripped me, I knew not; in the plain all had appeared to me smooth and level. Resolutely, with my eyes veiled, I rose to proceed; but again I stumbled. So, after many falls which cut and bruised me much, I desisted, lest perchance the flask I carried should be broken, and the water spilt.

I now unbound my eyes, and found myself on the very spot from whence I started; and, wonderful, the sun, which I thought must by this time have set, was still high above the horizon. I was sure that I had been for many hours wandering about; yet it was still daylight. I sat me down and ate some bread, and drank of the water. Astonishing discovery! I noticed my bottle still full, and my bread undiminished. At first I fancied it a delusion; but remembering I had eaten largely of the bread, and had drank more than once from the flask, I became convinced that it was a miracle performed in my behalf. If at the cross I picked up such treasures, then let me return, for it must be good. With a feeling of repentance at my heart I went and rested myself at its base. A peaceful calm came o'er my spirit, and confidence, unknown before, sprung up within me. "Why," thought I, "if this cross yield me such pleasure, may it not save? Yes," cried I, "the Sun has failed me, and so has Chance; let me confide in THEE!" Tears started to my eyes, as I embraced the cross and kissed it; my heart was full.

The sun was approaching the horizon; a long dark shadow, *the shadow of the cross*, extended o'er the plain, and—why had I not discovered it before?—the path was green! "Here let me walk, and"—I pronounced a name, a name that I never uttered since a child at my mother's knee, save in cursing—"and GOD be my Guide!" Eager to follow this new path I once more started to my feet, and, blessing the cross, set forth.

The way was certainly easy and pleasant to tread; the further I walked the happier I felt; rejoicing I struggled on, for I was still fearful lest night should overtake me. Turning back occasionally to see how far the sun was above the earth, I always found it just keeping above the cross, in fact crowning it, so that rays of light or glory appeared radiating from it, the cross itself assuming a bright and glorious appearance. I now came to where the arms of the cross threw a shadow, one, on either side of the path o'er which I journeyed; and doubt, most unhappy doubt, entered my mind. I feared lest but one of the roads should release me, the others leading to destruction. I was inclined to continue directly onwards, but the uncertainty of being right, caused me to hesitate. To turn to the right or the left was equally hazardous. "O! Cross," whereon he who died for the sins of the world suffered; "indicate by a sign the *true* path!" and I prostrated myself to the earth. Again, I thought I heard a mighty voice, saying, "Arise!" and standing by me, I saw the figure of him who had aroused me from my sleep. I would have seized his hand, but he waved me off, crying, "Doubter! choose thy path."

Looking, I saw at the end of each road, a similar cross to that from whence I started, each emitting rays of glory.

"They are *all* good," I cried, clasping my hands.

"All good!" he replied.

"I had a feeling, that there was but *one* safe path."

"There are many paths."

"All safe."

"All safe with faith."

"With faith alone?"

"Without faith ye cannot be——."

The next word was lost, for fearful shouts and yells as if from the tormented, assailed my ear. I was terrified. My companion had disappeared! Darkness, a dense black darkness, surrounded me. I must be about to die; the last day *is* at hand. I groping o'er the ground, felt, with my hand, the flask; raising it to my mouth—it was empty. "Lost—lost—lost!" was cried aloud.

"Yea lost! Have mercy on me."

"Ho! yo! This way!" and I heard some one bounding o'er the plain. They have let the demons loose in my pursuit! I rose to fly, but stumbled against—the tree beneath which I slept.

Those who have been awakened out of some fearful dream, can only have experienced the feeling of joy I felt, on finding myself still an inhabitant of this world. It appears that I had been forgotten, or rather, that I, forgetting myself, had slept till nightfall. The squire (he whom I had taken for the overseer) asking after me, it was remembered by some of the haymakers that I was beneath the tree when they left their work. Search was made, and I was awakened by their shouts The squire, Sir Harry Iden, had given orders to see me cared for, so a bed was provided for me in the farm-house. I did not rest well, but lay tossing and turning about, thinking over my dream. I was convinced that it meant something more than I could understand, but how to interpret it was the difficulty. The strange blending of realities also astonished me. The cross occupying the place of the tree; the sun which, in setting, must have shone directly in my face; the flask was the bottle in which I had carried some milk; and the thought of the flask must have suggested to my mind the bread I had eaten for my dinner. Again, the shouts of the searchers were plainly those I had mistaken for the wild cries of demons.

In the morning I was told that the Squire wished to see me, and on going into his presence

I thanked him for his kindness to me. He asked about me, my employment, of my wife and children, and appeared to take such an interest in me, that I could not forbear relating my vision. He listened attentively, and when I finished, he took me by the hand, saying—

"Your dream has been a good one, apply it; and, believe me, you will prosper."

"But how, sir, can I ever prosper? The *poor* depend on the *rich;* we are their slaves."

"Nay, nay," he kindly replied, "we depend on each other, and we are not slaves, except when we are discontented, and then we are slaves to our discontent."

"How can we, the poor, avoid being discontented?"

"*We*," he answered with emphasis, "must walk in the 'Shadow of the Cross;' there will we only learn true happiness, and to be happy we must be contented with our lot."

"Then, sir, I'll return to Hammark and learn contentment."

"Do so. All virtues spring from this one.

I returned to Hammark; and, guided by this *shadow*, in which the substance is *not lost*, I soon found that greatest of all earthly blessings.

After a few months it was rumoured that Sir Harry Iden had purchased the "mill." It proved true. I was engaged as foreman, and am now a prosperous, nay, a *rich* man; but all I have and all I enjoy, is due to the Shadow of the Cross.

LOVE.

(From an unpublished poem.)

O, Love! the one pure heavenly ray,
Which, fitful, lights man's chequered way:
The Gheber's fire, for ever bright—
The inextinguishable light,
To worship which all nations press;
The one true faith which all confess—
The one sole creed which all believe—
The revelation all receive.
The monarch whose imperial sway
All earthly potentates obey—
The deity before whose brow
All men in adoration bow.
Thy temple is the maiden's breast,
The ivory throne where thou dost rest;
Thy priestess she, whose holy aim
Is to maintain the sacred flame.
Thy fire reflected is her eye—
Thy fragrant incense is her sigh;
Her ear the open portal, free
To those whose prayers ascend to thee;
Her lips the altar-piece divine
They press who worship at thy shrine;
The heart of man the proud domain,
O'er which unbounded is thy reign.

Erro.

ADDRESS TO THE CANADIAN INSTITUTE, BY JUDGE DRAPER.

Mr. President and Gentlemen,

Our annual conversazione unites with the other signs of the times, to remind us that spring is at length emerging from the icy thraldom of winter, that the season of opening leaves and blossoming buds is just arriving. May we not without forced analogy trace the signs of the same spring time of the year, as applied to the state and condition of Upper Canada.

The few posts, whether military or trading, or even those of the earliest missionaries, which were established in any part of what was afterwards declared to be Upper Canada, before the peace of 1783, were too inconsiderable to require notice as forming any exception to the general proposition, that this part of Canada was then, a mere wilderness, in which civilization was at Zero, and into the gloomy depths of whose primœval forests, neither the light of Science nor the radiance of Christianity had penetrated. It was after that period that the settlement of Upper Canada was begun by that loyal, and devoted body of people, of whom Edmund Burke spoke as "persons who had emigrated from the United States," "who had fled from the blessings of the American Government," and with regard to whom he further observed; "there might be many causes of emigration not connected with government, such as a more fertile soil, or more genial climate—but they had forsaken all the advantages of a more fertile soil, and more southern latitude, for the bleak and barren regions of Canada. It is to them and to their enduring efforts that this country owes its first germ of improvement. And let it be borne in mind, that they were not of a class who emigrated from the mere pressure of want, or to escape the danger of starvation—whose principal craving was to find such employment of their physical energies, that in return for their labour, they should obtain food for themselves and their little ones. They had been accustomed to the most valuable enjoyments of civilized life, to the advantages of Education and Christian teaching, and they sought in Upper Canada a home, where, in the course of years, their unremitting and fearless toil might realise for them those advantages,—which their attachment to their Sovereign, and to British institutions had caused them to abandon. Their numbers were increased, and their exertions aided by the partial influx of other emigrants, among whom, in time, came the well-known Glengarry Highlanders, and they soon wrought a change. The luxuriant bounty of

nature, as exhibited in a fertile soil, and a not unfavourable climate, was appropriated to the use of man, lands hitherto occupied by primœval forests were cultivated, schools and churches were built, and those who had struggled through the privations and hardships of the winter began to look with confident hope for the enjoyment of of the spring time of this young and rising Country.

The war of 1812, however, checked for a time the progress which had been so favourably begun, and while in some respects it gave an unnatural impulse to development, it was exhausting the vital energy, so that when peace was restored, it became apparent; that if there had been no retrogression; there had been at all events little, if there was any, advance. This check was, however, but temporary. Those exertions, which for the time had been devoted to other, and in some instances sterner, pursuits, were soon restored to their proper channels, and became devoted to the improvement and development of the country. The unemployed inhabitants of the British Isles began to arrive in hundreds and thousands, to unite in the task of turning the wilderness into a smiling field; the population of Upper Canada, which in 1791, was estimated at ten thousand, in 1824 exceeded 150,000; and in 1837, was increased to 375,000; and the observations, long before made in the House of Commons, with respect to the thirteen old Colonies, might have, with full force, applied to Upper Canada:—"Such is the strength with which population shoots in that part of the world, that state the numbers as high as we will, whilst the dispute continues, the exaggeration ends. Your children do not grow faster, from infancy to manhood, than they spread from families to communities, and from villages to nations."

In the full tide of this prosperity, however, there came another check—of no long duration, fortunately, though of painful character—to which I allude only as forming a part of that truthful picture which I am endeavoring to exhibit before you. This, as well as the war of 1812, may (in strict adherence to the analogy with which I set out) be compared to those tempests of the vernal equinox which, though disastrous in their immediate consequences, whether to individuals or to localities, are ordered or permitted by an all-wise and overruling Providence in furtherance of its general and beneficent designs,—and now that they are passed over and calm is restored,—now that the sufferings they caused are remedied or alleviated may we not indulge ourselves in the application of the poetical imagery of Solomon:—"The winter is passed—the rain is over and gone—the flowers appear on the earth—the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard!"

But the song of rejoicing would lose half the power and beauty of its application were it confined by us to the consideration of advancement in material prosperity alone. It is not only foreign to my present purpose, but it would occupy far more than the limited time I mean to detain you, were I to attempt even an outline of the various efforts made for public education—for intellectual, moral and Christian cultivation. It is not, however, the least significant proof of the success of those efforts that they have created and fostered an earnest longing for more extended knowledge—a desire which exhibits itself at different times, and, among other ways, in the attempts to establish societies or institutions to assist in scientific research—in intellectual development. Such was the literary and philosophical society formed more than twenty years ago by the exertions of the eccentric but talented Dr. Dunlop, and which was followed afterwards by the City of Toronto Literary Club, and the City of Toronto Ethical and Literary Society—both formed in 1836—all which, with, perhaps, some others I might more particularly mention, seem to have been put forth a little too prematurely, and, like precocious blossoms, to have been nipped, and to have perished without reaching any maturity. Such is—may it flourish and take deep root—the Canadian Institute, established, as you well know, principally for the purpose of promoting the physical sciences—for encouraging and advancing the industrial arts and manufactures—an establishment which I am well assured we all regard as one of the fairest promises of our spring, and to the unfolding of whose blossoms, and the perfection and maturity of whose flowers and fruit we cannot but feel it a duty—one well rewarded in its own accomplishment—to contribute our best exertions.

Among other advantages to which I look forward with great confidence as the result of the success of the Institute, is the attention it is likely to attract to this province, and the consequent diffusion of more correct ideas—of more accurate knowledge of it, especially in the mother country. Conscious, as we may well be, of our growing strength and rapid advancement it is, nevertheless, true and, perhaps, a little mortifying, to find much misapprehension—I had almost said ignorance—respecting even the very geography of the province, existing in England. Were this confined to the less educated classes we should not so much wonder, and were the instance of it of an early date and before correct information was

easily attainable, we should not have any right to complain: but the fact is otherwise, as two instances I shall select will abundantly show. Half a century had elapsed from the time that Burke spoke of the "bleak and barren regions of Canada," before the publication of the last volume of that highly esteemed and valuable work, Alison's History of Europe,—and from that volume I make the following extract:—" The first operations of the campaign in Canada proved singularly unfortunate to the Americans. In the end of January, General Winchester with a thousand men, crossed over to attack Fort Detroit, in the Upper Province, and before any force could be assembled to resist him, made himself master of French Town, twenty-six miles from that place. General Proctor, however, who commanded the British forces in that quarter, no sooner heard of this irruption than he hastily assembled a body of 500 regulars and militia, being the Glengarry fencibles, and 600 Indians, and commenced an attack upon the invaders two days afterwards in the fort of Ogdensburgh." To those acquainted with the events alluded to, or with the places mentioned, it is unnecessary to point out the errors which this passage contains. To some it may be useful to explain that General Winchester's advance upon Detroit was made in the (now) State of Michigan which, though at that moment in the British possession, was nevertheless American territory,—that Fort Detroit, not long before captured by Sir Isaac Brock, is in Michigan, on the same side of tbe river—which there forms the boundary of Upper Canada—as General Winchester was marching on,—that Fort Detroit is nearly at the western extremity of Lake Erie, in which part of the country Colonel Proctor then commanded the British forces,—while the attack in which the Glengarry fencibles bore so distinguished a part, and which resulted in the capture of the American position at Ogdensburg, was under the command of a different officer,—and that Ogdensburg is situated on the river St. Lawrence, at a distance exceeding the whole length of both Lakes Erie and Ontario from the scene of General Winchester's capture. A reference to the Annual Register for 1813, which is cited in the work as the authority for this passage shows clearly enough that this error has arisen from blending into one, as if relating to the same events, two entirely distinct transactions, and, no doubt, rests with some transcriber employed by this eloquent and usually accurate historian.

Again, in another work, the second edition of which was published as late as 1845, by a gentleman who now holds the rank of Queen's Counsel, and whose pen has acquired for him a deserved reputation in works founded on other than professional subjects. The following passage occurs: —" Thus the waters which might at first have been seen forming part of the magnificent confluence of Niagara, are then precipitated amid clouds of mist and foam down its tremendous falls, and after passing over great tracts of country through innumerable channels and rivulets, serve at length quietly to turn the peasant's mill." A passage which, however, well written, is nevertheless, a complete inversion of the facts since the waters which are precipitated over the Falls of Niagara flow onward, gathering as they go through Lake Ontario and the River St. Lawrence, the additions of many a tributary stream, but never diverge into any other channel in their downward course, until they expand into the Gulph and become mingled in the wide Atlantic waves.

It would be easy, especially if account was taken of the mistaken ideas respecting Canada, of individuals of less standing and pretension, to multiply such instances, but enough has been said to shew the necessity of diffusing more accurate information as a corrective of the past, and as a means of prevention for the future.

I cannot quit the subject without availing myself of this fitting occasion to express, what I am sure is equally felt by all present. My sense of the obligations we owe to our President* for his active exertions in support, and his valuable contributions to the proceedings of the Canadian Institute. In leaving Upper Canada, he will, I am certain, carry with him our best wishes for his happiness and prosperity, not unaccompanied with the hope that we may be able at some future period to welcome his return among us, and to benefit by the renewal of his co-operation in the proceedings of the Society. Convinced of the excellence of the objects of the Canadian Institute, I rejoice at its present success and its future prospects. A diligent pursuit after, and a fitting employment of knowledge when gained, cannot fail to exercise an elevating influence in our relations to each other, and to lead to just conceptions of our respective duties in the various walks of life. We shall more practically feel that it is not for ourselves only, but for our fellows that we are called upon to think and act, while we strive for our individual improvement. We shall strive also to communicate to others the benefit of what we attain, thus approximating the lofty character of those who,

> " With God himself
> Hold converse, grow familiar day by day,
> With his conceptions, act upon his plan,
> And form to his the relish of our souls."

*Captain Lefroy.

EXTRACTS FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.

Brief is the time we pass on earth,
Yet long enough for man to bear!
The gift we gather at our birth,
Our first and latest hour doth share!
With the first dawn of reason's ray
That glimmers o'er the opening soul,
Enough is seen of that decay
Which leads us to our final goal.
And we must batten on the fruit,
Though bitter to the taste it be,
Till death at last shall cut the root
Which binds us to humanity.
Yet still through life's revolving scene,
One light is seen to shed its ray
Of fancied bliss—too soon, I ween,
To fade in grief, and pass away,
So darken'd is our mortal fate,
So hid by clouds that interpose,
That bliss, denied by other's hate,
Ne'er finds in life a sure repose!
'Tis as the phantom-light o'er moors,
Which woo's the wanderer to a rest;
Yet blest that ray, while it allures,
Though doomed at length to prove a jest.
And ever through this life, Love must,
What it has been, to all remain!
It shares the birthright of that dust
Which ne'er is free from mortal stain.
Too pure within this world to dwell,
Without the rust of life's alloy,
Love ne'er within the heart did swell,
But felt the bane of earthly joy.
Yet there are moments in this life.
Which some have felt of source so pure,
So free from all life's feverish strife,
They could for these all ills endure;
But when they fail, and fail they will,
Ah! who thro' life hath found them last?
There comes upon the soul a chill,
The icing of that fearful blast,
Which sinks the heart, and bids it close
Each pulse that warmed to hope and love.
Thus chill'd, no more can it oppose
The ice which binds around, above;
But fetter'd by its dreary chain,
The living source beneath confined,
Ne'er feels a wish to break again
The deadly stillness of the mind.

* * * * * * * * * *

Wealth cannot win, threats cannot move
From early vows of love; which bind
The heart within their magic spell!
They twine too close, to be forgot,
Around the breast; where long shall dwell,
(Whate'er in life may be our lot,)
The sweet remembrance of that hour
When love first wooed us in his bower!

* * * * * * * * * *

Yes, in the heart there long shall dwell
The charm of that pure early dream;
And though the clouds of ill may swell,
They only hide in part its beam!
And though succeeding cares may chill
The glow of love's first trembling ray,
Yet to the treasuring memory still,
That beam through life shall not decay!
When sickened with the toil of life,
And sinking 'mid the weary gloom
With which this mortal coil is rife,
(To lose it only in the tomb!)
Who hath not tried to trace anew
The cherished thought of early love,
And in his breast the dream renew
Of bliss, that grief could not remove?
Oh! o'er the worn and sinking heart,
The star of early love shall shed
A beam, which only can depart,
When thought, and sense, and life are fled!

* * * * * * * * *

The Sun is gone, and now the busy hum
Of this poor fleeting world is hushed to rest,
And twilight's grey and tranquil hour is come,
Like some soft fancied vision of the blest,
And all is still, save when the bulbul sings
Its tributary lay at this lone hour;
Save where the tinkling sheep-bell gently rings,
Or where the watch-dog bays from yonder tower!
Man on his troubled couch hath sunk to sleep—
Brief respite from his cares, to be renewed
When he shall wake at morn, to toil and reap
The tares that he hath sown and ne'er subdued!
Poor minion of an hour! Of what to thee
Is all thy pomp, thy glory, and thy fame!
When thou hast toiled through all life's heaving sea,
What hast thou gained that will preserve thy name?
And kindle in the breast of one compeer,
Who revelled in thy joys, one pure regret
That thou art gone, and art the thing all fear!
Will one fond eye be dimmed and wet?
Will one kind heart weep o'er thy lonely bier?
Will one firm friend e'er wish thee once more here?
Or light at Memory's lamp true friendship's holiest flame,
That can survive the dead, and hallow up thy name?

* * * * * * * * *

Few, few shall feel; and if one eye may weep
O'er the poor faded form, when it hath paid
Life's last and mournful debt, that well should steep
All human frailties in death's dreaded shade,
It may be that the tear will flow from one
From whom we had no right to call a sigh,
While those who should have wept, will smile anon,
And o'er the turf will heedlessly pass by,
To sport above our tomb, like any other fly!

* * * * * * * * *

Truce to such meditations:—man is still
What he hath ever been, and still shall be,
Alive but to himself, feeling no thrill
To gaze upon the end of vanity!
That well should curdle all the buoyant blood
Beating in his distempered voice; but Time,
The world, self-interest, and the flood
Of mortal apathy in every clime,
Usurp the heart of age, and chill e'en manhood's prime!

THE DOUBLE VENGEANCE.

In one of the skirmishes which were so frequent between the contending parties during the Mexican war of independence, Villa-Senor, a captain in the Spanish service, was made prisoner by Cristino Vergara. The latter was a *gaucho*, who had come from Chili, and plunged into the struggle with all the fire and fury so characteristic of his race; and it was only after enduring all the refinements of torture that savage fancy could invent, that the unfortunate captive regained his liberty. Twenty years or more passed away when the captain, who had travelled into other lands, returned to Mexico, while Vergara, obedient to his instinct for the chase, was living at Palos-Mulatos—a village buried in the forest, about a day's journey from San Blas, which, as most readers know, is not an unimportant port on the Pacific.

I was staying in the neighborhood, enjoying the refreshing charms of shade and verdure, when my occasional travelling companion, Ruperto Castanos, came hurriedly in, one evening, with excited looks, crying out that Villa-Senor had returned, and that he had unfortunately let him know that Vergara lived at Palos-Mulatos.

"Well?" said I, in a careless tone.

"Well!" he answered, "don't you see that as Palos-Mulatos is not far off, either the Spaniard or the *gaucho* will be a dead man in the course of a few hours?"

"I see something more," I replied; "and that is, if you wish to repair your blunder we had better go and sleep to-night in the cabin of your friend, the *gaucho* Vergara."

This was just what Ruperto desired, so we ordered our horses and set off. As we rode along, my companion communicated to me many particulars concerning the man we were going to visit. He still preserved in his domestic life much of the ferocity and vindictiveness of character which had formerly made him feared and hated, and had made implacable enemies in his otherwise peaceable neighbourhood. When he came first to reside at Palos-Mulatos, he had brought with him a wife, a grown-up son, and two young daughters. The youth had picked a quarrel immediately on his arrival with a hunter, well-known in the village, and got himself killed for his pains; but a few days later the hunter himself fell by a ball from Vergara's rifle. Saturnino, the hunter's only son, promised his dying parent to avenge the blow, and though he had appeared to forget, yet the neighbours said that sooner or later there would be a terrible duel between the young hunter and the old *gaucho*. "Such manners astonish you," added Ruperto, as he concluded; "but what can you expect when civil war breaks out anywhere, family wars are sure to follow close upon it. This time, however, we have a chance of separating the combatants."

Deeper and deeper we rode into the forest, the route becoming at last a mere path winding in and out among the teees. Suddenly we emerged on a grassy plain and galloped briskly across it, well-pleased at finding ourselves in a clearing; but all at once we were stopped by a broad and deep brook, and drew up to find means of crossing. "We are arrived," exclaimed my companion, pointing to a few houses that stood on the opposite side; "that is Palos-Mulatos."

It was a calm and pleasant sight; the houses were sheltered by overhanging trees, and the whole aspect of the place was one of sylvan joy and contentment. But how to get at it was the difficulty; and while Ruperto was swearing at the disappearance of the bridge which spanned the stream, a man appeared on the further side, who told us that it had been carried away by a flood, but that there was another bridge half a league higher up, and that we could reach the village in another half hour. "Besides that," he went on, seeing our hesitation, "there is another way. You see that network of lianas yonder; that is also a bridge—one made by the good God, and the people of the village use it every day; but I warn you, it is not safe for horsemen."

I was tired and impatient to arrive. I therefore dismounted, and giving the rein of my horse to Ruperto, who immediately set off for the bridge, I made my way to the network pointed out by the stranger, which, on approaching, I found to be a natural suspended gallery, formed by the interlacing of numerous climbing plants that here grew thickly on each side of the brook, and flung their wild arms in every direction. It was a singular spectacle, exciting to the imagination, but suggesting doubts as to the prudence of trusting one's self to so frail a support. However, I ventured after a brief pause, and had scarcely advanced a few paces, when a sudden shock made me stumble, and when I had recovered my footing, I saw a man burst hastily from the opposite end and hide himself in a thicket. I hesitated, but only for a moment, and in a few minutes had crossed the brook, and reached the outskirts of the village.

There were not more than about a dozen houses, miserably constructed, and one of these, standing at the foot of a magnificent palm-tree, was pointed out to me as the dwelling of Cristino Vergara by a young girl who sat at the door of one of the huts weaving a wreath of purple campanulas into the long, dark tresses of her hair. I had soon delivered my message, and announced the speedy arrival of Ruperto—a piece of intelligence which the *gaucho* received with great satisfaction; but when I added that I should be cautious of again passing a natural suspension bridge two at a time, his eyes sparkled, and with a strange tone he cried "two at a time?"

"Yes," I answered; "some one was on the bridge at the moment I crossed: and perhaps being afraid of recognition, he ran over so hastily, that I came near pitching into the water."

While speaking I had time to cast a glance over the group among which I found myself The countenance of Vergara expressed an ill-suppressed impatience—his wife, an old woman bent double with age, and one of his daughters stood behind him in seeming indifference; but not so the eldest daughter, a girl of remarkable grace and beauty, for as I spoke her attention appeared to be suddenly roused, and she turned to me with a look of energetic supplication. I took the hint, and proceeded to remark carelessly that the fugitive of the bridge was perhaps a robber, who wished to avoid an encounter with an armed passenger. The *gaucho*, however, replied with a

gesture of incredulity, and some further explanation would perhaps have been called for had not the arrival of my companion at that moment created a favorable diversion.

When Ruperto took the *gaucho* aside to tell of the unexpected arrival of Villa-Senor, the eldest daughter, Liana-flower, as she was called, walked slowly out at the door, and coming up to me as I paced up and down on the grass in front of the cabin, she asked, in a trembling voice—"Who was it you met on the bridge—an old man or a young one?"

"I don't know," was my reply; "I saw a shadow only, which disappeared at once in the thicket. But why this question?"

"Because," she rejoined, with a mingled pride and timidity which really charmed me; "because what you saw was, perhaps, a young man whom I love, and he runs the risk of death. You understood my terror, and tried to remove my father's suspicions after having roused them; thanks."

"But you," I asked, "do you run no risk?"

"Oh! as for me, my father would kill me if he ever knew the name of him I love."

The young girl seemed to bid an exalted defiance to death, but there was something in her words that made me shudder; and I thought involuntarily of the old hunter's son, who had sworn a mortal hatred against Vergara. What other could so excite the *gaucho* against his own daughter? The idea made me anxious, and I could not help watching Liana-flower, who, after throwing a quantity of brush-wood on the cabin fire, had placed herself in the light opposite the door, where she could be seen from a distance, and went through various pantomimic movements, now altering the arrangment of her dress—now standing still in a fixed attitude. Presently, with her pitcher on her head, she advanced carelessly towards the brook, and I was comparing her with my recollections of the classic models of antiquity, when suddenly she uttered a cry of alarm, the pitcher fell from her head, she seemed for a moment ready to rush forwards, then slowly stopping pretended to be picking up the fragments of the pitcher. The cause of this strange movement was explained by my seeing the young girl whom I had first accosted, going towards the bridge, her hair bound with the wreath of campanulas. She was doubtless a rival, and could come and go unchallenged, while Liana-flower's movements involved a double danger.

Poor girl! I went feigning to help her pick up the broken earthenware. "Go and warn him," she said, as I stooped, in an imperious, yet broken voice, "" that I'll have him poignarded by my father, and myself afterwards, if he speaks to that girl."

"He: whom do you mean?"

"Saturnino."

"Saturnino!" I repeated in amazement. "What! the daughter of Cristino Vergara loves Saturnino Vellajo?"

"Yes, I love him; and now you know that his life is at stake as well as mine, if I speak to my father. Go, I entreat of you; God will reward your compassion. You will find Saturnino on the hanging bridge."

I obeyed, but with considerable misgivings. There might be danger, if not from a human enemy, at all events from some prowling quadruped, and I went forwards with all the caution of a naturalist studying the habits of wild animals without the protection of the bars of a menagerie. I stopped at times to listen; but not a sound met my ears. And then I thought that if Saturnino were playing false he would not give a very agreeable reception to any one who came to interrupt his *tete-a-tete* with another. However, I was determined to perform my errand; I crossed the bridge, peeped and searched everywhere, listened, but nothing appeared to reward my pains. There was only the melancholy gloom of the forest.

Liana-flower was watching my return with feverish impatience. Notwithstanding my ill-success, I kept up a good countenance. "Did you find Saturnino?" she asked abruptly, coming to meet me.

"I have done what you wished," I answered, hoping to escape further questioning by the evasion; but a woman in love is doubly quick-sighted.

"You saw him then? how is he?" she said.

This time I was obliged to hesitate. Liana-flower turned pale. "Ah!" she cried, "it is false,—you have not seen him."

A terrible thought—Saturnino's infidelity—took possession of the young girl, with an emotion only suppressed on her part by a most vigorous effort. It was clear, however, that her fiery temperament would provoke a storm; and my feeling was something like that of one who watches the slow-burning match of a loaded mine. She went into the cabin, while I mentioned the circumstances to Ruperto.

"*Caramba!*" he exclaimed. "A double *venganza!* Saturnino and Villa-Senor! Two good reasons why we shall have to go without supper this evening."

Here we were interrupted by a cry of fury, and the *gaucho* rushing from the cabin, cried,—"Ruperto! you are my guest and friend, and you will help me to avenge the honor of my name. That Saturnino has disgraced my daughter—she herself declares it. But the villain is not far off,—to horse, to horse!"

I, also, was included in the appeal, and though tired and hungry, I professed my readiness to assist. The horses were soon saddled, and we were on the point of setting off, when I saw Vergara, in addition to the lasso attached to the saddle, wind round his body a thong which had a large heavy ball covered with leather fastened at each end. They were the well-known *bolas* in use among the *gauchos*, and more to be dreaded even than the lasso.

We directed our course first to the suspension bridge, where Vergara dismounted and set himself to seek for a trail—to interrogate the soil, so to speak, with all the penetration of an Indian. After a while I left my saddle and took part in the search; and after some straining of my eyes to no purpose, I picked up a bouquet composed of wild flowers, bound together by one of the odoriferous rushes, named *chintule*, growing thickly on the margin of the stream. My first thought was to throw it away again, but considering the circumstances, I showed it to Ruperto, who had remained with the horses. "A bouquet!" he said, on seeing it. "It is doubtless a symbolical

message for Liana-flower. She must have it at every hazard."

It would be difficult to convey it to her, as we were then rejoined by the *gaucho*, who now felt sure of the route to be followed. However, as we were to pass through the village, I kept a little behind the other two, and on passing the open door of the cabin, where I saw Liana-flower sitting by the fire in a crouching position with her *reboso* wrapped round her head, I contrived to throw the bouquet so that it fell at her feet. A slight shudder passed over her as she stooped to pick it up: then putting spurs to my horse, I plunged into the forest at a swift gallop.

On we went, following the *gaucho* through the darkness, striking our heads against the branches or stumbling over the inequalities of the path. A sudden turn, after half an hour's riding, brought us to a cabin overshadowed by a group of gigantic palms; the *gaucho* reined up suddenly at the door, against which he knocked hastily, at the same time calling out,—"Holloa, Berrendo; are you asleep?"

"Who's there,—and why this uproar?" said a voice, after a pause.

"'Tis I."

"Who's I?" demanded the voice again.

"Cristino Vergara."

At this the door opened, and a man not less savage in aspect than the *gaucho*, stepped forth. He was dressed in leathern garments, and was altogether a striking specimen of the Mexican hunter. "Is Saturnino at the Palmar?" asked Vergara, impatiently, as soon as he appeared.

"He ought to be. But why this question? Does the son of Vallejo appear to you to be one too many in the world?"

"He does."

This laconic and terrible reply seemed not to surprise Berrendo. "Well," he answered, "heaven help him! You have a good night for it. Perhaps you will find to-morrow that you have snared two enemies instead of one."

"What do you mean?" inquired the *gaucho*.

"I mean that I spied an old officer who was once in your clutches, drinking at the pond,—the *Laguna de la Cruz*,—and remembering his cursed features, and that his name was Villa-Senor, my first movement was to cock my rifle——"

"*Caramba!* your first movement was a good one," interrupted Vergara. Berrendo went on—"But I altered my mind, thinking that a shot would alarm his companions, if he had any; and seeing that he let his horse graze, and laid himself down to sleep, I took a better method; I made a *quemada*. I set fire to the thicket round the pond in four places; and now the Spaniard will have a merry wakening. As I am alive, you can smell the smoke already coming down upon the wind."

"Well done!" cried the *gaucho*, "I see the hand of my old comrade. What do you say to the expedient, Ruperto? We are rid of Villa-Senor, and have only to look after Saturnino; he at least, won't escape us. Let us be off, then, to the Palmar."

Away we went again into the woods, riding in Indian file, one behind the other, the route becoming more and more difficult. Presently we came to a number of diverging paths, down one of which Vergera rode to examine some suspicious traces. While waiting his return, I expressed my doubts as to the part we were playing in the affair; it looked very much like abetting a murder, which, if truth were spoken, it would be best to prevent. Ruperto shared my sentiments to some extent; he could not abandon his old companion in arms, but he pointed out to me that if I wished to carry out my views, I had only to follow one of the paths to which he pointed. "Go along there for a short distance," he said; "then get off, tie up your horse in the bushes, and go forward on foot Walk with the moon in your face and your shadow behind you, and you can't fail to arrive at the Palmar. If before we do, so much the better. I'll make an excuse for your departure."

I thanked Ruperto for his advice, and set off on the route indicated. In due time I had secured my horse, and was pushing my way on foot through the tangled wood, a difficult task at any time, but doubly so by night and to a stranger.

At length, to my great satisfaction, I came to a clearing. It was, doubtless, the Palmar I was in search of, and, as a measure of precaution, I kept in the shade, and advanced slowly towards a hut that I saw at a little distance. An old woman sat at the door looking up at the moon, and singing a plaintive melody. It was Saturnino's mother, waiting for her son's return. She ceased her song, and started at my approach, but I quieted her fears, and soon made her comprehend the danger of a meeting between the *gaucho* and and Saturnino. My communication created a whirl of hopes and fears,—perhaps her son would stay out till morning,—perhaps the fire would prevent Vergara's approach, and so frustrate the perpetration of his long-cherished hatred; in short, she spoke as most mothers would in similar circumstances.

Having accomplished my duty, I was retracing my steps, when the old woman cried, in a tone of alarm,—"Jesus Maria! There he is!"—and she ran with all the speed she was capable of to saddle a horse that stood in the rear of the hut. But all her efforts and prayers for the safety of her son were in vain; for when the young man heard that Liana-flower herself had been the cause of the rupture of the tacit truce that existed between him and her father, he seemed suddenly to be crushed by the weight of some poignant grief. "It was at her request," he said, mournfully, "that I went to the bridge. Why did she signal me to go away? I obeyed her order, and that is the crime which she now wishes to punish with death. No, no; she does not love me."

I tried to give a more hopeful colour to his thoughts, while his mother, looking all round with a terrified air, besought him to fly, in the name of all the saints. Only for a moment did he seem inclined to yield, and he put one foot in the stirrup; but withdrawing it again immediately, he threw away all his weapons, save the knife in his girdle, and stood motionless, as it were, courting the threatened danger.

All at once I saw him shudder as if from an electric shock, and at the same instant Liana-flower burst into the clearing, her dress torn, her hair streaming, and pale as a corpse escaped from the tomb. Breathlessly she flew into Saturnino's

arms, crying,—"God be thanked, I have come in time! I thought you unfaithful, Saturnino, and wished your death; but now I know——"

Life and hope came back into the young man's eyes as she spoke, and drew the bouquet from her bosom. "This," she said, holding it up, "this brought me back to life. This white floripondio told me that in your eyes I was the most beautiful; these campanulas taught me that she who wore them was only the pretext for your coming near our hut,—the marjoram spoke of your torments,—the chintule explained everything. I know that you love me: and now, will you not fly? My father is seeking your life."

Passing in a moment from despair to the wildest of joy, Saturnino seized the young girl round the waist, sprang into the saddle, and was off with the speed of an arrow. At the moment, Vergara and Ruperto leaped into the clearing; no sooner did they catch sight of the fugitives, than the *gaucho*, spurring his horse in pursuit, flung his lasso with such dexterity as to catch Saturnino in the noose. With a tremendous effort the young man stopped his horse, and quick as thought, cut the thong in two with his knife, before his antagonist could drag him from the saddle. Again did he fly with the maiden on his arm, and was close to the wood, when the *gaucho*, unwinding the balls with which I had seen him equip himself at starting, chaunted two lines of the well-known air—

> "De mi lazo t'escaparas,
> Pero de mis bolas—quando";

"You may escape from the lasso, but from the balls—never;" and whirling them round his head, sent them whizzing through the air. They went true to their mark, and twisted round the legs of Saturnino's horse, and the animal fell heavily to the ground with the hapless lovers. Vergara drew his dagger; two leaps more would have brought him upon them, when the report of a rifle was heard, while a wreath of smoke crept from a thicket near the spot; the *gaucho* fell, and all became silent.

Ruperto, who had taken his station by my side, galloped to the wood whence the shot had come; but speedily returning, he said, in an air of sombre resignation,—"It is not my place to punish Villa-Senor; God has permitted him to avenge himself."

What a singular tragedy was this which I had been so unexpectedly called on to witness; extremes of joy and sorrow were its termination. Four days afterwards I was on the way to San Blas with Ruperto, and had reached the top of the hill from which Cortez had caught sight of the Western sea, three centuries earlier, when we saw a group—a man and four women—following a waggon heavily laden with domestic utensils and furniture. They were Saturnino and Liana-flower, with their mothers and sister, united by the result of the events which I have narrated, and who were migrating to the fertile prairies of Sonora, there to forget in the peaceful pursuits of agriculture, the events that had sent them forth from the forest of Palos-Mulatos.—*Eliza Cook's Journal.*

It is never more difficult to speak well than when we are ashamed of our silence.

AN OLD MAN'S STORY.

I remember the time,—long ago, long ago,—
When a boy, a mere stripling, I plighted my love,
And swore—at least vowed—by the heaven above,
I would cherish and honor the heart of the gay,
The pretty, the beautiful Madeline May:—
It seems but last week, yet it's long, long ago!

I am feeble and old, but my memory's good;—
How she hung her dear head, and endeavoured in vain
To hide her sweet blushes again and again;
How I asked if she ever my love would repay
By becoming my wife,—ah! poor Madeline May!
I fancy I hear her,—"She'd see if she could."

My eyes they are dim,—I'm afraid 'tis with tears;—
But Time alters all things, and so it was thus
That we parted,—ah! well I remember the fuss;
For the cause of my country I went far away,
And left behind, weeping, my Madeline May,—
I left the fond girl for two long chequered years.

I returned to my home, but no happiness came,
For, alas! in my absence, a villain of wealth
Had allured the poor girl by his cunning and stealth,
And left her degraded, befriended by none,—
All her friends and her hopes with her virtue had gone,—
Till, forsaken and wretched, she died in her shame!

There's a neat little grave, near a church, far away,
It is fifty years old, but it doesn't look that,
For the flowers are fresh, and quite new is the plat;
And as every week in each year cometh round,
Still fresh are the flowers, still new is the ground,
And engraved on the headstone is "Madeline May."

THE CARDINAL'S GODSON.

One evening in the year 1649, M. Roullard, a rich goldsmith in Paris, was standing in the parlor behind his shop, busily engaged in reading a large and handsomely engrossed document. His niece, Jeanne, a pretty girl of eighteen, was seated near him, holding a piece of delicate embroidery in her hand; but her fingers were idle, and her eyes strayed continually towards the open window. Master Roullard at length folded up his paper, and with a satisfied smile exclaimed:—

"'Tis perfect! The cardinal certainly cannot refuse!"

"Are you then so anxious, uncle, to obtain the title of Goldsmith to the Court?"

"Anxious, indeed! A wise question, girl! Know you not that if I obtain it, my fortune is made?"

"But it seems to me," said the young girl, hesitating, "that the title would prove embarrassing."

"And wherefore?"

"Because you have hitherto had the custom of all the great personages of the prince's party."

"Well?"

"You have been accustomed to hear and to speak so much evil of the cardinal——"

"Hush, hush!" interrupted the goldsmith: "We must not think of that now, Jeanne. If I ever *did* say anything slighting of his eminence, I am heartily sorry for it now."

"But, uncle, your clerks and workmen have all fallen into the same habit, and——"

"They must change it then," replied Master Roullard, resolutely. "I will not allow any of my people to compromise me. When I spoke ill of the cardinal, I did not know him. Besides, Master Vatar was then alive, and I had no chance of obtaining his post. It was only the day before yesterday I heard of his death, when I was returning from seeing Julian off in the St. Germain coach. By-the-way, he has not yet returned."

"No, uncle," said Jeanne, I cannot think what detains him; and her eyes wandered anxiously towards the quay. Master Roullard fixed his eyes steadfastly upon his niece.

"Ah, yes," said he, in a testy tone, "'tis easy to make you anxious about Julian Noiraud. You have not put that fine project of marriage out of your head yet?"

"My mother approved of it," replied Jeanne in a very low voice.

"All very well; but *my* views for you are different. I intend to give you a fortune which will entitle you to marry a rich man, and Julian has not one hundred crowns of his own."

"He may make a fortune——"

"Yes, by some miracle, I suppose," replied the goldsmith, ironically. "Does he expect it from that Italian adventurer, who formerly lodged in his parents' house, and became his sponsor,—Captain Juliano, I think his name is?"

Jeanne was saved the trouble of replying, by her uncle being summoned into the shop to attend three gentlemen.

These were the farmer-general of the revenues, Jean Dubois, M. Colbert, and the governor of Louvre. All three were partizans of the cardinal, and by no means in the habit of dealing with Roullard; but they had heard of some beautiful pieces of plate which he had just finished, and they came to see them.

The goldsmith overwhelmed them with civility. He ransacked his shop for articles to suit their taste, interlarding his polite speeches with protestations of his devotion to the cardinal.

He had just laid aside for Messrs. Colbert and Dubois several rich pieces of plate, considerably reduced in price, in honor of the purchasers' adherence to the cardinal; and he was commencing a fresh palinode in praise of his eminence, when the shop-door was suddenly opened, and a young man of pleasing appearance, with a frank, open countenance, entered. He laid on the counter a small packet, and having saluted the three gentlemen and his master, said,—"Good evening, sir; you must have been surprised at my not returning yesterday; but M. De Nogent detained me to repair his silver cabinet."

"Ah! you have seen the count?" said Colbert; "How is he?"

"Remarkably well, monsieur."

"Then," remarked the governor of Louvré, "he must have invented some piece of malice against his eminence."

"Hasn't he though!" exclaimed Julian, laughing; "he sang a long ballad for me, against the cardinal."

"How! he has dared!" interrupted Dubois.

"That he has," replied Julian; "He had even begun to teach them to me. Listen—I'll sing you the first verse."

Master Roullard coughed, winked, and made various gestures inculcating silence; but Julian did not understand him, and commenced with a loud, clear voice:—

> Hurrah for Mazarin!
> The son and heir of Scapin:
> He will blindfold France and her kind—
> Hurrah! Hurrah!

"Julian!" cried his master.

"Don't stop him," said the governor, who, although from interested motives, a partisan of the cardinal, yet by no means disliked to hear him turned into ridicule; "I admire good political squibs, and I am making a collection of *Mazarinades.*"

"Just like our master," said Noiraud. "M. de Longueville's valet has given him copies of all that have appeared."

The goldsmith tried to stammer forth an angry denial, but his words were drowned by shouts of laughter from his three visitors.

Turning angrily therefore towards his clerk, he asked him what the packet contained which he had laid on the counter.

"Some printed papers, master, sent you by M. de Nogent."

"Satires on his eminence, I'll warrant them!" cried the governor.

"Out of my house!" exclaimed the exasperated Roullard. And taking Julian by the shoulder, he thrust him into the street, flung the packet afte him; and after ordering him never to return, concluded by shouting,—"Long live Monseigneur Mazarin!"

Greatly astonished and not less enraged, the young man walked on with the luckless packets in his hand. His dismissal was in itself a matter of little consequence, for he was an excellent workman, and would find it easy to obtain employment; but a rupture with Jeanne's uncle threatened to destroy his prospects of marriage, and the thought of this he could not endure.

Walking slowly on, he cast his eyes on the packet which he mechanically held.

"Wicked cardinal!" he said to himself; "he is the cause of all! But for him Master Roullard would not have been vexed,—I should have still been in his employment, and probably would one day have married Jeanne!"

While thus soliloquizing, he idly opened the packet, and began to examine the pamphlets it contained. They were satirical remarks on the Spanish war, squibs against the Mesdames Mancini, Mazarin's nieces, and finally, a malicious biography of the cardinal. Julian was carelessly casting his eyes over the last, when he suddenly started and trembled. He had just read the following sentence:—

"Before entering into holy orders, Cardinal Mazarin had wielded the sword. He commanded

a company in 1625; and the pope's generals, Conti and Bagni, charged him with a mission to the marquis de Cannus. His eminence met at Grenoble, and sojourned there two months under the name of Captain Juliano."

Again and again did the young goldsmith read these words with strong emotion. Name, place, and date, precluded all uncertainty: Julian found himself the godson of the great cardinal.

Hastening towards the splendid dwelling of Mazarin, Julian inquired for an old playmate of his, who now filled an office in the cardinal's kitchen. Pierre Chottart received him kindly, but after the first exchange of civilities, asked him what he wanted.

Julian replied that he came to see his eminence.

The sub-cook laughed heartily, and told him that was quite out of the question.

"I who speak to you," he said, "although I minister to Monseigneur's appetite, am never admitted to see him."

"Is that the prime minister's chocolate?" said Julian after a pause, looking at a silver pot standing on a stove.

"Yes," replied Chottart; "I am going to pour it into this china cup; then I will ring for a footman who will reach his eminence's apartments by yonder staircase, and will place the tray in the hands of his own valet."

Having then prepared the chocolate in all due form, Pierre Chottart hastened into an adjoining room to procure a damask napkin. His temporary absence inspired Julian with a sudden thought,—Seizing the tray, he ran up the staircase, traversed the corridor, and opening at a hazard the first door he saw, found himself actually face to face with the great man.

The cardinal, who was in the act of writing a letter, held his pen suspended, and looked with astonishment at the flurried, unliveried individual before him.

"What is this?" he said, with the slight Italian accent which he never totally lost. Who are you? What do you want?"

"'Tis his eminence?" exclaimed Noiraud, placing the tray on the table. "Ah! now I am all right. Good morning, godfather!"

The cardinal rose and seized the bell-rope, thinking he was in company with an escaped lunatic.

"You don't know me then?" said the young workman. "Well, no wonder; I was but a fortnight old when you saw me last, in 1625."

"I really don't know what you mean," replied his eminence, still more confirmed in his first conjecture.

"I mean," replied Julian, "that I am the son of Madame Noiraud, of Grenoble, in whose house you lodged for two months, when you were a captain, and for whose son you stood sponsor, and had named after you."

"I think I remember," said Mazarin, "but this boy——"

"It is I myself! Julian Noiraud, of Grenoble! As soon as ever I discovered that you were Capt. Juliano, I hastened to come to you. Are you quite well, godfather!"

There was something in the young man's gay simplicity that caught Mazarin's fancy, and he asked to see the documents which should substantiate the statement. Julian first handed him his certificate of baptism, which he always carried about with him, and then frankly told him all that had occurred.

"And what do you want with me?" asked the cardinal, coldly.

"I thought that as your eminence has so often saved France, it would not cost you much trouble to save a poor boy like me."

Mazarin smiled, and placed his hand on his godson's shoulder.

"Come, *poverino*," he said, "I will do something for thee."

"Thank you, godfather."

"You are not to return to the goldsmith's shop."

"No, godfather."

"I shall retain you here in charge of my plate."

"Yes, godfather,"

"I shall not pay you any wages."

"No, godfather."

"You will purchase a court dress."

"Yes, godfather."

"You will lodge where you please, and I will grant you an important privilege."

"Ah! thank you, godfather."

"You may proclaim to all the world that I am your godfather."

And was this all! Julian felt terribly disappointed, but he had the good sense to say nothing; and the cardinal dismissed him, desiring him to attend his levée on the following day in a befitting costume. Obeying this latter injunction cost poor Julian nearly all the gold pieces he was worth; however, he was afraid to disobey his eminence. "Many people," thought he, "are rotting in the Bastille for a less offence, so I must e'en do as I am told."

On the morrow our hero failed not to present himself in the great man's antechamber, dressed in a second-hand court suit, which certainly gave him quite the air of a gentleman. Several persons asked each other who he was, but no one knew, until at length, one voice exclaimed:—

"I protest, 'tis Noiraud!"

Julian turned round and found himself facing Master Boullard.

"It is he, and in a court dress! What makes you here, idler?"

"I am waiting for his eminence," replied Julian, with a careless air.

"So, Master Boullard," said Dubois, "this is really the saucy apprentice whom you dismissed yesterday? What *can* he want with the cardinal?"

At that momont the great minister appeared, making his easy way through the obsequious throng. Perceiving Julian, he smiled graciously, tapped him familiarly on the cheek with his glove, and said:—

"Well, *poverino*, how dost thou feel to-day?"

"Quite well, thank you, *godfather.*"

One might have fancied that this one word contained a magic spell, for instantly there was a general sensation amongst the crowd. All eyes were fixed on Julian—every voice murmured:

"Monseigneur is his godfather!"

Leaning familiarly on the young goldsmith's shoulder, the cardinal paced up and down the room, frequently addressing him familiarly, and

laughingly asking his advice touching the requests which were made by various suitors.

Julian, half-bewildered, contented himself with replying:—

"Yes, godfather,—no godfather." And the courtiers admired what they regarded as his prudent reserve.

At length, the audience ended, and Mazarin retired, after having audibly desired his *protégé* to come to his private study in the afternoon.

Scarcely had the minister disappeared, when an obsequious crowd surrounded Noiraud. Amongst the rest, the commander of Louvré, drew him aside and said:—

"Allow me to congratulate you, my dear M. Noiraud, on the great good fortune which has befallen you."

Julian stammered out his thanks.

"His eminence loves you much, and will, I am certain, do anything you ask. Will you then have the great kindness to speak a word in favour of my nephew, who is seeking the command of a regiment?"

"I?"

"He will obtain it, if you will give him your interest."

"I am sure, I should be most happy,"—Julian began.

"Enough, enough!" cried the commander, pressing his hand. "Trust me, if the affair succeeds, you will find us not ungrateful."

The Sieur Dubois next took him by the arm.

"I have a word to say in your ear, M. Noiraud," he said. "You know that I am seeking the monopoly of commerce in the Windward Isles: if you procure it for me, I will pay you six thousand francs!"

"Six thousand francs!" exclaimed the astonished Julian.

"You don't consider it enough?" replied Dubois. "Well, I will go as far as ten thousand!"

"But," said Noiraud, "you are strangely mistaken as to my influence; I have no power whatever——"

Dubois looked keenly at him and released his arms.

"Ah! I see how it is." he said "my rival has spoken to you already."

"Sir, I declare——"

"Well, well, I try elsewhere,—we'll see how far your new-made influence extends."

Ere Julian had well recovered from his astonishment, he found himself once more closeted with the cardinal, who had sent for him. Mazarin asked what troubled him, and the young man told him.

"Bravo! bravo!" said the minister, rubbing his hands. "Since they want you to protect them, *caro*, why you must e'en do it."

"What!" said Julian; "am I then, godfather, to solicit for them?"

"No, no! no solicitations; but just allow them to think that you have influence, and that will pay."

"Then godfather, you wish me to accept——"

"Accept always, Julian: you must never refuse what is given you with good will. If you do not repay the givers with good offices, you may with gratitude."

Noiraud retired in a state of unbounded astonishment. Nor was this feeling diminished by the receipt, two days afterwards, of a bag containing three thousand francs, with a letter of thanks from the commander, whose nephew had just been made a colonel. Presently afterwards, the Sieur Dubois entered.

"You have carried the day, M. de Noiraud," he said in a tone of mingled respect and ill-humour:—"My rival has obtained the privilege. I was wrong to struggle against your influence.—Meantime, here are the ten thousand francs,—take them, and use your all-powerful interest for me on the next occasion."

Julian tried to refuse this munificent present, saying that he was quite a stranger to the affair, that he had not meddled in it at all. But the farmer-general would not even listen to him.

"Good! good!" cried he, "you are discreet. His eminence has forbidden you to compromise him. I understand it all, only promise me that on the next occasion you will speak favorably of me."

"As to that," replied Julian, "I promise it with pleasure, but——"

"Enough!" cried Dubois. "I trust to your word, M. de Noiraud; and on your part if you should ever be at a loss for a few thousand livres, remember that I have them at the service of the cardinal's godson."

Julian failed not to relate all this to his patron, who rubbed his hands again, and ordered him to keep the sums bestowed on him. These were soon augmented by fresh largesses from the courtiers. It was of no avail for the young goldsmith to protest that he did not possess the influence imputed to him. His most vehement denials served but to confirm the general impression; and after some time he found himself a rich man.

Meanwhile the affairs of Master Boullard had declined sadly. Having failed in his attempt to become goldsmith to the court, he yet lost by it the custom of the cardinal's enemies; and thus between two stools he came to the ground.

Under these adverse circumstances he sought a reconciliation with his quondam apprentice. His overtures were joyfully met half way. Julian's heart and affections remained unchanged, and Master Boullard was now most willing not only to give him his niece in marriage, but also to yield up to him his business.

When the happy Julian brought his young wife to the cardinal, the latter took him playfully by the ear, and said,—

"Thou didst not expect all this when I granted thee as thy sole privilege permission to call me godfather?"

"No," replied Noiraud, "I was far from imagining that I should owe everything to that title."

"Because thou didst not know what men are, *picciolo*," said the cardinal. "Trust me we succeed in this world, not on account of what we are, but of what we appear to be."—*Eliza Cook's Journal.*

Ceremony is a plant that will never grow in a strong soil.

Flattery is a sort of bad money to which our vanity gives currency.

Hunting.—The amusement of a gentleman, the labour of savages.

SONGS ROUGHLY RENDERED FROM THE SWEDISH.

THE FISHERMAN IN HIS BOAT.

Early at morning-tide I seek the strand,
Push off my fishing-boat far from the land:
Swings she so merrily over the bay,
Down to the island where bright fishes play.
Calm lies the wide bay, the sun shining o'er it,
Fair are the meadows and blue hills before it;
Row, row away! I row, row away!
In my light fishing-boat rocking all day.

Far towards the silent creek, where the bold sun
Peers through white birches and pine-trees so dun—
There go my eager thoughts—there my heart lies,
There upon Sundays my fishing-boat flies;
Gaily the tall reeds and wavelets are singing,
Gaily the aspen and alder are swinging,
Down by the shore—far down the sweet shore,
There dwells a little maid—mine evermore!

THE LITTLE COLLIER BOY.

Father he works in the coal pits deep,
Mother she sits at home spinning;
When I'm a big man, tall and strong,
I will their bread be winning.
I'll have a sweetheart true,
We'll have a cottage new,
Down in the dark wood where she sits spinning.

Father shall work in the open air,
Mother shall sit by the fireside,
Sewing on gowns she likes to wear,
With the little ones creeping up by'r side;
When I've a wife so true,
And we've a cottage new,
Down in the dark wood where she sat spinning.

EDEN-LAND.

You remember where in starlight
We two wandered hand in hand?
While the night-flowers poured their perfume
Forth like love o'er all the land:—
There I, walking yester-even,
Felt like a ghost from Eden-land!

I remember all you told me—
Looking up as we did stand,
While my heart poured out its perfume
Like the night-flowers in your hand,
And the path where we two wandered
Seemed not like earth, but Eden-land.

Now the stars shine paler, colder,
Night-flowers fade, without your hand:
Yet my spirit walks beside you
Everywhere, in every land:
And I wait till we shall wander
Under the stars of Eden-land.

THE WANDERING MASON.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

Close against the church of St. Maclou, at Rouen, in an ancient house, whose topmost windows seemed almost within arms' reach of the church walls, dwelt, in the early part of the present century, a widow and her daughter, named La Roquette. The house is still standing, although too dilapidated to be inhabited, and is said to be the oldest in that most ancient quarter of the city. The row of houses of which this stands at the corner (forming an angle with the street leading to the church door on the western side), though evidently more modern, are built with the same projecting floors, leaving such a narrow ribbon of sky overhead, that the rough-paved and straggling street below is dusky at noon of a summer's day. At this time the widow kept a shop there, and sold small Roman Catholic trinkets — beads, wooden crosses, and wreaths of dried flowers, with which the people ornament the graves of their kindred, and the altars of their saints, upon certain days. The daughter was a worker of worsted slippers, some beautiful specimens of which are still made and sent to Paris, and even to foreign countries, by the people of Rouen. The widow had been left with another child—a son, some years older than the daughter, who had fallen into evil courses, absconded from a jeweller's employment, to whom the widow had paid an apprentice-fee—the fruit of long struggle and privation—gone to sea and come back again, involved himself in political riots in the city, and had been a great trouble to her in her affliction. At the time when he had lived with her in the house, the neighbors had frequently been compelled to protect her from his violence; but at the period of which I speak she had not seen him for some time, and did not know whether he were still in the city.

Throughout a whole winter food had been dear, and the widow's resources had been scantier than ever, for the people had then no money to spare for the articles she sold. In such times she had little for her support but the ill-paid work of her daughter, Nenette, who toiled early and late to supply their wants, looking forward to the winter to lighten her labour. There was a long frost that winter, which continued till near the end of the month of March. With all their industry and frugality they were sorely pinched at times; they had nothing now to keep them from day to day but the work of Nenette; she knew this, and never failed to go to prayers every morning, at daylight, in the church of St. Maclou, where, kneeling beside her little wooden chair upon the cold pavement, sometimes alone, she prayed, for her mother's sake, for the bread of that day.

Every night, as the great church clock struck nine, Nenette made up her little packet of work, and set out alone to the shop of the dealer, in another quarter of the city. The streets were badly lighted at that time, and, except in the principal thoroughfares, the shops were closed before she started: but she was not afraid, or tried to think she was not, that her old mother might not be anxious while she was gone. Once, however, she could not help thinking that some one had followed her at a distance, both in going and returning. She did not speak of it to her mother, but she lay awake that night thinking of it anxiously; she thought that it might be her brother, but she reflected that he could have no object in following her but to speak with her, in which case he would not have allowed her to return without stopping her; knowing this, and also that their

poverty was well known, she strove to persuade herself that it was a fancy, banishing her fears as well as she could till she fell asleep—but they came back again in dreams.

She rose in the morning before daylight, and worked till from her window she saw the church door opened, when she went across, as usual, to prayers. The masons were at work there with their noisy hammers, but Nenette did not hear them after awhile. Except the masons, and the old lame beggar-woman who sat beside the inner door from morning till night, Nenette was the only person there at that early hour. When she rose to go, the old woman pulled the cord of the door for her, but without asking for alms, as was her custom. She shivered, for the morning was frosty, and her breath made a cloud about her. "I have not given you a liard since Toussaints, Esther," said Nenette; "I can only give you a blessing now-a-days." "God keep you from harm," said the old woman; "your blessing is better than the money of many."

That night Nenette went out earlier than usual, although it was quite dark. She shut the door, and looked up and down the street, but it was quite deserted. Looking, however, by accident, towards the entrance to the church, she thought that some one was standing there. The porch was deep, and darker than the street, but she fancied that it was the figure of a man. She hesitated a moment, for she knew that the church had been closed for an hour past, and she had never seen any one before standing there after the doors were fastened. She drew out her key to open the door again, but a fear of alarming her mother, perhaps without occasion, restrained her. "If I run over and knock at the door of Madame Boutard," she thought, "what would they say to me? that I am dreaming, perhaps; and then, if they should come to look out, and find no one—for the man would no doubt be gone by then—I should look as silly as Jeanne Floquet, when she found the white hen under her bed." But a stronger reason with Nenette was the necessity of the errand she was upon; "Shall my mother want bread to-morrow for my folly?" thought she; "has not the dealer told me many a time that he is busy in the morning, and will only give out work and pay money at night?" She put her key into her pocket again, and walked away quickly.

She did not look back before she got into the main street, but once stopped to tie up her bundle again in order to listen for any one following her without appearing to do so, but she heard no one. The shops were only then shutting up, and she had nothing to fear there, but she could not always keep in the main street. The slipper-merchant lived on the western side of the city, and Nenette was obliged to turn down the Rue St. Romain, a dark and straggling lane, running up to the cathedral. She had got nearly to the end of this street, when she heard a footstep behind her at a distance, exactly as she heard it the night before. She walked faster, and once, in another street, heard it again, but by the time she had reached her destination she had missed it altogether, and feeling then bolder, she looked back, but saw no one. Nenette determined to tell the slipper-dealer of her fears, for it struck her now that the man, knowing by some means her errand, waited only to rob her upon her way back. The slipper-dealer looked grave at first, but having walked some distance in the direction she had mentioned, and seeing no one, and probably not wishing to be put to trouble, he laughed at her story, and told her to count her beads, and not to look behind her till she reached her home. The man meant to reassure her, but his words seemed to her so cruel, that the tears came into her eyes. "And yet, if it should be a robber," she said, almost imploringly, as she lingered on the threshold; "if they stole my money, it would be a sad day for us to-morrow—we have not five haricots in the house."

"Never fear, Nenette," said the man; "if I thought there was any danger, look you, I would put up my shutters directly, and go with you. Never think that a man would follow you all this way and back again for the sake of two-and-twenty sous; you have been thinking how precious the money is to you just now, till you fancy that some one is going to rob you. Stay, my child," continued the man, as she was about to turn away: "you have never said before that you were so poor as that; if you should lose your money, come to me in the morning at daylight: but never fear that any one would follow a poor girl to rob her of two-and-twenty sous. *Va!*"

Nenette dried her tears, and thanked the man; she thought that he must be right—his affectionate *tutoiment*, the Frenchman's thou and thee, which sounds so pleasing when you catch the spirit of it—had given her courage again, and she walked briskly towards home the same way that she had come.

And yet, as if by magic, she heard the footsteps again behind her before she had got halfway down a long street. By dint of listening intently, she thought she even knew the step, and could be sure that it was the same. She would not have forgotten to count her beads even if the slipper-merchant had not told her; nor did she omit to say little scraps of prayers, which are held by the Church to have peculiar power when in danger of violence. After these it seemed to her little short of a miracle that the footsteps grew more distant, and at last died away altogether.

Nenette had much trouble to conceal from her mother her agitation. The widow thought that her manner was strange. Had the slipper-dealer said there would be no more work shortly? and how came she to forget to buy some lentils on her way home? How fast she had gone! she had been and come back like a bird, though she had finished her work earlier than usual; and how strange she should forget the lentils!

Nenette trimmed the lamp, and said, "Indeed, the master had spoken kindlier that night than ever; she did not know how she came to forget the lentils—she would go and get them in the morning, in the Rue Gros Horloge, where they were better and cheaper than she could have got them anywhere at that hour; meanwhile, she could knock at Madame Boutard's, and buy some bread."

Nenette went out again; the street was quite deserted. She looked towards the church porch, but there was no one there. Nenette went back without the bread.

The widow had lighted some bits of charcoal in a little pan, thinking to sit there awhile and talk with her daughter, but when she found that she could get no bread, she thought they had better not sit up.

"It was very foolish of me to forget the lentils," said Nenette.

"We shall want no supper if we go to sleep," said the old woman; "we never thought to be pinched like this when we lived at Pont de l'Arche, in the old time when your father was alive. Philippe was a good and honest boy then."

"Poor Philippe!" said Nenette; "I wonder where he is to-night."

"Why should you wonder, child?" replied the old woman; "does he think of us? No, no; I cannot forgive Philippe the ruin he has brought upon us. It is hard to speak this of my own child; but when I know how good you are, Nenette, and how you suffer for his conduct—when I see you day by day working and enduring this poverty, from which he might and should have saved you, what wonder that my anger against him keeps alive!"

Nenette took the lamp, and they went up stairs together. Her mother slept in the room of an old woman lodging in the house. She bade her "good night!" upon the landing, giving her the lamp. "I can find my way up without a light," said she; "never fear, mother, the dark does not frighten me."

Cold, and very hungry, though she had tried to think she was not, the girl went up the dark stairs to her little chamber. The moon had come out, and it was so light that she could see everything in the room. She lay in bed, and saw the line of light along the tiled floor, and the crucifix upon the mantel-piece; and through her window the masonry of the church, more rich than many cathedrals. But when her cold bed became warmer, and she dropped asleep, she wandered far away from there, dreaming of the town of Pont de l'Arche, her birthplace. Pont de l'Arche is higher up the Seine; a very ancient town, with a castle standing in ruins by the water-side, and a bridge overgrown with shrubs clinging to the brickwork, and growing upon the buttresses and deltas, about the piers, and out of wooden houses, that look themselves as if they grew out of the parapet. Nenette saw all this, and the dark forest upon the hills beyond, for the moon was shining in her dream.

This day was like many other days in the life of Nenette.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

Early in the morning, before the lamps were out in the streets, Nenette rose and went out to buy the lentils. It was daylight when she returned, but her mother was not awake, so she put back the shutters below, and employed her time in brushing the dust from the articles in the shop. When she had done this she lighted a charcoal fire in the little brazier, and set the lentils to boil.

In the midst of these operations she heard a footstep in the shop. She found a stranger there. Nenette knew by his dress that he was one of the masons working in the church, and afterwards she remembered seeing him there at work, and sometimes at mass on Sundays.

"I wish to buy a rosary or two," said the stranger; old Esther told me I could get them here."

"More than one rosary?" asked Nenette, who was not less astonished to have a customer at that early hour than she was to hear him ask for several rosaries.

"Yes," he replied; "I have to make some presents."

Nenette showed him some of turned oak, and some of glass, and he took them up and examined them.

"They are very strong in the clasps," said Nenette, with all the air of a shopkeeper with a customer who hesitates. Her visitor selected two, and said he would take some others if she had any better.

"I have some necklaces like these with crosses," said Nenette, "and others, that look like jet, without crosses, for one franc fifty centimes; those you have bought are one franc apiece. See," she said, taking out a little drawer and showing them. The man took them up and examined them also, Nenette scrutinizing his features as he was looking down, as if to anticipate an objection,—he lingered so long that she thought he must be going to find fault with them.

"The clasps of these are even better than the others," she said at length. "I wear one now like them, which I have worn three years, and the clasp is not broken or tarnished, as I will show you."

When Nenette lifted up her arms to unfasten the clasp behind her neck, her round figure showed so well that it was no wonder that she caught her visitor's eyes fixed upon her. Nenette's cheek reddened, and she thought again within herself that it was very strange that he should come to buy necklaces at that time in the morning. She gave her beads into his hand, and he looked at them and gave them back again. He said "they were very neat; could she take the crosses from the one sort and put them on the plain necklaces if he paid a higher price for them?" Nenette thought she could; but this was a difficult task. She tried at first to open the ring with her fingers, but she failed; then she essayed with the scissors that she kept hanging to her side; and finally she tried her teeth.

Her visitor drew in his breath as if afraid that she might hurt herself, and said it did not matter; but Nenette said if he could wait a minute she should be able to accomplish it; she had a penknife upstairs that would open it in a moment, and, without leaving him time to make an objection, she turned away, and ran up to her room. But the penknife was not to be found. "How tiresome," said Nenette, who began to fear that her sudden good fortune would slip from her by some accident; "I am sure I left it here last night; he will be tired of waiting, and go away without buying anything, and perhaps never come back." She turned her workbox over and over, raked out her bag of colored wools, lifted up her frame to look under it half a dozen times, and flung it down sharply on the table. Then she recollected that she had not felt in her pocket,—and found it there after all. Her customer was not gone when she reached the shop, but was sitting there, apparently in no haste to depart. Nenette tried the knife, and opening the rings of

three crosses, according to the stranger's directions, transferred the crosses to the plain necklaces, when, looking up, she caught her visitor's eyes again fixed upon her. She could not help feeling embarrassed, and a little awkward in wrapping the necklaces in paper; and when she said that he had to pay her eight francs her cheeks grew redder than ever. Her customer, however, did not seem to remark her confusion, but having paid her the money, bade her respectfully "good morning."

"What a strange man!" thought Nenette. She looked at the money as it lay on the counter, half afraid to touch it; nor was it strange that, taught from earliest childhood to believe and respect the multitudinous legends that form a part of her faith, she should feel a dread lest in taking up the money she might be unwittingly completing some unholy bargain. "He did not talk like we do," she thought,—for he spoke her language with something of a foreign accent. "And when have I ever known any one come into our shop a little after daylight, and buy five necklaces, especially at this time of year, when people do not make presents, like at New Year's Day, or at the time of the Fair." But she thought of her mother, and how well it was to have a little stock of money, so that if her work should fail her one day they might not be without lentils in the house; upon which she began to think that she ought to take up the money, and be very thankful to God for it; and that if she could find out that it was the mason who had bought them, and not a semblance of him assumed to deceive her, there would be nothing to fear.

She hastily gathered up the eight francs, and turned to go up to her mother's bedroom with them, but she met her at the foot of the stairs. "Stay," cried Nenette, "tell me your dreams." The old woman "had not been dreaming, or could not recollect her dreams if she had; what had happened?"

"I dreamt of the moon shining on the river," said Nenette, "which, they say, means a shower of silver money."

"Well?"

"My dream is true,—see!" She held out the money, in franc and half-franc pieces, in her hand. The old woman looked puzzled; could she have had a customer so early, and a customer who had spent all that money?"

"Yes, indeed," replied the daughter; "and who do you think it was?"

"Pierre, the hawker?"

"No; no one buying to sell again; a customer who bought them for himself, and paid one and two francs apiece for them. But you will never guess; shall I say?"

"Stay!" said the old woman; "it was Hendrich."

Nenette's face grew reflective for a moment; then she began to laugh so long and so loudly that the widow became impatient. "She did not see anything to laugh at; if she had guessed the wrong person, that was not remarkable."

"No, no," said Nenette, striving to check her laughter; "it is not that you have guessed the wrong person; I was laughing to think that all the time I was telling you to guess, I had forgotten that I did not know myself. All I know is that he looked like one of the masons in the church, and he spoke like a stranger."

"That is he," said the widow; "it is Hendrich, the Danish man. I have often talked with him at the shop door. Old Esther told me that he had been a good friend to her all the winter; he knows how poor we are, and takes this way to help us."

The joy of Nenette was a little dulled with the thought that the stranger's purchases were half an act of charity. That morning she ate her breakfast before going to prayers, for she had fasted a long time. The widow continued to talk of Hendrich at breakfast time, but her daughter was thoughtful and silent. "And yet he said that he wanted them for presents," muttered Nenette as she went out.

She could scarcely drive this from her thoughts as she knelt at prayers in the church. The masons were still at work there, but she did not dare to lift up her eyes to see if her visitor was among them. As she went out she saw that old Esther had one of the rosaries of wooden beads hanging to her side, with a metal cross attached to it that Nenette herself had given her; she knew by this that her mother's conjecture was right, and that her strange customer was Hendrich, the Danish mason.

It was determined that the money should be kept in case of need, and Nenette resolved to work as before till the fine weather came. She went still to the slipper-dealer's in the evening. Once or twice after that day she felt again the strange conviction that some one followed her, although now, she thought, at a greater distance than before. In spite of her having fancied this so often, she could not help feeling alarmed about it, for not knowing what motive could lead any one to molest her, she could not tell what reason might have induced the postponement of the design from day to day. Sometimes she was on the point of telling her mother her fears, but she knew that this would only alarm her without doing any good, for she was somewhat infirm, and could not go with her, or be any protection for her if she did.

Another night, going out later than usual, Nenette heard again the footsteps of her mysterious pursuer. She could not be mistaken this time. She felt sure that he had come from one of the doorways on the opposite side of the street. She passed along the Rue des Prêtresses, (a street since rebuilt in modern style,) and through the lane called St. Romain, hearing it still. It seemed to her that it grew nearer, but that the stranger walked more stealthily than before. She hastened, but still she heard the same footsteps stealing after her. The streets were very dark. She was sorry that she had chosen the Rue St. Romain, instead of going round by the Place St. Ouen. The few little shops there, on the one side of the street, were all closed; and on the other side was only the sombre wall of the archiepiscopal palace. She hastened on over the rough paving-stones, interspersed with little pools of water, muttering her prayers and thinking how foolish she had been to neglect the many warnings she had had. "Only let me get safe home this time," she thought, "and to-morrow I will tell the curé, and he will advise me what to do."

And thus she got to the market-place, and again

her pursuer seemed to have abandoned his design, for she listened and even looked back, but she could neither see nor hear him any longer. She would not speak to the slipper-dealer again, for she knew that her story would gain no credence from him, who had frequently rallied her about the last occasion, when he assured her that he never doubted that it was a timid girl's fancy; so she left his shop and took her way homeward, hoping that she might get back, as before, without injury.

Not hearing the footsteps any more she took courage, and passed again through the Rue St. Romain; indeed there was scarcely less security there now than elsewhere, for all the shops in the busier streets were closed. She had reached the further end on her way back, and had turned into the street near her home, when a man who had just passed her turned back and called her by name. They stood near a lamp, and on looking round, she saw that it was her brother Philippe.

"I thought it was Nenette," he said; "but do you walk about the dark streets at this hour?"

Nenette thought from his manner that he had been drinking, and she felt afraid of him. "I have been to take my work home," she said. "We have nothing else to live on now."

"That is hard," replied the brother.

"Indeed it is," said Nenette. "I cannot tell you how we are troubled sometimes. Oh, Philippe, how different this might have been!"

"It is too late to talk to me like that," said Philippe. "What I have been I know; what I am, and what I might have been, I know. Your reproaches do no good."

"I did not mean it to reproach you," said Nenette. "I know you do not think of all this. I have said so many times. I did not mean to speak of what you might have been, but of what you might be still."

"What might I be still?" asked Philippe, angrily. "You talk of what you don't understand. What can a man be who is watched and dogged as I am? Here am I these three or four months, hiding, because of that little skirmish at the Hotêl de Ville, like a rat in a hole, stealing out now and then when I have to beg a meal, or when a little liquor has made me bolder, as it has to-night. What would you have me do?"

"Indeed I do not know," said Nenette. "God help me to tell you! This is the only sorrow that I have,—for our poverty only makes us cling together closer, my mother and me."

"Better than these wishes would be to give a little to help me in my miserable plight," he said. "I would not ask it from you when you are so poor yourselves, but hunger makes a man cruel."

Nenette thought of the money at home, and gave him all that she had received from the slipper maker. "But tell me one thing, Philippe," she said. "Have you ever followed me at night-time in the streets?"

"I follow you!" he answered. "When have I ever troubled you or your mother, spied your movements, or begged a liard of you till now, in all the time that I have been away from home?" But look you, Nenette, two-and-twenty sous will not keep a man from jumping into the Seine if he had a mind to do it. Is that all you can give a brother who asks you for the first time?"

Nenette cried bitterly and said that she had no more.

"Come," he said, taking her by the arm.—"Tell me you have a week's work-money about you, and I shall know you speak the truth."

Nenette was terrified by his manner, and strove to withdraw her arm; but at that moment a man darted out of the dark street of St. Romain, and thrust him from her so violently, with a blow upon the chest, that he reeled and staggered back several yards. Nenette was too frightened to know whether her deliverer was a companion of her brother's or not. She turned and ran swiftly across the road to the corner of the street in which she lived; when, pausing to look back, she saw her brother and the stranger standing still under the lamp. She could hear their voices, as if they were talking angrily, although she could not distinguish their words. A moment afterwards, the stranger turned again quickly up the street from which he had issued, and her brother went on his way.

She could not conceal from the widow this time the cause of her agitation. They sat up late that night, talking over the circumstances which had so terrified her; and it was decided that she should go no more at night. Afterwards they made all doors and windows fast, and retired to bed.

When Nenette took her necklace off that night, she remarked for the first time, that it looked newer than before. She took it up and examined the clasp, and was convinced that it was not the necklace which she handed to the mason to look at when he made the purchases in the shop.—"Surely," said she, "he must have taken several in his hand at once, and afterwards given me the wrong one."

She lay awake that night thinking of the strange events of the day. Finally, she thought again of the necklace, and fancied that Hendrich might have exchanged it purposely for a new one,—a thought to her very fruitful of good dreams.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

When, at length, the frost broke up, and fine weather came, affairs grew better with the widow and her daughter. The privations of that winter had taught them a severe lesson, and Nenette resolved this year to endeavour to save something of their earnings to protect them when the cold season came again. This was not easy to do, for the profits of the shop were trifling at the best of times, and her own earnings never sufficed alone for their support. Some way, she thought, might perhaps be found for getting more money. But what way?

Many hours she sat alone upstairs at her window in that spring-time, musing, devising, castle-building. Scheme after scheme was devised and rejected. Sometimes she thought of selling the produce of her work in the shop; and the possible gains from this each day were multiplied and portioned out, till she forgot that her project had yet to be begun. Then some objection would come, and all her card-palace fell into a heap of ruins. "People would not come there to buy slippers, even if she got the shoemaker to put the soles to her embroidery. The dust would soil

them if they lay long unsold, and both work and capital would be lost. Better would it be," she thought, "to save something from the sale of the ornaments in the shop (as her mother had said,) than to run such a risk. Surely twenty sous a week might be put by, making at least thirty francs before the cold weather. This would give them forty sous a week besides her work to live on for fifteen weeks of the worst part of the season. But who knew that the next season would be bad! It could not be worse than the last; and she would work as before, and perhaps keep her money till the next year. To this she was adding the savings of another year, when a shadow came upon her thoughts, for she remembered her brother Philippe, and saw in her memory a vivid picture of a night when, half imploring and half threatening, he took from them the fruit of some weeks' savings once before. She said to herself that, even with this prospect, it was her duty to strive: but her spirit was gone; the shadow kept upon her thoughts, and she built no more castles that day.

But it happened, a little before Easter, that Pierre, the hawker, on making some purchases of the widow, told her that he was to have a stall in the fair that is held along the Boulevard at that time, and offered to show for sale there anything that her daughter might make for the occasion. Here was a project that she had not dreamed of, —the best plan that could be devised come to her without seeking. Nenette said she thought they were now going to be fortunate after all their troubles; and the mother saw in it a new lesson upon the duty of waiting patiently.

Nenette worked now more diligently than ever. All kinds of new and beautiful designs came into her head as she sat in her bedroom working alone. Easter was at hand. One day, sitting with her window open, she heard the masons at work outside the church below; looking down she saw that they had built up a slight scaffolding. She remembered her strange customer, and how, by some means, he had changed her necklace. She remembered their poverty, her fears in the street, and the strange way in which she had been parted from her brother Philippe on the last night she had gone out alone; and these things, and that dark winter, seemed to her like a long night of dreams, of which the springtime was the awakening and the daylight. The next day on rising, she looked out, and lo! the scaffolding was almost level with the window. It was a fine day, but no one came to work there all that morning. In the afternoon she heard some one moving on the platform. The window was open, and there was only a small space between them; and yet she did not look to see who was there, but looked down at her task and worked faster than ever; for, somehow, she knew it was Hendrich at work there, and she was troubled about the necklace, which was still upon her neck. "I ought to have told him of the mistake at first," she thought; "but now it is so late that I do not like to speak to him about it." She wondered how it was that she had not done so before. "Had she secretly decided that he had changed it purposely?" She did not know herself; but she was afraid to see him again. She felt embarrased. She was tempted to steal away, and work down stairs that day. But Hendrich said "good day, neighbour," and she was obliged to look up and give him "good day" also.

"We find some work to do out of doors this fine weather, Nenette," he said. "All this winter we have been working in the dusty church. It is a pleasure after that, to work out here on a sunny day."

"The winter was very long and dreary," replied Nenette.

"It is colder sometimes in my country," said the mason; "but the spring is pleasant there too. And do you always work indoors?"

"Not always: sometimes in the summer I take my work and sit till dark in the garden of the Hotel de Ville."

"It is hard to work so much in youth," said Hendrich. "Many a time your mother has told me how you worked for her in the winter, and what a blessing you were to her."

"I worked hard then," said Nenette, "because I was compelled. Now I work even harder; my task seems to me lighter because I work to please myself,"

"And yet you will have worked to please others also, if you make such pretty designs as I have seen from your hands."

"I hope so," replied Nenette. "These patterns hanging here are to be shown for sale at the Easter fair, at the stall of Pierre, the hawker; and this one that I am making now is the richest, and, I think, the prettiest, for I have taken pains with it. It is almost too good to wear, but it will do to show."

She held it up in her hand, and Hendrich surveyed it attentively, and said "she was quite an artist." Nenette laughed, and said not many would allow her such a title for having made a pretty pair of slippers.

"But they should, Nenette," replied Hendrich; "for an artist is one who knows how to make with his hands an image of the beauty in his mind; and this also is our art-work."

"And so, if I make a pretty design you will give it the same name as those statues of the saints and angels, and the beautiful pictures that I have seen in the museum?"

"The rose shall be called a rose, and the daisy a daisy," replied Hendrich; "and yet each will be called a flower." Nenette looked up and wondered to hear him speak like this; but she understood him; for there is nothing clearer than a parable to a pure mind. After that, they became as two friends who have known one another a long time, for Hendrich continued to work there. Sometimes there were other workmen with him, and then he only said, "Good day, neighbour;" but when he was alone he gossiped with her often as before. He talked to her of his native town of Holstbroe, on the Store, where his old mother lived; and described so well his home, that Nenette knew it, with its inmates, as if she had been there. "I would have liked to stay with my mother all her life," he said one day; "but mine is a vagabond trade. I have worked in many great cities, and spent my life in wandering. There is no home for me."

"What a noble man is Hendrich, the mason, mother," said Nenette, one night as they sat together in the room below. "I never knew any one who talked like him. A child can under-

stand him; and yet there is a great deal in what he says, as there is in a child's saying sometimes. It is beautiful to hear a strong man talk as he does."

The fair time came; and the stall of Pierre with Nenette's slippers looked as gay as any on the Boulevard. The first day was an anxious one for the widow and her daughter. They had walked through the fair at noon, but nothing had been sold then; and in the evening they expected Pierre to bring them the news of the day's fortune; and he came as they expected. Pierre had previously determined that they should not anticipate the news which he brought, and tried to look neither grave nor gay. Nenette met him on the threshold, and asked, impatiently, "how he had thriven?" But Pierre entreated her "to give him breathing time;" and flinging himself in a chair, said "he had never had such a fatiguing day in his life." The widow knew Pierre's habit, and that it was useless to press him to tell his news, while he had determined to keep his audience in suspence; so she set his supper before him, and listened patiently to his account of the fatigues of the day, till, at length, he came to the fact, that he had sold the greater part of Nenette's work. "And what is stranger," he added, "the best pair of slippers, which was to hang there to be looked at, was the first thing I sold."

Nenette's cheek turned crimson, as she asked if he knew who had bought that pair.

"A stranger," replied Pierre. "He bought nothing else, but gave me the price I asked, and took them away."

She did not dare to ask him if he spoke with a foreign accent; but the conviction, or rather the hope that it was Hendrich became stronger as she thought upon it; and out of this fancy grew other fancies, no less pleasing, as she sat with her mother that night. There was a pleasure in the thought, that it was he to whom they were indebted for their prosperity, and that he was constantly watching to aid and protect them in secret, far greater than if he had openly befriended them—a pleasure akin to the childish faith that some invisible power is always with us, watching over us alone, and guarding us from evil, even while we sleep. Now, like a magic tree, this thought put forth new branches, and clothed itself in leaves and blossoms. The stranger who had followed her so often by night without harming her could be none but Hendrich, who, knowing that she went alone, had taken that way to protect her; he it was who had watched for her in the church porch; he it was who, following at a distance, had seen her brother Philippe stop her, and thinking it was a stranger who had molested her, had come up and released her. How, in the worst days of their privation, he had helped them by his purchases in the shop, she knew, and that there was a blessing on his money, so that every silver piece had turned to gold. "How different from all other men he is," she thought; "for some are grave, and some are cheerful, but Hendrich can be both by turns. He works and sings; he talks wisely and kindly; he does goed for others secretly, not only with his money, but by active kindness, and looks for no reward." Thus, in her pure imagination, he became the type of a perfect man, and she came to reverence him more than she knew herself.

Nenette was not surprised, the next morning, to find that the scaffolding was gone, for Hendrich had told her that their work was nearly done there; but the missed his "Good morning, neighbour," and felt dull that day. The next day was Sunday; but she did not see him in the church, though early in the morning after, she saw him walking down the street, as she was standing at the shop door. She saw that he did not wear his working-dress, except his cap of black velvet, and his belt, in which he thrust his tools sometimes when at work.

"Good morning, Nenette," said Hendrich, as soon as he came near to her. "I was awake before you this morning. An hour ago I passed here, but the shutters were not open."

"It was only half-light in my bedroom, when I rose," replied Nenette. "You are walking early."

"Yes, I leave Rouen this morning. I came to bid you farewell. My work is done in the church, and I go back to Holtsbroe, after five years' absence"

"You will want to see my mother? She will come down stairs presently."

Hendrich said he would not go till he had seen her, and came into the shop and sat down. Nenette dusted the shelves again and again, and wished that her mother would come: but she was later than usual that morning. She felt that she could not talk with Hendrich as before. She did not dare to say much, lest her voice should fail. She busied herself with her task, and only answered him briefly when he spoke to her. She knew that her movements were awkward, and she felt vexed with herself. Once or twice she thought to look him boldly in the face and make some remark, that would show unconcern, but her courage failed her every time. It was a relief when her visitor began to hum a tune, for she did not feel compelled to speak then. She would say something about old Hester. No; about the fair. But that would be inviting him to speak of the slippers. Then suddenly changing her mind, at a point where Hendrich seemed to be wholly engrossed by the air that he was humming, she said, while dusting one of the drawers more busily than ever—

"You will then never come back to France?"

"I do not know," he replied. "After a holiday at home, I must look for work again and go wherever I may find it."

There was nothing forced in his tone. Its indifference seemed so natural, that Nenette could not help feeling hurt. She knew then what hopes she had cherished, and remembered of what matter her dreams had been, and she felt humbled in her own thoughts. She strove hard to think proudly about it, lest the tears should come into her eyes. "Shall he see me crying, and pity me?" she thought, striving to imagine strongly how humiliated she must feel in such a position. But at this moment she heard her mother's footstep on the stair.

Hendrich remained with them some time, talking of the widow's prospects for the next winter, and at length rose to bid her farewell. "You will not fail to prosper now, Nenette," he said as he kissed her cheek on the threshold.

"Such goodness as yours will not go any longer unrewarded."

"We have lost a good friend in the Danish mason," said the widow, when he was gone.

Nenette made no answer, but went up to her chamber and shut herself in there alone until noon.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

All the summer months Nenette worked alone in the room from early morning till night. She never took her embroidery frame now to sit and work in one of the public gardens in the city, as was the custom; and as she herself had always done before. She said, "It would not do to lose time now; the winter was coming, and though they were not so poor as before, the lesson of the last year must not be forgotten." Her brother Philippe had not molested them, and her store of money increased. In the autumn there was another fair held along the Boulevards, beginning on the Sunday, called the *Fête des Morts*, and lasting for three days. For this Nenette spent nearly all her capital in buying materials for slippers; and when the time came, she sold them all as before; but this time the richest pair, which were only meant for show, came back unsold. Nenette was glad of this in her heart, for she still felt a pleasure in her first belief, that Hendrich had bought them before, and taken them with him as a keepsake. She was more cheerful than usual that day. It was at the beginning of November; but the leaves fall late in Normandy, and the weather was then fine and warm. The widow did not often go out; but her daughter persuaded her to walk with her a little way, and ended her hesitation by putting on her cap with her own hands. Bonnets were then unknown in Rouen; and although Nenette, having a taste of her own, had adopted the little cap of the Parisian *ouvriere*, her mother clung to the traditional costume of the country. Age and weakness had bent her a little, but she was taller than her daughter; and the grotesque Norman cap added something to her height. She wore the wooden *sabots;* and her stockings of blue worsted, knitted with her own hands, were like network of fine meshes under her short gown. Over her shoulders she wore a large cape of plain, white linen, stiffly starched; and over this, a long chain of pure gold, strung through an old silver coin, a locket, and a jet cross, which reached to her waist. In her ears she wore ear-rings, in the form of parallelograms, also of pure gold, plain and heavy. Most women of her country wear these trinklets, many of which have descended to them through many generations. Others have been purchased by years of economy, and are held equally sacred. Whence are found in the Place du Cathedral, and other parts of Rouen, long rows of jewellers' shops as dazzling as any upon the Boulevards of Paris.—Nenette had none of these gauds, but she was vain enough to exchange sabots and knitted hose for a pair of shoes and clean white stockings; and the white cape, which, as well as her mother, she had worn when a child, for a cape of the light blue linen of which her dress was made, making, with her cap of blonde, a toilet, which, in spite of all the revolutions of taste, would not excite ridicule if she could be seen in it in these days, walking at noon in the streets of Paris.

They walked slowly down the straggling street, stopped at every corner by some one who knew the widow and her daughter. Most expressed surprise to see them walking abroad; all spoke kindly to them, though few knew how worthy they were of the kind words, beyond the fact that they were poor and industrious. They soon came to the fields, and walked along the road in the direction of Eauplet. Beside them rose the lofty range of hills towards Bloville, with its woods still thick with leaves; and across the river the flat meadows stretched out leagues away, with cattle grazing. They stayed at a little cabaret by the roadside, to drink some wine and eat the dinner they had brought with them; coming back into the city a little after sunset. This was Nenette's first and last holiday that year. The winter set in soon after, and all the ancient many-angled houses were covered with snow, and the snow lay in the streets.

One night the widow and her daughter were sitting together in the room behind the shop. It was late, and they were about to retire to rest. The widow had fastened the door. It was a dark night, and the snow was falling when she had looked out. A heap of snow that had accumulated on the threshold, fell into the shop when she opened the door Nenette still lingered, warming her hands over the embers, when they heard a tapping upon the shutters, and both stood to listen. They did not hear it again; and the widow said, "It was perhaps the watchman as he passed." But Nenette knew that the watchman always cried the hour; and she went to the shop door and inquired who knocked.

"Hush!" replied a voice without. "I need not say my name; you know my voice."

"It is Philippe!" exclaimed the widow. "The door must not be opened. He comes, perhaps, to murder us."

"I come to bid you farewell," said Philippe; "but I dare not stand to talk here. If the door is not opened, I must begone."

Nenette did not wait for her mother's consent; but opened the door and Philippe entered. She shut the door behind him, and shook the snow from his clothes. He was so changed in appearance that Nenette would not have known him in the street. He wore a workman's belt and linen blouse, and looked neat and clean. The widow shrunk from him when he advanced towards her, but Nenette went and leaned upon his arm.

"It was always thus," said Philippe, "Nenette, speaking kindly to me, has touched me many a time with shame, because I knew how little I deserved it; but you, mother—your harshness has made me harder than I should have been."

"Harshness!" replied the widow. "Who could love Nenette, and be otherwise than angry against you? None know but Nenette and myself what she has suffered through you."

Philippe sat in a chair, and bending forward, covered his face with his hands. The widow went over to him, and took him by the arm.

"I go away to-morrow," said Philippe; "Many months ago, the kindness of a stranger put me in the way to gain my living, and since then I have been another man. But I cannot live in secret like a thief all my life because I have once offended against the law. I have thought

sometimes to give myself up—to take my punishment and begin life anew. But there is no mercy for political offences. The friend who helped me before has found me out again, and by his help I hope to get away to-morrow night, perhaps never to return to France."

There was a full reconciliation between the widow and her son that night before he left. She was to see him no more; but Nenette was to meet him the next night, to bring some articles necessary for his voyage, and to bid him again farewell at a little creek in the meadow, just outside the city, on the Dieppe road, whence one of the small vessels trading on the Seine was to convey him to Havre.

Nenette set out the next night with her bundle exactly as the clock was striking eight. She was reminded of the nights in the previous winter, when she had started in like manner to take home her work; and she almost expected again to see her strange pursuer, watching for her in the church porch. The snow had ceased to fall, and it did not lay deep on the ground, but it made the streets silent, and once or twice she ventured to look back; but no one followed her. She had some distance to walk, and she chose a circuitous way, where the streets were less frequented. She was not discouraged, but felt herself more than ever a woman under her new trial; and she hastened on, only anxious for the success of Philippe's plans, for she knew that he could not lead a better life while in his own country. She saw the dark shape of a vessel across the meadow, though she could not see the water from the roadway. A by-road led down from the ship-builder's yard to the wharf, where it lay. The shipwrights, in landing wood from a vessel in the creek, had trodden down the snow, which would have been over her ancles in the meadow.

There was no one on the deck of the vessel when she came to the creek. Its sides grazed the wharf with the movement of the tide, and a little funnel was smoking near the tiller. She gave no sign of her being there, but waited awhile till a man came up from below, with a lantern. He called to her by name, and she knew that it was Philippe, and answered him. Philippe placed a plank from the vessel to the shore, and taking her by the hand, guided her aboard.

"God bless you!" said Philippe, kissing her fervently. "You should not have come here alone if I had been a free man; but such as you are in better hands than mine."

Nenette only answered that she did not fear, and strove hard to keep from crying. "I have brought you some few things in this bundle," she said. "There was no time to make you anything but I have done what I could."

The men were hauling up the mainsail, and the vessel was preparing to depart, when some one came up from the cabin, and Philippe brought him to Nenette, saying he was the friend to whom he was indebted for the prospect of a happier life. The light of the lantern was turned from him, but Nenette knew him instantly, and exclaimed—

"Hendrich!"

"Yes; Hendrich."

"We thought you were far away from Rouen," said Nenette. She was much agitated and scarcely knew what she had said.

"Only yesterday I came back to France," replied Hendrich; "and learning the danger in which your brother was, I would not rest a moment till I had extricated him."

"You will take my sister home in safety?" said Philippe, as soon as they had taken their farewell and stood upon the wharf.

Hendrich promised that he would; and Nenette stood there leaning on his arm, while the vessel was loosened from her moorings, and began to sail slowly down the creek. When it had floated into the river, they could still see the lantern on the deck for some time. When this was gone, Nenette burst into tears. Her companion did not interrupt her, but led her back gently across the meadow, the way that she had come.

"We have a long walk, Nenette," said Hendrich, as soon as she had dried her tears; "but I have much to say to you to-night." He waited a while, but Nenette was silent, and he continued, —"I am going to talk to you of old times. I must go back to the time when I first came to Rouen, in order that you may understand what I am going to say. At that time, when I knew you only by sight, I learnt much of your history from old Hester. I grew interested in you. I learnt how you went by night to the slipper-dealer's; and I thought that it was dangerous for a young girl to traverse the streets so late alone; and it seemed to me only a kind thing, and such as any man might do, to watch you secretly, and be near you, in case of harm coming to you."

"And it was you who parted my brother from me?" exclaimed Nenette. "Now I think of how frightened I was at times with the conviction that some one followed me it seems to me very foolish. When no harm came to me, night after night, I might have known that it was no one who wished me ill."

"I did not know whether you noticed me; but sometimes I fancied that you did, and being afraid of frightening you, I changed my place of watching, or kept further away, though I never omitted to watch till you ceased to go out at night. When I struck Philippe, I thought that it was a stranger who molested you; but when he told me he was your brother, I let him go. Afterwards, I met him again, late at night, and he told me his history,—for he had been drinking as before. For your sake and your mother's sake, I counselled him to change his way of life, and got him work; but I did not know till yesterday why he kept concealed."

"Poor Philippe," said Nenette; "I knew that he might become a different man. O Hendrich! what do we not owe to you."

"I will not have you talk of owing anything to me," said Hendrich; when I have ended, you must put aside all such thoughts, and answer me freely, as if none of these things had happened. That day when I parted with you in the shop to go back to my native place, I might have known that I should return. I might have known how deeply I loved you; for why did I treasure up the little necklace that you had worn, and why did I purchase at the fair the pair of slippers that I saw you making at the window when I worked upon the scaffolding outside the church, and look upon them as more precious than anything a thousand times their value? Nay, I knew it; but knowing

also the wandering life I led, I thought myself unfitted for you; and I would not seek to take you from your mother in her old age. I kept my secret and deceived myself, thinking I could make the sacrifice. But I have not ceased to think about you since, and now you see me again in Rouen. To-morrow I may sign a contract for work in the church of St. Ouen that will last a year or two. Whether I sign it or go away again from France for ever depends on you."

Nenette had hung down her head while he had been speaking; but she looked up when he had done, and answered,—"I have no shame before you, Hendrich. You are so wise, and noble, and good, that I do not fear to tell you that I have loved you also. What woman would not love you as deeply as I do? Another day I will tell you more, and you will know how happy you have made me."

It was late now and the streets were deserted. Hendrich kissed her on the forehead, but they did not speak again till they reached the widow's home. Nenette told her mother what had passed except what Hendrich had said to her; but her companion told the rest.

Early in the next year Nenette became the wife of Hendrich, and they lived together still in the old house. Long after, when the widow died, she was buried in the cemetery of St. Maclou, a long way from the church on the eastern side of the city, and Hendrich carved a memorial stone for her with his own hands. Afterwards, Nenette left the city with Hendrich, and lived with him in Holtsbroe.—*Eliza Cook's Journal.*

EMIGRATION FROM THE BRITISH ISLES.

THE emigration from the Mother Country appears to be annually increasing, and amounted last year to nearly 400,000 souls. We have seen it stated that from one English port, in the month of September last, as many as 23,000 people sailed for Australia. No doubt the gold fields of Australia, will attract the tide of emigration to that country to an extent it is difficult to anticipate with any certainty. This large emigration, as well as the immense production of gold, must have an extraordinary influence upon Britain and her Colonies. At the present moment there is every prospect that the tide of emigration will take a different direction, from what it has done for the last quarter of a century. The United States have annually received for many years past, nearly a quarter of a million of people from the British Isles, but if we mistake not, this vast emigration will, in future, be chiefly directed to the British Colonies.—Australia and British North America, offer more flattering encouragement to emigrants, under present circumstances, than any countries on the globe. The climate of Australia, and British America, is exceedingly healthy, and the prospect of profitable employment in both these countries cannot be excelled. We shall have public works in progress this year, in Canada, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick, that will give employment to many thousand people, and to produce provisions for these workmen, will also employ thousands. So far as we are capable of judging, British America has a better prospect of securing the happiness and prosperity of her population, by improving their natural advantages, constructing railroads, canals, &c, than they would, were they possessed of the richest gold and silver mines in the world. British America is very favorably situated in regard to geographical position, her climate is healthy and suitable to the constitution of British emigrants, her soil is generally of superior quality, well adapted for agricultural purposes, her forests abound with fine timber of every description. Where the sea does not reach her coast, she is intersected by immense rivers, and has the largest chain of fresh water lakes in the world; both the rivers, lakes, and the sea that bounds her Eastern provinces, have abundance of the finest fish. She has mines of coal, iron, copper and lead; and if these are not valuable natural advantages to work upon, we know not what would be. This is not an exaggerated picture, but a perfectly correct one. Emigration of the industrial classes to this country, will greatly contribute towards the appropriating of these advantages.

Our country, we are happy to say, possesses advantages that, if duly improved, are well calculated to produce a healthful state of general prosperity, and to our minds a much more happy state of society, than ever can be possible in the gold diggings of Australia or America. We have ample encouragement to hold out to emigration to British America, and equal, if not superior, we are convinced, to any that offers on this side the Atlantic. We make this statement, and upon sufficient grounds for our opinion.

The agricultural products of the cultivated soil of Canada, might readily be doubled, and it may be imagined what a vast benefit this would be to the country. The *mania* for gold-digging, may attract many from digging, and cultivating the soil, but those who may be attracted, will probably have cause to regret deserting the peaceful occupations of the husbandman, for gold seeking, which cannot be obtained, without suffering many discomforts, great privations, and perhaps, the loss of health, if not of life itself. The profits of agriculture may not be large, but they will certainly increase with the increase of gold, which must make money plenty and cheap, and will raise the price of land and its products. The wages of labor may also rise in proportion, but in a state of general prosperity, this would not be injuriously felt, but the contrary. From all these considerations, we conceive there is at the present time, the most encouraging prospects to the agriculturists to improve their system of husbandry, and augment their products. To double the produce of the land, though it might cost more for its cultivation, would still be of great benefit to the country, to create so much more that was not before in existence. When there is a large production, there is also a large expenditure, and this cannot fail to act beneficially upon the general interests of Canada. A country of small products must be poor, because there is very little to expend, while a country of large products must be rich, when she has a surplus to dispose of beyond what is actually required to feed and clothe her population. It is very proper to be content with what we may have, but we conceive it to be our duty to employ all our skill and industry to increase

what we have, so as to supply all our reasonable wants, and afford us a surplus for charitable and other purposes.—*Canadian Agriculturist.*

FRIEND SORROW.

Do not cheat thy Heart and tell her,
Grief will pass away—
"Hope for fairer times in future,
And forget to-day."
Tell her, if you will, that sorrow
Need not come in vain;
Tell her that the lesson taught her
Far outweighs the pain.

Cheat her not with the old comfort,
"Soon she will forget,"—
Bitter truth, alas! but matter
Rather for regret;
Bid her not "Seek other pleasures,
Turn to other things:"—
Rather nurse her caged sorrow
'Till the captive sings.

Rather bid her go forth bravely,
And the stranger greet:
Not as foe, with shield and buckler,
But as dear friends meet;
Bid her with a strong clasp hold her,
By her dusky wings;
And she'll whisper low and gently
Blessings that she brings.

FISHER'S GHOST.

In the colony of New South Wales, at a place called Penrith, distant from Sydney about thirty-seven miles, lived a farmer named Fisher. He had been, originally, transported, but had become free by servitude. Unceasing toil, and great steadiness of character, had acquired for him a considerable property, for a person in his station of life. His lands and stock were not worth less than four thousand pounds. He was unmarried, and was about forty-five years old.

Suddenly Fisher disappeared; and one of his neighbours—a man named Smith—gave out that he had gone to England, but would return in two or three years. Smith produced a document, purporting to be executed by Fisher; and, according to this document, Fisher had appointed Smith to act as his agent during his absence. Fisher was a man of very singular habits and eccentric character, and his silence about his departure, instead of creating surprise, was declared to be "exactly like him."

About six months after Fisher's disappearance, an old man called Ben Weir, who had a small farm near Penrith, and who always drove his own cart to market, was returning from Sydney, one night, when he beheld, seated on a rail which bounded the road—Fisher. The night was very dark, and the distance of the fence from the middle of the road was, at least, twelve yards. Weir, nevertheless, saw Fisher's figure seated on the rail. He pulled his old mare up, and called out, "Fisher, is that you?" No answer was returned; but there, still on the rail, sat the form of the man with whom he had been on the most intimate terms. Weir—who was not drunk, though he had taken several glasses of strong liquor on the road—jumped off his cart, and approached the rail. To his surprise, the form vanished.

"Well," exclaimed old Weir, "this is very curious, anyhow;" and, breaking several branches of a sapling so as to mark the exact spot, he remounted his cart, put his old mare into a jog-trot, and soon reached his home.

Ben was not likely to keep this vision a secret from his old woman. All that he had seen he faithfully related to her.

"Hold your nonsense, Ben!" was old Betty's reply. "You know you have been a drinking and disturbing of your imagination. Ain't Fisher gone to England? And if he had a come back, do you think we shouldn't a heard on it."

"Ay, Betty!" said old Ben, "but he'd a cruel gash in his forehead, and the blood was all fresh like. Faith, it makes me shudder to think on't. It were his ghost."

"How can you talk so foolish, Ben?" said the old woman. "You must be drunk surely to get on about ghostesses."

"I tell thee I am *not* drunk," rejoined old Ben, angrily. "There's been foul play, Betty; I'm sure on't. There sat Fisher on the rail—not more than a matter of two mile from this. Egad, it were on his own fence that he sat. There he was, in his shirt-sleeves, with his arms a folded; just as he used to sit when he was a waiting for anybody coming up the road. Bless you, Betty, I seed 'im till I was as close as I am to thee; when all on a sudden, he vanished, like smoke."

"Nonsense, Ben: don't talk of it," said old Betty, "or the neighbors will only laugh at you. Come to bed, and you'll forget all about it before to-morrow morning."

Old Ben went to bed; but he did not next morning forget all about what he had seen on the previous night: on the contrary, he was more positive than before. However, at the earnest, and oft repeated request of the old woman, he promised not to mention having seen Fisher's ghost, for fear it might expose him to ridicule.

On the following Thursday night, when old Ben was returning from market—again in his cart—he saw, seated on the same rail, the identical apparition. He had purposely abstained from drinking that day, and was in the full possession of all his senses. On this occasion old Ben was too much alarmed to stop. He urged the old mare on, and got home as speedily as possible. As soon as he had unharnessed and fed the mare, and taken his purchases out of the cart, he entered his cottage, lighted his pipe, sat over the fire with

his better half, and gave her an account of how he had disposed of his produce, and what he had brought back from Sidney in return. After this he said to her, "Well, Betty, I'm not drunk to-night, anyhow, am I?"

"No," said Betty. "You are quite sober, sensible like, to-night, Ben; and therefore you have come home without any ghost in your head. Ghost! Don't believe there is such things."

"Well, you are satisfied I am not drunk; but perfectly sober," said the old man.

"Yes, Ben," said Betty.

"Well, then," said Ben, "I tell thee what, Betty. I saw Fisher to-night agin!"

"Stuff!" cried old Betty.

"You may say *stuff*," said the old farmer; "but I tell you what—I saw him as plainly as I did last Thursday night. Smith is a bad 'un! Do you think Fisher would ever have left this country without coming to bid you and me good bye?"

"It's all fancy!" said old Betty. "Now drink your grog and smoke your pipe, and think no more about the ghost. I wont hear on't."

"I'm as fond of my grog and my pipe as most men," said old Ben; "but I'm not going to drink anything to-night. It may be all fancy, as you call it, but I'm now going to tell Mr. Grafton all I saw, and what I think;" and with these words he got up, and left the house.

Mr. Grafton was a gentleman who lived about a mile from old Weir's farm. He had been formerly a lieutenant in the navy, but was now on half pay, and was a settler in the new colony; he was, moreover, in the commission of the peace.

When old Ben arrived at Mr. Grafton's house, Mr. Grafton was about to retire to bed; but he requested old Ben might be shown in. He desired the farmer to take a seat by the fire, and then inquired what was the latest news in Sidney.

"The news in Sidney, sir, is very small," said old Ben; "wheat is failing, but maize still keeps its price—seven and sixpence a bushel: but I want to tell you, sir, something that will astonish you."

"What is it, Ben?" asked Mr. Grafton.

"Why, sir," resumed old Ben, "You know I am not a weak-minded man, nor a fool exactly; for I was born and bred in Yorkshire."

"No, Ben, I don't believe you to be weak-minded, nor do I think you a fool," said Mr. Grafton; "but what can you have to say that you come at this late hour, and that you require such a preface?"

"That I have seen the ghost of Fisher, sir," said the old man; and he detailed the particulars of which the reader is already in possession.

Mr. Grafton was at first disposed to think with old Betty, that Ben had seen Fisher's ghost through an extra glass or two of rum on the first night; and that on the second night, when perfectly sober, he was unable to divest himself of the idea previously entertained. But after a little consideration the words "How very singular!" involuntarily escaped him.

"Go home, Ben," said Mr. Grafton, "and let me see you to-morrow at sunrise. We will go together to the place where you say you saw the ghost."

Mr. Grafton used to encourage the aboriginal natives of New South Wales (the race which has been very aptly described "the last link in the human chain") to remain about his premises. At the head of a little tribe then encamped on Mr. Grafton's estate, was a sharp young man named Johnny Crook. The peculiar faculty of the aboriginal natives of New South Wales, of tracking the human foot, not only over grass but over the hardest rock; and of tracking the whereabouts of runaways by signs imperceptible to civilized eyes, is well known; and this man, Johnny Crook, was famous for his skill in this particular art of tracking. He had recently been instrumental in the apprehension of several desperate bush-rangers whom he had tracked over twenty-seven miles of rocky country and fields, which they had crossed bare-footed, in the hope of checking the black fellow in the progress of his keen pursuit with the horse police.

When old Ben Weir made his appearance in the morning at Mr. Grafton's house, the black chief, Johnny Crook, was summoned to attend. He came and brought with him several of his subjects. The party set out, old Weir showing the way. The leaves on the branches of the saplings which he had broken on the first night of seeing the ghost were withered, and sufficiently pointed out the exact rail on which the phantom was represented to have sat. There were stains upon the rail. Johnny Crook who had then no idea of what he was required for, pronounced these stains to be "White man's blood;" and, after searching about for some time, he pointed to a spot whereon he said a human body had been laid.

In New South Wales long droughts are not very uncommon; and not a single shower of rain had fallen for seven months previously—not sufficient even to lay the dust upon the roads.

In consequence of the time that had elapsed, Crook had no small difficulty to contend with; but in about two hours he succeeded in tracking the footsteps of one man to the unfrequented side of a pond at some distance. He gave it as his opinion that another man had been dragged thither. The savage walked round and round the pond, eagerly examining its borders and the sedges and weeds springing up around it. At first he seemed baffled. No clue had been washed ashore to show that anything unusual had been sunk in the pond;

but, having finished his examination, he laid himself down on his face and looked keenly along the surface of the smooth and stagnant water. Presently he jumped up, uttered a cry peculiar to the natives when gratified by finding some long sought object, clapped his hands, and pointing to the middle of the pond to where the decomposition of some sunken substance had produced a slimy coating streaked with prismatic colors, he exclaimed, "White man's fat!" The pond was immediately searched; and, below the spot indicated, the remains of a body were discovered. A large stone and a rotted silk handkerchief were found near the body; these had been used to sink it.

That it was the body of Fisher there could be no question. It might have been identified by the teeth; but on the waistcoat there were some large brass buttons which were immediately recognised, both by Mr. Grafton and old Ben Weir, as Fisher's property. He had worn these buttons on his waistcoat for several years.

Leaving the body by the side of the pond, and old Ben and the blacks to guard it, Mr. Grafton cantered up to Fisher's house. Smith was not only in possession of all the missing man's property, but had removed to Fisher's house. It was about a mile and a half distant. They inquired for Mr. Smith. Mr. Smith, who was at breakfast, came out, and invited Mr Grafton to alight; Mr. Grafton accepted the invitation, and after a few desultory observations, said, "Mr. Smith, I am anxious to purchase a piece of land on the other side of the road, belonging to this estate, and I would give a fair price for it. Have you the power to sell?"

"Oh yes, sir," replied Smith. "The power which I hold from Fisher is a general power;" and he forthwith produced a document, purporting to be signed by Fisher, but which was not witnessed.

"If you are not very busy, I should like to show you the piece of land I allude to," said Mr. Grafton.

"Oh, certainly, sir. I am quite at your service," said Smith; and he then ordered his horse to be saddled.

It was necessary to pass the pond where the remains of Fisher's body were then exposed. When they came near to the spot, Mr. Grafton, looking Smith full in the face, said, "Mr. Smith, I wish to show you something. Look here!" He pointed to the decomposed body, and narrowly watching Mr. Smith's countenance, remarked:—"These are the remains of Fisher. How do you account for their being found in this pond?"

Smith, with the greatest coolness, got off his horse, minutely examined the remains, and then admitted that there was no doubt they were Fisher's. He confessed himself at a loss to account for their discovery, unless it could be (he said) that somebody had waylaid him on the road when he left his home for Sydney; had murdered him for the gold and bank-notes which he had about his person, and had then thrown him into the pond. "My hands, thank Heaven!" he concluded, "are clean. If my old friend could come to life again, he would tell you that *I* had no hand in his horrible murder."

Mr. Grafton knew not what to think. He was not a believer in ghosts. Could it be possible, he began to ask himself, that old Weir had committed this crime, and—finding it weigh heavily on his conscience, and fearing that he might be detected—had trumped up the story about the ghost—had pretended that he was led to the spot by supernatural agency—and thus by bringing the murder voluntarily to light, hoped to stifle all suspicion? But then he considered Weir's excellent character, his kind disposition and good nature. These at once put to flight his suspicion of Weir; but still he was by no means satisfied of Smith's guilt, much as appearances were against him.

Fisher's servants were examined, and stated that their master had often talked of going to England on a visit to his friends, and of leaving Mr. Smith to manage his farm; and that though they were surprised when Mr. Smith came, and said he had "gone at last," they did not think it at all unlikely that he had done so. An inquest was held, and a verdict of wilful murder found against Thomas Smith. He was thereupon transmitted to Sydney for trial, at the ensuing sessions, in the supreme court. The case naturally excited great interest in the colony; and public opinion respecting Smith's guilt was evenly balanced.

The day of trial came; and the court was crowded almost to suffocation. The Attorney General very truly remarked that there were circumstances connected with the case which were without any precedent in the annals of jurisprudence. The only witnesses were old Weir and Mr. Grafton. Smith, who defended himself with great composure and ability, cross-examined them at considerable length, and with consummate skill. The prosecution having closed, Smith addressed the jury, (which consisted of military officers) in his defence. He admitted that the circumstances were strong against him; but he most ingeniously proceeded to explain them. The power of attorney, which he produced, he contended had been regularly granted by Fisher, and he called several witnesses, who swore that they believed the signature to be that of the deceased. He, further, produced a will, which had been drawn up by Fisher's attorney, and by that will Fisher had appointed Smith his sole executor, in the event of his death. He declined, he said, to throw any suspicion on Weir; but he would appeal to the common sense of the jury whether the ghost story was

entitled to any credit; and, if it were not, to ask themselves why it had been invented? He alluded to the fact—which in cross-examination Mr. Grafton swore to—that when the remains were first shown to him, he did not conduct himself as a guilty man would have been likely to do, although he was horror-stricken on beholding the hideous spectacle. He concluded by invoking the Almighty to bear witness that he was innocent of the diabolical crime for which he had been arraigned. The judge (the late Sir Frances Forbes) recapitulated the evidence. It was no easy matter to deal with that part of it which had reference to the apparition: and if the charge of the judge had any leaning one way or the other, it was decidedly in favour of an acquittal. The jury retired; but, after deliberating for seven hours, they returned to the court, with a verdict of Guilty.

The judge then sentenced the prisoner to be hanged on the following Monday. It was on a Thursday night that he was convicted. On the Sunday, Smith expressed a wish to see a clergyman. His wish was instantly attended to, when he confessed that he, and he alone, committed the murder; and that it was upon the very rail where Weir swore that he had seen Fisher's ghost sitting, that he had knocked out Fisher's brains with a tomahawk. The power of attorney he likewise confessed was a forgery, but declared that the will was genuine.

This is very extraordinary, but is, nevertheless, true in substance, if not in every particular. Most persons who have visited Sydney for any length of time will no doubt have had it narrated to them.—*Household Words.*

GOD HATH A VOICE.

God hath a voice that ever is heard
In the peal of the thunder, the chirp of the bird;
It comes in the torrent, all rapid and strong,
In the streamlet's soft gush as it ripples along;
It breathes in the zephyr, just kissing the bloom;
It lives in the rush of the sweeping simoom:
Let the hurricane whistle, or warblers rejoice,
What do they tell thee but God hath a voice?

God hath a presence, and that ye may see
In the fold of the flower, the leaf of the tree;
In the sun of the noon-day, the star of the night;
In the storm-cloud of darkness, the rainbow of light;
In the waves of the ocean, the furrows of land;
In the mountain of granite, the atom of sand;
Turn where ye may from the sky to the sod,
Where can ye gaze that ye see not a God?

AND THEN?

The oracle of the beautiful sequestered little hamlet of Ambermead, was an old gentleman of unobtrusive and orderly habits, whose peculiar taciturnity had obtained for him the familiar cognomen of Two Words. Mr. Canute, *alias* Two Words, dwelt on the outskirts of the village, tended by an ancient housekeeper, almost as chary of speech as her worthy master. It was surmised that Mr. Canute had seen better days; but though his means were straitened, his heart was large, and his countenance expressed great benevolence. Notwithstanding the brief mode of speech which characterised him on all occasions, the advice of Mr. Canute was eagerly sought on every subject whereon it was presumed advice could be profitable; and the simple rustics of Ambermead perhaps valued it the more, because, though delivered without a particle of pomposity, the terseness and decision of the words expended, left an indelible impression, which long sermons often failed to convey. Mr. Canute lived on terms of intimacy with the family at the old Hall—an intimacy cemented by early association, for Mr. Harwell and Mr. Canute had been school-fellows; and when a painful and lingering illness attacked the squire, his ancient friend and crony felt deep anxiety as to the ultimate fate of Mr. Harwell's only child, the good and lovely Clara Harwell. The disease was an incurable one; though the suffering might be protracted, there was no hope of ultimate recovery, and an air of gloom reigned over the village of Ambermead, where once the sweet spring and summer tide brought only sport and glee. Ambermead was noted for a profusion of rich red roses, exhaling delicious fragrance; and for the song of innumerable nightingales, whose harmonious concerts resounded amid the umbrageous groves, sheltering the hamlet on every side, and extending beyond the old Hall of Ambermead. But now, although the roses bloomed and the birds sang, serious faces looked from the cottage doors; and while the younger villagers forgot their usual pastimes, the elders conversed apart in whispers, always directing their glances towards the Hall, as if the sufferer within those thick walls could be disturbed by their conversation. This sympathy was called forth, not only by the circumstance of Mr. Harwell being their ancestral landlord, the last of an impoverished race, but from his always having lived among them as a friend and neighbour—respected as a superior, and beloved as an equal. Their knowledge also of the squire's decayed fortunes; and that, on his death, the fine old place must become the property of a stranger, whom rumour did not report favourably of—greatly enhanced the concern of these hereditary cultivators of the soil; and many bright eyes grew dim thinking of poor Miss Clara, who would so soon be fatherless, and almost penniless. The estate of Ambermead was strictly entailed in the male line, and the next heir was of distant kin to the Harwells. A combination of misfortunes, and no doubt of imprudence in years long by-gone, had reduced the present proprietor to the verge of ruin, from which he was to find refuge only in the

grave. The Harwell family had lived for centuries in Ambermead. They seemed so much to belong to their poor neighbours, who always sympathised most fully in all the joys and sorrows of the "Hall folk," that now, when there was a certain prospect of losing them for ever as it seemed, the parting became more than a common one between landlord and tenant, between rich and poor—it was the parting of endeared friends.

They watched and waited for Mr. Canute passing to and fro, as he did every day, and more than once a day; and on his two words they hung, as if life or death were involved in that short bulletin.

"How is the squire to-day?" said one.

"No better," replied Mr. Canute mildly, without stopping.

"And how's Miss Clara?" inquired another with deep pity in his looks.

"Very patient," responded the old man, still moving slowly on with the aid of his stout staff.

"Patient!" repeated several voices when he was out of hearing. "Yes, yes, patient enough; and Master Canute means a deal when he says patient. Bless her young sweet face! there's a patience in *it* if ever there was in mortal's."

Mr. Canute's patience was sorely taxed by questioning at all hours; waylaid first by me, then by another, on his way from his own cottage to the Hall, but with unfailing good-nature and promptitude, he invariably satisfied the affectionate solicitude of his humble neighbours—in his own quaint way, certainly—never wasting words, yet perfectly understood,

The summer tide was waning into autumn, and the squire of Ambermead faded more gradually than autumn leaves, when late one evening a wayfarer stopped at Mr. Canute's cottage, which was on the outside, and requested permission to rest, asking for a draught of water from the well before the porch.

"Most welcome," said Two Words, scanning the stranger, and pleased with his appearance, for youth and an agreeable countenance are sure passports; perhaps, too, Mr. Canute discerned gentle breeding in his guest, despite travel-soiled habiliments, and a dash of habitual recklessness in his air. At any rate, the welcome was heartily given, and as heartily responded to; and when Mr. Canute left his dwelling in order to pay his usual evening visit at the Hall, he merely said, addressing his young visitor: "Soon back;" and turning to Martha, the careful housekeeper, added: "Get supper;" while on stepping over the threshold, it seemed as if his thoughts urged him to return and say to the young man: "Don't go."

"No, that I wont," replied he frankly, "for I like my quarters too well. I'll wait till you come back, governor; and I hope you won't be long, for my mouth waters for the supper you spoke of."

Mr. Canute smiled, and walked away more briskly than usual; and after sitting for some time beside the sick man's bed, and bidding "good-night" and "bless you" to sweet Clara Harwell, he retraced his steps homewards, and found supper ready, and the handsome stranger so obviously ready to do justice to the frugal fare, that Mr. Canute jocularly remarked: "Keen air;" to which the stranger replied in the same strain: "Fine scenery;" on which the host added: "An artist?" when the youth, laughing outright, said: "An indifferent one indeed." After a pause, and suffering his mirth to subside, he continued: "Are you always so economical in words, sir? Don't you sometimes find it difficult to carry on conversation in this strain?"

"*You* don't," replied Mr. Canute smiling, and imperturbably good-natured.

"Not I," cried the youth; "and I want to ask you half a hundred questions. Will you answer me?"

"I'll try," replied Mr. Canute.

"I've not long to stay, for I'm on a walking tour with a friend; but I diverged to Ambermead, as I was anxious to see it. I've had a curiosity to see it for a long while; but my friend is waiting for me at the market-town, eight miles off, I think, and I shall strike across the country when the moon is up, if you'll give me a rest till then."

"Most welcome," said Mr. Canute courteously.

"Ah ha!" quoth the stranger, "if that's the way you pursue your discourse, I don't think I shall learn much from you. I hope, however, that I may get a wife who will follow your example—a woman of two words, in short; she'll be a rare specimen of her sex!"

"Ah ha!" ejaculated Mr. Canute.

"But come, tell me, for time presses," said the young man, suddenly becoming grave—"tell me all about Ambermead, and the squire—how long he's likely to last. For, in fact, the friend I mentioned, who is with me during this walking tour, is vastly interested in all that concerns the place and property."

"The heir?" whispered Mr. Canute mysteriously.

"Well, well, suppose we say he is; he's not altogether a bad fellow, though he is considered a bit reckless and wild. But he has heard of Clara Harwell's beauty and goodness from his cousin, Lady Ponsonby (she's Clara's cousin too, you know); and he is really quite sorry to think that such a lovely creature should be turned out of the old Hall to make room for him. He wants to know what will become of her when old Harwell dies, for all the world knows he's ruined. It's a pretty place this old Ambermead—a paradise, I should say. I know what I'd do, if I was ever lucky enough to call it mine." The youth rubbed his hands gleefully. "I should be a happy dog then!"

"And then?" said Mr. Canute smiling.

"Why, then, I'd pull down the rickety old house up there, and build a palace fit for a prince; I'd keep nothing but the old wine; I'd have lots of prime fellows to stay with me; and I should sport the finest horses and dogs in the country." The speaker paused, out of breath.

"And then?" said Mr. Canute quietly.

"Why, then, I'd hunt, and shoot, and ride, and drink, and smoke, and dance, and keep open house, and enjoy life to the full—feasting from one year's end to year's end—the feast of reason and the flow of soul, you know, in old Ambermead!"

"And then?"

"Why, then, I suppose that in time I should grow old, like other people, and cease to care for all these things, so much as I did when strength and youth were mine."

"And then?" said Mr. Canute more slowly.

"Why, then"—and the stranger hesitated—"then, I suppose, like other people, in the course of nature, I should have to leave all the pleasures of this life, and, like other people—die."

"And then?" said Mr. Canute, fixing his eyes, glittering like diamonds, on the young man's face, which flushed up, as he exclaimed with some irritation:

"Oh, hang your 'and thens!' But the moon is well up, I see, so I'm off. Good-night, and thank you." And without further parley, he started off on his walk over the hills; and Mr. Canute silently watched his guest's retreating figure till, in the deep shadows of the surrounding groves, he was lost to view. In the moonlight, in the darkness, in the valley, and on the hillside, these words haunted the wayfarer, and he kept repeating to himself, "and then?" Thoughts took possession of his mind that never before had gained entrance there, or at least they arranged themselves in a sequence which gave them quite a new significance. His past life presented itself to him for the first time as a coherent chain of events, exemplifying cause and effect; and if his plans for the future did not at that moment receive any determinate change, he still kept repeating, anxiously and inquiringly, as he wandered on in the moonlight, the two strangely-suggestive words: "And then?" It proved a long and toilsome night's journey for that belated traveller; for he had left Mr. Canute's cottage so hastily, that he had omitted to ask for certain landmarks on the hills leading to the place whither he was bound. In consequence, the stars faded in the sky, and the rosy morn broke through the eastern mists, ere the weary man, from the summit of a high hill which he had tortuously ascended, beheld afar off, down in the valley, the shining river, the bridge, and the church-tower of the town where his friend, in some anxiety, awaited his reappearance.

During all his after-life, that young man never forgot the solitary night-walk when he lost his way beneath a beautiful spangled summer sky: the stars seemed to form the letters, "And then?" the soft night-breeze seemed to whisper in his ear: "And then?"

It is true, he had not gained the intelligence he sought respecting the inmates of Ambermead Hall; but he had laid bare his own folly for the inspection of Mr. Canute; and in return, he had listened to no reproof—no tiresome lecture vouchsafed from prosy age to ardent youth, but simply two words had penetrated his heart, and set him a thinking seriously. Mystic little words! "And then?"

For nearly three years after Mr. Harwell's decease, the old Hall, contrary to general anticipation, remained untenanted, save by domestics left in charge. Miss Clara had found shelter with her relative, Lady Ponsonby, though her memory was still fresh and warmly cherished among the humble friends in her beautiful native village. Mr. Canute, if possible, more silent than ever, still remained the village oracle; perhaps more cherished than of yore, inasmuch as he was the only memento remaining of the beloved Harwells—the old familiar faces now seen no more. *He* would listen, and *they* would talk, of days gone by; he felt the loss even more than others, for he mourned a companion and friend in Mr. Harwell, and Clara had been to the good Two Words as an adopted daughter. At length it was rumoured that Mr. Selby, the new proprietor, was soon expected to take possession of his property in due form; moreover, that he was on the point of marriage, and that his young bride would accompany him. Ill reports fly quickly; and it had been circulated in former times that Mr. Selby was wild and extravagant, careless of others, selfish and profligate. Indeed, Mr. Canute had not contradicted such reports, so it was generally opined they were too true, and had a legal foundation. With heavy hearts, the inhabitants of Ambermead commenced their rural preparations for the reception of the squire and his bride; green arches were erected, and wreaths of flowers were hung on the spreading branches beneath which the travellers' road lay. It was the season of roses and nightingales, when Ambermead was in its glory; and never had the rich red roses bloomed so profusely, and never had the chorus of the groves been more full and enchanting, than on the summer evening when the old and young of the hamlet, arrayed in their holiday attire, waited to greet the new-comers.

Mr. Canute stood at his cottage door; the bridge just beyond, over which the route conducted to the Hall through avenues of greenerie, was festooned with roses; and a band of maidens in white, lined the picturesque approach. The sun was setting, when a carriage

drove quickly up, slackening its pace as it crossed the bridge, and stopping at Mr. Canute's humble gate. Two Words himself, bareheaded, stepped forwards on seeing a lady alight, who in another moment threw herself into his arms, exclaiming: "Our first greeting must be from you, dear, dear Mr. Canute! I need not introduce Mr. Selby—he is known to you already." Speechless from astonishment and emotion, the old man could only say: "Miss Clara!"—as he gazed from one to another, recognising in the gentleman the wayfaring guest who had departed so abruptly on his walking expedition over the moonlight hills, more than three years previously. Seizing the hand which Mr. Canute silently extended, Mr. Selby said with deep feeling:—

"It is to your instrumentality that I owe my present happiness."

"How so?" was Mr. Canute's reply, looking with pleased surprise into the open face, which, on a former occasion, had won his confidence and admiration.

"*Two words* spoken in season wrought a change in me, which all the preaching of friends and guardians had failed to effect," returned Mr. Selby, "and without which Clara would never have blessed me with her hand. These years of probation have proved my sincerity; and Lady Ponsonby (a severe and scrutinizing judge) pronounced my reformation complete ere she permitted me to address Clara. Those two little words, "*And then?*" enigmatical to the uninitiated, convey a deep and mystical meaning to *my* heart; and they are of such significant import, that by inserting them whenever I paint the future, I trust to become a wiser and a better man."

Clara gazed proudly and confidingly on her husband; and the news of her arrival having spread through the village, a crowd collected, whose joy and surprise found vent in tears and blessings, to say nothing of numerous *asides*, purporting that Miss Clara never would have espoused a bad man; ergo Mr. Selby must be a worthy successor of the ancient race!

The prognostication proved correct; and the pathway, strewn with bright summer roses, over which Clara trod in bridal pomp on her way to the ancestral home where she was born, was indeed emblematical of the flowery path which marked her future destiny.

The old Hall of Ambermead is still extant—a fine specimen of venerable decay, surrounded by ancestral groves, still famed for sheltering innumerable nightingales, when the Ambermead roses exhale their delicious fragrance. In the old church-yard on the green hill-side, a white monument gleams in the sunshine, whereon may be traced the name of John Canute, specifying the date of his happy death, while below is engraven this description of two words—"*And then?*"—*Chambers' Journal.*

A NIGHT AT THE SMUGGLER'S.*

"Well," said I to my companion, as soon as the sound of the smugglers' retreating footsteps became inaudible, "what think you of this adventure? is it not a new scene in the drama of human life? But were not you terribly alarmed, when the ruffian's candle came close to your face?" "Indeed I was," replied my companion; "but I counterfeited sleep to a miracle. What think ye will now become of us; are we to have another visit from these lawless desperadoes?" "I fancy not," answered I; "in my opinion the cutter will set sail as soon as the cargo is landed! and by this continued rumbling there must be a good number of carts on the shore; I should like very much to see what's going forward;" so saying I arose, and tried to open a small window that faced towards the beach; but I might as well have saved myself the trouble—the casement was too well fastened for any efforts of mine to open it. A good fire, however, was still burning; I put the kettle upon it; and as the smuggler had left his brandy upon the table, I mixed two half-pint cups, and then returned to my homely bed, being determined to await the conclusion of the business with patience. The rumbling of the carts, as they went to and from the shore, and the uncouth and discordant tones of their drivers did, for two or three hours, effectually banish sleep; at length all became quiet; in a short time the door was unlocked, our landlord made his entry, and much to our satisfaction he came unaccompanied.

The first thing Jock Anderson did was to approach our bed, "Are ye awake, gentlemen?" cried he. "Yes," replied I, "and have been ever since you turned the key upon us." He burst into a loud fit of laughter, and afterwards exclaimed, "I was sorry to make prisoners o' ye, but it was aw' for yere ain gude, as I could nae be answerable for the conduct o' yon chiel of the deil had he seen ye outside the door sill; so ye maun excuse it." "That I do with all my heart, my good fellow," returned I, "and thank you sincerely for your caution into the bargain; and now, with your leave, we'll be thinking about toddling towards Maryport." "Not quite so fast, sirs," answered Jock, "ye wad na surely gang out this cauld raw morning o' the wrang side o' yere breakfasts? That were a pretty tale indeed to tell in Maryport, and cannily wad Jock Anderson get fashed about it. I'se been workin' varra hard aw' nicht, and I'm varra hungry mysel', so we'll e'en caa the gude wife up, an' hae breakfast awmaist before ye can say Jock Robinson. It was useless to remonstrate; Jock would have his own way; so whilst he roused the wife and wean, we rose from our hard bed, and having luckily found a little clean water

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* Continued from page 491, Vol. 2.—Concluded.

and a coarse towel, we speedily refreshed ourselves with a healthful ablution. The wife came from the bed chamber, and without addressing a word to us, began to busy herself in the preparation for breakfast; another mess of flukes were broiled, or rather burnt, in the straw, the tea was equally good as before, our appetites were keen, and we failed not to make a good inroad into the buttered cakes, notwithstanding, as I before remarked, that the hands of our sullen hostess were none of the cleanest. When we had eaten our fill, and fortified our stomach with a dram of raw spirits each, we prepared to depart, and I approaching our landlady, asked "what we were indebted for our entertainment."—"Naething at aw', sirs," said she; "ye were my husband's guests, an' nane o' mine, an' I'se nae tak' the wee bit siller fra ony man that he invites to drink the gude liquor an' to eat his bannocks."—"But how, my good woman," answered I, "are we to evince our gratitude for your hospitality?"—"By sayin' naething aboot it, sir," replied she, "and nivir lettin' accoont o' what ye hae heard wi' yere ears, an' seen wi' yere een, whilst under this roof, escape frae between yere lips; that's aw' I desire on ye', exceptin' that gin ye ivir hae occasion to pass this way agen, ye wull manage to gie the Coin-house a gude birth, and na let me see yere faces agen inside its door."—"My dear madam," said I, "I promise both for myself and my companion, that all your commands shall be implicitly obeyed; but suffer me to make a small present to this pretty little girl; it will at least serve to buy her a new bonnet, or a frock or two, and a few schoolbooks," upon which I placed a small sum in the hands of the delighted child. I had at last touched the right chord: to this poor woman her child was everything; and the noticing of it worked an instantaneous revulsion in her feelings.

We gave him and the wife a friendly shake by the hand, kissed their interesting little girl, and then pursued our journey towards the town of Maryport.

A few months after this occurrence I chanced to be at Carlisle, and, in the course of conversation with an acquaintance, I heard that a noted smuggler from the lower part of Cumberland was to be executed the next day for the murder of a Supervisor of Excise, but under circumstances that occasioned universal feelings of commiseration for the unfortunate man in the bosoms of the citizens of Carlisle.

I know not how it arose, but certainly a sudden presentiment did rush across my mind that the unhappy being would prove to be my old acquaintance, Jock Anderson, of the Coin House. I directly inquired the murderer's name; Edmund Barton was the reply. The difference of name did not at all lessen the suspicion I entertained, because I well knew that these men were often in the habit of using other appellations, and when my friend related such particulars of the transaction as came within his knowledge, my suspicions were converted into horrid certainty, and without doubt my hospitable entertainer was a convicted murderer.

It appeared that the smugglers, whilst landing a cargo of brandy on the coast between Workington and Maryport, were surprised by a party of soldiers. A desperate conflict ensued, during which the military behaved with exemplary forbearance; but being closely pressed by the daring outlaws, they were compelled to fire amongst them in self-defence, and a shot unfortunately went through the heart of one of the smugglers' wives, who was busily engaged in the rescue of the cargo. Her husband saw her fall, and being exasperated almost to madness, rushed into the thickest of the opposing party with loaded pistols in his hands, and levelled them at the supervisor, who instantly fell dead. The conflict ended in the total discomfiture of the smugglers; several were killed and taken prisoners; among the latter was the unfortunate homicide.

They were brought to Carlisle, tried, and convicted upon the clearest evidence, and condemned to suffer death. The sentences, however, of all except that of the actual murderer were commuted to transportation for life, but he was left for execution; and as my informant had before told me, the awful sentence of the law was to be put in force the following morning.

Being fully satisfied in my own mind that the guilty man could only be the hospitable smuggler of the Coin House, I hastened to the prison, being determined, if possible, to obtain an interview with him; and as I had some little knowledge of the governor, I did not despair of succeeding in my object.

It was no idle motive of curiosity that prompted me to seek this painful interview. No; I was actuated by very different feelings. I well remembered the poor woman almost prophecying the desolate state of her child; and I wished to see the father before he was called to his dread account, that I might smooth his passage to eternity, by telling him that his orphan babe should not be left to wander through an unfeeling world in want and misery.

Upon asking for the governor, I found that he was in the cell of the condemned malefactor. I requested admittance to his presence, which was instantly granted; and, as my mind had too well foreboded, I found that the unfortunate wretch, so soon to appear before the judgement-seat of his Maker, was Jock Anderson, the smuggler of the Coin House!

I found him heavily ironed; his little girl was in the cell, and the governor and clergyman of the establishment were humanely employed in giving spiritual consolation to the

unhappy man, who in a few short hours was to pass from time to eternity by a painful and ignominious death.

Bowing slightly to the two gentlemen, I approached the culprit, took his fettered hand, and gave it a friendly pressure. He instantly recognised me; so likewise did the little girl, upon whose pale and sickly countenance a faint smile played as I spoke to her.

"Alas! sir," said the criminal, "I have nothing on earth to think upon but this unhappy little being by my side; I must soon, very soon leave her;—and her future fate,—there, sir, alone do I feel the bitterness of dying. As to myself, I am perfectly resigned to my situation;—but my child! my child! poor forlorn one, what will become of thee?" Here he clasped the weeping girl convulsively to his bosom, and the tears of the father and the child were mingled together.

And now, Barton requested of the governor that he might be left alone with me for the space of ten minutes. "I have," said he, "a few words to say to this gentleman in private, and after that, I will part with my little girl, and employ myself in preparation for the awful change." The governor and clergyman accordingly left the cell, promising to return at the end of ten minutes.

"Sir," said Barton, when we were alone, "time is precious with us; but what I have to say may be told in a very few words, there is, underneath the hearthstone in the Coin House, if it should have escaped the scrutiny of the excise officers, a small bag of gold, perhaps about fifty guineas; I am not certain whether I can justly call it my own, because it is the fruit of my unlawful pursuits; but it would be hard to deprive my child of it. Now, had I mentioned this circumstance to the governor, his strict sense of duty might, perhaps, have obliged him to give the money up to Government. What I, therefore, wish you to do, is, to go to the Coin House, secure the bag of gold, and deliver it to the governor, as the produce of a subscription raised among your friends, for the benefit of my orphan child. It will be an innocent deception, and will, at the same time, secure the money for her use."

With this request I promised to comply, and after a little more conversation of no material import, our time being expired, the two gentlemen re-entered the cell, and upon a consultation between all parties, it was judged proper to effect the final separation between the unhappy father and his weeping child.

I shall throw a veil over the parting scene, for this simple reason, that it is wholly out of the power of my pen to do it justice, and the imagination of the reader must conceive sorrows that I have not the ability to describe.

When we were outside the cell, I proposed to the governor, that I should take the little girl with me for a few days, in the hope that, by amusement, change of scene, and attention, I might be able in some degree to alleviate her sorrow, before she was finally delivered to his guardianship. With this arrangement he kindly acquiesced, and I quitted the prison with my distressed charge.

A stage coach being in readiness to depart for Workington, we stepped into it, and in the evening arrived at that town. There we passed the night, and in the morning walked together to the Coin House. I found the place lonely and deserted; it had been completely gutted; not an article of furniture remained in it; even the old oak chest was removed, and the secret entrance to the smugglers' repository was open and exposed to view, which showed that the myrmidons of the excise had made a pretty strict search over the premises. With some difficulty I raised the hearth-stone, and, to my great joy, found that the bag of gold had escaped the notice of the lynx eyed officers. I deposited it safely in my pocket, and we then returned to Workington. In that town we remained a week, and by dint of kindness and attention, I contrived, in a great measure, to lull the grief of my young companion.

At the expiration of that time, we returned to Carlisle, and I delivered my orphan charge into the hands of the worthy governor, together with the bag of gold, which, as I had been desired, I represented to be the joint subscription of myself and friends, for the benefit of the smuggler's unfortunate daughter. The governor gave me a receipt for the money, and declared that it should be wholly appropriated to her use; and I have the fullest reason to believe that he sacredly kept his word.

It is needless to pursue the story farther; the smuggler's orphan is now a respectable member of society, a married woman, and the happy mother of a large family of young children, all of whom she is carefully bringing up in that "fear of the Lord, which is the beginning of wisdom."

Californian Industry.—Owing to the spongy, springy nature of the soil in the burying-ground of San Francisco, many of the corpses there interred, instead of decaying, have been converted into a substance well known to chemists, by the name of adipocere—a substance analagous to, and intermediate between, stearine and spermaceti. In passing the ground this morning to my place of employment, I saw a person busily engaged in collecting the adipocere from the exposed bodies. Struck by the singularity of his employment, I interrogated him as to its object, when he coolly replied, that be was gathering it to make soap!

Poetry must be more than common sense, but it must be that at least.

To be shallow, you must differ from people; to be profound, you must agree with them.

Men sometimes think they hate flattery, but they only hate the manner of it.

TRUST.

A snow-white statue of a child
Treading within a steep and narrow path,
Through which a storm would sweep with wildest wrath,
Yet on the face a light as calm and mild,
As one who strayeth where soft moonlight sleeps
O'er velvet turf, which only knows the showers
Of fresh'ning dew, to pearl the fairest flowers,
While through the air delicious perfumes sweeps.
So calm a presence hath his angel guide—
So strong the trust in that dear clasping hand,
That leads him gently, with its mute command,
Through thorny paths, o'er moorlands bleak and wide;
The faith so firm, and past escapes so dear,
His eyes are closed to shut out every fear.

So I, my Father, keep the rugged track
Which at thy bidding patiently I tread,
While tempest clouds are gathering overhead,
And fairer scenes would woo me softly back.
For I have learn'd, like this dear, trusting child,
To clasp the hand that guides me through the waste,
That cheers the lagging step, or checks the haste,
With like mute, thrilling pressure, firm yet mild;
I too have closed mine eyes to future ill,
And all the dreary terrors of the past,
Remember'd pangs that crowd upon me fast;
Saying to sickly fancies, "Peace be still!"
Though tear-stained robes are trailing in the dust,
I know my guide, *I know in whom I trust!*

WESLEYANA.

No. II.

A BULL BY ROLLIN.

In riding to Lisburn I read Mr. Rollin's Ancient History. Could so masterly a writer make so palpable blunders? I have observed many as gross as that in the fourth volume. "A revered old age was the fruit of Galen's wisdom. He was succeeded by Hiero his eldest brother. This young prince——" How? If Galen enjoyed revered old age, could his eldest brother be young after his death?

THE DWELLING OF A LURGAN SCHOLAR.

The next morning I was desired to see the house of an eminent scholar near the town. The door in the yard we found nailed up; but we got in at a gap which was stopped with thorns. I took the house at first for a very old barn, but was assured he had built it within five years: not indeed by the old vulgar model, but purely to his own taste. The walls were part mud, part brick, part stone, and part bones and wood. There were four windows, but no glass in any, lest the pure air should be kept out. The house had two stories, but no stair-case, and no door: into the upper floor we went by a ladder, through one of the windows, into the lower floor, which was about four foot high. This floor had three rooms, one three square, the second had five sides, the third, I know not how many. I give a particular discription of this wonderful edifice, to illustrate the great truth: there is no folly too great, even for a man of sense when he resolves to follow his own imagination!

AN ORDERLY MOB.

At Sligo the mob had been in motion all the day. But their business was only with the forestallers of the market, who had bought up all the corn far and near, to starve the poor, and load a Dutch ship which lay at the quay. But the mob brought it all out into the market, and sold it for the owners at the common price. And this they did with all the calmness and composure imaginable, and without striking or hurting any one.

A LIMERICK DUEL.

On Sunday evening last, two officers were playing at dice, when they quarrelled about a lewd woman. This occasioned a challenge from Mr. I. which the other would fain have declined. But he would not be denied, and was so bent upon it, that he would not go to bed. About three in the morning they went out, with their seconds, to the island. Mr. B. proposed firing at twelve yards distance. But Mr. I. said "No, no, six is enough." So they kissed one another (poor farce!) and before they were five paces asunder, both fired at the same instant. The ball went into Mr. I's breast, who turned round twice or thrice, and fell. He was carried home, made his will, and about three in the afternoon *died like a man* of honour!

"MIDDLING" PEOPLE.

How unspeakable is the advantage, in point of common sense, which middling people have over the rich! There is so much paint and affectation, so many unmeaning words, and senseless customs among people of rank, as fully justify the remark made seventeen hundred years ago,

"*Sensus communis in illâ Fortunâ rarus!*"

ST. STEPHEN'S WALLBROOK.

I was desired to step into the little church behind the Mansion House, commonly called St. Stephen's Wallbrook. It is nothing grand; but neat and elegant beyond expression. So that I do not wonder at the speech of the famous Italian architect, who met Lord Burlington in Italy: "My Lord, go back and see St. Stephen's in London, we have not so fine a piece of architecture in Rome!"

COLCHESTER CASTLE.

I walked all over this famous castle, perhaps the most ancient building in England. A considerable part of it is without question, fourteen or fifteen hundred years old. It was mostly built with Roman bricks, each of which is about two inches thick, seven broad,

and thirteen or fourteen long. Seat of ancient Kings, British and Roman! Once dreaded far and near. But what are they now? Is not *a living dog better than a dead lion?* And what is it wherein they prided themselves? As do the present great ones of the earth:

> "A little pomp, a little sway,
> A sun-beam in a winter's day,
> Is all the great and mighty have
> Between the cradle and the grave!"

A HINT TO PHYSICIANS.

Reflecting to-day on the case of a poor woman, who had a continual pain in her stomach, I could not but remark the inexcusable negligence of most physicians in cases of this nature. They prescribed drug upon drug, without knowing a jot of the matter concerning the root of the disorder. And without knowing this, they cannot cure, though they can murder the patient. Whence came this woman's pain? (which she never would have told, had she never been questioned about it.) From fretting for the death of her son. And what availed medicines while that fretting continued? Why then do not all physicians consider, how far bodily disorders are caused or influenced by the mind?

THE TASTE OF LISMAHAGOW.

Here also we walked down to the church-yard, by the side of which a little, clear river runs, near the foot of a high and steep mountain. The wood which covers this makes the walks that run on its sides, pleasant beyond imagination. But what taste had the good people of the town for this? As much as the animals that graze on the river bank!

PUTTING THE NOSE OF A WAG OUT OF JOINT.

At Hartlepool, towards the close of the sermon, a queer, dirty, clumsy man, I suppose a country wit, took a great deal of pains to disturb the congregation. When I had done, fearing he might hurt those who were gathered about him, I desired two or three of our brethren to go to him, one after the other, and not say much themselves, but let him talk till he was weary. They did so, but without effect, as his fund of ribaldry seemed inexhaustible. W. A. then tried another way. He got into the circle close to him, and listening awhile said, "That is pretty: pray say it over again!" "What, are you deaf?" "No; but for the entertainment of the people. Come; we are all attention!" After repeating this twice or thrice, the wag could not stand it, but with two or three curses walked clear off!

WOMEN OF METTLE.

In the evening I began near Stockton market-place, as usual. I had hardly finished the hymn, when I observed the people in great confusion, which was occasioned by a Lieutenant of a man-of-war, who had chosen that time to bring his press-gang. He seized upon a young man of the town, but the women rescued him by main strength. They also broke the Lieutenant's head, and so stoned both him and his men, that they ran away with all speed!

TELEMACHUS.

I returned to London, and finished on the road the celebrated Telemachus. Certainly it is wrote with admirable sense, but is it without fault? Is there not abundantly too much machinery? Are not the gods (such as they are) continually introduced without why or wherefore? And is not the work spun out too long? Drawn into mere French wire? Would not twelve books have contained all the matter much better than four and twenty?

A PRETENDED MESSENGER.

One came to me, as she said, with a message from the Lord, to tell me "I was laying up treasures on earth, taking my ease, and minding only eating and drinking!" I told her "God knew me better. And if he had sent her, he would have sent her with a more proper message!"

A RICH POOR MAN.

I left Limerick, and about noon preached at Shronill, near a great house which a gentleman built many years ago. But he cannot yet afford to finish it, having *only* £30,000 a-year, and some hundred thousands in ready money!

> "The beggars but a common lot deplore;
> The rich poor man's emphatically poor"

SCOTTISH CHURCH MUSIC IN 1761.

I rode over to Sir A. Grant's, near Monymusk, about twenty miles north-west from Aberdeen. About six we went to the church. It was pretty well filled with such persons as we did not look for, so near the Highlands. But if we were surprised at their appearance, we were much more so at their singing. Thirty or forty sung an anthem after sermon, with such voices as well as judgment, that I doubt whether they could have been excelled at any cathedral in England.

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

Holyrood House, at the entrance of Edinburgh, the ancient palace of the Scottish kings, is a noble structure. It was rebuilt and furnished by King Charles II. One side of it is a picture gallery, wherein are pictures of all the Scottish kings, and an original one of the the celebrated Queen Mary. It is scarce possible for any one who looks at this, to think her such a monster as some have painted her.

EDINBURGH IN 1761.

The situation of the city, on a hill shelving down on both sides, as well as to the east, with the stately castle on a craggy rock on the the west, is impressibly fine. And the main street, so broad and finely paved, with the lofty houses on either hand (some of them seven or eight stories high), is far beyond any in Great Britain. But how can it be suffered,

that all manner of filth should still be thrown even into this street continually? Where are the magistracy, the gentry, the nobility of the land? Have they no concern for the honour of their nation? How long shall the capital city of Scotland, yea, and the chief street of it, be worse than a common sewer? Will no lover of his country, or of decency and common sense, find a remedy for this?

THE BLESSINGS OF LAW.

We returned to York, where I was desired to call upon a poor prisoner in the Castle. I had formerly occasion to take notice of a hideous monster, called a *Chancery Bill.* I now saw the fellow to it, called a *Declaration.* The plain fact was this. Some time since a man who lived near Yarm, assisted others in *running* some brandy. His share was worth near £4. After he he had wholly left off that bad work, and was following his own business, that of a weaver, he was arrested and sent to York gaol. And not long after comes a declaration "that Jac. Wh—— had landed a vessel laden with brandy and geneva, at the port of London, and sold them there, whereby he was indebted to his Majesty £577 and upwards." And to tell this worthy story, the lawyer takes up thirteen or fourteen sheets of trebly stamped paper!

Oh, England! England! will this reproach never be rolled away from thee? Is there anything like this to be found either among Jews, Turks, or heathens? In the name of truth, justice, mercy, and common sense, I ask—1. Why do men lie for lying sake? Is it only to keep their hands in? What need else of saying it was the port of London, when every one knew the brandy was landed above three hundred miles from thence? What a monstrous *contempt of truth* does this show, or rather *hatred* to it! 2. Where is the *justice* of swelling £4 into £577? 3. Where is the *common sense* of taking up fourteen sheets to tell a story, that may be told in ten lines? 4. Where is the *mercy* of thus grinding the faces of the poor, thus sucking the blood of a poor, beggared prisoner? Would not this be execrable villany, if the paper and writing together were only sixpence a sheet, when they have stripped him already of his little all, and not left him fourteen groats in the world?

A WONDERFUL STORY.

I preached at Bramley, when Jonas Rushford, about fourteen years old, gave me the following relation (July 1761):—

"About this time last year, I was desired by two of our neighbours, to go with them to Mr. Crowther's, at Skipton, who would not speak to *them,* and about a man that had been missing twenty weeks, but bid them bring a boy twelve or thirteen years old. When we came in he stood reading a book. He put me into a bed, with a looking-glass in my hand, and covered me all over. Then he asked me whom I had a mind to see? And I said, 'my mother.' I presently saw her with a lock of wool in her hand, standing just in the place and the clothes she was in, as she told me afterwards. Then he bid me look again for the man that was missing, who was one of our neighbours. And I looked and saw him riding towards Idle; but he was very drunk. And he stopped at the ale-house, and drank two pints more; and he pulled out a guinea to change. Two men stood by—a big man, and a little man; and they went on before him, and got two hedge stakes. And when he came up, on Windel Common, at the top of the hill, they pulled him off his horse and killed him, and threw him into a coal-pit. I saw it all as plain as if I was close to them. And if I saw the men, I should know them again.

"We went back to Bradford that night, and the next day I went with our neighbours, and showed them the spot where he was killed and the pit he was thrown into. And a man went down and brought him. And it was as I told them; his handkerchief was tied about his mouth, and fastened behind his neck!"

Is it improbable only, or flatly impossible, when all the circumstances are considered, that this should all be pure fiction? They that can believe this, may believe a man's getting into a bottle!

INGENIOUS PIECE OF MECHANISM.

I embraced the opportunity which I had long desired, of talking with Mr. Miller, the contriver of that statue, which was in Lurgan when I was there before. It was the figure of an old man, standing in a case, with a curtain drawn before him, over against a clock which stood on the other side of the room. Every time the clock struck, he opened the door with one hand, drew back the curtain with the other, turned his head, as if looking round the company. and then said with a clear, loud articulate voice, "Past one, two, three," and so on. But so many came to see this (the like of which all allowed was not to be seen in Europe) that Mr. Miller was in danger of being ruined, not having time to attend to his own business. So, as none offered to purchase it, or to reward him for his pains, he took the whole machine to pieces; nor has he thought of ever making anything of the kind again.

MOUNT EAGLE.

I went with two friends to see one of the greatest natural wonders in Ireland, Mount Eagle, vulgarly called Croagh Patrick. The foot of it is fourteen miles from Castlebar. There we left our horses and procured a guide. Part of the ascent was a good deal steeper than an ordinary pair of stairs. About two we gained the top, which is an oval, grassy plain, about one hundred and fifty yards in length, and seventy or eighty in breadth. The upper part of the mountain much resembles the Peak of Teneriffe. I think it cannot rise much less than a mile perpendicular from the plain below.

COUSIN KATE:

OR THE PROFESSOR OUTWITTED.

"SARAH, child, when am I to have a cast of that little head of thine?" said Professor Lindsay, as he leaned lovingly over the back of the chair, in which reclined a dark-haired girl, whose sparkling beauty formed a striking contrast to the plain, but sensible countenance—not quite devoid of a certain sly humor—of her philosophical lover. The girl shook a shower of silken ringlets over the arms of the Professor, and said, with a pretty, pouting air,

"Sir, I am eighteen years of age, and do not choose to be called a *child*, as if I were a baby. I do not choose to have a cast of my head taken."

"The plain why and because, Miss Sarah?"

"The why is because I don't choose, and the because—it will spoil my curls;" and the young lady gave a decidedly rebellious toss to the ringlets, to free them from the profane hands that had clutched hold of the beautiful head, and was admiring—not with the eye of an artist, but of a phrenologist—the fine contour it displayed. The effort was not successful; the head was still imprisoned between the Professor's unholy paws, as Sarah disdainfully called the large, not very white, hands of her lover.

"I will not free the head till you promise me to grant what I ask."

"I promised you my heart, and some time or other, my hand, but I never said a word about my head," said the incorrigible coquette.

"Nonsense; the heart is nothing."

"My heart nothing! How dare you say so? I will give both it and my hand to some one that I know will not despise it."

"Sarah, this is downright flirtation. Give me the head and the hand, and I do not care a pin for the heart. It is nothing but a living timepiece that beats regularly when the rest of the machine is in order."

"The heart of man is deceitful and desperately wicked," said Sarah, very softly, as if speaking to herself.

"It is a mistake in the translation. That same doctrine about the heart being the seat of the affections and feelings is all a heathenish chimera."

"David was not a heathen?"

"He was not a phrenologist. You shall read the rough copy of my treatise, 'Heads *versus* Hearts.'"

"I couldn't read two pages, my dear Edward. I do not believe you could read it yourself."

The Professor looked enquiringly.

"You write such a hand that I cannot read it,—that little note you sent me last night. I have puzzled my poor brains over it, and all I can make out is that you are going to a dance next week."

"A dance! me! I going to a dance! Why, Sarah, you know my horror of dancing—and a man of my age and habits. I wrote to say that I was thinking of going to France. There is a celebrated chemist going to lecture in Paris on some subjects that I am greatly interested in just now."

"Well, Edward, I am concerned at my stupidity; but, indeed, I did try to make out the note; and now I suppose you will be greatly offended."

"No, indeed; for I am aware that I write a most abominable scrawl. What do you think Murray said of it?—'It was like the vagaries of a mad spider, whose legs had been dipped in ink. And so you will not look over my MS.?"

"I will wait till I read it in print, and then I will write an answer to it, and call it "Hearts *versus* Heads."

"Well, let me have the cast of the pretty head, and I will forgive all your sauciness," said the lover gallantly, raising to his lips the small hand that he had taken in his, while he looked in her bright eyes with a glance of entreaty that would have softened the most obdurate heart; but the mischief-loving girl knew her power, and delighted in exercising it. She re-arranged the disordered ringlets at the mirror, and very demurely told the Professor that she was not going to yield to flattery. "There is Kate; why do you not ask her to let you have a cast of her head?"

"A pretty cast, indeed, my head would make!" replied her sister, almost indignant at the proposition. "It would be worthy to sit beside that of John Bull, the little savage that Edward showed us with such pride of heart yesterday in the—Scullery."

"My Studio, Miss Kate," said the Professor, by way of amendment.

"Or Golgotha!" added Kate. The Professor looked grave, then almost savage.

"By the bye, Sarah," he said, suddenly looking up. "What do you think that little wretch did this very morning?"

"What, Kate?"

"Pooh, no; John Bull, the negro boy that I made the cast from—you know he sleeps on a matrass in the—" "scullery," interposed Kate. The Professor shook his cane at her.

"After I had taken the cast I showed it to him, and he was highly delighted, grinned a thousand grins, and cut ever so many capers, saying 'White John Bull, nice boy, he no more nigger boy now.' However, a friend of mine hinted that it would be more effective if I varnished the cast with lamp-black. So to work I went, and in a few minutes the cast was finished and placed on a high stand beside Sir Walter Scott and Napoleon, where it stood forming a capital contrast to the intellectual developments of the two casts. I had made

up my mind to lecture on that very cast at our next meeting. Well, when I came to unbar the door of the studio and rouse up my imp of darkness, judge of my mortification, when I saw the little black wretch sitting on the floor with the cast in his lap, diligently scraping away the lamp-black from the face with an oyster shell, and grinning with infinite satisfaction at every patch of white plaster that was reproduced by his energetic labors. I could have laughed, but for very rage at seeing the beautiful head that I was to have lectured upon so disfigured."

"What did you do?" asked Sarah.

"Do? I gave the little black rascal a crack over his woolly pate, and sent him spinning across the room, with the cast after him. As ill luck would have it, I missed my aim, and instead of knocking him down, tumbled over two superb idiots that were the pride of my whole collection, and smashed them to atoms. I would not have taken five guineas for these specimens, they cost me a set of china tea-things, a new gown, and a scarlet cloth cloak, as presents to the mother before I could prevail upon her to let me take the casts of those two darlings, and lots of sweetmeats to the young wretches themselves, though poor things they knew nothing of my design after all, and I had to give one of them a sleeping draught to make him be still."

"How shocking!" exclaimed Sarah, indignant at the philosophical coolness of her lover.

"I am delighted at John Bull's cleverness," said Kate. "I shall make a point of bestowing upon him some especial mark of favour, by way of a little encouragement. Sarah, we must give him bulls eyes and candy to console him for that barbarous treatment of his poor woolly pate."

The Professor looked rather sour, fretted, fumed, and at last bounced up, and declared he would not remain to be laughed at.

"The Professor has the organ of combativeness and destructiveness largely developed," whispered Sarah, glancing at her irate lover through her redundant curls.

"Why combativeness?"

"The assault and battery just confessed."

"And destructiveness?"

"Aiming at the poor little nigger boy's head, and the demolition of the casts of those precious idiots, to do it."

The Professor tried to look angry, but could not manage anything more formidable than a sarcastic grin. "Has your discernment made any other discovery."

"Yes, the organ of Unreasonableness."

"There is no such organ," he replied triumphantly.

"I have heard you call woman an unreasonable animal twenty times."

"Pooh, child, you mistake parts of speech terribly; girls always do. I have explained the cerebral development fifty times."

"Yes, and always ended by calling me a giddy goose, or some such very complimentary epithet, because I could not remember all your hard names, and then I felt marvellously disposed to box your ears. That was being combative I suppose.

"Did you ever feel disposed to wield the poker or tongs," slily asked the Professor, then added in a coaxing tone, "Come Sarah, don't let us quarrel. Be a good girl and let me have the cast."

"What, to reward you for such savage conduct? I marvel at your audacity in asking for it."

"Well, here comes your Aunt Lillestone, Edward, let us hear what she has to say," exclaimed Kate.

"I am very glad of it, Aunt Lillestone is a very good friend of mine, and an enthusiastic desciple of phrenology. She has had two casts and a half taken," said the Professor, with great animation—"And cousin Kate too—that girl is a pattern for some other Kates that shall be nameless. Do you know, Sarah, she actually consented to have her beautiful hair shaved off, just to oblige me with a good cast."

"She must have been desperately in love with you to make such a sacrifice," said Sarah coldly.

"Well here she is, and now I will insist on a true and veracious statement of the process and all she endured."

"True and veracious—hum—synomimes," maliciously interposed the Professor, "girls always make use of two words where one would suffice."

"Organ of language," retorted Sarah. What polite rejoinder the phrenologist might have made I cannot say, for the door opened and in sailed the portly figure of Aunt Lillestone, with her lively fashionable daughter, whose petite height and delicate proportions, formed a very striking contrast to her own full and majestic person. The Professor hurried to meet them—"Glad to see you aunt, glad to see you cousin Kate, Kate of Kate Hall, the prettiest Kate in all the world."

"That is to say, the prettiest shrew, the nicest little vixen in all the world, thanks for the compliment my worthy coz," gaily replied the young lady taking the seat which the Professor pushed towards her. There was something eccentric and outré even in his most polite humours.

"Aunt Lillestone, you have come to decide a knotty point, a question of, to be, or not to be," he began, planting himself opposite the capacious form of the lady, and fixing his dark grey eyes on her face with intense earnestness, as if his happiness for life depended on her decision.

Mrs. Lillestone looked inquiringly from her

nephew to the two girls, who stood with arms entwined beside the window, looking very pretty and very animated. Mrs. Lillestone thought that there could be only one very momentous question pending between Sarah Dalton and her nephew. This was the important decision respecting the wedding-day. The old lady drew herself up to her most majestic height, settled the flowing folds of her ample satin gown, and assuming an air of becoming gravity, turned to her nephew and said:—

"Edward, my dear, you know that in delicate matters of this kind, the lady or her friends are the parties to decide. Now, till Mr. Dalton returns from the continent, you know that the wedding cannot take place; Sarah, of course, could not marry till her father's return."

"But, my dear aunt," interrupted the Professor, coloring to the very top of his head.

"I know quite well the arguments that you men always employ, my dear nephew. When I was engaged to your uncle, Captain Lillestone, he never ceased to importune me, poor dear man, till I named the happy day."

The poor Professor did not know which way to look, and the thought of the embarassment that his lady-love would be thrown into by this *mal apropos* speech increased his confusion. The Professor was, with all his oddities, a modest man, and especially delicate when such matters as courtship and marriage were being discussed. As to Sarah, she tried at first to look demure, but the two wicked Kates were convulsed with laughter. One stolen glance at her discomfitted lover was enough to overset her gravity. She was fain to bend her face down over the rose that she was looking at in the vase, to conceal the dimples that would make themselves visible in her round damask cheek.

"Really, young ladies," remonstrated Mrs. Lillestone, greatly shocked.

"Really, mamma, how can we help laughing?" said her daughter.

"It was not a question matrimonial, but phrenological, madam, that you were called upon to decide," said her nephew.

"The Professor wants Sarah to submit to the process of having a cast of her head taken," said Kate Dalton, "and Sarah is as hard-hearted as a flint, and she has been at loggerheads with Edward for the last hour on the subject."

"I must say, Sarah Dalton, that I am surprised after having heard the splendid arguments of Combe, and Crook, and De Ville, and Fowler, and——" "Professor Lindsay," whispered Kate Lillestone—"that you should refuse your assent to the most magnificent soul-enobling science that the wisdom of man ever conceived. For my part, I would have had a dozen casts of my head taken if I could have been convinced that its poor development could have added one more fact to the glorious system of Phrenology."

A very faint giggle from the recess in the bay window might have been heard by Mrs. Littlestone, if she had not been decidedly a little deaf.

"Now, Kate Lillestone, I appeal to your experience, and I rely upon your candor, to tell me about this same cast. Edward says you submitted to have one taken just to please him," said Sarah, turning to her friend.

"My dear, he (the Professor) was never more mistaken in his life; it was not to please him, but myself."

"O you naughty girl!" cried out the indignant Phrenologist, holding up his hands. "Did you not make a great merit about sacrificing your beautiful hair, and put me to the expense of false hair, and gauze caps, and flowers, and blonde trumpery, to cover your baldness, till you half ruined me."

Kate laughed, and said, "Confession is good for sinful souls, the priests say; so I will make a clean breast of it, and confess the truth. I quite forgot to tell you, my dearly respected coz, that I had had my hair shaved off a month before you came to Dublin; I had a had fever. Dr. Macneil insisted upon it, and though I fought most tigerishly in behalf of my poor curls, I could not save them."

"Why, Kate, you deceitful puss, and were not those shining ringlets and glossy braids your own?"

"Of course they were, my good cousin. They cost me a deal of money at Rozier's; and if you had not been so liberal in providing me with fresh sets, I should have been half ruined."

The Professor looked absolutely confounded at the trick that had been played him; his eye instinctively wandered to the region of Secretiveness; but the envious head-dress guarded the organs from his penetrating glance. He had not a grain of deceit or intrigue in his disposition. The poor Professor was as honest as the day. He had been fairly outwitted; but while he was pondering over the matter, Sarah and Kate Dalton had enticed the pretty delinquent into giving them a faithful description of her experience in the cast-taking process.

"Now, my dear, pray lay aside your usual levity of tongue," said Mrs. Lillestone, "and make use of the fine sense that you are endowed with, in describing the operation to these young ladies. Lay aside all exaggeration, and let us have nothing but the unalloyed truth. You know the saying, my dears, that truth is stranger than fiction."

The girls exchanged glances, the Professor took a large pinch of snuff, seated himself by the table, and began sketching phrenological developments on the visiting cards from the card basket.

"Well, my dears, as I like to be very pre-

cise and particular, I shall begin at the beginning, and tell you that when my cousin Edward came to visit mamma and me in Dublin, he took it into his wise head to imagine that my wig covered a splendid set of organs. How he came to think so is more than I can say; but I believe he had not seen you, Sarah, at that time, so he might have fallen *a leetle*, *only a very leetle* in love with me. Well, he worried me day by day, till at last, in an evil hour, I was rather in love with a new tête that I had seen. I was, you see, tempted by the promises he voluntarily made of elegant head-dresses and point lace lappets, if I would only consent to have my head shaved. Moreover he vowed eternal gratitude, and that not an eyebrow nor an eyelash should be removed during the process.

"One morning, after a deal of fuss on my part, and vows," here she stole a glance at the Professor, "and protestations on his, I came down without my wig, and, to do the dear unsuspecting soul justice, he never questioned the trick I had played him, but fairly overwhelmed me with the excess of his gratitude." [A low deep growl from the Phrenologist.]

"Now, Kate Lillestone, how could you be so deceitful? I really am half angry with you myself for imposing on Edward's good nature," said Sarah, who felt a sort of natural indignation at her beloved having been so duped.

"My dear girl, do not open your black eyes so wide, and look so indignant at poor me. After all, you know it was only my cousin, and then he is very rich, and could very well afford to pay handsomely for this precious pericranium of mine. Why, the very development of the organs of Acquisitiveness, Secretiveness, and Caution was worth a great deal."

"And the absence of Conscientiousness," growled out the Professor, in an under tone.

"Go on, if you please, Miss Lillestone," said her mother, "there is no end to your digressions. Your friends are all attention."

"Hear, hear, hear!" softly whispered Kate Dalton, clapping her hands under the flower-stand.

"The first thing," resumed the fair narrator, "that my cousin did, was to send for a pint bottle of the finest rose oil—I preferred it to Macassor—a fine damask towel was wrapped about my neck and shoulders, and then, Selwyn, mama's maid, deluged my poor bare head, and anointed my eye-brows and eye-lids, with the oil, with a camel's-hair pencil. I was then led with great state into the laundry, where stood the long ironing dresser, and whither my good cousin had preceded me with his factotum, John Allen, who was busily employed mixing a pailful of plaster-of-Paris with water—it looked marvellously like hasty pudding. The apparatus consisted of a pewter basin with a broad flat rim to it like a pie dish only there was a hollow place to admit the back of my neck, a whipcord, some small thin wooden wedges, a little mallet, a great iron spoon, like a dripping-ladle, and a white sheet.

"My curiosity became greatly excited. I began to regard myself as a living sacrifice to the sublime truths of science, as mamma consolingly told me. I was enveloped in the white sheet. I ascended the three-legged stool beside the ironing board, and giving my hand to my cousin, resigned myself unresistingly to my fate. My executioner, for as such at that minute I regarded him, lowered me gently down till my head gradually sunk into the pewter basin of cold—wet—plaster!"

"How did you feel, Kate?"

"An icy shudder ran through my blood. I felt as if suddenly transported to the polar regions. Another minute, and I was completely *fixed*, as the Yankees say. The plaster began to set, and in other two minutes a genial warmth began to take place of the icy coldness I had at first experienced. Warmer and warmer became the plaster, and I now began to entertain some fear of being baked alive in my crust by some mysterious process."

"I would have started up and made my escape," said Kate Dalton.

"My dear child, the thing was impracticable; besides, my curiosity was now aroused, and I was heroically resolved to see the end of the Parisian plaster mysteries at all hazards. In about five minutes' time the back of the cast was set. I thought the worst was over, but I was mistaken. The divine part of the ceremony was yet to come. The Professor now came, and carefully arranged the little wedges along the rim of the pan, or mould, and then, having wetted the piece of string, laid it over my head, bringing it down over my forehead, along the bridge of my nose, mouth, and chin, till it rested on my breast. It felt like a cold worm creeping along my flesh. He then introduced two straws into my nostrils."

"What were the straws for?" asked Sarah in utter amazement.

"To breathe through, my dear. While Edward was arranging the wedges, Allen, his assistant, was mixing a fresh bowl of plaster, and in another minute came to the side of my bier, as I designated the table, whereon I lay like a shrouded corpse. 'Now, Kate, not a word: do not start or stir for your life.' I was as mute as a fish, wondering what was to come next. Presently, dab went a great spoonful of cold plaster on my head—another and another; then came a spoonful on my right ear, then over my left. I became deaf to all sounds, save the ringing and singing in my own head and a far off, faint, hollow murmurs, such as I once heard in St. Paul's, when I staid beneath the dome and listened to the distant sounds of the city bells coming to my ears like the beating of the ocean's waves

upon the sea-shore. And now a new sensation came—that of utter darkness, blindness that might be felt, so complete, so intense was the blackness that every particle of light was banished. Presently a brick wall seemed built against my teeth. I became dumb. An intolerable weight was on my throat. I felt suffocating."

"I would have screamed out when the plaster came on my face."

"So would I; but I remembered having seen the cast of a little fellow, Archy Bell (not the cat), who opened his mouth to cry, just as a spoonful of plaster came upon it, which he spat out, and caused an awful chasm in the face, like the rugged edges of the crater of a volcano; and having endured so far, I manfully resolved to bear all to the end."

"And how did you feel when hearing, and sight, and speech were all shut out?" asked Kate Dalton.

> "I felt like a warrior taking his rest,
> With his martial cloak around him."

"Nonsense, my dear; but how did you feel? Do tell me."

"Exactly like a person who had been buried alive, and has had the supreme felicity of awakening to life in his coffin."

"Horrible!" exclaimed Sarah, shuddering. "Well, go on; how did you get out of your tomb?"

"The warmth of the plaster, the weight, and want of breath made the few minutes that I lay seem an age. Presently I heard as though my tomb were invaded by resurrection men. I was sensible of hammering and a noise, as if of bricks and mortar being knocked about my head. This was the removing of the wedges, then some one took the end of the string and ripped up the cast, it cracked; then my cousin, taking each side of the mask, tore it from my face. I felt as if my skin were accompanying it. But oh! the delight of the deep-drawn breath of delicious air, the sight, the hearing restored! Of one thing I am sure, that I never felt so truly grateful for the use of those precious senses before, and so new and singular were the ideas that crowded in upon me as I lay there in the darkness and silence of the grave, that, now that it is past, I think I would not have foregone the experience of those few minutes—strange and disagreeable as in some respects they were. —for a great deal. I would certainly rather have had my cast taken than have gone to a delightful party."

"Kate, Kate, this levity is very unbecoming a girl of your age."

"Dear mamma, do you know that I am nearly twenty-one, and if you talk so seriously about my age, people will begin to think that I must be very venerable. Now, Sarah, has my fascinating description decided you in favor of having your cast taken?"

"It has decided me [the Professor looked up] that nothing on earth shall tempt me to run such a fearful risk of my life." The head of the Professor sank on his breast again.

"And how did you look, my dear, after your resurrection?"

"I looked a perfect wretch. I might have fancied myself transformed into a bricklayer's slave. My head was covered with mortar, as if I had been carrying a hod on it. When the inner cast was finished, and the outer mask was taken off, and the roughnesses all smoothed and polished, and Edward with great satisfaction introduced me to my second self. I had the mortification of finding that I had hollow cheeks, and a long chin and nose considerably off the line of beauty. My vanity received a severe shock. In fact, I felt a marvellous inclination to knock my double down and that ungrateful cousin of mine. Instead of rewarding me for the great sacrifice I had so disinterestedly made for the good of his pet science, he had the barbarity to assure me that I had a great many of the bad organs largely developed, and few of the good ones. So, of course, I voted Phrenology a—"

"Humbug! you were about to say," broke in the Professor.

"Exactly so, my dear cousin."

"Have you done, Miss Lillestone?" said her mother, reprovingly.

"Yes, mamma, for I am perfectly exhausted. I am sure I must have convinced my auditors that if I have nothing else, that I have the organ of—"

"Prate!" said the Professor, rising, and tossing into his cousin's lap a clever caricature sketch of the scene she had so ably described.

And did the Professor gain his point? Yes, my dear reader. Sarah's father returned from abroad, and in less than one month Sarah and the Professor were married, and very soon after the wedding a beautiful cast of the bride's head graced a marble pedestal in the Professor's studio; but cousin Kate was not one of the bridesmaids; the honest-hearted philosopher never quite forgot or forgave her outwitting him in the affair of the wig.

C. P. T.

Oaklands, Rice Lake.

EXTRACTS

From an unpublished Poem.

Whilst the wounded heart, that cell,
  Which shuns the gaze of human eye,
Where pain and sorrow only swell
  And riot in their misery.
There Memory holds her secret spell,
  Reviving cherished dreams of yore;
Alas! remembered but too well,
  They only paint our loss the more.

There may we weep and brood alone,
O'er buried hopes of former years,
And never to the world must own
The secret of our silent tears.
Well may they flow—when we are reft
From hope of peace and joy below,
One last poor comfort may be left,
The selfish fullness of our woe.
We turn to dream, to madly think
On days of bliss for ever fled,
For Memory holds the fatal link
Which only breaks when we are dead—
Though bitter be such thoughts again,
Though doomed alone with life to part.
Oh! there is pleasure in the pain
Which paints the idol of our heart!
That paints anew with freshened power
The tear, the sigh, the thrilling kiss
We shared with one in happier hour,
When all our dreams were dreams of bliss
Fondly we dreamt—but now awake,
We know such dreams of bliss are gone:
What rests the fevered fire to slake?
The memory of such dreams alone!

DIETS OF GOLD AND SILVER.

Those among us who are sufficiently in the sunshine of fortune to possess golden luxuries —whether in the form of plates or dish-covers, candlesticks or candelabra, racing-cups or presentation plates, watch-cases or watch-chains, ear rings or finger-rings—are not fully aware of the solicitude with which Her Majesty's Parliament supervises the gold; to see that it is of the right quality; to see—not, perhaps, that all that glitters shall be gold—but that all which is called gold shall have some sort of claim to that designation.

It is of old standing, this supervising authority over the goldsmiths. So long back as the reign of Edward the First, an Act was passed to settle this matter: to determine which, between two kinds of jewellery, shall be deemed the real Simon Pure. No article of gold or silver was to be made with a baser alloy than those named in the Act; and none should pass into the market until its quality had been assayed, and a leopard's head stamped upon it. The Wardens of the Goldsmith's Company were empowered to go from shop to shop among the goldsmiths, to ascertain that the gold employed was of the right "touch," or alloy. Then, Henry the Sixth's Parliament enacted, among things relating to silver, that all silver articles should be at least as fine as "sterling;" that every workman or maker should stamp his mark on every article; and that every maker's private mark should be made known to the Goldsmiths' Company. Several early charters gave to this powerful Company a general control over the gold and silver trade; the wardens were constituted judges of the standards of the precious metals; and they were empowered to search out and destroy all specimens of "deceitful work"—that is, work made of gold or silver below the standard. It was towards the close of the fifteenth century that they were entrusted with the privilege of stamping manufactured goods. In the time of Elizabeth a statute declared the well-known "twenty-two carats" to be the standard quality which all gold manufacturers must reach; that is, an alloy of twenty-two parts of gold to two of silver; while the standard for silver was to be eleven ounces two pennyweights of fine silver in twelve ounces, the rest being copper. The wardens had no bed of roses, it would seem; for an Act passed in 1665 recited, "that the wardens of the said Company, in punishing defaults in the said trade, had been at great charges, and at the peril of their bodies as well as at the loss of their goods; so that the wardens then, on account af the menaces and assaults from the workers, could not put into execution the authority given to them by former charters." The Kings, and Queens, and Parliaments laboured hard to ensure the goodness of the precious wares; for in 1738 a new statute strengthened the provisions of all the old ones, especially as to the standards for gold and silver. There was, however, an exemption in favour of jewellers using gold in certain of the trinkets made by them: the gold might in such cases be lower than the standard. All the goods, when found to be of the proper standard, were to be stamped with the initials of the worker, the arms of the Company, and a distinct variable letter to denote the year; but in mercy to the fragile structure of the tender family of pencil-cases, tweezer-cases, necklace beads, rings, buttons, thimbles, filagrée work, toothpicks, chains, and such-like —they were exempted from the rude visitations of the stamping process.

The Government made use of the Company as a means of insuring the payment of a duty imposed (in 1719) on plate; this duty was sixpence per ounce. The Company kept a sharp eye on the makers, and the Excise on the Company; and assay-papers and receipts were planned with all due formality. The Company were of course not expected to do their work for nothing; they were to receive tenpence for assaying and stamping a gold watch-case, fivepence for a gold buckle, fifteenpence for a gold snuff-box, half-a-crown for any piece of gold plate under thirty ounces, and so on. There is a curious use of the word *diet* in the Act just named; it being enacted that, from every piece of silver plate, weighing above four pounds troy sent to be assayed and stamped, the wardens are empowered to take out or detain a diet not exceeding ten grains per pound.

Thus did Parliament reign after reign, throw its protective shield over these luxuries.—The Goldsmiths' Company had at first control over all the kingdom; but similar guilds were afterwards established at Exeter, Bristol, Newcastle, and a few other towns. About the year 1773, the towns of Birmingham and Sheffield, having become somewhat conspicuous for their works in gold and silver, and feeling the annoyance attending the sending of their wares for assay and stamping to distant towns, obtained powers to establish companies under the title of "Guardians of the standard of wrought plate." These bodies were to choose wardens, assayers, and other officers; and we now learn what is the meaning of the *diet* of those towns. The assayer for each town, (Birmingham for instance,) is empowered to scrape eight grains from every troy pound of the silver plate or other article sent to the Company's office to be assayed and stamped; this he equally divides into two little parcels, one of which is immediately locked up in the *assayer's box*, while the other is operated upon. After the assay, the article is broken in pieces if below the proper standard, and the owner has to pay sixpence per ounce for the assay; but if it be standard as above, the article is stamped, and a fee paid according to a certain graduated scale. If the four grains per pound be more than enough for the assay, the overplus goes as a perquisite to the Company. But now for the assayer's box and its contents. If the standard of each piece of plate be right and proper, the remaining little parcel of four grains per pound is taken out of the assayer's box, and with due formality deposited in a more honored recepticle called the *diet-box*. By the end of a year, this box contains diets or samples of all the plate found by assay during the year to be proper in standard. Once a year, the officers of the Company send up this box to the Mint in London; where the Assay-master tries the little bits or diets, in order to see that the Birmingham assayer has not departed from the true standard: if he has, his pocket is made to suffer.

These Birmingham and Sheffield guilds, like those of London, York, Exeter, Bristol, Chester, Norwich, and Newcastle, were made a kind of cat's-paw for the Government, in respect to an increased duty of 8s. per ounce on gold manufactures and 6d. per ounce on those of silver, imposed in 1784. The wardens, after assaying and stamping, were to receive the duty before returning the articles; the Excise demanded it of them whether they had received it or not; so we may be pretty sure that the wardens of the respective Companies did not let the owners escape scot-free. The owners paid the duty to the Companies; the Companies handed it over to the Excise; and the Excise gave them 6d. in the pound for their trouble.

As there is no good reason why all the world should agree about these standards of purity, it is no wonder that manufacturers should have occasionally tried to obtain some variation. The legislature settled this question, in 1798, by allowing two standards for manufactured gold, one of "twenty-two carats," and the other of "eighteen carats;" the same Companies were to assay and stamp both kinds; and the same stamps were to be employed all excepting the "lion passant," which royal animal was to be exclusively appropriated to the finer kind of gold. So recently as 1844 these little peddlings with industry (for such they are apt to appear in these our free-trade days) were further modified. It had been found that, by stamping gold and silver with the same dies, a little hocus-pocus might possibly enable a dishonest person to pass off a silver gilt article for gold; it was therefore enacted that all the gold articles of "twenty-two carats fine" should be stamped with the mark of a Crown and the figures 12.

All these curious statutes, with a few curious exceptions, are still in force; and form a body of industrial law which is more likely to diminish than increase in future. The great City Companies have in many cases outlived their duties, though by no means outlived their wealth; but the Goldsmiths' Company has still both duties and wealth. The following is pretty nearly the relation, at the present day, between the four parties interested in gold and silver manufactures—the Crown, the Goldsmiths' Company, and the manufacturers, and the public.

Every article made in or near London, of gold and silver, except certain trinkets and small wares, must be sent to the Goldsmiths' Hall near Cheapside. The maker must previously stamp his mark upon it, which mark must be known and approved by the Company. It is assayed at the Hall; it is broken up and returned if below the proper standard, but stamped and returned if of due quality. The Company employ persons to scrape a few fragments from every article, for the purpose of assay; and these persons, to ensure their thorough knowledge, must have served a seven years' apprenticeship to a goldsmith. There being many gold and silversmiths, and manufacturers of watch-cases and chains, living in and near Clerkenwell, the Goldsmiths' Company, when they rebuilt their Hall some years ago, determined to build it on its present central site, rather than remove it nearer to the Mint. There is a constant running to and fro between the workshops and the Hall; and many losses might occur if the Hall were too far distant. Clarkenwell and Foster Lane are the two poles of an electric chain, having links of silver and gold—a figure, by the way, which we fear is not quite faultless; for these two metals, though electric in a moral sense, are not much so according to lecture-room philosophy.

When the wardens and assayers of the Company are examining the articles sent to them, they have power to reject any in which, according to their judgment, there may have been too much solder employed; because solder being less valuable than the metal soldered, the standard of the whole bulk may perchance be reduced too much. The duties of the Company, therefore, may be said to be fourfold in respect to the principal articles of gold and silver sent to them—viz., to see that the gold or silver is of the proper standard; to see that the silver is not plated silver, or the gold silver-gilt; to see that the solder employed has not been too much in relative weight; to stamp the article when approved; and to receive money when the article is returned to the owner. This money consists of a small sum for the stamping-fee, and a much larger sum for the Government. The present duty —seventeen shillings per ounce for gold, and one shilling and sixpence for silver—is practically reduced to fourteen shillings and twopence, and one shilling and threepence, an allowance of one-sixth being made to the manufacturer for a slight reduction in the weight of each article during the finishing processes; this finishing being always conducted after the assaying and stamping have taken place. The Company pay these duties into the Bank of England, where they are placed to the account of the Receiver of Stamps and Taxes; and the Company, having thus acted as tax-gatherers, are paid for so doing, at the rate of two-and-a-half per cent. The Company receives about four thousand a year from the manufacturers for assaying and stamping, and about two thousand a year from the Government for collecting the tax. There is one deputy-warden appointed by the Company, with a salary, to superintend especially these matters; and under him are an engraver of punches, three assayers, two weighers, three drawers, and a cupel-maker.

Boys carry the articles of plate between Clerkenwell and Foster Lane. Let us suppose that young Tom Simmons, a Clerkenwell apprentice, arrived or arriving at years of discretion sufficiently to be trusted, takes a piece of unfinished plate to Goldsmith's Hall. The weighers ascertain the weight, calculate the duty at so much per ounce, set down the fee required for assaying and stamping, and enter the items in due form. The drawers or scrapers then take the piece of plate in hand. They examine it to see that the several parts all belong properly to each other, and that it is not charged with a suspiciously large amount of solder. This examination being satisfactorily concluded, they draw or scrape a few fragments from the surface of the article, just sufficient for the purposes of assay; and if there be a shadow of suspicion that there are different qualities of metal in different parts of the article, the scraper is applied to all those parts, and a fair average made of the whole. Then comes the third stage in the history: the drawers hand over the little fragments to the assayers, who proceed to determine whether the metal be up to the standard. If all be right up to this time, the drawers again take the piece of plate, and stamp it with the requisite marks. If all be not right, if the metal be lower than the standard, the article is retained until the following day; it is again tried, and if again found wanting, it is broken up; but if the manufacturer, willing to save his poor bantling, should ask for a third trial, and should be willing to pay another shilling for it, he can do so: the third verdict is final, there being no appeal against it; and the broken piece of glitter is sent home in disgrace. But *our* piece of plate we of course assume to be standard. After the assayers have reported well of it, and the drawers have stamped it, the weighers re-weigh it; and then there is very little else to be done before Tom takes home the piece of plate to his master's.

The principle of adulteration (pity that we should have to use such a term) sometimes creeps into these golden products. The maker of a watch-case may, if he be less honest than his compeers, make some of the tiny bits of less than perfect metal; but the drawers baffle him; they scrape from all the parts, good and bad; and if there happen to be former peccadillos attached to his name, the scrapings are made yet more carefully; and he must abide by the average result of the whole. The assayers are not allowed to know to whom the several little packets of scrapings belong; these are wrapped up separately by the drawers, with certain private marks and numbers, and are placed in boxes; and the assayers take them from the boxes, assay them, and report the results, without knowing who are the parties affected by their decision. Thus are there one or two hundred assays, more or less, made every day at the Hall: one assayer confining his attention to gold, and two others to silver

The Company, in order to have some test that their servants have properly performed the duties entrusted to them, hold a kind of annual scrutiny—an assay of a more formal nature. Portions of the scrapings resulting from the assays made during the year, amounting possibly to fifty thousand, are kept, sufficient to form a judgment on the whole. The practical members of the Company are convened—leaving out the noble lords and right honourable gentlemen who somehow become members of this as of the other great City Companies—and the parliament, or jury, or judges, or arbitrators, or scrutineers (call them which we may) melt down the scrapings, and make a very careful assay of them; the result of this assay shows whether or not the three assayers have done their year's work well.—But the *diet* of the Birmingham and Sheffield

assay is more official and more imperative; we must briefly notice it.

The golden doings of Birmingham have undergone very considerable changes within the last few years. Time was when the "toy-shop of Europe" produced immense quantities of gilt toys, which occupied some thousands of hands; the buckles, the snaps, the clasps, the earrings, the bracelets, the rings, the brooches—as well as other articles which we may designate toys, or trinkets, or sham-jewellery—were thrown upon the market most unsparingly. Such is not now the case; and many causes have led to the change. Fashion has, in many instances, refused to sanction that which she formerly applauded; the gold became thinner and thinner upon the toys, until people began to be ashamed to call it gold at all; the French showed that they could make gilt-toys presenting more graceful designs than our own; while the designation of "Brummagem goods" became rather humbling to those who decked themselves therewith. Thus the gilt-toy trade has declined in that town; but others have arisen which place the golden labours of the townsmen on a better footing. The manufacture of good jewellery has increased; while the rise and spread of the remarkable electro-plating process have given an immense impetus to the employment of the precious metals at Birmingham. How the Birmingham men use their gold and silver, it is not our province here to describe: Suffice it here to speak of the official inspection of the gold and silver work produced.

The diets or small parcels of scrapings, as mentioned in a former page, are sent up to London from Birmingham in the diet-box, and placed in the hands of the Queen's Assay-master. Here they are examined and assayed, and tested with certain gold and silver trial plates made expressly for this purpose. If the quality be below standard, the Birmingham Assay-master is fined; but if it be equal or superior to standard, a certificate is returned, which is an acquittal for a whole year's labours. A certificate for the Birmingham gold assays takes somewhat the following form: "These are to certify that, having this day duly assayed and tried the gold Diet from Birmingham, of twenty-two carats of fine gold, and two carats of alloy, and also the gold Diet of eighteen carats of fine gold, and six carats of alloy, pursuant to Act of Parliament 5 Geo. 4, sess. 1824, and having made such trials in presence of ——, especially appointed by the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury to attend the same; I find, in comparison with the respective gold trial plates made for that purpose, that the Diet of twenty-two carats fine is ——, and the Diet of eighteen carats fine is —— the said trial plates, and do therefore report that the said Diets are sufficiently fine, and fully conformable to the true intent and meaning of the Act aforesaid." The Queen's Assay-master signs this certificate, in which there are blanks left for indicating whether the gold is "equal to" or "superior to" the standards respectively referred to.

Query: If the Government duty were abandoned on the one hand, and the Companies' privileges on the other—if manufacturers and purchasers were allowed to make their own bargains uninfluenced by all this official parade—would it not be better and cheaper in the end that these diets should die away? Are they not relics of the same antiquated system which at one time gave curfew laws, and at another temporary laws? When trades are too young to run alone they are protected; but they are all getting out of leading-strings now-a-days, one by one. Gold and silver working is certainly an old trade; but, (we wish to leave room for correction) it may just possibly not be old enough to be left to itself.—*Household Words.*

GOMEROCK CASTLE;

OR, THE GRAVE OF THE UNKNOWN.

When Dartmouth sent a goodly company of 750 men, and above thirty ships, to assist the third Edward at the siege of Calais—and when, to avenge himself for wrongs done on his coast, the Admiral of Bretague attempted a descent on Darmouth, and his army was driven precipitately back into their ships, leaving the Lord Duchastel, with other officers of rank slain in fight, and 100 men prisoners to the gallant defenders of the town—and when the Lancastrian party availed themselves of its security and shipping during the Wars of the Roses, Darmouth was a place of great importance.

The Castle of Gomerock, towering high on the left bank of the entrance to the harbour, was deemed a post of considerable strength.—At the base of the rock on which it was built, a few feet above the water, stood a strong square tower, serving as an outwork to the Castle, but more especially intended to guard the chain which was laid from thence to Dartmouth Castle, to protect the haven against the incursions of the enemy.

The spot to which the chain was attached is still to be seen—steps and platforms cut in the rock may still be traced, though nearly obliterated by time and winter seas. The walls of the Castle of Gomerock are still standing; but those which formed the tower below it are nearly lost, leaving little more than the floor of the lower story, cut out of the solid rock, as proof of that which must have stood upon it. The smaller stones and mortar of which the walls were composed concealed the floor, forming a shapeless mass, from one to three feet thick.

Of the time when these walls were thrown down there is no record; but as the Castle is not mentioned amongst the forts and block-houses occupied by the soldiery during the

contest between King Charles and the Parliament, when Dartmouth was twice besieged, and in turn taken by each party, it must have been then a ruin.

Some labourers were lately employed to clear away the materials which covered its floor, and had barely commenced their work when the skeleton of a human being, which lay scarcely concealed below the grass they were removing, excited their astonishment.

"It would have been a dismal job," said one of the labourers, "to have been working here alone, for who can tell what may have happened to the poor creature."

The skeleton was lying on its back, with the head turned, as if resting, when buried, on the right shoulder, the left arm uplifted above the head, whilst the right was close to the body. The whole bore testimony to a hasty interment.

The men eagerly told of what had happened when they returned to Kingswear. The story flew from mouth to mouth; and, on the second day after the discovery, the man who found the bones informed his fellow-labourers that he had no doubt of their being the remains of a woman, for he had heard a story which went strongly to prove it. "There was a woman," said he, "more than a century ago, who used to frequent that Castle. She was often seen wandering about the adjoiniug cliffs, but suddenly disappeared; and I have no doubt but these bones must be the remains of that unfortunate creature."

The man whom he addressed smiled at his story, for he was a stranger; and the other, vexed at his want of faith, continued—"You may smile, but I could name the persons who have seen a woman's form pass close before them here, in the night, and suddenly be lost. Strange things were spoken of before our master came to live here: noises were heard, and Mountain's Gate has opened for the traveller without mortal hands."

Who Mountain was, that gave to that mysterious gate his name, or why the house in which he dwelt was suffered to decay, and a small portion only to remain to mark the spot, no one can tell. But at the time it stood there, it was the last from Kingswear; beyond it there was no trace of house or dwelling, save only the ruins of Gomerock Castle, and a square tower which stands upon the rocks, more distant towards the sea, and of more modern character.

A surgeon, who visited the spot, decided that it was the skeleton of a man; for, although there was little doubt that it had been there nearly a century, still the skull was sufficiciently preserved to satisfy him of the fact.—When the place was cleared out, the bones were again buried near the spot where they were found, and a grave raised over them.—The following story, put together from materials which were afterwards collected from the old inhabitants of Kingswear, may stamp it as

"THE GRAVE OF THE UNKNOWN."

Two centuries ago, Kingswear wore a different appearance from that which it does at present. Many of its younger inhabitants were employed in the Newfoundland trade.

About the time of King William's landing at Brixham, William Blackaller was mate of a fine brig, which was chiefly employed in carrying fish from Newfoundland to the Mediterranean.

From the repeated voyages he had made, since he became a stout apprentice, he had acquired a desire to wander; and an old companion of his early life induced him to leave the service in which he had been so long employed, and enter on board a man-of-war. He was well recommended by his old master to the captain of the ship, and proving an expert and gallant seaman, he was in a few years promoted to the rank of a warrant-officer.

No man was more beloved by his companions than Boatswain Blackaller. He had served well at La Hogue, was at the taking of the French and Spanish ships in Vigo Bay, at the capture of Gibraltar in 1704, and at the battle of Velez Malaga, which followed soon after; and when Sir Cloudesley Shovel was wrecked on his homeward passage, with a part of his fleet, after the unsuccessful attempt of Prince Eugene and the Duke of Savoy against Toulon, in 1707, Blackaller was boatswain of the Association, and, with her whole ship's company, perished on the rocks of Scilly.

Blackaller left a widow and some children to mourn his loss. Amongst them was a boy of about eleven years of age, who from the daring spirit which he displayed, was considered "the very image of his father."

The melancholy bereavement which had thus befallen the family excited the feeling of all around them—the more strongly, perhaps, from the vast extent of a calamity in which so many brave men had perished; and William (for so he was named, after his father) was taken as an apprentice by a merchant, then carrying on a considerable business.

According to the general custom of that day, the boy had to spend the summer in Newfoundland, and the winter months in his master's house at Dartmouth. During the latter portion of the year, the apprentices were employed in preparing rigging, and fitting the ships for the next voyage, whilst their evenings were dedicated to such instruction in writing and navigation as would render them fit to fill the situations of mates and masters, as vacancies might arise.

The boy soon became noted both for his learning and seamanship, and he was of that bold and generous spirit, that, if wrong were done to any of his companions by the boys of another house, Blackaller was always the first to avenge the injury, and bear the blame

which should have been laid on other shoulders.

His apprenticeship ended, he still continued in the employ of his master; but a very few years expired before William was lost to his old companions.

He had gone in one of his master's vessels with fish to the West Indies, and whilst the cargo was discharging he suddenly disappeared. His shipmates hunted for him in every direction about the port, but to no purpose.

They could only learn that he had more than once been in company with some strange seamen, belonging (as it afterwards appeared) to a ship which sailed the day after William was missed; but where the vessel belonged, whence she came, or whither bound, no one had any knowledge; yet the manner in which she was handled, and her general appearance, shewed that those who composed her crew were not seamen of an ordinary character.

Years passed away, the widow of Boatswain Blackaller had been interred in the little churchyard of Kingswear, and her family had been so long dispersed that the name was little thought of, when William suddenly returned to the place of his birth. He came in a coasting vessel from London. Few remembered him; and those who did could scarcely recognise, in his sunburnt and careworn countenance, the features of their early companion. His manner was so reserved, and his countenance so full of rebuke if any one attempted to pry into his history, that few dared attempt it a second time; and those who did, only learned that he had been occupied in trade in the West Indies, and had gained enough to enable him to live comfortably at home.

But he came not alone. A beautiful girl, of about ten years of age, engrossed all his attention. Her features were not strictly English, though she was like her father: her quick and large black eye, and general manner, bespoke a Spanish origin, and shewed that she had been born under a more vivid sun than that of Europe.

Maria was sent to school, and her father occupied his time in fishing in a small sailing-boat, which he managed with a dexterity that bespoke the seaman, not the trader; and once he thought of entering into partnership with a man who wished him to purchase half his vessel, but it might cause inquiry about his money, and he as suddenly gave it up.

The inn at the Ferry becoming vacant, he took a lease of it; and when Maria had been three years at school, she returned to be the mistress of her father's house. and do the office of the hostess. His disposition was becoming gloomy, and more than usually reserved; but the return of his favourite child restored him again to himself.

Maria seldom left the bar. She had a mind far above the ordinary stamp of those who lived around her, and had more pleasure in a book than in their society. But her father's house was the resort of many masters of vessels, who, as Maria became more accustomed to her new employment, were drawn by her to the house. Her lively manner and dark eye sold many a bowl of punch, they said, for the good landlord. He, always on his guard, read with a scrutinizing eye every stranger that came to his house; listening to the stories of all, but imparting little in return.

Maria had entered on her twentieth year, when a heavy gale from the south-west, about the middle of September, drove a large ship, bound to the Spanish main, to seek shelter in the harbor. She had lost a part of her masts and rigging, and had sprung a leak, which prevented her from proceeding on her voyage, without considerable repair. It was necessary that her cargo should be taken out, which was a work of time; and her master, having placed himself in the hands of an agent, commenced unloading.

Having heard of Blackaller, and anxious to look at the entrance of the harbor from the Kingswear side, he landed with his mate, and walked for an hour over the hills towards the Mewstone. On their return, they went into the Ferry-house, and ordered a bowl of punch, which was supplied by Maria; and Blackaller being desired to join them, they entered into a conversation which lasted till late in the evening. Indeed, neither of them appeared anxious to leave the house, though neither imparted to the other the cause by which he was detained there.

The captain was a man nearly forty years of age, as bold and daring as Blackaller himself: but he was also of a very irritable temper, and, if thwarted when a little in liquor, he had no restraint upon his passion. Still he was an honest man, and an excellent seaman, and had for years been the favorite captain of his owners.

The mate was the son of a friend of theirs, of the name of Mordaunt, resident in one of the West India islands, upon whom fortune had bestowed a large family, with little means to support them; and Henry, who had been born there was sent to London, to the owners of the ship, who had kindly promised to bring him up.

After he had received an education suited to his future prospects, he was put under the care of the master of the Meridian, (for such was the ship's name,) to be brought up to the sea.

He had now passed his twentieth year, yet he still felt under restraint when in the company of his captain—the natural effect of being so long under his guidance; but it was mixed with that regard for him which his bold bearing, and kindness in time of danger, had inspired; and if it did not amount to respect, it was only because the temper of his captain would sometimes lead him to acts of sudden

violence towards his crew, which destroyed that feeling in the generous mind of the young mariner

Each had been struck by the appearance of Maria, but the captain did not perceive that it was to his mate that her eye was constantly directed, when the interesting matters on which they conversed, the land to which they were bound, unusually rivetted her attention. Nothing passed between her and Henry Mordaunt that could be observed by the other; but when he shook hands with Maria, on leaving the house, there was that secret feeling between them which evinced that each had seen enough of the other to wish for a less restrained meeting—that early fervent feeling of untainted youth, which, ripening with years, will pilot us to the nearest port to heaven in which man can cast his anchor here.

There was a warmth, too, in the manner of the captain, but it was returned only with that courtesy which she felt to be due to him as her father's guest.

The visit to the Ferry-house was frequently renewed; but Henry often stole there, unknown to his captain; and when he was supposed to be at a friend's house in Dartmouth, Maria and he were taking many a delightful walk along the cliffs, scarcely noticed by any one.

The old Castle of Gomerock was a favorite haunt of the young lovers; because there amidst the wild woods that surrounded it, they could plight their mutual faith, unrestrained by the prying eye of curiosity.

The feelings of the captain for Maria had not diminished; yet they had not carried him beyond a marked attention when he was at her father's house; which she always received with a frankness, which by some might be thought unfair to him in her situation. But she had been made aware of his temper; and if she feared to rouse it, who could blame her? She hoped, indeed, that nothing would be said by him about her; and that when he should leave the port he would forget her, as he had many a one before.

As the ship's cargo was again being put on board, and the time of her departure drew near, his visits to her father were more frequent and his attentions to Maria more decided; at length the vessel was declared fit for sea, and the pilot dropped her down into the Bight, to be ready to sail with the early morning tide, which would turn about four.

The moon was near the full, the evening beautifully serene, the captain had gone on shore to settle his accounts, and take his last dinner with the agent, who had invited a few friends to drink success to the voyage.

All was ready on board, when Henry, availing himself of the opportunity, landed at Kingswear for the last time. Maria had anxiously expected him, and a few minutes brought them to their favorite haunt. They wandered about unconscious of time, until at last they found themselves seated on the walls of the little Castle, close to the water; for there, under the shadow of the cliff, they could freely speak of all their future hopes, and pledge their mutual vows of constancy.

Henry had just taken from his bosom a locket with his mother's hair, which she had given him, when he first left her for England, and which he prized as his own life; and with a feeling, which those who have not experienced it can little understand, had hung it on his Maria's neck, charging her to look on it daily as the dearest token of his affection, the sole remains to him of a most kind and valued mother, when they were suddenly startled by the hoarse and angry voice of the captain—

"I have found you at last!" he exclaimed; "and with Maria!"

Inflamed with fury, he collected all his strength, and struck the mate a blow which felled him to the ground. Maria shrieked, and, whilst the captain bent over his victim, she escaped far enough up the path to be unperceived by him, whilst she watched, with wild anxiety, the scene which was to follow. She thought she saw the captain lift Henry up, and place him on the spot where he had been before seated. She heard a low voice, but from whom it came she could not tell; the horror of what she had witnessed kept her rivetted to the spot on which she stood; but when she saw the captain turn suddenly round, as if to seek her, she fled precipitately from the spot, and, entering her house, reachd her room, she knew not how.

Her father had not noticed her return, and, throwing herself on her bed, she swooned away. Recovering from her faintness, she burst into a violent flood of tears, which so far relieved her mind as to recall her wandering thoughts. Her first impulse was to go the door, and watch for those she had left at the Castle; for the ship's boat was at the Ferry-slip, and some of her crew were seated in the kitchen, in deep conversation with her father. All was still as death without. Maria's anxiety was too great to allow her to remain at the door; she stole unconsciously up the steps, and wandered on towards the Castle; but had only proceeded a short distance, when she heard a footstep. She listened attentively. It was approaching, but it was that of a single person; and before she could decide what course to take, the captain had seized her hand.

"Dearest Maria!" he said, "into what a state of mind have you unconsciously brought me! I loved you, and I believed that I was not indifferent to you. I saw you smile upon my mate, but I did not regard it. The event of to-night has opened my eyes to the truth. He is faint from the blow which, in my drunken fury, I struck him; and I have left him on the seat where I found you. My boat is at the slip. I will pull directly to the place, and carry him off to the ship; and to-morrow, be-

fore we sail, if it be too early to come on shore, he shall write to you by the pilot. Farewell, dear Maria !" he added, "do not go there, as my men will meet you; but wait upon the cliff, and you will see me perform my promise. Farewell!" he repeated, but it was in a voice which was not natural to him; and when she recovered from the wild feelings which this unexpected conversation had created, a chill came over her, for which she could not account.

"The captain's manner," she said to herself, "is so changed, and there was a sort of trembling motion in his hand when he took leave of me."

She was still absorbed in these thoughts when she heard the oars of the captain's boat, and soon saw her go to the ship. In a few minutes, she was again on her way to the Castle; and with streaming eyes poor Maria watched every movement that she fancied was taking place at the spot where she had left her lover. In her anxiety, she fancied that the boat was a much longer time there than could be necessary for taking him on board, and a thousand conjectures crossed her mind; but they fled as fast as they came. At last she saw the boat moving towards the ship, which was too close under the opposite shore to allow Maria to see who went on board. She could only hope all was right; and that the morning would bring her a letter, if Henry could not come himself.

Exhausted with the various scenes through which she had passed, she at length tore herself from the spot, and retired hastily to bed, but not to sleep. She no sooner composed herself, as she believed, than the dreadful blow which the captain had given her lover rung in her ears, and his dying body seemed to lie before her. She started from her pillow, but found it a delusion. Again she tried to sleep, and the dying man appeared more plainly than before. He spoke—blessed her—and bade her adieu, for ever. She sprung from her bed, but ere she reached the floor, she fainted; and when she again came to herself, the visions which had appeared to her in the night were so stamped upon her fevered brain, that she could scarcely doubt of their reality.

"This state of suspense," she said to herself, "is too dreadful. I will go to the cliff. I can then gaze on his vessel. I may see him, perhaps coming to me."

Full of these thoughts, she hastily dressed herself, and reached the spot from whence she had watched the boat on the preceding night.

Morning had begun to dawn, and there was light enough to shew her that the ship was gone.

"I will follow it," she said. "I may see her again before she clears the land."

The thought gave her strength, and she ran along the cliffs, until she could see the Start Point.

The sun had now risen so far above the horizon, and cast its beams so brightly across the bay, that the ship was clearly visible, though it had proceeded many miles upon its voyage.

"What can this mean?" she thought. "He was to come to me, or to have sent a letter by the pilot. But there has been no boat from the vessel; for I should have heard the oars, if I could not have seen it." Again the visions of the night, mixed with the real scenes she had witnessed, rushed on her mind, and so oppressed her, that she unconsciously wandered back to the Castle. She wished to descend to the fatal spot, from which in her alarm, she had so precipitately fled; yet a stronger feeling seemed to check the wish, and it was some time before she could compose herself sufficiently to undertake the task. Half frantic, she knew not why, she hurried tremblingly down the winding path that led to it, anxious to discover, by the appearance of the ground where Henry had fallen, what had been the conclusion of the terrible scene of the preceding night, great was her horror on finding that the grass had been recently removed, and hastily replaced; and that the earth which had been taken from beneath it lay scattered upon the rocks, over which it had been cast into the sea. "It is clear, then," she said, "that it was not a dream, but a dreadful reality. I *did* see him, and he did indeed bid me farewell—and for ever!"

She fell senseless on the grave.

When she recovered her senses, she endeavoured to collect all her energy to leave the spot unperceived, and return home. At length she accomplished her object: and when her father asked her what had detained her so long, he turned away before she could attempt a reply; for his Maria was everything to him, and the tears which streamed down her cheeks confirmed his suspicions of her attachment, whilst they prevented any further inquiry into the real cause of her dejection.

Night after night would poor Maria wander to the spot where her lover lay, and sit and watch, by moonlight, the turf that covered his cold remains—clasping the locket to her bosom, or bathing it in tears, until her mind became half frantic: and when the paroxysm of grief was over, so dreadful a gloom would follow, that her father, alarmed at her wretched condition, tried, by every means in his power, to divert her attention, and restore her to her former cheerfulness. It was to no purpose—all around appeared to her a perfect blank; she heeded little what was said to her; her wanderings were her only solace: these became more freqnent, but her nightly sufferings were known to no one. Still she struggled against misery, and was always ready to do her duty in the house—to join her father at his meals, and watch over him with the most affectionate solicitude. In her more tranquil

moments, she felt that he was all that was left to her—the only living soul for whom she had any regard.

One morning, she came not down at her usual hour. Her father, alarmed, hastened to her room. Her bonnet and cloak were gone—it was clear she had not slept there. "Gracious Heaven!" he said; "what can have happened?"

He hurried to the Castle as fast as his old and trembling limbs would carry him; but all was peace and solitude. He searched the cliffs—he called loudly on his Maria; but no voice answered him.

Half frantic, he returned to his house. As he entered, he heard some pilots talking anxiously in the kitchen.

"I knew not what it was," said one; "but I swear I saw it spring from the rock, and disappear."

"And so did I," said another. "We were just passing between the Castles,—it was about eleven o'clock; the moon was up, and we were taking out the brig bound up the Straits. I was at the helm,—and I would swear it must have been the ghost of a woman. I never was so frightened; it disappeared so suddenly. The boy Hamilton was looking over the larboard gangway, and he saw it as well as I did."

"When did you see it?" exclaimed Blackaller, who by this time had reached the room. "Where did you see it? what was it like? Speak, man!"

"It was like a tall woman," he replied: "it was on the rocks under the old Castle."

"It was my Maria! Her frenzied brain could no longer bear the weight of its misery, and she has——" but before he could finish his sentence, Blackaller had fallen lifeless on the ground.

His manly heart, which had braved a thousand dangers, had lost the only tie that bound him to the world,—the beloved resemblance of her whose life he had saved at the peril of his own, and who had forsaken kindred and friends to share the fate of the captain of the "Black Rover."

He could have led again his long-lost gallant crew on the most desperate enterprise, and looked calmly on death in every shape; but the last strand of the cable by which his storm-worn bark was moored to life, had parted—his whole soul was bound up in that of his Maria.

Yet the mate's body lay not in the ruins of the Castle.

A seaman, in a wind-bound ship about to sail, had breathed his last, and his captain (as was too often the custom, to save the expenses of a funeral, and yet not cast the body into the sea) brought it to that spot, and buried it, soon after the mate had been carried on board his ship.

The varied scenes of that eventful night had detained the captain and crew of the Meridian till a late hour. A slight breeze from the land enabled the captain to leave the port without waiting for tide or pilot; and thus, in the confusion and distress which his conscious mind now told him he had brought upon himself, he sailed, without fulfilling his last promise to Maria. And if the kind forgiveness of the mate had not wrought an entire change in his fierce temper during their voyage, the sad tidings which awaited their return to England made him indeed an altered man. Henry Mordaunt was ever after to him as an injured son; he was his only care through life; and if the captain's future conduct was a proof of a repentant mind, he died in peace.

The family of Blackaller has long ceased to exist in Kingswear. Some poor relations shared by will the little wealth old William had accumulated, which, if won in strife and blood, was well bestowed on those whom he had long assisted in their honest struggles against biting poverty. It was bestowed on one condition—that he should be buried in the churchyard of his native place, beside his long-lost mother, without any stone to mark his grave. And those who shared his money felt it might be wise in them never to name their benefactor.

No trace where he was laid can now be found. If he had drawn a pirate's sword, let all who hear the story of his life pause and scan their own before they cast a stone at that of William Blackaller.

MORNING, NOON, AND NIGHT.

1.

In the morning of our days,
  Pleasure's sun shines bright;
And basking in its rays,
  Scarce we mark time's flight.
So warm our pulses roll,
  Sorrow shuns the strife;
The longings of the soul
  Are for life—sweet life!

2.

Noon comes—the sultry noon
  Of life's fervid day:
As tides obey the moon,
  So at passion's sway
Our pulses madly roll,
  Yet, with pleasure rife,
Each longing of the soul
  Still is life—dear life!

3.

The twilight of our days
  Like a cloud comes down;
And o'er hope's shining ways
  Casts a shadow brown.
Life's streams forget to roll,
  At Love's fitful breath;
And now and then the soul
  Thinks of death—sad death!

4.

Drear night delays not now:
Who shall paint that night?
Care riots on the brow,
Where time's snow lays white!
Our pulses slowly toll
Like the grave-knell's breath,
And longs the weary soul
Now for death—sweet death!

Erro.

THE JINGLE.*

BY MISS MARGARET ORMSBY FITZGERALD.

"Poor thing! poor thing!" she exclaimed, and her eyes filled with tears as they rested upon the shattered form borne towards her. "Gently, gently, Owen, raise your side a little; that will do; come in this way. Look, look! it will knock against the door frame. Set her down very easy,—there now, send Ellen to me, and if you see Honor in the yard, tell her I want her; and then you may go back and see if you can help McCarthy to settle up his car, for the sooner he is on the road the better, as he is to call to the doctor."

Her directions were followed, and with the assistance of the maids she, in a few minutes, consigned the unfortunate lady to her neat looking bed. While undressing her a paper had fallen on the floor, it was an open letter, and Mary laid it on the mantle shelf as, hearing her name called, she left the room. It was McCarthy who had just arrived with the children, and delivering them into her hands; as he bade them good bye, and God bless them, he added, as he left the house, that he would send the poor crayther's luggage by the workmen.

THE CLOSE OF LIFE.

The room was darkened, but one beam of daylight stole through a chink in the closed shutters, and played amid the curls of that fair child, as she silently passed her hand over the fur of a tortoise-shell kitten which lay quietly in her lap. She was sitting on the floor in the centre of the room, the laugh of happy childhood was upon her lips, but it died away unuttered, for she had been told that she must be very quiet. A transient cloud would occasionally pass over that face as her dark eye, wandering for a moment from the purring plaything, glanced with a bewildered expression upon the bed. Beside that bed sat her brother, every gleam of gaiety banished from his thoughtful countenance, and his dark blue eyes overshadowed by their dark fringes, resting fixedly upon the face of his mother, as she lay deathless and motionless beside him. He knew that she breathed though he could be scarcely said to hear the almost inaudible respirations, and a faint, low moan would show that she was not insensible, he started as the sounds of horses hoofs trotting along the "borein" which led to the house was heard, and a moment after the door opened, and a short, vulgar looking man entered the room, followed by Mrs. McLoughlin.

"She must be removed," he said, in a low voice, pointing to the child, who catching the words looked up imploringly in his face, as she said, "Indeed, indeed, I will be very quiet!" The Doctor made no reply but passed on.

A week had passed in alternate hopes and fears on one side, in pain and torture on the other; fever had come to hasten the march of death, and the delicate frame and worn out constitution of the widow sunk under the accumulated load of ills. Who can tell the weight of the burden, as sickness, sorrow, and anxiety, pressed upon her in that dark hour! Who can tell the agony of those hours of delirium, when in the thick coming and half formed imaginings, that chased each other across her brain, were mingled the sorrow of the past, the suffering of the present, and the anxiety and uncertainty of the future; where the living and the dead appeared to press indiscriminately around her, all with the stony eye, the bloodless lip, and the livid hue of death. The loved and lost were there but not as she had loved and known them; like the rest they came, bearing the impress of the grave, and then they changed and took hideous forms and shapes of nameless horror. But, still, she felt they were the same; one only remained unaltered—it needed not the colorless lip, the pale brow, the black hair falling in masses damp with the dews of death, over the wan, cold cheek, as she had seen her last, when the grave was about to close over her, to assure her that it was her mother; and the eyes, without expression yet full of horrible meaning—she could not shrink from them, they were ever fixed upon her, with that freezing gaze; and then came unspoken words, and sounds of unutterable horror ringing in her ears; she would have given worlds to shriek, but she could not; her throat was parched and dry, her tongue was paralyzed, and her lips would not move to give utterance to the sound. Oh! in that moment of unspeakable agony, her broken-hearted mother was terribly avenged.

A fortnight had elapsed since Mrs. Herbert had been brought beneath the hospitable roof of the McLoughlin's, and having been, during the last week of that time growing daily worse, it was with more concern than surprise, that they heard the Doctor, the evening on which he paid his last visit, say, as he mounted his horse, I do not think that she can outlive the night.

Slowly that evening passed on, and there were more gloomy countenances and sad hearts gathered round that kitchen hearth, than had been seen there during the eighteen

* Continued from page 251, vol. 2.—Concluded.

years it had been in Thady's possession. The song, the jest, the laugh, were hushed, and the few words which were spoken from time to time, and could hardly be called conversation, were uttered in a subdued whisper. The angel of death hovered near them and cast his shadow over that fireside.

The fire was burning brightly as the kind-hearted farmer's wife entered the sick chamber. The strong light of the blazing bog-wood flickered unsteadily upon the walls, and gave a startlingly life-like motion to the inanimate objects within the room, while the laboring respirations of the dying woman fell heavily upon the ear, and contrasted painfully with the light and regular breathing of the children who slumbered peacefully at the opposide of the apartment.

It is at all times an oppressively nervous thing to watch alone by the bedside of the dying, and we must not pronounce Mary to be either very superstitious or very silly, if as she sat alone through all that long night on her low stool, her breath came faster, and the color heightened upon her cheek, as the shadows danced and quivered in the firelight, or that she started and commenced reckoning half audibly the stitches in the stocking she was knitting, to chase the fast thronging fancies, as a gust of wind swept by with a moaning sound, and dashed the rain against the windows, or as it swelled and died away like a wail for the departed.

Slowly and heavily the night had worn on, when a moan and a muttered sound brought her to the side of the sufferer. As she put a drink to her lips she almost started at the change which had taken place in that face; the flushed cheek had become ghastly pale, the flashing light of fever had departed from the glassy and darkening eye, and upon the lately burning brow, the dews of death were stealing. She almost shuddered as those large eyes, from which lustre and expression had vanished, were slowly turned upon her, seeming more deadly black when contrasted with the ashy paleness of the countenance; the white lips moved, she spoke, and the hoarse and broken tones, gasped out between oppressed breathings, grated harshly upon the ear. "Bring me my children," said that hollow voice; they were brought. Oh! it was sad to see that young mother and her children. What a contrast was there! They scarcely snatched from the land of dreams, with drowsy eyelids lingeringly opening upon one of reality; the flush of slumber was yet upon their cheeks, and an almost tearful brilliancy in their half closed eyes; there were they in the bud and beauty of childhood, unblighted by sorrow, unnipped by care, unblasted by sin; the scorching beams of passion had not reached them in the morning of life, the dews of innocence yet rested on them, pure and bright as when scattered by the hand of their maker. And there lay the blighted flower, its freshness departed, fragrance and beauty were no longer there, it had drooped and bent beneath the storm which had scattered its petals, and now, plucked from the stem, it lay blighted, withered, crushed.

Who can tell the feelings of that mother, as she gazed with unutterable tenderness upon her children—for the last time. Oh! what a flood of grief is in those words—*the last time.* Strong, indeed, must have been the grasp of sorrow upon that heart, when it could wring forth the tears which now slowly rose, and filled, and overflowed the glazing eye of death. She spoke: how different were her hoarse tones from those which even in the ravings of delirium had sounded musical and sweet!

"My children," she said, "in that broken voice, "you will be shortly motherless,—you must be then—all in all—to each other—for you will be—alone—in the world."

She paused for a few moments after she had uttered the last words in a choking voice, and no sounds broke the stillness of the chamber of death but her thick gaspings and the sobs of the children; and then love—mother's love, struggling with, triumphing over weakness, suffering, death, in broken interrupted words and gasping breathings, how fervently she blessed, how passionately she prayed for them; how impressively she besought them by the memory of her love, to love one another, to let their loneliness, their orphanage, be but an additional bond to bind them the more closely, how earnestly she bade them, in light or shadow, in sunshine or tempest, in joy as in darkness and sorrow, to cling together, through life, till death. And then the boy, with a strange and solemn firmness in one so young, raised his head from the bedclothes, where in the agony of his grief he had buried his face, and vowed a parent's, rather than a brother's love, to the weeping child beside him.

The dying woman had ceased to speak, completely exhausted; and for a moment as she bent over her, Mrs. McLoughlin believed that the spirit had departed: she was mistaken. Again the lips moved, but the words were inaudible. She felt that she was unheard, and an expression of intense pain passed for a moment over the countenance of the sufferer then exerting all her energies, with one dying effort she articulated—letter.

"Yes, yes," said Mary, "I have got it quite safely."

A faint smile curled the lip of the dying woman. Slowly the dark eye closed, as with a sigh,—so low, so faint, you rather fancied than heard it, she expired.

"Every toad carries a diamond in its head," says Hope; but in any known toad was it ever found?

THE EDITOR'S SHANTY.

SEDERUNT XI.

[SCENE:—*The Shanty. Present—The Major, Laird, and Doctor.*]

LAIRD.—Weel, Doctor, what's the gait in your line? hae ye onything new?

DOCTOR.—Since we last met, I have availed myself of a bye-law lately passed by our worshipful Society of Medicine,and was present at the examination of candidates for licence to practice Physic,Surgery, &c. Fully expecting to find the proceedings of so important and essential a body conducted with scrupulous exactness, I provided myself with all the necessary apparatus for note-taking, &c., and settled myself down in as respectable an attitude as a deal bench would permit.

LAIRD.—It's a' richt mon! they wad na' hae' cushioned cheers, as they cud na' expiscate the pheesyological effects o' pressure, so they must 'een mak' the puir body under their thumb-screws illustrate his answers. But tell us noo aboot yon catechism.

DOCTOR.—That's the point. First: of the place. Our friend Cuticle has said so much of the defects of the General Hospital already, that with the certainty of the old pest house being pulled down; I may briefly state that it is in the best room of this worst of buildings, that the Esculapii of Canada are hatched. In the middle of this Doctor's Commons stands a walnut table, such as was formerly used by the denizens of Old York, when its steets *were* muddy—at its eastern end is placed a painted elbow chair for the aged President, and around the thirsty, crumbless board, are six other body-rests for the reception of the corpusses of the Examiners. The-to-be-examined (unfortunate) wretch, is perched off at one corner, at some distance, to prevent the possibility of his getting information from "the understandings" of the table. At a small settle by the window sits the Secretary with all the insignia of office, consisting of blank licences, old pens, wafers, &c. The minutes of the previous meeting being read and confirmed, the President then orders the Secretary to summon each in his turn the candidates for licences.

LAIRD.—Div ye mean to say, mon, that a lairned body o' Breetons wa'd sit doon to a solemn business without a wee drappie to sustain failing natur?

DOCTOR.—True, as you are alive, there they sat as I saw them, dry as one of the bones before 'em, and cold as the wind outside. But take a correct view of our learned medicine men from the scene I'm about to give:

The Secretary passed to the door and summoned in his usual "sweet Irish accent,"—Mr. Seth Obed. Bramble! In answer to this summons, in walked a ponderous nondescript sort of being, by his dress, which savoured of the divine, seeming to implore mercy; and by his sleek, plausible physiognomy, suggesting caution to the Faculty who were to weigh his merits. Last not least, the age of the candidate was sufficiently advanced to bespeak respect for his failings. The gentleman candidate having been blandly motioned to his *seat*, the learned President called on Dr. Labermahn to test the acquirements of Mr. Seth Obed. Bramble in Latinity and Materia Medica.]

EXAMINER [LABERMAHN.—Mr. Bramble will you be kind enough to translate this prescription:

"R. Baccarum Juniperi contusarum, uncias duas.

"Aqua ferventis octarium.

"Digerantur vaso clauso in loco calido; colatur, et colaturæ adjice.

"Potassæ acetatis drachmas duas.
"Aceti Colchici drachmas tres.
"Syrupi Zingib unciam—Misce.
"Sumatur uncia tertiis quartisve horis."

STUDENT.—Recipe, receive Baccarum Juniperi, of the Juniper of Bacchus uncias duas two ounces. Aquæ ferventis, of fervent water octarium——octari———um——tarium.

EXAMINER.—Well, sir! don't you remember what octarium is?

STUDENT.—It's a long time since I was to school, sur, and I guess I don't know it, but my sityation is embar'ssing. If I only had my book that's at home——"

EXAMINER.—I'll excuse your naturally slight forgetfulness—octarium means the eighth part—a pint. You see the prescription begins with Recîpe, now which of the I's in "recipi" is short?

STUDENT.—The last!

[This was more than the grave seniors could stand, and I was nearly turned out by the polite Secretary, for ungovernable cachinnations, my risibility passing due bounds; when Professor Rex, looking round at his colleagues, gave one of those mischief-brewing looks, peculiar to himself. Dr. Labermahn having expressed himself satisfied, the President requested Dr. Rex to carry on the inquiry.]

DR. REX.—To be sure, to the end of the chapter. Now Mr. Bramble. The learned Examiner has just heard that the last i in recipe is short. Will you be kind enough to inform this Board how many I's there are in "Recipe."

DR. LABERMAHN.—Mr. President, I protest against the interference of the learned Professor, he has no right to re-commence an examination which is concluded,—he is offensive, and I appeal to you, sir, to enforce the regulations of this Board.

PRESIDENT.—The learned gentleman is correct. Dr. Rex you had better confine yourself to your own duties.

[On this Dr. Labermahn rose and retreated towards the window, leaving his brother to commence anew.]

PROF. REX.—I must say, sir, that as a public officer, I feel it to be my duty to protect her Majesty's subjects from the injury which must result from permitting ignorant men to practice medicine. We have lately had in this city a remarkable instance of the kind; I shall therefore particularly request you to inform me what the symptoms of poisoning by arsenic are?

STUDENT.—The taker, sometime before, seems to feel partiklar unhappy. He gets by hisself and is'nt cheerful-like! Well, he goes on more lonesome and lonesome, till at last he takes the pizen, maybe in Stoughton bitters, or if he is a teetotaller, in hot tea, to prevent suspicion. Soon he begins to holler for pain in his inside, partiklar at the screwbickler cordis, and the humble-licus, and if he dont send for the doctor, he dies afore he can get to him.

PROF. REX.—Really, sir, you do your school much credit, will you also tell us, what you would feel bound in conscience to do with the poor creature, whom *you knew*—mark you! whom YOU *knew* had taken arsenic?

STUDENT.—I would give him a dose of copper to make him throw up, and some strong coffee, hot and strong.

PROF REX.—Copper!! now, what form of copper would you use?

STUDENT.—The preparation form—cuprum metallicum, made by Smith, you know.

PROF. REX.—Now, sir, I must have a straight answer to my question—what, sir, do you mean by cuprum metallicum; is it a deutoxide, a protoxide, or an oxide that you mean?

STUDENT.—(*Looking quite blank at the President.*) Yer honor, I never told the gentleman anything about ox-hides!! Its the mil—

PROF. REX.—Now, sir, what is the color of sulphate of copper?

STUDENT.—I guess it's white!

PROF. REX.—Ah! I thought it was blue. Is it an alkaloid?

STUDENT.—Of course it is.

PROF.—Pray, sir, what is an alkaloid?

STUDENT.—An alcoholic mixture.

PROF. REX.—Wouldn't you think of trying a little of your Juniper of Bacchus, now?

STUDENT.—Oh dear no! You know, sir, in our school we are told that gin-sling, brandy-cock-tail, and such likers are positive pizenous.

[Professor Rex here turned to the President and asked him whether he ever heard of "juniperi baccarum" being "brandy-cocktail.]

PRESIDENT.—Brandy be hanged! Did he say so!"

[The learned Examiner was now succeeded by Professor Hayrick, who addressed the Student as follows:]

PROF. HAYRICK.—Well, my old boy, I say, what would you do, with a child—a little thing, you know—that had the—hang it, you know what!—Comes on in the infernal hot weather? Eh, old Coriander!

STUDENT.—Yes, sir, the summer complaint.

PROF. HAYRICK.—Exactly, now.

STUDENT.—I've seen some of that complaint, and I knows nothink that will fix it right off like flour ball, and a-a-a little, very little, Hydrag. cum. cretur, and—and—roobarb.

PROF. HAYRICK.—Very well, now. I havn't the slightest doubt in my own mind, that you'll do; however, we will come to that by-and-bye, after my old friend here (*jerking his thumb over his shoulder*,) Dr. Belmont has heard what you know.

[Thus briefly testing the knowledge of our Student, he rose to allow Dr. Belmont to take his place, who commenced:]

DR. BELMONT.—Yes, Mr. President, I am not yet satisfied with Mr. Brambles' examination, as far as it has gone; and before I give

my vote, I must test the candidates acquirements in one of the most important departments with which the physician has to deal, viz., the stomach!

President.—Pshaw!

Dr. Belmont.—My dear sir, Hunter, the celebrated Dr. John Hunter, has termed the stomach the seat of *universal sympathy*, and sir, I maintain, it is of paramount importance to the physician to know how to administer to the wants of this organ: not only should he know how to prepare, the most delicate dishes, but he should be "well up" in the anatomy of animals,—("*Comparative?*" *inquired Professor Rex, with a knowing twinkle of the eye*,)—the anatomy of animals prepared for the table, and also be able to dissect them readily. Mr. Bramble—(*continued the learned Doctor turning towards the Student*,)—how would you proceed in amputating the leg of a goose?

[A roar from the assembled witnesses followed this question, which was instantly checked by the President.]

Student.—D'ye mean to ampitate the leg of a *live* goose?

[Another suppressed roar, which was met by a most indignant frown from the President]

Dr. Belmont (*in the kindest manner possible, as if to encourage the student.*)—It is seldom, if ever, that the physician or surgeon is called upon to perform any operation on the living goose. I mean, what are the steps of the operation, on one prepared for the table?

Student (*evidently at home*)—The fork should be insurted, a prong on each side of the breast-bone, or *sternum*, and the knife passed down over the *pect'ralis major*, the upper and lower extremities, (wing and leg) are gin'rally sepperated from the trunk at one stroke. But if you prefers sepperating the leg alone——

Dr. Belmont.—No! no! I see you understand the principle. Do you know of any instrument invented to facilitate this operation?

Student.—Yes; the tendon sepperator.

Dr. Belmont.—Right. Were this most invaluable instrument more in use than at present, we would not so often see hysteria induced by fowls coming in contact with new silk dresses.* Do you remember the inventor's name?

Student.—(*Puzzled.*)

Dr. Belmont.—Never mind; the knowledge of the instrument acquits you of forgetfulness as to the maker's name. What important rule must you observe with reference to the use of the fork, when carving a goose or any other fowl?

Student.—The fork, as I told you before, should be stuck in, one prong on each side of the brest-hone. The anterior part of the fork or outside, to the head, and the *in*terior, or inside, to the tail, *os coccy*, something of the bird, and then you knows, sir, you don't take out the fork till you cut it all up.

[Dr. Belmont here retired, his quarter of an hour being up, and Dr. Stowell commenced his examination on Physiology.]

Dr. Stowell.—Now, Mr. Bramble, what parts of the goose do you consider the most appropriate for a delicate stomach?

Student.—The liver, sir!

Dr. Stowell.—(*Slowly, as if calling to his mind the experiments of Bernard, and the appearances of Kiernan's liver under the microscope.*)—Yes, the liver certainly is wonderful. Can you tell me of any means resorted to by lovers of this luxury, to promote its growth or size during the life of the bird, and is, in an analagous state, induced in man from a similar cause?

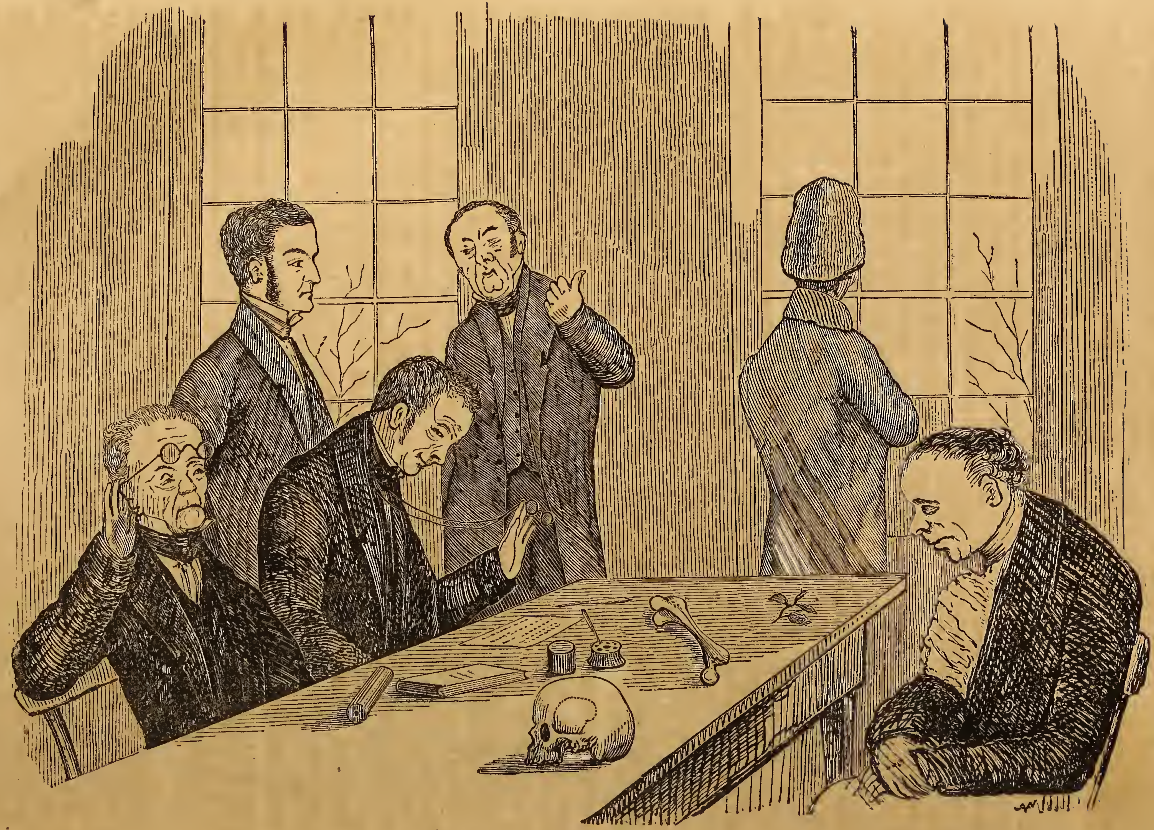
Student.—It is practised by some who nail their feet to a board, like this, (*patting the table with his hand*,) the goose's feet I mean, (*he continued bowing*) and placing them before a purty warm fire; at the same time you must feed them largely with food, and give them lots to drink. This treatment is great for giving a fellor (*goose he meant*) a great liver.

Dr. Stowell.—You have answered thus far, though on your language I can hardly compliment you, or the manner in which you express yourself. State to the Board the physiology of the organ, and particularly with reference to the formation of sugar.

Student.—Sugar! never heard tell of such a thing, you know, sir! Some of them English and French know a mighty deal more nor we Cannucks.

[The rest of his answers were given in such an off-hand, easy, nay, cunning manner, shewing he was a perfect master of his subject, that the assemblage, principally students, could not forbear applauding him. This unbecoming praise, like the laugh, was promptly stopped by the learned President, who pointed out to them in a neat and well turned speech the impropriety of their conduct. "For," said he, "Gentlemen, if you are suffered to testify your approbation of the meritorious answering of one student you might be induced to condemn another by a hiss, which would be very unpleasant for the unfortunate student and for this board to hear. Moreover, gentlemen, I would remind you that it is *we*, not *you*, who are the judges in this matter." Dr. Stowell continued examining the student, Bramble, for some time, he giving correct prescriptions for making tea gruel, rice and barley water, soups from the simple broth to the rich and highly seasoned beef-tea; and in "drinks" he was quite at home, apparently forgetting that he had previously stated "his school" considered "such lickers posi-

* The learned Doctor has evidently been studying Soyer.—P. D.



THE STUDENT EXAMINED.

tive pizenous." He brewed "Egg-nog," "Brandy-smashes," "Punches," and "Cock-tails" by the hundred. By-the-by, as there is a little joke attached to the "Cock-tails," I'll relate it. On being asked to give a prescription to prepare a "Gin-Cock-tail," he wrote as follows:—

"R. Simpl. Syrup........ ℥ss.
Sto-ton Bitter........ ℥.j.
Genev.............. . ℥.j ss. *a* ℥. ij.
Water............... quant. suf.
Misce per swizzle-stick."

To be followed by 7 grs. jalap and one of cal. every eighth hour—donec alvus bene soluta sit.

PRESIDENT.—Misce per swizzle-stick!—By swizzle-stick!—Please Mr. Bramble to translate swizzle stick!

[This was too much; the learned Examiner, Dr. Stowell, and Professors Rex and Hayrick burst into a loud guffaw, joined in by the whole room, not even excepting the worthy Secretary, who appeared in a grave face got up expressly for the occasion; even the student, who was perspiring as if he had taken a dozen "Dovers," relaxed his face into a grin. The matter was explained to the President by a diagram drawn on paper, and illustrated by a split quill thrust into the inkstand and whirled rapidly about, scattering the inky fluid in all directions. The President said, energetically, "Hang me, I must get one!"

The examination being concluded, the *public* were ordered to withdraw. The scene, however, was far too important to that public to be lost even at the end, so looking at the door of communication between a neighbouring ward and THE room, I made my way thither determined to hear, if I could not see the finale. On the President calling to order, the Secretary asked the first Examiner if he had made up his mind as to the fitness of the Candidate.

DR. LABERMAHN.—Perfectly fit.

PRESIDENT.—Professor Rex are you satisfied?

PROF. REX.—Mr. President,—I protest, sir, against this Board granting a licence to Mr. Bramble; you have witnessed, sir, the gross ignorance displayed by the examined; and I'll be hanged if he gets his licence through my vote.

Sufficient voters were found however, to grant the licence; and Mr. Seth Obed. Bramble was turned into a live licentiate. But I believe Mr. Bramble's passing was due more to the knowledge of the stomach he displayed than to any idea he had of medicine. Of the latter he was in my estimation profoundly ignorant.

MAJOR.—Well, Doctor, you have given us a scene. But what is the Laird thinking about? He looks glum.

LAIRD.—I pray the guid God may ha' mercy on me, and when this puir body is laid on a bed o' sickness, that ye'll na' let come near me ony o' ye'er Canadian licentiates.

DOCTOR.—Judge not all by the specimen I have shown you. On the contrary, many of the students passed highly brilliant examinations; examinations, I can assure you, Laird, which would have reflected honor on any Royal College of Surgeons or Physicians in the world.

MAJOR.—Bravo, Doctor! then we have good schools in Canada.

DOCTOR.—Good? Why not. Is talent located in any one spot of this world? Has London, because it is the largest of cities, more talented men than any other city? No! The only reason that there are more men of talent (not *more talented*) in London than elsewhere, is simply because it is so populous.

LAIRD.—Ye'er hot Doctor and rambling. But tell me noo' d'ye think the method o' examining by ye'er board is richt.

DOCTOR.—Hardly proper. It is wrong to admit students. What do most of these know? Besides their presence is embarrassing, rendering one, if nervous, doubly so. Again, the *viva voce* method, though easier for the generality of students, is not so for all. I know many who, if thus examined, lose all command of words, cannot express themselves, but stammer, and stutter, giving an idea of deplorable ignorance to the looker on; whereas if pens and paper were placed before them with written or printed questions, the same men would pass the ordeal with flying colors. I shall suggest to some of the members of the Board the propriety of allowing the student to choose his own style of examination. Exceptions cannot then, possibly, be taken against the examiners, for, in the one case, the written questions and answers speak for themselves; in the other, the Faculty, who ought to be present, can hear and judge of the questions put and the answers given.*

MAJOR.—A capital idea! and one that should be carried out. I incline, however, to the *paper* style as the best, for when a man's words are down in black and white, there's no gainsaying them: they are, if wrong, self condemnatory, if right, greatly to his praise. I would, in addition to the written questions, demand a *viva voce* examination on his answers. It would test his knowledge most thoroughly, and a thesis, doctor, I'd have a thesis.

LAIRD.—Hoot Major! ye'er as cracked as the Doctor himsel' on these points. I'll e'en

* Would it not be better, with the view of preventing rusty examiners and others from coming into the examination room, crammed on one particular branch, to show that they had not altogether forgotten all they had learned at school, and predisposed to *pluck* a student peradventure *better up* than themselves on *all other subjects*, to adopt the following plan:—That is to say—the President to write on a dozen or more scrolls of paper, such subjects as may, to his own mind, appear most essential for qualification to practise the various branches of medicine.—these scrolls to be drawn by ballot, by the examiners called upon by the President.—P. D.

mak' a resolution that nae mair shop is to be brocht here. I'm tired o' ye'er medical stuff, and shall tremble at the sight o' a pheesician for the next month, besides it's no interesting generally,—it's too local.

Doctor.—Local, what do you mean, Laird, is that examination of no more than local importance, which is to send life or death throughout the length and breadth of the Province. Do you consider it of no importance, whether a quack,—some ignorant pretender, perhaps, or a competent person, who has really studied, attend you, when laid on a bed of suffering In short, do you make no difference between ignorance and skill?

Laird.—Eh, man, haud yer gab. I want na mair o' your clavers. What hae ye been reading in the buik line, Major?

Major.—*Villette*, by Currer Bell, author of *Jane Eyre* and *Shirley*.

Doctor.—I was not so well pleased with *Villette* as either of her former works, yet it is an exceedingly clever book, and notwithstanding all its faults, well worth a careful perusal.

Laird.—*Villette* is ane o' ye'er strong minded women I suppose.

Major.—Wrong Laird, *Villette* is the name of a town in France, where Lucy Snowe, after setting out on a Quixotic expedition, is employed as English governess in Madame Beck's establishment. She is a strong minded character and battles through life *man*fully.

Doctor.—Currer Bell has certainly delineated a new phase in woman; to her alone is due the credit (?) of picturing the tender, delicate, refined, sensitive female with the mind, power and energy of man. I will not say that these traits of character are incompatible, but they strike the reader as odd, especially as she represents one of her male personages, M. Paul, as a man though highly energetic, yet endowed with a nervous fear or modesty which renders him incapable of declaring to the woman he loves, his passion. This may be true, life-like, in certain instances, but they are exceptions to the general rule.

Laird.—Were Mrs. Currer Bell to visit our republican neighbors she wad be hailed wi' cheers frae the "Woman's Rights Convention," and elected Presidentess forthwith.

Major.—And right worthily would she fill the chair, if one may judge from her works. By the way, Doctor, what thought you of Paulina Home.

Doctor.—What! The little girl who, before she could speak plain—just able to toddle—had at that early age the gait of a young lady of twenty and the ideas of a matron! Why, she was a curiosity, a *lusus naturæ.*

Major.—I confess I liked her, she was a good little creature, as innocent and guileless as an angel,—fully equal in conception, in my opinion, if not superior to Fenella, or little Eva in Uncle Tom.

Doctor.—Little Eva is a fairer creation to contrast her with than Fenella, who was certainly not a loveable child, but even Eva, who by the way is borrowed from Mrs. Sherwood's tale of "Henry and his bearer," and is but Henry with a frock on—is not a natural child. I really think that the time is lost which is spent in producing these ideal characters. I do not wonder, however, at your being struck with Paulina, as it is easy to see that you read novels for amusement; but I like to critically examine the characters—weigh all their merits and passions, endeavoring to trace in all their actions and conversations some trait likely to be found in the living model, and consistent with the character they are intended to represent. In fact, I dissect them.

Major—And so you think Polly Hone an unnatural character?

Doctor.—Truly, I do. Were I to meet such a one I would regard her as a physiological phenomenon, worthy of the attention of the faculty. However, when grown up she becomes more natural and I like her better, though she occasionally appears rather matronly,—for instance, overhearing Graham speaking of her as a child, she replies with dignity, "I am a person of seventeen!" I think Dr. John and Ginevra Fanshawe the best pictures, they are both admirably drawn, their destinies clearly fore-shadowed in their characters.

Major—I suppose I must agree with you; however, I also have a small fault to find, and that is, the introduction of the supernatural. No matter how plausibly the appearances may be accounted for, still it is nothing more than claptrap. I have no objections to a good ghost story or fairy tale, yet in a *modern* novel it is both uncalled and unlooked for.

Laird—Ghaists, mon, read the scene. When a lad, I thocht the "Mysteries o' Udolpho" a maist interesting buik.

Major—Miss Snowe has received a letter from Grahame, and retires after nightfall to the garret, in order to read it. (*Reads.*)

"Dr. John had written to me at length; he had written to me with pleasure; he had written in benignant mood, dwelling with sunny satisfaction on scenes that had passed before his eyes and mine—on places we had visited together—on conversations we had held on all the subject-matter—in short, of the last few halcyon weeks. ....This present moment had no pain, no blot, no want; full, pure, perfect—it deeply blessed me. A passing seraph seemed to have rested beside me, leaned towards my heart, and reposed on its throb a softening, cooling, healing, hallowing wing.

"Are there wicked things, not human, which envy human bliss? Are there evil influences haunting the air, and poisoning it for man? What was near me?

"Something in that vast, solitary garret sounded strangely. Most surely and certainly I heard, as it seemed, a stealthy foot on that floor, a sort of gliding out from the direction of the black recess haunted by the malefactor cloaks. I turned; my light was dim; the room was long; but, as I live, I saw in the middle of that ghostly chamber a figure all black or white; the skirts strait, narrow, black; the head bandaged, veiled, white.

"Say what you will, reader; tell me I was nervous or mad; affirm that I was unsettled by the excitement of that letter: declare that I dreamed; this I vow—I saw there—in that room—on that night—an image like—a nun!

"I cried not; I sickened. Had the shape approached me I might have swooned. It receded; I made for the door. How I descended all the stairs I know not. By instinct I shunned the refectory, and shaped my course to madame's sitting-room. I burst in."

After informing Madame Beck and some male friends who were with her, that "there was something in the graniere," she suddenly recollects she has left the letter. Hastening back, accompanied by Madame and friends, she finds the garret dark and the letter gone.

LAIRD—I'll read the buik. I say, Major, did ye hear that I brought in to our freend, Maclear, a wheen *magnum bonum* marrow-fat peas for seed, and he made me put this bit buik in my pouch by way of acknowledgement. Hae ony o' ye read it? It is entitled, "*The Dean's Daughter; or the Days we live in*," and is written by Mrs. Gore. I have often heard tell o' the leddy, but never perused ony o' her productions. Her name aye makes me grew, reminding me of a toss I once got frae a demented bull at Melrose fair!

MAJOR.—You will find the bibliopole's gift worth the trouble of cutting up. I use the expression in reference to the pages thereof, and not to its contents. Though containing little that savours of genius, the *Dean's Daughter* exhibits a good deal of cleverness, and abounds with correct sketches of English fashionable life.

DOCTOR.—When you have read one of mother Gore's stories you have a pretty correct inkling of the whole of her literary family. Madam is a member of the *haut ton* by birth and connection, but being a trifle out at the elbows is constrained to engender novels for the purpose of meeting the demands of her grocer and silk mercer. Hence the truthfulness of her portraitures of the aristocracy; and hence, likewise, the wipes which ever and anon she compliments them with. Evidently she is *riled* that she should be obliged to depend upon her brains for the sustentation of her stomach, and vents her chagrin upon her more highly favoured compeers.

LAIRD.—That's just the way o' corrupt human nature! Tramp upon a cat's tail in a crowd, and the spit-fire will fasten its talons upon the leg o' the victim next her, even though it chance to be her best freend!

DOCTOR.—Mrs. Gore furnishes a practical demonstration of the fact, that little more than a habit of observation, and something to observe are requisite in order to produce a readable second-rate fiction. I defy you to find in the volume under notice a single passage which will stand quoting—it lacks wit, fancy, and invention, and yet you are enticed to read on till you cast anchor at *finis* without having dislocated your jaws by yawning.

MAJOR.—Old Sam Johnson once observed that if the most ordinary cadet of Adam's family recorded the daily occurrences of his uneventful life, the book would be readable, simply because it could not fail to contain many things harmonizing with the experience of the reader. This is the secret of Mrs. Gore's success—the sole secret I may say.

LAIRD.—Being but a plain farmer bodie, I am blate to contradict College-learned pundits, but it strikes me that ye have said enough to show that Mrs. Gore, if devoid of genius, possesses something which is a tolerably good imitation thereof. What is it that constitutes the leading charm of Defoe and Hogarth? Simply the faculty which they possess o' bringing ordinary things—things that are forgathered with every hour of the day on this world's high way, plainly before the minds of the million! If the root of the matter were as shallow as ye would have it to be, we wad hae mair Robinson Crusoes, and Rakes' Progresses to the fore, but I trow that Diogenes would get many a weary tramp with his *booit* ere he would light upon the marrows of these immortal productions! Na, na neighbours—the authoress of *The Dean's daughter*, even by your ain showing, canna be the sma' beer ye would fain represent her. That glorious auld anti-tee-total heathen, Horace,—with whose writings I am familiar through puir Kit Smart's translation—observed "*it's a fashious thing to describe trifling matters correctly*,"—and it was a true remark of daft Jock o' Kilwinning that "*common sense was na' such a common thing, as common folk supposed!*"

DOCTOR.—Our agricultural chum is getting profound in his declining years! I suspect Laird you have been taking a dram of metaphysics before your sowan's this morning! Why we shall find you gazetted, some of these fine forenoons to the moral philosophy and *Belles Lettres* chair of the Streetsville University!

LAIRD—Hoot awa' with your University chairs! Such berths are far too uncertain, noo-a-days, for ony man to accept who can earn his bit and sup by chapping stanes, or selling spunks!

MAJOR.—I commend to your attention a very modest and graceful little brochure, recently issued by the Harpers, called, "*The Bourbon Prince.*" It is a simple, unadorned narrative of the sufferings and death of the Royal Dauphin, who *de jure* though not *de facto*, was Louis XVII of France.

LAIRD.—I thought that this puir lad had escaped the fangs of his infernal tormentors, and had cast up the other day as a sober Yankee Mess John.

MAJOR.—That story turns out to be all fudge, and fiddlesticks! Mr. Williams has about the same pretensions to be called a *whale* as a *dolphin!*

DOCTOR.—From the very first the tale had an intensely *fishy* odour, and a pestilent twang of woody nutmegs! You said that Harpers' narration was well drawn up?

MAJOR.—I have read nothing for many a long day which has so deeply "stirred my heart." The compiler by avoiding every attempt at fine writing and embellishment, and confining himself religiously to a plain detail of facts, has produced a picture which the most kiln-dried Stoic could not contemplate with dry eyes. Bearded man, though I be, I am not ashamed to confess that the story of that gentle child's miseries caused me to moisten a brace of cambric handkerchiefs, as Mrs. Grundy and the laundress of the Shanty can both make affidavit to, if necessary.

DOCTOR.—Enough said! These same handkerchiefs are worth a page of criticism!

LAIRD.—If ye have a minute or twa to spare, I would fain read to you a queer Irish story, written by a dominie in our Township. He is a native of Cork, and I tak' a special interest in him, because, on a stipend of sixty-five pounds per annum, he is bringing up a family of seventeen

sma' children, in "*decency and order*," as the inspired Ayrshire gauger hath it!

MAJOR.—We are all attention.

LAIRD.—Just let me clear my specs, and tak' a toothfu' of—we'll no' say what—to dislodge the cob-webs frae my craig! Noo, then, "*lend us your lugs*," as Mark Anthony said at the wake o' Julius Cæsar!

THE BLACKSMITH AND MAHOUN.

I.

I sing a man—no man of arms was he,
No sighing Damon to his Phyllis true;
My theme is not of love or chivalry,
But of a blacksmith, 'yclept John Carlew.
His father was—but that has nought to do
With this our story, so we'll let it pass.
That he *was* born, is quite enough for you
Mine honest reader,—so pray charge your glass.
I'd like to have your spirits above zero
Before I introduce you to my hero!

DOCTOR.—What would Father Matthew have said to that episodical advice?

LAIRD.—Haud your tongue man, and let a bodie read on:

II.

John was an Irishman—most modern bards
Would here digress into a dissertation
On Erin's wrongs—and spend some thousand words
On that eternal theme—emancipation.
All this I leave to those who rule the nation,
Whether in bar-room or in Parliament,
And will at once proceed with my narration,
The Muse her aid most kindly having lent.
For, though somewhat 'gainst rule, I asked that aid
Ere I my pen upon the paper laid!

MAJOR.—I hugely approve of the course pursued in this instance, by the Milesian birch-flourisher! Nothing can be more teazing and impertinent than for a great hulking poetaster to be invoking the Nine, when he should be attending to the matter in hand.

LAIRD.—I tell you what it is, Crabtree,—if ye dinna reserve your comments till I am done, sorra anither line will you get frae me!

MAJOR.—I sit corrected! *Perge* good, but overly crusty, agriculturalist.

LAIRD.—Ye wad mak a saint crusty!

III.

Our hero never thought about to-morrow;
With him reflection rarely was a guest;
As long as he could beg, or steal, or borrow,
His health, with working hard, he never stress'd,
But aye the bottle lovingly caress'd;
And drank, and joked, and sung from morn till night:
The rising sun saw him go forth, the vest-
Al moon convoyed him home with her chaste light.
Of work or want, he never thought at all
Until his score grew large, and credit small!

IV.

Then frowned mine host, and barred the hostel door
When he approached, and grimly spoke of law,
And jails, and sheriff-officers;—no more
The foaming greybeard waiting him he saw.
A heavy sigh, *imprimis*, he did draw,
And then to Hades doomed the churl's poor eyes,
Swore by his fist he'd fight him for a straw,
And then sore parched with thirst to bed he hies.
That night, at half-past twelve, in the roof
The Fiend came—John twigg'd him by his hoof!

DOCTOR.—A most opportune moment for a *trade!*

LAIRD.—Shut up!

V.

"How are you, John?" quoth he. "I'm middling well!"
Replied our hero—"Hope your Honour's so?
"If not too proud to drink with a poor swell,
"I hope you'll take a drop before yeez go?"
Old Clooty shook his sconce—"Before cock-crow
"I must be far from this, beyond the sea,
"But list whilst I a small proposal show
"If when seven years are passed you'll go with me;
"During that time I'll let you have your fill
"Of drink!" "Long live your Rev'rance, that I will!"

VI.

Ere this I should have sung, how John, one day
Did shoe an old monk's nag, and waiting stood
To get his fee. "My son," the priest did say,
"Silver or gold I have not, by the rood.
"Nay, frown not!—I will tip you what's as good:
"Three wishes—what you please—come, speak your mind;
"My name's Saint Patrick,"—here John humbly bowed.
"I'm sure your worship's glory is too kind—
"May they who grasp this hammer—'tis prime stuff—
"Work on like blazes till I cry, enough!"

VII.

"Granted!" quoth Patrick. "Secondly," said John,
"Your Highness sees this two-armed aizy chair,
"May he who sits on it be kept thereon
"As long's I plaze, though he should writhe and tear
"Like my ould bull-dog, bearded in his lair!"
"You have your wish!—What next? Come, quickly speak it,
"The sun has set—I'm too long here, I swear!"
Cries John—"When I put money in my pocket,
"Until I say '*Come out!*' may it there stay!"
The saint he winked, and slowly rode away.

DOCTOR.—Craving your pardon, *Bonnie Braes*, why did not your vulcanic friend crave for an unlimited supply of lush?

LAIRD.—Wha can tell! Maybe he kenned that the honest man had taken the *pledge*, and that, consequently, the grog, coming frae sic a quarter, would be overly strong of the water. But let me gang on:—

VIII.

John spent the seven years in rarest bliss;
He drank from matins till the vesper song,—
But fleeting is all human happiness,
And the sad day came round at length, ere long.

"Come," quoth Mahoun, "be smart, there, come along,
"I've much to do!" "Be aisy, now, my dear!
"I can't conceive you are so *very* throng,
"I'll be with you directly, never fear:
"Take up this hammer—there's a good soul—do,
"And bear a hand to finish this horse-shoe!"

IX.

Nick forthwith bared his brawny hirsute arm,
And, little dreaming of the treachery,
He banged away till he was precious warm,
And wished to rest himself. Oh misery!
He could not halt! His limb did quickly fly
As if ten thousand of his imps did pull.
To laugh it off he tried, but secretly
Exclaimed, "By Jove I am a verdant fool!
"A good joke this!—but stop it, now Carlew!
"My bones are breaking! Stop John, stop,—pray do!"

X.

In vain he yelled. John stood with bitter grin.
His thumb on nose, and cried—"Encore my dear!
"I did not think such pith had been within
"Your sooty hide! Work on, and never fear!
"You'll make a famous blacksmith in a year!
"Nothing like practice!—Here the victim cried—
"Take seven years more—and cease your pestering jeer!"
The noisy spell was instantly untied.
Mahoun said not, good by, but in a blast
Of hail and thunder from the smithy passed!

MAJOR.—I much wonder that after such provocation he did not carry away the gable of the building with him!

LAIRD.—Listen to the rest of the ballad, if ye can keep frae hearing yoursel' speaking sae lang!

XI.

These seven years flew swifter than the last
And punctual to a second stood Mahoun.
"Surely" quoth John, "the time is not yet passed—
"I'd bet a pint, your Worship is too soon—
"But since you say so, why this afternoon
"I'm ready to go wid you—here's a chair,
"Sit down your grace—sure that's a trifling boon!—
"Till I a bottle and a crust prepare
"To comfort us upon the road." The D—l
Complied, because at times he can be civil!

XII.

When John saw this he chuckled in his sleeve,
"Rest there, ould buck!" "What's that," cried Nick, "you say?"
Quoth John, "Although to pain you much I grieve,
"I'm thinking I wont budge wid you to-day;
"So just divart yourself as best you may!"
The gull'd one smell'd a rat, and strove to rise,
But sore against his grain was forced to stay;
At which he foamed, and fire flashed from his eyes,
He banned our hero, and he banned St. Peter,
In oaths which will not fall into our metre!

DOCTOR—Why not anathematize St. Patrick, who was the cause of all this coil and pother?

LAIRD—There might hae been *reason* in what ye say, but it wad'na hae convened with the *rhyme*.

XIII.

Suppose John free again with seven years more,
And these dispersed like vapour in the blast.
Hornie this time would darken not his door,
But called him out, and off with him did haste.
O'er hill, and plain, and valley quick they passed,
The Fiend was sulky, so he would not speak.
He had determined not a word to waste
On such a knave. But then John looked so meek,
Told stories and sung songs with so much art,
That, in the end, he gained the Foul Thief's heart.

XIV.

"Your honor, as I hear, can change your shape
"To what you plaze!" "True," quoth old Harry, "true!"
And then he seemed a lion, and an ape,
An eagle, jackdaw, hedgehog, and sea-mew.
"But ne'er can I believe," quoth John, "that you
Can coin yourself to cash. Sure you cannot!"
"Look here, you doubter!" And forthwith he flew
Into his hand a bright, new-minted groat!
The blacksmith pouched his plunder in a jiffy,
And sought his native cabin by the Liffey!

XV.

Brief now our tale. John kept the mammon safe,
Till from his covenant he was set free.
He was to have as much as he could quaff,
And all life long remain at liberty.
And though sore nettled was Mahoun, yet he
Was glad, alone, to seek his den again.
The blacksmith spent his days in revelry,
And whilst the breath was in him swilled amain.
I had a moral—something 'bout a sot—
But which, unluckily, I have forgot!

MAJOR.—There is something mightily convenient, at times, in a short memory! I would defy Æsop himself to draw a practical conclusion from the veritable legend which has just been recited in our hearing. As I am an aquarian at present, I dedicate this cheroot to the prosperity of the Laird's poetical pedagogue! May he soon obtain promotion commensurate to his abilities, and the patriarchal number of his olive branches!

LAIRD.—I thank you, Cullpepper, in the name of the Hibernian Squeers. When you mak' oot your lang threatened visit to *Bonnie-braes*, I must get him up to meet you, or may be I'll bring him to the Shanty at the vacation time. He is quite an original, and has played mony a strange part in the serio-comic drama of life. But, for ony sake, rax me the jug! That reading has made me dry as a pinch of Mr. McMullin's Lundy Foot snuff!

DOCTOR.—I am sorry you are so drouthy, for our work is yet far from done; have you finished the book you were on the other day?

LAIRD.—Is it me ye're speerin' at?

DOCTOR.—Yes, have you finished the Mormons yet?

LAIRD.—Aye, man! and a queer buik yon is. I wadna hae missed the reading o't for saxpence.

MAJOR.—It is undoubtedly a very spirited production, and the public is much indebted to Mr. Gunnison.

DOCTOR.—I think the women's rights associations

should bestir themselves to combat the doctrines laid down respecting polygamy. Let me read you, Major, some comical extracts that amused me exceedingly, and show the racy style in which the book is written. I dare say you remember the passage :—" The romantic notion of a single love is derided, and met by calling attention, to the case of parental affection; where the father's good-will is bestowed alike on each of his many children; and they pretend to see a more rational application of a generous soul in loving more than one wife, than in the bigotry of a partial adhesion."

Laird.—That's maist awfu' doctrine, the Mormons maun ken—

Doctor.—Never mind what the Mormons *ken*, Laird—just let me finish my extracts first,—listen, Major :—" Every unmarried woman has a right to demand a man in marriage, on the ground of the privilege of salvation; and the president who receives the petition must provide for her; and he has the authority to command any man he deems competent to support her, ' to seal her' to himself in marriage, and the man so ordered must show just cause and impediment why it should not be done, if he dislikes the union; or else be considered contumacious and in danger of the Council." Here is another morceau :—" It is further maintained that there is great disparity in numbers between the sexes, and that the predominance is more than can be accounted for from war, the dangers of the sea, and other perils, and therefore nature indicates the propriety of plurality, as ' marriage is honourable to all.' "

Major.—I presume, then, the inference to be drawn is, that a share of a man is better than to have no property in him at all.

Doctor —Precisely, for is not the time near at hand, predicted by Isaiah, when seven women shall take hold of the skirt of one man, and say, we will eat our own bread, but let us be called by thy name.

Major.—So the Mormons, at least, say, and the men take precious good care to fulfil the prediction to the letter, for Mr. Gunnison represents that the extra wives " most frequently pay their own way by sewing and other female accomplishments."

Laird.—It's an even down shame to hear you twa advocating polygamy in sic a fashion.

Doctor.—Advocate polygamy, Laird. Heaven forbid, I have always found one wife enough at a time. I'm a peaceable man,and hate disturbance; no polygamy for me.

Major.—And considering, Laird, that during fifty odd years I have not yet " sealed unto myself" one even. You may be sure that I do not court the possession of seven.

Doctor.—The bare idea puts me in a fever.

Laird.—Ye're just twa ne'er-do-weels that dinna deserve that Mrs. Grundy should sew on a button on your breeks for the next twal' month.

Doctor.—When will Mr. Maclear have the book out, Major?

Major—In about a week. I advised him to prepare a large edition. It is so interesting that every one will buy it who desires facts in the history of humanity, on which to indulge in reection. What I like in the book is, that the riter has not undertaken too much; neither criticism nor controversy are his aim. To use his own words—" His aim is not to shoot ' folly as it flies,' but to let folly turn on its own pinions, and reason regain its sway over erratic feeling, when the mists of prejudices on one side, and of fanaticism on the other, are dispelled by the light of knowledge." The writer has, I think, accomplished this; the book will be eagerly read; and I advised Mr. Maclear not to fall into the same mistake as he did in Uncle Tom.

Laird—What was that?

Major—Why, the having to publish a second, and now a third edition of that most extraordinary work.

Laird—Man, you're joking; surely it's no possible that all Uncle Tom's gone already.

Major—It's true as gospel, Laird; there's not a copy to be had for love or money until Mr. Maclear's third edition, which is almost finished, comes out.

Laird—Well, that beats a'; but it's no to be wondered at gin a body thinks o' the buik. I dinna like scarce to tak it up noo; that wee lammie Eva's death, maks a bairn o' me; and I canna read puir Tam's trials without feeling a tear on my cheek.

Doctor—Uncle Tom's Cabin is alike a proof of the consummate skill with which Mrs. Stowe knows how to address herself to the weak points of our nature, and of the dross with which our hearts are filled.

Major—Pray, be intelligible, Doctor. Have you been borrowing Dr. Stowell's microscope lately for a minute examination of the parasitical emotions of the heart?

Doctor.—No! but I have been looking into my own, and I could not forbear asking myself, after reading Uncle Tom, the question " Am I a Christian,"—and, really, I was puzzled to account for my feelings, or weakness,—which ever you please. It was the week before Easter, and I had been studying, carefully, our blessed Lord's eventful life on earth, from his birth to his death, and ashamed am I to say, that the recital of all his sufferings and temptations—the recollection of the full satisfaction offered for all my sins—the image of his pure childhood, all these failed to make me exclaim aloud, " Shall man alone be mute? Come rich and poor! come all mankind, and bathe those feet in tears!" I do not believe that it is much more difficult to touch my heart than my neighbor's, I therefore think that Mrs. Stowe's having done what St. John's Gospel failed to do, is a proof of the deceitfulness of my heart, and of her consummate skill in so striking the chords as to make our weak nature vibrate and respond to the touch.

Laird.—That thocht, Doctor, maks me feel quite ashamed o' mysel',—you've pit it in a light I wad na ha thocht on. Weel, I hope Maclear's new edition will a' sell.

Major.—There's no doubt of that—he is printing it by itself, and with the cream of the new work, " the Key to Uncle Tom," added.—The Key, by itself, is too full of statistics, to be generally popular, but the extracts from it will form a most interesting addendum. Were you at the last meeting of the Canadian Institute, Doctor?

Doctor.—Yes; and very much gratified I was —there were some capital addresses, and I was so struck with Mr. Draper's address, that I have in-

serted it in the Magazine, that our readers may share in the pleasure I derived from it, Laird. It is very gratifying to learn that the affairs of the Institute are in so flourishing a position.

Major.—That is owing, in a great measure, is it not, to the late President, Capt. Lefroy's zeal and tact?

Doctor.—Almost entirely to his labors and those of the Committee. The President delivered a very feeling speech in response to the address and offering which his departure called forth.

Laird.—Ye maun hae a great deal to do, veesiting sae mony places. I heard tell o' your being at the Mechanics' Institute and at the Yacht Club, and I dinna ken whaur beside, can you no tell us something anent them?

Doctor.—With pleasure. To begin with the Mechanics' Institute; I had first a very good cup of coffee. The inner man thus fortified, I was enabled to pay undivided attention to the proceedings. Mr. Robertson gave a very good opening address, explaining the present position of the Society. Among other facts mentioned was, that the library consisted of over 1700 volumes. Mr. Freeland, in a very clever speech, touched on the intention of the society, with respect to their new building, which will, I should imagine from the cost, be an ornament to the city. One piece of information I gleaned from Mr. Lillie that Upper Canada has increased in the last sixty years, from 10,000 to over 1,000,000 inhabitants. What do you say to that?

Laird.—Naething. D'ye mind what Judge Draper says about that: ye may exaggerate ever so muckle, but while ye're talking, the exaggeration ceases.

Major.—Time wears on, Doctor, and I am getting sleepy: our sederunt is becoming lengthy.

Doctor.—Before we separate I would like to give you an account of the Yacht Club meetings. This Club cannot have public attention too pointedly called to it. At the first meeting there were fourteen new members admitted and twice that number are expected to join as soon as the question of "where the Club is to moor" is settled. The order in which the boats should lead on the successive Saturdays was also fixed.

Laird.—What div ye mean by that?

Doctor.—Why, on those days the leader hoists his distinguishing flag, and is a sort of commodore, *pro tem.*

Major.—When will a decision be come to respecting the plan of mooring.

Doctor.—The difficulty in this respect originated in the contemplated filling up of the spaces between the wharves for the railroads, and more particularly for the proposed esplanade. A portion of the press appear to imagine that the said esplanade was to be constructed for the especial benefit of the Toronto Yachts, and having jumbled up gondolas, yachts, &c., in the most extraordinary way, necessarily made a whole host of absurd statements. The truth of it is, that the proposed esplanade will be the most inconvenient thing possible for the yachts; and the increase of accommodation for commercial purposes. the very best thing for them. Yachting is altogether misunderstood by such persons: they look upon it as a mere idle pastime, and very ignorantly connect it with "racing," because at regattas prizes are run for. Yachting, properly considered, is to a commercial and maritime people a most admirable means of operating favorably on the character of youth, by inclining the national taste in a direction likely to be useful to some of the most important interests of the country. It has been asserted of the English Yacht Clubs. by many writers, including foreigners, that a marked improvement is perceptible in the character of that portion of the youth of the country who have adopted that amusement in preference to others, and such has been the effect of the impetus given by the establishment of yacht clubs to the science and art of ship-building, that the commercial and naval marine of England, previously the slowest, has latterly, in many instances, surpassed every other in speed. It is said that the Yacht Clubs of England can turn out 4000 prime seamen; and on these grounds it is, that our gracious Queen has accorded to these institutions so large a share of patronage. Doubless, yachting in Toronto is a very humble portion of the system, but it is still a part of it, and should at least be viewed in that light. A short time since a schooner could not get a decent suit of sails in Toronto; there is now a first rate firm in that department of trade in full operation in the city,—an excellent boat-builder, capable of supplying blocks and spars, has started —all this is the result of the establishment of a yacht club, and may it not lead to further results in helping to establish a ship-building trade in the city, where at present it is difficult to repair a small schooner. These are matters worthy of some serious consideration, and should incline persons to enquire and judge before they presume to condemn. In agricultural exhibitions prizes are judiciously offered for superior productions of various sorts; as regards yachts of every description, such superiority can only be ascertained by their running together to test their speed and weatherly qualities. There is just as much opportunity of betting at a ploughing match as at a sailing match, and in this country far more I believe takes place at the former. As regards safety, fewer fatal accidents occur in yachting, considering the numbers engaged, than in the other manly sports—of course I allude to the use of regularly fitted yachts and not to boat-sailing, that is open boats with sails—it is with these latter that accidents occur, and their use is most dangerous. The difficulty of keeping yachts here arising from the proposed esplanade, has led to these observations, and they are deserving of consideration. At the special meeting on the night of the 16th, the members present affixed their signatures to the petition to Her Majesty praying her to permit the club to assume the epithet "Royal," an honor which it is hoped will be granted. It was also decided to sail in company to the Humber on the 24th May, to celebrate Her Majesty's birthday, and in order to remove every thing of a mercenary character as much as possible from the proceedings of the club, it was arranged that all prizes should be articles of plate instead of purses. In fact every effort is being made to encrease its utility and divest it of the character that so frequently attaches to clubs, of being mere engines of amusement, sometimes mischievous by the habits they engender.

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Laird.—Eh, man! but you seem to tak' great interest in the club.

Doctor.—Of course I do; but not to the exclusion of other matters. I assure you I was quite as much gratified at the proceedings of Convocation.

Major.—An imposing ceremony. It is a thousand pities that this meeting is likely to be the last. It seems to me that the people of Canada are not aware of the advantages to be derived from this University, or they would not thus quietly suffer it to fall, Many, I know, look upon this Institution as an expensive and comparatively useless one; but they were never more mistaken, nor will they see their error until too late to redeem it.

Doctor.—It is not for us, Major, to discuss here the propriety or impropriety of the measure now before our Legislature, individually we may condemn it; but it is in the hands of the "collective wisdom" of the country; on them rests the *onus*. Let us rather review the business transacted at their last meeting, and draw our conclusions therefrom. There were six who graduated as Doctors of Medecine, two as Masters of Arts, and nine as Bachelors of Arts. In addition to these, no less than twenty-three entered as Matriculated Students.

Laird.—Eh! noo but that's highly satisfactory. But are not maist o' the students scholars who pay na' fees?

Doctor.—I see that you, like many others, have got a wrong impression of the scholarships, and the reason why they were instituted. The learned President, Dr. McCaul. stated that out of 180 who have matriculated only 33 are scholars, that is, who either pay no fees, or have an annual stipend as a reward for the excellent examination they passed on entering. Thus the University, like a "good Mother," offers to the poor but talented youth an opportunity of obtaining a good education and of becoming a useful subject of his country.

Major.—And, Doctor, the advantages of a University are more extended than the generality of people suppose. Its influence is felt in the remotest corner——

Mrs. Grundy.—'Pon my honor, gentlemen, your *sederunt* has been a long one; here have your sausages and steaks been cooking and frying till I fear they are burnt to cinders. But some of you like your meat done to death.

Laird.—Na, na! tender and juicy. Come, Major, come Doctor. Meat overdone, forsooth!

Doctor.—One minute's patience, my dear Mrs. Grundy, we have not settled anything about either Foreign or Home News,—what's to be done, Major?

Major.—Done? Why, tell every one who asks, that we purpose giving half-yearly, for the sake of reference in future ages, a summary of the principal events of the last six months,—by this plan we shall be able to make a calm review of the past—the heat of political discussion will have passed away, and we shall be better able to judge which of the ephemeral plans constantly agitated merit attention.—Have I spoken well?

Laird.—Like a Solomon, at least; but for ony sake, let us awa, I canna thole cauld victuals.

(*Exeunt.*)

AFTER-SUPPER SEDERUNT.

Major.—To business. Laird, your facts—dispatch, for time presses.

Laird.—Weel! here they are, just a wheen directions for gardeners. (*Laird reads*:)—

GARDEN, AGRICULTURAL, AND FLOWER SEEDS.

The season for commencing Agricultural and Horticultural operations having arrived, the following plain, practical hints on the cultivation of ordinary garden vegetables, taken from Fleming's printed catalogue, will be found useful to many of our readers:

Most kind of seeds grow more freely if soaked in soft water from 12 to 48 hours before sowing. Seeds of a hard nature, such as blood beet, mangel wurzel, nasturtium, &c., often fail from want of attention to this circumstance. Rolling the ground, after sowing, is very beneficial, and will assist in making the seeds vegetate more freely. When a roller is not at hand, it may be done with the back of a spade.

Kidney or French Beans may be planted any time in May, in drills two inches deep, the beans two inches from each other; the drills about 18 inches apart. If a regular succession is required, sow a few every few weeks, from the 1st of May to the 1st of July.

Broad, or Windsor Beans, do not succeed well in this climate, the summer heat coming on them before they are podded, which causes the blossoms to drop off. The best soil to grow them in is a rich, stiff clay, and on a northern border, shaded from the mid-day sun; sow in drills two feet apart, the drills two inches deep, and the seed 3 inches asunder.

BloodBeet, Long and Short Turnips may be sown in a good, rich, deep soil, about the first week of May. Draw drills about a foot apart and one inch deep; sow moderately thick; when the plants are up strong, thin them out the distance of six inches from each other in the rows.

Brocoli and Cauliflower require a deep, rich soil, of a clayey nature, and highly manured. To produce early Cauliflower or Brocoli the seed ought to be sown in a hot-bed, early in March. When the plants are quite strong and hardy, they may be planted out in the garden, about the middle of May. Plant in rows two feet square. The kinds that will do well in this climate are the Early London and French Cauliflower, Purple Cape and Walcheren Brocoli.

Cabbage, both early and late, may be sown any time in May. The best situation for raising the plants is a rich, damp piece of ground, shaded. Seed sown in a situation of this kind is not so subject to be destroyed by the black fly. When the plants are strong, they may be planted out in rows, and managed the same as directed for cauliflower. The best kinds for summer use are the Early York, Battersea, and Vannack; for winter use the Drumhead, Large Bergen, and Flat Dutch.

Cucumbers may be sown in the open ground any time in May. They require a good rich soil. Sow in hills, four feet apart, leaving only three plants on each hill. The cucumber and melon vines are liable to be attacked by a yellow fly or bug. Soot, charcoal dust, or soap suds, applied to the plants, will assist in keeping them off.

Musk and Water Melons may also be sown at

Paris Fashions for May.

the same time, taking care to sow the different kinds a good distance apart from each other, as they are apt to mix. Plant in hills six feet square, leaving only three plants on each hill. When the plants have grown about six inches, stop or pinch out the top of the leading shoot; which will make the plants throw out lateral shoots, on which you may expect to have fruit.

Carrots.—The most suitable ground for growing Carrots, is a deep, rich soil, that has been well manured the previous year. Sow any time in May, in drills one foot apart, and one inch deep. When the Carrots are up, thin them out, four inches apart, and keep the ground free from weeds. The kinds that are generally sown in the garden are, the Early Horn, Long Orange, and Red Surrey; for field culture the White Belgian and Altringham. The produce of one acre of field Carrots, when properly cultivated, may be rated at from 500 to 800 bushels. In cultivating them on the field system, the drills ought to be two feet apart, and the Carrots thinned out, at least, twelve inches asunder.

Celery.—This vegetable is much esteemed as a salad. To have early Celery the seed requires to be sown in a hot-bed, in the month of March; for winter Celery, the seed may be sown in the open ground, any time before the middle of May. Sow on a small bed of fine, rich earth; beat the bed down with the back of the spade; sift a little fine earth over the seed; shade the bed with a mat or board until the plants begin to appear. Celery plants ought to be picked out into a nursery-bed as soon as they are two or three inches high.—Cut their roots and tops a little, before planting; water them well, and shade them from the sun until they begin to grow. Let them remain in the nursery-bed about one month, after which they will be fit to transplant into the trenches. The best sort of soil to grow Celery in is a deep, rich loam, and in an open part of the garden. Mark out the trenches a foot wide, and three feet between each trench. Dig the trenches one foot deep, laying the earth equally on each side. Put three or four inches deep of well rotted manure into the bottom of each trench; put a little of the surface soil over the manure; dig it well up incorporating the soil well with the manure; dress the plants by cutting off the long leaves and the ends of the roots. Plant in single rows, along the centre of each trench, allowing six inches between each plant. Water them well, and shade them from the sun until the plants begin to grow. In earthing up Celery great care should be taken not to cover the heart of the plant.

Lettuce is easily raised from seed, which may be sown from the 1st of April to the end of June. If good headed Lettuce is wanted, the plants should be transplanted out on a rich piece of ground, in drills, 12 inches apart, and six inches in the drill. The Malta, Green Coss, and Victoria Cabbage are the most suitable kinds to sow, as they head without tying up.

Onions.—The yellow and large red are the best for a general crop. The ground for Onions should be well prepared, by digging in plenty of well-rotted manure. The seed may be sown from the middle of April to the middle of May. Sow in drills, one inch deep and 12 inches apart. When the young Onions are up, thin them out to the distance of three inches apart.

Parsnips require a deep, rich soil, Sow in drills, one inch deep, and the drills fifteen inches apart. Cultivate the same as directed for Carrots.

Radishes should not be sown in the open air sooner than the middle of May. They require a deep, sandy soil, that has been well cultivated and manured the previous year.

Rhubarb is a perennial plant, and may be raised from seed. Sow about the middle of May. When the plants are one year old, they should be transplanted into a very deep, rich soil, in rows three feet apart. The foot-stalks of the leaves should not be cut until the plants are two years old.

Turnips.—One of the best sorts for the garden is the Early White Stone, which may be sown from the middle of May to the end of August.—Sow in drills, fifteen inches apart, and thin out the plants to eight inches asunder. Field Turnips, such as Swedish, Aberdeen, Yellow, &c., may be sown in drills two feet apart, about the middle of May. White Globe, and Flat Norfolk, will do to set about the middle of July. Turnips are very subject to be eaten by the black flies. A good remedy is to steep one night in train oil. This will greatly promote germination, and the growth of the young plants.

MAJOR.—Now, Mrs. Grundy.

MRS. GRUNDY.—I have provided you with a full length portait of the Countess de Montijo, now Empress of France,—the usual fashions, and some other observations.

DOCTOR.—And I with my usual musical olla podrida.

MRS. GRUNDY.—(*reads.*)—

DESCRIPTION OF PLATE.

EVENING COSTUME.—Dress of pink satin, the skirt long and extremely full; the second skirt is of pink crape, it is open in front *à la robe;* a broade *guipure* lace is laid on plain round it, on the inner side of which is a trimming of white beads: the body is of pink satin with capes *à revers* of *guipure*, which fall over and entirely cover the short sleeve: the centre of corsage is ornamented with beads, and the top of the *guipure bèrthe* is finished by a row of trimming the same as that on the skirt.

PARISIAN FASHIONS FOR MONTH.

Some ladies are wearing the full bishop sleeve for morning costume, the fulness confined a little below the elbow by a narrow band; the bottom of the sleeve below the band forming a deep frill: we have seen some sleeves this form at the bottom but with less fulness at the top; they are very graceful and elegant.

Black velvet is a very favorite trimming for dresses; those *à disposition* with with very narrow black stripes woven at the edge of the flounces are the most *distinguée.* Plain high bodies with small *basquines* will be much worn for morning costumes.

In bonnets we have many novelties in preparation; for the interior trimmings we shall have gauze ribbons, in which the patterns will be woven in gold thread, while for dress bonnets narrow gold fringes will be used for trimming the *fanchons* and curtains.

For evening and ball costumes, the materials will be either woven with gold or silver, or embroidered with gold or silver thread: gold or silver blonde will also be much used as trimming for capes, sleeves, &c.

The dress in the plate is from Mme. Eugenie, *Rue Neuve des Mathurins.*

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON LONDON FASHION AND DRESS.—APRIL 7TH.

The promenades of Longchamp usually determine the spring fashions in Paris; but, unfortunately, the ungenial weather of last week proved decidedly unfavourable to a display of gay outdoor costume, and consequently we have, for the present, few or no novelties to record in regard to carriage or walking dress. On the other hand our milliners have been fully occupied in preparing a multitude of elegant dresses for the balls and evening parties of the coming season Among several, of which we have been favored with a sight, we select one or two for description.

The first, a very pretty dress, though plain, is composed of light blue tarletane. The skirt is trimmed with fifteen flounces, which nearly cover it, the space for one flounce only being left between them and the corsage: each of the flounces is edged by a row of satin ribbon. The corsage is drawn in with fulness and straight; that is to say, not pointed in front of the waist, a wide ceinture with flowing ends being worn with it. Two frills ornament the edge of the corsage by a rosette with long ends of green ribbon; the rosette having a diamond ornament in the centre. The sleeves are very short, and trimmed with rosettes similar to those employed to ornament the other parts of the dress, the flowing ends drooping to the elbow. One or two dresses of plain-colored satin have been made in the same style as the one just described. They are trimmed with flounces of Cambray lace, looped up with bows of ribbon, of a tint corresponding with the color of the robe.

Another is a dress of white silk trimmed with twelve flounces, edged with one row of light blue therry velvet ribbon. The *piéce de poitrine*, the lappet which turns over the corsage, and the sleeves are all trimmed in the same way. Head-dress, a wreath of roses without leaves, intermingled with myosotis. Long flowing ends of light blue velvet droop from each side of the head.

RELIEVO LEATHER WORK.

The vocation of Woman is not to assume the attributes of the Lords of the Creation, by seeking power and courting publicity, but quietly to discharge the domestic duties imposed on her in every station of life: to soothe suffering, to dispel discord, to solace the troubled spirit; to console, to alleviate, to sustain—are woman's primary duties and objects in this world; but under the form of general duty there is a vast amount of feminine employment and occupation, which will call forth the highest order of imagination, and bring into play the utmost powers of ingenuity. The Art of Needlework (as the Countess of Wilton has proved in her very amusing and instructive work) is anything but trivial, and its revival in the present age has been very remarkable. This resuscitation of every variety of needlework has been followed recently by another revival of an elegant, useful, and instructive art, commonly called the "Ornamental and Floral Leather Work," or designated by some practitioners as the "Modelling in Leather." There is nothing new under the sun, and although it may be disagreeable to disturb the complacency of some modern leather moulders and cutters, it must at once be distinctly stated. that any assumption of originality in the working of leather—any attempt to claim the glory of being the "inventor of the art," any desire to maintain a monopoly in its teaching, any claim to a speciality of copying—must be based on false premises. The leather work is nothing more nor less than a revival of the most ancient mode of employing woman's time and ingenuity, on record. Skins of animals were the first scanty garments in use, and originated the sempstress's art; small bones of fish or animals being the first-made needles. The "coat of many colours" referred to in the Holy Writ was probably but a little raiment cut out from dried and dyed skins of animals. In the Wilderness of Sinai, in which the hosts of Israel were assembled, we are told that, in the construction of the Tabernacle, "they came, both men and women, as many as were willing, thereto, and brought bracelets and earrings, and tablets of jewels and gold: and every man that offered, offered an offering of gold unto the Lord. And every man with whom was found blue, and purple, and scarlet, and fine linen, and goats' hair, and red skins of rams, and badgers' skins, brought them." These skins formed the modelling in leather, as well as the spun cloth for the Tabernacle, the outer covering of which, over the framework of boards of which it was built, consisted of tabask skins, over which was another covering of dyed red ram skins with hangings of goats' hair over them. The "girdles of needle-work," the "holy garments," and leather trappings and hangings in fanciful devices, with the decorations of the fabric.

The Egyptians were well acquainted with the art of moulding and dressing leather. Stamping in patterns was perfectly done, as well as the interweaving with the needle. The gorgeous costumes of the Queen of Egypt were a matter of profound study, and a special dowry was assigned to provide jewels and the most costly articles of the toilette. In the Egyptian room at the British Museum will be found the figure of Orsokon I. or II. and Amourna Harsaphes, in embossed leather. These specimens are believed to be the most ancient in existence, and their manufacture dates more than 800 years before Christ. The gilt and embossed leather cross for the vestment of a Copt priest, with a double spiral pattern, over the door of this same Egyptian collection, is also evidence of the very early use of leather in decorative art. It seems curious, certainly, that with such historic proofs in existence, such daring declarations should be promulgated as to the invention of ornamental leather work in these later times. Stamped leather was employed by the Egyptians to cover their ebony chairs, fauteuils, and couches.

Leather cuirasses were worn by the Greeks, and there can be little doubt that the women, who were so skilful in tissue work, worked at these gorgeous thoraces. Homer and Pliny refer frequently to the "tapestrie works" of the ancients, and there are innumerable specimens to be found, in Italy and Spain, of the leather hangings, dra-

peries, and decorations of the dark ages. Tapestry is generally considered to be of wove wool or silk, but it has been made of every kind of cloth, canvass, paper, and leather. Belgium, Holland, France, and England have produced exquisitely gilded and silvered leather hangings. Venice, Geneva, Boulogne, and Italy have been famed for their leather work. The imitation of carving in wood by cutting in leather was much practised in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries in the Italian States. In Holland, where such magnificent cabinets of wood-carving are to be found, leather was originally resorted to, to cover the minute tracery, the pliancy of the material fitting into every crevice with much exactness. Some curious leather tapestry hangings are to be seen at Oxford and Blenheim, the seat of the duke of Marlborough. Historical records might be examined with the greatest interest to follow the march and development of modelling in leather, but sufficient has been shown to establish the antiquity of the work, and to prove that the present taste for this ancient "crafte and scyence," is nothing but a revival, and not an invention of the present epoch, as it has been somewhat unscrupulously pretended. Our notion is to give a popular explanation of the system—to indicate to our readers the mode of working, to hold out to every lady "with nimble fingers" and ordinary taste, the expectation that, with the aid of a few lessons, this most elegant, useful and fascinating accomplishment may be attained. And in styling it an "accomplishment," perhaps justice is scarcely done to the relievo leather work. It deserves a more solid title, when it is considered that it is equal, and in lightness it is superior. That ladies in the highest circles of society should take such an interest in the leather modelling is therefore not surprising. It is agreeable to place a print within a frame of one's own manufacture, and it is more delightful to gaze on a work of sculptured art, poised on a bracket of one's own formation than to see it perched on the ponderous framework of angular carved wood. Needlework, knitting, and crochet have their fascination, but the universality of the application of leather to ornamentation and decoration will render the imitation of carving infinitely more captivating to those who labor with tact and zeal at the moulding. There is ample opportunity afforded for the development of fancy, taste, imagination, and ability in the practice of the leather work. Patterns of fantastic shape, as well as of exquisite beauty, may be invented; for it is not merely as picture frames, cabinets, boxes, scrolls, friezes, brackets, flowers, fruit, arabesques, &c., that the ornamental leather work can be confined. It may be no longer profitable for modern Matildas and Linwoods to "pore over the untraceable mazes of tapestry, to revive the book-binding days of Good Queen Bess," but there are many attractions in store for the domestic hearth in the practice of leather modelling, as well as of ornamental needle-work. It is, of course, well known that ladies of rank and distinction in many parts of the Continent do not hesitate to work embroidery for sale. In this country, for the purposes of charity, our aristocratic ladies not only prepare their needle-work for the bazaars, but preside at the stalls as venders of their ingenious articles; and the tendency to fill the parlour and drawing-room with many specimens of the handiwork of the lady of the house is sufficiently manifested. The ennui and despondency of solitary hours cannot be better relieved than by useful occupation to adorn and decorate home, for the comfort and covenience of those most dear to the "charmed circle."

THE WHITE SLAVES OF FASHION'S VOTARIES—A MILLINER'S EXPERIENCE.

I have been engaged in this business for fourteen years, at different "first-class houses," and, as my health is now suffering from the "late-hour system," I have been prevailed upon by this medium to give that information which experience has taught me, in the hope that some enterprising and humane individuals will exert themselves to break the chains of that slavery under which so many thousands of their countrywomen are bound.

I will now speak of a recent engagement of mine, and which in the "one" case will illustrate the majority of the "fashionable houses." I held the position of what is called "first hand," and had twelve young people under me. The season commenced about the middle of March. We breakfasted at six, A.M., which was not allowed to occupy more than a quarter of an hour. The hard work of the day began immediately. At eleven o'clock a small piece of dry bread was brought in as luncheon. At that hour the young people would often ask my permission to send for a glass of beer, but this was strictly prohibited by the principals, as they insisted that it caused a drowsiness, and so retarded the work. At one o'clock the dinner-bell rang, which repast consisted of a hot joint twice in the week, and cold meat the remaining five days, no pudding, and a glass of toast and water to drink. To this meal twenty minutes were given. Work again till the five o'clock summons for tea, which occupied fifteen minutes. Again to work till called to supper at nine, which also occupied fifteen minutes, which consisted of bread, cheese, and a glass of beer. All again returned to stitch, stitch, till one, two, or three in the morning, according to the business, while Saturday night was being anticipated all the week, because then no one would work after twelve. With this one night's exception, all the rest we had for three weeks, from the end of May to the middle of June, was from three till six, while three nights during that time we never lay down. I leave your readers to imagine the spectral countenances of us all. I shudder myself when I recall the picture.

At midnight each one received a cup of strong tea—as the principals said, "in case we should feel sleepy, to arouse all to work." In what state of health could July, the termination of the season, be expected to find us, poor "Fashion's slaves?"

Now, for this cruel, inhuman treatment of womankind, who in dress-making houses toil harder than any labourer is the brick field, there is one very simple remedy, employing a proper number of hands to do the work. There are always plenty seeking employment, but it is from the sordid love of gain that those already engaged may work themselves into their coffins, in order that their employers' cash-boxes may be the more speedily filled.

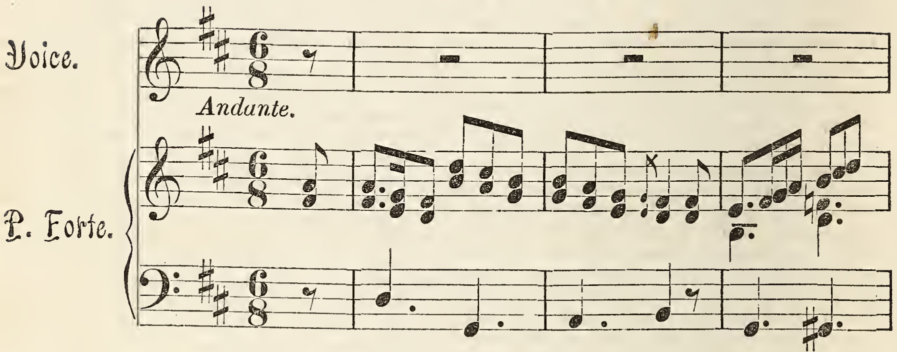
MY AIN FIRESIDE.

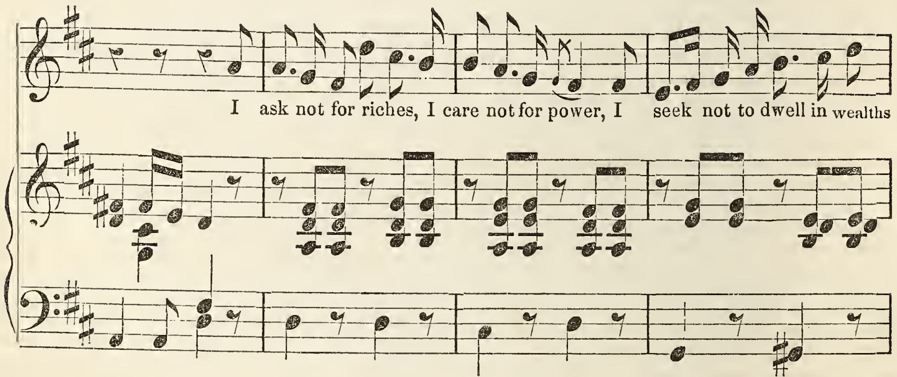
A Ballad.

THE POETRY BY THE REVEREND R. J. MACGEORGE;

THE MUSIC

BY J. P. CLARKE, MUS. BAC.





maniac's song, Give me the sweet smile of my bonnie young bride, And the calm blithesome blink o' my

ain fireside, My ain fireside, My ain fireside. The calm blythesome blink o' my ain fireside.

When the storm of misfortune broods over my path,
When friendship is cold as the ice trance of death,
When life seems a desert all cheerless and wild,
And the night shade springs rankly where roses once smiled,
What beacon my wandering footsteps may guid ?
'Tis the calm blythesome blink o' my ain fireside.
My ain fireside, &c.

MUSIC OF THE MONTH.

We notice great preparations going forward, under the auspices of Messrs. Small & Paige, in the musical way. Their advertisement promises pianofortes of superior manufacture, warranted as to solidity of workmanship, brilliancy of tone, and tastefulness of finish—all carefully selected, too, by Mr. Paige, whose reputation, we should imagine, would be a guarantee for the qualities of the instruments. They announce every kind of musical instruments, ending in ums, ons, ines, or as, such—harmoniums, melodeons, seraphines, or flatinas, in fact every kind of instrument intended to discourse sweet sounds, with the newest and best German, Italian, French, and English music. These good things, too, are not for Torontonians alone, but are also for parties at a distance, to whom the greatest care and punctuality are offered in the execution of their orders. We have no doubt but that what Mr. Paige promises he will perform, and if his stock of music offers half the attraction that his concerts have done, he will soon find his establishment, which is on King Street, three doors west of Yonge Street, insufficient for his aim,—to supply good instruments and music at the lowest rates.

Alboni, Salvi, Marini, and Beneventano continue to delight New York audiences at Niblo's, where some of Mozart's, Rossini's, and Bellini's best operas have been produced. According to our New York contemporary, the *Musical Times*, Alboni, in La Favorita, "melted upon the susceptibilities of the audience like a snow-flake." Sontag is in Philadelphia, where she has been drawing crowded houses. When shall we hear her? Perhaps, when Jullien arrives, it will be found judicious to leave the field clear, especially as with such a troupe as he brings with him, no counter attraction will be found sufficient. Koenig, the prince of cornetists; Banmaun, the potent bassoonist; Wuille, far-famed on the clarionet; Pratten, the popular flautist; and Bottesini, great on the double bass—all these accompany him, as well as Anna Zerr, whose triumphs have been too recent to require farther mention. Will Canadians benefit by all this? We hope so.

MR. PAIGE'S SUBSCRIPTION CONCERTS.

Mr. Paige's last Concert for the season came off on the 21st; the house was full, but not so inconveniently packed as on the last occasion. We think that the public seemed more pleased with this than with either of the two preceding concerts, and certainly the programme appeared to have been most judiciously made-up, so as to gratify every taste.

The piano used was one from Mr. Paige's establishment, and its clear ringing, yet sweet notes in the first bars of the opening "*Concertant à quatre mains*," were felt in every part of the room.

The first piece, a trio, from "Cosi fan tutte, La mia d'orabella," by Messrs. Humphreys, Hecht, and Paige, was brilliantly executed, and encored.

The next duo, "Giorno d'orrore," from "Semiramide," by Miss Paige and Miss Emily Paige, was very well sung; as was also the duetto, from Belesario, "Ah! se potessi piangere," by Miss Paige and Mr. Hecht. Both this and the terzetto, from Attila, "Te sol quest anima," were admirably sung, the last especially was decidedly the *bonne bouche* of the evening, but was not, we think, sufficiently appreciated by the audience. To us it appeared far more deserving of the encores awarded to some other songs during the evening.

Mary Astore, a ballad, by Glover, was very sweetly and feelingly given by Mr. Paige, who was in excellent voice, and was rapturously encored. "Savourneen Deelish," by Miss Paige, was sung in a manner that spoke to the heart. Each time that Miss Paige appears before us, she gains more upon our feelings and sympathies. We cannot help liking one, who, with perfect simplicity, and the utmost freedom from affectation of any kind, awakes in our bosoms such pleasurable emotions If Miss Paige continue in Toronto, we may safely prophecy that she will soon be the most popular person in the city.

We cannot particularize all the songs. Suffice it to say, that they were all very creditably sung. We noticed that Mr. Paige very judiciously allowed Mr. Clarke to play the aria from "Lucia," a sa solo on the Cormetto. This was done as the mute used by Mr. Clarke, to produce the effect of distance, rendered his instrument sharper than the piano. It was, however, very prettily played We are glad to observe, that the success of these concerts has been such as will induce Mr. Paige to give another series next season.

ORGAN FOR ST. JAMES' CHURCH.

The organ for this Church will be in its place by the 17th May. We have learned from connoisseurs, who have had an opportunity of hearing it, that it deserves all that has been said in its praise. We are glad of this, for really the present choir of St. James' deserves a fine instrument, as there is no other in Toronto except St. Michaels, that can pretend to execute Psalms and Chants so artistically. The singing in this choir is really very fine and it would be well if some other choirs in the city would endeavour to equal them.

LITERARY NOTICES FOR THE MONTH.

BOOKS FOR SALE BY T. MACLEAR, 45, YONGE STREET.

The Bourbons.—The Bourbon question has made a good deal of noise among the reading circles during the last two months. Many attempts have been made to find out the Dauphin of France; and many have maintained that he is living; many others that he is dead. Without adverting to conjectures, we proceed to the facts which relate more immediateiy to the question in its present bearing. In the January number of Putnam's New Monthly Magazine an article appeared, entitled "Is there a Bourbon among us?' —which created a very considerable degree of excitement. The article set forth that a Rev. Mr. Williams, a missionary at present labouring among the North American Indians, and a very venerable and respectable old man, was the Dauphin of France, son of the unfortunate Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, and would and ought to have been Louis XVII. The article went on to show that this old gentleman had been among the Indians from youth; that he had been idiotic, but on leaping or falling suddenly into water, he had been restored to the use of his senses; prior to this he remembers nothing. He was thenceforth reared among the Indians, and, becoming a serious man,he gave himself up to the work of the ministry among them. In 1841, when Prince de Joinville visited the United States, it seems he inquired soon after his arrival, for the Indian settlement in which Mr. Williams was laboring, and for Mr. Williams himself,—found his way to the one, and an interview with the other. Further, it seems that a Mr. Bellanger, who died a few years ago at New Orleans, confessed, on his deathbed, that he was employed to bring the Dauphin to America; that he did so; that he placed him among the Indians; and that he was supplied with the means of paying his boarding and supervision. These and other facts in the chain of circumstances which run through the article in Putnam, render the case one of very circumstantial evidence.

Strange to say, about the time when this article appeared in America, a work appeared in Paris, elaborate and well written, by M. Beauchesne, giving a full and extensive account of the sufferings and death of the Dauphin in the temple; the author, of course, *assumes* the deafh of the young Capet as a fact, and details his sufferings. On the arrival of the January number of the Putnam periodical in England, Prince de Joinville wrote, through his private secretary, to the editors, contradicting the whole story, and recommending Beauchense's work to the perusal of the transatlantic people. Meanwhile April arrives, and, in the number of Putnam's Magazine for the said month, a second article appears, embodying the Prince de Joinville's letter, with a closely-worked chain of twenty-seven links, so perfect and so complete that it seems almost to amount to demonstration. The case is strong, circumstances *dovetail* so very closely and correctly, that no one can read the article without being convinced that, if not true, it is at least amazingly probable. Immediately after the issue of Putnam's Magazine for April, an epitomized edition of Beauchesne's great work, *in English*, was published by the Harpers, in a small 200 page volume—which book we have read with the deepest interest, and certainly we have never shed as many tears over twice as many pages. The volume enters not on the question of the Dauphin's life and death as a *polemical* question. It *assumes* the fact, and then details at length the sufferings, miseries, privations, insults, barbarity, unspeakable cruelty and inconceivable brutality which the poor young Dauphin suffered in the Temple. The conduct of Simon, the shoemaker, towards the unfortunate child during his wretched mother's life and after her murder, baffles all description. How the human mind could conceive such schemes of brutality, murder, cruelty, and wantonness, we really cannot conceive. This volume we would recommend to every reader. Uncle Tom's Cabin—a romance *founded on fact*—is a most thrilling story, but not so thrilling as the volume we have thus noticed, not founded on fact, but fact itself. We have, however, already exhausted this work in the Shanty.

The HARPER's have also issued an additional instalment in several volumes of Coleridge's works, already noticed at length in preceding numbers. Coleridge is now known to the literary world—having been reviewed and re-reviewed by all sorts and *sides* of critics for twenty years, indeed, for fully one quarter of a century. This work must *tell* and *sell*. He was a great man—we care not whether he is viewed as a theologian, a philosopher, or a poet—Coleridge was a great, a truly great man. He was a man of profound capabilities of thinking, of strong imagination, of mighty capacities of analysing, and in every department of reflection, over which his great mind roamed, he felt perfectly *at home*. He was a good philosopher, a good theologian, a good poet, above all he became a good man.

The Harper's have also issued *The Child's History of England*, a work allready unparaleled in point of popularity in England. This work, the first volume of which has appeared, and will soon be succeeded by others, is calculated to bring the history of England into the nursery, and to make it supply the place which "Jack and the Bean Stalk," or "Raw Head and Bloody Bones," and other flimsy trash used to fill in our domestic and nursery libraries.

Uncle Tom's Cabin, third edition,—unprecedented sale in Toronto, 13,000 in a few months. Mr. Maclear will issue in a few days his *third edition* of this unparalleled work—one which has become the rage of the civilized world, Mrs. Stowe has acquired a fame which no modern authoress has yet attained, and none may be expected to outshine. In Europe and America there seems to be no limit to the circulation of this popular work.

The Mormons.—Mr. Maclear will issue in a few days a work entitled "The Mormons, or Latter Day Saints, in the Valley of the Great Salt Lake," by Lieut. J. W. Gunnison, one of the American officers in the Engineering Department. The Westminster Review and other Reviews have lauded it as the most correct and fair exponent of Mormon views. We have read this volume and would commend it to the perusal of every one who wishes to acquire a correct view of the abominations of this horrid system.

Blackie & Son, of Glasgow, have issued *Notes on the New Testament*, by Albert Barnes, Philadelphia. This volume embraces the four gospels. Barnes as a commentator, and especially as a practical commentator, stands high in Great Britain—indeed higher than he does in his own country. For Sabbath School instruction, the Notes of Albert Barnes are not excelled by those of any other writer. He is not exactly as orthodox on some points as we could wish, but he is nevertheless a good writer—a noble Theologian—a learned man and a most laborious Student. Few if any men who have had charge of a leading congregation in a large city for such a length of time have done as much to advance the interests of Bible Literature and of Scripture Knowledge.

Cabinet History of England, Civil, Military and Ecclesiastical, from the invasion of Julius Cæsar, to the year 1846. By Charles Macfarlane, in 2 vols. The foregoing volumes are got up in very excellent style, and embrace in a small compass the entire history of England—abridged—yet not omitting anything essential, and written in an easy and racy style.

These volumes owe their chief value to the fact that they are better suited for domestic reading, than the common books on the subject of English History, and along with "The Child's History of England" recently issued on both sides of the Atlantic, this book furnishes a useful collection of Historical information.

The Whole Works of John Bunyan are issuing in monthly parts, price half-a-dollar, edited by Robert Philip, Author of "The Experimental Guides," &c. The parts of the above work which we have inspected, yield the clearest proof that this edition is one in every way entitled to the high credentials which it has obtained from the most distinguished divines in Europe.

Strange to say, although Bunyan is perhaps the most popular writer on practical Religion in the English language, yet you scarcely ever meet with a uniform edition of the work. The society for the republication of "The Puritan Divines," which, like most of its kind has become defunct—issued a few volumes—it might have published them all had it succeeded, but except that of Blackie and Son, in large double columned octavo, we have seen no edition of Bunyan exactly to our mind. We would heartily recommend the edition just noticed to every family.

Railway Machinery—a Treatise on the Mechanical Engineering of Railways, embracing the principles and construction of Rolling and fixed Plant, in all departments, illustrated, by a series of plates on a large scale, and by numerous engravings, by Daniel Kinnear Clark, Engineer.

The above great work is now being issued in parts, large quarto, with splendid drawings, and beautifully executed engravings on steel. At this stage of Railroad Engineering in Canada, this cannot fail to be a most valuable and popular work; no Engineer's library is perfect without it. A few parts have been placed before us for inspection, and touching the style and structure of the work, we cannot speak too highly.

Cabinet-Maker's Assistant, being a series of original designs for modern furniture.—A large quarto, with magnificent steel engravings. Blackie and Son, are sending forth this valuable book, to subscribers only, at 2s. 6d. sterling each number. The design of the book is good, the style excellent, and the execution of the steel engravings perhaps the finest of any of their other works. To Cabinet-makers this work is a *sine quâ non.*

Memoirs of Napoleon Bonaparte, by M. de Bovrienne, with continuation till his death at St. Helena, with numerous anecdotes from authentic sources. Blackie and Son are issuing this work in parts. Bourienne's "Life of the Emperor Napoleon Bonaparte" is, perhaps, the most correct and authentic extant. The reason is that the author was a school-fellow of Napoleon, grew up with him and retained his kindly feeling towards the Emperor, being an officer in his army, and his confidential friend till near the battle of Waterloo, when a circumstance occurred which created a coolness between them, and thus the knowledge, personal and private, which few if any save Bourienne possessed, is turned to an admirable account. Many things published in this volume might have been suppressed but for the coolness between Napoleon and his friend the author—while many things known only to the author respecting the school-boy days of Bonaparte are here detailed, and invested with a great degree of interest. We have read no life of Napoleon which seems to us to have given a fair delineation of his *real* charecter, with so much accuracy and interest as that of Bourienne.

Devonport & De-Witt, of the Tribune Buildings, have recently issued, in pamphlet form, an edition of the *Apocrypha of the New Testament*, which is indispensable for classical purposes. We have read it with care. The apocryphal works of Scripture are not popular; but yet they may and ought to be read by the student of theology. Every man who undertakes the "office of a bishop" ought to be familiar with the Epistles of Ignatius, and the Gospel of St. Mary, as well as the "Protevangelion" and the Gospels of the Infancy of Christ, not to speak of the Epistles of Clement and Barnabas, and the Gospel according to Nicodemus. On this account we recommend only as a matter of curiosity the perusal of the Apocrypha of the New Testament. The edition before us costs a mere trifle, and till recently the work was scarcely accessible.

Harper & Brothers have recently issued a book by Dr. Samuel Hanson Cox of Brooklyn, entitled *Interviews, Memorable and Useful*, containing interviews with Dr. Chalmers and other great men; and seldom, if ever, have we read such a mass of stuff. The work is obviously written to puff off his own powers, and reminds us of a little nursery rhyme we used to repeat in our boyhood days—

> Little Jack Horner sat in a corner,
> Eating his Christmas pie;
> He put in his thumb and pulled out a plumb,
> And said, what a Big Boy am I.

Blanchard & Son, of Philadelphia, have published, in one volume 8vo, the Lives of the Queens of Henry VIII, with a biographical sketch of the life of his mother, by Agnes Strickland. The volume before us is made up of *seven* most interesting lives—the mother and the wives of the worst man that ever held a British sceptre, or wore a British crown. The name of Agnes Strickland will, of course, be a sufficient guarantee for the popularity of the work.

THE

ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

Vol. II.—TORONTO: JUNE, 1853.—No. 6.

HISTORY OF THE WAR

BETWEEN GREAT BRITAIN AND THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

DURING THE YEARS 1812, 1813, AND 1814.

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CHAPTER VI.

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General Brock returns to York.

AFTER having regulated, as far as circumstances would admit, all matters, civil* and military, in the west, General Brock hastened his return to the Niagara frontier, leaving all the force he could spare at Detroit, under General Proctor, and on his way thither, while on his voyage across Lake Erie, in the schooner Chippewa, he received the first intelligence of the armistice, which Sir George Prevost and General Dearborn, the American commander, had concluded. This intelligence occasioned the deepest regret to General Brock, as his foresight enabled him at once to perceive that the plans, which he had been maturing for an attack on Sackett's Harbor, must now necessarily be abandoned. His mortification must have been excessive at finding that the fruits of his successes in the west, which he was now prepared to gather, would be thus, in all probability, lost.

Without joining in the outcry raised against Sir George Prevost, this armistice deserves serious consideration, as its operations tended

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NOTE.—Such was General Brock's anxiety to return to the Niagara frontier, that, though unwillingly, he was obliged to leave some affairs of importance unsettled, as the following shows:—

From Lieut. Col. Nichol, Quartermaster-General of Militia, to Major-General Brock.

* I have just been informed by Colonel Proctor that he intends sending an express to-morrow to Fort George, which gives me an opportunity to forward a few printed copies of your proclamation, and to inform you that in order to carry it into effect, it has been found absolutely necessary to organize the civil government. Under existing circumstances, I have advised Colonel Proctor to assume the administration until your pleasure is known, to which he has agreed, and the necessary arrangements consequent thereto have been adopted and promulgated. In Judge Woodward, who has been appointed secretary *pro tem*, he will find an able coadjutor; and as your object undoubtedly was to tranquillize the public mind, and to give the inhabitants a proof of the moderation and benevolence of His Majesty's Government, as well as to ensure the due administration of the laws, I do not think a more judicious choice could have been made. In all the discussions which took place on this subject, Colonel Proctor did me the honour to consult me; and I have no hesitation in saying, that I urged him to the step he has taken, of which I hope you will, as it is only temporary, approve. It has not been in my power as yet to send a statement of all that we have captured, as the property is so scattered, but I hope to finish this week. We got upwards of £1,200 in money, and have sent down a hundred packs worth, I suppose, £1,500 more. I have reason to think the captured property will not be much under £40,000.

We have still 350 prisoners to ship off, but I hope to get rid of them in a few days. Public confidence seems to be partially restored; business is again going on, and I hope that the country will become perfectly quiet.

It is impossible for me to say when I shall get done here. I hope, however. it will not be long. I regret that we are not able to send you complete returns of everything; but the captured property is in so many different places, and so scattered, that it cannot be done.

materially to strengthen and favor the future movements of the enemy, whilst the opportunity of making a decisive attack on the American positions was thrown away. General Brock was most desirous, ere the enemy should recover from the panic into which General Hull's catastrophe had thrown them, to profit, to the utmost, by vigorous and active movements; but he now found himself compelled to remain inactive, whilst he felt that prompt measures alone could ensure ultimate success.

The transport of the American stores,* ordnance and provisions, of each of which they were much in want, not being prohibited by that armistice, was accordingly protected and facilitated by it on Lake Ontario, and along the Niagara frontier, beyond their most sanguine expectations.

" Most fortunately† Hull's business was settled by capitulation before the armistice was known to him or to General Brock, for had it reached him in time, he, of course, would gladly have accepted it, to *gain delay for the arrival of reinforcements, and a supply of provisions*, from which would have resulted the salvation of his army, the prejudicial consequences whereof are incalculable; for had a knowledge of it reached the Indian nations at that time, such a disgust and distrust must thereby have been excited, as could never have been removed; and the first effects of which would, probably, have appeared in the immediate dispersion of the Indians, whose powerful and indispensable aid, at that early period of the contest, would have been totally lost to us. To the facts above stated I must add the extraordinary circumstance, that a staff-officer was sent express from Montreal to Upper Canada, to prevent General Brock from proceeding to the Western District, but which most happily was prevented from taking effect, by the extraordinary rapidity of the movements of that zealous and gallant officer, who had proceeded thither before the officer so sent could reach him."

We are as little desirous of entering into a defence of Sir George Prevost, as of making a case against him, but the above strikes us as scarcely fair, either to General Brock or to Sir George Prevost. In the first place, Veritas makes use of the expression "to give delay for the arrival of reinforcements, and a supply of provisions," now we have already shewn in Col. Cass's letter to the Secretary at War, that General Hull's catastrophe was to be ascribed neither to the want of one nor the other,—"that we were far superior to the enemy, that upon any ordinary principle of calculation we would have defeated them, the wounded and indignant feelings of every man there will testify;" again, "the state of our provisons has not generally been understood. On the day of surrender we had fifteen days provisions of every kind on hand. Of meat there was plenty in the country, and arrangements had been made for purchasing and grinding the flour. It was calculated we could readily procure three months provisions, independent of one hundred and fifty barrels of flour, and one thousand three hundred head of cattle which had been forwarded from the State of Ohio, and which remained at the river Raisin under Captain Brush, within reach of the army." Now, these passages prove distinctly that General Brock's success was in no way attributable to the destitute state of his opponents, but was solely to be ascribed to his own energy and tactics. We do not think that Veritas meant in any degree to lessen the credit due to General Brock, on the contrary, his letters have all a direct tendency the other way; but we do think that, in his anxiety to establish a strong case against Sir George Prevost, he has, inadvertently, strengthened the hands of General Hull's apologists. With respect to Sir George Prevost the case is still more unfair, he says, "In short, military foresight, anticipation, or counteraction of possible or probable movements or designs of the enemy, formed no part of Sir George's system of operations." Now, how was it possible for Sir George, hampered as he was by instructions from the English ministry, to run counter to the express orders he had received. What does Sir George say in his letter of August 30th to General Brock? "The king's government having most unequivocally expressed to me their desire to preserve peace with the United States, that they might, uninterrupted, pursue, with the whole disposable force of the country, the vast interests committed in Europe, I have endeavoured to be instrumental in the accomplishment of their

* Vide the letters of Veritas.

† Ibid.

views; but I consider it most fortunate that I have been enabled to do so without interfering with your operations on the Detroit. I am in hourly expectation of receiving from Gen. Dearborn intelligence respecting the reception of the proposed suspension of hostilities, in consequence of the revocation of the orders in Council, which are the plea for war on the part of the American Cabinet." * * * "I consider the arrangement entered into by General Dearborn, with Colonel Baynes, requiring the confirmation of the President, to establish its sacredness."

In his anxiety to criminate Sir George, Veritas is again unfair, for speaking of him, (page 20) he writes, "He was mainly a passive instrument at that time; neither did he give any orders or impulse." * * * * "In the whole of these events, all that he had to do was to reap the fruits of what others had done, and it would be supposed that all was owing to Sir George." When we come to consider the testimony of General Brook's biographer, his own nephew, we shall discover that whatever Sir George Prevost's immediate friends may have done, to Sir George himself, at all events, cannot be ascribed the desire of shining in borrowed plumage. Mr. F. Brock Tupper's evidence will prove this—"as we have already commented on Sir George Prevost's management of the war, and shall have occasionally to do so again, WE GLADLY GIVE HIM CREDIT FOR THE VERY HANDSOME manner in which he spoke of Major General Brock, in his despatch to Lord Bathurst, one of His Majesty's principal Secretaries of State, announcing the surrender of Detroit, and dated Montreal, 26th August, 1812."

The extracts from the despatch, however, will prove this still more effectually:—

"It was under these circumstances, at this critical period, and when the enemy were beginning to consult their security by entrenching themselves, that General Brock entered Amherstburg with a reinforcement, which he was fortunately enabled to do on the 13th instant, without the smallest molestation, in consequence of our decided naval superiority on the lakes. To his active and intelligent mind, the advantages which his enemys's situation afforded him over them, even with his very inferior force, were immediately apparent; and that he has not failed most effectually to avail himself of those favorable circumstances, your lordship will, I trust, be satisfied, from the letter which I have the honor of transmitting.

"Having thus brought to your lordship's view the different circumstanses which have led to the successful termination of the campaign in the western frontier of Upper Canada, I cannot withhold from Major General Brock the tribute of applause so justly due to him for his distinguished conduct on this occasion; or omit to recommend him, through your lordship, to the favorable consideration of his Royal Highness the Prince Regent, for the great ability and judgment with which he planned, and the promptitude, energy, and fortitude with which he has effected, the preservation of Upper Canada, with the sacrifice of so little British blood in accomplishing so important a service."

This is scarcely the language which Sir George would have made use of had he been really desirous "to reap the fruits of what others had sown;" that it had not that effect, at all events, is pretty plain from Lord Bathurst's reply:—"I have had the honor of receiving your despatch, dated the 26th August, together with its enclosures from Major General Brock, and I lost no time in laying intelligence so important and satisfactory before his Royal Highness the Prince Regent.

"I am commanded by his Royal Highness to take the earliest opportunity of conveying his approbation of the ABLE, JUDICIOUS, and DECISIVE conduct of Major General Brock, of the zeal and spirit manifested by Col. Proctor and the other officers, as well as of the intrepidity of the troops under the command of Major General Brock.

"By the united exertions of this little army, the enterprise of the Americans has been defeated; the territories of his Majesty in Upper Canada have been secured; and on the enemy's fort of Detroit, so important to that security, the British standard has been happily placed.

"You will inform Major General Brock that his Royal Highness—taking into consideration all the difficulties by which he was surrounded, from the time of the invasion of the province by the American army, under the command of General Hull, and the singular judgment, skill, firmness, and courage with which he was

enabled to surmount them so effectually—has been pleased to appoint him an extra Knight of the Most Honorable Order of the Bath."

This prompt action taken by the British Ministry in the recognition of what was due by a grateful country, to one who had so well and efficiently served her, should exonerate Sir George Prevost from the imputation of attempting to lessen General Brock's claims to distinction,—and with respect to "the vacillating measures pursued by him on all occasions," it should be borne in mind that it is a most hazardous thing for a commanding officer to run counter to instructions where the course of conduct to be pursued was so expressly defined. All that can be hoped for, at best, in case of success, is "not to be blamed," while, in the event of failure, sure and certain ruin must be the inevitable result.

It is more than probable that when we come to the consideration of the consequences of the policy pursued by Sir George Prevost, we shall find ample grounds for regret that a different course had not been adopted, but there is a wide difference between seeing that a measure has turned out a wrong one, and discovering the real parties to whom the blame should properly attach. The letters of Veritas should, therefore, be cautiously received, as, although, they are most valuable from the fund of information they contain; they are, nevertheless, tinctured with a spice of party feeling from which we are, at this latter time, perhaps more free.

The following note (see page 25) in reference to the Editor of the Quebec Gazette, will show this pretty clearly:—"This gentleman (the Editor of the Quebec Gazette) is now calling out for a truce or armistice, which would doubtless be very convenient for the purpose of his party, in order that the poison infused by his other false representations, might take full effect, by withholding the antidote of truth; but that cannot be, after such continued deceptions, and more especially after the most impudent and two-per-cent doctrine, promulgated by that editor, wherein he makes the approval of Sir George's measures, the criterion of loyalty; consequently, by that rule, those who stirred themselves most actively in the support of the Government during the war, and at its commencement marched to suppress an insurrection striking at the vitals of our defence, are to be held as disloyal; and the insurgents with their abetters, at that time, good men and true—for true it is, that most of the former are non-addressees, whilst all the latter are addressees."

Complimentary and congratulatory letters received by General Brock. Col. Baynes' opinion of General Hull.

Amongst the various congratulatory letters addressed to General Brock, on this occasion, we could select many that would tend to show how unfair it would be to assume that any attempt had been made by Sir George Prevost to profit by the deeds of another, or to deprive General Brock of any part of his fame. One, however, will suffice, from the Chief Justice of Lower Canada, where Sir George Prevost's popularity was deservedly very great, and where his influence was doubtless most felt.* From the whole tenor of these letters it is easy to perceive that credit was given where due, and that General Brock was not deprived of the glory he had so deservedly won.

From a letter of Col. Baynes to General Brock, it is apparent that General Hull inspired a very different sort of feeling amongst his captors. Col. Baynes says, "Sir George has consented to allow General Hull to return upon his parole, he is loud in his complaints against the Government at Washington, and the General thinks that his voice, in the general cry, may be attended with beneficial effects, and has allowed him to return and enter the lists. General Hull appears to possess less feeling and sense of shame than any man in his situation could be supposed to do. He seems to be perfectly satisfied with himself, is lavish of censure upon his Government, but appears to think that the most scrupulous cannot attach the slightest blame to his own immediate conduct at Detroit. The grounds upon which he rests his defence are not, I fancy, well founded, for he told us that he had not, at

*In your present situation, I am perfectly sensible of your occupations, and know that your time is precious. Yet I take the liberty to intrude upon you with my congratulations upon the brilliant success which has attended the measures which you have pursued with so much judgment in Upper Canada, and the thanks of an individual who feels the benefits which he, in common with every other subject of his majesty in British America, derives from your exertions.

Detroit, gunpowder for the service of one day. Sir George has since shewn him the return of the large supply found in the fort; it did not create a blush, but he made no reply. He professes great surprise and admiration at the zeal and military preparation that he has every where witnessed; that it was entirely unlooked for, and that he has no doubt that his friend, General Dearborn, will share his fate, if he has the imprudence to follow his example, Hull seems cunning and unprincipled: how much reliance is to be placed on his professions, time will shew."

General situation of affairs, the effects of the armistice upon them.

Before entering on the consideration of the armistice, it will be expedient to cast a rapid glance at the general position of affairs in both Provinces, at that time, and to examine how far the enemy's plans were either promoted or impeded thereby.

On the confines of Lower Canada, large bodies of American troops were stationed, and each day was adding to their numbers, a descent upon Montreal by St. John's and Odelltown being evidently the object in contemplation. At Niagara, and along the whole of that frontier, General Van Ranselaer was indefatigable in his exertions and had already assembled so formidable a force as to afford serious grounds for apprehension; on the part of Gen. Brock, that an irruption, at no distant date, might be expected in that quarter. Further westward General Harrison was actively employed in raising troops, and concentrating them about the river Raisin, near Detroit, with the intention of recapturing that position. According to some American accounts the hopes of this officer were sanguine. General Armstrong, after noticing several desultory attacks, by the Kentucky and Ohio militia, against some Indian settlements, observes "such was the state of things on the western frontier, when the Government, having decided the rival pretensions of Generals Winchester and Harrison, vested in the latter the command of the army and district: with orders sufficiently definite, as to the objects to be pursued, but entirely discretionary as to the time and mode of pursuing them." Availing himself of the latitude given by this new and increased authority, the General hastened to remodel his plan of campaigns and promptly rejecting his first proposal of recapturing Detroit by a *coup de main*,* he planned a march by three separate and distinct routes across the swampy and uninhabited region in his front to the rapids of the Miami—whence, after accumulating one million of rations for the troops, and forage for two thousand horses and oxen, he proposed marching rapidly on Brownstown, crossing the river Detroit, and before the commencement of winter, taking Malden and recapturing the Michigan territory.

Such was the position of affairs along the whole frontier of both the Canadas; and we will now proceed to show what were the effects of (according to Veritas) the deadly armistice entered into by Sir George Prevost.

The Armistice, and the subsequent policy pursued.

The American commander-in-chief, General Dearborn, a short time after the commencement of hostilities, fixed his quarters at Greenbush, near Albany, where he had formed a military dépôt, "with a view," says Christie, "of collecting an army to overawe Lower Canada, and, by preventing succours being sent to the upper province, afford General Hull every facility for the accomplishment of his designs in that quarter." About the commencement of August he received despatches from Sir George Prevost, by the Adjutant-General, Colonel Baynes, bearing a flag of truce notifying the repeal of the orders in Council, information whereof

* While acting in a subordinate capacity to Winchester, the General had no doubt of being able, with a few mounted men, to re-take Detroit by a *coup de main*, and was careful to inform the Government of his plans and their practicability. When, however, by means of this and other representations, having the same object, he became commanding officer of the army and district, his views suddenly changed; the rapid and certain process of a *coup de main* was abandoned as hopeless, and one more systematic and imposing substituted for it, requiring as a preliminary to any direct movement on Malden or Detroit, an accumulation of twelve months' provisions and forage, with carts, waggons, &c., to transport them from the place of deposit to the scene of action, or, in other words, the entire purchase of all surplus corn, flour or fodder, oxen, horses, carts, waggons, &c., to be found within the state of Ohio; and this at a time (22nd of October,) when he says of the roads, "to get supplies forward through a swampy wilderness of more than two hundred miles, in waggons, or on pack-horses, which are also to carry their own fodder, is absolutely impossible."—*McAffee's War, page* 167.

had been transmitted to his Excellency from Halifax, by Mr. Foster, the late Minister in America. A proposition accompanying these as to the propriety of suspending hostilities, until the pleasure of the President of the United States should be known, was submitted to the American General, in the hope that this conciliatory measure, removing the alleged principal ground of difference between the two nations, would be met by a corresponding disposition on the part of the American Government. General Dearborn readily consented to an armistice (except as to General Hull, who, he said, acted under the immediate commands of the secretary-at-war), and forwarded the despatches to his Government, which, misconstructing this friendly proffer into a sense of weakness and of danger on the part of the British commander, and probably flushed with the prospect of subjugating Upper Canada, refused to ratify the armistice.

We have already stated that the transport of American stores was much furthered by the operations of the armistice; but it should be remembered that it was equally in the power of the British to avail themselves of the time thus afforded them for preparation. Still it was clearly Sir George Prevost's duty to carry out by every means in his power the instructions he had received from the British Government, and we do not see what other course he could have adopted.

He availed himself of the very first opportunity that offered to re-establish amicable relations between the two countries. In short, he advised the American Government that they had now no cause to allege for a continuance of hostilities, inasmuch as all the grievances of which they complained had been removed. He, therefore, in furtherance of his instructions, proposed a temporary cessation of hostilities, in hopes of averting the miseries of a war between two kindred nations, and of affording time for the establishment of a permanent peace. As far as this proposal is in question, no other course was open to Sir George; he had not the power of choice. When, too, we consider the matter still further, it should be remembered that the armistice only lasted one month, although in force for a longer period on the western frontier, and on the 31st August Sir George dispatched his instructions to the west, advising Gen. Brock of the disallowance of the temporary truce. Besides if the Americans had availed themselves of it for one purpose, so also had the British for another. "A cordon was formed along the frontiers of Lower Canada, from Yamaska to St. Régis, where the line of separation between the United States and Lower Canada touches the St. Lawrence, consisting of Canadian voltigeurs and part of the embodied militia. A light brigade of the elite of the forces regular and militia, was formed at Blairfindie, under the command of Lieut.-Col. Young, of the 8th regiment, consisting of the flank companies of the 8th, 100th, and 103d regiments, with the Canadian Fencibles, the flank companies of the first battalion of embodied militia, and a small brigade of the royal artillery, with six field pieces.

"The road to the United States, from the camp at Blairfindie (or L'Acadie) through Burtonville and Odelltown, was cut up and rendered impracticable by abbatis, and every precaution taken to prevent a sudden irruption from that quarter. The voltigeurs, with extraordinary perseverance, effected this fatiguing duty in the course of a very short time, under the superintendence of their commanding officer, Major de Salaberry."

The enumeration of these various operations is a fair proof that, as the armistice benefitted the Americans, so did it, in like manner, operate beneficially on British interests. We will, however, to enable the reader to arrive at a just conclusion, make a few extracts from the narrative of S. Van Ranselaer, who acted as aide-de-camp to his relative, General Van Ranselaer, at that time commanding the troops on the Niagara frontier:—

"In this state of things, the armistice which had been concluded between General Dearborn and the Governor General of Canada, was announced to General Van Ranselaer, and it became necessary to settle with the commander of the British forces opposite to us, terms of an arrangement for the government of the armies on the Niagara, during the continuance of the armistice. The performance of this duty was assigned to me, and a suggestion having been made by me to that effect, I had the authority of General Van Ranselaer to attempt such an arrangement, as, besides securing the objects contemplated by General Dearborn, might enable us, pending the

armistice, to use the waters of the Ontario, as a common and undisturbed highway for the purposes of transportation. My interview with General Sheaffe, in this mission, was one full of interest, as was anticipated. The terms proposed by me were met not only by objections, but at first by an unequivocal refusal to accede to them. The following clause, proposed and insisted on, on the part of the British General, will serve to show how wide of each other were our respective views and interests, 'It is moreover to be distinctly understood, that there is not anything in the foregoing articles, to be construed into granting facilities for the forwarding of troops, stores, &c. which did not exist before the declaration of the armistice, further than they are to pass unmolested as therein provided, in the mode and by the waters assigned to them prior to the cessation of hostilities.' The result of a protracted discussion, however, was an agreement which confined the restrictions to the movement of troops, stores, &c. to the country above Fort Erie, and left such movements elsewhere entirely unshackled and free.

"The importance of this arrangement has never been sufficiently appreciated. The immediate and pressing necessity for it on our part, was, that without it, the ordnance and supplies intended for the army, having been collected at Oswego, were not likely ever to reach us, the roads were impassable, especially for heavy cannon, and the highway of the lake was beset by a triumphant enemy. As soon as the negotiation was successfully completed, an express was dispatched to Col. Fenwick at Oswego, to move on with his supplies with all possible expedition. But General Van Ranselaer was enabled to use this advantage for another purpose of even greater importance to the service.—No sooner was the way open, than an express was sent to Ogdensburgh with an order for the removal of nine vessels from that place to Sackett's Harbor. To this movement was Commodore Chauncey indebted for the ascendancy which he, for a time, was enabled to maintain on the lake, and without which the subsequent descent on Little York could not have been attempted."

It is now for the reader to weigh well the position of Sir George Prevost. He had received certain instructions from home which he was bound to obey: a particular line of conduct presented itself which would confer certain advantages on the enemy, but which he saw that he could also turn to his own profit: forbearance towards America was the policy which he had been ordered to adopt: should he then be blamed because, in pursuance of his instructions, and in hopes of a speedy termination of the differences with America, he endeavored, by temporising, to avoid measures tending to widen the breach and give cause to the American people to embark heartily in the quarrel of their government.

In addition to the above reasons, it should also be borne in mind, that Sir George was conscious of his inferior strength, and was pretty well aware that at this juncture there was but little hope that such reinforcements could be expected, from any quarter, as would enable him to adopt any other than a defensive system. Whatever errors of judgment we may, at a later period of our narrative, find cause to attribute to Sir George Prevost, so far we can scarcely blame him for avoiding the risk of weakening his already small force in hazardous enterprises which, in case of failure, must end in certain ruin to the provinces committed to his charge.

A few extracts from the letters of Veritas will serve to prove how anxious Sir George's enemies were to find something to condemn in his measures. We have already, in former chapters, shewn how unexpected by Great Britain was a declaration of war on the part of the United States. We have shewn the forbearance and conciliatory attitude of the English ministry;—we have brought before our readers proofs that the war was not popular with the majority of the inhabitants of the United States, certainly not with the reflecting part of the community; in short, we have proved distinctly that the war was unexpected, and that, even at the eleventh hour, there were sound reasons for calculating that an amicable arrangement would be entered into. According to Veritas, soon after Sir George's arrival in Canada, "he made a rapid tour through the upper part of this province; no doubt for the purpose of viewing it with a military eye, and thereby personally judging of the best positions for defence, in case of need. This was highly proper, but like

many other excursions, no visible result followed.

"*The winter of* 1811 passed on without any preparations contemplative of war, (the before-mentioned militia act excepted,) notwithstanding the fulminations in Congress against us, during all that winter: the open avowel of their designs upon Canada, and the actual spreading of the cloth for Mr. Peter B. Porter's war feast, as announced in the committee of Congress, whereof he was the organ.

"The two internal keys of the province, viz.—Isle-aux-Noix and Coteau du Lac, were either despised or overlooked in that tour, notwithstanding the importance decidedly given to the former, especially by the French engineers, and by General Haldimand, who was an able judge of positions, and who had expended a large sum of money in fortifying it, in the former American war.

"The cause of the neglect I know not with certainty, but the fact is, that Isle-aux-Noix was not occupied until some time after the war, and might have been seized by the enemy, had he then possessed sufficient military capacity to estimate its value. Coteau du Lac was not occupied until the summer of 1813.

"Not a gun-boat or vessel was built in the river Richelieu, at, or above St. John's, or even thought of, until the Almighty threw into the power of the brave 100th Regiment and a few artillery, in garrison at Isle-aux-Noix, two of the enemy's armed vessels, which were captured in a most gallant style, by the aid of a gun-boat or two, built, by order cf Sir James Craig, at Quebec, which had been conveyed overland to St. John's; and which captures formed the basis of a flotilla for Lake Champlain, and first suggested the idea of endeavoring to command it.

"It has been matter of surprise to many, why a number of flat-boats, capable of carrying heavy guns, were never built at Lachine, to be stationed below the Cascades, at Isle Perrault, or wherever else on Lake St. Louis might have been considered most advisable and convenient, for a rapid movement to attack the enemy if they descended the St. Lawrence, immediately after passing the rapids of the Cedars, before they could collect together and form; it being certain that their boats must necessarily sault or pass the rapids unconnected, and by comparison as it were, in Indian-file, or in sections of a very small front; consequently, their discomfiture would have been easy, had they been met immediately after by a respectable number of our armed boats, ready and fresh for the attack."

What is here complained of is, first, that no results followed Sir George's tour through the provinces on first assuming the government. We are rather at a loss to know what results were looked for, or could have been expected, to us it appears that all Sir George wanted was to make himself personally master of the different points most exposed to attack, and capable of being easily made defensible; this he did by personal inspection, and having gained the information he required, he was prepared in case of necessity to make use of it. We do not see that Sir George would have been warranted, in a young and poor colony, to waste its resources on works that it was very uncertain would be required.

The next complaint is, that the winter of 1811 was suffered to pass over without any preparation contemplative of war. The passage, we presume, that is here alluded to in Mr. Porter's speech, and which we give at length below,* is as follows:—"In short, it

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Mr. Porter said that the house were probably expecting from the committee on foreign relations some explanation of their views in reporting the resolutions now under consideration, in addition to the general exposition of them contained in the report itself. The committee themselves felt that such explanations were due, inasmuch as they had only reported in part, and had intimated their intention to follow up those resolutions, should they be adopted, by the recommendation of ulterior measures.

The committee, Mr. P. said, after examining the various documents accompanying the president's message were satisfied, as he presumed every member of the house was, that all hopes of accomodation must be abandoned. When they looked at the correspondence between the two governments; when they observed the miserable shifts and evasions (for they were entitled to no better appelation) to which Great Britain resorted to excuse the violations of our maritime rights, it was impossible not to perceive that her conduct towards us was not regulated even by her own sense of justice, but solely by a regard to the probable extent of our forbearance. The last six years have been marked by a series of progressive encroachments on our rights; and the principles by which she publicly upheld her aggressions, were as mutable as her conduct. We had seen her one year advancing doctrines which the year before she had reprobated. We had seen her one day capturing our vessels under pretexts, which on the preceding day she would have been ashamed

was the determination of the committee to recommend open and decided war, a war as vigorous and effective as the resources of the country, and the relative situation of ourselves and our enemy would enable us to prosecute."

This we admit was pretty strong language, and was used on the 6th of December, 1811. On the 8th of December, however, we find Mr. Cheeves, from the committee appointed in that part of the President's message which relates to the naval force of the United States, and to the defence of the maritime frontier, making the following report, in part:—

"The committee to whom was referred so much of the President's message of the 5th of November, 1811, as relates to the defence of our maritime frontier, report, in part, that two communications from the Secretary at War,

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or afraid to avow. Indeed, said Mr. P., she seems to have been constantly and carefully feeling our pulse, to ascertain what portions we would bear; and if we go on submitting to one indignity after another, it will not be long before we shall see British subjects, not only taking our property in our harbours, but trampling on our persons in the streets of our cities.

Having become convinced that all hopes, from further negociation were idle, the committee, Mr. P. said, were led to the consideration of another question which was—whether the maritime rights which Great Britain is violating were such as we ought to support at the hazard and expense of a war? And he believed he was correct in stating that the committee was unanimously of the opinion they were. The committee thought that the orders in council so far as they go to interrupt our *direct trade*, that is, the carrying the productions of this country to a market in the ports of friendly nations, and returning with the proceeds of them—ought to be resisted by war. How far we ought to go in support of what is commonly called the *carrying trade*, although the question was agitated in the committee, no definitive opinion was expressed. —It was not deemed necessary, at this time, to express such an opinion, inasmuch as the injury we sustain by the inhibition of this trade is merged in the greater one to our direct trade.

The orders in council, Mr. P. said, of which there seemed now to be no prospect of a speedy repeal, certainly none during the continuance of the present war, authorising the capture of our vessels bound to and from ports where British commerce is not favourably received; and as that nation is at war with most of the civilized world, the effect was (as he understood) from those who had much better information on the subject than he could pretend to, to cut up at once, about three fourths of our best and most profitable commerce. It was impossible that the mercantile or agricultural interests of the United States, which on the question of a right to the *direct trade* could never be separated, could submit to such impositions. It was his opinion that going upon the ground of a mere pecuniary calculation, a calculation of profit and loss, it would be for our interest to go to war to remove the orders in council, rather than to submit to them, even during the term of their probable continuance.

But there was another point of view in which the subject presented itself to the committee, and that was as regarded the character of the country. We were a young nation, and he hoped we cherished a little pride and spirit, as well as a great deal of justice and moderation. Our situation was not unlike that of a young man just entering into life, and who, if he tamely submitted to cool, deliberate, intentional indignity, might safely calculate to be kicked and cuffed for the whole remainder of his life; or, if he should afterwards undertake to retrieve his character, must do it at ten times the expense which it would have cost him at first to support it. We should clearly understand and define those rights which as a nation we ought to support, and we should support them at every hazard. If there be any such thing as rights between nations, surely the people of the *United States*, occupying the half of a continent, have a right to navigate the seas, without being molested by the inhabitants of the little island of Great Britain.

It was under these views of the subject that the committee did not hesitate to give it as their opinion, that we ought to go to war in opposition to the orders in council. But as to the extent of the war and the time when it should be commenced, there would be of course some diversity of sentiment, in the house, as there was at first in the committee.

That we can contend with Great Britain openly and even-handed on the element where she injures us, it would be folly to pretend. Were it even in our power to build a navy which should be able to cope with hers, no man who has any regard for the happiness of the people of this country, would venture to advise such a measure. All the fame and glory which the British navy has acquired at sea, have been dearly paid for in the sufferings and misery of that ill-fated people at home—sufferings occasioned in a great measure by the expense of that stupendous establishment. But without such a navy, the United States could make a serious impression upon Great Britain, even at sea. We could have, within six months after a declaration of war, hundreds of *privateers* in every part of the ocean. We could harrass, if not destroy, the vast and profitable commerce which she is constantly carrying on to every part of this continent. We could destroy her fisheries to the north; we could depredate upon her commerce to the West India islands which is passing by our doors; we could annoy her trade along the coast of South America; we could even carry the war to her own shores in Europe. But, Mr. P. said, there was another place where we could attack her, and where she would feel our power still more sensibly. We could deprive her of her extensive provinces lying along our borders to the north. These provinces were not only immensely valuable in themselves, but almost indispensable to the existence of Great Britain, cut off as she now is in a great measure from the north of Europe. He had been credibly informed that the exports from

—which accompany this report,—which were made in reply to queries propounded by the committee, contain the best information on the subject which they have been able to collect.

"That one of them contains an enumeration of the permanent fortifications which have been completed or commenced, with remarks on the troops necessary to garrison them, That for the completion of works already commenced, *no further appropriation is requisite.* But that some additional works are deemed necessary, the precise extent of which *cannot at present be determined.*"

It is apparent from the tenor of this report, that with a great portion of the American people, the prospects of a war were by no means certain. We would also remind the reader of various extracts, we made in the introductory part of this narrative, of a decidedly pacific tone, (Mr. Sheffey's of Virginia,

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Quebec alone amounted during the last year, to near six millions of dollars, and most of these too in articles of the first necessity—in ship timber and in provisions for the support of her fleets and armies. By carrying on such a war as he had described, at the public expense, on land, and by individual enterprise at sea, we should be able in a short time to remunerate ourselves tenfold for for all the spoliations she had committed on our commerce.

It was with a view to make preparations for such a war, that the committee had offered the resolutions on the table. Whether the means recommended were adequate to the object, or whether they were best adapted to the end, it would be for the house, when they came to discuss them separately, to determine. For himself, Mr. P. said, and he presumed such were the feelings of all the members of the committee, he should have no objections to any modifications of them which might be agreeable to the house, so that the great object was still retained. If these resolutions, or any other similar to them in object, should pass; it was then the intention of the committee, as soon as the forces contemplated to be raised should be in any tolerable state of preparation, to recommend the employment of them for the purpose for which they shall have been raised, unless Great Britain shall, in the mean time, have done us justice. In short, it was the determination of the committee to recommend open and decided war—a war as vigorous and effective as the resources of the country, and the relative situation of ourselves and our enemy would enable us to prosecute.

The committee, Mr. P. said, have not recommended this course of measures without a full sense of the high responsibility which they have taken upon themselves. They are aware that war, even in its best and fairest form, is an evil deeply to be deprecated: But it is sometimes, and on few occasions perhaps more than on this, a necessary evil. For myself, I confess I have approached the subject not only with diffidence but with awe: But I will not shrink from my duty because it is arduous or unpleasant, and I can most religiously declare that I never acted under stronger or clearer convictions of duty than I do now in recommending these preparatory measures; or, than I shall ultimately in recommending war, in case Great Britain shall not have rescinded her orders in council, and made some satisfactory arrangements in respect to the impressment of of our seamen. If there should be any gentlemen in the house who were not satisfied that we ought not to go to war for our maritime rights, Mr. P. earnestly desires them not to vote for the resolutions. Do not, said he, let us raise armies, unless we intend to employ them. If we do not mean to support the rights and honor of the country, let us not drain it of its resources.

Mr. P. said he was aware that there were many gentlemen in the house who were dissatisfied that the committee had not gone further and recommended an immediate declaration of war, or the adoption of some measures which would have instantly precipitated us into it. But he confessed such was not his opinion. He had no idea of plunging ourselves headlong into a war with a powerful nation, or even a respectable province, when we had not three regiments of men to spare for that service, He hoped that we should not be influenced by the howling of newspapers, nor by a fear that the spirit of the twelfth congress would be questioned, to abandon the plainest dictates of common sense and common discretion. He was sensible that there were many good men out of congress as well as many of his best friends in it, whose appetites were prepared for a *war feast.* He was not surprised at it for he knew the provocatives had been sufficiently great. But he hoped they would not insist on calling in guests, at least until the table should have been spread. When this was done, he pleged himself in behalf of the committee of foreign relations that the gentleman should not be disappointed of the entertainment for the want of bidding; and he believed he might also pledge himself for many of the members of the committee, that they would not be among the last to partake personally, not only in the pleasures, if any there should be, but in all the dangers of the revelry.

M. P. said that this was the time and occasion on which, above all others, within his experience, we should act in concert. If the ultimate object of the great body of this house and of this nation was the same, and so far as he had been able to ascertain the sentiments of both, it was—there would be no difficulty in attaining it.. But we must yield something to the opinions and feelings of each other.—Instead of indulging in party reflections and recriminations in this house, he hoped that the whole house of the union would form but one party, and consider a foreign nation as the other.

Mr. P. said he had risen merely for the purpose of explaining to the house the opinions and views of the committe in relation to the resolutions now to be discussed, and he should be satisfied if he had been so fortunate as to succeed.

for instance.) Is there, then, any reason for astonishment, that Sir G. Prevost, combining his instructions from home with the strenuous efforts that were being made by the peace party in Congress, should have imagined that there might be a possibility of an amicable arrangement being finally entered into?

He naturally supposed that his Government, through their agents, must be more thoroughly masters of the intentions of the American Cabinet than he possibly could be. He was ordered to avoid all measures that could provoke hostile feelings, he obeyed his instructions, and is he open to blame for so doing, and should not rather the British Cabinet be blamed for fettering him with their instructions?

After the war was declared, (here the reader must not omit to bear in mind that the conclusion was so hastily come to, that five days after the declaration was signed and sealed in Congress, the cause, the obnoxious orders in Council, was removed by the repeal of the said orders,) and Sir George complained of the want of troops and every munition of war necessary for the defence of his government. Veritas observes, "It is the acme of assurance to insinuate, that Ministers were to blame for such insufficiency, especially as they could only have a knowledge of our wants through Sir George's information."—Now how in justice can Sir George be blamed for not informing ministers of his requirements for a war, which he was instructed by all the means in his power to avoid the promotion of.

In his anxiety to attack the movers of the address to Sir George Prevost, in reference to the war, Veritas has suffered himself to go to the verge of injustice towards the addressed. The following passage seems to have particularly aroused his indignation, if we may judge from what follows: "'The smallness of the regular army with which your Excellency was left to withstand the whole efforts of the United States, for two years, and the insufficiency of the naval force on the lakes, have exposed his Majesty's arms to some reverses.' How came they to dare to venture upon such an imposture? Is it because they reckon upon the banishment of the use of memory, as is necessary in all the operations of the junto? or if not so, is it the idea that no person here durst attempt to expose it? or finally, is it, that at a distance, (as the addresses are manufactured for exportation), they counted upon no one finding it out, as they meant to keep their own counsel?

"However, I do entertain some hope that they have reckoned without their host; and that *le bon vieux temps* and myself, who are fellow-laborers in the same vineyard for the correction of falsehood and support of truth, without having any knowledge of, or communication with, each other, will open the eyes of many, if we cannot of all the blind; for of the cure of the honest really blind patriots I cannot doubt; but of the wilfully blind, they must be left to be cured by their own folly, and the contempt of all independent minds."

Referring to the charge of our losing the naval superiority of the lakes Veritas adds, "Upon the subject of the upper lakes, their neglect in 1812 cannot be excused, even upon the principle of ignorance or inadvertency; for the common table talk that summer at Montreal was the incompetency of the officers and men on board the King's ships on Lake Ontario (and that talk is supposed to have been always better known at head-quarters than the designs of the enemy), and that a strong remedy was necessary, or the command thereof would be lost. Of that incompetency there was furnished the most striking proof by Commodore Earle, when he went over in the Royal George to Sackett's Harbour, in 1812, to destroy the Oneida Brig; and on arriving there, finding her hauled into the inner harbour, and one or two of her guns landed and planted on the bluff point (for then there was no garrison), without cover, which fired at him—the gallant Commodore immediately turned his tail or stern to the enemy, and returned to Kingston, *re infectâ*, but with whole bones. Yet no notice was taken of this at head-quarters, nor any remedy attempted, and he remained in command of the Ontario squadron until the arrival of Sir James Yeo, and then, forsooth, was offended at being superseded. It is proper to remark that Commodore Earle does not belong to the Royal Navy."

We have now done with this head, on which we have dwelt, perhaps, at too great length; but if so, it must be ascribed to our desire to do justice to all, and to seek dili-

gently, where a mistake has occurred, for the really culpable party. To the present period, therefore, have we desired to vindicate Sir George; the relation of subsequent events may, perhaps, compel us to exchange the language of apology for that of censure; if so, we shall endeavor to deal with his errors in the same spirit of fairness which has impelled us to the attempt to clear his memory from faults unjustly ascribed to him.

Arrival of Indians, as a reinforcement, at Detroit.

Before following General Brock to the Niagara frontier, we must not omit to observe that there was some shadow of truth in General Hull's statement respecting the force of our Indian allies, although the necessity of surrendering such a post as Detroit on that account may well be questioned. Besides Gen. Hull yielded, not to the actual strength of these allies, for he surrendered before their arrival, but to the apprehension of their arrival. Major Richardson observes, "Mr. Robert Dickson, a gentleman to whom long intercourse with the Indians had imparted a knowledge of their character, and influence over their minds, which proved highly beneficial to the British cause, was then actively engaged in collecting some of the most warlike tribes; while the present Col. Askin of London, at that time, in the Indian Department, was already within a few days journey of Detroit, with a body of two hundred and seventy warriors, under their Chief Big-gun. This little detachment had set out expressly for the relief of Amherstburg, and, in its passage down in bark canoes, encountered much peril and difficulty, having had to cross Saginaw bay, nearly fifty miles in extent, and for many hours in their frail barks, even out of sight of the land. Such was the celerity of their movements, that they reached Amherstburg in the remarkably short period of six days from their departure from Michilimacinac." Whether the fear of these allies was a sufficient excuse for General Hull's abandonment of a strong post we leave to the reader to decide.

Capture of the Detroit and Caledonia by the Americans.

In speaking of the capture of the Caledonia and Detroit by the Americans, Major Richardson remarks, "The two armed vessels already mentioned as having covered our landing, on the 16th, were put in requisition for this service (the transportation of the irregular forces of General Hull to Buffalo, there to be disembarked preparatory to their return to their native State, Ohio,) and to these were added the Detroit and the Caledonia, a fine merchant brig. I do not recollect who was appointed to the command of the Detroit, but the Caledonia had her own captain, Mr. Irvine, a young man of a peculiarly retiring and amiable disposition, yet endowed with great resolution and firmness of character. These two vessels, having reached their destination for landing the prisoners, were then lying wholly unprotected and unsuspicions of danger in the harbour of Erie when, one dark night, they were assailed by two large boats, filled with American sailors and troops, which had dropped along side without being perceived, until it was too late for anything like effectual resistance. The Detroit was almost immediately carried, but the young captain of the Caledonia, which lay a little below her, aroused by the confusion on board his consort, prepared for a vigorous, though almost entirely personal resistance. Hastily arming himself, and calling on his little and inexperienced crew (scarcely exceeding a dozen men) to do the same, he threw himself in the gangway, and discharged a loaded blunderbuss into the first advancing boat, now dropping from the Detroit to board the Caledonia."

After describing the gallant though unsuccessful defence made by Mr. Irvine, Major Richardson continues, "The intrepidity and self-devotion of Mr. Irvine, whose single arm had killed and wounded no less than seven of his assailants, met with that reward it so richly merited. The heads of the naval department anxious to secure so gallant an officer to the service, tendered to him, on his exchange, which took place shortly after, the commission of a lieutenant in the Provincial Navy, in which capacity he continued to serve during the whole of the subsequent naval operations."

The surprise of the Detroit and Caledonia was considered a very brilliant feat, but, without seeking to disparage the American character for bravery, we cannot look on the exploit in the same light in which they would have it considered. Both vessels having been simply employed in cartel service, were unprovided with other than the common means

of defence peculiar to merchantmen, while their crews were not only weak in number, but composed of a class of men, French Canadian sailors and voyageurs, who were ill qualified to compete with two full boat loads of practiced and resolute American sailors and soldiers. Moreover, both vessels lay in a supposed perfect security, and in utter absence of any kind of preparation. It was not conceived necessary to be on the alert, as it was supposed that the pacific character in which they appeared, would have shielded them from all hostile attempts. At the moment of the surprise both vessels had on board the prisoners brought from Detroit for the purpose of being landed at Buffalo,—how, therefore, the Americans can be justified, in violating the sanctity of the flag which continued to float as long as there were American prisoners on board, we cannot perceive.

Escape of General Brock.

An accident,* at one time promising results far more serious than any which could spring from the capture of the vessels just named, occurred about the same period.

Expedition against Fort Wayne, abandonment of enterprise.

Towards the latter end of August, Major Muir was despatched with a small force against Fort Wayne, which it was deemed expedient to attempt the destruction of.

The time selected for the attempt seemed most favorable, as the tranquillity of the Canadian frontier had been just secured by the surrender of Detroit, and the occupancy of the adjacent districts. According to reports also received, the garrison of this post consisted only of a hundred men or thereabouts, not

* At this crisis General Brock, anxious to assume the offensive on the Niagara frontier, lost not a moment in returning across the Lake, ordering down at the same time, not only the Toronto Militia, but those troops of the 41st., who had preceded and accompanied him to Detroit. The Queen Charlotte, principally laden with the regulars of the captured army, had sailed on the very evening of the surrender, and General Brock the next day embarked in a very small trading schooner, on board which were about 70 Ohio Riflemen, guarded by a small party of militia rifles which composed a portion of the volunteers from Toronto. During the passage none of the guard were on any account permitted to go below, either by day or by night, and not more than half a dozen Americans were allowed to be upon deck at the same time—the hatches being secured above the remainder. It was a duty of some fatigue, and requiring the exercise of the utmost vigilance on the part of the little guard. One morning, about day break, when by their reckoning they judged they were close to the harbor of Fort Erie, they found themselves suddenly becalmed, and in the midst of a fog which had commenced during the night. As the sun rose the fog began to disperse but the calm prevailed, and gradually, as the wreathing mists rolled upwards, the guard discovered, to their dismay, that they were close upon the American shore near Buffalo. The danger was imminent, for a number of persons were already assembled, evidently at a loss to discover to what flag the vessel belonged, and wondering what had brought her into a position entirely out of the usual course of navigation. In this emergency, the officer commanding the watch (Lieut. Jarvis, now Superintendent of Indian affairs) hastened below to acquaint General Brock, who was lying on his bed, with the danger which threatened the vessel, which it was impossible, by reason of the calm, to get farther from the shore. General Brock immediately sprang to his feet, and rushing upon the deck, saw the situation of the vessel was precisely what has been described. He was extremely angry, and turning to the master of the schooner said, "you scoundrel you have betrayed me, let but one shot be fired from the shore and (pointing to it) I will run you up on the instant to that yard arm." The master, though innocent of all design, was greatly alarmed by the stern threat of the General, and as the only possible means of extricating the vessel from her perilous situation, ordered several of his crew into a small punt, attached to her stern, the only boat belonging to her. In this they attempted to tow her, but made so little progress that one of the guard asked permission of the General to discharge his rifle, in order to attract the attention of the Queen Charlotte, then lying at anchor between point Abino and Fort Erie, to a signal which had been previously hoisted. Apprehensive that the shot might not be heard by their friends, while it might be the means of informing the enemy of their true character, General Brock at first refused his sanction, but as the man seemed confident that the report of his rifle would reach the other shore he finally assented, and the shot was fired. Soon afterwards the answering signal was run up to the mast head of the Queen Charlotte and that vessel seeing the doubtful situation of the schooner, on board which however they were not aware the General had embarked, immediately weighed her anchor, and standing over to the American shore, under a slight breeze which was then beginning to rise hastened to cover the little bark with her battery. Taking her in tow she brought her safely into the harbour of Erie, greatly to the joy of those who, aware of the invaluable freight with which the schooner was charged, had, on the weighing of the Queen Charlotte's anchor entertained the utmost apprehension for the safety of the becalmed vessel, and watched with deep interest the vain attempts of her crew to bring her off."

very efficiently furnished with the means of defence, and hard pressed by the Indians, who had closely invested it. The reasons for attempting the destruction of this post were that it served as a dépôt for stores, from which the enemy's troops on the frontier could be supplied.

The force destined for this enterprise consisted of a small detachment of troops, a howitzer, and two field pieces, and was embarked in boats and proceeded to the Miami village, situated about fifteen miles beyond the entrance of the river of the same name. For the further progress of the expedition we will quote from Major Richardson, who was present:—

"Being there joined by the body of Indians destined to form a part of the expedition, the detachment continued its route by land, and along a track of country bearing no mark of civilization whatever. Our only covering was the canopy of Heaven, or rather the arches formed by the intermingling boughs of the forest through which we moved, and not even the wigwam of the savage arose to diversify the monotony of the scene. The difficulty of conveying the guns by land, caused their transportation to be a work of much time; and the river, from the point where we had disembarked, was so extremely low as to render the progress of the boats, following the sinuosities of its course, tedious to the last degree. Having at length, after much toil, gained that part of the Miami, where it was intended to disembark the stores, every obstacle appeared to be removed, and the capture of Fort Wayne, then at no great distance, an event looked forward to with confidence. Fate, however, had ordained otherwise. About nine o'clock on the evening of our arrival, the shrill cry of our scouts was heard echoing throughout the forest, and soon afterwards seven Indians issued from the wood on the opposite shore, and leaping through the river, reached us. The account they gave of their adventure was to the following effect: —At a distance of a few leagues, while advancing cautiously along the road, they observed a party, five in number, in a glen, and seated round a large fire, where they were busily occupied in preparing their food. After a slight consultation they proceeded towards the group, and had approached within a few paces before they were perceived by the Americans, who instantly flew to their arms, and assumed a posture of defence. The Indians, however, held out their hands in token of amity, and were suffered to enter the circle. Here, pretending to be in the American interest, and describing themselves as hunters, on their way to one of their villages, they succeeded in lulling the suspicions of the officer, who in return, communicated to them that the party he commanded were scouts preceding the advanced guard of an army of 2,500 men, then on their march for the Miami village, and only distant a few miles."

In consequence of this intelligence, the expedition was forthwith abandoned, and a retreat determined on. On deliberation, however, Captain Muir decided on awaiting the approach of the enemy in order to gain a correct account of their force and destination.

The whole of one day was thus passed, and fears began at length to be entertained, that the Americans, apprised of the vicinity of an enemy's force, had taken a different route, with the intention of cutting of a retreat. This would have left the little detachment in the heart of the enemy's country, destitute of resources, with an overwhelming force before them, they were consequently ordered to retreat on the old fort of Defiance, situated about half way between the Miami village and the point from whence they had commenced their retrograde movement. Having crossed the river at this place, a position was again taken up at a point beyond which the enemy could not effect a passage unperceived. We again resume Major Richardson's narrative :

"Early on the morning after our arrival, a party of Indians appeared along our line, conducting a prisoner they had found straying in the woods, at a short distance from the enemy's camp. From his account it appeared that the information given by the American officer was perfectly correct. The force of the enemy consisted of 2,500 men, under the command of General Winchester; and were destined for the Miami, where it was intended to construct a fortification. On arriving at the spot where their slaughtered scouts lay unburied along the road, an alarm was spread throughout their columns, and deeming a numerous enemy to be in their front, it was thought prudent to entrench themselves where they

were. For this purpose trees were immediately felled, and in the course of a few hours, with that expedition for which the Western Americans, with whom the axe is almost as indispensible a weapon as the rifle, are remarkable, an enclosure with interstices for musquetry, and sufficiantly large to contain their whole force, together with their baggage and waggons, was completed. It being evident from this intelligence, that the object of our enterprise was entirely frustrated, and that an attack on the enemy's entrenchment with our feeble force, if unsuccessful, must necessarily compromise the safety of our own posts, Capt. Muir decided on returning to Amherstburg, which fortress the detachment at length reached after a fruitless absence of three weeks.

"Although little or no mention has ever been made of our retreat from Fort Wayne, before so overwhelming a force as that which we so unexpectedly encountered, and by which we ought to have been annihilated, the utmost praise is due to Captain Muir for having accomplished it, not only without the loss of a man of his detachment, but even without the abandonment of any of his guns or stores, which, as has already been stated, were being transported with great toil and difficulty. Every thing was brought off and, at no one moment, was our march precipitate. Indeed of the bold affront assumed by the detachment, some idea may be formed from the exaggerated accounts which appeared in the American papers, even during the time we were retiring upon Amherstburg."

Sir Isaac Brock, in speaking of this expedition, observes, "I am inclined to think Captain Muir acted judiciously;" and, with reference to the advance of the American party, states,* "It appears evident the enemy meditates a second attempt on Amherstburg. The greater part of the troops, which are advancing, marched from Kentucky, with an intention of joining General Hull. How they are to subsist, even for a short period, is no easy matter to conceive. This difficulty will probably decide them on some bold measure, in the hope of shortening the campaign. If successfully resisted, their fate is inevitable.

"The Indians appear to be adverse to retreating, without first making a trial of their strength. Should they continue to afford a willing co-operation, I entertain not the smallest doubt of the result that awaits this second attempt to turn my right; but your Excellency will easily perceive that doubts and jealousies have already seized their minds. The officers of the Indian department will, I trust, be able to remove all such impressions.

"Although, from the daily observation of what is passing on the opposite shore, a single man can ill be spared from this line; I have, notwithstanding, determined to send the two flank companies of the Royal Newfoundland Regiment to Amherstburg. Fresh troops are daily arriving, supposed to belong to the Pennsylvania quota, of two thousand men, known to be intended for the frontier. After the whole arrives, an attack, I imagine, cannot be long delayed. The wretched state of these quotas, and the raggedness of the troops, will not allow them to brave the rain and cold, which, during the last week, have been so severely felt.

"Between two and three hundred Indians have joined and augmented the force on the other side. Their brethren here feel certain that they will not act with any spirit against us. So, I imagine, if we continue to show a bold front—but, in the event of a disaster, the love of plunder will prevail, and they may then act in a manner to be the most dreaded by the inhabitants of this country."

Despatch of Sir George Prevost to Sir I. Brock.

A despatch from Sir George Prevost to Sir Isaac Brock furnishes us with additional reasons for our assertion that, up to this period, Sir George Prevost is not as blameworthy as most writers of that day have described. We give the despatch at length :—

"Captain Fulton arrived, on the 11th inst., with your letter of the 7th: the intelligence you have communicated by it convinces me of the necessity of the evacuation of Fort Detroit, unless the operations of the enemy on the Niagara frontier bear a character less indicative of determined hostile measures against your line in their front than they did when you last reported to me. You will, therefore, be pleased, subject to the discretion I have given you under the circumstances to which I have alluded, to take immediate steps for

* Dispatch to Sir George Prevost, Sept. 9th, 1812.

evacuating that post, together with the territory of Michigan; by this measure you will be enabled to withdraw a greater number of the troops from Amherstburg, instead of taking them from Col. Vincent, whose regular force ought not on any account to be diminished.

"I have already afforded you reinforcements to the full extent of my ability; you must not, therefore, expect a further supply of men from hence, until I shall receive from England a considerable increase to the present regular force in this province; the posture of affairs, particularly on this frontier, requires every soldier who is in the country.

"In my last despatch from Lord Bathurst, he tells me 'that his Majesty's Government trusts I will be enabled to suspend, with perfect safety, all extraordinary preparations for defence which I have been induced to make, in consequence of the precarious state of the relations between this country and the United States; and that, as every specific requisition for warlike stores and accoutrements which had been received from me had been complied with, with the exception of the clothing of the of the corps proposed to be raised from the Glengarry emigrants, he had not thought it necessary to direct the preparation of any further supplies.'

"This will afford you a strong proof of the infatuation of his Majesty's Ministers upon the subject of American affairs, and show how entirely I have been left to my own resources in the events which have taken place."

With the various despatches containing full and particular accounts of the actual state of affairs in the Province, before us, we do not see how with justice it can be asserted, "that it is the acme of assurance to insinuate, that Ministers were to blame for any insufficiency." Yet this is the language too commonly held by Veritas and other writers of the day.

The latitude, also, allowed to Sir Isaac Brock, should not be lost sight of, and it is certain that he made use of the freedom of action thus permitted him. We have only to quote his despatch of September 20th, to prove this:—"I have been honored with your Excellency's despatch, dated the 14th instant. I shall suspend, under the latitude thus left by your Excellency to my discretion, the evacuation of Fort Detroit. Such a measure would most probably be followed by the total extermination of the population on that side of the river, or the Indians, aware of our weakness and inability to carry on active warfare, would only think of entering into terms with the enemy. The Indians, since the Miami affair, in 1793, have been extremly suspicious of our conduct; but the violent wrongs committed by the Americans on their territory, have rendered it an act of policy with them to disguise their sentiments.

"Could they be persuaded that a peace between the belligerents would take place, without admitting their claim to the extensive tract of country, fraudulently usurped from them, and opposing a frontier to the present unbounded views of the Americans, I am satisfied in my own mind that they would immediately compromise with the enemy. I cannot conceive a coalition so likely to lead to more awful consequences.

"If we can maintain ourselves at Niagara, and keep the communication to Montreal open, the Americans can only subdue the Indians by craft, which we ought to be prepared to see exerted to the utmost. The enmity of the Indians is now at its height, and it will require much management and large bribes to effect a change in their policy; but the moment they are convinced that we either want the means to prosecute the war with spirit, or are negotiating a separate peace, they will begin to study in what manner they can most effectually deceive us.

"Should negotiations for peace be opened, I cannot be too earnest with your Excellency to represent to the King's ministers the expediency of including the Indians as allies, and not leave them exposed to the unrelenting fury of their enemies.

"The enemy has evidently assumed defensive measures along the strait of Niagara. His force, I apprehend, is not equal to attempt, with any probability of success, an expedition across the river. It is, however, currently reported that large reinforcements are on their march; should they arrive, an attack cannot be long delayed. The approach of the rainy season will increase the sickness with which their troops are already afflicted. Those under my command are in perfect health and spirits."

Niagara falls

THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

"* * * I roll, in Nature's anthem,
A deep eternal bass * * * "

THESE celebrated and oft-described falls, are not only wonderful on account of their magnitude, but likewise from the fact that the waters of the greatest chain of lakes in the world are poured over their brink. Superior, Huron, Michigan, St. Clair, Erie, are all forced o'er this path on their voyage to the sea. Ingenious calculators have been at the trouble of estimating the millions* of tons of water hurled into the river below, per annum; others have sought to prove that the motive power here wasted is equal to all the steam engines in the world. Leaving these curious, and for the most part, unimportant facts, let us briefly describe their geographical position and relation, concluding our short notice with extracts from authors more capable of conveying to the reader the wonderful beauties of this most extraordinary of Nature's works.

The length of the Niagara river, from Erie to Ontario, is about thirty-three miles; and the Falls are found about twenty miles from the river's source in Erie. Lake Erie is upwards of three hundred feet above the level of Ontario, and fifteen feet above the head of the rapids, which commence three miles from the Falls: in these three miles the descent is fifty-one feet, and the Falls one hundred and fifty. From the base of the Falls to Queenston, six miles, the river descends one hundred and four feet, and from thence to Ontario, about two. The Horse Shoe Fall is divided from the American by Goat Island. The width of the Horse Shoe is about seven hundred yards, following its curvature, and the American, three hundred and seventy-five. The American Fall is also higher than the Horse Shoe by ten or twelve feet.

Bouchette, speaking of the scenery, says it is "too tame to bring forth the whole grandeur of so stupendous an object. Surrounded by towering alpine cliffs, its overwhelming terrors could even be augmented, and its sublimity much enhanced. The islands and the eastern bank of the river are low and thickly covered with trees, whose autumnal foliage, decked 'in ten thousand dies,' alters the face of nature, and, by its gorgeous tints, imparts new interest and novelty to the scenery of the Falls. The western shore is bolder: a horizontal ridge is formed along the margin of the rapids by the depression of the river, commencing from the Welland, and gradually increasing in elevation above the surface of the stream from eight to eighty feet, and even attains the altitude of one hundred. The Table-rock, so famous as the spot whence a very near view may be had of the cataract, lies at the foot of this ridge, nearly on a level with the summit of the Horse Shoe Fall; indeed it forms part of the ledge over which the torrent is precipitated. Its surface is flat, and, jutting out horizontally about fifty feet, overhangs the awful chasm beneath. * * * The process of disintegration is perceptibly going on; and there is little doubt that the Table-rock will eventually be hurled, section by section, into the depths of the cavern below. In the autumn of 1818, a large fragment suddenly gave way, and is now partly to be seen by the explorers of the lower region of the Falls."

A few years after another large portion fell, and smaller fragments are continually giving way. The frost is supposed to be the principal destructive agent; the spray lodging, and filling up the crevices, is frozen during the winter season; the ice, by expansion, acting as a wedge, slowly but surely separates mass after mass.

The view from Table-rock is "extremely grand and unspeakably sublime." Dickens, in his "Notes in America," says, "It was not until I came on Table-rock, and looked—Great Heaven, on what a fall of bright-green water! —that it came upon me in its full might and majesty. Then, when I felt how near to my Creator I was standing, the first effect, and the enduring one—instant and lasting—of the tremendous spectacle, was peace, Peace of mind: tranquillity: calm recollection of the dead: great thoughts of eternal rest and happiness: nothing of gloom and terror. Niagara was at once stamped upon my heart, an image of Beauty; to remain there, changeless and indelible, until its pulses cease to beat, forever.

"Ah, how the strifes and trouble of our daily life receeded from my view, and lessened in the distance, during the ten memorable days we passed on that enchanted ground! What

* "More than a hundred million of tons of water per hour."—*Sir F. B. Head's "Emigrant."*

voices spoke from out the thunderdering water; what faces, faded from the earth, looked out upon me from its gleaming depths; what heavenly promise glistened in those angels' tears, the drops of many hues, that showered around, and twined themselves about the gorgeous arches which the changing rainbows made! * * * To wander to and fro all day, and see the cataract from all points of view; to stand upon the edge of the great Horse Shoe Fall, marking the humid water gathering strength as it approached the verge, yet seeming, too, to pause before it shot into the gulf below; to gaze from the river's level up to the torrent as it came streaming down; to climb the neighboring heights and watch it through the trees, and see the water in the rapids hurrying on to take its fearful plunge; to linger in the shadow of the solemn rocks three miles below; watching the river as, stirred by no visible cause, it heaved and eddied and awoke the echoes, being troubled yet, far down beneath the surface, by its giant leap; to have Niagara before me, lighted by the sun and by the moon, red in the days decline, and gray as evening slowly fell upon it; to look upon it every day, and wake up in the night and hear its ceaseless voice: this was enough."

Sir F. B. Head, paid a visit to the Falls and stood on Table Rock in the depth of winter, on a dark and dreary night, near the "witching hour of twelve." He went, he tells us, because he could see nothing; "yet he felt and heard a great deal." "My first sensation was, that the dreadful sound of waters in mine ears, was a substantial danger; and that I was an actor in, and actually in the midst of what, as a passing stranger, I had merely come to contemplate. The cold thick vapour that arose from the cauldron immediately beneath me, partaking of eddies in the atmosphere, created also by what was passing below, ascending and descending, rushed sometimes downwards upon me from behind, as if it had determined to drive me into the abyss; then it quietly enveloped me, as if its object were to freeze me to death; then suddenly it would puff full in my face, and then whirl round me as if to invite me to join in its eccentric dance."

The ceaseless, rumbling, deep, monotonous sound, caused by the continual down-pouring of the mighty mass of waters, has been the subject of many similies. One finds it like numerous sets of millstones moving simultaneously.* Another says: "To a spectator on the heights of Aboukir, the battle of the Nile, must have conveyed a correct idea of the waring, rolling, rumbling, thundering noise of this wonderful cataract."†

We have fancied, when standing on Constitution Hill, of a clear morning, listening to the ceaseless roll and tramp of the countless omnibusses and their horses, passing along Piccadilly to and from the Crystal Palace, to be like the "war of the Niagara," when seated in some quiet parlor of the Clifton House.—But each have their simile, yet we can testify to the truth of the following: "The sounds of the Cataract, combine with none other; they would be heard amid the roaring of a volcano, and yet not drown the chirping of a sparrow."

In connexion with the Falls, we must say a few words about the Whirlpool, before closeing our subject. The Whirlpool, so called, is nothing more than an enormous eddy, caused by an angle in the river. Immediately above the angle, the river narrows, and the water is shot with arrowy swiftness against the opposing bank, a recoil takes place, and the water whirls in endless circles, coursing round a basin it has scooped out, of at least a mile in diameter. Bonnycastle says: "As the rock here is very lofty (between two and three hundred feet,) the view from above is so distant, that very little, but a faint whirling, or concentrically enlarging circles of the water can be traced; for the largest trunks of trees which are spinning in its eddies, seems then no bigger than sticks. It is from below, that the curious visitant must see the effect."—There are many stories told of fatal accidents occurring here; but these, most readers are acquainted with. In conclusion, we would reccommend those who have not yet seen this greatest of Nature's works, to pay them a visit, and record their own impressions; to those who know the way, advice on our part, would be useless, for they will assuredly go again.

* Captain Basil Hall.
† Bouchette.

THE CHRONICLES OF DREEPDAILY. No. XII.

MY PEREGRATION TO PETERHEAD. ITEM, ANENT THE THIRSTY WITCHES OF FRASERBURGH.

Long-winded as was the weary election case, it fortunately resembled a pudding in this peculiarity, that it had an end! Sir John Sumph was declared by the Commons of Great Britain to be as orthodox a Parliament man, as ever franked letter, or droned the Speaker to sleep; and Mr. McShuttle's petition having been pronounced "frivolous and vexatious," he was sent to the right about, with a flea in his lug, and a bill of costs long as the lumn of his ain factory.

Sick tired was I with my sojourn in the "leviathan of bricks," as Mr. Pawmie denominated the metropolis of prelatical and porter-drinking England;—and when Bouncer and Brass certiorated me that I was at liberty to take foot in hand, and seek the beloved land of mountain, flood, and haggis, I felt lightsome and vogie as a school boy, on the first glorious appetizing morning of vacation time.

It was so ordained that the Dominie, and your humble servant were not to be fellow-pilgrims in the homeward journey. I had a niece married to Mr. Andrew Ballingall, a portioner or house-proprietor, in the famous town of Peterhead, in the north of Scotland, and one of the Bailies thereof, to whom I had often threatened a visitation. Seeing from these tell tale gossips, the newspapers, that I was in London, Barbara Ballingall had written to remind me of my promise; and so I e'en resolved, since I was on the tramp at any rate, to redeem the pledge, before re-commencing to reap the chins of Dreepdaily. Long and sore did I strive to induce Mr. Pawmie to be my companion, but all in vain. He was in a perfect fret and fever to be once more initiating the rising generation of the burgh, in the mysteries of grammar and the rule of three. "My disciples," he said, "will have sorely run to seed during this long inter regnum, and it will take a whole grove of birch, to thrash out their wild oats!"

Accordingly one dark mornning, when the fog was so thick that, unless a man carried "a lantern in his poop," like that auld, roistering knave Bardolph, he could not discern the end of his nose, I convoyed the learned professor (everybody is a professor now a days!) to the Glasgow mail coach. I cannot conscientiously affirm, that I *saw* my comrade depart, the worse than Egyptian darkness forbidding such a gratification, but I heard the sound of his honest voice as it shouted out "*vale*, Peter!" when the machine disappeared up High Holborn, like a balloon in the clouds! The same afternoon witnessed my embarkation in the Jenny Nettles, John Hay commander, a constant trader between "Peterhead, and the sister city of London!" as worthy Mr. Dreich, the minister of the Reformed Cameronians in the first recited locality, used to express himself, when supplicating for our world and the denizens thereof.

If Mr. Kame the phrenologist had been a a passenger on board of the Jenny Nettles, he would have found abundant scope for the exercise of his talents, in the sconces of his fellow voyagers. Verily they were a convocation of Adam's thriving family, about as diversified as the contents of a travelling merchant's pack. It seems that there was to be some great *tryste* or fair, in the North Countrie, at this epoch, which accounted for the unwonted variety. Time would fail me if I gave even an inkling of the various swatches of the genus *homo*, which that fast sailing packet bore from London to the "*cranium of Peter!*" There were Jews glittering in pinchbeck rings and watch-chains, with hair black as coals, and finger nails to correspond. There were quack doctors, professing to cure all incurable disorders with "*Beelzebub's Balsam*," and "*Mahoun's Mixture.*" There were boxers whose mission it was to demolish the features of each other, for the delectation of men jocosely calling themselves Christians and civilized beings. There were droves of "sporting gentlemen," with faces covered with hair, like goats,—the small spots of skin which were visible thereon demonstrating that brandy, rather than buttermilk, was the cherished potation of the owners.

What was my astonishment to witness amongst the last mentioned class of worthies, that ne'er-do-weel creature, Paul Plenderleith. It appeared that he had got clear from the scrape on account of which he had become a tenant of Newgate, and was now on his way to Scotland in search of adventures. He was accompanied by a brace of kindred spirits, who

bore *gallows* written on their foreheads, in characters too distinct to require the aid of specs to expiscate.

To my great relief, Mr. Plenderleith, who was evidently striving to enact the part of a man of fashion, pretended never to have seen me before. He sat opposite me, the first night at supper, and when our eyes met, he glowered at me with as much cool unconcern as if I had been a hermit mingling for the first time with my fellow creatures.

One thing was very plain, to wit, that Paul and his associates had some important matters to discourse about, which they were unwilling should become common talk. Often when I would come into the cabin in order to get a glass of grog, as a preventative to sea-sickness, I would notice them confabulating with their heads together, and inspecting, what seemed to be a collection of diamonds and other valuables. Whenever the trio heard my footstep they would become as silent as the "*good woman*," who held her tongue because she lacked her head, and the gems would disappear into their pouches before you could say Jack Robinson!

There was only one of their fellow-passengers in whose presence they were as free as if they had been alone. This was an elderly man, so short-sighted that, even with the help of spectacles, he could never tell the difference between a potato and a mustard-pot at table, and deaf to such an extent that the steward had to shout in his lug with a speaking trumpet to ask what his wants were.

Once or twice, when Mr. Burgoo, as he was called, spoke, (which was very seldom,) I thought I had heard the voice somewhere before, but I speedily dismissed the notion as a mere freak of fancy, unsubstantial as the slices of ham I used to pay so dearly for at that Vanity Fair, Vauxhall.

As I said above, Paul Plenderleith and his cronies made no stranger of this unsociable personage, whose infirmities made him as lonely in a crowd, as if he had been the only tenant of the ball of St. Paul's overgrown kirk. They were as communicative in his presence as when he was snoozing in his berth, and spoke of their plans, whatever these were, as readily when he was sitting beside them, as if he had been herding sheep on the mountains of the moon.

There was only one of my fellow-mesmates with whom I picked up an intimate acquaintance, during my voyage in the Jenny Nettles. This was a landed proprietor from the neighborhood of the ancient town of Fraserburgh, who was bringing home his daughter from "finishing her education" at a London boarding-school.

Mr. Badenach of Ardlaw, or the Laird of Ardlaw, as he preferred to be called, was a good specimen of the old breed of Scottish Jacobite gentlemen, now-a-days rare to be met with, as an honest horse-jockey, or a Quaker with red hunting-coat and mustachoes. You could not have insulted him more grievously than to have spoken in his hearing, of Prince Charlie as the *Pretender*, and he delighted to dwell upon the stories of the good old times, when honest men made mention of "*German Lairds*," and drained mighty bumpers to the health of "*the King over the water!*" In reference to this last expression, Ardlaw told me that in his early days, when the toast of the Sovereign was propounded, the adherents of the exiled Stuarts always poured some water upon the table, over which they passed their glasses, before doing honor to the theme. The action implied plainly enough, what it would have been treasonable to express in words, and was well understood even by the "Whigs," who could not, even if they had the inclination, bring the perpetrators into trouble for a mere gesture. This practice, the Laird added, continued till the decease of the Cardinal Duke of York, the last direct member of the most unfortunate family that ever occupied a throne.

I could fill a volume as big as the *Reading-made-easy*, with the droll narrations and saying, with which Mr. Badenach made a voyage of a week seem as short to me as if no more than a couple of days had flown over our heads. *Inter alia*, as the Dominie would say, he had some diverting anecdotes about a fool named Jamie Fleeman, who lived in the establishment of his grandfather, and died in 1778. Jamie was, perhaps, the least regular "*feel*," as half-witted domestic jesters were called in the north of Scotland, and had acquired an extensive reputation for the oddity and outrêness of his observations. One or two of these I jotted down from the recitation of Ardlaw, and are here subjoined.

One day Jamie met a purse-proud, pragmatical gentleman named Craigwuddie, against whom he entertained a special disfavour. "Where are you going, Jamie?" interrogated this personage. "I'm gaun to ——, sir!" was the reply, indicating a place, which it is unnecessary to indicate more explicitly. The parties having parted, chanced to forgather again in the evening, when the conversation was resumed in manner following. "What are they doing, down yonder, ye ken, Jamie?" "Oo, just what they are doing here, sir," returned the crack-brained wag, "letting in the rich folk, and keeping out the poor!" "And what said the De'il to you, my man?" "'Deed he did na' say muckle to *me*, sir, but he was speerin' sair about *you!*"

On another occasion, when travelling along the road, Fleeman had the fortune to find a horse-shoe. Shortly after, the incumbent of the parish came up to him, and Jamie, who was well-acquainted with the Mess John, thus addressed him, exhibiting at the same time his windfall: "Minister, can you tell me what this is?" "That!" said the minister, "you fool, what should it be but a horse-shoe!" "Ah!" rejoined Fleeman with a sigh, "ah, sic a blessing as it is to be weel learned! For my part I could na' tell whether it was a horse's shoe or a mare's shoe!"

Lying on the bank of the Ythan one forenoon, Jamie was hailed from the opposite side by a conceited equestrian, who in a dictatorial manner demanded to be informed where was the best ford. The fool, nettled at being accosted so unceremoniously, directed the enquirer to the deepest pool in the river, and in attempting to cross it, the too trustful rider was nearly drowned. Contriving, however, though sorely drenched, to reach *terra firma*, the victim made up to honest Fleeman, and in a voice hoarse with rage and cold water, accused the witling of a design to drown him. "Guid preserve us!" exclaimed Jamie, with an air of the most imperturbable innocence, "I have seen the geese and ducks crossing there scores and hundreds o' times; and I'm sure your horse has got longer legs than the ducks or the geese either!"

Of witch stories, Mr. Badenach had a stock sufficient to cause all the human hairs in Christendom to stand stiff as Shylock became, when asked to abate the covenanted pound of flesh! Though he would not admit in so many words, that he was a believer in these grim legends, I could see with half an eye that his faith in them was tolerably strong; and I would not for a trifle have stood in the shoes of an ill-favored old beldame who might chance to be arraigned before him, as an absolute judge, for the crimes of converting herself into a hare, or denuding of milk the cows of her neighbors! Ardlaw was a determined champion for the wisdom of our ancestors, and he could ill brook the idea that the ancient Scottish Parliament should have been at the trouble of enacting penal statutes against "intercommuners with Sathanus," when there never was such a piece of furniture as a sorceress to burn!

One of the Laird's necromantic traditions referred to a member of his own family, and as the narrator professed himself *almost* ready and willing to make deposition to its truth before a Justice of the Peace, I have thought fit to record the same in the imperishable *Chronicles of Dreepdaily!*

THE THIRSTY WITCHES OF FRASERBURGH.

My respected ancestor (said Ardlaw, brewing a third instalment of brandy punch), Neil Badenoch, who lived in the reign of James III., had only two failings worth mentioning.

In the first place, his curiosity was so itching and insatiable, that to learn a secret, however trifling or unimportant it might be, he was willing to run any risk and put himself to the most preposterous inconvenience. Many a time and oft did he regret that he had not become a priest, in order that he might have been privileged to hear confessions. Nay, it was currently reported that he actually would have assumed the sacerdotal vows and habit in his riper years, had not an unlucky accident intervened. Passing through Fraserburgh, one evening, his attention was stimulated by certain wrathful sounds proceeding from the domicile of a tailor. Desirous to ascertain the cause of the pother, he put his eye to the keyhole of the door, when he discovered the fabricator of garments kneeling before his helpmate, who was administering to her nominal lord and master a certain lecture, enforced, at suitable intervals, with an application of the broom-stick. The drollery of the sight caused Neil to titter, and the Snip,

waxing cognizant of the risible sound, became suddenly impregnated with courage, and starting up from his ignoble position, made a stealthy inquisition into the matter. Suspecting shrewdly that the domestic affairs had been viewed by some eaves-dropper, and all the windows of the establishment being closed, the indignant fraction jumped at once to the correct conclusion. Accordingly heating one of his longest and sharpest needles, he suddenly thrust it through the keyhole. A loud and bitter yell was the upshot, and my ancestor fled from the spot with only one eye to guide his steps homeward! Thus mutilated, the Church, as a matter of course, would have nothing to say to him, and the confessional was for ever and a day closed against him as *a hearer!*

The second frailty which characterized my excellent predecessor was one which, perhaps, is not yet utterly extinct upon earth. Without being what censorious moralists would call a sot, Neil Badenach never scrupled to own his decided prefe ence for strong cordials over the less exhiliarating fluid which tradition assigns as the sober beverage of Adam! A stoup of generous and maturely-aged wine possessed attractions in his eyes, (or rather, I should say, his eye) only inferior in zest to a morsel of fresh gossip. He even went the length of selecting as his patron saint, the episcopal blacksmith Dunstan, because the image of that Satan-scorching worthy resembled, in its rotund proportions, the representations of Bacchus!

Now there chanced to reside in the near neighbourhood of my ancestor an old dame, touching whom rumor had many mysterious things to whisper. It was said that strange people frequented her house, and that lights had been seen burning in the apartments thereof, when all honest people ought to have been in bed. This latter circumstance would not have been so noteworthy, but for the fact that Lady Sproul (as she was named) made a boast of never seeing company, or either giving or receiving entertainments. Altogether, there was something exceedingly mouldy about her reputation, and matters were not bettered by the fact that she had not been at mass within the memory of the oldest inhabitant.

It can readily be imagined that my forefather Neil was on thorns to find out whether there was anything more than common in the walk and converstion of Lady Sproul. For years he tried to gain admittance to the dwelling by various pretexts, sometimes calling to enquire after the health of his worthy neighbour, and at others seeking to get in at the back door, on the plea that he wanted to see the shape of the spit as a pattern. His dodges, however, were all in vain; the bow-legged blackamoor, who was the only servitor in the establishment, aye managing to thwart and checkmate him in his best-laid schemes.

Accident, however, at length enabled the sorely-tantalized Neil to quench to the uttermost the drought of his curiosity.

Being out after dark on one Hallowe'en, when there was neither moon nor star in the sky, he noticed a number of persons, both male and female, stealing singly into the house which he so sorely wished to explore. Each one was enveloped in a large green mantle, capacious en ugh to conceal the wearer fro n head to foot, and the possession of this garment seemed to insure instant admission to all who sported the same.

A bright thought struck the ingenious Neil. Posting home, hot foot, he hunted up a cloak of similar pattern and hue to that which appeared to give such favor in the Sproul establishment, long the property of his grandmother, and enveloping himself in this, he sought the longed-for mansion, knocked, and obtained ingress without any question, pertinent or impertinent, being propounded for his solution.

Following a guest who had entered at the same time with himself, the undaunted Badenoch ascended a turnpike stair, and entered a large chamber, which was nearly filled with company. Such a gousty and charnel house-looking scene as there met his eye, he never witnessed before or after. Instead of candlesticks or chandeliers the walls were garnished with grinning skulls, containing blue colored lights, which cast a flickering and grewsome glare upon the green-draped convocation. The only seat in the room was at the opposite extremity from the door, and was occupied by the hostess. It was shaped like a bishop's throne, but instead of a mitre, the back thereof was garnished with a pair of truculent-looking horns, supported by bat-winged demons in lieu of angels. Lady Sproul, whose green

mantle lay at her feet, sported a dress not quite in harmonious keeping with her sex. On her head was something between a turban and a helmet, garnished with the feathers of hawks, crows, and such like birds of prey. Instead of a gown she wore a huntsman's doublet, and a pair of leather breeches usurped the place of the petticoat.*

Whilst Neil was in the middle of his observations, her ladyship called the meeting to order by rapping upon the table with a human thigh bone, and presently her negro chamberlain made his appearance, bearing upon her humped back a huge black coffin. Having set down this ark of mortality, he proceeded to open the same, which turned out to be filled with branches of broom and bundles of white night-caps. These were duly distributed amongst the synod, including my ancestor; who, following the general example, tucked the broom under his arm and drew the cap upon his head. He noticed that this latter commodity had an odor strongly suggestive of brimstone; as there was a sulphur spring, however, in the neighborhood, he naturally concluded that it had been last washed therein!

Up to this last act in the play not a word had been spoken, but when the arrangements above mentioned were duly completed, Lady Sproul cleared her throat, and having put on her cap and cloak, and grasped a silver-mounted broom-stick, proceeded to sing the following stave:—

Wha would be dry on Hallowe'en,
When wine is plenty in London town?
The Lord Mayor's cellar is stocked, I ween,
With claret red and sherry brown!
Hocus Pocus! Fee-Fa-Fum!
Follow your leader up the lumn!

Suiting the action to the word, the vocalist, at the conclusion of the chant, bestrode her verdant charger, and, exclaiming "*Gee along, my cripple*," vanished up the capacious chimney. The example thus set was followed without hesitation by the assembled throng, all of them joining in the chorus as they took wing. For a brief season my forefather was somewhat timorous to ride in such a company, and over such an unusual pathway as a cloud-paved sky. His two master passions, however, caused his dubitation to be but of brief continuance. He was dying with curiosity to learn the issue of the adventure, and his constitutional thirst was aggravated almost to madness by the inkling which he had received of the convivial object of the expedition. Accordingly, giving his branch a smart thump, he sung out with might and main:—

Hocus Pocus! Fee-Fa-Fum!
I follow my leader up the lumn!

Neil Badenach used often to say, that for the first ten minutes, or perchance quarter of of an hour, he had no distinct recollection of what he was doing. That he was moving swiftly through the air he could tell, but the novelty of the affair, and the perilous height at which he was from the earth sorely conglomerated his ideas. He felt as if he had been under the influence of a troubled dream, brought on by the discussion of an extra pound or two of Scots collops at supper!

As soon as he could fairly command his senses, my ancestor beheld the weird company progressing southward like a regiment of wild geese, Lady Sproul keeping about a hundred yards in advance. She acted as their leader and pilot, and when any of the hindmost of the troop, failing to descry her for a moment, enquired touching the whereabouts of the dame, they were answered by those in front, in some such rhyme as the following:—

"She is up in the air,
On her bonnie green mare,
And we see, and we see her yet!"

Passing over the traditionary accounts of what Neil saw on his journey, I shall only state that in the course of less than three hours, as far as he could well calculate, the deputation from Fraserburgh lighted safe and sound in the wine cellar of the Lord Mayor of London.

It was, indeed, a goodly place for a substantial carouse. In dimensions it more resembled a cathedral, than the contracted coal holes used by the degenerate boozers of modern times, to hold their vintages. A solid oaken table occupied the centre of the hall, and stout settles of the same national timber were plentifully interspersed in all directions. This account agrees with what Strutt and other antiquarians record, touching the habits of the ancient aristocracy of old England. When they wished to "make a night of it" they fre-

* It is probable that the renowned Mrs. Bloomer is descended from Lady Sproul of Fraserburgh.—ED. A. A. M.

quently adjourned to the cellar, in order that their tastes, rendered capricious by variety, might be the more promptly gratified.

As a matter of course, mother Sproul was voted into the chair *nem. con.*, and at a wave of the thigh-bone, which she still carried, the guests denuded themselves of their caps and mantles. The latter they folded up to serve as cushions, and the former were carefully deposited in their pouches.

When Neil beheld the faces of his companions, he was struck speechless with astonishment. Instead of a clanjamphry of shabby doited old women, he discovered some of the leading characters, both male and female, of his day and generation. There were Barons, Monks, Doctors, and Lawyers, the latter class greatly preponderating. To give variety to the convocation, some of the prettiest damsels in Scotland, many of them of no mean degree, were interspersed like primroses between cabbages; and altogether, a more goodly turn out could not have been witnessed, even in Holyrood House itself. As a proof, that my predecessor was not drawing a long bow, at this part of his story, we have the evidence of the criminal annals of Scotland to testify, that many titled and learned personages suffered death at the stake, for pranks similar to the one under narration.

That there was wine in abundance, was evident from the countless ranges of casks, which stood around; but nothing in the shape of flaggons or drinking cups, could be discovered. This hiatus, however, was speedily supplied. The aforementioned Negro—who, I may state, was attired in a kilt and top boots, drew from his *spleuchan*, several handfuls of cockle-shells, which he distributed to the company. When this was done, a jolly looking man, who acted as croupier, and in whom Badenoch recognized his Right Reverend neighbour, the Abbot of Deer, repeated a *pater noster* backwards, and presently the shells were transmogrified into *quaichs*, their only pecularity being, that they were shaped like hoofs.

In good earnest then, did the drinking commence, and verily the quantity discussed, would have frightened the puny milk sops of these latter days. The first toast was, "*Our Monarch down below!*" a sentiment which our hero, being an orthodox Christian, would fain have shirked, had not the chairwoman, who would not tolerate "*heel taps*," insisted upon the revellers turning their hoofs upside down, before the commencement of the "hip, hip, hurrawing!" Now it so chanced, that my relative's cup was charged with malvoisie, of a peculiarly generous flavour, and as he could not bring himself to spill it upon the floor, he e'en drained it to the health of the above mentioned, more than questionable personage!

For a season, Neil, who was conscious that he was an intruder, kept himself as quiet and as much concealed as possible. As the evening stole on, however, the wine which he was copiously imbibing, dispelled his bashfulness, and excited by the charms of a fair damsel who sat beside him, he clasped her around the waist, and gave her a rousing kiss, which might have been heard at the Tower. In an instant lady Sproul, who was a perfect model of propriety, started to her feet, and recognizing the delinquent, exclaimed in a rage:

> "By our liege master's tail I s wear,
> That prying creature Neil is here!
> Such a pest was never seen—
> we'll finish our ploy in Aberdeen.
> Hocus-pocus! Fee-Faw-Fum,
> Follow your leader up the lumn!"

Hardly had the last words of this anthem been intoned, when the cellar became dark as midnight, and empty as a scooped out turnip! Badenach was the only tenant of the place!

Confused and alarmed, he tried to find his magical night-cap; but all in vain! He had deposited it in a capacious pocket, containing a miscellany of articles, so numerous, that the recapitulation therefore, would have occupied an entire skin of parchment. After various attempts therefore, he gave up the attempt in despair. The strong drink which he had quaffed rendering his hand too unsteady effectively to pursue the search. Muttering a malediction upon all witches, from that of Endor downwards, he accordingly resigned himself to his fate, and in a few minutes he was slumbering upon the floor as soundly as if he had been in his own couch at Fraserburgh!

On regaining possession of his seven senses, the hapless Neil found himself a manacled captive in the presence of the civic potentate, of whose hospitality he had been, so illegitimately a partaker. The butler, in going down to the cellar at daybreak, to draw a stoup of canary for his lordship's matin meal, had dis-

covered the slumbering native of the North, and, procuring the aid of a couple of wardens, had him transported, all unconscious of his capture, to the audience chamber of the plundered official.

The examination was a brief one. Having been caught, so to speak, in the very act, Neil received sentence, according to the summary proceedings of these unsophisticated days, and being stripped of his doublet, and silken hose, was consigned to the condemned cell.

At first he thought of confessing how matters actually occurred, but on second consideration, resolved to keep his thumb on the real facts of the case. When sober, Badenoch was by no means lacking in common sense, and he argued, logically enough, that as a house breaker, he could only have his neck twisted, whilst as a warlock, a tar barrel would be his invitable doom. Of two evils, he accordingly elected the least, and as John Highlandman says, "*kept her wheesht to her nainsell!*"

One attempt he made to escape a felon's exit from life. Having obtained an audience of the Mayor, he represented that he was a Scottish landed gentleman, who had been led into the scrape for which he was to suffer, by a mere frolic. His lordship, who was not wanting in justice and humanity, wrote to Fraserburgh to ascertain what truth there was in his statement, and the response which he received, sealed most effectually the fate of my ancestor. Scores of witnesses made deposition, that on the Hallowe'en Badenoch had been seen in the streets of his native town, and consequently, that the person who had been caught in the cellar, the following morning, could not possibly be the same individual. As the certificate which set forth this fact, was subscribed by the Abbot of Deer and lady Sproul, who were peculiarly officious to tender their testimony, the case was considered to be clear as butter-milk, and an early day was fixed for Neil's excursion to Tyburn tree!

On the morning of his execution, the unfortunate Laird, dressed in the garments which had been taken from him at his apprehension, was placed in a cart, and conveyed in state to the scene of his final sufferings. It was one of those genial and gladsome days which make a man feel quite in love with earth, and more especially, if he is called upon to quit it in an abrupt and untimely manner. Sitting on the bottom of the ignoble chariot which was conveying him to the gallows, poor Neil thought with full heart and tearful eye, upon the well remembered banks and braes of fair Fraserburgh, and a quantity of broom twigs upon which he reclined, tended to bring more vividly to his recollection the beloved silvan scenes he was never destined to witness again.

Abstractedly he begun crooning the ancient ballad:

"Oh, the broom—the bonnie, bonnie, broom!"

when all of a sudden a thought flashed like lightning upon his mind, causing his visage to flush and brighten like the sun when an envious shroud of mist is withdrawn from before him. So marked was the change in our hero's demeanour, that his confessor half opined that he had made up his mind to leave something handsome to the Church, for the benefit of his soul, and actually prepared his writing materials, in order to make out the requisite "will and testament." Badenoch, however, said never a word, but continued at intervals to hum:—

"Oh, the broom—the bonnie, bonnie, broom!"

As this was taken to be some North British hymn, the hangman, who was a serious man, became quite captivated with his patient, and resolved to allow him every reasonable indulgence at the concluding scene of the tragedy.

Arrived at Tyburn, Badenach, according to use and wont, delivered his "last speech and dying words," which was universally admitted, by the best judges of such matters, to be a very superior and edifying composition. He declared that "company, villanous company, had been his ruin," and charged his auditors to shun, putting "an enemy in their mouths, which might steal away their brains." The oration was long remembered, and Mr. William Shakespear, a cleverish man, though a poacher, afterwards incorporated sundry of its expressions in some plays which he wrote.

Jack Ketch now proceeded to bind the hands of the culprit, previous to which operation, Neil announced that he had a special favour to beg. He stated that being a man of regular habits, he never could sleep comfortably except in a particular night cap, and by

the rule of three had no prospect of making a peaceful end, unless his face was covered with that identical cowl.

Though the request was somewhat singular, the finisher of the law took it upon his own responsibility to comply with the same, and Badenoch, after searching anxiously the almost bottomless pouch of his doublet, lighted upon the head gear which he had obtained from the sable servitor of lady Sproul.

Without a second's delay he drew it firmly on his sconce, and grasping the stoutest branch of broom which he could select, exclaimed in a triumphant tone, that he was ready for the long trip! Just as Mr. Ketch was removing his ruff, in order to adjust the halter, Neil placed the branch between his legs, and sung out with all the energy of a town crier :—

"Hocus-pocus! Fee-Faw-Fum,
Catch me who can! I am off for home!"

It is unnecessary to tell the result! My respected relative shot up into the air like a sky rocket, and to his dying day, he used to laugh, often until his sides were sore, at the remembrance of the idiotical looks of wonder with which hangman, sheriff, confessor, and "the million" in general, gazed after him, as he disappeared in a northerly direction.

One of the first things which Badenoch did, when he found himself safe and sound at home, was to reveal the transaction in which he had been concerned, to his spiritual director.—That personage strongly enjoined his penitent to lay the whole matter before the public authorities, an advice which the Priest probably gave the more readily, that he had an ancient grudge against the Abbot, and was to be his successor in office! Neil, accordingly, made a clean breast to the Sheriff of the county, who lost no time in paying his respects to lady Sproul, her black henchman, and the head of the Abbey of Deer. After a fair and impartial trial, in the course of which, the accused parties had every justice rendered them in the due application of thumb-screws, heated pincers, and other legal formularies, they fully confessed their guilt, and were comfortably burned to the measureless edification of the lieges of Fraserburg.

My venerated predecessor point blank refused to tell the name of the maiden, whose mouth he had kissed in the lord Mayor's cellar. The truth, between ourselves, was that the lassie, besides being of a comely person, was a well endowed heiress, and Neil opined that she might be put to better use than being grilled like a red herring in a tar barrel. Accordingly he popped the question to her, and though she had three times before dismissed him with an emphatic "*nay*," it was Hobson's choice this turn with the jade! The bands of matrimony were rivetted on the pair, by the new Abbot of Deer, and some hundreds of broad acres were added to the Ardlaw estate, by the speculation.

Such, (concluded the Laird of Ardlaw,) was the witch adventure of the renowned Neil Badenoch, and, I am certain that every judicious and unprejudiced man, will be ready to admit, that if all tales be true, this one is no lie!

As I have before recited, my friend the Laird was bringing home from London his daughter, who had been learning there the mysteries of playing on the spinnet and sewing flowers in lamb's-wool worsted. Jemima, for so was the girl denominated, was about as light-headed a damsel as ever I had chanced to come across. Her sole employment and delight consisted in reading trashy novels, and she was continually speaking about "sentiment," and "sympathy," and "love in a cottage"—a thing, by the way, which we oftener hear tell of, than witness.

To this feckless daughter of Eve, did Paul Plenderleith attach himself in an especial manner. He managed to expiscate that her father (whose only bairn she was) was well to do in the world, and accordingly he set to work to take the measure of her foot. As I afterwards found out he represented himself to his intended dupe, as a nobleman's son, under disgrace because he would not marry a woman who might be his grandmother, and who moreover had a beard as long as a cat's whiskers. On moonlight nights he used to parade the deck of the Jenny Nettles arm in arm with the confiding Jemima, vowing eternal constancy, and swearing that if she slighted his love he would hang himself from the yard-arm of the craft.

This being the common language of romances, Miss Badenoch took it all for gospel, and it was finally covenanted and agreed between the pair, that so soon as the vessel reached

her destination they should be "united in the Temple of Hymen," without the auld gentleman being made the wiser, till he had become father-in-law to the Right Honourable Alonzo Fitzmortimer!

Though I did not at that epoch know the full extent of the mischief, I used my best endeavours to put Ardlaw on his guard against the macinations of the slippery Paul. My labour, however, promised to be toil thrown away. Laird Badenoch, who was purposely kept by Plenderleith and his associates, in a condition widely removed from sobriety, was easily persuaded by the traitor that I was an officious spiteful busy-body. Without hinting at his schemes upon Jemima, he won the heart of the old gentleman by singing him Jacobite songs, such as "*Bonnie Prince Charlie*," and "*Cam' ye by Athol, lad wi' the philabeg*," till at length he could twist him round his little finger, as the saying is. Paul crowned his triumph by informing Ardlaw that I was only a barber, for from that moment the Laird seldom condescended to take notice of me, except sometimes to inquire about the price of wigs, or the best manner of reforming a backsliding razor!

Notwithstanding this scurvy treatment, I had compassion upon the poor, misled lassie and her sire, and determined to keep my weather-eye open (to use a phrase of the skipper) upon the machinations of their beguiler. It is proper here to mention that out of gratitude for the manner in which Plenderleith had rescued Peregrine Wildgoose from his perilous predicament, I had promised never to mention that I had seen him caged up in a prison. This fact rendered it impossible for me to speak so plainly to the Laird, as otherwise I would have done, and consequently my interference was the less potent. But help was to come from a quarter I little calculated upon.

It was midnight when the Jenny Nettles reached Peterhead, and the passengers could not go ashore till the next morning.

Going upon deck at day-break I discovered Paul Plenderleith with port-mantle in hand ready prepared for a flitting, and suspecting that something was in the wind, I took up a position where I could see without being observed. Presently Jemima made her appearance having a bundle under her arm, and treading lightly as if she had been shod with velvet. Paul kissed her cheek, and whispering something about "eternal felicity" prepared to lead her out of the vessel.

At this moment a third actor manifested himself, in the person of the deaf, and half-blind Mr. Burgoo. Laying his hand upon the shoulder of the false Alonzo, he said that he had a little matter of business to settle with him before they parted company. Enraged at this interruption, Plenderleith grasped the speaking-trumpet, which chanced to be convenient, and putting it to the ear of the intruder swore with a roar like a bull that he would smash his stupid pate to atoms, if he did not mind his own affairs.

"You need not talk quite so loudly," rejoined Burgoo,—"I can both hear and see, a trifle better than what you give me credit for. Surely you will not smash the pate of an old acquaintance?" Uttering these words, the speaker pulled off his wig, spectacles, and muffling-handkerchief, and lo! there stood revealed that terror to scamps and evil-doers of every degree—Mr. Noseannabem!

Before the dumb-foundered Plenderleith could draw his breath, his wrists were adorned with a glittering pair of hand-cuffs, similar benefactions having previously been bestowed upon his two intimates.

Few words are required to wind up this part of my story. A robbery of an extensive description having been committed upon a jeweller in Fleet Street, Mr. Noseannabem was retained to discover, if possible, the perpetrators. Learning that Paul and his cronies, to whom his suspicions pointed, had taken a passage in the Jenny Nettles, he disguised himself, in manner before described, and his assumed infirmities having thrown the rogues off their guard, soon got all the information he required. The trio were transported for life at the next assizes.

You may be sure that when Laird Badenoch came out of his berth, and learned how matters stood, he looked a trifle sheepish. Noseannabem deepened his blushes by inquiring with a wink, whether his friend the Right Honourable Alonzo Fitzmortimer, could execute any commands for him in London, as His Majesty required the gentleman to return by the mail that evening!

As for myself, though it looked like pouring water upon a drowned mouse, I could not refrain from taking a small revenge for the sneers which the deluded auld Jacobite had bestowed upon me. Some folks' wits, I observed, were the better of a brushing up as well as their hair; adding, that sharp as was the lesson he had just received, his daughter had run a perilous risk of getting a *sharper!*

THE VESPER HOUR IN SPAIN.

BY R. N.

"Now the vestal train is kneeling,
On the holy altar stone;
And through the choir the hymn is pealing,
In a sweet and measured tone.
The holy asp'rations blending,
Like sister strains at silent even;
To the raptured spirit lending,
The choral harmonies of Heaven,"

With the setting sun, a glory
Spreads o'er the fields of Spain;
And the atmosphere is golden,
Like light on some old fane;
Rich, mellow, soft and solemn,
It streams along the aisle;
And chancel, cross and column,
Are now mantled in its smile.

The whole land is a temple,
Meet for a God of love:
A wreath of incense rises,
From each fragrant orange grove;
While the solemn hush of even,
Stills every heart to prayer;
Subduing evil passions,
And dispelling anxious care.

Hark! from the old cathedral,
With ivy mantled tower;
Is heard a note of warning,
To prayer! 'Tis vesper hour.
From chapel and from convent,
O'er the dark Sierra's height,
Is pealed in solemn chorus,
To prayer! Soon cometh night.

Now one orison ariseth,
From mountain and from moor;
One holy aspiration,
From wealthy and from poor.
From the busy streets of cities,
In fertile lowland plain;
To the laughing waves that sparkle,
In the purple western main.

Uncovered stands the herdsman,
His flock beside the fold
The weary traveller pauses,
Until his beads are told.
The mariner now raiseth,
His hymn upon the seas;
And songs of praise are echoed,
'Mid the craggy Pyrenees.

Thanks to the God of mercies,
For blessings of the day,
For benefits unnumber'd,
For evil turned away.
Thanks to the God of mercies,
While slowly fades the light;
And, grant thine aid, sweet Mother,
Through the darkness of the night.

WOMAN'S SOCIAL POSITION.

This topic sounds somewhat sentimental. We design, nevertheless, to treat it seriously, not sentimentally. We can do no real service to woman "by bawling her rights and wrongs like pot-herbs in the streets." Our desire is to delineate woman's true position, to do all honor to her gentle virtues, and to cheer her in that course of high and noble duty which is open to every mother, to every sister, and to every wife.

It happens sometimes, in morals as in physic, that the remedies prescribed are worse than the disease itself. Because the rich sometimes abuse their trust, some would destroy the tenures of property altogether, as though the abuses of property were to be remedied by its destruction; and with its destruction all industry and thrift must perish, and society be paralized and blighted in all its interests. Just so, because women are sometimes abused, they must hold "Women's Rights Conventions," and assert for themselves the duties and prerogatives of men, unsexing themselves, openly defying the commands of God, and exposing both sexes to barbaric degradation. I do not forget I thus speak the true words of a quaint old poet:—

"He is a parricide to his mother's name,
And with an impious hand murders her fame
That wrongs the praise of woman; that dare write
Libels on saints, or with foul ink requite
The milk they lent us."

But this is just one of the evils of the so-called reform, that it brings these women who identify themselves with it, down from their high elevation, and forces us to speak of them, as we speak not of the true-hearted woman, in the language of censure.

What is woman's true social position? It is a shameful truth that the position of woman in past times has too often been one of oppression. Sometimes we find her treated with barbarism, and her position that of a slave, as she still is among many savage tribes. Again we find her position raised, not so much by love, as by a sense of her value in ministering to the selfishness of man. The Spartan mother occupied a higher rank, relatively to man, than woman now does in some civilized countries. In the days of chivalry, women were treated with a lip gallantry and a mock deference, that contrasted strangely and sadly with her position at home. In the chase or at the tournament, she was the arbitor of honor; but as the mother and the wife, she never rose to that sphere which God has assigned to her, and never possessed the opportunities necessary to enable her to wield those high and

benignant influences which invest her with true dignity. As the mere minister to man's amusement, as the mere ornament of public exhibitions, woman's highest position is only a dazzling degradation. Such is now the social position of the women of the east—valued only for their personal beauty, they are adored for a brief period; but when their personal charms fade, they are relentlessly consigned to neglect, or to something worse. No expense is spared to adorn the person, but the mind and heart are left to grow wild and wayward: without mental cultivation or inner reserves, they are like the east itself, beautiful, but degraded and in ruins—a sad mixing up of splendor and devastation. And what is true of the east is true of all civilized communities, where women are valued only for their personal charms, where a woman is most honored, not when she sits like a queen in the bosom of her family, but when she parades her bejewelled person in the ball-room or the opera-house. The gaze of admiration brings with it little respect and no love. Whatever she may gain in fame is at the expense of woman's sweetest enjoyments. Her own true life is lost amid such elements of tumult and distraction. She is only a splendid exotic nurtured for display, a stranger to home society and home comforts, she never breathes a pure atmosphere. A flower plunged in a petrifying stream, she is bright but cold and sad. A reed shaken by the wind, she lives unfortified, aimless and unenduring. She is a captive, and could we but listen to the vehement heart-throbbings, we might hear a cry like this, "O that I had the wings of the dove!"

The question is still unanswered, What is woman's true social position?

The woman's true social position is that summary of human happiness—HOME. To preside in that home—to minister to the comforts of her home with a kindliness that never faileth and a zeal that tireth not—to elevate her household and make it happy—to leave her image impressed upon every heart with a vividness that no time, no change can ever efface—this is woman's true glory. It is this that makes the word MOTHER a sacred one. All that is most tender in human affection, gentle in human intercourse—all that is loveable and precious, sweet, tender, worthy and true, are wrapt up in this one word—MOTHER. There is no human relationship which contains within its inner circle so many endearing associations and hallowed relations as that of the wife and mother. Could woman desire a higher social position than to be enshrined in the inmost circle of so many living, loving hearts?

Turn over the pages of history, you read of warrior and of sage, of men of holy might—and cry out, these are the great of the earth. Yes; but not these alone. How much do they owe to the cheerful, unrepaid self-sacrifice of a mother's love? The name of woman seldom appears on the printed page, but a woman's influence is written through the world's history everywhere, and that influence is none the less real because it meets not the eye of the careless reader. A woman's influence may be characterized as *individual*. She exerts it direclly upon the husband, the brother, the child—but she sends husbands, and brothers, and sons, to diffuse her influence through the world. It is this unseen influence which gives such importance to the right discharge of woman's social duties; it is this that makes a true-hearted, God-fearing woman not only an ornament to the community, but a safeguard to the State. Public life is the sphere of man; domestic life the sphere of woman. In her own sphere her influence is as great as it is healthful; out of her sphere it is nothing. In her household woman reigns. We say this cheerfully that, without controversy, she is QUEEN at home. Nor should this at all infringe on man's prerogative. A woman's sceptre should be love. It is only when a woman loves that she has influence for good; her whole strength lies in loving; and so long as she reigns in and through love, there are few of the other sex who care to rebel against her gentle sway. Woman's power to love, and her power in loving, are enormous. And if women would maintain her ascendancy she must reject all the so-called improvements and additions to her positions and her influence of our modern moral reforms, and just pursue quietly and systematically the good old beaten paths of patient industry, quiet endurance, earnest piety, and love which faileth never.

And in woman's social position, as we have defined, there is sphere enough for all her activities, for vigor of mind, for prudence and sagacity, In not a few instances financial abilities are fully tasked in the effort to make a little go far to rear a family on a narrow income. And even when the income is superabundant, she may well save every necessary expense, for the sake of being enabled to exercise an enlarged benevolence. And in all ranks of society, from the highest to the lowest, it is woman's duty to be intent upon making her home happy, to study the tempers and the characters of her family, to consult both their wants and their weaknesses. In ordinary cases it is just as easy for a woman to keep a calm house, as it is to keep a clean house; and

should be as much her aim to have her home cheerful, as it is usually to have it orderly.

A living woman is man's truest friend, and she is none the less true, because she is honest and out-spoken. When others are ridiculing you, or censuring you behind your back, she faithfully reproves you to your face. When destruction is secretly aiming its poisoned arrows at your reputation she stands openly forth in your defence, she letteth not the claims of pride or vanity interfere with those of love. If you meet with misfortune or with losses, and must forego the comforts you have formerly enjoyed, and the society in which you have formerly mingled, she will still think herself happy in your society, and will cheerfully bear the dangers, half of the burden, of your affliction. When sickness calls you from business and from bustle, she follows you into your gloomy chamber, her eye watches every expression of your countenance, her ear is ever open to your weary tale of symptoms, her hand ever busy to supply your wants, and her lips ever ready to minister the balm of consolation to your wounded spirit. And when death bursts asunder every earthly tie, it is not enough for woman to shed a tear upon the grave, but she takes and lodges your remembrance in her heart. *She never forgets.* Of all earthly cords a woman's love lasts the longest!

That is a noble anecdote in the account of Lord Russell's trial. Lord Russell—"May I have some body write to help my memory?" Attorney-General—"Yes; a servant." Lord Chief Justice—"Any of your servants shall assist in writing anything you please for you." Lord Russell—"My wife is here, my Lord, to do it." Mr. Jeffrey, speaking of the above dialogue, says: "We know of nothing at once so pathetic and sublime as these few simple sentences, when we recollect who Russell and his wife were, and what a destiny was then impending. This one trait makes the heart swell almost to bursting." Bernard Barton after contrasting this with some chivalrous deed in Roman story, says—

> Hers was no briefly driving mood,
> Spent in one fearful deed.
> The gentle courage of the good
> More lasting worth can plead;
> And hers made bright in after years
> The mother's toil, the widow's tears!
> Women of meek, yet fearless soul,
> Thy memory aye shall live;
> Nor soon shall history's varied scroll
> A name more glorious give.
> What English heart but feels its claim,
> Far, far beyond the Roman fame?

Women are more disinterested than men—more zealous for those they love—and they evince more patience and fortitude in bearing or in sustaining others in misfortune. Instances of fortitutde and self-devotion are recorded of women, to which men can lay no claim. Women's solicitude to support and elevate those in whom she feels an interest, are often unnoticed and unappreciated; but such disinterestedness is its own exceeding great reward. It is true greatness to be useful. If to devote every energy and every resource to the good of others; if to cast time, and talent, and might into one self-sacrifice, be to deserve the appellation of great—then to all this may woman claim a far truer title than can man.

Another element of woman's power is her condescension. All who would obtain influence must be condescending. That advice is generally most efficient, and that instruction is generally most valued which is given with least assumption. They who wish to convince the understanding or to win the heart, must suit themselves to the tastes and even the caprices of those whom they would teach influence. Now, what greatly increases the influence of the gentler sex, is that it becomes them so well to condescend. There is always something rigid and undignified in the attempts at condescension which a man makes; but a woman can do it with an ease, and grace, and dignity which adds tenfold to its value and efficiency. When Queen Victoria finds her way to the Highland cottages, and with a true woman's sympathies, shares the anxieties and sorrows of her poorest subject, she fans the loyalty of a whole people into perfect flame, and every heart cries "God save the Queen!" When she sits on her throne in royal state, she may dazzle us with her splendor, but it when we see her as a mother, in the midst of her family, that we feel that she is bound to us, and we to her, by ties that are as enduring as the memories of our own mothers.

I would venture a single paragraph on the unmarried state. The position of an old maid is not appreciated. It is one at once of dignity and of happiness. We do not wonder that it is often a woman's choice to remain single. While a mother's heart is now rent with grief for the departed, and again wrecked with fear and with anxiety for the living—the sensible, contented, single woman gives herself with her whole heart to the alleviating of other's woes, to the ministration to the comforts of those she loves, and to contribute to the improvement and enjoyment of the family circle. Such a position is at once an honorable and a happy one.—This partiality for a single life does not include men. When deprived of a home, presided over by a mother or sister, it is rarely respectable to be

a bachelor—married woman's worth and affection, far more than woman needs man's strength and protection. Single blessedness is more unusually single wretchedness, and a bachelor's freedom is for the most part another name for the contemptible survey of a hired house-keeper.

We say a word of woman's education. The system of female education, now too frequently pursued, we must condemn. The accomplishments at which a fashionable education generally aims, are to enter a room gracefully—to dance superbly, to speak with an Italian accent—and to be quite at home in all the notes of the gamut. We wage no war with a liberal education—while we set a high value on the solid acquirements, we are quite willing to admit that they should acquire a knowledge of either languages or of music, but we do protest against educating a child as though the object for which it had been sent into the world was, that it might learn to affect that which is repugnant to its tastes and feelings, instead of speaking and acting from natural character and correct feelings. We say most heartily, give to young ladies the highest and the best education within your reach—but let it be EDUCATION and not a sham. Seek to give a sufficiency of internal resources, such as will make occasional friends of solitude, any thing rather than weariness. Do not be affraid of a decided mental cultivation and a bias to literary pursuits. But I cannot leave this topic without saying, let the education be such as will ever shed affection over home, and inspire the feeling and hopes and happy influences of religion.

To recapitulate, if we would estimate aright woman's position and woman's influence, we must remember that

"We live in deeds, not years, in thoughts, not breaths,
In feelings, not in figures of a dial;
We should count time by heart throbs—he most loves,
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best,
And he whose heart beats quickest lives the longest,
Lives in one hour more than in years do some,
Whose feet bland sleeps as it slips along their veins.
Life is but the means unto end; that ends,
Begining mean an end to all things."—GOD.

OPPORTUNITY FOR THE POOR.

THERE is a disposition among some people when the miseries of the poor are mentioned to lay the fault of their sufferings upon their own shoulders.—They are so thriftless, and reckless, and extravagant, and dirty, that there is really no possibility of doing anything for them. Their want is ascribed to carelessness and absence of prudent forethought, and their liability to disease to their filthy habits. How can they expect, forsooth, to be secure against starvation when they never save anything? and what right have they to expect health if they will not keep their skins and their clothes clean? Charity and pity, alike—so some folk think, are thrown away upon such thoughtless, filthy beings. No matter what you give them or how much you help them, they are never any better. The fact is, they will not help themselves, and it is of no use to try to improve their position.

That is the creed we have heard over and over again from delicate ladies and well-dressed gentlemen, and it is very easy for them to talk in that manner. They keep themselves clean and wholesome, and do not go into debt beyond their means, or go without dinners; and why should not others, if they were as well disposed, do likewise? They may well be so complacent; apart as they are from the necessities of the poor, they cannot understand the difference of the circumstances which operate upon the two classes. If they are a little extravagant to-day they may make up for it by moderate economy to-morrow. They live in houses more or less commodious, and easy to keep clean. They are endowed by their position in society with some self respect, which makes attention to personal appearance a habit, and they are surrounded by appliances which put decency within their reach. If they would only reflect a little, they would find that the superior virtues, upon which they plume themselves, are the result of opportunity, and they might be led to the inference that the vices they deprecate are often to be ascribed to the want of it. Let them imagine the house with its separate rooms for various household duties transformed into the often solitary room of the labourer and his family; the bright paint and glowing paper upon their walls changed to the dingy whitewash of a dirty garret. The bed in one corner, the saucepan in another, the washtub in a third. No kitchen to cook in—no commodious bath-room close to the sleeping apartment—no washhouse where the periodical wash may be kept apart, with its steam and muddle, from the rest of the household work. All to be done in that one room. Eating, drinking, cooking, sleeping, washing, to be performed in that limited space,—ever in confusion from the crowding of duties,—impossible to keep clean and tidy from want of accommodation. Let them imagine this, and then ask themselves whether, if they were so situated, their persons would be kept as clean as they are now; whether they would so frequently change their soiled garments; and whether it is not possible that the distress of the poor is not owing in a greater degree to the difficulty of being clean, than indifference to being dirty? If a well-to-do housewife would only compare the advantages of her position with the want of opportunity under which others suffer, she might become less proud of her own management, less inclined to depreciate the efforts of others; she might come to the conclusion that between her and "dirty people" it is not so much a difference of personal qualities as of the opportunity for exercising them.

These ideas are strikingly borne out by a report of the Committee for Promoting the Establishment of Public Baths and Washhouses. That Committee has been in existence eight years, and now resigns its duties from the fact that their performance is no longer needed. The report tells

us in unmistakable terms that the poor will not be dirty if they can help it; that they only want the opportunity to be clean. In the five years during which public baths and washhouses have been in operation, there have been no less than upwards of three millions of washers and bathers; and year by year the average has increased as more extensive accommodation has been provided. Thus, in 1848, the first London bath was opened in Goulston Square, Whitechapel, and 48,637 bathers in that year took advantage of it. There were no washers, for no provision had as yet been made for them. In 1849, there were two metropolitan baths, with washhouses attached, and the bathers were 297,831; the washers, 9,070. In 1850, there were three establishments, and the bathers increased to 509,200; the washers to 60,154. In 1851, there were five, and the bathers were 647,242; and the washers, 132,251. In 1852, there were seven, and the bathers went up to 860,163; and the washers to 197,580. These are facts which teach a lesson the rich will do well to think over,—a lesson the moral of which is, that the poor are as fond of cleanliness as other classes of society.

There is another teaching in the report which is no less instructive. It strikes at the cant of charity with unmistakeable force. The poor, those at least who are in employment, do not want charity,—using that word in the sense of alms-giving,—so much as intelligent help and guidance. They have not only taken advantage of baths and washhouses, but they have paid for them. These institutions are profitable in a commercial point of view, and it is upon that fact, we suppose, that the committee base the policy of their abdication. Now that it has been shown the sale of cleanliness pays, and that the poor are ready to buy it,—and this has been proved,—there will be plenty ready to sell it. One bath has not only paid its own expenses, but, it seems, provided funds to help to establish another. In the last year, the revenue derived from the seven baths and washhouses in London was £13,413. 7s. 2d. It must not be supposed that the poor lost this money, or, in other words, paid it away in excess of their habitual expenditure; probably the sum spent represents a similar amount actually saved. There have been fewer doctors' bills as a consequence of cleaner skins, and less worktime has been lost through illness. Washing by the aid of a saucepan to boil the clothes, with its wasteful expenditure of fuel and destruction of linen, has been replaced by economical washing with well-arranged coppers and proper utensils. Time has been saved; money has been saved; health has been preserved; and, what is better perhaps, that cleanliness, which is said to be next to godliness, has, along with better physical habits, produced better moral habits, leading to greater saving still.

It is not only that these three millions of washers and bathers represent so many clean bodies and so many clean shirts,—they point to something still more important. Dirty people have dirty habits and dirty minds,—and dirty minds are mostly vicious as well. The man who has a pure skin likes pure clothes to match it. When once he has that taste, he likes a clean room to sit in, and if he can get one, will prefer it to a foul taproom. There is no end to the improvement of taste and conduct to which the habit of cleanliness may lead. As in degradation so in devotion, the first step is half the battle. Make a beginning, and the rest is hopeful. We should not be surprised to learn that these baths and washhouses have often helped to convert one room into two, and to bring into them books and such ornaments as are within the reach of humble people,—have made dirty, slovenly women neat, trim wives, and selfish men better husbands and fathers; for it is the natural effect of one virtue, as of one vice, to bring others into play, either helping or smothering effort after something better.

All this shows us how the poor should be helped. Not merely by cold charity—by giving pence here, or shillings or pounds there, but by teaching and helping them to help themselves. They want to be shown how to club and to manage their small earnings. Co-operation is their great hope. Their pence put together, though so powerless when isolated, swell into thousands of pounds. In this last year in this instance they have swelled into more than £13,000. Those who have expended them have not only saved, for good habits are always cheaper than bad ones, but have proved that they can make it pay others to help them to the opportunity of wise expenditure. What has been done with washhouses may be done in other directions. It may be done with houses, for example. The same means will serve to transform dirty courts and alleys and mouldering tenements into healthy streets and squares, and well-arranged, lighted, and ventilated houses. Depend upon it, the experiment will pay in the one case as well as in the other; but the poor cannot begin to do it for themselves. They are powerless to move without assistance. They cannot set the wheel turning; but once going, they can and will keep it going. If they have the chance, they will prefer the better to the worse. To offer that opportunity is the true duty of those who have the means. That is the charity which blesses both giver and receiver. That is the most inexpensive as well as the wisest charity,—for all gain by it. The rich and the poor alike benefit by less disease, less pauperism, and a higher general moral tone.—*Eliza Cook's Journal.*

A FRIEND.

How many lovely things we find
In earth, and air, and sea,—
The distant bells upon the wind,
The blossom on the tree;
But lovelier far than chime or flower
Are valued friends in sorrow's hour.

Sweet is the carol of a bird
When warbling on the spray,
And beautiful the moon's pale beam
That lights us on our way;
Yet lovelier Friendship's look and word
Than moonlight or than warbling bird.

How prized the coral and the shell,
And valued too the pearl;
Who can the hidden treasures tell
O'er which the soft waves curl?
Yet dearer still a friend to me
Than all in earth, or air, or sea.

THE MICMAC INDIANS: THEIR LEGENDS.

The History of all nations runs back into the regions of fable. Important events were anciently handed down from generation to generation by oral tradition alone. Succeeding generations gloried in the deeds of valor and renown achieved by their forefathers, the lustre of which was supposed to attach to themselves. The stories "losing nothing in the telling," would soon become so distorted, magnified and colored, by the channel through which they passed, that it would be impossible for ordinary minds to distinguish the truth from the embellishment. Romance and poetry would not fail to take advantage of this, to magnify what was already marvellous, and to clothe common-place events with the glitter of their imagery.

Hence in tracing the history of any nation—the records of Sacred History alone excepted—we soon find ourselves listening to the most wonderful details of events which we are sure never happened, and never could happen, according to the laws by which nature is *now* governed. Enchanted caverns meet us on every hand. Beasts and birds possessing the faculties of men—rocks and trees endowed with the power of speech and locomotion—giants, fairies, and wizards, genii and spirits, are ever ready to lend their aid, in the doing of good or ill; and they interpose their services so capriciously on the most trivial, as well as on more important occasions, that one is as frequently amused with the ridiculousness of the story, as astonished at its marvellousness.

I need scarcely hint at the history of Greece and Rome, and Scandinavia, the poems of Homer, Virgil and Ovid, as illustrations of these remarks. We have them in our own history. How many tales of "love and murder," of wars, of giants, of wizards, of ghosts, and enchanted castles, have been in circulation in the English language, almost ever since there was an English language. How well have later poets and writers of romance known how to take advantage of these fancies, and especially of that propensity in the human mind which first produced, and afterwards fostered and preserved, such extravagancies, from generation to generation.

The Micmac Indian of Nova Scotia stands at the present day, in relation to the past history of his nation, just where the ancient inhabitants of Britain stood, before the art of writing was introduced among them. He has no "chronicles" of the past. He cannot open the ancient volume and read what authentic history has recorded. The few past years make up the whole of his existence in the region of sober reality and truth. What he heard from his grand-sire is probably true—it is "agunoo-dumokun"—historical fact; beyond that all is "ah-too-cwokum"—fable, romance stories, treasured up indeed, and handed down from age to age, and often told for diversion, and to keep in memory the habits and manners, domestic and political, of the *sahk-ah-waychkik*—the ancient Indians—but nothing more.

Would the reader like the perusal of one of these tales, related, just as "Susan Doctor," the daughter of "Paul Doctor," an Indian belonging to Pictou, N. S., would relate it? without any attempt at embellishment, addition or subtraction? Come with me to the Indian Camp, after the labors of the day are over, and the shades of evening have gathered around them. Here is one wigwam somewhat larger than the rest, and the young people are gathering there as the children exclaim: "ah-too-ewet"—"she is telling a story." They have all taken their places in a circle, to listen to the tale. They have probably heard it a hundred times already. Never mind, it is something of a feat to tell it, and "Susan" who learned it with a hundred similar ones from her father Paul, is somewhat cleverer than the most of them. She has a good head, as they term it—a thousand pities it is not stored with something more valuable. But to proceed, all preliminaries being arranged, the particular tale called for, &c.—Susan commences:

"Wee-gi-jik-kee-see-gook," an announcement which simply calls up attention, and implies what sort of a relation is to follow. Literally it signifies: "The old people have erected their tents;" but conveys very significantly this parabolic meaning: "Attend to a story of ancient times."*

THE STORY OF TEE-AM, AND OO-HIG-E-ASQUE.

"There was a lake in the midst of a forest, and a large Indian town on the borders of this lake. Near the edge of the Lake, and somewhat removed from the main village, resided a young chieftain, named *Tee-am*—or *Moose*. He had the power of rendering himself invisible to mortal eyes, when he chose, and of showing himself just when and to whom he liked. Parents he had none living, nor any other occupant of the wigwam save an only sister, to whom he was attached with the most cordial affection. The brother occupied himself like the rest of his tribe, in hunting. It was the sister's business to take charge of the venison, to cut it in slices and smoke and dry it; and to prepare food for her brother, and perform all other operations of house-keeping.

The history of Tee-am, the invisible youth, formed an important item in the village gossip. His merits, habits, and designs, were the theme of frequent discussion; and it soon became generally known that he was intending to enter the "order of matrimony." He was not disposed, however, to go in quest of a wife, but, reversing the usual order, it was his wish that the young ladies of his tribe should adorn themselves in their richest attire and come in quest of him. The girl that could behold him, he would marry; and since he was a personage of no ordinary merits, various attempts were made by the young women, to arrest his attention, to win his affection, and to draw him forth to the visible world.

The way they usually proceeded was this: They put on their finery, washed their faces, anointed their heads, decked themselves with ornaments, and went to the wigwam of Tee-am, a number usually going in company, and reaching the place sometime before the hour at which he usually returned from his hunting excursions. His sister would receive them with the greatest kindness. They would spend the afternoon together, and at the proper time the sister accompanied by her companions, would walk down to the shore, to greet the approach of her brother. As soon as

* We do not vouch for the orthodoxness of the Indian terms. Hoaxes are not uncommon.—Ed. A. A.

she saw him, she would announce his approach, and enquire of her attentive companions if they saw him. "Nemeeyok richigunmu?"—"do you see my brother?" Every eye would be strained in the direction she was looking. Some would think they saw him. And "co-goo-way wisko-book-sick?" the sister of the young man would enquire "of what is his *carrying strap* made?"—Sometimes those who supposed they saw him, would say it was a *withe*, sometimes it would be a piece of raw-hide;—and everything that had been known to be applied to such a use, would be seen, or supposed to be seen.

"Ah," she would say; understanding instantly that he was undiscovered: "let us go home."—Home they would go with her. When the hunter arrived, his sister always took charge of his load of game. The other girls would see this, and also his moccasins when he drew them off. They were thus assured that there was no deception—that he was really present, though they could not see him.

But they have not given over yet. "I may see him," says each one, "after he has had time to look at us, and take his choice;" each supposing, of course, that he would have discernment sufficient to see that *she* was the prettiest and best.—The parties often dined with him and his sister, without seeing him, and sometimes remained over night, and returned to their several places of abode next day, unsuccessful.

Now there dwelt in this village a widower, who had three unmarried daughters. The youngest was a poor little weakly thing, and was often ill-treated by the eldest. She often considered her in the way. She would beat her unmercifully, when their father was not near to protect her, and often burn her. The old man would find her covered with burns, bruises, and blisters, when he came home, and would be told, in answer to his enquiries, that she had fallen into the fire, and had by mischief and accident brought it all on herself.—The condition of the little girl was pitiable indeed. Every day she was exposed to the tyranny of the cruel and unrelenting sister, without the power of escape or redress; being afraid to plead her own cause before the father, lest she should only bring upon herself additional sufferings. The hair of her head was singed off, and she was covered with the effects of the cruel burnings to which she was subject. Her name somewhat of a rugged one—but not difficult of pronunciation—Oo-chig-e-asque, was indicative of her plight, covered with the marks of her sister's inhumanity.

Well, the two elder sisters had gone, with the approbation of their father, to make the experiment of the insulated wigwam—they had tried their success at "moose hunting" and failed. Of course no one dreamed that Oo-chig-e-asque would be simple enough to go; and should she go, it was not possible she should succeed. So they might have reasoned. The poor child, however, did not see what harm it could be for her to go, where every one else went. A wedding suit she had not. A few beads spared to her through the entreaties of her next eldest sister, composed her whole stock of ornaments. She therefore gathered a quantity of birch bark, and fabricated for herself an uncouth dress; "oo-mah-go-dum," "her petticoat," and "oo-mahd-led-um," her "loose gown." Her father's cast off moccasins, soaked and drawn on, were a substitute for shoes and stockings, all under one. Thus accoutred, without asking leave or licence, she arose and shaped her course away towards the edge of the lake, and the extremity of the village. Her sisters called after her to return; but she made as though she heard them not. The men, women, and children stared at her as she passed, laughed and hooted at her; but she heeded them not. And now she reaches the tent of the invisible youth. His sister receives her kindly. They walk down to the shore together at the proper time. "Do you see my brother?" says the girl. "I do," is the reply. "And of what is his carrying-strap made?" "Muncwon," is the immediate reply; "it is a piece of a *rain-bow!*" "Very good—you do indeed see my brother.—Glamh-de-nech—let us go home."

Arrived at the wigwam, the youth's sister proceeds to adorn her person, and prepare her for the nuptials. Her birch bark dress is taken off and consigned to the flames. A copious ablution removes every scar, and spot and blemish, and presents her with a face fair and beautiful. Next comes the process of arranging and adorning the hair. "Alas!" said the poor girl, "for I have no hair. My head is bald and singed and unpleasant to behold." But no sooner do the plastic hands of her companion touch her head, than the hair, black and beautiful and flowing, starts out in profusion, and soon assumes the proper form and appearance. The brother comes in laughing. "Way-jool-koos." "We have been discovered, have we?" says he to his sister. So "Oo-chig-e-asque" becomes the wife of Tee-am.

The scene now shifts to her father's wigwam. The old man is disconcerted at the absence of his daughter. Surely some mischief has befallen her, as she returns not that night. Her sisters know nothing about her; and he starts early next day in search of her. He passes the wigwam of her husband, and she recognises him, though he cannot distinguish her, on account of her transformation. She introduces him to her husband.—"Wellee-dabsit kee-see-goo," "the old man is much pleased." He goes home and tells his astonished daughters, what a noble partner their sister has got, and how beautiful she herself has become.

According to the usual course of events, in process of time, an addition is made to the family. A little "moose" is presented to the head-man of the establishment, and there is great rejoicing over it. *Teamooch*, soon becomes a fine boy, running about, shooting his little arrows, wielding his little club, and playing off, on all convenient opportunities the "little man."

His mother now notices, more particularly than she had formerly, that the *bone of a moose's leg*, is usually left lying in the wigwam during the absence of the father; and her sister-in-law charges her to watch the little boy, and see that he does not touch it. After his father arrives home from hunting, the bone may be broken and the marrow eaten.

One day the women were more than ordinarily busy. They have a large quantity of meat to slice up and cure, and it occupies them nearly all day. The little boy plays about out of doors, and sometimes runs in alone into the wigwam. He gives the bone, which lay in the wigwam, a blow

with his club, and breaks it. Soon after his aunt goes in and sees what has been done. She begins to wring her hands and weep. "Tie up your child," says she, "and let us go in search of my brother." Away they go along the lake, taking his tracks, and following upon the ice a long distance. They find him at length, fallen down, with his load, and the bone of his leg broken. Sad is the meeting, and sad the parting. He takes an affectionate leave of his wife and babe, and directs her to return to her father's house, as he will never be able to provide for her any more. She accordingly takes her child and goes home. "And you, my sister," says he, "go back to the wigwam. Bring the kettle, the axe, the knife, and return to me." She obeys. He then addresses her thus: "*N'mees kesalin?*" "my sister, do you love me?" She tells him, "aye—I do." He replies: "If you love me, take up the axe and despatch me." She is horrified at the proposal. She remonstrates. "His leg will get well. The bone will grow together." "No; it will never grow together again. But as soon as you have smitten me down, you will find that it is a real *moose* you have killed. You will proceed accordingly. My flesh you will prepare and dry in the usual way. Carefully preserve the skin of the moose's head. Make as the women are wont to do, a 'work-bag' of it, and keep it alway with you, as a memorial of me."

The poor girl obeys, and carries out all his directions to the letter.

Several days elapse before she fully completes her task. She has gone up from the lake into the edge of the woods, and has there erected for herself a small tent.

She has now dried the moose meat, and hung it up in the wigwam. One morning she is startled by the approach of a *giant*, a "koo-kwes," a species of humanity abounding always in the region of fable. Monstrous, huge, possessed of great strength, always bad—the enemy of mankind—destroying them without mercy, and feasting upon their flesh.

The "koo-kwes" of Micmac fiction, is the regular giant of yore. *Monstrum, horrendum, informe, ingens.* The giant walks in and seats himself very composedly; looks up at the venison, and praises her industry. She takes the hint, puts the kettle over the fire, and boils half of it for his breakfast. He devours it, and then stretches himself down for a nap. When he awakes, the terrified girl, with all the coolness she could command, gathers up what is left, and asks him to accept of it.

His giantship receives the boon, and then proceeds to advise her for her good. He recommends to her to abide where she is, and not to attempt to find her way to any Indian settlement. There are so many difficulties in the way that she will not be able to overcome them. Particularly she will be obliged to pass two enormous serpents who guarded the path. She will see them at a distance, and take them for *mountains!* They lie on each side of the path, with their heads towards it. "You cannot go round them, you cannot climb over them. You must pass by their huge jaws."

He finishes his harangue, and departs. She is not particularly impressed in his favor, nor much disposed to follow his counsel. It is more likely than not that his wish for her to remain in that solitary place, is based upon the anticipated want of a breakfast some morning, and that she might in that case follow in the wake of her brother, should she stay. She will not run the risk. "Poketum-cahsit," "she takes her departure."

The giant's story about the enormous serpents, proves true; but carrying with her the memorial of her brother, she is safe. Their mouths are shut, and their eyes are closed in sleep. She passes them unharmed, and after a long walk reaches an Indian village. She enters the first wigwam she comes to, and takes up her abode there, with three women who own and occupy it. She frequently goes out visiting and playing at the *woltestokun*, a curious game, resembling dice, still in great favor with the Indians, taking care to return at evening, and always carrying with her the mysterious work-bag.

One night as she lay down to rest, supposing the other women were asleep, she carefully placed this same important article alway under the boughs, close up to the place where the wigwam touches the ground—the *kikchoo*, as they call it. Next day she went abroad, and forgot the work-bag. After her departure, the aforesaid old woman, possessing some amount of curiosity as well as others, was prompted to examine the contents of the stranger's bag. She accordingly watched her opportunity, and took hold of it for that purpose. Scarcely had she begun to draw it toward her, when, with a shriek of horror, she started to her feet. She had laid her hand on the hair of a human head! of a living man! He sprang to his feet, all harnessed and tatooed like a warrior ready for battle. At one blow he despatched the woman who had pulled him back to life, and then killed the other two. He then rushed out, and, uttering the terrible war-whoop, struck down every one whom he met. The ground was soon strewed with the dead and the dying. His sister saw him, and recognized him at once. "O, brother! brother!" she exclaimed. But he was inexorable. "Boo-naj-jee-me," "leave me alone," is his reply. "Why did you not take better care of me? Had you taken better care of me, you would have had me with you for ever;" and he strikes her down to the earth. Here, abruptly, "*respeahdooksit*," "the tale ends."

We could wish that it ended better; but we cannot help it. When Charlotte Elizabeth was writing her "Judah's Lion" in the successive numbers of her magazine, *to be continued* came in, on one occasion, leaving Charley on a sick bed, and to all appearance dying. One of her readers, who had become greatly interested in the story in general, and in little Charley in particular, begged of the writer *not to let him die!* Accordingly Charley got well. But I had no such opportunity of preventing the tragical end of either the hero or heroine of this tale. You have it, kind reader, as the writer received it, and wrote it down from the mouth of an Indian—with scarcely note or comment. May we ask, why not educate and elevate the Indian? Has he not a mind capable of improvement? Is he not a MAN, as well as his white neighbour? and, shall I say oppressor? Could not the mind which, untutored and untrained, invented such a tale of fiction as this, or

which can even remember it, with scores of others similar to it, and repeat them verbatim a thousand times, be made, by proper culture, capable of more solid and useful productions? Late in the day though it be, let a generous effort be made and followed up for the mental, physical, and moral improvement of our Indian brother. A gracious Providence will smile on the effort and crown it with success.—*Halifax Provincialist.*

POETRY.

(*From Punch.*)

The Pope of Rome was sitting, triple-crowned, in Peter's chair,
At his feet the Count de Chambord knelt, like small child saying prayer,
And wry and rueful faces made, most dolorous to see,
As he spread his hands and raised his eyes upon his bended knee.

The Pope, with brow and shoulders shrugged, looked grievously askance,
Whom had he at his footstool there but Henry Fifth of France?
Most Christian king, legitimate, by rule of right divine;
And must the Holy Father needs anoint another Line?

Oh! sure am I," de Chambord said, "the tale can ne'er be true,
That your Holiness intends the thing which people say you do;
To pluck the golden pippin of the Crown from Pépin's stem!"
"My son, that's only," said the Pope, "an earthly diadem."

"Ah, holy Father, yes, indeed!—but for that earthly Crown
Did angel not in holy pot bring sacred unguent down?
Is the '*Saint Ampoule*' no better than a common flask or crock?"
"Oh, talk not so, my son; I feel the very thought a shock."

"From me, the true successor of St. Louis, holy king,
Will you aid a gross usurper my inheritance to wring?
Shall St. Peter's heir St. Louis's heir of patrimony spoil,
And hair of other party grace with consecrating oil?"

"Of good Saint Louis's Crown will I my faithful son bereave?
Ne'er, so thou do what I command, and what I preach, believe;
That circlet still with golden light shall flame around thy head,
And evermore thy portraits, too, shall wear it when thou'rt dead."

"Oh, that's the *nimbus*, holy Sire! 'twas not thereof I spoke;
That is a crown *in nubibus*." "My son, forbear to joke."

"But shall that other party, holy Sire, by you be crowned?
Have you thrown Saint Louis o'er, and another Louis found?"

"Another Louis I have found, my faithful son, indeed,
Who, Saint or not, behaved as such to me in time of need;
For he replaced me on the throne by force of arms benign"—
"Which you've to pay for," Chambord said, "by seating him on mine?"

"In truth," the holy Father cried, "I know not how to act."
"Then," said de Chambord, "the report is not a hoax, in fact.
What crime—what sin that's unabsolved—what ever have I done?
Indeed I'm not a heretic." "Of course thou'rt not, my son."

"Bethink you, Father, well, what all the world will surely say—
My due of birth if holy breath so lightly blow away;
So much for faithful dynasties—we see what they may hope—
And a *fico* for the blessing of His Holiness, the Pope!"

"I own," the Pontiff sighed, "my son, in what thou say'st there's force."
"And," said de Chambord, "whither led your seventh namesake's course,
That Pius did the sort of thing that you design to do;
And small good did he get thereby: about as much will you."

"Well, well," said Pio Nono, "son, at any rate here's this,"
And his hand he stretched right graciously to Henry forth to kiss;
"We will act as we think best, and we'll see what we shall see;
In the meantime I bestow my benediction upon thee."

A WORD ON CANADA.

The glut which has lately taken place in the matter of emigration to the gold-colonies of Australia, will naturally turn observation once more towards the United States and Canada, either of which offers a boundless field for the reception of an industrious and well-disposed class of emigrants. At present, one of the great subjects of debate in the United States Legislature, is the Homestead Bill, by which it is actually intended to give sections of government-land for nothing, the mere cost of title excepted, and that will probably be only a few shillings. Something of the same kind is agitated in Western Canada; the object being to attract emigrants; for the more settlers there are, the more is the prosperity of the country promoted. Independently of these plans of giving land gratis, there is everywhere an abundance of properties wholly or partially cleared,

which may be obtained on remarkably easy terms. From the papers which from time to time reach us, it appears that great improvements are taking place in Canada, and that, in point of fact, there is an emigration into the colony from different parts of the United States. The emigration from the States in one district of Lower Canada has been so considerable, as to make a perceptible increase in the population. Through this tract, a railway is now in process of construction from Montreal to Portland. Great part of Upper Canada is equal to the best lands of the United States, and some of it is even more fertile. High authority states that, near Toronto, fifty bushels of wheat have been obtained from a single acre. A gentleman, for several years a resident of Upper Canada, states that that portion of it which lies between Kingston and Sandwich, and extends back from the shores of Lake Erie, —from some points forty, and from others one hundred miles—is capable of supplying all Europe with the grain it requires, besides producing cattle and sheep, hemp and flax, and yielding iron, copper, lead, lime, marl, and gypsum. Another resident states that "Upper Canada is capable of supporting, by agricultural pursuits alone, at least 5,000,000 of additional inhabitants."

In regard to farming, the same mistakes were at first made in Canada as are in all new colonies and countries. Now, however, over large tracts of some of the best land of the province, is to be seen as good farming as one could desire to meet with. Gentlemen of independent property have set the example in many of the most eligible situations for settlers; substantial farmers from England and Scotland have followed, and have introduced with success all the best practices of the old country. Great attention has been paid to the importation of the best stock from Britain; the markets, therefore, of Toronto, Hamilton, Kingston, and other towns, are supplied with excellent meat. An objection to the growth of roots and crops that had been entertained by the smaller farmers, without much capital or enterprise—namely, the difficulty of preventing their freezing in the winter—had been easily overcome by the superior class of farmers.

Of Lower Canada, we have space only to say that it, too, is improving, though it is allowed that the extremes of heat and cold which characterise it, render emigration thither less inviting. Here it must be said, that the climate of the Western Canadian territory has been considerably misrepresented. In Upper Canada, in conformity to a general law of the North American climate, which becomes milder as the degrees of longitude increase, *the cold is not by any means so severe or the winter so long.* An interesting pamphlet on this subject has lately been published by Professor Hind of Toronto, in which he shews very convincingly the "decided superiority" of Upper Canada "for agricultural purposes over the state of New York, the northern part of Ohio and Illinois, the states of Michigan, Iowa, Wisconsin, the Far West, and the whole of New England—in a word, over the wheat-growing states generally;" and that the emigrant, "in preferring any part of the United States for farming purposes, is actually selecting for himself a climate of greater winter cold and summer heat, and not only more unhealthy, but also far more hazardous to the agriculturist than that which obtains in the Canadian peninsula."

Within the last few years, by the construction of canals, and other favourable circumstances, the industry of Canada has been stimulated and her resources developed with extraordinary rapidity. From Lake Erie, and of course from Lakes Huron and Michigan, sailing and steam vessels can now descend to the ocean and return. To enable them to do this, the Welland Canal, passing by the Falls of Niagara, and connecting Lake Erie with Lake Ontario, has been constructed; and also along the St. Lawrence, where falls in that river occur, several short canals, all with capacious locks, and all together measuring above ninety miles. Besides these, the Canadians enjoy the benefit of two other canals—the Rideau Canal, 128 miles long, connecting Kingston on Lake Ontario with Bytown on the Ottawa; and the Chambly Canal, eleven miles long, which connects Lake Champlain with the St. Lawrence, near Montreal. Through the canals on the St. Lawrence, in 1850, passed 7166 vessels and steamers, of which 6827 were British and 339 American, and the aggregate tonnage was 547,322 tons; and through the Welland Canal, 4761 vessels and steamers, of which 2962 were British and 1799 American, and the aggregate tonnage was 587,100 tons. In 1840, the exports amounted to 1,475,000 dollars, and in 1850, to 13,290,000. The exports have increased in nearly the same ratio, being, in 1850, about 15,950,000 dollars.

The resources of Canada are soon to be still further developed by the construction of railways, which are much better adapted for the country and climate than canals. Let any one, says Mr. Tremenheere, take up the map of British North America, and consider what will be the effect of the completion of that magnificent system of railway communication, which, beginning at Halifax, is about to pass from Nova Scotia, through New Brunswick to Quebec, from thence to Montreal, Kingston, Toronto, Hamilton, and through the entire length of Upper Canada to its western extremity, opposite Detroit; there to meet the already constructed railway across the State of Michigan to Chicago, and onward towards the Mississippi, which will be reached within the next few years, by a line now in progress. Let the branch-lines from the main one be then traced—from Prescott on the St. Lawrence, to Bytown on the Ottawa, now under construction; from Toronto to Lake Simcoe, and on to Lake Huron, already commenced; from Toronto to Guelph and Goderich; from Hamilton to Niagara, to connect with the lines through the State of New York, &c.

Glance next, for a moment, at their towns:—Hamilton, beneath a bold escarpment, and infolding hills, richly covered with the primeval forest; the undulating plain on which it stands diversified with foliage, cultivation, and villas; the inlet from the Lake, which forms its harbor, presenting an agreeably varied outline: Toronto, spreading over a wide and gently-rising plateau on the lake shore; handsomely built, increasing rapidly, and possessing public buildings which, in dimensions, in taste, and solidity, are surpassed by few of a similar kind in the second-rate towns in England: Kingston, also showing signs of prosperity and

progress; occupying an important position at the head of the Rideau Canal: Montreal alive with commerce, and pleasing the eye with the graceful forms of the hills around; some of its old, narrow, and somewhat picturesque streets, reminding one of Europe: Quebec, with its undying interest, its beauty of position and outline, its crowd of masts along the wharves, its fleets at anchor below the citadel, its quaint old streets, and busy population.

Let all these circumstances be weighed—the great natural resources of these provinces, the energy now at work in developing them, the inducements thereto held out by the home-growth of a consuming population, and by the expanding facilities of transport, either to the home or the foreign market—and it will be seen how extensive a field is there opening for the still further employment of British labor and capital. The ordinary interest of capital in Canada is 6 per cent.; the ordinary price of common labor in Upper Canada is 2s. 6d. to 3s. 9d. a day; and as all common articles are admitted under a low revenue tariff of from 2½ to 12½ per cent., the usual articles of consumption, including provisions, are cheap and good. The principle, indeed, of the Canadian tariff, is to levy pretty high duties on sugar, coffee, tobacco, wines, spirits, and other articles not produced either in the colony or the mother-country, and to place revenue duties on manufactures as low as the wants of the province admit. It may be said that parties emigrating to Canada will never know what taxes are; for the home country relieves the colony of all charges as regards external policy, and the expences of the local government are comparatively trifling. In short, what a man makes by his industry in Canada is his own; while what he realises in England needs to be divided with the tax-collector.

The manner in which the great question of elementary *education* has been dealt with in Canada is worthy of attention, not only from the effect which it is likely to produce in Canada itself, but from its general interest. It may be mentioned, that the province has been provided with an excellent system of schools of different grades—a system infinitely more perfect than that which prevails in the parish-school establishment in Scotland. It is encouraging to know, that the number of publicly-supported schools reported as existing in Upper Canada this year amounts to 3059; and that the number of pupils in these schools is 151,891. With what earnestness the people have engaged in the cause of education, is shewn by the published account of the "Proceedings at the Ceremony of laying the chief Corner-stone of the Normal and Model School and Education Offices, by the Earl of Elgin, Governor-General," at Toronto, in July 1851. From an address delivered on the ground by the Rev. Dr. Ryerson, Chief Superintendent, we learn that the institution will accomodate 200 teachers in training, and 600 pupils in the Model School; and that the land set apart for it is an entire square, consisting of nearly eight acres, two of which are devoted to a botanical garden, three to agricultural experiments, and the remainder to the buildings of the institution, and to grounds for the gymnastic exercises of students and pupils. To accomplish this project, a public grant was made of £15,000—"an enlightened liberality on the part of our legislature, in advance of that of any other legislature on the American continent." Near the close of his address, the Chief Superintendent remaks: "There are four circumstances which encourage the most sanguine anticipations in regard to our educational future. The first is, the avowed and entire absence of all party-spirit in the school affairs of our country, from the provincial legislature down to the smallest municipality. The second is, the precedence which our legislature has taken of all others on the western side of the Atlantic, in providing for Normal-school instruction, and in aiding teachers to avail themselves of its advantages. The third is, that the people of Upper Canada have, during the last year, voluntarily taxed themselves, for the salaries of teachers, in a larger sum, in proportion to their numbers, and have kept open their schools, on an average, more months, than the neighbouring citizens of the great State of New York. The fourth is, that the essential requisites of suitable and excellent text-books have been introduced into our schools, and adopted almost by general acclamation; and that the facilities for furnishing all our schools with the necessary books, maps, and apparatus, will soon be in advance of those of any other country." In fact, the system of education now established in Canada, far exceeds, in its comprehensive details, anything established in the United Kingdom. While all the ordinary plans of national education in the mother country have been delivered over to sectarian disputation and obstruction, those in Canada have been perfected and brought into operation to the universal satisfaction of the people.—*Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.*

THE SILENT HUNTER.*

Shortly before the American War of Independence, there arrived in New England an orphan boy called Bill Smith. Some friends of his parents took an interest in him, and apprenticed him—though only eight years of age—to an old farmer in North Carolina. The indentures stipulated that he was to have, besides sufficient food and clothing, reasonable opportunities for education; but Saunders the yeoman, thought this folly, and all that Bill learned was in spite of his prejudices.—There was a little daughter of the old farmer's, however,—Mattie, a blue-eyed child, with gold ringlets and dimpled face, who took a fancy to instruct the young alien that had come under her father's roof. He learned to read and to write, and soon became so proficient in both, that he began, in turn, to teach his tutor.

This pleasant exchange of mutual kindnss went on until the children grew up, and Mattie was a blooming girl, unconsciously betrothed in the spring-time of her life to the orphan youth who had been perpetually by her side. The farmer discovered this, and immediately began to punish Smith, by a series of petty and abominable persecutions. He made him sleep in a barn, on a pile of hay, with only one tattered blanket to cover

*This Narrative is historical, and forms one of the strongest episodes in the annals of real romance.

him, and cut him off from all the consolations of little Mattie's love. He was rich, and hated any one who appeared to aim at being the heir to his fortune. He jealously watched his daughter, and tortured poor Bill by every kind of cruelty until his behaviour became notorious, and some humane persons resolved to summon him before a court of justice for barbarity and neglect of duty.

Before this was known, however, the orphan boy had formed a plan of running away. He made up his little bundle, and one night, creeping into Mattie's room through the window, bade her a gentle good-by. He embraced her, and kissed her, and told her he would come back a great man, and make her his wife; and she said, "I'll wait for you." He ran all night along the highway, and came next morning to the settlement of Raleigh. There he lived for some time. He prowled about the kitchens of the gentry by day, subsisting on the scraps which some kind-hearted slave bestowed on him, and when it was dark crawled into some shed to sleep.

It happened that a Judge Campbell,—a very humane man,—was then presiding in the circuit court. He found Bill Smith one morning among his cattle and horses half dead with hunger and cold. He took him into his house, fed him, clothed him, learned his story, and began to consider how his inhuman master might be punished. Great, therefore, was his delight when on looking over the list of causes to be tried before him in that circuit, the very first was "Commonwealth, *versus* Samuel Saunders, for abducting, murdering, or otherwise unlawfully making away with an indentured male child, known as William Smith."

The trial came on. Judge Campbell compelled the strictest scrutiny into the facts. His charge to the jury was stern and dead against the accused. It sounded like a sentence of death. The prisoner stood pale and shivering. His counsel was startled, cowed, almost hopeless. The winding-up was near. All felt the verdict must be "guilty."

Suddenly there was a commotion in the court. Carriage wheels were heard rapidly nearing the place. The sheriff came in, and with him was the boy, still attenuated from suffering, but neatly clothed, and with the bloom of life reviving on his cheek. Old Saunders was carried from the dock in convulsions,—his shrieks being heard until the prison doors were closed upon him. He was acquitted, but compelled to give security for the maintenance and education of Bill Smith until the age of eighteen.

That was the first public scene in Bill Smith's career. The next was when, as an eloquent, vivacious, bold young lawyer, he pleaded his first cause at the bar. He gained it, and gained many after it, and gradually rose to great honours, wealth, and prosperity. Mattie became his wife, and their home was blessed by sons and daughters, until, when the declaration of Independence was made, men knew no happier family than that of William Smith. He was generous and he was charitable, but nevertheless one of the most opulent men in the province, for he was prudent and economical. When, however, the war of liberty broke out, his treasures flowed like water to support Washington in his tremendous campaigns. Mattie did not repine when she saw their riches melting away in the fervour of that glorious cause. "Let the gold go," she said; and the gold did go, and when America was free, it was all gone, and William Smith found himself a beggar! But he was not sorrowful; for over the Alleghany mountains was the country of Kentucky—beautiful land, with fertile soil and timber, and water and game abounding. There they might settle, and thither were many going who had lost their possessions in the terrible but sacred war. In the spring of 1784, fifty emigrants assembled in Powell's Valley, on the frontiers of the old colony. They were to journey in company over the mountains, for mutual defence, for the swarthy tribes of Indians still hovered over the regions, revenging on the white men that long Iliad of calamities which had fallen on their race.

The caravan went forward. It passed through a wild territory, among mountains and defiles, with the shaggy forests still throwing their primeval shadows over the slopes. At a distance there was known to be a settlement where provisions might be obtained. Smith, with a small party, went in advance to bring back supplies for the rest. He was six days away. The remainder had promised to await his return in a sequestered little valley. To that he came with his companions. There were traces of the camp, and marks of conflict, but no living being stirred there,—no voice could be heard, no welcome of the dear ones he had left. A confused and broken trail showed that the emigrants were in full retreat for the Clench river, to regain the more populous district they had quitted. Smith hurried after them. "Where is my wife—where are my children?" he asked of the first straggler he came up to.

"You will find them where you left them. Ask the Shawanees; they can tell you the rest."

"You have neglected your trust—they are murdered," said Smith, in a stern and deliberate, yet trembling voice. "And yet you are retreating, you cowards," he added, and struck the man to the ground. Then he turned back, rode alone to the abandoned camp in the valley, and there in the evening he was found, looking with tearless eyes, but a countenance more mournful than weeping could make it, on the lost and the loved—Mattie and her children.

Smith with his own hands dug their graves—with his own hand he laid them side by side: his first born on the mother's right hand, his youngest on her bosom, where it had been nursed and nestled so long. And then he stood for a few moments looking upon the last couch made for their earthly rest, and filled the grave, and piled stones to mark the spot, and bade adieu for ever to the love in which his heart had made its home. His comrades were standing around in silence.—They expected that when he had finished he would follow them. But he walked about the site of the camp, and found where the Indians had come and gone. Then he shouldered his rifle, waved his hand solemnly, and speaking no farewell, disappeared on the trail of the Shawanees.

From that hour a strange mystery sprang up among those mountains. There was known to dwell on them a lonely hunter—a white man—who was seen occasionally by the Indians, or by some solitary trapper, always with a rifle in his hand, but perpetually silent, never speaking one

word to any. If he was addressed he turned and retreated into the woods. Gradually he was lost sight of altogether, except to David Boone, that far-famed hunter whose name is familiar over the whole continent of America. David Boone was believed to have frequent interviews with him, and to supply him with powder and ball, but he never spoke of him, and only replied to questions by shaking his head and touching his brow with his finger.

This went on for two years, and men had almost forgotten Bill Smith. But at the end of that time a Shawanee Indian was taken prisoner by the people of Boone's fort, and he once more revived the excitement as to the mystery of the Silent Hunter. He said that a terrible spirit had for two years haunted the war-path of the Shawanees,—an evil demon, whose sight was appalling to their nation. More than thirty of their best braves had already fallen under his hand. This fearful Medicine Man was sent, they believed, to punish them for some portentous sin. So dreaded had he become, that the tribe had met, and were nearly determined to quit for ever their ancient hunting-grounds in Kentucky. When asked whether they ever saw this demon, they said they had never seen it distinctly, though their young men had pursued it often, and always came back with one, at least, of their number missing. At length none dared to follow this terrible apparition.

After this story had been rumoured abroad, men began again to speak of Bill Smith. They spoke of him, however, with an unaccountable dread, and always in a low voice. The Shawanees had been formerly one of the most formidable and best organized of the Red nations. They now became timid, and carried on the most desultory warfare. They were beaten by every hostile tribe, for whenever a battle took place, the Silent Hunter made his appearance suddenly, fighting with their enemies. If they attacked a fort, he was always among the defenders; if they defended a stronghold, he was never away, but regularly headed the assailants. But he came and went without speaking. He never greeted any man, and no man ever said farewell to him. The Border people looked on him with respect and fear; the Indians shuddered at his name, and the Shawanees especially looked upon him as a curse sent from the Great Spirit to exterminate their race.

At last they became so terrified by this phantom of the Silent Hunter perpetually haunting their paths, that they all collected and fled across the great stream of Kentucky. But he followed them over, and was ever on their hunting-grounds. So they fled again, and passed the Green River. He passed it too, and never crossed it again. Still the Indians were appalled by hearing of the braves slain in the forest and at their camp fires, by an arm which they now so fully believed to be the arm of some avenging spirit, that they never dreamed of a conflict. The Silent Hunter never lost their trail. Then they once more burned their wigwams, and went away for ever from that country. And when the last of the Shawanees had launched his canoe upon the Ohio, Bill Smith rose from amid the bushes on the shore, and fired after the little bark.

Revenge was his monomania. When he buried his wife and children, a rash and bloody resolution fixed itself in his mind. It became madness. He never more spoke to man, but silently and remorselessly haunted the trail of the Shawanees to slay every one that came within the range of his far-famed rifle. Then, after that Indian tribe had gone from its ancient hunting-grounds, he retired, mute and alone, to the most inaccessible part of the Green River Hills. There, in a shady cleft, remote from the habitations of men, he built himself a hut, where, in solitary quiet, he passed the remainder of his days. He hunted to supply himself with food, and skins enough to exchange for powder and shot, which an old man at an out-settlement down on the Green River was accustomed to supply him with. His life was protracted to the age of eighty-eight.

One day the old man at the settlement was heard to say that something must have happened to the Silent Hunter, for he had not come as usual to fill his shot-bag, and his powder-pouch. Bidding no one to follow him, he went away to the Green River Mountain, and when he came back, though many questioned, he said nothing of where he had been. From that day, however, no man ever saw the Silent Hunter. No one heard of his fate, but it became a dim tradition in that country that his spirit was still among the mountains of the Green River.

Not many years ago, however, Webber, the hunter-naturalist, started with a companion in search of game among the Green River Hills.—After wandering for many days among their solitudes, they came to the dwelling of an old trapper, living alone with the dogs,—an eremite of the forest, full of its traditions, and familiar with all the spots they haunted. He said that, near that place lay, under a black oak, the grave of a mighty hunter. He had been a mysterious inhabitant of those mountains, and his resting bed was marked by a stone. He had chosen it himself years before he died. It was near a spring of which he had drunk, and an old man had buried him, though no one had since visited the grave. Webber offered the trapper some money if he would lead them to the spot; but he shuddered, and refused. though at length, with visible trepidation, he consented to guide them within sight of it.

He walked before them for some time, among cliffs and trees, and over streams, and through hollows, until, from a bluff eminence, they looked down on a narrow wild plain. Over the surface of this lay sprinkled what seemed a number of flat rocks, but were in reality stone sarcophagi, or graves, which are to be found in thousands, sometimes covering miles of ground in the southern part of Kentucky and portions of Tennessee. The people who used this curious mode of sepulture are now extinct. They existed long before the Indian nation—long before the Red Skins hunted through those woods and savannahs. The burial-grounds are all that remain of them. They were, apparently, pigmies, for the graves are not, on an average, more than three feet in length. Some have imagined that these were only the tombs of their children, but the children of the Aztec nation, in this case, must have died by thousands when they were just about three feet high, and the older people must have been burned or secretly interred.

In one of these curious sepulchres the body of Bill Smith was discovered. It was a sarcophagus sunk in the earth, almost eighteen inches deep, by the same in width. The bottom and sides were lined with flat unhewn stone, and one of a similar kind was laid over the top. No cement of any kind had been used. The explorers examined the grave,—they even disturbed the remains, but they laid them again in their place of rest, and left once more to his solitary repose the Silent Hunter of the Green River Hills.

What a dark and mournful story! How strange and chequered a life. It was the faith of this man to his early love, and the affection of his heart to her children, that made the terrible, silent, remorseless being he afterwards became. But he was not in his nature wicked. During the latter part of his life his mind was shaken by remembrance of that melancholy day, when Mattie and her little ones had been buried by his hands in the "Vale of Pines."—*Eliza Cook's Journal.*

THE FAIRY GIFT.

It was evening, and the dark-haired spirit, Malizia, sat alone beneath the shadow of a wide oak, looking down upon the fair valley of the Silverstream, whose fields and streams were gilded by the last rays of the sun. So pure and calm they seemed, sleeping there in their tranquil beauty, that even Malizia could not gaze unmoved. The raging passions of her heart were for a moment stilled; and stretching her arms towards the scene, with a look of earnest longing she exclaimed, "Oh! that I were a mortal! I might perhaps be happy." The softened mood, however, was but a transitory one; an instant afterwards the spirit's face had resumed its usual expression of listlessness and dejection, and mechanically her fingers played with the acorns that lay scattered at her feet.

Suddenly the sound of bells was borne lightly by upon the wind. Malizia listened; at first with indifference, but gradually, as the music approached, her attention was aroused, and at length, as if awakened by some sudden recollection, she started to her feet, exclaiming, "Today is the birthday of the Princess Margarita, and I am not among the invited guests at the castle. How dare they insult me thus? But I will be revenged. Duke Johan and his haughty duchess shall know the fairy Malizia does not belie her name." An hour afterwards, and she stood again beneath the shadow of the oak. Her whole appearance was altered, and even the character of her wondrous beauty was changed. It was softer, more feminine, but less brilliant; and her voice, as she addressed the fairy attendants that came thronging around her, was low and sweet as the sound of the distant bells.—Malizia's was the soft, smothered lip that whispers to deceive, and hers the power to hide a bitter thought beneath a winning smile. Her dress, composed of a beautiful texture woven by fairy looms, was of that rich golden colour which is the natural hue of silk. Her long dark hair hung in abundance upon her neck, and amid the curls was fancifully twined a wreath of bluebells. She wore no other ornament; contrary to her usual custom, she was resolved to depend alone upon her own power of facination for leaving a favourable impression upon the assembly she was about to visit. That that power was great she seemed scarcely to doubt, for it was with a hurried but well pleased glance at her own face in the stream, that she gave at length the signal to depart. In an instant a hundred wings were glittering in the moonbeams, and Malizia with her fairy tribe were seen floating through the calm blue air in the direction of Duke Johan's castle. They were admitted there without inquiry or delay; for to few courts is Malizia a stranger, and the courtiers, as they made way for her to pass, neither expressed nor felt astonishment at her entrance.

Reaching at last the royal presence, she advanced with a quiet step, and kneeling gracefully before the duchess, said, as she kissed her hand, "Pardon me, princess, if my interest in your daughter's welfare has led me to forget the laws of etiquette, and present myself here unasked." Then, as if wishing to cover the confusion, but ill-concealed beneath the dignity of the duchess's reply, she added, with a smile, "You feared, perhaps, princess, that the fairy Malizia's gifts might bring misfortune to your child. Here, however, is one which shall throw gladness upon her life,—one through whose bright influence sorrow and tears shall lose their bitterness, and the world look always beautiful. If in a year from to-day she has not proved the truth of my words, let her destroy the gift."

As she spoke, she drew a small packet from her bosom, and presented it to the duchess, who could scarcely restrain a smile when, upon opening it, she found it to contain a pair of spectacles.

"Strange present for a child," she murmured; but her contempt was quickly changed to admiration, when, upon examining them more closely, she found them to be set with brilliants, and of a workmanship so delicate and so fine, that she almost feared to touch them. Two rose-leaves formed the eyes; but fragile as they seemed, the fairy assured her that they could with difficulty be broken, having been dipped in a silver dew, which, without dimming their colour, had rendered them firm, and able to resist even rough usage.

"You need not fear to trust them to a child," continued Malizia, "they will remain to her when her other playthings are destroyed." Then calling gently to the little princess, she led her to her mother's side, and bade her look upon the sparkling trinket that the duchess had replaced in its case.

Pleased with the new toy, Margarita clapped her hands, then half laughing and half shily, she took it from the box, put it on, and looked round coquettishly for admiration and applause. It was wonderful the alteration that had taken place in her soft, pretty, childish features. Her deep blue eyes had suddenly acquired a meaning beyond her years, and her rosy lips had taken an expression of earnest thoughtfulness that seemed to tell of wanderings in the land of dreams. All were conscious of and wondered at the change, but few were made aware of its cause, for at a slight distance the spectacles were invisible, betraying themselves only by the string of diamonds gleaming among the long fair curls.

The child herself seemed almost frightened at the effect they had produced, and at the unwonted sensations which occasioned her to tremble slightly, as placing her little hand upon her head, she whispered, "Mother, I am very happy."

The duchess drew her close and kissed her, while the fairy Malizia, with a smile, placed her hand upon her golden hair, and said, "You will be happier yet, Margarita, for my gift is called 'Imagination."

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A year had passed—and it was again the anniversary of the child's birth. The day was spent in merriment and rejoicing; but, weary at length with excitement and pleasure, Margarita at night laid her head upon her mother's knee, and sighed.

"Are you not happy still?" asked the princess, tenderly caressing the fair round cheek of her darling.

"Yes, mother; but——"

"But what, dearest?"

"Why does pleasure pass so quickly, mother? I have looked forward so often to this day—and now it is all over."

"Until next year," returned the duchess with a smile.

"We went to gather cowslips yesterday," continued the child, after a pause, "but I gathered less than any. Whenever my hand stooped to cull a flower, others more beautiful attracted me; but when I reached the place where they grew, they seemed no fairer than the rest. So it is always, mother. Dreaming of the future, I can never enjoy the present.

The mother's brow was slightly clouded as she replied—"Perhaps, my child, the fairy gift brings sorrow. I have of late marvelled at the change in thy bright face, and longed to see it less thoughtful,—more as it was of old. Let me destroy the spell."

But Margarita started to her feet, and clasping both her hands upon her treasure, she exclaimed—"Take it not from me, mother—it is dearer than life; for does it not give to life the light that makes it beautiful? What if I am sometimes sad; I have, at least, moments of happiness such as I knew not before. This morning, upon awaking, I remembered Malizia's words, and, fearful of losing her cherished gift, I fastened it round my temples, with a silken string. Look, mother, here." And the child bent forward her fair head, and smiled in her mother's face.

The duchess looked, and saw with surprise that a firm but almost imperceptible chain had replaced the silken string. A strange feeling of uneasiness crept over her, but repressing all outward expression of it, she returned Margarita's caress; and, as the latter soon afterwards resumed an appearance of carelessness and gaiety, the momentary impression faded away.

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Years wandered on, and Margarita had become a strange, dreamy, romantic girl. Gentle, loving, and very beautiful, none could look coldly upon her, or chide the sometimes wayward caprices of her enthusiastic nature. There was no one near who, understanding her errors, could warn her against the indulgence of them, and time but rooted them more deeply in her heart. She loved to be alone,—to wile away the summer hours beneath the shadow of some spreading tree, listening to the music of the leaves and streams, and whispering idle fancies to the passing wind. Sometimes, however, solitude was wearisome to her, and she would look around with longing earnestness for a friend whose heart might reply to hers. Alas! poor child. The rose-leaves lent a brilliant hue to all, which passing by degrees away, but left reality more dark. Many were the disappointments she experienced, and sometimes even with regret she would ponder at the difference between her and others, and ask herself whether it would not be better to resemble them, and expecting less, find oftener her expectations realized. But it was too late now to cast away the fairy gift—long years had riveted the chain.

One day she had wandered from her companions, and was seated alone beside a stream, a book lay open upon her knee, but its pages were unturned, and her closed eyes seemed reading within her heart. She was startled by a sound near her, and looking up, beheld a youth of striking beauty, his hands filled with flowers, which, without speaking, he laid gently at her feet. Gazing at him through the spell, she met the glance of his bright, dark eyes, and almost wondered whether a face so beautiful belonged to earth. He seated himself beside her, spoke to her of flowers, of all that she best loved, and gazing at him still through the magic of her rose-leaves, she saw but the witching of his smile, and remembered not how often those rose-leaves had deceived.

At length he whispered in her ear,—"I love you." Oh how her heart beat wildly at the sound! How, in the gladness of that one short hour, the past, the future, were forgotten. Well had the fairy Malizia imagined her revenge in giving to the young girl's heart that passionate intensity of happiness, which is ever followed by intensity of suffering.

The best, the brightest, dream of Margarita's young life faded away like the others, for the hour came when the dark eyes of her first love were turned away from her in indifference and pride,—when the soft voice had only words of coldness, and the hand no gentle pressure to bestow. It was then that, in her agony, she cursed the fairy gift, and bending her head upon her folded hands, prayed long and earnestly that it might be taken from her. "It cannot be," whispered a voice beside her. She looked up, fearing to encounter the false smile of Malizia, but it was a far gentler, holier face, whose light beamed like sunshine upon her.

"Child," said the good spirit, "thine is a rash prayer; thou wouldst fling away a precious gem. It is in holding back from thee the knowledge of its real worth that Malizia has rendered it a curse; but come with me, and her power shall quickly end. The spirit's name was Experience. She took the young girl by the hand, and leading her along a dark and wayworn road, she brought her at last to the edge of a broad stream, and bade her bathe her eyes in its waters. Margarita obeyed, and gradually the traces of her tears departed, and the burning pain passed from her brow.

"Imagination shall henceforth be a blessing to

thee," whispered the good spirit as she led the young girl back to her home. "The waters of Judgment have subdued the brightness of the rose-leaves, and it is in their *false* radianee alone that eonsists the danger of thy Fairy Gift."—*Eliza Cook's Journal.*

MANKIND, FROM A RAILWAY BAR-MAID'S POINT OF VIEW.

Mankind is composed of great herds of rough looking persons, who oceasionally rush with frightful impetuosity into our refreshment-rooms, ealling for cups of coffee, and hot brandy and water, whieh they tumble into themselves scalding, and pay for in furious haste; after which they rush out again, without exehanging a single word with anybody. Mankind, even of the first elass, are dressed queerly in pea-coats, paletôts, cloaks, and caps, with no sort of attention to eleganee. They indulge much in comforters, and green and red handkerchiefs, and sometimes little is seen of their visages beyond the mouth and the point of the nose. While they stand at the bar eating or drinking, they look much like a set of wild beasts in a menagerie, taking huge bites and monstrous gulps, and often glaring wildly askanee at eaeh other, as if each dreaded that his neighbor would rob him of what he was devouring. It is a very unamiable sight, and has given me a very mean opinion of mankind. They appear to me a set of beings devoid of courtesy and refinement. None of them ever takes off hat or eap when eating, and not one of even those whom I suppose to be clergymen, ever says grace before the meat I hand him. A soup or a sandwich is no better in this respect than a brandy and water. When a lady comes in amongst these rude ungracious animals, unless she has a husbacd or other friend to take some eare of her, she is left to forage for herself; and I have seen some forlorn examples of the sex come very poorly off, while gentlemen were helping themselves to veal and ham pies, and slices of the cold round. I don't note any difference in mankind for a great number of years. They are just the same mufled-up, confused-looking' munching, glaring, bolting crew, as when I first became acquainted with them at the station. They are not conversable creatures. They seem to have no idea of using the mouth and tongue for any purpose but that of eating. They can only ask for the things they wish to eat or drink, and what they have to pay for them. Now and then, I hear some one making a remark to another, but it seldom goes beyond sueh subjects as the coldness of the night; and this, by a curious coincidence, I always find to be alluded to just before I am asked for a tumbler of puneh, as if there were a neeessary connection between the two ideas. Sometimes a gentleman, when the bell suddenly rings for seats, and he has only begun his cup of coffee and biscuits, will allow a naughty expression to escape him. Beyond this, mankind are a taciturn, stupid set; for though I hear of speeehes, and leetures, and conversaziones, I never hear or am present at any, and I can hardly believe that such things exist.

I am, indeed, rather at a loss to understand how all those things that one hears of in the newspapers come about. We are told there of statesmen who conduct public affairs, of soldiers who fight gallantly for their country, of great poets and novelists who charm their fellow-creatures, and of philosophers and divines who instruct them. A few will lay their heads together, and raise a Crystal Palaee. Some will eombine and throw a tubular bridge aeross a strait of the sea. These things are a eomplete mystery to me, for I see nothing of mankind but coarse eating and drinking, and most undignified runnings off when the bell rings. There must surely be another mankind who do all the fine things.

One detestable thing about the mankind that comes under my observation, is their gluttony. Every two or three hours they rush in, demanding new refreshments, and eating them with as much voracity as if they had not seen victuals for a week. They eat eight times a day on our line, and the last train is always the hungriest, besides taking the most drink. It is a perfect weariness to me, this constant feed—feed—feeding. What with the quantity they eat, and what with the haste of the eating, we must send out hundreds of indigestions from our rooms every day.

On account of these shocking habits on the part of mankind, I have for some time past entertained a great contempt for them, insomuch, that I almost wish to see them scald themselves with my cups of tea, and choke upon my pies. For me to think of marrying any specimen of so coarse a crew, is entirely out of the question; so it is quite as well that Tom Collard, the guard, left me for Betsy last summer, and that, as yet, no other follower has come forward. It will be best for them all to keep their distance—so assures them their humble servant, SOPHIA TANKARD.
—*Chamber's Journal.*

DAY-DREAMS.

I LOVE my day-dreams, warm and wild,
Whate'er ungentle lips may say;
I dearly love, e'en as a child,
To sit and dream an hour away
In visions which heaven's blessed light
Makes but the holier to my sight.

'Tis well that Time, corroding Care,
And bitt'rest Ill have left me this:
Life's real sorrows who could bear,
Did not some dear imagined bliss,
Like Spring's green Footsteps, wake up flowers,
To cheer and bless Time's waste of hours?

Tis well at times to get one home
'To childhood's birthplace, and to see
The loved—the *lost* ones—round one come,
Just as of old they used to be,
And feel that neither change nor care
Can veil the soul's communion there.

From every Ruin of the past,
An echo comes to charm mine ear.
Love woke the utt'rance first and last,
And love, when lost, how doubly dear.
Such concords how shall time impart,
As the first music of the heart?

AUERBACH'S LAST "VILLAGE TALE."

HOPS AND BARLEY.

Why have they painted a device of hops and barley over the door of the great farmer's house? The tale is a very long one, but I can relate it with the greatest circumstantiality. Thus:

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

THE LAZY LOON.

Astride upon the work-bench at the door there sat a young man, who kept taking up long rods of fir-wood, screwing them fast into the vice, and cutting them thin, while he fastened, at the other end, a rope of straw, which he wound round the top. He was evidently employed upon some agricultural manufacture. Notwithstanding that he was whistling a merry military march, his countenance seemed clouded, and ever and anon he tossed his head uneasily. He wore a soldier's cap upon it.

The gendarme of the village, who bore a copper mark of honor on his blue coat-sleeve, came down from the police-office; when, however, he came to the young man he stopped, and said:—

"Morning, comrade." The person addressed thanked him with a motion, and the old soldier continued:—"Why were you not at the tithe sale?"

"I am not yet a citizen," replied the young soldier; "the property still belongs to my mother and the family in general."

The gendarme seated himself upon the withes that were completed, and remarked:—"It was capital fun. For years the three fat brothers had always farmed the tithes, because they could not bear to see the titheman in *their* fields, and they always wanted to be free. But this time Waterboots kept bidding higher and higher, and it ended by his obtaining it. Your cousin, the great farmer, got into such a tantary, they all thought that he would choke with his envy and jealousy; and so it ended amidst oaths and curses. And it won't end here Franz'seph; it won't end here,—mark my words." Francis Joseph who was called Franz'seph "for short," took another withe, and and replied:—

"It isn't right, and never will be, that the whole village, and particularly the great farmer, should have such a hatred of Faber; and in the end nobody knows the reason why. Faber is a stranger here, he bought Lucian's farm with good honest cash, and he harms no one. And if he should dress a little grandly, that's nobody's business, and he can laugh at their nickname of Waterboots. The great farmer has always been at me, and tried to induce me to have nothing to say to Faber; but I know better what I ought to do, and I'll have nobody—no, not even my own father, if he were alive—interfere with me, and lay down the law as to whom I should be friends with, and who not! And just because everybody nicknames him Waterboots, and just because everybody sets against him——"

"Well, well, you're a good fellow, everybody agrees," interrupted the gendarme.

All the blood in the youth's body flew to his face at this remark, and he broke a withe all to bits, threw the pieces far away, exclaiming with restrained anger:—"Don't say that; I am no good fellow, and I won't be. Crossthunderweather! (*Kreutz Donner Wetter.*) I'd like to show you that I am no good fellow. Say that again and I'll——"

"That *was* wrong of me! Well, I certainly made a mistake. Why you're——! Well, what then? Madeleine will give in, and the pretty girl will marry school-master Claus."

"If the cow were worth a groat!" Franz'seph replied, suddenly laughing, and his countenance assumed a mollified shade, and lighted up with a wondrous gleam.

"Since Easter, when you came back from the regiment," continued the other, "you're just as if you were bewitched. What's the matter, man? Of course I can easily imagine that you can't accustom yourself to a farm life yet; you've got to forget the goosesteps and learn the oxsteps. Am I right? Isn't it therefore that you seem so down-spirited?"

"May be," replied Franz'seph, after a long pause; and then he went on, raising himself up at the same time: "Yes, you were with my father in the same company, and were his best comrade; I'll think that I'm speaking to my father. D'ye see, when I returned from the regiment, I felt that,——there was no occasion to wait,—but everybody in the village must have felt my return and acted so, and said: 'Well, there's Franz'seph back again.' I have often thought to myself, well, at home, there is a bright paradise; and I had much trouble in persuading myself how much strife and hazard there was, and how one would give an eye that his neighbor had none. Of course I never liked being a soldier, but still it *is* the finest life; and now I wish a thousand times a day that I were yet in the army."

"Well, it's getting worse here every day. Mark my words: there'll never be peace in the village till all the hop-poles in the garden yonder are torn up, and used in a general thrashing."

"About the hop-garden," Franz'seph began again; "there it was; about that, I first began to quarrel with the great farmer. I was glad that Faber had fertilized the waste hill out there so well; then comes to me the great farmer, and draws me his plough right through it all. And then, forsooth, he hides his puling hatred behind a consideration for the honor of the place. At one time, says he, our village was famous for growing the best spelt in the country, now the saying will change, and we shall hear everlastingly that the people of Weissenbach grow the worst hops of anywhere. When I get my fields, then I'll grow hops in defiance of him. There's a splendid lime-soil there, right facing the south. The old farmers here, who never made any advance or improvement, they fancy that one should work like a horse and that's all; but I say, work like a man, with understanding and forethought. I haven't been in the regiment, and I haven't seen the world for nothing, mind you. Then the great farmer is savage that I don't send away the man that my mother took while I was in the regiment. I *can't* send him away so directly, and I must accustom myself to field-work, and, besides, I'm proud, and if any one says to me: Work! I'll do nothing. I know what I've got to do, and nobody shall say that I had waited till he came to put me to rights. The praise isn't for him."

While this conversation was going on, the withes were finished. Franz'seph called the man, who was whetting the scythes in the barn, and ordered him to carry the withes down to the stream. He himself followed with a pitchfork, and the manner in which he took it, as a walking-stick, and not on his shoulder, showed the strange feeling that reigned in the bosom of the proud and well-favored youth.

A great many people when they go to law, won't hear of the slightest truth in the assertions of their opponents, or at most, they will allow only inappropriate testimony to be the fact; and thus they imagine that they have already won their cause. Even so was it with Franz'seph in his conversation with the district gendarme.

Just back from the lazy life in a regiment, and not under the wholesome constraint of a father, the young man entered upon his field duties with great unwillingness. For a like reason he took a fancy to Faber, or Waterboots as he was called. Faber was neither a gentleman-owner nor a peasant, and his manner of dress manifested that at once. Educated at a scientific agricultural school, set forward in the world by a moderate fortune, which had been much increased by a marriage with the daughter of an innkeeper in town, Faber belonged to that order of men for whom no labor is too low, but who at the same time enlarge the sphere of their activity with an ever-watchful spirit, and who probably see mentally before them the renewal of the strong and unshaken interest in the soil. Faber gladly saw that Franz'seph took an interest in his experiments and studies for the better use of the powers of the soil, and Franz'seph was glad to be present, partly for the honor that the permission to remain conferred upon him, and partly because Faber, ever somewhat ceremonious, did not interfere with him by advice, while, everywhere else, he heard nothing but rougher or finer remarks upon his inexertion, which rankled in his bosom.

Lazy people—and, if the truth must be told. Franz'seph was of that class—generally seek the companionship of half-strangers, or cringing flatterers; in Franz'seph's case, Faber was among the former, and the village gendarme among the latter. Therefore he associated mostly with them, and appeared to be gay and gladsome. Yet the true spirit of enjoyment was wanting; everything was to him as if covered with a heavy fog, through which his love for the great farmer's daughter, Madeleine, often gleamed like a bright star. Sometimes he almost feared their union, and imagined himself going forward to slavery, in which he would have to give a reckoning of every hour and every duty; sometimes he hoped that when he could call Madeleine quite his own, fresh activity would arise within him, and the inexplicable depression hanging about him would depart. This hope was now getting further and further a-field, for the great farmer grew more unbearable every day; he would listen to no promises, and demanded an entire estrangement from Faber, as the very first condition of reconciliation. Franz'seph only saw in it an extention of the feeling of hostility, as the great farmer had said that it was impossible that a farmer who had no capital, and had to live upon his harvest, could do such things as Waterboots did. Franz'seph scarcely replied to this, for he knew that his present apparent inaction was making him a richer man than if he worked weals into his hands and perspiration on his forehead. In lazy scorn he rode and drove to town for every trifle, and looked as if he sought something at home, or as if he had a secret sorrow. In truth, his face grew so red, that his friends began to fear for his health. His mother thought of applying to the doctor, and one day, when she was complaining of it to her cousin, the great farmer, Franz'seph, who was smoking a cigar in his room, heard him say :—

"Cut off the red cord from your son's military cap and he will be well. Don't allow him to smoke cigars,—that wants a third hand, and nothing can be done at the same time. But after all's said and done it's very simple. Your son Franz'seph is a lazy loon, and he turns himself seven times in bed in the morning, like the devil's spirit."

Franz'seph dashed the door open, and cried :—

"Say that again to my face, freely!"

"If you choose. You're a lazy loon, then."

"If you were not Madeleine's father, you would have been lying on the ground by this."

"Oh, I should have had my share. Certainly, you haven't wasted your strength, you have rested; but as to what concerns my Madeleine, you needn't restrain yourself, for if you begin in this manner, *that* matter is at an end; I tell you so that you may remember it."

The great farmer hereupon was seized with another fit of that dreadful cough, and the mother began to deprecate the quarrel, and told Franz'seph to go back to his room; then she accompanied her cousin to the door, and Franz'seph heard her say as they went out:

"But my Franz'seph means well; he's kind-hearted enough, notwithstanding."

"That's true," returned the other; "but he's angry and proud. I'll none of such."

"I'm a lazy loon;" cried Franz'seph from the window, and he thought to have won a great victory by his ingenuous confession; but the farmer never looked back, and Franz'seph never crossed his cousin's threshold again. Madeleine he only met secretly, and she was generally downcast and sorrowful. What was to be the event of this quarrel between her father and Franz'seph? and if he complained to her that everything looked so dismal to him, and he could never be merry, she was obliged to keep silence, for once she had said :—

"Well, I think it is because you don't work enough."

"Oh! I'm a lazy loon!" returned Franz'seph, savagely.

"I don't say *that*," replied Madeleine, "but—"

"There, that'll do!" interrupted Franz'seph. Vroul lives over there; ask your father why she is a widow. Her husband was ill in bed at harvest time, then she goes to her father and says: 'He's going to lie in bed this heavy harvest time,' 'Oh! I'll soon cure him of that,' says the old man,—takes his whip and lashes away at the sick man till he gets up:—two days after this, he's dead and in his grave. Do you think, Madeleine, that I'd have that done to me?"

"But *you* are not ill," urged Madeleine.

"That's no matter, nobody shall tell me whether I'm to work or no."

From that time Madeleine had said nothing more on the subject, and Franz'seph probably felt himself that he ought to do otherwise, but he could not persuade himself to take the appearance of having been induced to work by the advice of others; so he seldom went out with the horses to the field, never carried anything anywhere, came in and out as if there was nothing to be done, and conducted himself generally as if he were only home upon leave of absence, and that every bit of work that he undertook, he was particularly to be thanked for.

One of the blessings of labor is certainly destroyed by the obligation to work, but Franz'seph could not overcome the childish pride which was within him, and thus he suffered by it;—while he was not carrying the withes to the brook himself, and transporting his pitchfork thither like a walking-stick and not on his back, then the often-repressed thought came into his head, that he would go straight away to the great farmer, and say: "Cousin, you are right, and you will see that I shall be industrious." But his breath came and went quicker at the thought of such a thing, though he could not get rid of it, and he thrust the prongs of the fork deep into the ground, for it had become clear to him that his previous laziness, had put him in a false position; no matter how well he might act in future, the great farmer would ever look upon him with a suspicious eye, and he would then become still more open to the jeers of the village; if he had never obtained the character of an idler by his own actions, he would be in a vastly different position. The ending of this was, of course, anger and sorrow at his misspent time, and lazy uncertainty, mixed, indeed, with curses at the coming days,—at which season he always wished himself back again with the soldiers, for there is a fixed discipline to be followed, and that is followed, and no one need pay attention to anybody else's hints and observations. But this time he could not stop as he was; on Monday the harvest began, and the mutual defiance and strife between him and the world must end one way or another.

Franz'seph sent the man home, and steeped the withes in the stream with the pitchfork. For this purpose he had picked out a very comfortable place where some planks supported on piles driven into the mud formed a kind of landing-place. Besides, one could see from here excellently whatever passed at the great farmer's. Presently Franz'seph perceived Madeleine coming along with her father,—they couldn't have observed him, for he had concealed himself behind the withes, yet he heard the farmer, as he crossed the stepping-stones over the streamlet, coughing violently, and saying:—

"A healthy person that wastes his time is worse than a beggar. Why, a common thief thinks, Lord! how good am I,—because he isn't stealing anything from anybody; and he lies down, and rolls about in his lazy skin, and says to himself: What a kind, good, easy soul I am!—Pooh! pooh!"

Franz'seph doubled his fists, and tried to answer and to swear, but the sounds stuck in his throat and almost threatened to stifle him. He stared at the running water, and felt, he knew not how,—he was as stunned as if he had received a heavy blow from a hammer; at length he collected himself, and the single thought lived within him as to how he could revenge himself for this affront; he could think of nothing, and yet he burned to make manifest by some great stroke what wrong had been done him. Again the thought flashed through his mind that he would show them all how mistaken they were, by restless labor; but he quickly condemned this humility again. Should he call upon each to witness his activity, and demand that all should bear him testimony by their opinions? Franz'seph was a soldier,—and dared these uncouth clod-poles judge of his honor? Of course he had to live among these people, but they must learn that he was something better than they. Therefore it seemed better to him that he should compel them to it, by showing that he despised them all. Therefore he would saunter about in his Sunday clothes and smoke his cigars amidst the slaving harvesters, and he would idle about in the village till all should beg his pardon at having mistaken him, and not having recognised his inward love of industry. But how would the people acknowledge him to possess a virtue the very opposite of which he put before their eyes? However, they should do it, for what is that esteem and love worth, that requires the proofs to awaken it?

In the soul of this young man there arose a strife which he could not have expressed in words, and yet, there it was, working strange works within him, and passion opening unexpected fountains.

Far, far out in the middle of the stream did Franz'seph push the withes, so that they floated away with the current, as if he were thrusting from him with them every thought of labor, and he rejoiced in the coming time of idleness.

In idleness there is a peculiar pleasure,—indeed, it might be said there is a kind of passion in it of unfathomable enjoyment; shapes and feelings seem to dash into it in half-waking slumber, and to lose in the waves the life self-sacrificed. Of Madeleine, Franz'seph would hear nothing more, as of himself no more. He was just going to throw the fork after the withes, when a voice exclaimed:

"Franz'seph, what dost?" and Madeleine stood before him.

"I'm idling," returned the other, perversely; bnt the maiden took his hand, and observed:—

"Say not so: you wrong yourself."

"I! who wrongs me? I'm worse than any beggar on God's earth, and will be so! Don't *you* believe, too, that I am a lazy loon?

"No, God witness me, I do not. Let the folk say what they like,—a dog's bark is worse than his bite, often. I know you better. You cannot yet accustom yourself to our life, after the easy existence of a soldier. I have perceived it in your face these two days past, that you are going to show what you can do this harvest; but, I pray you, do not overwork yourself,—you are unaccustomed to it now, and one is so easily taken ill, and how one cannot tell."

Touched to the quick, and frightened, Franz'seph gazed upon her. But a few minutes before he had denied this love, in self-destroying caprice, and now her confidence exalted him. He opened

his eyes two or three times, and then, as if he had been called, he waded in after the withes, and brought them safely back. Then he wiped away the sparkling drops of water from his countenance, and with them disappeared all his heaviness. Madeleine had seen this strange fitfulness with some surprise; she suffered sadly at the feud between Franz'seph and her father. She was not blind to the haughty and avaricious spirit of her father, but she also perceived the inactive idling of Franz'seph; and however strong their hatred of each other might be, she knew that they would not cease to think of each other, for they were both proud,—and that bound them together. Her father never had precisely forbidden her to speak with Franz'seph, and he acted as if he knew nothing of their secret meetings, and Franz'seph, notwithstanding all his angry words, sought an opportunity to stand before her father honorably and uprightly. Smilingly, Franz'seph returned to Madeleine's side, and they spoke confidingly to each other as in days passed away. She had to regret, no matter how unwillingly, every hard word that her father had applied to him; and these bitter remarks, which usually infuriated him, he now listened to with such a gay smile as if they had all been praise. Only once, when she told him that her father had determined to have nothing to do with him as long as he wore the military cap, then he compressed his lips, took it off, looked at it awhile, and set it boldly back again. When Madeleine went on to tell that schoolmaster Claus, who always wanted to prejudice her against him, was domesticated at her father's, and quite a favorite, in that he always spited Waterboots whenever he could, and that her father was continually advising her to listen to Claus; Franz'seph listened with an almost unmoved countenance, and said at last, that he would cause her father to think quite differently of him: he would not say how.

"Where is your father gone?" Franz'seph at length asked.

"To Speckfield, where on Monday we intend to cut the barley, God willing."

The sun was just looking its last upon the prospect at that moment, and its golden reflection gleamed in the rivulet, and on the faces of the lovers, as they stood hand in hand. The lips of Franz'seph trembled; there were words upon them that he could not speak, and ere he had the power, he parted from Madeleine, for they saw the great farmer coming down the hill. Franz'seph took up the withes himself this time, but he went round that he might not meet the other.

CHAPTER II.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S WORK.

At home Franz'seph was restless. His mother detected him cutting off a large slice of bread and putting it in his pocket; he replied to her question of what he wanted it for, that often in the night-time he grew suddenly hungry, and he would guard against it. The mother shook her head at this strange change in her son's behaviour, and talked about the doctor again: but Franz'seph heeded her not, and had a quantity of business in the barn, as if it were early morning, and not at the beginning of night. He avoided her questions about this, too, and begged to have the cap of his departed father, to hang up in his room as a remembrance. His mother brought it quickly, put it upon her son's head, and vowed that it became him better than the stiff military cap, on which she bestowed several very dishonorable epithets. At this, Franz'seph tore off his father's cap, and put on his own again, but he did not give the other back. Franz'seph walked up and down the village street, and wondered at the people stopping up so late, and not going to rest. How gladly he would have commanded the tattoo to be beaten. Out light, to bed, to bed! But everybody was his own regiment here, and there were no general orders. Franz'seph wished each person a very good night, markedly, when he arose from the settle before the door and went to rest. It seemed as he thanked them for closing their eyes, that they might not witness what he purposed to accomplish.

At length all was silent in the village, and the star-glistening sky looked silently down, for the moon arose not now till midnight. The door that opened from Franz'seph's house to the garden, opened softly, but no one came out; but a scythe, bound in a cloth, was carefully and silently laid down on the ground; and it was not till after some time that a man came out, closed the door, stood awhile listening, took up the scythe, and slipped through the garden out into the open field. It was Franz'seph: but he had another head-dress, probably that it might be the more difficult to recognise him;—it was his father's fur-bound dog-skin cap. He breathed loudly, and often arrested his hasty pace, listening whether he did not hear strange steps; but there was nothing to be heard, except that the grasshoppers and crickets in the bushes and the grass paused not in their song all the mild night through. Franz'seph took the scythe, which he had previously carried in his hand close to the ground, placed it on his shoulder, and stepped bravely forward. How softly whispering the corn cradled itself on the light breeze, and sucked the last dews that were destined for it;—the kindly corn that grows and strives in peace, while the hands that sowed, and shall speedily gather it again, are resting. What is it that rustles amidst the stalks, and now rolls down the hillock? Probably a hedgehog, that nightly seeks its food. In the bushes there is sighing and sorrow; those are the voices of birds whose eggs or young have fallen a prey to the marten or the weasel. The lives of animals are spent in seeking sustenance, but man prepares it by his labor. Franz'seph clutched his scythe the firmer. Now his way lay along the high-road, where, here and there, the well-supported fruit-trees stood, and, as if plucked by an invisible hand, an early-ripened apple fell, and rolled along the hard causeway, or plump into the soft and dewy grass. Fruit-trees, whose stout trunks outlast man's ripest age, require but defence and support by the hand of man, producing their fruit unaided and alone; but bread, man's much-required food, ripens only in the hardly-labored earth, on stalks that live but for a season.

How it seemed in the lonely, silent night as if all the familiar things around were speaking strange words; and the word passed from stalk to branch—a word that made the heart to tremble; for man's spirit truly feels an indefinable terror

when it hears the voice of the universe; words and thought—that Franz'seph had half-dreamingly heard from Faber before, awoke as if with clear voice and bright eyes. Franz'seph went on whistling, so that none could hear save he alone. At last, the narrow pathway led through the middle of the cornfields. Franz'seph cooled now one hand, now the other, in the dew that rested on the ears; he looked across toward the hop-garden, where the long poles stood pointing to the sky like a dead forest amid the fields. He could not help smiling when the prophecy of the gendarme, that those poles would some day be used for a general thrashing—but, suddenly, he stopped, for he heard footsteps behind him; quickly he sprang into the cornfield, crouched down among the high stalks, and held his breath. The steps came nearer and nearer, and now the invisible wanderer stopped at the place where Franz'seph had disappeared; and he began to think how he ought to act in case of discovery; but the person passed on, and he breathed freely again. The watchman was probably making his nightly round; now it was certain that he would not return to this district. A little while longer he stayed in his concealment, then he arose and carelessly bent his way to Speckfield. In looking round, he once thought that he heard a snapping and cracking in the hop-garden, and it seemed as if the poles were moving; but it was certainly a mistake, for how could the well-secured poles bend, when all the wind there was, scarce moved the ears of the corn? Franz'seph went on, and came at length to his destination, for he recognized the markstone that was the boundary of the great farmer's barley-field. He took the wrappings from the scythe, and passed the whetstone over the blade as silently as possible. But when the clock in the village-tower began to strike ten, he took heart, and used the whetstone boldly; and then he began to mow, so that the ears fell bustling to the ground; but he was so hasty with it that he often buried the point in the ground, so that he was obliged to go on more quietly, and walking forwards, he laid down the barley in rows. The motion now went so pleasantly, and almost toillessly, that it seemed as if life had entered the scythe; it seemed to go of itself, and carry him with it. From the forest might be heard the screams and lamentations of young owls, that were probably quarrelling over their prey. But what does the active person care for all the noise about him? Only the idler listens to each sound, and finds a welcome pastime in them. Then first, when Franz'seph had mowed the whole length of the field, he allowed himself breathing time; and the way in which he stretched himself showed that new life had entered his veins, and not languor. He could not rest long, and back he went again, and so evenly, in such tune, that Franz'seph imagined a melody to it. All the thoughts that had arisen in Franz'seph's mind during the past day and that night, now lay in the deepest recess of his heart, a generous, unceasing comfort.

But now soon his train of thought pursued a new direction. When he again returned to the point of commencement, Franz'seph felt a degree of hunger which he had not known for a long time, but he remained stedfast to his determination of not eating until he had finished three full courses there and back again; and now he imagined no melodies, but he marched onward as if an enemy had to be destroyed, so went he forward earnestly and powerfully. The ears of the corn fell rustling to the ground, and there was a strange whistling and rustling on the ground. Franz'seph had joked about his hunger to his mother, but now it seemed really to overcome and bear him down; every movement of the scythe was a labour; but he did not stop, and came at length to his goal, running with perspiration. He seated himself upon the boundary-stone, and wiped his face. It is a dew that makes man's strength to grow, and the bread that the solitary labourer carries to his mouth is full of nourishing blessing. Never had he tasted such a piece of bread as this before.

"Industry is virtue!" Faber had once told him, and now the words were whispered, as if by invisible lips, around the young man, who was eating his bread alone in the quiet of night. Though there be an industry that must form the foundation of all avarice and wicked strivings, yet industry, the activity of force, is the foundation of all virtue—all actual progress.

The village clock struck twelve, and the watchman proclaimed the hour. Franz'seph could hardly believe that he had been so long at work, for he had not heard any clock; but does an industrious man ever hear the clock, and does not time ever run by untold?

Franz'seph was bewitched, as it were. There seemed a singing and sounding in the air and fields, as of a mighty invisible host. Franz'seph felt a heaviness scarce to be overcome, but he did overcome it; he looked round and strove to think the whole neighbourhood flooded with glorious sunlight, yet the moon came up and shone over everything with a mild and meek gleam. Field and wood and village lay in the light, and the stream glistened here and there. Franz'seph rose up quickly, and his scythe gleamed in the moonshine as he raised and examined it; he concealed the treacherous blade beneath the ears, and went on to the fulfilment of his task with stout resolution. He thought how astonished the great farmer and the whole village would be when it was manifest that the idler, while all were at rest, mowed a whole field of barley; and how Madeleine would rejoice that her confidence had not been misplaced. This kind of excitement was very necessary to him, for the work was more and more fatiguing to him, as well as the turning of night into day. He whetted the scythe oftener than before and not so carefully. The watchman, he thought to himself, believes no longer in the harvest spirit, but yet he is sure to tell every one to-morrow that he heard the much-reviled ghost at work. He will then look for the exact place whence the sound came, and then will the matter be the most speedily discovered, for I myself cannot speak of it, and I cannot await Monday.

Franz'seph sharpened the scythe more boldly, and did not pay half the attention to keeping it out of the moonshine; he was no longer afraid of being discovered by the field-keeper—indeed he rather wished it to occur. He had finished a great part of the field and was very tired; yet he could not leave off, for what use was doing half and not the whole? But if he were interrupted

then it would not be his fault that there was some yet undone, because, had they not come in and stopped him, he would have gone on to the end, and so he ought to receive just as much commendation. But however much Franz'seph sharpened, and however loudly, no one was to be seen or heard who would interrupt him, and for some time he mowed away angrily, and listened to every stroke of the clock in the village. But at last he got the better of this ill-humor, and the nearer the dawn approached the more delighted was he with his labor. With the first streak of gray that shone in the east, a new thought sprung up animatingly within him: it was not the surprise and astonishment of the village that was so refreshing to him—he was pleased with himself, for he had proved that he was capable of carrying out a difficult resolve. And now, too, he was freed from the doubt, as to whether he should work on in the day, till he was seen; he determined to be off before any one could find him. The morning clouds, that grew continually lighter, threw their rays over the pale moon, and it seemed as if this Sunday two suns were arising to the world. Here and there a lark twittered on the ground, and a raven flew screamingly forest-ward, as if it were the messenger of night, and was proclaiming its retreat. Now did a lark swing itself on high from out of the dewy grass, and many followed. From the woods and the hedges sounded twittering and songs; the sun arose in all its glory, and with a joyful feeling of victory Franz'seph looked up to it. He had won a fresh heart in the quiet night-time. He moved on to the end of the row. Yet a small patch remained. Should he finish his work in the daylight? He held the scythe high in the sunlight, and within him the resolve arose that the sun might ever behold his future industry, and bless it. Then he concealed the scythe in the green oats hard by, and hurried away; but he returned not to the village, he strode towards the wood; he had not long to seek and to call for sleep—soon he lay upon the mossy turf, wrapt iln a mighty dream.

CHAPTER III.

A FIELD TRESPASS.

In the house of Emile Faber, named Waterboots, everything was yet in soundless quiet—only the dove in the cot cooed for liberty, and the cock crowed in his prison, the hen-house, louder still. The house, with very few exceptions, was just as Lucien, its former possessor had left it—only everything looked fresher; while a foreign-looking plough, and a great steam threshing-machine, made it manifest that some young and mighty power ruled here. The sleeping-chamber of the young couple looked upon the quiet lawn-clad garden, where an apple tree, with rosy-cheeked fruits, almost grew in at the window. The merry chirp of a cricket from that region had caused the young man to awake, and he was dressing when he perceived his wife to wake.

"Good morning, Pauline!" he cried, gaily, "it is yet early; go to sleep again, and rejoice with me; to-day is Sunday."

"Yes, dear Emile; and to-day we shall go to church together."

"I, too, am glad it is Sunday," replied he, in a childlike way, "for we shall get newly-baked buns."

The wife told how she had had an anxious dream; that the peasants, rebellious about the tithes, had set the house on fire, and how no one helped or put out the flames but Franz'seph, who had at last disappeared in the flames.

"Alas," she concluded, sorrowfully, "I thought a country life was otherwise; and you, too, are so strict, and will now raise the malice of these people by the tithes. You will see, somehow or other, they will injure you."

"So I see, and, therefore, I farmed the tithes. One must give these people an opportunity for ridding themselves of all their secret malice, grinding down their souls. I am tired of all their little floutings and insults; let them give me open battle, I am ready. Don't be afraid of incendiarism; they don't dare do anything so bold, and they know, too, how much I should like to rebuild the place. But I must speak a word with Franz'seph now, and try to get him lay down his stupid soldier pride."

The young man, an unusually tall figure, with flaxen hair, came up to his wife, and quieted her with kindly wordly words. Then he left the room, and went down to the court, where the great house-dog greeting him with barks and leaps, he untied him, then looked after the maids and the men, who were all about among the fluttering poultry and cooing pigeons. Faber was just standing by a newly-entered apprentice, teaching him how to work the threshing-machine more adroitly, when the village gendarme came into the courtyard, with a military greeting.

"What is it, so early, friend?" asked Faber.

"Your hop-garden is ruined. The field-keeper has just brought in the news. There isn't a single pole standing, and all the plants are cut."

Notwithstanding his boasted readiness, the countenance of the young farmer darkened perceptibly; he could more easily have borne personal ill-treatment than this ruthless destruction of his favorite plantation. The dog looked now in the face of his master, now in the face of the messenger, evidently awaiting the signal, "Seize 'em;" growling, and, with fiery demeanor, he walked round the gendarme, till his master told him to be quiet. When Faber had received an answer in the affirmative to his question, as to whether the matter was officially notified, he returned to his wlfe in the house; and soon he might have been seen, the high water boots on, his dog before him, on his way to the fields. Intelligence of the occurrence had quickly spread through the village, for at every window and door men and women stood, making signals of condolence and innocence to Faber, who stepped sturdily out on his way to the scene of the disaster.

Soon groups of people assembled in the streets, and they one and all blamed the delinquent, who must be discovered, that he might pay for the damage, and not the village. One knot of talkers had gathered close by Franz'seph's house, near the pump, and here might be heard, above all, the official voice of the schoolmaster, who proclaimed unswerving strictness, and expressed his determination to use every endeavor to discover the criminal. The great farmer, who stood by,

attempted to calm him, and turn the thing into a joke, laughing maliciously the while, but the schoolmaster exclaimed—

"And if you yourself had done it, I'd lock you up."

Franz'seph's mother, frightened by the early noise, came out, asking what was the matter, and whether any one knew anything about her Franz'-seph, who had not come home all night. The great farmer signed to her, but the woman understood him not, and now every one began to cry at the concealed idler, who would now suffer that which he had tried to bring upon the whole village. While they were thus irate, they saw Franz'seph, with his unaccustomed cap on his head, coming down the hill. The schoolmaster commanded the gendarme to go toward him at once and arrest him; but a comrade of Eranz'seph was quicker than the old slowly-moving soldier; he made haste, and called to Franz'seph, "Run away, you'll be arrested!"

Franz'seph did not seem to consider this exclamation as intended for him; he walked quietly on, and when the village guard, who had come up to him, announced to him his arrest, he passed his hand over his forehead and smiled incredulously.

The great farmer tried to persuade the mother to go home and depend upon him, but she would not leave the crowd, that now grew at each step toward Franz'seph. When they had come up to him, the schoolmaster was about to break out into loud revilings; but the great farmer interrupted him, begged for a word, went up to Franz'seph, took his hand, so that the youth trembled within him, and, said, almost without the slightest cough:

"Franz'seph, I have done you wrong, and am not ashamed to say it before everybody. I thought you were a good kind of a blade, but one that wouldn't cut; but you have shown that you can cut. Let this affair end as it may; when you return you know where I live. Understood! Now fear nothing and be stedfast."

The mother stood crying beside her son, and laid her hand upon his shoulder. Franz'seph knew not how he felt; an icy feeling ran through him, so that he trembled all over.

"Do you confess what you have done?" added the schoolmaster.

"I don't know that it concerns you," returned Franz'seph, and the great farmer came forward again, and said:

"Franz'seph denies nothing. He is a fellow with courage, and does not skulk behind a hedge. Confess it? Yes, I say it for him, yes, my Franz'seph did last night cut down Waterboot's hop-garden, and was quite right. We are rich enough to cover the damage, and we don't want the village money—and a couple of weeks' prison won't kill him. My Franz'seph cuts, and is no good fellow. Let him go free. Schoolmaster, *he* won't run away."

Franz'seph's bosom rose and fell with heavy breath, and he put his hands before his eyes, as if to remember if it were a dream or no.

"You cannot speak for him," remarked the other; "he can speak for himself. Tell me, Franz'seph; you were always a good fellow; I can hardly believe it."

"He is no good fellow," interrupted the farmer.

"I' the devil's name," exclaimed the schoolmaster, "let him speak. I won't hear another word from you."

Franz'seph now gazed with compressed lips at the old farmer. Evidently he had done the deed in his hate to Faber himself, and now wanted his son-in-law to speak for him. Franz'seph was ready to do this, although he did not see what would be the consequence; and although it grieved him deeply that he, who was Faber's only friend, should seem a creeping hypocrite in his eyes, yet —Madeleine! And besides, as the schoolmaster had touched a tender point, a strange kind of pride arose in Franz'sephs mind, and he cried out —"I am no good fellow. Yes, yes, I have done everything that cousin says." Every one was silent with horror—only Claus, who had come with a bailiff, laughed out aloud.

Franz'seph was delivered to the bailiff, and led off to prison. The great farmer conducted the weeping mother home.

CHAPTER THE LAST.

ANOTHER'S DEED.

When Faber came home he heard to his horror who had done the fearful action, and the newly-baked buns, about which he had rejoiced in so childlike a manner, were not at all enjoyable. His wife who thought much of her knowledge of mankind, declared that she had long perceived cunning and malice in Franz'seph, but that she had been silent, in order that she might not be considered distrustful. Faber doubted the actuality of this knowledge of mankind; he remarked, that it was wholly unexpected from the former behaviour of Franz'seph; and his wife sought to make the matter right again by entreating him to forgive Franz'seph's crime, and thus to compel the village to shame aad friendship. But that was too much to ask, and Faber declared that nothing should cause him to swerve from the path that justice appointed. He wrote immediately to the authorities, demanding the strictest investigation into the circumstances. He was still writing when Madeleine came in, her eyes yet red with weeping; Faber knew the maiden well, yet he asked her name and wishes; and without a single word, answered her petition for grace, upon satisfaction, with the shake of the head, sealed his letter, left his wife, who tried to console Madeleine, and sent a mounted messenger to town with it. Soon he returned, and asked Madeleine since what time Franz'seph had worn nailed shoes. The girl replied that he only wore boots with iron heels, and asserted his innocence from the fact of the traces of nailed shoes having been found in the hop-garden. Certainly he had himself confessed to it, but who knows what might have been the cause of that.

"Then he wore some one else's shoes, or had assistance," returned Faber, leaving the room again in disquietude, and sending a second servant to watch the place and prevent the footmarks being destroyed. While he was yet employed in giving directions to the man, he saw Madeleine leave the house; she went to Franz'seph's mother, who was still full of despair at what had taken place, and kept saying that her dear Franz'seph must have been persuaded to do this wrong, for

such a scheme never could come from his good heart, and for such a purpose he never could have put his father's cap on. She had set her son's military cap before her on the table, and kept continually looking at it with tears and sobs, as if she would never again see the head which it had covered.

In the meantime Franz'seph went silently along the highway, followed by the bailiff. When they came to the eminence where was the mowed field of barley it seemed to him as if a signal of some kind must arise for him there; but who was there to speak, to bear witness for him? O'er the waving ears of corn there hung a light mist, and from dale and hill sounded the morning bells. Franz'seph went quietly on, and thought of the brightsome hour when he would return along this way greeted and honored. With open eyes he went dreamingly along, and could not clearly make out what had happened and what would yet happen. When at last they arrived in the town, and when everybody looked after the young criminal, and smiled significantly, then first he began to be afraid; but still he hardly believed it all was true, and first when he was alone in prison he suddenly awoke to the truth, and he doubled his fist against the unjust walls and cried aloud. The walls did not shrink from his blow, and his cry fell dull upon the ear of silence there. What use was there now in thought? Nothing was to be done. At last Franz'seph lay quietly down, fully satisfied that the great farmer would soon make an end of his sufferings. Refreshment was brought him but he let it stand. Broken rest, unaccustomed exertion, stress of mind, all combined to sink Franz'seph in a leaden sleep. When he awoke, he had to recollect where he was, amid the dark night and the solitude. His whole manner of life seemed altered,—night had become day, day had turned to night. A broken ray of the moon fell into his prison, and lighted Franz'seph during the meal that he made of the cold fare they had given him. He felt refreshed and strong, and began to think that he would soon be released; the joke was getting serious. Franz'seph looked out into the moonlight through the slit, holding himself up by his hands. On a sudden it seemed to him as if he had received a blow on the head, so near did the tower clock tremble, as it was at the same elevation as his prison. One! This was another kind of waiting for the day to that in the fields the night before. Every quarter that struck smote Franz'seph on the head, and trembled through his whole body. Even when he lay down on the truckle-bed again, that did not stop; and steeped in these solemn tones he thought over the many hours he had dreamed away in half-proud half-cowardly idleness. Often did he spring up and stretch forth his hands, full of hot desire for labor. To-day he would work, work, work, and never idle; why was he a prisoner now?

A blueish tint showed itself in the heavens; no tone of blithe lark was to be heard, only the groaning pendulum of the tower clock, hither—thither! A bright day broke—a true and blessed harvest day. The more the hours grew, the more Franz'seph thought of the glorious and ready efforts of labor that were beginning at home; only he must lie there idle, and it seemed a heaven now to him to hold the scythe—he longed for the handle of the scythe as for the hand of a friend; crying with vexation and disappointment he turned upon his bed, when the door opened, and the gaoler came in with Faber.

The first sight of him terrified Franz'seph so much, that he stood there without being able to speak a word, but he soon put forth his hand to grasp that of Faber, who, however, declined it, saying that he begged to have an interview with him before the official examination took place, as it was still inexplicable to him that just the only person who had become friends with him should have been the one to do him such injury. Franz'seph would therefore explain who it was that had persuaded him to it, and who had assisted him. Franz'seph stared out silently, and would return no answer. But when Faber pointed to his boots and said—

"Such a footmark is not at all to be found in my hop-garden, therefore you could only have been sentinel, and others must have aided you," then Franz'seph started, and said at length—

"Dear sir, if I could tell you whom the other footsteps belong to, would you let the whole matter be forgotten for a proper recompense?"

"No; and if I brought the man to the gallows, I could see him there with pleasure."

"Then I did it, and nobody else," Franz'seph interrupted him, doggedly.

"That won't do; we had your confession that you could say otherwise, if you chose."

"Yes, if I would," replied Franz'seph, half-boldly, half-sadly. Faber now tried to persuade, with all goodness, to tell the whole matter; he, as an inactive assistant, would only have a slight punishment; and at last he begged him by the remembrance of their former friendship, not to do him the harm of destroying his belief in the existence of good people.

This word "good" acted upon Franz'seph in a diametrically opposite manner to what the speaker's intention had been. Franz'seph became silent, and insisted that he should only answer the judge. Faber went on to say that in the village every one was looking at the shoes of his neighbour; that in the evening there was a burning smell in the house of the schoolmaster, as if schoolmaster Claus had been burning his. Also to this Franz'seph returned no answer, but laughed within himself.

Just as Faber was going away, Madeleine came in. She could scarcely speak for crying, and then she began to lament about the penitentiary whither Franz'seph would be sent, and about her father, who wanted to force her to marry schoolmaster Claus, who had quite won him by an act that no one could have expected.

"What does your father say of me?" asked Franz'seph.

"Well, I'll tell you the truth," replied Madeleine; "he abuses you through thick and thin, and declares that you've done this only that you may be locked up this harvest time, and have time to idle."

"Ah! so he says, but he knows better," returned Franz'seph, smiling, though the old man's malice hurt him much. Why is Claus so well off, then? what has he done?" he pursued.

"Only think, to show what he can do, on Satur-

day night he moved down the barley up at the Spec!"

"Claus did that?"

"Yes; he has proved it to my father that he was not at home the whole night, and now he could carry him on his hands!"

Franz'seph laughed outright; the people standing by looked at him wonderingly, as if he had suddenly gone mad; for Franz'seph snapped his fingers and danced about in the cell. At the anxious request of Madeleine, he quieted himself again, and asked,—

"Now listen to me; was your father at home on Saturday night?"

"Yes, he had his bad cough, and hardly closed his eyes."

Again Franz'seph rejoiced, and embraced Madeleine and Faber, and told the whole circumstances;—how his scythe must lie on the oats now, and how he had done it for the great farmer. Then he begged to have Faber's friendship restored to him, which was willingly done.

There is little more to be told. The nails of the burnt shoes of Claus were found in the ashes; now Claus wears wooden ones in the prison.

Who knows whether the malicious farmer would not rather have driven Franz'seph into misfortune than have given him the hand of his daughter, as he was now forced to do. Yet, notwithstanding Madeleine's love, this was no great good. Father-in-law and son-in-law could not agree. Franz'seph worked hard for his family, and yet he continually was told by the old man that he was incorrigibly idle; but now he smiled at it; it only made him angry when it was a true accusation. The unjust insult hurt him not, and the father was so angry at it, that he built himself a house away, but did not live to complete it, and Franz'seph is the present great farmer. The military cap hangs over his framed dismissal, as an honorable and honored reminiscence; but Franz'seph and his boys wear caps of dogskin.

Faber's hop-garden is again in the most flourishing condition, and Franz'seph has carried out his intentions of having one in the barley-field.

No path is more worn than that from the great farmer's to Faber's; and when Pauline Faber boasts of her knowledge of man, her husband says—"Think of Franz'seph!"

* * * * * * *

That is the history, containing the reasons for painting hops and barley on the great farmer's house.

A man is more wretched in reproaching himself, if guilty, than in being reproached by others if innocent.

What we know thoroughly, we can usually express clearly.

Those who know the least of others think the most of themselves.

Rats and conquerors must expect no mercy in misfortune.

Some people look at everything, yet really see nothing.

Ignorance has no light; Error follows a false one.

THE SECRET OF THE STREAM.

When the silver stars looked down from Heaven
To smile the world to rest,
A woman, from all refuge driven,
Her little babe caress'd,
And thus she sang:

"Sleep within thy mother's arms,
Folded to thy mother's heart,
Folded to the breast that warms
Only from its inward smart,
Only from the pent-up flame
Burning fiercely at its core,
Cherished by my loss and shame:
Shall I live to suffer more?
Shall I live to bear the pangs
Of the world's neglect and scorn?
Hark! the distant belfry clangs
Welcome to the coming morn.
Shall I live to see it rise?
Is't not better far to die?
Shall I gaze upon the skies—
Gaze upon them shamelessly?
Clasp me, babe, around my neck,
Do not fear me for the sobs
That I cannot, cannot check.
Oh! another moment robs
Life of all its painful breath,
Waking us from this sad dream,
E'en the wretched rest in death.
Hark! the murmur of the stream.
Nestle closely, cheek to cheek;
Let us hasten to the wave,
Where is found what we would seek,
Death, oblivion, and a grave."

And the tide rolls on for ever
Of that dark and silent river;
And beneath the wave-foam sparkling,
'Mid the weeds embowered and darkling,
There they lie near one another,
Youthful child and youthful mother;
And the tide rolls on for ever
Of that swift and silent river.

GABRIEL'S MARRIAGE.

IN TWO CHAPTERS—CHAPTER THE FIRST.

One night, during the period of the first French Revolution, the family of François Sarzeau, a fisherman of Brittany, were all waking and watching at an unusually late hour in their cottage on the peninsula of Quiberon. François had gone out in his boat that evening, as usual, to fish. Shortly after his departure, the wind had risen, the clouds had gathered; and the storm, which had been threatening at intervals throughout the whole day, burst forth furiously about nine o'clock. It was now eleven; and the raging of the wind over the barren, heathy peninsula still seemed to increase with each fresh blast that tore its way out upon the open sea; the crashing of the waves on the beach was awful to hear; the dreary blackness of the sky terrible to behold. The longer they listened to the storm, the oftener they looked out at it, the fainter grew the hopes which the fisherman's family still strove to cherish for

the safety of François Sarzeau and of his younger son who had gone with him in the boat.

There was something impressive in the simplicity of the scene that was now passing within the cottage. On one side of the great rugged black fireplace crouched two little girls; the younger half asleep, with her head in her sister's lap. These were the daughters of the fisherman; and opposite to them sat their eldest brother, Gabriel. His right arm had been badly wounded in a recent encounter at the national game of the *Soule*, a sport resembling our English football; but played on both sides in such savage earnest by the people of Brittany as to end always in bloodshed, often in mutilation, sometimes even in loss of life. On the same bench with Gabriel sat his betrothed wife—a girl of eighteen—clothed in the plain, almost monastic black and white costume of her native district. She was the daughter of a small farmer living at some little distance from the coast. Between the groups formed on either side of the fireplace, the vacant space was occupied by the foot of a truckle bed. In this bed lay a very old man, the father of François Sarzeau. His haggard face was covered with deep wrinkles; his long white hair flowed over the coarse lump of sacking which served him for a pillow, and his light grey eyes wandered incessantly, with a strange expression of terror and suspicion, from person to person, and from object to object, in all parts of the room. Every time when the wind and sea whistled and roared at their loudest, he muttered to himself and tossed his hands fretfully on his wretched coverlid. On these occasions, his eyes always fixed themselves intently on a little delf image of the Virgin placed in a niche over the fireplace. Whenever they saw him look in this direction, Gabriel and the young girl shuddered and crossed themselves; and even the child, who still kept awake, imitated their example. There was one bond of feeling at least between the old man and his grandchildren, which connected his age and their youth unnaturally and closely together. This feeling was reverence for the superstitions which had been handed down to them by their ancestors from centuries and centuries back, as far even as the age of the Druids. The spirit-warnings of disaster and death which the old man heard in the wailings of the wind, in the crashing of the waves, in the dreary monotonous rattling of the casement, the young man and his affianced wife and the little child who cowered by the fireside, heard too. All differences in sex, in temperament, in years, superstition was strong enough to strike down to its own dread level, in the fisherman's cottage, on that stormy night.

Besides the benches by the fireside and the bed, the only piece of furniture in the room was a coarse wooden table, with a loaf of black bread, a knife, and a pitcher of cider placed on it. Old nets, coils of rope, tattered sails hung about the walls and over the wooden partition which separated the room into two compartments. Wisps of straw and ears of barley dropped down through the rotten rafters and gaping boards that made the floor of the granary above.

These different objects and the persons in the cottage, who composed the only surviving members of the fisherman's family, were strangely and wildly lit up by the blaze of the fire and by the still brighter glare of a resin torch stuck into a block of wood in the chimney corner. The red and yellow light played full on the weird face of the old man as he lay opposite to it, and glanced fitfully on the figures of Rose, Gabriel, and the two children; the great gloomy shadows rose and fell, and grew and lessened in bulk about the walls like visions of darkness, animated by a supernatural spectre life, while the dense obscurity outside spreading before the curtainless window seemed as a wall of solid darkness that had closed in for ever around the fisherman's house. The night-scene within the cottage was almost as wild and as dreary to look upon as the night scene without.

For a long time the different persons in the room sat together without speaking, even without looking at each other. At last, the girl turned and whispered something into Gabriel's ear.

"Rose, what were you saying to Gabriel?" asked the child opposite, seizing the first opportunity of breaking the desolate silence—doubly desolate at her age—which was preserved by all around her.

"I was telling him," answered Rose simply, "that it was time to change the bandages on his arm; and I said also to him, what I have often said before, that he must never play at that terrible game of the *Soule* again."

The old man had been looking intently at Rose and his grandchild as they spoke. His harsh, hollow voice mingled with the last soft tones of the young girl, repeating over and over again the same terrible words, "Drowned! drowned! Son and grandson, both drowned! both drowned!"

"Hush! grandfather," said Gabriel, "we must not lose all hope for them yet. God and the Blessed Virgin protect them!" He looked at the little delf image, and crossed himself; the others imitated him, except the old man. He still tossed his hands over the coverlid, and still repeated, "Drowned! drowned!"

"O that accursed *Soule!*" groaned the young man. "But for this wound I should have been with my father. The poor boy's life might, at least, have been saved; for we should then have left him here."

"Silence!" exclaimed the harsh voice from the bed. "The wail of dying men rises louder than the loud sea; the devil's psalm-singing roars higher than the roaring wind! Be silent, and listen! François drowned! Pierre drowned! Hark! hark!"

A terrific blast of wind burst over the house, as he spoke, shaking it to its centre, overpowering all other sounds, even to the deafening crash of the waves. The slumbering child awoke, and uttered a scream of fear. Rose, who had been kneeling before her lover, binding the fresh bandages on his wounded arm, paused in her occupation, trembling from head to foot. Gabriel looked towards the window; his experience told him what must be the hurricane fury of that blast of wind out at sea, and he sighed bitterly as he murmured to himself, "God help them both—man's help will be as nothing to them now!"

"Gabriel!" cried the voice from the bed in altered tones, very faint and trembling.

He did not hear, or seem to attend to the old

man. He was trying to soothe and encourage the trembling girl at his feet. "Don't be frightened, love," he said, kissing her very gently and tenderly on the forehead. "You are as safe here as anywhere. Was I not right in saying that it would be madness to attempt taking you back to the farm-house this evening? You can sleep in that room, Rose, when you are tired—you can sleep with the two girls."

"Gabriel, brother Gabriel!" cried one of the children. "O, look at grandfather!"

Gabriel ran to the bedside. The old man had raised himself into a sitting position; his eyes were dilated, his whole face rigid with terror, his hands were stretched out convulsively towards his grandson. "The White Women!" he screamed. "The White Women; the grave-diggers of the drowned are out on the sea!" The children, with cries of terror, flung themselves into Rose's arms; even Gabriel uttered an exclamation of horror, and started back from the bedside. Still the old man reiterated, "The White Women! The White Women! Open the door, Gabriel! look out westward, where the ebb tide has left the sand dry. You'll see them bright as lightning in the darkness, mighty as the angels in stature, sweeping like the wind over the sea, in their long white garments, with their white hair trai ing far behind them! Open the door, Gabriel! You'll see them stop and hover over the place where your father and your brother have been drowned; you'll see them come on till they reach the sand; you'll see them dig in it with their naked feet, and beckon awfully to the raging sea to give up its dead. Open the door, Gabriel—or though it should be the death of me, I will get up and open it myself!"

Gabriel's face whitened even to his lips, but he made a sign that he would obey. It required the exertion of his whole strength to keep the door open against the wind, while he looked out.

"Do you see them, grandson Gabriel? Speak the truth, and tell me if you see them," cried the old man.

"I see nothing but darkness—pitch darkness," answered Gabriel, letting the door close again.

"Ah! woe! woe!" groaned his grandfather, sinking back exhausted on the pillow. "Darkness to *you*; but bright as lightning to the eyes that are allowed to see them. Drowned! drowned! Pray for their souls, Gabriel—*I* see the White Women even where I lie, and dare not pray for them. Son and grandson drowned! both drowned!"

The young man went back to Rose and the children. "Grandfather is very ill to-night," he whispered, "You had better all go into the bedroom, and leave me alone to watch by him.

They rose as he spoke, crossed themselves before the image of the Virgin, kissed him one by one, and without uttering a word, softly entered the little room on the other side of the partition. Gabriel looked at his grandfather, and saw that he lay quiet now, with his eyes closed as if he were already dropping asleep. The young man then heaped some fresh logs on the fire, and sat down by it to watch till morning. Very dreary was the moaning of the night-storm; but it was not more dreary than the thoughts which now occupied him in his solitude—thoughts darkened and distorted by the terrible superstitions of his country and his race. Ever since the period of his mother's death he had been oppressed by the conviction that some curse hung over the family. At first they had been prosperous, they had got money, a little legacy had been left them. But this good fortune had availed only for a time; disaster on disaster strangely and suddenly succeeded. Losses, misfortunes, poverty, want itself had overwhelmed them; his father's temper had become so soured, that the oldest friends of François Sarzeau declared he was changed beyond recognition. And now, all this past misfortune—the steady, withering, household blight of many years—had ended in the last worst misery of all—in death. The fate of his father and his brother admitted no longer of a doubt—he knew it, as he listened to the storm, as he reflected on his grandfather's words, as he called to mind his own experience of the perils of the sea. And this double bereavement had fallen on him just as the time was approaching for his marriage with Rose; just when misfortune was most ominous of evil, just when it was hardest to bear!—Forebodings which he dared not realize began now to mingle with the bitterness of his grief, whenever his thoughts wandered from the present to the future; and as he sat by the lonely fireside, murmuring from time to time the Church prayer for the repose of the dead, he almost involuntarily mingled with it another prayer, expressed only in his own simple words, for the safety of the living—for the young girl whose love was his sole earthly treasure; for the motherless children who must now look for protection to him alone.

He had sat by the hearth a long, long time, absorbed in his thoughts, not once looking round towards the bed, when he was startled by hearing the sound of his grandfather's voice once more. "Gabriel," whispered the old man, trembling, and shrinking as he spoke. "Gabriel do you hear a dripping of water—now slow, now quick again—on the floor at the foot of my bed?"

"I hear nothing, grandfather, but the crackling of the fire, and the roaring of the storm outside."

"Drip, drip, drip! Faster and faster; plainer and plainer. Take the torch, Gabriel; look down on the floor—look with all your eyes. Is the place wet there? Is it God's rain that is dropping through the roof?"

Gabriel took the torch with trembling fingers, and knelt down on the floor to examine it closely. He started back from the place, as he saw that it was quite dry—the torch dropped upon the hearth—he fell on his knees before the statue of the Virgin and hid his face.

"Is the floor wet? Answer me, I command you!—Is the floor wet?"—asked the old man quickly and breathlessly. Gabriel rose, went back to the bedside, and whispered to him that no drop of rain had fallen inside the cottage.—As he spoke the words, he saw a change pass over his grandfather's face—the sharp features seemed to wither up on a sudden; the eager expression to grow vacant and death-like in an instant. The voice too faltered; it was harsh and querulous no more; its tones became strangely

soft, slow, and solemn, when the old man spoke again.

"I hear it still," he said, "drip! drip! faster and plainer than ever. That ghostly dropping of water is the last and the surest of the fatal signs which have told of your father's and your brother's deaths to-night, and I know from the place where I hear it—the foot of the bed I lie on—that it is a warning to me of my own approaching end. I am called where my son and my grandson have gone before me: my weary time in this world is over at last. Don't let Rose and the children come in here, if they should awake—they are to young too look at death."

Gabriel's blood curdled, when he heard these words—when he touched his grandfather's hand, and felt the chill that it struck to his own—when he listened to the raging wind, and knew that all help was miles and miles away from the cottage. Still, in spite of the storm, the darkness, and the distance, he thought not for a moment of neglecting the duty that had been taught him from his childhood—the duty of summoning the Priest to the bedside of the dying. "I must call Rose," he said, "to watch by you while I am away."

"Stop!" cried the old man, "stop, Gabriel, I implore, I command you not to leave me!"

"The priest, grandfather—your confession—"

"It must be made to you. In this darkness and this hurricane no man can keep the path across the heath. Gabriel! I am dying—I should be dead before you got back. Gabriel! for the love of the Blessed Virgin, stop here with me till I die—my time is short—I have a terrible secret that I must tell to somebody before I draw my last breath! Your ear to my mouth!—quick! quick!"

As he spoke the last words, a slight noise was audible on the other side of the partition, the door half opened; and Rose appeared at it, looking affrightedly into the room. The vigilant eyes of the old man—suspicious even in death—caught sight of her directly. "Go back!" he exclaimed faintly, before she could utter a word, "go back—push her back, Gabriel, and nail down the latch in the door, if she won't shut it of herself!"

"Dear Rose! go in again," implored Gabriel. "Go in and keep the children from disturbing us. You will only make him worse—you can be of no use here!"

She obeyed without speaking, and shut the door again. While the old man clutched him by the arm, and repeated, "Quick! quick!—your ear close to my mouth," Gabriel heard her say to the children (who were both awake). "Let us pray for grandfather." And as he knelt down by the bedside, there stole on his ear the sweet, childish tones of his little sisters and the soft, subdued voice of the young girl who was teaching them the prayer, mingling divinely with the solemn wailing of wind and sea; rising in a still and awful purity over the hoarse, gasping whispers of the dying man.

"I took an oath not to tell it, Gabriel—lean down closer! I'm weak, and they mustn't hear a word in that room—I took an oath not to tell it; but death is a warrant to all men for breaking such an oath as that. Listen; don't lose a word I'm saying! Don't look away into the room: the stain of blood-guilt has defiled it for ever!—Hush! Hush! Hush! Let me speak. Now your father's dead, I can't carry the horrid secret with me into the grave. Just remember, Gabriel—try if you can't remember the time before I was bed-ridden—ten years ago and more—it was about six weeks, you know, before your mother's death; you can remember it by that. You and all the children were in that room with your mother; you were all asleep, I think; it was night, not very late—only nine o'clock. Your father and I were standing at the door, looking out at the heath in the moonlight. He was so poor at that time, he had been obliged to sell his own boat, and none of the neighbours would take him out fishing with them—your father wasn't liked by any of the neighbours. Well; we saw a stranger coming towards us; a very young man, with a knapsack on his back. He looked like a gentleman, though he was but poorly dressed. He came up, and told us he was dead tired, and didn't think he could reach the town that night, and asked if we would give him shelter till morning. And your father said yes, if he would make no noise, because the wife was ill and the children were asleep. So he said all he wanted was to go to sleep before the fire. We had nothing to give him, but black bread. He had better food with him than that, and undid his knapsack to get at it—and—and—Gabriel! I'm sinking—drink! something to drink—I'm parched with thirst!"

Silent and deadly pale, Gabriel poured some of the cider from the pitcher on the table into a drinking cup, and gave it to the old man. Slight as the stimulant was, its effect on him was almost instantaneous. His dull eyes brightened a little, and he went on in the same whispering tones as before.

"He pulled the food out of his knapsack rather in a hurry, so that some of the other small things in it fell on the floor. Among these was a pocket-book, which your father picked up and gave him back; and he put it in his coat pocket—there was a tear in one of the sides of the book, and through the hole some bank notes bulged out. I saw them, and so did your father (don't move away, Gabriel; keep close, there's nothing in me to shrink from). Well, he shared his food, like an honest fellow, with us; and then put his hand in his pocket, and gave me four or five livres, and then lay down before the fire to go to sleep. As he shut his eyes, your father looked at me in a way I didn't like. He'd been behaving very bitterly and desperately towards us for some time past; being soured about poverty, and your mother's illness, and the constant crying out of you children for more to eat. So when he told me to go and buy some wood, some bread, and some wine with the money I had got, I didn't like, somehow, to leave him alone with the stranger; and so made excuses, saying (which was true) that it was too late to buy things in the village that night. But he told me in a rage to go and do as he bid me, and knock the people up if the shop was shut. So I went out, being dreadfully afraid of your father—as indeed we all were at that time—but I couldn't make up my mind to go far from the house: I was afraid of something happening, though I didn't dare to think what. I don't know how it was; but I

stole back in about ten minutes on tip-toe, to the cottage; and looked in at the window; and saw —O! God forgive him! O, God forgive me!—I saw—I—more to drink, Gabriel! I can't speak again—more to drink!"

The voices in the next room had ceased; but in the minute of silence which now ensued, Gabriel heard his sisters kissing Rose, and wishing her good night. They were all three trying to go to sleep again.

"Gabriel, pray, yourself, and teach your children after you to pray, that your father may find forgiveness where he is now gone. I saw him, as plainly as I now see you, kneeling with his knife in one hand over the sleeping man. He was taking the little book with the notes in it out of the stranger's pocket. He got the book into his possession, and held it quite still in his hand for an instant, thinking. I believe—oh, no! no!—I'm sure, he was repenting; I'm sure he was going to put the book back; but just at that moment the stranger moved, and raised one of his arms, as if he was waking up. Then, the temptation of the devil grew too strong for your father —I saw him lift the hand with the knife in it—but saw nothing more. I couldn't look in at the window—I couldn't move away—I couldn't cry out; I stood with my back turned towards the house, shivering all over, though it was a warm summer-time, and hearing no cries, no noises at all, from the room behind me. I was too frightened to know how long it was before the opening of the cottage door made me turn round; but when I did, I saw your father standing before me in the yellow moonlight, carrying in his arms the bleeding body of the poor lad who had shared his food with us, and slept on our hearth. Hush! hush! Don't groan and sob that way! Stifle it with the bed-clothes. Hush! you'll wake them in the next room!"

"Gabriel—Gabriel!" exclaimed a voice from behind the partition. "What has happened? Gabriel! let me come out and be with you?"

"No! no!" cried the old man, collecting the last remains of his strength in the attempt to speak above the wind, which was just then howling at the loudest. "Stay where you are—don't speak—don't come out, I command you! Gabriel," (his voice dropped to a faint whisper,) "raise me up in bed—you must hear the whole of it, now—raise me; I'm choking so that I can hardly speak. Keep close and listen—I can't say much more. Where was I?—Ah, your father! He threatened to kill me if I didn't swear to keep it secret; and in terror of my life I swore. He made me help him to carry the body—we took it all across the heath—oh! horrible, horrible, under the bright moon—(lift me higher, Gabriel). You know the great stones yonder, set up by the heathens; you know the hollow place under the stones they call 'The Merchant's Table'—we had plenty of room to lay him in that, and hide him so; and then we ran back to the cottage. I never dared go near the place afterwards; no, nor your father either! (Higher, Gabriel! I'm choking again.) We burnt the pocket-book and the knapsack—never knew his name—we kept the money to spend. (You're not lifting me! you're not listening close enough!) Your father said it was a legacy, when you and your mother asked about the money. (You hurt me, you shake me to pieces, Gabriel, when you sob like that.) It brought a curse on us, the money; the curse has drowned your father and your brother; the curse is killing me; but I've confessed—tell the priest I confessed before I died. Stop her; stop Rose! I hear her getting up. Take his bones away from The Merchant's Table, and bury them for the love of God!—and tell the priest—(lift me higher: lift me till I'm on my knees)—if your father was alive, he'd murder me—but tell the priest—because of my guilty soul—to pray—and remember The Merchant's Table—to bury, and to pray—to pray always for—"

As long as Rose heard faintly the whispering of the old man—though no word that he said reached her ear—she shrank rom opening the door in the partition. But, when the whispering sounds—which terrified her she knew not how or why—first faltered, then ceased altogether; when she heard the sobs that followed them; and when her heart told her who was weeping in the next room —then, she began to be influenced by a new feeling which was stronger than the strongest fear, and she opened the door without hesitating—almost without trembling.

The coverlid was drawn up over the old man; Gabriel was kneeling by the bedside, with his face hidden. When she spoke to him, he neither answered nor looked at her. After a while the sobs that shook him ceased; but still he never moved—except once when she touched him, and then he shuddered—shuddered under *her* hand! She called in his little sisters, and they spoke to him, and still he uttered no word in reply. They wept. One by one, often and often, they entreated him with loving words; but the stupor of grief which held him speechless was beyond the power of human tears, stronger even than the strength of human love.

It was near daybreak, and the storm was lulling —but still no change occurred at the bedside. Once or twice, as Rose knelt near Gabriel, still vainly endeavoring to arouse him to a sense of her presence, she thought she heard the old man breathing feebly, and stretched out her hand towards the coverlid; but she could not summon courage to touch him or to look at him. This was the first time she had ever been present at a deathbed; the stillness in the room, the stupor of despair that had seized on Gabriel, so horrified her, that she was almost as helpless as the two children by her side. It was not till the dawn looked in at the cottage window—so coldly, so drearily, and yet so reassuringly—that she began to recover her self-possession at all. Then she knew that her best resource would be to summon assistance immediately from the nearest house. While she was trying to persuade the two children to remain alone in the cottage with Gabriel, during her temporary absence, she was startled by the sound of footsteps outside the door. It opened; and a man appeared on the thresheld, standing still there for a moment in the dim uncertain light. She looked closer—looked intently at him. It was François Sarzeau himself!

He was dripping with wet; but his face—always pale and inflexible—seemed to be but little altered in expression by the perils through which he must have passed during the night. Young Pierre lay almost insensible in his arms. In the astonish-

ment and fright of the first moment, Rose screamed as she recognised him.

"There! there! there!" he said, peevishly, advancing straight to the hearth with his burden, "don't make a noise. You never expected to see us alive again, I dare say. We gave ourselves up as lost, and only escaped after all by a miracle." He laid the boy down where he could get the full warmth of the fire; and then, turning round, took a wicker-covered bottle from his pocket, and said, "If it hadn't been for the brandy!——" He stopped suddenly—started—put down the bottle on the bench near him—and advanced quickly to the bedside.

Rose looked after him as he went; and saw Gabriel, who had risen when the door was opened, moving back from the bed as François approached. The young man's face seemed to have been suddenly struck to stone—its blank ghastly whiteness was awful to look at. He moved slowly backward and backward till he came to the cottage wall—then stood quite still, staring on his father with wild vacant eyes, moving his hands to and fro before him, muttering; but never pronouncing one audible word.

François did not appear to notice his son; he had the coverlid of the bed in his hand. "Anything the matter here?" he asked, as he drew it down.

Still Gabriel could not speak. Rose saw it, and answered for him. "Gabriel is afraid that his poor grandfather is dead," she whispered nervously.

"Dead!" There was no sorrow in the tone, as he echoed the word. "Was he very bad in the night before his death happened? Did he wander in his mind? He has been rather light-headed lately."

"He was very restless, and spoke of the ghostly warnings that we all know of: he said he saw and heard many things which told him from the other world that you and Pierre——Gabriel!" she screamed, suddenly interrupting herself. "Look at him! Look at his face! Your grandfather is not dead!"

At that moment, François was raising his father's head to look closely at him. A faint spasm had indeed passed over the deathly face; the lips quivered, the jaw dropped. François shuddered as he looked, and moved away hastily from the bed. At the same instant Gabriel started from the wall; his expression altered, his pale cheeks flushed suddenly, as he snatched up the wicker-cased bottle, and poured all the little brandy that was left in it down his grandfather's throat. The effect was nearly instantaneous; the sinking vital forces rallied desperately. The old man's eyes opened again, wandered round the room, then fixed themselves intently on François, as he stood near the fire. Trying and terrible as his position was at that moment, Gabriel still retained self-possession enough to whisper a few words in Rose's ear. "Go back again into the bedroom, and take the children with you," he said. "We may have something to speak about which you had better not hear."

"Son Gabriel, your grandfather is trembling all over," said François. "If he is dying at all, he is dying of cold: help me to lift him, bed and all, to the hearth."

"No, no! don't let him touch me!" gasped the old man. "Don't let him look at me in that way! Don't let him come near me, Gabriel! Is it his ghost, or is it himself?

As Gabriel answered, he heard a knocking at the door. His father opened it; and disclosed to view some people from the neighboring fishing village, who had come—more out of curiosity than sympathy—to inquire whether François and the boy, Pierre, had survived the night. Without asking any one to enter, the fisherman surlily and shortly answered the various questions addressed to him, standing in his own doorway. While he was thus engaged, Gabriel heard his grandfather muttering vacantly to himself—"Last night—how about last night, grandson? What was I talking about last night? Did I say your father was drowned? Very foolish to say he was drowned, and then see him come back alive again! But it wasn't that—I'm so weak in my head, I can't remember! What was it, Gabriel? Something too horrible to speak of? Is that what you're whispering and trembling about? I said nothing horrible. A crime? Bloodshed? I know nothing of any crime or bloodshed here—I must have been frightened out of my wits to talk in that way! The Merchant's Table? Only a big heap of old stones! What with the storm, and thinking I was going to die, and being afraid about your father, I must have been light-headed. Don't give another thought to that nonsense, Gabriel! I'm better now. We shall all live to laugh at poor grandfather for talking nonsense about crime and bloodshed in his sleep. Ah! poor old man—last night—light-headed—fancies and nonsense of an old man—why don't you laugh at it? I'm laughing—so light-headed—so light!"

He stopped suddenly. A loud cry, partly of terror and partly of pain, escaped him; the look of pining anxiety and imbecile cunning which had distorted his face while he had been speaking, faded from it for ever. He shivered a little—breathed heavily once or twice—then became quite still. Had he died with a falsehood on his lips?

Gabriel looked around, and saw that the cottage-door was closed, and that his father was standing against it. How long he had occupied that position, how many of the old man's last words he had heard, it was impossible to conjecture, but there was a lowering suspicion in his harsh face as he now looked away from the corpse to his son, which made Gabriel shudder; and the first question that he asked, on once more approaching the bedside, was expressed in tones which, quiet as they were, had a fearful meaning in them. "What did your grandfather talk about, last night?" he asked.

Gabriel did not answer. All that he had heard, all that he had seen, all the misery and horror that might yet be to come, had stunned his mind. The unspeakable dangers of his present position were too tremendous to be realised. He could only feel them vaguely as yet in the weary torpor that oppressed his heart: while in every other direction the use of his faculties, physical and mental, seemed to have suddenly and totally abandoned him.

"Is your tongue wounded, son Gabriel, as well

as your arm?" his father went on, with a bitter laugh. "I come back to you, saved by a miracle; and you never speak to me. Would you rather I had died than the old man there? He can't hear you now—why shouldn't you tell me what nonsense he was talking last night?—You won't? I say, you shall!" (He crossed the room and put his back to the door.) "Before either of us leave this place, you shall confess it! You know that my duty to the Church bids me go at once, and tell the priest of your grandfather's death. If I leave that duty unfulfilled, remember it is through your fault! *You* keep me here—for here I stop till I am obeyed. Do you hear that, idiot! Speak! Speak instantly, or you shall repent it to the day of your death! I ask again—what did your grandfather say to you when he was wandering in his mind, last night?"

"He spoke of a crime, committed by another, and guiltily kept secret by him," answered Gabriel slowly and sternly. "And this morning he denied his own words with his last living breath. But last night, if he spoke the truth—"

"The truth!" echoed François. "What truth!" He stopped, his eyes fell, then turned towards the corpse. For a few minutes he stood steadily contemplating it; breathing quickly, and drawing his hand several times across his forehead. Then he faced his son once more. In that short interval he had become in outward appearance a changed man; expression, voice, and manner, all were altered. "Heaven forgive me!" he said, "but I could almost laugh at myself, at this solemn moment, for having spoken and acted just now so much like a fool. Denied his words, did he? Poor old man! they say sense often comes back to light-headed people just before death; and he is a proof of it. The fact is, Gabriel, my own wits must have been a little shaken—and no wonder:—by what I went through last night and what I have come home to this morning. As if you, or anybody, could ever really give serious credit to the wandering speeches of a dying old man! (Where is Rose? Why did you send her away?) I don't wonder at your still looking a little startled, and feeling low in your mind, and all that—for you've had a trying night of it: trying in every way. He must have been a good deal shaken in his wits, last night, between fears about himself, and fears about me. (To think of my being angry with you, Gabriel, for being a little alarmed—very naturally—by an old man's queer fancies!) Come out, Rose—come out of the bedroom whenever you are tired of it: you must learn sooner or later to look at death calmly. Shake hands, Gabriel; and let us make it up, and say no more about what has passed. You won't? Still angry with me for what I said to you just now? Ah! you'll think better about it, by the time I return. Come out, Rose, we've no secrets here."

"Where are you going to?" asked Gabriel, as he saw his father hastily open the door.

"To tell the priest that one of his congregation is dead, and to have the death registered," answered François. "These are *my* duties, and must be performed before I take my rest."

He went out hurriedly, as he said these words. Gabriel almost trembled at himself, when he found that he breathed more freely, that he felt less horribly oppressed both in mind and body, the moment his father's back was turned. Fearful as thought was now, it was still a change for the better even to be capable of thinking at all. Was the behaviour of his father compatible with innocence? Could the old man's confused denial of his own words in the morning and in the presence of his son, be set for one instant against the circumstantial confession that he had made during the night, alone with his grandson? These were the terrible questions which Gabriel now asked himself; and which he shrank involuntarily from answering. And yet, that doubt, the solution of which would one way or the other irrevocably affect the whole future of his life, must sooner or later be solved at any hazard! There was but one way of setting it at rest—to go instantly, while his father was absent, and examine the hollow place under "The Merchant's Table." If his grandfather's confession had really been made while he was in possession of his senses, this place (which Gabriel knew to be covered in from wind and weather) had never been visited since the commission of the crime by the perpetrator, or by his unwilling accomplice: though time had destroyed all besides, the hair and the bones of the victim would still be left to bear witness to the truth—if truth had indeed been spoken. As this conviction grew on him, the young man's cheek paled; and he stopped irresolute, half way between the hearth and the door. Then he looked down doubtfully at the corpse on the bed; and then there came upon him, suddenly, a revulsion of feeling. A wild feverish impatience to know the worst without another instant of delay possessed him. Only telling Rose that he should be back soon, and that she must watch by the dead in his absence, he left the cottage at once, without waiting to hear her reply, even without looking back as he closed the door behind him.

There were two tracks to The Merchant's Table. One, the longer of the two, by the coast cliffs; the other across the heath. But this latter path was also, for some little distance, the path which led to the village and the church. He was afraid of attracting his father's attention here, so he took the direction of the coast. At one spot, the track trended inland, winding round some of the many Druid monuments scattered over the country. This place was on high ground, and commanded a view, at no great distance, of the path leading to the village, just where it branched off from the heathy ridge which ran in the direction of The Merchant's Table. Here Gabriel descried the figure of a man standing with his back towards the coast. This figure was too far off to be identified with absolute certainty; but it looked like, and might well be, François Sarzeau. Whoever he was, the man was evidently uncertain which way he should proceed. When he moved forward it was first to advance several paces towards The Merchant's Table—then he went back again towards the distant cottages and the church. Twice he hesitated thus: the second time pausing long before he appeared finally to take the way that led to the village.—Leaving the post of observation among the stones, at which he had instinctively halted for some minutes past, Gabriel now proceeded in his own path. Could this man really be his father? And if it were so, why did François Sarzeau only determine to go to the village where his business lay,

after having twice vainly attempted to persevere in taking the exactly opposite direction of The Merchant's Table? Did he really desire to go there? Had he heard the name mentioned, when the old man referred to it in his dying words?—And had he failed to summon courage enough to make all safe by removing——? This last question was too horrible to be pursued: Gabriel stifled it affrightedly in his own heart, as he went on.

He reached the great Druid monument, without meeting a living soul on his way. The sun was rising, and the mighty storm-clouds of the night were parting asunder wildly over the whole eastward horizon. The waves still leapt and foamed gloriously; but the gale had sunk to a keen, fresh breeze. As Gabriel looked up, and saw how brightly the promise of a lovely day was written in the heavens, he trembled as he thought of the search which he was about to make. The sight of the fair fresh sunrise jarred horribly with the suspicions of committed murder that were rankling foully in his heart. But he knew that his errand must be performed, and he nerved himself to go through with it; for he dared not return to the cottage until the mystery had been cleared up, at once and for ever.

The Merchant's Table was formed by two huge stones resting horizontally on three others. In the troubled times of more than half a century ago, regular tourists were unknown among the Druid monuments of Brittany; and the entrance to the hollow place under the stones—since often visited by strangers—was at this time nearly choked up by brambles and weeds. Gabriel's first look at this tangled nook of briars, convinced him that the place had not been entered—perhaps for years—by any living being. Without allowing himself to hesitate (for he felt that the slightest delay might be fatal to his resolution) he passed as gently as possible through the brambles, and knelt down at the low, dusky, irregular entrance of the hollow place under the stones.

His heart throbbed violently, his breath almost failed him; but he forced himself to crawl a few feet into the cavity, and then groped with his hand on the ground about him. He touched something! Something which it made his flesh creep to handle; something which he would fain have dropped, but which he grasped tight in spite of himself. He drew back into the outer air and sunshine.—Was it a human bone? No! he had been the dupe of his own morbid terror—he had only taken up a fragment of dried wood!

Feeling shame at such self-deception as this, he was about to throw the wood from him before he re-entered the place, when another new idea occurred to him. Though it was dimly lighted through one or two chinks of the stones, the far part of the interior of the cavity was still too dusky to admit of perfect examination by the eye, even on a bright sunshiny morning. Observing this, he took out the tinder box and matches, which—like the other inhabitants of the district—he always carried about with him for the purpose of lighting his pipe, determining to use the piece of wood as a torch which might illuminate the darkest corner of the place when he next entered it. Fortunately, the wood had remained so long, and had been preserved so dry, in its sheltered position, that it caught fire almost as easily as a piece of paper. The moment it was fairly a flame, Gabriel went into the cavity—penetrating at once, this time, to its farthest extremity.

He remained among the stones long enough for the wood o burn down nearly to his hand. When he came out, and flung the burning fragment from him, his face was flushed deeply, his eyes sparkled. He leapt carelessly on to the heath, over the bushes through which he had threaded his way so warily but a few minutes before, exclaiming, "I may marry Rose with a clear conscience now—ay, I am the son of as honest a man as there is in Brittany!" He had closely examined the cavity in every corner, and not the slightest sign that any dead body had ever been laid there was visible in the hollow place under The Merchant's Table.

(*To be continued.*)

DER FRÜHLINGS-ABEND.

VON MALTHISON.

THE SPRING EVENING.

The heavens glow with rosy hue
 Of summer's sun returning,
The quivering spray is hung with dew,
 Like sparkling diamonds burning.

Light dance the fountains from their bed
 Where rarest flowers are growing;
Bright shines the star of Eve, where red
 The setting sun is glowing.

The early violet scents the air
 In every shady alley;
And flowers, than gems more bright and fair,
 Deck all the laughing valley.

And Life is there—a living soul,
 That binds in love together
Both great and small—a wondrous whole—
 In harmony for ever.

God speaks the word, and from his hand
 The insect-myriads flutter;
He speaks; and, lo! at his command
 His praise new planets utter!

FOREST GLEANINGS.

No. VIII.

"A few leaves gathered by the wayside."

SOCIETY IN THE BUSH.

Fresh arrivals—Neighborly discussions—The Doctor's story.

"The spirit of sociability seems sadly on the decline among us, since our little village has extended itself into a full grown town;" was the remark of a cheerful, bustling little matron in a dark brown merino dress and neatly quilled little cap, as she took her seat in the vacant place on the sofa, beside a benev olen lady-like person habited in the close, sombre

dress of widowhood, who was with her knitting-needles shewing some new pattern to a friend.

"Our present social little party does not quite bear you out in the assertion, my dear madam;" observed a fine-looking white-haired man, whose dress and general appearance declared him to belong to the medical profession. "Here, at least, is an instance of kindly feeling in inviting a prosy old man like me, to listen to your pleasant conversation, and catch good humour from your pleasant looks."

"Our friend, the Doctor, is always thankful for small mercies," archly whispered a lively, brown-eyed girl, peeping merrily at him, beneath a redundance of rich, dark ringlets.

The doctor shook his cane with playful menace.—"I must ask you, my dear lady," said he, addressing the former speaker, "what makes you reproach us, in this good, charitable town, for want of sociability?"

"I have noticed, my dear sir, now for some time past, that when strangers come among us they are shown none of those hospitable attentions that used to welcome the newly-arrived emigrants. Instead of the oldest inhabitants of the neighborhood coming forward to invite them to their houses, as used to be the invariable rule, we all draw back, eye them with distrust, and, in fact, treat them as if they were an importation of ogres and ogresses, or what is worse—imposters."

"I am afraid there is some truth in what you say," observed the widow lady, looking up thoughtfully from her knitting. "I have myself noticed the jealous feeling that has crept in among us. I remember the time, when there were but few of us in this place, with what delight we hailed the news of the arrival of respectable settlers,—each family seemed to scramble for the chance of being the first to show them attention and afford them every species of useful information, that we imagined might benefit them, and save them trouble and expense."

"I can speak to the truth of that from my own experience," said the mistress of the house, with a bright and grateful smile; "I know I was your guest for weeks, while our own house was building."

"I never shall forget the pleasant time I spent with you."

"Nor I, my dear friend; it was a very pleasant time to me and my family, I assure you."

"You have heard of the smart people who arrived at the hotel last week?" said the Doctor. "Of course, ladies, you will redeem the character of friendliness to strangers, and call upon them."

"I cannot afford to enlarge the circle of my acquaintance," said one.

"These new-comers give themselves so many airs," said another.

"Yes, indeed—and find fault with everything that differs from their old country prejudices," observed a third.

"They affect to despise us, poor Canadians," said a native-born young lady, putting up her lips; "for my part, I pity them for their ignorance and uselessless. I was quite amused with the awkwardness of a young lady who was staying with mamma; she really did not know how to handle a broom. She tried to sweep the carpet after dinner, but I was obliged to take it out of her hand."

"Well, my dear, in all probability it was the first time she had ever attempted such work," said the Doctor; "servants are more plentiful at home, and labour cheaper. Young ladies never have occasion to sweep their own floors, in the old country; but do not condemn her as useless or ignorant, I have seen many a white hand make as clean a hearth or carpet, as you Canadians."

"You always praise the British ladies, I observe, Doctor."

Yes, my dear—I love Britain, her institutions, her people, and all that belongs to her; and I like to encourage a British feeling among my young friends. I would not have you forget that your father and mother are Britons—and all that is high, and noble, and honorable, and useful, in your education, has been inculcated by them. I rejoice in your love for your native soil; but while you are proud of being a Canadian, do not forget you are a British Canadian."

The fine eyes of the old man kindled with more than usual fire as he uttered these words; meantime, the discussion of the important question of "to call, or not to call," was going on at the other end of the room."

"For my part, I am too old, to form new friendships," said the master of the house, buttoning his coat tighter about him, as if to suit the action to the words—"there are no friends like old friends."

"True," said the widow, gently—but old friends will drop off, one by one, in the course of nature—and if we do not supply their places, a dreary time will come when we shall find ourselves alone in the world.

> "When true hearts are wither'd, and fond ones flown,
> Oh! who would inhabit this bleak world alone?"

The old Doctor nodded an affirmative. He was a philanthropist—an old man with a young heart; he went about doing good and receiving good; he loved good people wherever and whenever he met with them; he loved the children for the sake of the parents; his tastes were refined; he had a sound head and a kind heart; no wonder he was a welcome guest wherever he went.

"I am going," he said, "to set you all a good example, and leave my card for the new comers."

"And be a sort of pioneer to the rest of us," said the widow. "I think I shall wait for your report, Doctor."

"Mamma, I'll go, instead of you," said the pretty brunette, laughing; "and then I shall get the first peep at the English fashions."

"For my part, I dislike being bored about the English fashions," said the fair Canadian; "these ladies that come from the old country talk of nothing else for years after they come to Canada, forgetting that fashions change in time; and then they despise everything that we wear, and complain that our stores produce nothing fit for them, forsooth."

I make many allowances for strangers when they first come out to the colony, things are so indifferent, so inferior in quality; there is such a want of accommodation—everything is on such a makeshift plan, especially in these half-formed provincial towns—of course, it is still worse in the bush. "The most contented temper in the world can hardly refrain from grumbling," said the widow. "What do you think, my dear?" added she, "addressing the lady who had hitherto been too much absorbed in the mysteries of the knitting-stitch, to enter much into the subject in discussion."

"Indeed, I am of your opinion. I remember when first I came to this country, I was dreadfully discontented—nothing pleased me. I was perversely determined to find fault with everything and everybody; I did nothing but cry and fret; I tormented every one about me, with my ill-humour and constant repining; and worried my husband to take me home to 'the old country,' though I well knew we could not live there as we wished to do. 'Wait a while, and see what time will do for you,' my husband would say; you know nothing yet of the trials of a bush-settler's wife."

Now, I fancied I had experienced a great deal of real hardships; my log-house was small—I had no *second* parlour—I could procure no change of diet—only the everlasting pork and potatoes; I hated pork with a Jewish hatred.

I had so offended my bush-maid, the daughter of a decent settler in an adjacent township, that she had left me in the middle of a large wash, to fold and iron my linen myself. My yeast had turned sour, and I had spoiled the last modicum of flour by an attempt to convert it into bread; it was as sour as vinegar, and as heavy as lead. I had made an attempt at manufacturing soft soap, but that also was a woeful failure—the ley and the grease would not combine. One person told me it wanted more ley to take up the grease; another, that it had not grease enough to thicken the ley, and a third, that it wanted more water. I tried all these remedies, but nothing would do; then I was told that the ashes were bad, and would not make soap at all; so I abandoned the task as a hopeless one. I then tried candle-making, but somehow my candles generally chose to stick in the moulds, just when I wanted to draw them, which, like a thriftless housewife, generally happened at the eleventh hour, either when I had burned out my last, or when a party of visitors unexpectedly arrived to pass the evening. Now, though these mishaps had originated in my want of skill or want of management, I laid them all upon the abominable country, and considered I had full right and title to complain; and complain I did, from morning till night. Mrs. Caudle was a lamb to me.

One fine afternoon, by way of diverting my ill-humour, my husband and my sister-in law (the latter had preceded us in the settlement three years, and was well acquainted with all our neighbors,) proposed taking me to pass the afternoon with a young married lady in our neighborhood, who had lately been confined. The clearing was about two miles from our house; the way lay for some distance through a dense pine wood, and thick cedar and hemlock swamp, replete with fallen trees and mud-holes; the path was merely a blazed one. The fineness of the weather—it was the beginning of April, and rather uncommon at that season; the snow was all gone, even in the forest, tempted me to consent to accompany them.

"My sister-in-law assured me I needn't be at all particular about my dress, but being a little desirous of displaying my Old Country-finery and my own gentility, I dressed myself in silk and lace, thin shoes and the finest thread stockings—turning a deaf ear to my sister-in-law's remonstrances. Of course I soiled my silk pelisse and dress, and tore my fine lace veil and pelerine in scrambling along wet logs and through brushwood, and finally lost one of my shoes in a mud hole, which my husband had some difficulty in fishing up with the ivory crook of my parasol. As to my stockings they were in an awful condition long before I dropped my shoe. The worst of the matter was that I received neither consolation nor pity from my companions, who were more disposed to laugh at my misfortunes than to sympathise with them. I would have cried but was too angry, so I marched on in sullen silence which I thought dignity. We found the husband of the lady we were going to see in the sugar-bush with a ragged little Patlander, boiling down sugar-maple sap into molasses. He politely offered us fresh-drawn sap to drink, which I declared was sickly, mawkish stuff; my companions said it was pleasant and refreshing."

Leaving the care of the sugar-kettle to little Pat, the gentleman escorted us to the house by a circuitous path, winding among stump log-heaps, to escape certain pools of melted snow and treacherous swampy spots. I was weary and out of humour, but obliged to conceal my chagrin as well as I could, on entering the small log-room, lighted by one window of scanty dimensions. There was a

strange mixture of rudeness and elegance in the furniture and general aspect of the apartment, which you know is not unusually the case in the houses of newly come-out emigrants, where articles of handsome furniture often of ornamental rather than of useful character, are singularly blended with rough, home-made materials, clumsily manufactured, to supply the place of indispensable conveniences. Against the rough, unhewn logs, were suspended fine engravings. An elegant sofa, beside a rude deal-table, which was concealed by a handsome cover, richly-bound books, fit for a drawing-room table, were arranged on unpainted, pine-wood shelves; a recess bed, draped with tasteful hangings, was partially hidden by a curtain of green baise, above which the mossy rafters were seen, and smoke-dried shingles of the unceiled roof. I have seen piano and harp in a shanty since that day, and felt no surprise, but these things were new to me in those days.

Our hostess was busily engaged in boiling sugar when we entered, in a large three-legged pot, stirring the bubbling syrup, and rocking a wooden cradle from time to time, that stood on a chest near her, in which lay a fine sleeping baby of six weeks old. On the shelf stood a sugar-trough and large tin dish, heaped up with the crystalized sugar which had been boiled down the day before. It was bright, rough, and sparkling, like masses of fine sugar-candy, not in thick, dark cakes as I had seen it before. Our new friend welcomed us courteously, and made haste to get tea ready, which consisted of real brown bread, molasses as sweet as honey and clear as wine, and tea and new milk; butter, there was none. I really am ashamed at this day to remember how very disagreeably I behaved. I made remarks on the smallness and inconvenience of the house, though my own was really not much better, I pitied our hostess instead of envying or applauding her cheerful contented temper. I did nothing but complain of the country, the servants, the stumps, the log-houses, the mud-holes, the gloomy forest; in short, everything seemed a source of annoyance. I remember, too, my ill-disguised mortification, that the only apology for a looking-glass, at which I could arrange my hair, after taking off my bonnet, was a narrow slip of glass, from a dressing-case, belonging to the master of the house, and which was scarcely wide enough to admit of a full reflection of my face. I would not allow that my feet were wet, refusing the proffered comfort of dry stockings; the consequence was, that I got a severe cold. I determined not to be amused, and tried to convince my hostess that she must be very miserable under such disadvantageous circumstances as she was placed in, but she assured me that such was not the case.

"This sort of life," she replied, "has its charms, if only for the wild novelty of it. I think I enjoy the spirit of contrivance that it calls forth, as much as Robinson Crusoe must have done, when he was building, and planning, and endeavoring to supply his household with necessary conveniences, through the exercise of his own ingenuity; besides we are always cheered by the prospect of circumstances improving, and that our present discomforts are only temporary."

Now this was good philosophy; but as it did not harmonize with my froward humour, like Joseph's brethren, I only hated my new acquaintance the more for her dreams of future good, and for not choosing to be as miserable as I was, myself, especially as she was not half so comfortably domiciled. Moreover, I choose to think that she *pretended* to be more contented with her lot than she really was, just for the sake of being thought more magnanimous than some of her acquaintance. I was very glad when our visit was over; and suspecting that I had been taken to see a good example, I provokingly became more perverse than ever.

"A few years initiation into the privations and trials of life in the back woods did more for me, however, in the end, than either precept or example. I now regard myself as a regular bush-settler's wife; most of my difficulties and all my discontent have vanished. I have learned to look with kindness and sympathy on strangers on their first coming out to this country. I remember what I, myself felt, and how I behaved during the first year of my noviciate. I can never forget that I was once a stranger in a strange land."

"I should not hesitate about calling on strangers," said one of our party; "but since that affair of the Dillon's, I really have grown cautious. We were all so deceived in that matter."

"Poor thing," said the widow, compassionately; "she was so very young, and I believe she was a complete victim to an artful man. They say she had no idea he was a married man; there have been many instances of this kind in the colony."

"I was very much annoyed at having invited them so often to my house; it looked as if I countenanced such irregularity," said the former speaker."

"There were many deceived besides yourself, my dear madame."

"Yes, to be sure, *that* was a consolation."

"She was a very lovely and fascinating young woman," said the Doctor, "and I believe an innocent one. At all events, my dear madam, you have no cause to reproach yourself for kindness and courtesy shewn in all singleness of heart. I remember a circumstance of a similar nature that fell under my own immediate knowledge, in which I was deeply interested."

"I hope the Doctor is going to tell us one

of his entertaining stories," whispered one of the young ladies.

"It is too sad a one, my dear, to amuse you,'" replied the old gentleman; "it may not prove wholly uninteresting to you, but you must bear with my prolix way of telling it. I always like to begin at the beginning and go regularly through to the end."

"I do not like your stories the worse for that, dear sir; because we are sure to learn something about what you have seen, and heard, and thought of."

"I am a *gleaner*," replied the Doctor, "and in my path through life I have gathered up things both new and old. Among the chaff, no doubt, may be found a few grains worthy of being hoarded up; but to my tale :—

"I was rambling one day among the gravel hills, in the neighborhood of Cold-Creek, with my botanical case, for the collection of plants and flowers, that I might chance to discover in my walk. My way had been for some time among beautiful rounded knolls, adorned with groups of feathery pine and silver poplars, the light foliage of which contrasted charmingly with the dark branches of the evergreens around them; beneath my feet the ground was curiously carpeted with a small species of everlasting, the soft and silky leaves of which, mixing with the dark, glossy foliage of that pretty little evergreen so common on dry, gravelly or sandy soils, known by the common names of winter-bean and Christmas-berry, formed a beautiful, variegated sort of natural embroidery; while the gentian, with its spikes of deep blue blossoms—the lighter, more elegant fringed gentian mingled with wavy branches of that graceful blue autumnal aster that you see in such perfection on plain lands; and here and there, though late in September' a few specimens still lingered of the gorgeous scarlet euchroma, or painted cup, to charm my admiring eyes."

"The Doctor will never get on with his story if he stays to fill his botanical case with floral specimens," softly whispered the pretty brunette to her neighbor.

"He is a walking herbal," she replied in the same tone; "but not a word or we shall lose the tale and vex the kind old gentleman."

"Climbing one of the flowery knolls I seated myself beneath the shade of a fine black oak, and quietly surveyed the pleasant scene before me. Following with my eye the course of the bright rippling stream, I watched its onward flow between mossy banks and huge boulders of granite, until it was lost for a while in a thicket of dark evergreens, silver birches and black alders; then again emerging, it appeared in a less attractive form, spreading over a flat of several acres, dammed up for the purpose of turning a saw-mill, which stood there a blot, to my eye, on the fair landscape. It seemed to preside over the stagnant waters with its littering encumbrance of lumber, piles of bark and rubbish, as the head quarters for the spirit of desolation and fever, and I rejoiced in the apparent decay and silence about it, thinking that it had not been profitable, and that a few years would restore to this lovely scene its own quiet tone of beauty, and sweep from the spot the ruined saw-mill, which, unlike other ruins, leaves no trace of former beauty, gives rise to no feeling of interest, conveyes no connecting idea of former days of grandeur or power in the possessor of the soil. But my speculations were suddenly interrupted by the careless whistle of a man in a countryman's grey coat, who turned into the mill, and in five minutes time—clack, clack, went the wheels, and clatter, clatter, clatter, went board after board as it was thrown upon the vast pile of sawn lumber below.

"The mill had only ceased working while the sawyer was taking his dinner, and in my mind's eye, I beheld the axe of the lumberer remorsely chopping down the noblest of the remaining pines and oaks that still adorned my favorite hills, to supply food for the teeth of that execrable saw.

"Presently I heard the cheerful tones of a female voice speaking to the sawyer, and a decently dressed woman, with a pitcher in her hand, and a small Indian basket on her arm, appeared from behind a projecting heap of timber, and bent her steps towards that side where the creek, no longer pent up by the milldam, dashed rapidly on between its deep water-worn banks, spreading greenness and fertility around. Just below the bank welled a spring of pure cold water, and here the woman stooped to dip her pitcher, and to collect fresh water-cresses, which grew in abundance at the spot.

Being very thirsty I descended from my vantage height, aud approaching the spring, I begged a draught of water from the woman, who, presenting me the pitcher, apologized that she had no cup to offer me to drink from. The clear accent of my native country fell not unpleasingly on my ear, and a beam of gladness brightened her eyes as I thanked her and claimed her as a country-woman. Talk as they will of freemasonry and odd fellowship, believe me there is no sign, so irresistible as the accents of one's native county, heard in a far country—it opens the narrowest heart and the closest hand to deeds of kindness and hospitality.

"If you would only honor me sir, said my new friend, by walking on a few yards further to our cottage, you can rest till the heat of the day be over, and I will give you an early cup of tea, to which you shall be kindly welcome."

"I loved that phrase, it sounds so hearty. I was not in the humour to reject the hospitality of the invitation, I was pleased with the respectful yet frank manners of Sarah Love, for so I found she was called, I gladly accompanied her along the winding path that leads to a

pretty frame house, which with its garden enclosed by a low picket fence, had been concealed from any view by the groups of trees that screened it and shut out the prospect of the unsightly sawmill from its windows. The little dwelling had more of a tasteful and ornamental look about it than most of the buildings in that vicinity.

"'You have a nice house here,' I said.

"'Yes sir, it is a pretty and comfortable place, though it is not kept as it used to be, but my good man is too much taken up with the mill to attend to these things; the mill and the farm occupy all his time. Be pleased sir to speak low, as we are near the house, lest the sound of our words should startle her.— Have you a sick daugter there, said I, thinking that hers must apply to some child that was ill.'

"'No, no, sir, no child of mine, yet she is almost a child in years. It is my poor dear mistress of whom I speak.' Then suddenly pausing she said, looking earnestly in my face. 'May I be so bold as to ask sir, are you a medical man?'

"I answered in the affirmative. She clasped her hands and said, 'The Lord himself be thanked! for it is His goodness that hath sent you hither. Possibly she may yet be saved.'

"I was naturally anxious to learn something of the condition of my patient before being introduced into her presence, it often throws more light on a case, than all the sufferers can tell you of their own symptoms: the real cause is frequently withheld, the effect only made known."

"From the short narrative of Sarah Love, I learned the following particulars:—'That her mistress had eloped from school with a Captain French, (I shall call him) to whom she was married; she, Sarah Love, being one of the witnesses to the marriage; that she was an orphan, and heiress to a considerable West Indian property, her paternal grand-father being trustee and guardian, but he was a stern old man, and considered he did his duty to his grand child by taking care of her property, and sending her to a fashionable boarding school. He was engrossed in mercantile business in London and seldom saw his grand daughter, he evinced little love for her, she shrunk from him with childish dread. She was a loving young thing, and her beauty attracted the attention of many who dared not approach her, but Captain French found means to introduce himself and gain her affections. He persuaded her to marry him privately and to accompany him to Canada. She dreaded nothing so much as meeting her grand-father, for her fortune she cared little. she thought it would all be right at last, and it was in safe hands.

"'I believe it was her beauty the Capt. cared for more than her money,' said my informer. 'Well sir, he brought her out to this country, he had his reasons doubtless, but they were confined to his own breast. He surrounded her with comforts, for he possessed means to do so; he bought land and entered into the speculations of the country—he built the cottage here and bought the mill, in which she took great interest My husband held the farm on shares with him and I did the work of the house. I was much attached to Mrs. French and came out with her as her attendant, she made a companion of me I may say.

"'One day the Captain went to town for letters from the old country and he did not return till the next day. He seemed changed in that time, my poor mistress could not tell what had come over him.

"'She was near her confinement, her husband told her that his affairs required his absence from home, and he must return to England. Shecould not accompany him on account of her health. He took a tender farewell of her; it seemed almost to distract him, leaving her—but he did go, and after some days she got a letter from New York. He told her that he had deceived her, that urged by his doting passion for her he had married her,—but he was a husband and a father at the time, though united to one he did not love. He blamed himself—madea thousand excuses, and said that the letter that had so distressed him had announced the arrival of his injured wife in New York, on her way to join him in Canada. To spare her such a meeting he had torn himself from her, never to meet again on earth—for well he knew her high spirit never would admit of a re-union! There was a great deal more in the letter, all in love and kindness, but it was of no use; that letter, I believe, sir, signed my poor mistress' death warrant. In woe and sorrow she gave birth to a lovely boy—the very image of his cruel father. She reproaches herself hourly for the birth of the innocent babe—despair seems to have frozen her heart. I had hoped that the sight of the child would have brought her back to herself; but she only wrings her hands when I bring him to her, and prays that she may soon die, and the infant, too. But there is no sign of death in his bright eyes and rosy cheeks. When I say to her, 'Dear lady, it is a sin to wish for the death of your babe—the babe that God has given to you to comfort your heart,' she says:—

"'Sarah, he is a boy; he will grow to be a man, and may wring some fond trusting heart, as his father has done mine. May God pardon him for the deed.'

"'Sometimes she weeps, sometimes she sings, and often of late she prays in secret for hours; but her health is fast failing. She says she does not wish to live, she would fain be at rest from all her troubles; her heart is broken.'

"I was much touched by the sad story I had heard, and not a little interested in the warm-hearted narrator, who appeared devotedly

attached to her mistress. She was none of your fair-weather friends, one who would not hesitate to abandon anyone whom society would of course condemn—confounding misfortune with guilt, as is too often done in matters of this kind.

"Sarah observed with much feeling, 'the saddest thing to me, sir, is to hear my poor lady wish for the death of her child. I was a mother once, and my boy died, a fine lad, since I came to Canada, and I know what a mother's feelings are. I believe, sir, it is all the same whether the flower be cut off in the bud or the bloom; she is a mother, and, notwithstanding her wild words, she would feel the loss of her little one, I doubt not, as bitterly as I did mine.'

"We now approached the wicket that opened upon a rustic verandah. In a garden chair, supported by pillows, reclined a graceful female. A young infant lay cradled on her breast. 'It has awakened during my absence,' whispered my conductress. She bade me keep a little out of sight, while she prepared her mistress for my visit.

"I did so, but not so far but that I could see and hear what passed.

"The faithful creature knelt down beside the invalid, and taking the white, wasted hand in hers, said:

"'Dearest lady, I have brought a medical man to see you, and implore you to give your poor servant the consolation of knowing that your precious life has not been thrown away without some effort to save it. You are too young to die yet;' and she burst into tears as she finished the pathetic appeal.

"I saw the convulsive heaving of the poor afflicted one's bosom; her fine hazel eyes were cast, with a troubled expression, upon the tearful face of her loving attendant; her quivering lips showed the struggle within. I could not hear the low, tremulous words she uttered, but I guessed their import from the look of distress which came over the face of the faithful Sarah. But Sarah was a woman, a tender-hearted woman; she had been a mother, and she knew a mother's heart, and the language most likely to find its way to it, better than the rhetoric of schools. Her's was the language of nature, and nature ever prevails.

"She took the slumbering babe from it's mother's breast. She knelt before her; she pleaded its helplessness, its innocence, its orphan state.

"'It is your duty to love and cherish this little one, and to take care of the life which is so necessary for its preservation.'

"She joined the tiny waxen hands together, and held them up, as if it were also beseeching its mother to listen to the prayers of its kind nurse.

"The voice of nature was heard; the heart of the grief-stricken mother was stirred within her; the powerful feelings of maternity conquered the apathy of despair. She bowed her face on her unconscious babe, and wept.

"Sarah had conquered, and with joyful haste she admitted me within the wicket.

"I had seen all, heard all, understood all that had passed, and it needed a strong effort on my part to overcome my emotion, and act the part of the mere man of physic.

"By tenderness and soothing sympathy I soon won the confidence of my patient, but it needed little skill to discover that the nervous system had been dreadfully deranged, that grief had destroyed the very springs of life, in fact, that her days were numbered.

"Long fits of fainting were brought on by the slightest personal exertion. The hectic flush or deadly paleness by turns prevailed. As her chance of life grew fainter, her desire to live for the sake of her infant grew stronger and stronger. 'He is twining himself round my heart,' she would say; 'weaving chains of earthly love to bind me to this wicked world. Alas! he is too dear—too dear!'

"The last time I saw her, she gave me her grandfather's address, and besought me to write to him, to tell her sad story for her—to plead for her babe. She also besought me to discover her unfortunate husband, and to convey her forgiveness to him; and, lastly, she prayed me to watch over her boy, and be a friend and counsellor to him, and to have him baptised. I promised to do all she desired; I was to be one of the sponsors, the good Sarah and her husband were to join me in the sacred office. I left her with a missionary—a kind and excellent man, who labored devoutly to smooth the rough and painful path through the valley of the shadow of death. Never was I more grieved at the death of any one, that was not bound to me by kindred ties, than by that of this young and interesting creature. I sorrowed for her as for a daughter.

"We buried her near the creek, beneath the overhanging branches of a beautiful aspen. No stone marks the spot—only the green mound and the quivering aspen, on which I carved her initials, her age, and the date of her death. Many a time have I paused as I passed the lonely spot, in my way to and from the cottage, to look upon the grave and listen to the murmuring of the brook and tremulous sound of the quivering leaves of the tree; as they stirred in the breeze they seemed like the sighing of the poor heart-stricken deer, who had there found a home and a resting place."

The old man was silent, his benevolent heart was moved with the remembrance of the unfortunate being whose sorrows had so deeply awakened his sympathy.

"I fear there are only too many tales of this kind to be told in this province," said the widow-lady. "It strikes me that it is the frequency of these things that has laid the

foundation for that spirit of scandal that has so long been noticed as forming a disagreeable feature in the conversation of our neighbors, the Americans, and is fast gaining ground amongst ourselves. But what became of your interesting little godson."

"He grew a fine engaging child under the care of his excellent nurse, and I began to contemplate with pleasure the time when I should be able to take him under my own especial care; but a more brilliant fortune awaited him, —the letters I wrote on his behalf to his grandfather had so worked upon the mind of the old man, that he caused his agent to signify his earnest wish, that as soon as the child was old enough to leave his nurse, I would complete the good work I had begun, and make the necessary arrangements for his voyage to England.

"I was loath to part with the child. Sarah, however, accompanied him home, and her husband has since sold his property and joined her. I heard not long since of the death of Arthur's great grandfather—he is now heir to a large fortune and is living with his guardian, a clergyman, who means to educate him for the church.

"Of his father I never heard; probably his name was assumed and my letters never reached him."

The ladies all thanked the Doctor for his story; the fair Canadian declared it was almost as good as if it had been a chapter of a novel; the pretty brunette said it had made her quite sad, and wondered if the Doctor's godson would ever come out to Canada and settle near his birth-place, and build a tomb over his mother's grave;—but before the Doctor had time to give any answer to this conjecture, the sound of sleigh-bells at the door announced that the old gentleman's *cutter* was waiting, and the sociable little party was broken up, with the promise of a re-union at no very distant date. G. Traill.

"BONNIE SWEET ROBIN" IS "NAE DEAD AND GANE."

[Written for the Anniversary of the Birthday of Robert Burns, at Sheffield, January 25th, 1848.]

Oh! say not in sadness, the Bard has departed,
While Memory thus is enshrining his name;
For the perfume his chaplet of bay-leaves imparted,
Lives fragrantly yet in the breathing of Fame.
While we think of him over the "crimson-tipped flower,"
While we chant forth his soul in the "Bannockburn" strain,
While we bend to his harp as we do at this hour,
Oh! "Bonnie sweet Robin" is "nae dead and gane."

His love plaints in exquisite tenderness breaking,
Still fall on our ear as the dew on the earth;
His song of proud honesty still is awaking
Man's sense of the greatness that springeth from Worth.
While rare "Tam O'Shanter" calls smiles to our faces,
While "Mary in Heaven" brings something of pain;
While "Puir Maillie" is mourned, and "Twa Dogs" keep their places,
Oh! "Bonnie sweet Robin" is "nae dead and gone."

It is bitter to know we must tell a dark story,
Of Poverty thrusting him on to his grave;
That he struggled with Sorrow while working for Glory,
A toiler—a victim—but never a *slave.*
Yet his spirit now seemeth to hover beslde us,
The sephulchre-stone was laid o'er him in vain,
He is here as God's teacher, to prompt and to guide us,
And "Bonnie sweet Robin" is "nae dead and gane."

He lighted the beacon that burneth for ever,
He opened the well-spring that cannot dry up;
He poured Truth in the chalice he left us, and never
Shall noble Humanity turn from the cup.
While we've hearts in our bosoms that know how to cherish
The hands that unfasten the world's heavy chain,
Till the Good and the Beautiful utterly perish,
Oh! "Bonnie sweet Robin" is "nae dead and gane."

HALF AN HOUR IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC OCEAN.

'Twas the forenoon watch of a bright Sunday in April 1851; the V—— of Edgartown was ploughing her way gallantly on her passage to the Sandwich Islands, and, at the time of which we speak, in the immediate vicinity of Juan Ferandez; when suddenly from the main top-gallant cross trees, the voice of Joel Stratton broke upon the listless group who were stretched in all portions upon the Forecastle deck. There she blows! * * * * * * "Two points off the lee bow—a sperm whale! "Haul up the courses." "Back main yard." sung out the officer of the watch, when in a moment she fluttered in the breeze, and all the crews being summoned to the boats three in number, the latter were soon lowered away and the men followed them by the chains. No time was lost; but away we went, each boat more or less diverging in its course from its neighbour—taking advantage of the breeze, we hoisted sail and made in the direction of our prize. In less than five minutes, we shot past the monster who was coming upon us "head on," and as we flew by him, he received the first iron from the hands of our boatsteerer. Contrary to all expectation, he continued upon the surface, dashing along at a tremendous speed, and carrying with him at

least 150 fathom of line. Having gained this distance, he hove to, springing here and there, and writhing apparently in the greatest agony. Meanwhile the bow boat approached, and *fastened* to him without delay. He now disappeared from the surface of the sea, but only to return in company with a batch of sharks; this he did in about 15 minutes, close to the larboard quarter boat, the header of which plunged his lance into him as he rose to the surface. This infuriated him to such a degree that he made at the boat forthwith, driving his formidable lower jaw completely through her bow, filling her of course with water, and leaving the crew to bail out as best they could—while this was going on, the whale remained stationary, and we (the waist boat) had an opportunity of hauling in our line upon him, when he received the second lance (a fatal one as the result proved,) ably directed by our second officer. And now came the mortal struggle. He no sooner received the lance than he turned upon us, and with jaws expanded to the utmost limit rushed madly upon our ill-star'd boat, which he snapped up about midships, lifting her clean out of water, precipitating us all (six in number) into the sea, crushing the boat between his jaws as he would have done a nut shell, and finishing his work of demolition by giving the fragments of wreck a parting tap with his enormous flukes. "Out of the frying pan into the fire," thought I, wiping the salt, luke warm water, out of my eyes, for the first object which met my vision was the dorsal fin of a shark whisking by me in the direction of the whale—and so we struggled for bare life, one upon an oar, another upon a fragment and so on for the space of twenty minutes at the least, when we were picked up by the boat already described as having been first disabled by the monster, thus were we with great difficulty, and in a sinking condition, restored to the good ship V——. After all we had the satisfaction of seeing our friend deprived of his jacket—in fact by six o'clock of the same evening we had completed our operation of *cutting in*, and were proceeding on our voyage, perchance to undergo a similar duty on the morrow.—*A Toronto Sailor.*

EXTRACTS FROM THE HISTORY OF THE MORMONS.

This work, treating of the faith, and condition, both social and political, of this most extraordinary people, is the fruit of more than a year's residence amongst them.

The author appears to have conceived that the results of a movement influencing the character of half a million of souls could not but be of general interest, and, after the most close and serious investigation, he has submitted the fruits of his labor to the public. The short space which our advertising columns admit of, for the purpose, will give but a faint idea of the interesting character of what may be almost styled an official report.

For those who desire facts in the history of humanity, on which to indulge in reflection, has the book been prepared,—the mere readers for amusement will find ample food also in its pages.—Ed. A. A. Mag.

MISSIONARIES.

Missionaries are sent with all the promptness of military orders, a three days' notice for a three years' absence from family and business not unfrequently being all that is given. Families are cared for by the Presidency and bishops. Three hundred were chosen at one conference. Previous to starting, they were assembled to receive the orders of Joseph. He preached a fervid sermon, that stimulated their pride to conquer difficulties without scrip or purse. One of that band, still well-affected to the society, though differing on one point from its teaching, related to the writer some parts of the discourse. One main point insisted on was, that "spiritual wifery" was to be most pointedly denied; and that they taught that one man should live in chaste fidelity with one woman in conjugal relationship. In the dark concerning the revelation allowing polygamy, he sincerely declared that but one wife was ever known to any of his brethren. While zealously preaching in the city of New York, he was thought worthy, by the Apostle Lyman, to be let into the secret of the "blessings of Jacob," the privileges of the Saints. Called aside one day by the President of the Stake, he was told that God had always rewarded his distinguished saints with special privileges, such as would be wrong for sinners, but by revelation made harmless to the good. As an instance he would cite Jacob, David, and Solomon, who had many wives allowed them. In these last days, also, the like had been accorded to Joseph Smith and others; and having now full confidence in his holiness, the priest could have the same privilege of adding to the household of the faith many children, by choosing additions to the present wife. The priest says he was utterly astounded, but, on reflection, chose to dissemble, and say he would consider the matter. In the evening he was invited to witness "a sealing" of several couples, at a large boarding-house. In the front parlor the ceremony, like a marriage, was performed; and, as each pair was "finished" by the priest, they retired through the folding doors, and thus to their own apartment. The guest was so shocked, that he retired to his home, and though he never took any open part against the "church

of new privileges," he was denounced as a deserter in their papers, and the public cautioned against him as a defamer. Strange to say, he was, at the time of our interview, contemplating rejoining his people in the mountains.

POLYGAMY.

It was during a peaceful time, about 1841–2, that the *revelation* allowing to the High Priests and chiefs of their hierarchy as many wives as they could support, and declaring it a duty for those eligible to the priesthood, to take one wife at least, was said to be given. In vain, it is reported, proved the opposition of Emma, The Elect Lady—in vain, also, her threat of another husband in retaliation; the only consolation received was, that a prophet must obey the Lord, "he would be obedient to the heavenly vision." The story of "spiritual wives," or rather that the wives be held in common, and those whose husbands were not in full fellowship with the church, like themselves, were sealed to the elders, probably arose from the published doctrine that a woman cannot be saved without a man to take her into the heavenly kingdom. It is even yet asserted, we believe, by the *Mormonish*, and opposers of this part of "Revelation," (for there are many of both sexes denouncing it, without being cut off, because it is not yet a publicly proclaimed doctrine,) that certain women are sealed to high dignitaries: but, for ourselves, we know nothing of the truth or falsity of the charge: we can only say that all marriage relations that came under our notice were most purely correct in appearance; and that all wives in Utah showed a devotion and alacrity in domestic affairs and family duties, that would promote the harmony of the world, and make many a heavy heart beat for joy, if universal.

That polygamy existed at Nauvoo, and is now a matter scarcely attempted to be concealed among the Mormons, is certain. Elsewhere are given their reasons for its justification. It is a thing of usual and general conversation in the mountains, and we often heard one of the Presidency spoken of with his twenty-eight wives; another with "forty-two, more or less;" and the third called an old bachelor, because he has only a baker's dozen. It is neither reproach or scandal; no one is present to see the ceremony of sealing but the priestly clerk and parties; therefore, if a Gentile asks one if all the women in his neighbors house, with prattling babes, are the landlord's wives, the answer is, "I know nothing about it, and attend to no man's family relations."

JOE SMITH.

The anecdotes of his eccentricities and manners are household themes in the mountains, and time and distance are embellishing them with all the virtues of the true hero! Those we have collected serve to show how the prophet Joseph would strip off the mask of hypocrisy—how he would meet a new convert, bringing his long-faced piety from the other denominations, and challenge a wrestling match in the streets, nor let off the sanctimonious and surprised fellow until he had shown him that his athletic reputation was not a sham, by leaving him flat in the dust—and to all he taught that his was a laughter-loving, cheerful religion. And how another, coming with charitable zeal to the prophet, would be requested to lend for the temple all his money, and then be noticed no more than other strangers; the poor destitute being obliged to shoulder spade and axe, and labor in poverty, until he would decamp or be proved faithful. If he stood the test for a few months, he would suddenly be called to head-quarters, and eligible lots assigned him, and some position given in which he could earn his bread in comfort.

That he had become politically as well as religiously ambitious, is apparent from his letters on governmental policy. By establishing "stakes" in various places, he could hope to hold the balance of power between the two great parties, and ultimately force one to help his own people to place him in the highest office in the nation.

THE EXPULSION FROM NAUVOO.

We have one more sad and fearful tale to tell about the Mormons ere their fortunes brightened. The mobocratic spirit did not expire when it destroyed the great leader. Threats and demonstrations clearly proved, that their present abode, which had been made lovely by unheard-of exertions, must be abandoned. The monster conflagrations on Green Plains cast a funereal glare on the spires of Nauvoo. The present venerable patriarch, uncle of the prophet Joseph, in prophetic vision announced that the whole people must retire to the wilderness, to grow into a multitude aloof from the haunts of civilization.

This matter was taken into consideration by Brigham in high council. The result was, that they would move as fast as possible across Iowa to the Missouri, and into the Indian country in the vicinity of Council Bluffs. Speculators flocked in, and offered nominal prices for what they significantly hinted would very soon be taken for nothing, if the offers were rejected. Houses, lots, and such goods as could not be moved, were sold by many in the fall of '44 and winter of '45; and several parties set out on the dreary journey early the following spring. Ox-carts and mule teams, loaded with all sorts of furniture, intermingled with women and children, wended their way slowly along on miry tracks, and crossed the swollen streams—fuel and grass scanty—but the spirits of all unbroken, save the sick and helpless. Closely bound together by common dangers and common faith, they performed with alacrity their duties, and sympathy made the dreary journey one of social life. Their

mirthfulness would be excited by little incidents, and even misfortunes were turned into jokes, as helping hands lent their aid to right a broken wheel or upset waggon. At the halting places, the spinning-wheel would be taken down and yarn spun to keep the knitting-needles going when riding during the day—and cloth made from wool sheared after the journey began. At some places land was broken up and planted with seed, and a family or two left to rear a crop for those who were to follow in autumn. The lowing herd accompanied, and the milch kine yielded the nourishing beverage, and butter was made by the jolting of the waggons as they travelled along.

Still, the work continued unabated on the temple, for they were commanded to dedicate it before leaving the city of Beauty. It was the work of their hearts; each person owned a share of the noble pile, for his hands had labored on it, his tithes were expended there, and the ladies had contributed their ornaments to forward the sacred edifice. The mob became impatient of delay, and would not believe the Mormons sincere in the stipulated move. As the corn-fields began to ripen, the rabble collected, it is said, to the number of two thousand, and there were only three hundred of the old legion to defend the place against them. For three days an irregular fight went on, the assailants taking advantage of the high waving corn to conceal their approaches. The defenders nobly stood their ground, and drove them back at all points, and obtained a truce until spring; and then set diligently to work to complete the architectural ornaments, the holy emblems, and the angel on the lofty spire with his gospel trump, to prepare the sacred temple for the last act assigned them by "revelation."*

When completed in all its minutiæ, the consecrators were called. From the surrounding country, and from parties far advanced on their prophetic journey, priests, elders, and bishops stole into the city as dusty travellers, and were suddenly metamorphosed to dignity by their robes of office; and one day, from high noon to the shade of night, was there a scene of rejoicing and solemn consecration of the beautiful edifice, on which so much anxiety and thought had lately been expended. There stood the Mormon temple in simple beauty, the pride of the valley. The great altar hung with festoons of flowers and green wreaths; the baptistic laver resting on twelve elaborately carved oxen, decorated with the symbolic glories, celestial, and terrestrial; the chaunt was sung, the prayers offered up, and the noble building, resplendent with lights lamps and torches, solemnly dedicated to their own God. This done, and the walls were dismantled of ornaments and the symbols of their faith, the key-words of the mysteries, and lettered insignia were all removed with haste, except the sun, moon, and stars, carved in stone on the walls, and the temple forsaken, to be "profaned and trodden down by the Gentiles." A few brief hours were given to this brilliant pageant, and during this festive, joyous scene, a spectator would have supposed the actors expected that house to be their own for ever. There is something truly affecting in the contemplation of that devotional offering of so fine a temple, and then leaving it unscathed to the hand of their enemies.

From this time all defence ceased, and their enemies rested satisfied that the Mormons had decided to sell their possessions. Arrangements for surrender and departure were quickly made. Company after company followed the pioneers to the white Missouri; and many, crossing over in early summer, turned up the rich but pestilential prairie sod, to prepare a harvest for autumn, and await the last of the trains. During the summer the plague and fever raged violently, and its ravages in the great bottom, on Indian and white men, were fearful. Winter approached—the tent and waggon body, with its hooped canvas, was exchanged for caves dug in the sides of the hills, and covered with logs, reeds, or cloth. The scanty fuel gave but little warmth to ward off the cold, made more searching from the piercing winds that howled over the delta prairies of the Missouri and Nebraska. Then came the ague, the rheumatism, and the scurvy, the terrible concomitants of fatigue, exposure, and scanty fare. Numbers died, and were buried in the rich alluvium. Awful as was that winter and spring, a cheerful heart and countenance was on all sides—a revelation gave permission to dance, to sing, and enjoy the swelling music from the excellent band that accompanied all their journeys.

Let us revert to the summer. A city was laid out, and soon the streets were dusty with the tread of busy industry. A printing-press issued the *Frontier Guardian*, the able exponent of their doctines still. The name assumed was *Kane*, in honor of their guest and eloquent defender, whose historical oration on these dark periods of their fortunes, does equal honor to his charitable heart and intelligence—a sketch, however of the epic kind, replete with poetical ornament and fervor.

It was at this time, in July, that a battalion of 520 men was recruited among them for the Mexican war. The government, knowing their intention to settle in California, would thus do them a favor by bearing a part of the expense of removal, test and demonstrate their fidelity, and show the reports of their enemies, concerning leagues with the Indians, to be false. The people, however, thought this only another persecution, yet submitted, to prove their patriotism. Enfeebled by disease, and scattered, it was an enormous effort. The

* I am informed by Captain S. Eastman, the accomplished scholar and artist, that the angel and trump are in Barnum's Museum, New York city.

elders called the congregation, and asked for recruits. The unmarried were *ordered to volunteer*—their fathers and husbands were called to leave their families, and the elders declared, if necessary, they would shoulder the musket. In three days the battalion was organized, and a merry ball, from "noon to dewy eve," was given, in holiday attire, by young men and maidens, joined in by reverend priests and matrons. The warriors were blessed in holy convocation, a prophecy made that they should conquer the country without a drop of blood shed in battle; and the battalion departed "in the name of the Lord."

Men were sent to the mountains, to the heads of the Missouri branches, and to California, to spy out the land, and the Calebs and Joshuas brought such a report of the Great Salt Lake Valley, that it was chosen for another "everlasting abode."

In the spring of 1847, a pioneer party of 143 men proceeded to open the way; and the host, in parties of ten, fifties, and hundreds, followed. This was an admirable system, and baffled the thievish desire of the Sioux, Crows, and Shoshones. A captain was over each division, but the captains of hundreds had the supervision of the smaller bands. A strict discipline of guard and march was observed. But the drain of the battalion threw the burden of toil much upon the women. Females drove teams of several yoke of oxen a thousand miles. A man could take three teams by the help of a woman and lad—he driving the middle one, and stepping forward to assist over the creeks with the foremost, and then bring up the rear ones—and at the camps unyoke and "hitch up" for his feebler coadjutors. Thus they wound along their weary way, at ten or fifteen miles a day—forded, or bridged, and ferried over the Loup, the Horn, and Platte rivers on the plains, and the swollen streams of the Bear, and rushing Weber, in the mountains.

The first glimpse of the great valley on the road was from the summit of the second mountain, sixteen miles distant. As each team rose upon the narrow table, the delighted pilgrims saw the white salt beach of the Great Lake glistening in the never-clouded sunbeam of summer—and the view down the open gorge of the mountains, divided by a single conical peak, into the long-toiled-for vale of repose, was most ravishing to the beholders. Few such ecstatic moments are vouchsafed to mortals in the pilgrimage of life, when the dreary past is all forgotten, and the soul revels in unalloyed enjoyment, anticipating the fruition of hope. A few moments are allotted to each little party to gaze, to admire, and to praise—and they begin to descend a steep declivity, amid the shades of a dense poplar grove, and for twenty-four hours are desiring to renew their pleasurable sensations, on emerging from the frowning kanyon into the paradisaical valley, and long-sought-for home.

The journey was ended, but this gave no repose—industry continued. In five days a field was consecrated, fenced, ploughed, and planted, and seeds were germinating in the moisture of irrigating streams and the genial warmth of the internal heat of the earth, here brought to their notice by the thermal waters gushing from a thousand streams.

Though cramped in their means, and feeble as they were, nothing of interest on that long journey was left unobserved or unrecorded. Parties were directed to scour the vicinity of the road, and report on springs, timber, grass, and other objects of interest. An ingenious and accurate road-measurer was attached to a waggon, and a person designated to note the distance from point to point, and every feasible camping ground was marked down—and a Directory for every rod of the road, admirably arranged and filled with useful information, was published for the use of those who should follow. The self-taught mathematician and learned apostle Orson Pratt, noted the latitude and longitude. The valley of the Platte is found to be almost an unbroken plane, whose slope is so gentle that the eye detects neither ascent or descent, and from the Black Hills to its mouth is almost a straight line, and is perhaps the most remarkable trace, and finest natural road in the world. The flat, or bottom, begins to spread at the hills, gradually from a point to ten or fifteen miles in width; and lies between bluffs, whose height is the original plane or surface, out of which the river has excavated its valley. Few clumps of trees are along the banks; but the islands, secure from the prairie fires, are covered with groves of cottenwood. Irrigation would make valuable the level meadows, and to the north and south, pastures can be found, covered with nutritious grasses, whose limits would be the range of the shepherds from the watering river.

A FOREST THOUGHT.

The fine old Oak hath passed away, its noble stem hath shrunk,
Till roving footsteps speeding on, leap o'er the sapless trunk;
Its glory hath departed, and the wrestler with the storm
Is crumbled, till it yields no home to keep the squirrel warm;
But bright green moss is clothing it, all soft, and sweet, and fresh,
As true as when it first entwined the sapling in its mesh,
It leaveth not the ruin spot, but beautiful to see,
It yearneth still the closer to that gray and fallen tree.

I know this heart must wither, and become as dead a thing;
It will not heed the winter-cloud, nor feel the sun of spring;

In low decaying solitude this form ere long shall fade,
And moulder 'neath the grave-sod, like the tree in forest glade.
Oh! let me hope that some kind thoughts will turn toward my name,
And glowing breasts that love me now will love me still the same;
Let gentle Memory fill the home where once I used to be,
And cling to me like green moss to that gray and fallen tree.

THE ADVENTURES OF THE LAST ABENCERRAGE.

When Boabdil, the last King of Grenada, was compelled to abandon the kingdom of his ancestors, he halted for a brief space on the summit of Mount Padel. From this lofty height the unfortunate monarch could discover the sea on which he was about to embark for Africa. He could also see Grenada, La Vega, and the Xenil, on whose banks were pitched the tents of Ferdinand and Isabella. At the view of this lovely country and of the cypresses which still marked here and there the tombs of the Mussulman—the proud shame of a baffled warrior—the tender memories of home, of childhood, of fatherland, swelled his heart to bursting, and hiding his face in his hand, Boabdil wept.

Then burst from the lips of his haughty mother that unjust, bitter taunt, which history has preserved, "Aye, weep like a woman for a kingdom you knew not how to defend like a man!" Sadly the king turned his steed, and the cavalcade, consisting of a few nobles who formerly composed his court, descended the mountain, and Grenada was lost to their sight for ever. The spot is called to this day "The last sigh of the Moor,"—"El ultimo sospiro del Moro."

The Moors of Spain, who partook the fortunes of their monarch, dispersed themselves hither and thither in the kingdoms of Morocco and Barbary. The tribes of the Zegris and the Gomelas established themselves in Fez, whence they originally sprung. The Vanegas and the Alabes remained in the territory between Oran and Algiers, and, lastly, the Abencerrages settled in the environs of Tunis, and formed, in sight of the ruins of Carthage, a colony, to this day distinguished from the Moors of Africa by the elegance of their manners and the mildness of their laws.

The memory of their lost country lived in the hearts and disturbed the tranquillity of the unhappy Moors. Mothers hushed their infant babes and rocked them to rest with the romances of the Zegris and Abencerrages. Men prayed each fifth day in the mosques, invoking Allah to restore to them their lost Paradise in Grenada. In vain did the country of the Lotophagi offer to the heart-broken exiles its luscious fruits, its limpid fountains, its fresh verdure, and its brilliant sun. Far removed from the Tours Vermeilles, neither fruit, fountain, or flower could attract the slightest attention or arouse the least degree of interest or sympathy. Universal despair seized on the whole race. They knew not whether it was day or night, sunshine or shadow; only it was not Grenada.

Amongst all the noble families thus banished to Africa, none preserved so tender and faithful a recollection of their lost inheritance as the Abencerrages. They had quitted with mortal regret the scenes of their ancient but now vanished glories—the hill and vale, the mountain pass and fertile plain, that had so often re-echoed to their war cry, "Honor and love!" Chivalrous warriors! unable longer to couch the lance, or throw the light jerreed in the naked desert, they consecrated themselves to the study of simples—a profession esteemed amongst the Arabs as equal to that of arms. Yet in this exchange they preserved somewhat of their olden type, for it was thought no shame to a gallant cavalier to dress the wound himself had made.

The abode of these heroes who formerly dwelt in palaces and owned principalities, was not situate in the hamlet of the other exiles at the foot of the mountain of Mamelife, but was built amidst the ruins of Carthage, on the shore of the sea, near the spot where St. Louis died upon the ashes, and where to this day stands a Mahommedan hermitage. Attached to the walls of their hut were some buckles of lion's skin, on which were emblazoned, on a field of azure, the figures of two savages destroying a city with their clubs; underneath were the words "'Tis a small matter," —the arms and motto of the Abencerrages. Lances adorned with white and blue pennons, soft alburnoz and gay coats of slashed satin were ranged near the bucklers, and glittered amidst cymitars and poignards. Here and there were suspended some gauntlets, silver bits and stirrups enriched with precious stones, long swords whose scabbards had been embroidered by the hands of princesses, and golden spurs which the Yoculbs, the Ginevras, and the Orianés had buckled formerly on valiant cavaliers.

On some tables beneath these trophies of departed glory, were arranged emblems of a more peaceful character. These consisted of herbs culled from the summit of Atlas amidst eternal snow, in the burning sands of the wilderness of Sahara, and in the smiling plains of their beloved

Grenada—capable of solacing alike the ills of the body or the chagrins of the soul. Of the latter the Abencerrages prized chiefly those which served to calm vain regrets, to dissipate foolish illusions, and to disperse those fleeting hopes of happiness which occasionally arise in the minds of the unfortunate. Unhappily, however, these simples had sometimes virtues of an opposite nature, and frequently did the fragrant perfume of a flower produce the effect of a poisonous exhalation on the illustrious exiles.

A quarter of a century had nearly rolled away since the taking of Grenada, and in this short period of time fourteen Abencerrages had perished by the change of climote, the accidents incident to a wandering life, and, above all, by disappointment and despair, which, like dripping water, slowly undermines the strength and forces of men. One single shoot was the sole remaining hope of this once famous house. Aben Hamet bore the name of that Abencerrage who was accused by the Zegris of having seduced the Sultana Alfaima. In him were united the beauty, valor, courtesy, and generosity of his ancestors, with that soft éclat and that light tinge of sorrow which ever accompany misfortunes, nobly sustained. When only twenty-two years of age he lost his father. He then resolved to make a pilgrimage to the land of his forefathers to satisfy the yearnings of his heart, and to accomplish, if possible, a design which he carefully concealed in his secret heart.

He sailed from the harbour of Tunis in a light xebeque; a favouring breeze quickly wafted him to Carthagena, when he disembarked, and was soon on his way to Grenada. He announced himself as an Arabian physician come to herborize amongst the rocks of the Sierra Nevada. A quiet mule carried him steadily through the country where formerly the Abencerrages sped on their warlike coursers. A guide preceded him, conducting two other mules adorned with bells and tufts of many colored wools. Aben Hamet traversed the wide heaths and extensive palm forests of the kingdom of Murcia, and his heart was pierced with regret at the thought that these palms must have been planted by the hands of his fathers. Now a tower shewed its battlements where once the sentinel had watched in the time of the war between Moor and Christian. Now a ruin peeped forth, whose architecture announced its Moorish origin. Fresh cause of grief for the Abencerrage! He descended from his mule, and under pretext of seeking for plants concealed himself a few moments in the ruins to give free vent to his misery. At length he betook himself to the route, dreaming to the noise of the bells of the caravan and the monotonous song of the muleteer. The latter occasionally interrupted his romance to encourage his mules, by apostrophizing them as beautiful or valorous, or to chide them with the epithets idle and obstinate.

A few sheep conducted by a shepherd like an army through the yellow and uncultivated fields, and some solitary travellers, far from spreading life around, served only to render the prospect more desolate and deserted. Each traveller wore a sword at his side, and an ample cloak, and a broad-leafed hat, which shaded nearly half the visage from sight, completed their costume. They saluted Aben Hamet in passing, but the latter only distinguished in this noble salutation the names of God, Lord, and cavalier. In the evening at the venta, the Abencerrage took his place in the midst of the strangers without being importuned by any indiscreet curiosity. None spoke to him; none questioned him. His turban, robes, and arms excited no astonishment. Therefore, since Allah had decreed that the Moors should be deprived of this lovely country, Aben Hamet could not abstain from admiring the grave politeness of the conquerors.

Emotions yet more keen awaited the Abencerrage at the end of his journey. Grenada is built at the foot of the mountain range of the Sierra Nevada, upon two lofty hills separated by a deep valley. The houses ranged closely along the slopes of either hill, and in the bottom of the valley, give to the city the exact appearance of an open Pomegranate, and hence its name. Two rivers the Xenil and the Darro, wash the feet of these two hills, and there uniting their golden floods meander peacefully through the midst of a charming plain, called La Vega. This plain which the city overlooks, is covered with vines, Pomegranates, Figtrees, Mulberries and Oranges, and is surrounded by mountains of romantic appearance, an enchanting sky, and air pure and delicious. The refreshing breezes of the mountains, the soft carolling of thousands of birds, and the bright peace and tranquility of the scene cause to steal over the soul a secret languor, which the passing traveller has scarce courage to overcome. Heroism would speedily have been extinguished in this country by the more tender passions of the soul, were it not, that love, to be true, always requires the company of glory.

When Aben Hamet first descried the distant roofs of the first edifice of Grenada, his heart beat so violently that he was obliged to check his mule. Folding his arms tightly o'er his ample breast, and fastening his eyes on the sacred city, he remained mute and immoveable. The guide

stopped in his turn and as all lofty sentiments are easily understood by a Spaniard, he appeared touched, and divined that the Moor reviewed his ancient home. At length the Abencerrage broke the silence. Oh guide, cried he, mayest thou live happy and respected, conceal not the truth from me, for calm reigned o'er the waves the day of thy birth, and the moon was entering its crescent. What towers are those which glitter like stars above a green forest? 'Tis the Alhambra, answered the guide. And yonder castle upon the opposite hill? interrogated Aben Hamet.—The Generalife, replied the Spaniard. There is, in that castle, a garden planted with myrtles, where they pretend the Abencerrage was surprised with the Sultana Alfaima. Further off you may see the Albaizyn, and nearer to us the Tours Vermeilles, (or Vermilion Towers).

Each syllable uttered by the guide, pierced the heart of Aben Hamet like a dagger thrust. How cruel is it to learn from strangers, where lie the monuments and remains of parents and friends, or to be told by indifferent and careless bystanders' the history of family and friends. The guide, however, soon put an end to the reflections of Aben Hamet, by calling out:—

"Speed on, Senor Moro, speed on. 'Tis the will of God. Take courage. Is not Francis the first, himself a prisoner in our Madrid? It is the will of God." Then lifting his hat, he made the sign of the cross, and whipped up his mules. The Abencerrage pressing on his own in turn, muttered, "'Tis Destiny," and then they descended to Grenada.

On their way down, they passed near the huge oak, celebrated by the combat of Muza Ben Abil Gazan, and the Grand Master of Calatrava, under the last King of Grenada.

They made the circuit of the Alamerda, and entered the city by the Elvira gate, and having mounted the Rambla, soon arrived at a square Plaza, surrounded on all sides by houses of Moorish architecture. A Khan was open on this square for the receptien of Moors from Africa, whom the silk trade of the Vega, attracted in crowds to Grenada. Thither his guide conducted Aben Hamet.

The Abencerrage was too agitated to taste even a slight repose in his new abode, for his soul was troubled with thoughts of his country.

Unable to stifle the sentiments which tormented his heart, he rose at midnight to wander in the crooked streets of Grenada. He endeavored with hand and eye, to recognize some of the monuments so often described to him by the old men of his tribe. Perhaps yon lofty edifice whose walls loomed dimly through the surrounding darkness, was formerly the residence of the Abencerrage's. Perchance here it was on this solitary spot that those feasts were given which raised the glory of Grenada unto the skies. Here tripped the dancers clothed in splendid vestments of brocade and silk. Then advanced the galleries loaded with sweet scented flowers and precious armour, and here again, the dragons darting fire, which concealed Mustrion's warriors in their hollow flanks. But alas, these ingenious inventions of pleasure and gallantry, were faded and gone forever, and in place of the sound of the anafius, the noise of trumpets and the songs of love, a profound silence reigned around. The silent city had changed its inhabitants, and the conquerors slept on the couch of the vanquished. "They sleep now, these proud Spaniards, cried the young Moor in indignation, under those roofs from which they have exiled my ancestors. And I an Abencerrage, watch unknown, solitary, forsaken, at the gate of the palace of my fathers."

Aben Hamet then seriously reflected on human destiny, on the vicissitudes of fortune, on the fall of Empires, in fact, on that Grenada, surprised by its enemies in the midst of feasting and joy, and exchanging all at once its garlands of flowers, for the chains of slavery. He dreamt he saw the inhabitants abandoning their homes in their festal garments, like guests who in the disorder of their mirth are suddenly startled from the banquet by a cry of fire.

All these images and thoughts forced themselves on the soul of Aben Hamet. Full of grief and regret he became more than ever determined to execute the project which had brought him to Grenada. Day soon surprised him, and the Abencerrage found himself in the scattered suburbs of the town, far from the Khan of the Moors.—The world slept. Not a sound disturbed the silent streets. The doors and windows of the houses were closed. The crow of the cock alone proclaimed, in the habitations of the poor, the return of labour and toil.

After having wandered for a long time unable to discover his way, Aben Hamet heard a door open and saw a young girl issue forth into the street. She was habited in the style of those gothic queens, sculptured in the monuments of our ancient abbey. Her black bodice, ornamented with beads of jet, fitted, closely, her elegant figure. Her short petticoat, narrow and without folds, discovered a fine shaped leg and a charming foot. A mantilla equally black was drawn over her head, and, held by her left hand, crossed and closed under her chin like a nun's hood, so that

nought of her face was visible save her large eyes and rosy mouth. A duenna accompanied her steps and a page preceded her with a prayer book. Two lacqueys in livery followed the lovely unknown at some distance. She was on her way to attend morning prayer, which the sounds of a bell announced in a neighbouring monastery.

Aben Hamet in the first burst of his astonishment, fancied he saw the angel Israfil or the youngest of the Houris. The young Spaniard not less surprised, gazed on the Abencerrage, whose turban, robes, and arms embellished even his noble figure. Recovered from her first start of surprise, she signed to the stranger to approach her, with the grace and freedom peculiar to the women of this country.

"Senor Moro," said she to him, "you appear but lately arrived in Grenada. Have you lost your way?"

"Sultana of Flowers," answered Aben Hamet, "Delight of mine eyes, O, Christian slave, more beautiful than the virgins of Georgia, thou hast divined it, I am a stranger in this city, lost amidst these palaces, and unable to find the Khan of the Moors. May the Prophet touch thy heart, and recompense thy hospitality!"

"The Moors are renowned for their gallantry," replied the fair Spaniard, with the sweetest smile, "but I am neither a slave, nor the Sultana of Flowers, nor yet content to be recommended to Mahomet. Follow me, Senor Cavalier, I will reconduct you to the Khan of the Moors."

Walking before the Abencerrage with the graceful elastic step of an Andalusian, she brought him to the Khan of the Moors, shewed it to him, and with a gesture of salutation passed on and disappeared behind a palace.

To what shall be ascribed the repose of life! No longer did his country occupy the sole and entire thoughts of Aben Hamet. Grenada, for him, ceased to be abandoned, widowed, solitary, —nay, is dearer than ever to his heart,—but there is a new spell which embellishes her ruins. To the memory of his ancestors is now added another charm. Aben Hamet had discovered the cemetary where the ashes of the Abencerrages repose in peace, but whilst praying, whilst prostrating himself in the dust, even whilst shedding filial tears o'er their graves the thought would recur to him that perchance the young Spaniard might sometimes have passed these tombs, and that his ancestors were not so unhappy after all.

In vain did he strive to occupy himself only with his pilgrimage to the land of his fathers. In vain did he wander along the fair banks of the Darro and Xenil to gather herbs at the dawn of day. The flower he seeks now is the lovely Christian. How many fruitless efforts has he made to discover the palace of his enchantress? How many times has he endeavored to return by the roads which his divine guide made him traverse? How often, in fancy, has he recognised the sound of that bell, the crow of that cock which he heard near the residence of the fair Senora? How often has he rushed, deceived by similar noises, to one side or another, yet the magic palace did not offer itself to his longing eyes? How often did the uniform dress of the maidens of Grenada give him an instant of hope? From a distance all the senoras resembled the mistress of his heart—close at hand not one possessed her beauty or her grace. Aben Hamet at last searched even the churches to discover the charming unknown. Nay, he even penetrated to the tomb of Ferdinand and Isabella; But this was till then the greatest sacrifice he had made to his love.

One day it happened that he was gathering herbs in the valley of the Darro—on the flowery slope of the hill, to the south, stood the stately walls of the Alhambra and the enchanting gardens of the Generali e. That to the north was decorated by the Albaijyn, by smiling orchards, and the grottos inhabited by a numerous population. At the Western extremity of the valley could be discovered the towers of Grenada which lifted themselves in a group amidst clumps of evergreen oaks and dark cypresses. At the opposite end the eye lighted on jagged rocks, sombre convents and hermitages, some few ruins of ancient Iberia, and in the distance the summits of the Sierra Nevada. At the bottom of the valley flowed the Darro, and along its flowery banks might be seen here and there a few mills, some sparkling cascades, the broken arches of a Roman aqueduct, and the remains of a bridge of the time of the Moors.

Aben Hamet was by this time neither sufficiently unfortunate, nor yet sufficiently happy. He strolled with distraction and indifference through these enchanted plains. Walking at hazard, he followed an alley lined with graceful trees which wound up the hill of the Albaijyns. A country house surrounded with groves of orange trees soon appeared in sight. On a nearer approach the sounds of a voice, accompanied by a guitar, struck his ear. To a man inflamed by the tender passion of love, there is an intimate harmony between the voice, feature, and eyes of the object of his passion. "'Tis my hauri!" exclaimed Aben Hamet; and he listened with a beating heart. At the name of the Abencerrage, repeated several times, his heart beat yet more violently. The unknown song-

stress sang a Castilian romance which recounted the history of the Abencerrages and Zegris. His emotion was now uncontrollable. Darting across a hedge of myrtles, he sprang into the midst of a bevy of girls who fled on all sides, screaming at this sudden appearance. The senora who was singing, and who still held the guitar, cried out "Tis the Senor Moro," and recalled her companions.

"Favorite of the genii," said the Abencerrage, "I have sought thee as an Arab seeks a fountain in the parched south. The sounds of thy guitar reached my ear—you celebrated the heroes of my native land. My soul recognized thee by the beauty of thy voice,—and to thy feet I bring the heart of Aben Hamet."

"Is it so," answered Donna Blanca. "It was the thought of thee that caused me to chaunt the romance of the Abencerrage, for since seeing you I have pictured to myself that the Moorish cavaliers must have resembled thee.

A light blush tinged the white forehead of Bianca in uttering these words, enhancing her beauty so much that the Moor was about to fling himself at her feet, and disclose to her that he was the last of the Abencerrages. But a feeling of prudence restrained him, for he feared lest his name, too famous in Grenada, might prove a source of inquietude and uneasiness to the governor. The Moorish wars were scarcely terminated, and the presence of an Abencerrage at that moment, might inspire the Spaniards with just cause of alarm. Not that our hero feared any peril, but he trembled at the thought of being obliged to separate himself for ever from the daughter of Don Rodriguez.

Donna Bianca was descended from a family which derived its origin from the illustrious Cid de Bivar and Climene, daughter of Count Gomez de Gormaz. The posterity of the conqueror of Valence la Bella had sunk, through the ingratitude of the Court of Castile, into extreme poverty—nay, so great was its obscurity that for many ages it was believed to have become extinct, But, towards the time of the conquest of Grenada, a last shoot of the race of Bivar, the ancestor of Bianca made himself known, less indeed by his titles than by his valor and gallant deeds of arms. After the expulsion of the Infidels, Ferdinand bestowed on the descendent of the Cid the wealth and estates of many Moorish families, and created him Duke de Santa Fè. The new Duke fixed his residence at Grenada, and died yet young, leaving an only son, already married—Don Rodriguez, father of Bianca.

Donna Theresa de Xeres, the wife of Don Rodriguez gave birth to a son who received at the baptismal font the name of Rodriguez like all his forefathers, but who was called Don Carlos to distinguish him from his father. The great events which Don Carlos had witnessed from his tenderest years upwards, and the points to which he had been exposed almost from his infancy, had only served to render, more rigid and grave, a character naturally austere. Scarce had he numbered fourteen years when he followed Cortez to Mexico. He had supported all the dangers, had witnessed all the horrors of that astounding adventure, and had assisted as the downfall of the last King of a world until then unknown. Three years after that catastrophe, Don Carlos found himself in Europe at the Pavia, as if it were his fate to see crowned honour and kingly valour succumb to the whims of *fortune.* The aspect of a new world, long voyages over seas hitherto unknown, the sight of revolutions and the vicissitudes of life and *fortune* had strongly moved the religious and melancholy imagination of Don Carlos. He entered into the chivalrous order of Calatrava and renouncing marriage, in spite of the urgent entreaties of Don Rodriguez, destined all his wealth for his sister.

Bianca de Bivar, the only sister of Don Carlos, and much younger than he, was the idol of her father. Whilst a child, she had lost her mother, and was just entering her eighteenth year when Aben Hamet appeared in Grenada. All was seduction round this enchantress. Her voice was ravishing, her dauce lighter than the zephyr. At times she delighted to drive in her carriage like a second Armida, at times to speed on the back of the swiftest steed of Andalusia, like those charming fairies which appeared to Tristau and Galaor in the forests of old. Athens would have taken her for Aspasia, and Paris for Diana of Poictiers, just then commencing her brilliant career at Court. But, with the charms of a Frenchwoman, she united the passions of a Spaniard, and her natural coquetry detracted nothing from the stability, constancy, strength and elevation of the sentiments of her heart. As the cries which the young girls had uttered when Aben Hamet had darted into the grove. Don Rodriguez hastened to the spot, "My father, said Bianca, here is the Senor Moro of whom I spoke to you. He overheard me singing, recognized my voice and entered the garden to thank me for having shewn him his way."

The Duke de Santa Fè received the Abencerrage with the grave, yet simple politeness of a Spaniard. Amongst this nation the eye is never offended with any of those servile airs, or the ear pained by any of those complimentary phrases

which announce vulgarity of thoughts and a degraded mind. The language of the noble grandee and the humble peasant is the same. The salutation the same, the compliments, the customs, the habits are all the same. Whilst the confidence and generosity of this people towards strangers is without bounds, so its vengeance when betrayed is prompt and terrible ; of heroic courage, of indomitable perseverance, incapable of yielding to misfortunes, they must either conquer or be exterminated. There is but little of what is called wit, but exalted passions hold the place of that *esprit* which comes from *finesse* and an abundance of ideas. A Spaniard who passes his days without speaking, who has seen nothing, who never even cares to see anything, who has read nothing, studied nothing, compared nothing, will find in the greatness of his resolves the necessary resources in a time of adversity.

It was the birth-day of Don Rodriguez, and Donna Bianca, in honour thereof, had invited a few friends to a tertulia in this charming solitude. The Duke de Santa Fè invited Aben Hamet to be seated in the midst of the young girls who amused themselves with the turban and robe of the stranger. Cushions of velvet were brought and the Abencerrage reclined upon them in the Moorish fashion. They put questions to him about his country and his adventures, to which he replied with spirit and gaiety in the purest Castilian. Indeed so perfect was his accent that he might readily have been mistaken for a Spaniard, had he not always said thou for you. His words, in his mouth, had something about them so much that Bianca could not restrain a secret feeling of displeasure whenever they were addressed to any one of her companions.

Numerous servants now made their appearance bringing cakes, fruits, chocolate and small conserves of Malaga sugar white as snow and light as a sponge. After the refiesco, the young girls entreated Blanca to execute one of those graceful charact erlstic dances in which she excelled even the most skilful Gitana. Aben Hamet was silent, but his suppliant looks spoke volumos in place of his tongue. Yielding to the requests of his friends, Blanca chose a Zambra, an expressive dance which the Spaniards have borrowed from the Moors.

(To be continued.)

Every Macbeth has witches to prompt him in his iniquity.

Wisdom stands between two mirrors ; Folly is in a dark room.

In girls we love what they are, but in young men what they promise to be.

THE BONNIE SCOT.

The bonnie Scot! he hath nae got
 A hame o' sun an' light;
His clime hath aft a dreary day
 An' mony a stormy night;
He hears the blast gae crooning past,
 He sees the snawflake fa';
But what o' that? He'll tell ye still,
 His land is best o' a';
He wadna' tine, for rose or vine,
 The gowans round his cot;
There is nae bloom like heath an' broom,
 To charm the bonnie Scot.

The roarin' din o' flood an' linn
 Is music unco sweet;
He loves the pine aboon his head,
 The breckans 'neath his feet;
The lavrock's trill, sae clear an' shrill,
 Is matchless to his ear!
What joy for him like bounding free
 To hunt the fleet dun deer?
Nae wonder he sae proudly scorns
 A safter, kinder lot;
He kens his earth gave Wallace birth,
 That brave and bonnie Scot.

WESLEYANA.

No. III.

DUNMORE CAVE.

I went to Dunmore Cave, three or four miles from Kilkenny. It is full as remarkable as Poole's-hole, or any other in the Peak. The opening is round, parallel to the horizon, and seventy or eighty yards across. In the midst of this there is a kind of arch, twenty or thirty feet high. By this you enter into the first cave, nearly round, and forty or fifty feet in diameter. It is encompassed with spar stones, just like those on the sides of Poole's-hole. On one side of the cave, is a narrow passage, which goes under the rock two or three hundred yards: on the other, a hollow, which no one has ever been able to find an end of. I suppose the hole too, as well as many others, was formed by the waters of the deluge, retreating into the great abyss, with which, probably, it communicates.

MUSICAL EXPERIMENT.

I thought it would be worth while to make an odd experiment. Remembering how surprisingly fond of music the lion at Edinburgh was, I determined this was the case with all animals of the same kind. I accordingly went to the Tower with one who plays on the flute. He began playing near four or five lions. Only one of these (the rest not seeming to regard it at all) rose up, came to the front of his den, and seemed to be all attention. Meantime a tiger in the same den started up, leaped over the lion's back, turned and ran under his belly,

leaped over him again, and so to and fro incessantly. Can we account for this by any system of mechanism? Can we account for it at all?

GOOD QUEEN BESS.

What was Queen Elizabeth? As just and merciful as Nero, and as good a christian as Mahomet!

WILLIAM LILLY.

I read over that surprising book, *The Life of Mr. William Lilly.* If he believed himself, as he really seems to have done, was ever man so deluded? Persuaded that *Hermeli*, the *Queen of the Fairies*, *Micol Regina Pymceorum* and these fellows were good angels! How amazing is this? And is it not still more amazing, that some of the greatest and most sensible men in the nation, should not only not scruple to employ him, but be his fast friends on all occasions?

A SPEAKING STATUE.

I once more took a serious walk through the tombs in Westminster Abbey. What heaps of unmeaning stone and marble! But there was one tomb which shewed commonsense: that beautiful figure of Mr. Nightingale, endeavoring to screen his lovely wife from *Death.*—Here, indeed, the marble seems to *speak*, and statues appear only not *alive!*

A GERMAN PROTESTANT CONGREGATION.

About seven in the morning we came to Merssen. After breakfast we went to Church. I was greatly surprised at all I saw there: at the costliness of apparel in many, and the gaudiness of it, in more: at the huge fur caps worn by the women, of the same shape with a Turkish turban, which generally had one or more ribands hanging down a great length behind. The Minister's habit was adorned with gold and scarlet, and a vast cross both behind and before. Most of the congregation sat, the men generally with their hats on, at the prayers as well as sermon.

THE JUSTICE AND THE SCOLDS.

I rode over to a neighbouring town, to wait upon a Justice of the Peace, a man of candour and understanding; before whom (I was informed) three angry neighbours had carried a whole waggon-load of these new heretics (the Methodists.) But when he asked what they had done, there was a deep silence; for that was a point their conductors had forgot. At length one said, "Why they pretended to be better than other people; and besides they prayed from morning to-night." Mr. S. asked, "But have they done nothing besides?" Yes, sir," said an old man:—"An't please your worship, they have *convarted* my wife. Till she went among them, she had such a tongue! And now she is as quiet as a lamb!" "Carry them back, carry them back," replied the Justice, "And let them convert all the scolds in the town!"

THE WISE MEN OF WENSLEY-DALE.

I preached * * * As I went back through the church-yard many of the parish were in high debate what religion the preacher was of. Some said, "He must be a Quaker." Others, "An Anabaptist." But at length one deeper learned than the rest, brought them all clearly over to his opinion, that he was a *Presbyterian Papist!*

A MONSTER.

I called on the Solicitor whom I had employed in the suit lately commenced against me in Chancery; and here I first saw that foul monster a *Chancery Bill!* A scroll it was of forty-two pages, in large folio, to tell a story, which needed not to have taken up forty lines. And stuffed with such stupid, senseless, improbable lies (many of them too, quite foreign to the question,) as, I believe, would have cost the compiler his life in any Heathen Court either of Greece or Rome! And this is *equity* in a Christian country! This is the English method of redressing other grievances!

A BEWITCHED WOMAN.

The odd account she gave of herself was this: (concerning which let every one judge as he pleases). That near seven years since she affronted one of her neighbours, who thereupon went to Francis Mergan, (a man famous in those parts,) and gave him fourteen shillings to do his worst to her. That the next night, as soon as she was in bed, there was a sudden storm of thunder, lightning, and rain, in the midst of which she felt all her flesh shudder, and knew the devil was close to her. That at the same time a horse, she had in the stable below, which used to be as quiet as a lamb, leaped to and fro, and tore in such a manner, that she was forced to rise and turn him out. That a tree which grew at the end of the house, was torn up by the roots. That from thenceforth she had no rest day or night, being not only in fear and horror of mind, but in the utmost torment of body, feeling as if her flesh was tearing off with burning pincers.

LOGIC.

I wonder any one has patience to learn logic, but those who do it on a principle of conscience; unless he learns it as three or four of the young gentlemen in the Universities do: That is, goes about it and about it, without understanding one word of the matter.

A WELSH LANDSCAPE.

Taking horse early in the morning, we rode over the rough mountains of Radnorshire and Montgomeryshire into Merionethshire. In the evening I was surprised with one of the finest prospects, in its kind, that I ever saw in my life. We rode in a green vale, shaded with rows of trees, which made an arbonr for several

miles. The river laboured along on our left hand, through broken rocks of every size, shape, and colour. On the other side of the river, the mountains rose to an immense height, almost perpendicular. And yet the tall straight oaks stood, rank above rank, from the bottom to the very top; only here and there, where the mountain was not so steep, were interposed pastures or fields of corn. At a distance, as far as the eye could reach, as it were by way of contrast,

> A mountain huge uprear'd
> It's broad bare back,

with vast, rugged rocks hanging over its brow, portending ruin.

THE POWER OF OBSCURITY.

T. Prosser is an honest, well-meaning man, but no more qualified to expound scriptures than to read lectures in logic or algebra. Yet even men of sense have taken this dull, mystical man to be far deeper than he is. And it is very natural so to do. If we look into a dark pit, it seems deep, but the darkness only makes it seem so. Bring the light and we shall see that it is very shallow.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

In my road to Bristol, I read over Q. Curtius, a fine writer, both as to thought and language. But what an hero does he describe! whose murder of his old friend and companion Clitus, (though not done of a sudden, as is commonly supposed; but deliberately after some hours' consideration) was a virtuous act in comparison of his butchering poor Philotas, and his good old father Parmenio. Yet even this was a little thing, compared to the thousands and ten thousands he slaughtered, both in battle, and in, and after, taking cities, for no other crime than defending their wives and children. I doubt whether Judas claims so hot a place in hell as Alexander the Great!

THE CONFUSION OF TONGUES.

We went to Llangefnye Church, though we understood little of what we heard. Oh! what a heavy curse was the confusion of tongues. And how grievous are the effects of it. All the birds of the air, all the beasts of the field, understand the language of their own species. Man only is a barbarian to man, unintelligible to his own brethren.

MUSIC.

I spent an hour or two with Dr. Pepusch. He asserted that the art of music is lost; that the ancients only understood it in its perfection; that it was revived a little in the reign of Henry VIII., by Tallys and his cotemporaries, as also in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, who was a judge and patroness of it. That after her reign it sunk for sixty or seventy years, till Purcell made some attempts to restore it; but that ever since, the true ancient art, depending on nature and mathematical principles, had gained no ground; the present masters having no fixed principles at all.

HOMER.

What an amazing genius had this man! To write with such strength of thought, and beauty of expression, when he had none to go before him. And what a vein of piety runs through his whole work, in spite of his Pagan prejudices. Yet one cannot but observe such improprieties intermixed, as are shocking to the last degree. What excuse can any man of common sense make for

> His scolding heroes and his wounded gods.

Nay, does he not introduce even his "father of gods and men," one while shaking heaven with his nod, and soon after using his wife and sister, the empress of heaven, with such language as a car-man might be ashamed of? And what can be said of a king, full of days and wisdom, telling Achilles how often he had given him wine, when he was a child, and sat in his lap, till he had vomited it up on his clothes? Are these some of those "divine boldnesses which naturally provoke short-sightedness and ignorance to show themselves?"

A DRAMATIC PORTRAIT.

Who should be there, but the famous Mr. Gr———, of Carnarvonshire,—a clumsy, overgrown, hard-faced man; whose countenance I could only compare to that, which I saw in Drury Lane thirty years ago, of one of the ruffians in "Macbeth."

IRISH CABINS.

One who looks at the common Irish cabins, might imagine Saturn still reigned here

> *Cum frigida parvas*
> *Præberet spelunca domos; ignemque laremque,*
> *Et pecus et dominos, communi clauderet umbra.*

> [The narrow cave a cold retreat affords,
> And beasts and men screens with one common shade.]

Communi umbra indeed! For no light can come into the earth or straw-built cavern, on the master and his cattle, but at one hole; which is both window, chimney, and door!

JANET CAMPBELL.

A TRUE TALE.

BY A POOR MAN.

In the North of Scotland lived a humble cottar, Jamie ——, who, with his wife Janet, barely subsisted on the produce of a few acres of barren land which was rented at an exorbitant rate from the Laird. A few cattle they once had, but these disappeared in answer to repeated calls for rent and food. To add to their difficulties, they saw growing up amongst them a numerous family; four boys already graced the hearth; and the cotter saw that they and he must starve or else seek another home, where happily they might exist, freed from the dread of actual starvation.—

Many were the debates that the gudeman and wife had on this matter, after the children had retired to rest on a heather couch which was spread out in one corner of their hut. Jamie, the tall stout highlander, whose bone and muscle were like iron, who laboured cheerfully from "grey dawn" to "dewy eve," who toiled and slaved heroically for his family, still had a woman's heart. "Na, na" he would exclaim, "I canna' leave bonny Scotland, here we've lived an' here let us dee." The good wife, however, whose careful thrift had yet preserved a few bright guineas in the old stocking beneath the hearth, had more energy; her heart was strong, she looked to the future, "our bairns," she told her husband, "must gang awa soon, we have na wark for them here, an they mauna' be idle," and Janet used such strong and forcible arguments, urging, so strenuously, on the immediate necessity of removing to another land, that he at last consented. Disposing of their small flock of sheep and a couple of ponies they had, they found their golden store augmented to nearly a hundred pieces, with these, after shedding many bitter tears at parting from their home and friends, they embarked at Aberdeen, June 1st, 1833, and set sail the following morning, which was Sunday.

It is unnecessary to describe the dangers they encountered in crossing the Atlantic, it is sufficient to say that having been tossed about for little better than eight weeks, they landed in New York on 30th July, all well and strong, with the exception of their youngest child who died on the voyage out. Nor is it necessary to follow them on their tedious journey from New York to Niagara at which latter town they arrived in August. Here it was decided that Campbell should leave his wife, who was not in a fit state of health to follow her husband to the backwoods; he taking the boys, the youngest of whom was nine, a sturdy little fellow, who was delighted at being thought a companion for his father, and willingly left his mother. Mrs. Campbell was lodged in rather a poor boarding house, where she gave birth to a daughter a few days after her husband's departure.

Campbell after going to Hamilton, went to the township of Esquesing, where he purchased a farm of 200 acres and busied himself during the autumn and winter in clearing a portion and erecting a shanty. Indeed, so active was he, that he planted six or seven acres, that were already cleared, in wheat, that fall. The ensuing summer he returned to Niagara for his wife and daughter. Poor Campbell! How thy heart beat, and how thy brain whirled, when in seeking the house where thy wife lodged you found but a few charred logs, and a tall, naked, brick chimney standing in their midst, like an obelisk!

The neighbors, in answer to his numerous enquiries, could only tell him that the house was burnt several weeks back, and that the owner, accused of incendiarism had gone to the States; as for the lodgers, many immigrants had lived there, and they did not remember any one of the name of Campbell. After a month spent in vain endeavors to discover his wife, Campbell, nigh heart-broken, returned home. His idea was, that Janet and her child had fallen victims to the cholera, which that year raged to a frightful extent in Canada. To distract his mind from the loss he had sustained, he applied himself diligently to the care of his farm. Accustomed to labor from childhood, he found not the toil of farming so great or so profitless as many who come to this country with a few hundreds of pounds, and expect to realize a competency by *paying* for it. He soon learnt that the only way to succeed was by placing his own shoulder to the wheel, and in a few years he found himself not only comfortably off, but respected by all living in his neighbourhood. As years rolled on, he added to his acres, improved his stock, settled his sons advantageously, and was, in 1850, a hale, hearty man of sixty-three years of age.

Last year, 1852, his eldest son, James, had come to Toronto with a supply of butter, eggs, fowls, &c., for the market. James, who is now about five and thirty, having disposed of his stock, called at a humble dwelling in one of the back streets to deliver some butter purchased from him that day. On entering the house with the rolls, he saw, seated by the door step, a young girl sewing. Seeing that she was good-looking, he saluted her with a gay "good afternoon." She looked up from her work, and gave him a smiling nod. He was at onre taken with her cheerful, handsome face, and said:

"Ye wark weel, lassie."

"Oh, I have a great deal to do," she replied, once more looking in his face. He started, he knew not why, but an indefinable emotion caused his heart to beat quicker; he became interested.

"Hae ye nane to help ye?" he asked.

"No; nor have I any one to help. I am alone."

"An orphan?"

"I never saw either father or mother."

Who shall say that God did not direct this meeting? I speak not profanely, for I relate the truth; and who shall say that God did not prompt James Campbell to pursue his questions, to raise up in his heart an instinctive feeling that before him stood a relation? How much more wonderful, more interesting are these incidents in real life than any fictitious scene a writer may invent! His very next question was her name, and on her reply "Janet Campbell," she felt herself seized in his arms and kissed. The poor girl was at a

loss to account for this strange proceeding, but he told her that he was certain they were brother and sister, and kissed her again. He would not leave Toronto that evening, but remained to hear her history, which she thus related:—

"I only remember my always living with a kind old lady near Niagara. I often thought that she might be in some way related to me, for as a child, it appeared strange that any one not a relative could take such an interest in my welfare. The servants frequently told me that I was an orphan, without a single friend in the world, save our mistress, for I, when I grew up served as dairy-maid, and when leisure permitted, made myself useful in household matters. I was often called her 'little housekeeper,' which term was always applied to me when pleased. I had been taught to read and write, and could, she said, 'keep her accounts as well as she could herself.' I was ever happy, and loved her much. When about fifteen I was called by her one day to her room and told what little I ever learnt of my history. I was but a few months old when my mother died of inflammation of the lungs, in the winter of '33, at a lodging house which was shortly afterwards burned down, and my mistress, who heard of my mother's death and my unhappy condition, kindly offered to take care of me. All she ever learned of my mother, was that her name was Janet Campbell,—and so I was called after her; she also gave me a Gælic Bible which I have carefully preserved, though I cannot read a word in it, except, 'James Campbell, his book, to Janet; 1817:' written inside the cover. My mistress forbid me ever harboring the hope of discovering any relations, though she said my father might be living, and if so, the Bible would at once identify me as his daughter. A year back, my kind protector, who is now growing old and feeble, and poorer in circumstances, than once she was, felt it necessary to part with me. I was accordingly sent here with a note to two or three ladies, who exerted themselves in my favor, giving me constant employment for my needle. Indeed, for the kindnesses of my dear friend in Niagara, and the ladies of Toronto, I can never be sufficiently grateful, for I have been enabled, through them, to live comfortably and independently. But," she continued hesitatingly, "are you sure that you are my brother?"

"Yes, yes, an' has na' ye're Bible our father's name in it? An', Janet, he's living, too. The morrow will be a happy day when he finds a daughter, and our brothers a sister. We lang thocht our mither dead, but didna' think her child was living. Ye'll gang out wi' me, Janet?"

"No, no! I cannot. Oh, should your father not be mine—no, no!—take my Bible, and should I be his child—" Poor Janet could not forbear weeping at the thought of the happiness that might be before her; and perhaps weeping as much lest she should be disappointed. Her brother reluctantly allowed her to remain, yet forced on her a hundred dollars before leaving, to buy anything she might be in need of whilst he was away.

Were proof needed, the Gælic Bible was sufficient for the old man, who in a couple of days had the pleasure of embracing his long-lost, and, until then, unseen daughter.

Such is the simple narration of a few facts, recorded plainly, and, in substance, truthfully. Let the reader pause, and consider if we are not guided through life, by a Hand whose outline we cannot trace, yet whose might we sometimes see and acknowledge to be ALL-POWERFUL.

LOVE IN THE MOON.

A POEM, BY P. SCOTT.

THE title of the present book is an odd one. Love in a Cottage, Love in a Wood, Love in a Maze, and Love in a Tub, are as familiar as household words. Even the Loves of the Angels have been ventured on. We thought that nothing was left for new poetastors but to make variations on the old chimes. We were mistaken. Here we have another phase: Mr. Scott writes of Love in the Moon.

Probably, in the minds of some people, Love *and* the Moon are already connected. Love by moonlight is rather usual than otherwise. There is a species of madness in love with which the moon, as controller of lunatics, may have been supposed to have something to do. The weather, too, is said to be under its guidance, and the fickleness common to that standard topic and the tender passion, furnishes a stereotyped comparison. Mr. Scott, however, repudiates these last theories; and none of the points we have hinted at convey the slightest notion of the curious moon-struck book he has produced.

If we were to describe it in a few words, we should call it a poetic bubble blown by a learned Cupid, pretty, whimsical, but useless. The gigantic telescopes tell us, that though the moon is destitute of an atmosphere, it has mountains teeming with the craters of extinct volcanoes. Here is one of them:—

On the scared sight that awful mountain rose,
Fantastically vast: it seemed as if
The Spirit who had formed it, tired at length
With piling mass on mass and strength on strength,
Had hurled one half against the other, shivering
Fragments around; some standing grimly stiff,
Some tapering upward with a stony quivering,
Or, shooting sideways, dagger-like, while sprung
From massy basements of crag underhung,
Peak rose o'er peak sublime, and spire on spire—
Gigantic tongues of rock, solidified from fire.

The moon also has streams:—

While round and round, like Sorrow weak and wan
A narrow zone of lazy water ran
In dimpling motion, while it poured on high
Its melancholy voice unto the clear browed sky.

There is music, too, in the moon:—

As the singing of the spheres,
Heard the best with close-shut ears,
The pulses of a nameless tune,
Like a wandering fragrance, stole
On the feeling of the soul.

From music to life is but a short poetic flight for the Pegasus of our author. In Moonland, life and music are intertwined, as—

> Rose and scent are joined together,
> Or, as shade with cloudy weather.

By a logical sequence we see that

> Where there's life there *must* be love.

Here, then, are the facts with which the poet must work,—but he is under the strong necessity to personify; for as life presupposes love, so love presupposes lovers. Mr. Scott creates a pair, Lunari and Argentine; but they must, in keeping with long established rule, be described. How to describe them? that is the difficulty.

Whenever we deal with supposed existences, we are obliged to take our own form of life as a basis. Mr. Scott is more ambitious than the blind bard of *Paradise Lost*. The human form will not serve his purpose. He desires to create. He cannot escape from combining soul and body, and he simply reverses earthly arrangements. He makes the soul the visible form; the body (if we may venture upon the paradox) the inner spirit:—

> Here they reversed the laws of earth; their frames
> Were immaterial, that is, outwardly
> They were encased by spirit. on the eye
> Flashing and flitting like electric flames;
> The products of a power which could condense
> Such of the imponderable elements
> As to the human sense of sight are naught,
> Making them scarcely more than visible to thought.
> The body was within, and served to press
> On the soul's balance, a mere motionless
> Material organ, one and simple, weighing
> The spirit down to earth—that is the moon—
> (Which else would mount above its sphere too soon)
> And to the intelligence without, conveying
> Each varied phase of passion and sensation
> By the impulsive hint of more or less vibration.

Throughout the too ambitious attempt the same fatality attends the poet. These beings have "passions and thoughts, and appetites," ranged in an inverted phrenological scale "in order of their excellence." They eat—what Mr. Scott cannot tell—but a sort of "rainbow-shaded dish." They sleep and dream; but here again there is nothing but inversion. With us the mind gets free from the body; with them the body leaves the mind; and when it does not return there—startling poetical paradox!—the spirit dies. We have said and quoted enough to enable the reader with a *very* active imagination to dimly comprehend the picture of the lunarians. Of the particular pair we can only add, that

> Fancy's eye the pair might see
> Embodied in a simile;
> He—like a strong flame redly bright,
> And she—a mild and silvery light,
> Upon whose surface played a lambent fire,
> The waves of innocent thought, the ripplings of desire.

"The course of true love never runs smooth." That must happen in the moon as well as here. Lunari and Argentine have those plagues of all lovers—families; fathers and mothers, and kith and kin. These relations have feuds, like the Scotch clans. The Lunarians and the Argentines are the Capulets and Montagues of Moonland; and so the lovers sit talking over their gloomy prospects:

> And standing by them you might hear
> What e'er they said but not by ear:
> Their words would fall like gentle rain
> Upon the garden of the brain;
> Or rather, what they thought and felt,
> Would, by a sympathetic power,
> Upon our own sensorium melt
> Like the responsive dew upon the asking flower.

As in earthly cases, however, the musings of the lambent lovers brought them no relief, opened no loophole of escape; and a new piece of machinery is introduced—a wizard, who has his cell in one of the old worn-out volcanoes.

> And there are prophets on the earth; why not
> Within the moon as well?

Really we cannot tell why not. It is nearly as probable in the one case as the other. To the wizard, Lunari goes with "electric" pace, superseding the necessity for an electric telegraph, and we do not wonder that the moonish youth recoils from so ghastly a shape:

> It was a wizard, thin and grim,
> A saint might shiver to look on him:
> He was like the flame, which ghastly bright,
> Shoots from a bowl on a winter's night,
> In the holiday feast, where children play,
> Dipping and diving, the prize to win,
> 'Mid the spirit that merrily flares away—
> Cast but a handful of salt therein,
> And the lights of the charnel chamber glance
> O'er each young and happy countenance.

From the grim wizard, to whom, following Mr. Scott's idea, we will give the name of old Snapdragon, Lunari gets a sibylline utterance:—

> Whene'er upon the open skies
> A living globe of fire, in size
> Than planet, or star, or sun more vast,
> Shall still and motionless be seen;
> Then shall these ancient feuds be past,
> And thou shalt wed thy Argentine.

We should have said before, that this scene is laid upon that side of the moon always turned from the earth, and the prophecy refers to our globe as seen from the other side. Snapdragon gives directions for reaching the spot from which the sight may be observed. The rival families are persuaded to set out on a pilgrimage thither; they go grumblingly, looking on the affair as a hoax:—

> Each took a vow,—'twas sure to bind,—
> That if he failed this sign to find,
> He never would again be crossed,
> But make up for the time he'd lost
> In this absurdly good endeavour,
> And hate his neighbour more than ever.

On they went, up the mountain side; through a cavern, "dark, and deep, and broad, and high," to where portals vast shut one side of the moon from the other. Old Snapdragon has furnished the "open sesame," which being pronounced in spirit voice by Lunari, the gateway opens, and

> Like a son of mightie birth,
> Glittered the majestic EARTH.
> Around its orb the Constellations passed
> Like subject worlds, with reverential pace,
> Treading the empyreal height;
> Where calm, and motionless, and vast,
> It sat, like the Divinity of Space,
> Upon the throne of Night.

By some unexplained process, which leads us to suppose that the Capulets and Montagues of the moon are more placable and manageable than those of this terrestrial orb, the sight dried up all hatreds and animosities;—there was a general embrace of spirit-flames, and Argentine and Lunari were happy in their sanctioned love.

The story is nothing but an attempt to wed the prose of the most obscure portion of Science to the poetry of Fiction; to link together the known and the unknown, perhaps the unknowable; to make a new garment for thought. But *creative power* is wanting; clear light is absent, and the robe of the new world is pieced up of tattered

fragments of the old turned inside out. If Mr. Scott would leave dark moon visions, and, descending to the world we live in, give more of such passages as those which relate to this world's life, he would gain such a place among the poets of earth as he will never win among the sons of the moon.

THE LACE-MAKER OF CORMEIL.

BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

Cormeil is a little village near Caen, in Normandy, that peculiar province of France which gave birth to the conqueror of England, William, and to that hardy Norman race which has furnished so many distinguished men to our native land. It is a strange old straggling village, like many hundreds of others in France, and would, perhaps, never have made much impression on my mind, except that I there passed some sixteen months of my boyhood, learned the French language, and also that it was the birthplace of Pauline Choleau the lace-worker. The town of Caen and its neighbourhood is in great part inhabited by lace-makers, who, in summer, work at their own doors, in winter in their rooms, adjourning of an evening to a warm cow-stable, where they enjoy the benefit of the comfortable heat and of water-lamps that enable them to practise great economy. A bright candle is placed in the midst, and around this the girls stand flat bottles full of water, that throw a bright white light on the exact spot of lace at which they are working. Sometimes of an evening in winter, after leaving school, carrying home my books and taking dinner, I would escape to the table of Cormeil, where the lace-workers congregated, in company of others older than myself, to eat roast chestnuts, tell and hear stories, and listen to the conversation. Being very learned in tales,—I knew the *Arabian Nights*, the *Persian Tales*, and *Crusoe* by heart,—I became a very popular visitor, and I initiated myself in the art of story-telling, while the nimble fingers of the Norman girls plied their pretty trade. Others, however, added variety to my Oriental fictions by relating old legends of the province, and it is a matter of considerable regret to me that I cannot at present recollect one of them.

One of my most patient listeners was Pauline Choleau, the child of the parish. She was twelve years old, my senior by three years, and I looked on her with perfect awe. I thought her the most beautiful creature I had ever seen. Her blue eyes, her curly golden hair, made an impression on me I can never forget. When I was telling a story she would hold up her head every now and then fr.m her work, and say, "How wonderful! how beautiful!" or something of the kind; and I would, I am sure, feel more delight at this applause than ever orator felt from the tumultuous shouts of thousands. Pauline's father was an officer who had gone out the year before to Algiers with the invading army. Her mother died a few months later, and her father not being heard of again, she fell from comparative ease into poverty. She was taken by the hand by a worthy old priest, whose housekeeper counselled her to learn a trade, by which, in the absence of all pecuniary resources, she might support herself. In the mean time, inquiries at the war office indicated that her father had fallen a victim to his military duties in an engagement before Constantine, and that, though his body had not been found, he was reported dead.

Thus did Pauline Choleau become a lace-maker. Poor girl, she had been brought up to better things; but what could she do? She had no relatives, so she determined for the future to suffice unto herself. Work never wearied her. It was her delight. People often asked her why she worked so hard. She could not tell. She felt it her duty, and all said that soon she would earn more than any girl in the village.

I left Cormeil for Paris, and wandering afterwards in many a foreign region, I lost sight, of course, of Pauline Choleau. My wanderings ended for a time in Paris again, and there I was in May last at the house of an intimate friend. We had dined and were waiting the arrival of a few visitors, amusing ourselves meanwhile, with that slipshod conversation which travellers are apt to indulge in, when our party was announced. It was composed of two gentlemen, an old man and a young one, both officers, a lady a little over thirty, and a little girl ten years old. I should have paid no very great attention to them, as total strangers, had I not, as they were announced, fixed my eyes on the lady's face, just as the servant said, "Colonel Choleau," &c.

I involuntarily started, for in the elegant young Parisian mother I seemed to recognise my old friend the lace-maker of Cormeil. I became quite excited and anxious, for I clearly saw a romance under all this. I determined at once to watch my opportunity, and not bring on an explanation too brusquely. It happened that no other visitor came for some hours, so we took tea, and I contrived to be seated next the little girl. While the others were busily engaged, I opened a conversation with my little friend, who was intelligent and inquisitive. We talked of many things, and presently, so strong is the force of habit, I found myself telling her a long story.

"But, Pauline, my dear," suddenly exclaimed the young mother, in a half-reproachful, half-pleased voice, "you are tiring monsieur."

"Oh, mamma, such a pretty story, all about a wonderful lamp," said the child.

"Monsieur is very kind," mused the mother slowly.

"Not at all, madam; I can surely repay your daughter a debt of gratitude. I find her as good a listener as was once her mother," said I quietly.

"It is not possible!!' cried she in a voice that drew universal attention.

"It is possible, madam, that this is not the first time I have had the pleasure of seeing you. But we were children, madam, then."

"We were. My dear father, this is one of the friends of the good old Irish curé, the young English gentleman who told us long stories when I was a poor lace-worker."

"Monsieur, I am most happy——" began the colonel.

"But, monsieur, you that then were thought dead, by what good fortune are you restored to your child?" asked I.

"So you remember all about me," laughed the happy mother. "Henri," continued she, addres-

sing the husband, who listened curiously, "monsieur will tell you all about the stable of Cormeil."

"I shall be very happy to make monsieur's acquaintance," said the hushand politely.

"You ask," said the father, "how I was restored to my child. Pardon me all, if I ask your permissian to tell. It is a story which should be known to the whole world."

"Hush, papa!" cried the daughter, imploringly.

"Why my child? You, who are not ashamed to own that you were once a poor work-girl, hesitate to hear your good actions recorded."

The young woman shook her head, and poutingly prepared to listen. The father then told his story with deep feeling, listened to by all with religious attention, by her with mingled tears and blushes.

"You left my child," said the sunburnt old officer, who addressed himself throughout to me, "a hard-working girl at Cormeil, never expecting, doubtless, to meet again. There she remained, assiduously working, saving, storing up from her little pittance, until she was eighteen. Then her purpose became known: she was going out to Africa to search for her father. His body not having been found, she believed he might be living somewhere. Despite every persuasion, she determined to brave the sun of Africa on her pious errand. Supported by the *maire*, the priest, and by the certificates of her father's service, she preferred a strange request, which was immediately granted. She was appointed *cantinière* to a regiment on its road to the seat of war, with strict orders to the officers to give her, under the circumstances, every aid and protection. And so Pauline started for Algiers, with all a woman's firm, and thoughtful courage, to seek out her father.—How she was going to find him, she did not know. She was not even sure he was alive, but then she could try.

"Her regiment was quartered at first in the city of Algiers, the half-barbaresque, half-French town, where Frank, Jew, Arab, and, indeed, almost every known race and dialect are found scattered. By the aid of the colonel, Pauline found a quiet room, doing service only on parade days, thus getting gradually used to her singular service, which consisted now in walking about the ranks with little loaves, small glasses of brandy, and sundry other barrack delicacies in which soldiers are apt to indulge, when their funds allow them. At the end of three months, however; the regiment was ordered up to the Teniet-el-Haad on a special mission. It appeared that a small tribe had in that neighbourhood proved very troublesome. With a stronghold in the hills, they had hitherto defied the French, busily engaged as they were in so many places. Pauline, who had sought by every means to hear tidings of her father in the city in vain, heard of the order for departure with delight, and, next day, music playing and colours flying, the regiment went out on the Blidah road for the Matamula hills. Pauline, who now wore her new uniform with ease, marched at the head of the regiment with the officers, or at times rode in the waggon behind, always cheerful, always hopeful, pleasant withal, doing her duty, but encouraging no familiarity.

"There was one young officer who took marked notice of her, a Lieutenant Neville, young, romantic, and ambitious as most men are at three-and-twenty. There was something in her story that struck him much, and filled his mind with respect and admiration. With all the regiment he regarded the devotion of Pauline as vain, and the sign of a mind somewhat diseased, but that changed not their sentiments, and there was not a soldier who would not have pleasantly performed any little service for her. But she needed none. She carried her basket and bag gaily, she walked with a handkerchief to screen her face in the broiling sun, and at night had a cosy place in a waggon to sleep in.

"After passing Blidah they were in a country which if not fiercely inimical was still not friendly, and out-flankers were thrown out to keep the road clear. Still, however, no attack took place, and they passed even through a gorge of the Matamala without difficulty, and found themselves in a plain surrounded by hills. This was the scene of action, and a halt was declared for three days before any movement took place.

"The tents were pitched on the borders of a stream, where grew here and there a palm-tree. There was green pasture and water,—two essentials, for they had horses and cattle. About a mile distant rose a lofty hill above a mountain gorge, and here dwelt the Teint-el-Haad, who since have given name to a town. The orders of the expedition were to destroy their village, make prisoners of their women and children, and thus enforce the submission of the men. It was determined that the attack should take place in the night, a small party being left to guard the camp.

"Lieutenant Neville, on the third day, a little after sundown, was sent to reconnoitre. The state of affairs looked very suspicious. Not a soul had as yet been seen, and though stragglers had ventured to within pistol-shot of the wooded base of the hills, no gun had been fired. The Arab character was too well known for this not to be regarded as a trap. Hence the advance of Neville and a small detachment of soldiers to view the country and seek some explanation. Pauline had asked to accompany the party, and her request had been complied with. And so they started in dead silence. There was, about a mile from the camp, a narrow opening in the hills, with a marked path a short distance up, and then steps cut in the rock. This was the only known approach to the mountain fastness, and its entire desertion created perfect awe in the minds of men who would have braved any visible danger. At the opening was a pool and a grove of trees, and these were so situated that it was necessary for the soldiers to stand in the water to watch the gorge, down which they expected some scouts to crawl ere long. Pauline walked beside the young officer in silence for some time; the fifty men of the detachment coming up noiselessly behind.

"'What could have made you give me such a pleasant companion?' presently asked Lieutenant Neville in an almost inaudible whisper.

"'When I am still, I seem doing nothing,' replied Pauline; 'when I am moving, I am still looking for *him*.'

"'Poor girl!' said the soldier; and then he remained silent awhile. Presently he again spoke. 'Pauline,' said he, 'this may turn out to be a

dangerous service,—hence I wished you not to come. But at all events, I may not easily say again what now, in the calm of this beautiful night, I feel. Pauline, your devotion and beauty has won my heart. I love you; leave this position; become my wife, and I will enable you still to prosecute your search. Pauline, my attachment to you is real. As my wife, you, an officer's daughter, will be more fittingly situated than as a *cantinière!*'

"'Lieutenant Neville,' replied Pauline, with considerable emotion, 'I feel deeply your kindness. But let me hear no more of this now. I will answer you when I have found my father,—or proof of his death.'

"'But, dear girl, this is madness,' began Neville.

"'Hush, *mon capitaine*, you are speaking too loud,' said Pauline, gaily.

"The young officer made no reply, for they were close to the scene of action. They could see the dark face of the hill, and they were near the grove of trees. The soldiers now moved along like mourners in a country churchyard.—They held their breath, and trod with extreme caution. Presently, just as they stood on the edge of the fort, they halted, and then stepped quietly into the water, which was very soon up to their waists. The position was unpleasant, but it was safe. They were sheltered behind the thick grove, on the point of which one sentry took up his post behind a tree. Pauline, had been lifted across to a large stone, against which the lieutenant leaned.

"For some time the men bore their uncomfortable position in silence. But presently they seemed tired, and one quietly asked the lieutenant if they might smoke.

"'No,' said the officer, drily, 'but you may sit down.'

"A grim laugh passed along the ranks of the men, whose guns and catridge-boxes were held up out of the wet. No words were spoken for an hour, during which time all listened with intense anxiety. Suddenly an electric thrill ran through the ranks.

"'Be ready, boys,' said Neville, firmly.

"Every man cocked his gun.

"A distant shot, then another, and then a rumour of voices had startled all. It came from up the gorge, nearer and nearer, while the shots became more frequent and louder. It was evidently a body of men pursuing some one.

"'Some one is escaping from the Arabs,' exclaimed Neville. 'Now, *mes garçons*, be cautious; let the pursued escape, and then fire without hesitation.'

"Shrieks, curses, and maledictions, in the picturesque language of the Arabs, were now clearly heard, and then the rapid footsteps of a man coming down the gorge. Neville bent forward, and saw, in the dim light, one in a white burnoos, stooping low and yet running. He was now not twenty yards in front. In a second more, he was close to the sentry, who put forward his gun and tripped him up. At the same moment, a whole gang of Arabs appeared.

"'Fire!' said Neville, and the sharp twang of thirty muskets filled the air.

"A wild cry burst from the Arabs, and then,—one and all,—they retreated, to commence, however, from points well concealed a continued fire on the French. Neville saw at once that he might have the whole tribe on him.

"'Secure the prisoner, and double quickstep,' said he.

"'No prisoner,' said a faint voice in French, 'but a Frenchman, miraculously restored to those of his own race.'

"'Forward then with us,' cried Neville; 'we have no time to lose.'

"'There is no hurry. My pursuers are not twenty, and they can get no escort before half an hour. I shall lose no time; and do not think of me, I am a French soldier,—and duty before everything.'

"Pauline pressed up, mute and listening.

"'March,' said Neville. 'And now, *mon brave*, how happens it that you fall like a bomb-shell among us? What is your name?'

"'Captain Isodore Choleau,' replied the other, proudly; 'chevalier of the Legion of Honor.'

"'My father!' shrieked Pauline, wildly. 'Merciful God, have my efforts been then rewarded!'

"'My God!' said Neville, pressing his hand, 'this is the happiest day of my life.'

"'Am I mad, dreaming, or have I fallen amid dreams?' gasped the other, gently pushing back the *cantinière.*

"'Monsieur,' said Neville, 'listen to me. Take your daughter's arm,—for her father you must be,—and hear my wonderful story.'

"And the brave young lieutenant told it. The other listened wildly, and then, unable to speak, pressed both their hands. They were now in sight of the camp, and they found it in great commotion. Every man was on foot, and a horseman dashed up to ask if all were right. In ten minutes more, the officer, his prisoner, and Pauline, entered the colonel's tent, where all the officers were collected.

"Neville began his report with soldier-like brevity: 'Returned all safe, with Pauline's father.'

"'In the name of God, Neville,' said the colonel, 'mind what you are saying.'

"All stared, however, at the grim-looking Arab prisoner.

"'Colonel,' began he, 'the lieutenant speaks correctly. I am Captain Choleau, father of this heroic girl.'

"Neville was told to give in his report; sentries were posted round the camp, and then the colonel's tent was closed, and all sat down to a supper, of which the two heroes of the narrative were invited to partake. All were in a fever of impatience to hear the other's story.

"It was brief. Left for dead on the field, found by a marauding party, and regarded from his uniform and cross as a prize, he was carried off, and being unable to ransom himself, made a slave. Confined strictly in his master's stronghold, he had never an opportunity of escape until that night, when rumour told him of the arrival of the French. He determined to escape then at any cost, and simply, at a favorable moment, took to his heels. He now offered to show a pathway by which the French might surprise the stronghold, without the terrible slaughter that must take place in the gorge.

"The colonel accepted, and the Arabs, taken

unawares by a superior force, submitted without a struggle. The colonel made his report, with a full account of Neville's adventure. The regiment returned to Blidah, where, some months later, Choleau received an order for all his arrears of pay, with the rank of colonel, while Neville was decorated and made captain. A month later, Pauline accepted the hand of the excellent young officer;—and here we are, monsieur, the happiest family in the word; and I do not think you will find in fiction a more romantic story than that of your old friend the lace-maker of Cormeil."

"I never heard of more filial devotion," said I, really struck with amazement. "Madam, I can only say that there is no man living who ought not to be proud to call you child."

Madam smiled and blushed.

"But, monsieur," said she, after some further conversation, "what have you been doing since the days of the stable?"

"Oh! madam, at my old work; I have been telling stories ever since," said I, demurely.

"Yes," exclaimed the master of the house, "and rest assured he will tell thee one."

"He has my full permision," said the colonel. "But now, monsieur, the story of your life, which our friend here tells me is, if not so romantic, as curious as mine."

I demurred, but I looked at the mother and child; they were polite enough to look anxious, so I began, and, about two hours later, I stopped, quite ashamed of myself.

"Pardon me, travellers are garrulous," said I; "some other day I will resume my telling, and fancy myself once more amusing the Lace-Makers of Cormeil."

HISTORY OF "THE TIMES" NEWSPAPER.

John Walter, No. I, the founder of *The Times* newspaper, was a printer in London as far back as the year 1783; a man of speculative and determined character, who narrowly escaped becoming the Arkwright of typography. But print has still to be "composed" in the old manner; letter after letter has still to be "picked up" singly, and placed alongside of its predecessor by the human fingers; for "logography," the invention which Walter No. I patented, turned out not to be practicable for a continuance. "Logography" was to supersede typography: he used stereotyped words and parts of words instead of separate metal letters; a plan which at first sight displays many obvious advantages. Nor did he surrender it before he had turned out many a sheet of print by it; among other things, three years of a daily newspaper. *The Daily Universal Register*, begun the 1st of January, 1785. The name of the Register did not suit, there being already so many publications bearing that title; and on the 1st of January, 1788, it was renamed, and with a loud flourish of trumpets issued from Printing-house Square under the designation which has made it famous throughout the earth—*The Times*.

We have had before us, in the newspaper volume for the year in the Museum Library, a stray copy of the number of the leading journal for "Thursday, May 7, 1789," the day after the meeting of the States-General in Paris. It is in size and appearance the same as two leaves of the Penny Magazine. Walter was, at this time, "Printer to the Customs," and hence, perhaps, a certain Government air which pervades his paper,—Although there are no leading articles, in our sense of the term, there are a few leading paragraphs, the first of which begins in quite a knowing way: "We have now the best authority to say that the new arrangements in the Cabinet," &c. &c. There is a column of Parliamentary debate, each speech condensed into a few lines.

John Walter, No. II, (who died some five years ago, as "of Bearwood Hall, Berks," leaving personalty valued for probate duty at £90,000,) became joint proprietor and exclusive manager of *The Times* at the beginning of 1803. Walter, No. I, though withdrawn from *The Times*, and despairing of "logography," still printed for the Customs, when, with honest boldness, Walter, No. II blamed "the Catamaran expedition," and did not shrink from reprobating my Lord Melville's delinquencies. Wherlon Walter No. I. had the printing for the Customs taken from him, and Walter No. II. refusing to be bribed, was subjected to steady persecution:—his packages and papers from abroad, so important in a time of war, being stopped or retarded by the officials. Against all which, like a determined, laborious Englishman of the some stuff as the Arkwrights and Brindleys of the preceding century, he bore up doggardly and successfully, arranging a system which, in spite of the authorities, procured him information of events abroad, often before the ministry themselves were acquainted with them. So that he announced the capitulation of Flushing forty-eight hours before the news had arrived through any other channel, to the surprise and wonder of an admiring public!

This was the man, and these were the qualities and the temper, that helped to raise *The Times* newspaper, before he died, to rank, both in income and in influence, among the powers and principalities of the world. How much he had to struggle against, and what skill and energy he threw into the contest are still imperfectly known.—Everybody remembers how, when not far from the zenith of his prosperity, he was found alone in the printing-room in his shirt sleeves, composing-stick in hand, diligently setting up some item of important foreign news which had just arrived—the workmen being out of the way. "Logography" had failed, but the improving energy of Walter No I. lived in Walter No. II. If "composing" could not be artificially expedited, press-work might; and hence that application of steam power to the process which, gradually developed, now throws off 10,000 copies of *The Times* per hour. For ten years, Walter had struggled against the hostility of the pressmen, and, on the very eve of success, had to abandon the further working of his model, from a failure of funds—his very father, remembering "logography," refusing to assist him further. Mr. Walter, however, was not the man to be deterred from what he had once resolved to do. He gave his mind incessantly to the subject, and courted aid from all quarters, with his usual munificence. In the year 1814, he was induced by a clerical friend, in whose judgment he confided, to make a fresh experiment; and, accordingly, the machinery of the amiable and inge-

nious Kœnig, assisted by his young friend, Bauer, was introduced—not, indeed, at first into *The Times* office, but into the adjoining premises, such caution being thought necessary, from the threatened violence of the pressmen. Here the work advanced, under the frequent inspection and advice of the friend alluded to. At one period these two able mechanics suspended their anxious toil, and left the premises in disgust. After the lapse, however, of about three days, the same gentleman discovered their retreat, induced them to return, showed them to their surprise their difficulty conquered, and the work still in progress. The night in which this curious machine was first brought into use in its new abode was one of great anxiety and even alarm. The pressmen had threatened destruction to any one whose inventions might suspend their employment—"destruction to him and his traps." They were directed to wait for expected news from the Continent. It was about six o'clock in the morning when Mr. Walter went into the press-room, and astonished its occupants by telling them that "*The Times* was already printed by steam; that if they attempted violence there was a force ready to suppress it; but that, if they were peaceable, their wages should be continued to every one of them till similar employment could be procured;" a promise which was, no doubt, faithfully performed; and having so said, he distributed several copies among them. Thus was this most hazardous enterprise undertaken, and successfully carried through; and printing by steam, on an almost gigantic scale, given to the world. A memorable night for Walter No. II!

The leading-article department, though its style was probably more frank and pithy than eloquent and elaborate, and far, very far, from having had introduced into it the magnificent and many sounding flow which is now the envy of surrounding nations, was carefully cultivated by Walter No. II. Among the earliest of Walter's editors was Dr. Stoddart, whose more than Ernulphian execrations of Napoleon procured him the soubriquet of Dr. Slop. When at last Stoddart's execrations grew insanely violent and loud, Walter civilly gave him warning, with offers of a "retiring compensation;" but the consequent diplomacies were cut short by Stoddart's starting *The New Times*, in which he cursed editorially without any Uncle Tobyism to check him; but so far as success with the public went—to no purpose.—To him succeeded Thomas Barnes, to whom O'Connell applied the epithet of "gin-drinkingest"—the Barnes of whom it is said that when other and higher names got the credit of early eloquence in *The Times*, he might have justly cried, "That thunder is mine." During the last years of the continental war, when Stoddart was cursing his loudest, Barnes was writing acute and genial criticism on our chief poets and novelists in the columns of the unsuccessful *Champion;* and occasionally, perhaps, throwing off a letter *a la Junius* to *The Times*. A Literary Reminiscent of those years, a frequenter of the joyous haunt at Sydenham, where Tom Hill kept open house, and Barnes was among the constant visitors, tells some strange stories of the habits of the future editor of *The Times*. How once he was found lying on Sydenham Common, deep in a wintry night, betwinkled by the wintry stars, his futile fingers playing with the snow, and his Bacchus-tied tongue fitfully mumbling forth an expression of inability "to draw the sheets over him."

From casual letter-writing *a la Junius*, Barnes was promoted to reporting, to co-editorship and co-proprietorship, and died wealthy, full of years and full of liquor, in the May of 1841. Casual letter-writing, too, first introduced to Walter, so early as the year 1812, a contributor who was destined to exert a powerful influence upon the fortunes of *The Times*, and through it upon English politics, Captain Edward Sterling by name and designation. He was an Irishman, born at Waterford in 1773, the son of a well-to-do Protestant ecclesiastic of the Anglo-Irish church, had studied at Trinity College, Dublin, eaten his terms in London, and been called to the Irish bar. Joining a corps of volunteers, in his twenty-fifth year, when the Irish rebellion broke out, he never returned to the bar, but further volunteered into the Line with the rank of Captain. Sinking into half pay, he became a sort of gentleman-farmer, in one part of Britain and another; but agriculture could not engross this "impetuous man, full of real energy;" and at last, in the year 1812, he got a footing in a more congenial arena, by Walter's acceptance of a steady series of letters sent by him to *The Times*, under the signature of *Vetus*. The connection, thus begun, grew closer and deeper as it proceeded, until about the year 1830, when he became the chief writer in *The Times*. "A stout, broad gentleman," Carlyle describes him, "perpendicular in attitude, rather showily dressed, and of gracious, ingenious, slightly elaborate manners." He drove about to to the clubs, talked and listened, gathering up the feeling of the day. Then he came home, perhaps, to a pleasant dinner-party. At one in the morning, when all had vanished into sleep, his lamp was kindled in his library; and there, twice or thrice a week, for a three hours' space, he launched his bolts which, next morning, were to shake the world. This was, or was considered to be, from 1830 to 1840, the Thunderer of *The Times* newspaper.

If you dip into the file of *The Times* about the date of the Manchester massacre, you find the tone of the leading articles sternly constitutional. The little sheet of 1789 has grown, in some thirty years, into a large one, which latter has an opulent show of advertisements, and the columns altogether testify to a careful and vigilant editorship, and a copiousness of contribution, reporting, and correspondence. Dip again, some ten years further on, and the two leaves have become four, and everything is on an expanded scale. But, above all, the tone is altered from one of anxious constitutionalism to one of fierce unbending radicalism; it is the Captain that is at work, "storming along" for reform "ten thousand strong." Five years more, with the accession of Peel's first ministry, and what is this? "We" are conservative now, and support Sir Robert and the constitution; it is the Captain again, who has wheeled round, and charges against those whom he once led! *The Times*, for many years, has been an able and influential paper, but it was with its support of the Reform Bill that it first became the leading Journal, and great was the lamentation

and indignation throughout the land at so sudden and important a defection. Was the Captain the cause or merely the instrument? Had not Walter and Barnes, as well as he, become conscious of the actual impotence and intrinsic feebleness of the Whigs? Already, in the spring of 1834, the paper had declared against the New Poor Law. Walter, who had offered wages without work to his pressmen, and had behaved so handsomely to Dr. Slop, was not the man to approve of the New Poor Law; and, while he lived, *The Times* carried on a war against that measure, not only steady, but successful, although the success arrived only when Walter was leaving the world. Honor to him for this, and to the Captain for the powerful pen, almost whose last journalistic effort was a series of vivid articles in favor of the Factory Bill.

Barnes died in 1841; about the same time the Captain's connection with *The Times* seems to have slackened or almost ceased; and now it is said to have been that the influence of the present Mr. Walter, No. III., gave it a slightly Tractarian and Toryish bias, which was not long maintained. The present editorial management of *The Times* is vested in "young Delaine," son of that "old Delaine," who left *The Times* years ago, under the auspices of Gladstone and Co., to set *The Chronicle* on its legs again, it having fallen upon its face, in spite of its support of the New Poor Law! The commercial manager is Mr. Mowbray Morris, a gentlemanly man of dignified demeanor; and the principal writer of the leading articles—the one who wields the "present thunder" of *The Times*—is the Rev. Thomas Mozley, of Guildford Street, near the Foundling Hospital.

MRS. B. STOWE AND HER FAMILY.

The family to which Mrs. Stowe belongs, is as widely and as favorably known as almost any other in the United States, and consists of twelve! the apostolic number. And of the twelve, seven are apostles of the pulpit, and two of the pen, after the manner of the nineteenth century. Of the other three, one has been swept into commerce by the strong current setting that way in America; and the other two, wives of lawyers of respectable standing, and mothers of families, have been absorbed by the care and affections of domestic life. They are said to be no way inferior, in point of natural endowments, to the nine who have chosen to play their parts in life before a larger public. Indeed, persons who know intimately all the twelve, are puzzled to assign superiority to any one of them. With the shades of difference which always obtain between individual characters, they bear a striking resemblance to each other, not only physically, but intellectually and morally. All of them are about the common size—the doctor being a trifle below it, and some of the sons a trifle above it—neither stout nor slight, but compactly and ruggedly built. Their movements and gestures have much of the abruptness and want of grace common in the New England States, where the opera and dancing school are considered as institutions of Satan. Their features are large and irregular, and though not free from a certain manly beauty in the men, are scarcely redeemed from homeliness in the women by the expression of intelligence and wit which lights them up, and fairly sparkles in their grayish blue eyes.

All of them have the energy of character, restless activity, strong convictions, tenacity of purpose, deep sympathies, and spirit of self-sacrifice, which are such invaluable qualities in the character of propagandists. It would be impossible for the theologians among them to be members of any other church than the church militant. Father and sons, they have been in the thickest of the battles fought in the church and by it; and always have moved together in solid column. To them questions of schoolastic theology are mummeries, dry and attractionless; they are practical, living in the real present, dealing with questions which palpitate with vitality. Temperance, foreign and home-missions, the influence of commerce on public morality, the conversion of young men, the establishment of theological seminaries, education, colonization, abolition, the political obligations of Christians; on matters such as these do the Beechers expend their energies. Nor do they disdain taking an active part in public affairs; one of them was appointed at New York City to address Kossuth on his arrival. What is remarkable is that, though they have come in violent collision with many of the abuses of American society, their motives have never been seriously attacked. This exemption from the ordinary lot of reformers is owing not only to their consistent disinterestedness, but to a certain Yankee prudence, which prevents their advancing without being sure of battalions behind them; and also to a reputation the family has acquired for eccentricity. As public speakers they are far above mediocrity; not graceful, but eloquent, with a lively scorn of the mean, and perception of the comic, which overflow in pungent wit and withering satire; and sometimes, in the heat of extemporaneous speaking, in biting sarcasm. Their style of oratory would often seem, to a staid, church-going Englishman, to contrast too strongly with the usual decorum of the pulpit.

Nine of the Beechers are authors. They are known to the reading and religious public of the United States, by reviews, essays, sermons, orations, debates, and discourses on a great variety of subjects, chiefly of local or momentary interest. All of these productions are marked by vigorous thought; very few by that artistic excellence, that conformity to the laws of the ideal, which alone confer a lasting value on the creations of the brain. Many of them are controversial, or wear an aggressive air which is unmistakable. Before Mrs. Stowe's last book, her celebrity was hardly equal to her

maiden sister's. Catherine had a wider reputation as an authoress, and her indefatigable activity in the cause of education had won for her very general esteem. I may add in this connection that it is to her the United States are indebted for the only extensively useful association for preparing and sending capable female teachers to the west. She had the energy and the tact to organize and put it in successful operation.

Harriet Beecher was born in Lichfield, about the year 1812. After the removal of the family to Boston, she enjoyed the best educational advantages of that city. With the view of preparing herself for the business of instruction, she acquired all the ordinary accomplishments of ladies, and much of the learning usually reserved for the stronger sex. At an early age she began to aid her eldest sister, Catherine, in the management of a flourishing female school, which had been built up by the latter. When their father went West, the sisters accompanied him, and opened a similar establishment in Cincinnatti.

This city is situated on the northern bank of the Ohio. The range of hills which hugs the rive for hundreds of miles above, here recedes from it in a semicircle, broken by a valley and several ravines, leaving a basin several square miles in surface. This is the site of the busy manufacturing and commercial town which, in 1832, contained less than forty thousand inhabitants, and at present contains more than one hundred and twenty thousand —a rapid increase, which must be attributed, in a great measure, to the extensive trade it carries on with the slave States. The high hill, whose point, now crowned with an observatory, overhangs the city on the east, stretches away to the east and north in a long sweep of table-land. On this is situated Lane Seminary—Mrs. Stowe's home for eighteen long years. Near the Seminary buildings, and on the public road, are certain comfortable brick residences, situated in yards green with tufted grass, and half concealed from view by accacias, locusts, rose-bushes, and vines of honeysuckle and clematis. These were occupied by Dr. Beecher, and the Professors. There are other residences more pretending in appearance, occupied by bankers, merchants and men of fortune. The little village thus formed is called Walnut Hills, and is one of the prettiest in the environs of Cincinnatti.

For several years after her removal to this place, Harriet Beecher continued to teach in connection with her sister. She did so until her marriage with the Rev. Calvin E. Stowe, Professor of Biblical Literature in the Seminary of which her father was President. This gentleman was already one of the most distinguished ecclesiastical *savans* in America. After graduating with honor at Bowdoin College, Maine, and taking his theological degree at Andover, he had been appointed Professor, at Dartmouth College, New Hampshire, whence he had been called to Lane Seminary. Mrs. Stowe's married life has been of that equable and sober happiness so common in the families of Yankee clergymen. It has been blessed with a numerous offspring, of whom five are still living. Mrs. Stowe has known the fatigues of watching over the sick bed, and her heart has felt that grief which eclipses all others—that of a bereaved mother. Much of her time has been devoted to the education of her children, while the ordinary household cares have devolved on a friend or distant relative, who has always resided with her. She employed her leisure in contributing occasional pieces, tales and novelettes to the magazines and newspapers. Her writings were of a highly moral tone, and deservedly popular. Only a small portion of them are comprised in the volume—" The Mayflower "—already well known. This part of Mrs. Stowe's life, spent in literary pleasures, family joys and cares, and the society of the pious and intelligent, would have been of as unalloyed happiness as mortals can expect, had it not been darkened at every instant by the baleful shadow of slavery.

The "peculiar institution " was destined to thwart the grand project in life of Mrs. Stowe's husband and father. When they relinquished their excellent positions in the East in order to build up the great Presbyterian Seminary for the Ohio and Mississippi valley, they did so with every prospect of success. Never did a literary institution start under fairer auspices. The number and reputation of the professors had drawn together several hundred students from all parts of the United States; not sickly cellar-plants of boys sent by wealthy parents, but hardy and intelligent young men, most of whom, fired by the ambition of converting the world to Christ, were winning their way through privations and toil, to education and ministerial orders. They were the stuff out of which foreign missionaries and revival preachers are made. Some of them were known to the public as lecturers: Theodore D. Weld was an oratorical celebrity. For a year all went well. Lane Seminary was the pride and hope of the Church. Alas for the hopes of Messrs. Beecher and Stowe! this prosperity was of short duration.

The French Revolution of 1830, the agitation in England for reform, and against colonial slavery, the fine and imprisonment by American courts of justice, of citizens who had dared to attack the slave trade carried on under the federal flag, had begun to direct the attention of a few American philanthropists to the evils of slavery. Some years before, a society had been formed for the purpose of colonizing free blacks on the coast of Africa. It had been patronized by intelligent slaveholders, who feared the contact of free blacks with their human chattels; and by feeble or ignorant

persons in the North, whose consciences impelled them to act on slavery in some way, and whose prudence or ignorance of the question led them to accept the plan favored by slaveholders. However useful to Africa the emigration to its shores of intelligent, moral, and enterprising blacks may be, it is now universally admitted that colonization, as a means of extinguishing slavery, is a drivelling absurdity. These were the views of the Abolition Convention, which met at Philadelphia in 1833, and set on foot the agitation which has since convulsed the Union.

The President of that Convention, Mr. Arthur Tappan, was one of the most liberal donors of Lane Seminary. He forwarded its address to the students; and, in a few weeks afterwards, the whole subject was up for discussion amongst them. At first there was little interest. But soon the fire began to burn. Many of the students had travelled or taught in schools in the slave States; a goodly number were sons of slaveholders, and some were owners of slaves. They had seen slavery, and had facts to relate, many of which made the blood run chill with horror. Those spread thro' the pages of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, reader, and which your swelling heart and overflowing eyes would not let you read aloud, are cold in comparison. The discussion was soon ended, for all were of accord; but the meetings for the relation of facts were continued night after night and week after week. What was, at first, sensibility grew into enthusiasm; the feeble flame had become a conflagration. The slave owners among the students gave liberty to their slaves; the idea of going on foreign missions was scouted at, because there were heathens at home; some left their studies and collected the colored population of Cincinnatti into churches, and preached to them; others gathered the young men into evening schools, and the children into day schools, and devoted themselves to teaching them; others organized benevolent societies for aiding them, and orphan asylums for the destitute and abandoned children; and others again, left all to aid fugitive slaves on their way to Canada, or to lecture on the evils of slavery. The fanaticism was sublime; every student felt himself a Peter the hermit, and acted as if the abolition of slavery depended on his individual exertions.

At first the discussion had been encouraged by the President and Professors; but when they saw it swallowing up everything like regular study, they thought it high time to stop. It was too late; the current was too strong to be arrested. The commercial interests of Cincinnatti took the alarm—manufacturers feared the loss of their Southern trade. Public sentiment exacted the suppression of the discussion and excitement. Slaveholders came over from Kentucky, and urged the mob on to violence. For several weeks there was imminent danger that Lane Seminary, and the houses of Drs. Beecher and Stowe, would be burnt or pulled down by a drunken rabble. These must have been weeks of mortal anxiety for Harriet Beecher. The board of trustees now interfered, and allayed the excitement of the mob by forbidding all further discussion on slavery in the Seminary. To this the students responded by withdrawing *en masse*. Where hundreds had been, there was left a mere handful. Lane Seminary was deserted. For seventeen years after this, Dr. Beecher and Professor Stowe remained there, endeavoring in vain to revive its prosperity. In 1850 they returned to the Eastern States, the great project of their life defeated. After a short stay at Bowdoin College, Maine, Professor Stowe acceepted an appointment to the chair of Biblical literature in the Theological Seminary at Andover, Massachusetts, an institution which stands, to say the least, as high as any in the United States.

These events caused a painful reaction in the feelings of the Beechers. Repulsed alike by the fanaticism they had witnessed among the foes, and the brutal violence among the friends of slavery, they thought their time for action had not come, and gave no public expression of their abhorrence to slavery. They waited for the storm to subside, and the angel of truth to mirror his form in tranquil waters. For a long time they resisted all attempts to make them bow the knee to slavery, or to avow themselves abolitionists. It is to this period Mrs. Stowe alludes, when she says, in the closing chapter of her book: "For many years of her life the author avoided all reading upon, or allusion to, the subject of slavery, considering it too painful to be inquired into, and one which advancing light and civilization would live down." The terrible and dramatic scenes which occurred in Cincinnatti, between 1835 and 1847, were calculated to increase the repugnance of a lady to mingle actively in the *melee*. That city was the chief battle-ground of freedom and slavery. Every month there was something to attract attention to the strife; either a press destroyed, or a house mobbed, or a free negro kidnapped, or a trial for freedom before the courts, or the confectionary of an English abolitionist riddled, or a public discussion, or an escape of slaves, or an armed attack on the negro quarter, or a negro school-house razed to the ground, or a slave in prison, and killing his wife and children to prevent their being sold to the South. Th e abolition press, established there in 1835 by James G. Burney, whom, on account of his mildness, Miss Martineau called "the gentleman of the abolition cause," and continued by Dr. Bailey, the moderate and able editor of the *National Era*, of Washington city, in which *Uncle Tom's Cabin* first appeared in weekly numbers, was destroyed five times. On one occasion, the Mayor dismissed at mid-

night the rioters, who had also pulled down the houses of some colored people, with the following pithy speech: "Well, boys, let's go home; we've done enough." One of these mobs deserves particular notice, as its victims enlisted deeply the sympathies of Mrs. Stowe. In 1840, the slave catchers, backed by the riff-raff of the population, and urged on by certain politicians and merchants, attacked the quarters in which the negroes reside.—Some of the houses were battered down by cannon. For several days the city was abandoned to violence and crime. The negro quarters were pillaged and sacked; negroes who attempted to defend their property were killed, and their mutilated bodies cast into the streets; women were violated by ruffians, and soon afterwards died of the injuries received; houses were burnt, and men, women, and children were abducted in the confusion, and hurried into slavery. From the brow of the hill on which she lived, Mrs. Stowe could hear the cries of the victims, the shouts of the mob, and the reports of the guns and cannon, and could see theflames of the conflagration. To more than one of the trembling fugitives she gave shelter, and wept bitter tears with them. After the fury of the mob was spent, many of the coloured people gathered together the little left them of worldly goods, and started for Canada. Hundreds passed in front of Mrs. Stowe's house. Some of them were in little waggons; some were trudging along on foot after the household stuff; some led their children by the hand; and there were even mothers who walked on, suckling their infants, and weeping for the dead or kidnapped husband they had left behind.

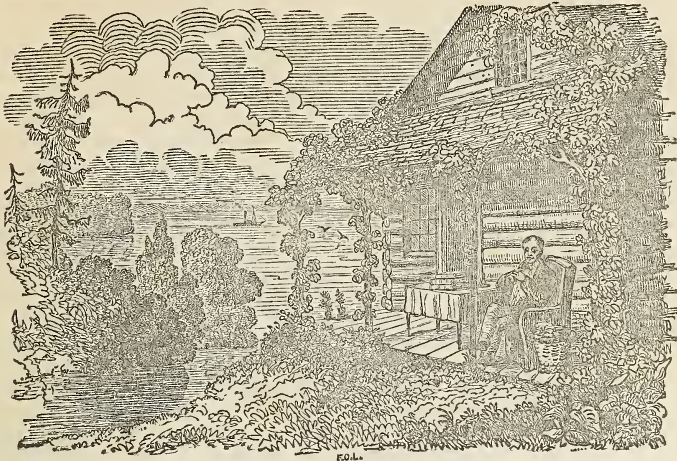
This road, which ran through Walnut Hills, and within a few feet of Mrs. Stowe's door, was one of the favourite routes of "the underground railroad," so often alluded to in Uncle Tom's Cabin. This name was given to a line of Quakers and other abolitionists, who, living at intervals of 10, 15, or 20 miles between the Ohio river and the Northern Lakes, had formed themselves into a sort of association to aid fugitive slaves in their escape to Canada.—Any fugitive was taken by night on horseback, or in covered wagons, from station to station, until he stood on free soil, and found the fold of the lion banner floating over him, and the artillery of the British Empire between him and slavery. The first station north of Cincinnatti was a few miles up Mill Creek, at the house of the pious and honest-hearted John Vanzandt, who figures in chapter nine of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, as John Van Trompe. Mrs. Stowe must have often been roused from her sleep by the quick rattle of the covered wagons, and the confused galloping of the horses of constables and slave-catchers in hot pursuit. "Honest John" was always ready to turn out with his team, and the hunters of men were not often adroit enough to come up with him. He sleeps now in the obscure grave of a martyr. The "gigantic frame," of which the novelist speaks, was worn down at last by want of sleep, exposure, and anxiety; and his spirits were depressed by the persecutions which were accumulated on him. Several slave owners, who had lost their property by his means, sued him in the United States Courts for damages; and judgment after judgment stripped him of his farm, and all his property.

During her long residence on the frontier of the slave States, Mrs. Stowe made several visits to them. It was then, no doubt, she made the observations which have enabled her to paint noble, generous, and humane slaveholders, in the characters of Wilson, the manufacturer, Mrs. Shelby and her son George, St. Clair and his daughter Eva, the benevolent purchaser at the New Orleans auction sale, the mistress of Susan and Emeline, and Symes, who helped Eliza and her boy up the river bank. Mrs. Stowe has observed slavery in every phase; she has seen masters and slaves at home, New Orleans markets, fugitives, free coloured people, pro-slavery politicians and priests, abolitionists, and colonizationists. She and her family have suffered from it; seventeen years of her life have been clouded by it. For that long period she stifled the strongest emotions of her heart. No one but her intimate friends knew their strength. She has given them expression at last. *Uncle Tom's Cabin* is the agonizing cry of feelings pent up for years in the heart of a true woman.

HYMN ON THE MORNING.

BY RICHARD CRASHAW.

* * * * O Thou
Bright Lady of the morn! pity doth lie
So warm in thy soft breast, it cannot die—
Have mercy then, and when he next shall rise,
O meet the angry God, invade his eyes.
———————So my wakeful lay shall knock
On th' oriental gates, and duly mock
The early lark's shrill orisons, to be
An anthem at the day's nativity.
And the same rosy-fingered hand of thine,
That shuts night's dying eyes shall open mine;
But thou faint god of sleep, forget that I
Was ever known to be thy votary.
No more my pillows shall thine altar be,
Nor will I offer any more to thee,
Myself a melting sacrifice; I'm born
Again a fresh child of the buxom morn.
Heir of the Sun's first beams, why threat'st thou so
Why dost thou shake thy leaden sceptre? Go,
Bestow thy poppy upon wakeful woe,
Sickness and sorrow, whose pale-like lids ne'er know
Thy downy finger; dwell upon their eyes,
Shut in their tears, shut out their miseries!



THE EDITOR'S SHANTY.

SEDERUNT XII.

[SCENE:—*The Shanty. Major and Laird sitting crooning over the fire.*]

MAJOR.—What weather! rain, rain, rain. Where is it to end? Did you ever see anything like it, Laird? Oh! there is another twinge. Hang it, man, throw on another log.

LAIRD.—Whisht, whisht, Major, ane wad think that ye're 'na ower gratefu' for the meercies o' Providence. The saft weather, though a wee bit cauld, will bring on the grain noo buried in the earth, and the grass and flower o' the forest will rejoice in——

MAJOR.—Drat the grass and forest flowers! A week's fair weather and genial sunshine would do more for the fields, and man, too, than all last month's storm, and wind, and rain, and frost, and——

LAIRD.—Haud now,—frost?

MAJOR.—Frost, as I live! and *May* more than half gone. [*Enter Doctor.*] I'll leave it to the Doctor.

DOCTOR.—And what are you two old fogies fighting about, now. The weather, I'd bet a pound, to judge from your positions over the fire.

MAJOR.—Yes, this infernal, cold, damp, raw and blustering weather. We had frost last night, had we not, Doctor?

DOCTOR.—I cannot say, considering I am not an early riser, but an application to the Observatory——

MAJOR.—I can observe well enough for myself. I was up at day break, and the puddles were covered with ice.

DOCTOR.—Then, Major, you are, doubtless, right; but the weather is a stale subject to talk upon, and I have a little story that I hope will interest you while supper is preparing.

MAJOR.—Let us have it by all means, or our sederunt will be most barren; there is nothing, positively nothing going on at this unhappy season of the year, when the wind and rain and fog and damp combine to render man——

DOCTOR.—Stop, Major, for pity's sake. I have been delighted at lately witnessing another instance of the liberality of our publishers in furnishing the public at a moderate rate, with specimens of art, which a few years ago were exclusively the property of the wealthy. I have been inspecting a painting which blends the historical with the poetical, and while intently examining the work, I fancied I could read the whole tale the canvas would portray.

LAIRD.—An' what might it be?

DOCTOR.—It is a painting illustrative of fashionable life. To the right may be seen a large and handsome house, decorated externally with unusual magnificence. This house, now, I would suppose to be occupied by some rich' personage, who, after serving, for many years his king and country, retires, on the death of his wife, to this his habitation, accompanied by his secretary, who assists him in winding up his public affairs. The statesman, for so I will call him, has a young and beautiful daughter of "sweet seventeen," as all heroines of tales are; the secretary, who is also good-looking, clever, witty, but poor, meets our heroine and falls in love. It is not to be supposed that the father would countenance any such proceedings, either on the part of the secretary or of his daughter, and to avoid the possibility of such a catastrophe he dismisses the secretary on the completion of his duties. But it is too late, they have seen each other and declared their mutual passion.

LAIRD.—Puir things!

DOCTOR.—But, before going further, I'll des-

cribe the house and grounds of this statesman, as represented in the drawing. The building itself is of two storries, built in a queer Chinese fashion, or perhaps better described by saying it is like that curious affair of red-brick highly ornamented with gingerbread-work, on Front-street, a few rods east of the old garrison,—like it, also, it has a verandah in front with a terrace. About the house are growing beautiful and rare trees, the most conspicuous of which are a willow in blossom, and the twenty-ounce pippin, specimens of which are likely to be found in Mr. Leslie's nursery garden near Toronto. Before the house runs a high wooden fence, zig-zag in shape, much like our common snake fences in the country. This fence was built by the statesman who, discovering that his daughter and late secretary cerresponded, and had occasional interviews, determined to exclude his daughter as much as possible from the presence of the *profanum vulgus*, and had the gate secured by one of Hobb's patent locks, which he considered safer than Bramah's, for Bramah's had been picked lately by the Yankee.

Major.—But, Doctor, it strikes me that you are romancing a great deal, or you can see further into a mile-stone than most men. How could you detect Hobb's on the gate.?

Doctor.—Prithee, Major, let me tell my story my own way. The painting is an admirable one, and you must suffer me to enlarge a little or you will not understand it. The daughter, who was thus cut off, as it were, from the world, pined away; the bloom from her cheek had fled, and the sunken eye proclaimed the misery she was enduring. The statesman, who was in his way a kind and tender father, caused to be built a suit of apartments and a large banquet room to the left of his mansion, for his daughter's accomodation. The building jutted out over the water, which skirted his demesnes. Here the daughter moped in solitude, attended by an old duenna, who supplied the place of her maid and confidante. She was also told to prepare for marriage with an old but rich and powerful suitor who solicited the honor of her hand from her father, which honor on his part was willingly granted, for it secured him from further trouble on his daughter's part, and her a rich husband, alike honorable in years and fame.

Laird.—The cruel beastie, to wed the tender plant to the vile old sinner.

[The Major's eyes twinkled, but not with suppressed tears; there was a cunningness about them when he muttered, *sotto voce*, "I've seen the plate."]

Doctor.—The secretary, who from the opposite side of the river had watched the proceedings of the statesman, and had even seen our heroine at a window, looking out over the water, in the banquetting house, bethought himself of an expedient whereby he might communicate with his "fairy queen," as I have no doubt he often called her. It was this. The current of the river he found, by accidently dropping a piece of wood in it, would carry any floating substance immediately beneath the windows of his charmer. So scribbling a note, he entrusted it to a little ark which swept on as gallantly to its destination, as the Royal Mail Cunard line does itself to New York. Our heroine saw the tiny vessel floating on towards her, and thinking it might be a toy some neighbor's child might have lost, hastened down and grabbed——

Major.—Oh, Doctor! *Caught!*

Doctor.—And *caught* the post.

Laird.—Eh, noo, but she was a fortunate lassie. What was in the letter?

Major.—Ha, ha, ha! You are curious, Laird.

Doctor.—As she was a discreet damsel, she hid the letter in her bosom, and hurried to her room to read in private. It was something as follows:—

"As towards thee my bark sails, so to thee my thoughts tend; and as the flowers fade and blossoms fall, so will your faithful lover droop and be seen no more.

"P.S.—Let your thoughts float and I'll read your words in the stream!"

This was too good a chance to be lost; so seizing a pen, she replied by way of encouragement:—"Does a farmer allow his fruits to be plucked by another? The fruit you most prize is ripe. Take care lest another enjoys it;" and placing this precious epistle in the same conveyance, entrusted it the waters. Her lover's delight and fears were at the same time excited by this document, and he replied shortly that he would secure his own, or "perish in the attempt." Time, of course, is supposed to wave on, and the statesman gave a grand feast in honor of his daughter's nuptials with her suitor, which were to take place one summer's eve. The father at this feast got intoxicated, but her suitor was much worse. In the midst of the entertainment who should enter but the secretary in disguise. He made himself known to his faithful lady love, and they agreed to fly at once; she also gave him a ten-pound note presented her by her suitor as a bridal present; this he put in his pocket. They had barely left the house when the father, suspecting that all was not right, looked for his daughter, and saw her running across the lawn towards a bridge which spanned the river, followed by his late secretary. He pursued them. The three figures are admirably depicted crossing the bridge, foremost of them is the daughter, next the lover with her bundle, and last, the father with a whip, which the daughter knew would be well applied if taken. The countenances of these characters, which occupy the foreground in the painting, are masterpieces in themselves, an expression of love

blended with fear characterizes the faces of the lovers, while hate, mingled with rage, indicates the father. I will merely add that the lovers succeeded in escaping, but their troubles are not yet ended. To the extreme left of the picture at the foot of the bridge is delineated a humble cottage, where the loving pair resided for a few years in happiness and safety, living on money obtained by her taking in washing and sewing. At last they were discovered by the outraged father, who ordered the police to take them in custody for the theft of his money. But, happily, they succeeded in making their escape; and may be seen in the painting, sailing down the river in a small covered boat. They land on an island at some distance from their former home, represented also in the plate to the left; here the young couple resolve to spend the rest of their days in peace. The secretary for a subsistence devotes himself to agricultural pursuits, and resolves to write a work on the potato rot. This book, though meriting great praise, unfortunately reveals to the statesman the *locale* of his son-in-law. He again orders the police after them, and they are surprised. In the scuffle which ensues the secretary is killed, and his wife in despair sets fire to the house and perishes in the flames. (The Laird heaves a deep-drawn sigh.) The gods, in pity for the misfortunes of the unhappy couple, change them into turtle doves, and they may be seen at the top of the plate billing and cooing with each—

Laird (intensely indignant).—Hau'd, hau'd, hau'd, man; d'ye mean to run yer rigs, gammoning auld chiels sic as us wi' yer senseless stuff, telling sic a lang rigmarole about a common crockery plate, sic as Grizzy an' I have eaten aff these last fifty years? Ye ought to know better, ye young deevil, an' you a doctor, too! Ye are'na worthy o' a seat in oor Shanty. Major, let us vote him out.

Major.—No, no; I saw the joke, though not at first, and considered it would have been unkind, especially as you were so earnest about it, to undeceive you.

Laird.—Ye are as bad as the Doctor, Major. I'll gang to Mrs. Grundy, and tell her yer tricks. (Exit Laird, who almost immediately returns, holding in his hands a "willow-pattern plate.") Weel, weel (laughing), Doctor, I forgie ye. But tell me, noo, what made ye think o' sic a trick.

Doctor.—Well, Laird, the other day, as I was passing Pell's picture-shop, I saw in the window an engraving of this plate, which was presented and inscribed by Mr. Punch to his readers. This plate also called to my mind a tale which I had read many years back somewhere, and I thought it would be an excellent joke if I could give you a free and easy version of it, without your guessing my object; that I succeeded I can see very well, but I question much, if it were related to the readers of the *Anglo*, whether they would be so apt to be *sold*. However, we must not neglect our sederunt. What is there to chat about? Have any of you dipped into the third part of Lord John Russell's "Memoirs, Journal, and Correspondence of Thomas Moore?"

Major.—I have done more, oh són of Esculapius, I have positively *devoured* it!

Laird.—Wonders will never cease! I would hae opined that ony thing coming frae the pen o' the wee Whig Lordie, would hae destroyed your digestion.

Major.—Silence, Laird, and jump not thus at conclusions, as if you were making a leap over one of the rail fences of *Bonnie braes!* I do not dislike Russell the less, but only love Anacreon Tom the more!

Doctor (interrupts)—What a horrid pun.

Major—Most fortunately Lord John has the good sense to let Erin's sweetest warbler, have all the speaking to himself on this occasion, and of a verity, he discourseth most appetizing matter, though occasionally, over-strongly tainted with the mouldyness of *liberalism.*

Doctor.—Crab tree! I protest against these outbreaks of fossil Toryism at this board.—You are enough to drive a rational reformer like myself, into the embraces of red republicanism!

Laird.—And a bonny armfu, the randy would get! But touching Tummas, will you favour us, Major, with some o' his sappy sayings?

Major.—With great pleasure. I shall read you off a bundle of amusing *ana*, worthy of John Wesley himself.

NO ACCOUNTING FOR TASTES.

"A cloddish beau, who could not speak a word of decent English, joined us, with a little footman in gaudy livery, of whom he seemed to be more careful than if it had been his wife; had him inside the coach, and brought him into the same room with us at supper,—a footman evidently a new circumstance to him. This dandy found me out by the name on my trunk, and my having said I lived some time in Leicestershire—proved to be the son of the extraordinary man alluded to by Southey in his Espriella letters, who had a museum of the ropes in which various malefactors had been hanged, all ticketted and hung in order round his room. If I recollect right, Southey says his *own* ought to have completed the collection. He was, notwithstanding this ferocious taste, a poor, weak, squeaking, unmanly mannered old creature; for I knew him a little."

LEFT HANDED COMPLIMENT.

"A good story in Mrs. C.'s "Memoirs" of Stephen Kemble, who sleeping at an inn in a country town, was wakened about daybreak by a strange figure, a dwarf, standing by his bed in extraordinary attire. Kemble raised himself up in the bed, and questioned the figure, which said —"I am a dwarf, as you perceive; I am come to exhibit at the fair to-morrow, and I have mistaken the bed chamber; I suppose you are a giant come for the same purpose."

A LEGAL PUN.

"A gentleman told a punning epigram of Jekyl's upon an old lady being brought forward as a witness to prove a tender made:

> "Garrow, forbear! that tough old jade
> Can never prove a tender maid."

SHERIDAN'S ORATORY AND HABITS.

"In speaking of Sheridan's eloquence, Lord H. said that the over-strained notions he had of perfection were very favourable to his style of oratory in giving it a certain elevation of tone and dignity of thought. Mr. Fox thought his Westminister Hall speech, trumpery, and used to say it spoiled the style of Burke, who was delighted with it. Certainly in the report I have read of it, it seems most trashy bombast. At Holland House, where he was often latterly, Lady H. told me he used to take a bottle of wine and a book up to bed with him always; the *former* alone intended for use. In the morning he breakfasted in bed, and had a little rum or brandy with his tea or coffee; made his appearance between one and two, and pretending important business, used to set out for town, but regularly stopped at the Adam and Eve public-house for a dram. There was indeed a long bill run up by him at the Adam and Eve, which Lord H. had to pay."

THE WAVERLEY NOVELS.

"Talked of the Scotch novels. When Wilkie, the painter, was taking his portraits of Scott's family, the eldest daughter said to him, "We don't know what to think of those novels. We have access to all papa's papers. He has no particular study; writes everything in the midst of us all; and yet we never have seen a single scrap of the MS. of any of these novels; but still we have *one* reason for thinking them his, and that is, that they are the only works published in Scotland of which copies are not presented to papa." The reason *against* is stronger than the reason *for:* Scott gave his honour to the Prince Regent they were not his; and Rogers *heard* him do the same to Sheridan, who asked him, with some degree of *brusquerie*, whether he was the author of them. All this rather confirms me in my first idea, that they are *not* Scott's."

JOSEPH ADDISON.

"Addison, according to the tradition of Holland House, used, when composing, to walk up and down the long gallery there, with a bottle of wine at each end of it, which he finished during the operation.

THE "QUARTERLY" AND "BLACKWOOD."

"Made, while I walked, the following stanza of a song supposed to be sung by Murray to the tune of the "Christening of Little Joey," at a grand literary dinner which he gives:

> "Beware, ye bards of each degree,
> From Wordsworth down to Packwood;
> Two rods I've got to tickle ye—
> The "Quarterly" and "Blackwood."
> Not Cribb himself more handsomely
> Your hollow noddle crack would;
> I'll *fib* you in the "Quarterly,"
> And *ruffian* you in "Blackwood!"
> "So tremble, bards of each degree," &c., &c.

A DRAMATIC JOKE

"Mentioned a tolerably fair punning *jeu-d'esprit*, written by one of his friends, upon an attempt made by a Mr. Aikin to speak a prologue at a private play they had, in which he failed totally, and laid his failure upon the bad prompting of a Mr. Hardy, to whom he gave the manuscript for that purpose. I remember the following:

> "Aikin says Hardy prompts not loud enough;
> Hardy has too much taste to read such stuff;
> Aikin was *hardy* to attempt to speak,
> Hardy was aikin (*aching*) for the speaker's sake."

LADY CLARE

"Reminded me of the night she saw me as Mungo, at a masquerade at Lady Besborough's. Told her this was the last folly I had been guilty of in the masquerading way. Brought to my mind a pun I had made in her hearing that night. Lady Clare said, "I am always found out at a masquerade." "That shows," answered I, "you are not the clair-obscure."

A BATCH OF CONUNDRUMS.

"Some tolerable conundrums mentioned by the ladies:—"Why is the Prince of Homburg like a successful gamester?—Because he has gained a great Bet." "Why doesn't U go out to dinner with the rest of the alphabet? Because it always comes after T." "What are the only two letters of the alphabet that have eyes? A and B, because A B C (see) D." I mentioned one or two of Beresford's (author of the "Miseries of Human Life,") most ludicrously far-fetched. "Why is a man who bets on the letter O that it will beat P in a race to the end of the alphabet, like a man asking for one sort of tobacco, and getting some other?—Because it is wrong to back O (tobacco.") "Why must a man who commits murder in Leicester Square, necessarily be acquitted?—Because he can prove an alley by (alibi.")

BON-MOTS.

"Tierney mentioned two bon-mots of Mr. Pitt: one was his adding to Sir W. Curtis's toast ("A speedy peace and soon,") "soon, if possible;" and the other, his answer to some militia or yeomanry commander, who reminded him that they had stipulated never to quit the country,—"Never," said Pitt, "*except in case of actual invasion.*" I also mentioned Sir. W. Curtis's conundrum, "Why is a towel like a serpent?—Because it's a *wiper*." A blunder told of some Irishman, whose wife's brother was heir to a large fortune, saying, "If my wife had been her brother, what a large fortune," &c. &c.

A PRIZE FIGHT.

"Breakfasted with Davies at seven. Walked to Jackson's house in Grosvenor Street; a very neat establishment for a boxer. Were off in our chaise at eight. The immense crowds of carriages, pedestrians, &c. all along the road—the respect paid to Jackson everywhere, highly comical. He sung some flash songs on the way, and I contrived to muster up one or two myself, much to Scrope Davie's surprise and diversion. The scene of action beyond Crawley, thirty-two miles from town; the combatants Randall & Turner, the former an Irishman, which was lucky, as it

THE TORONTO YACHT CLUB.

gave me some sort of interest in the contest. The thing altogether not so horrid as I expected.—Turner's face was a good deal de-humanised, but Randall (the conqueror) had hardly a scratch. The battle lasted two hours and twenty-two minutes; a beautiful sunshine broke out at this part of the day; and had there been a proportionate mixture of women in the immense ring formed around, it would have been a very brilliant spectacle. The pigeons let off at different periods of the fight, with dispatches, very picturesque; at the close, as many as half a dozen took wing. It seems they are always sure messengers, unless they happen to meet with a hawk."

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

"A good thing of Madame De Staël's about the Duke of Wellington, that "there never was so great a man, made out of such small materials."

DOCTOR.—Some of these are very fair, but the book is not all made up of such light material.

MAJOR.—By no means; the light ana serve only to give piquancy to the rest of the work, which I recommend to your notice.

DOCTOR.—It was my intention to read it, when I found out from you how far it was worth my while. Here is a letter of invitation which I have just received. Will you hear it?

MAJOR.—By all means.

DEAR ANGLO,

Old Winter's days for '53 are numbered, and our glorious Spring is striving right heartily to push the frosty old chap on one side to have her watch on deck, and to steer us into bright summer days, so full of enjoyment. Our sketch of the yacht sailing is, perhaps, premature, but ere long we hope to see—

> "Studious of fame our gallant Commodore,
> Hoist his red pendant and forsake the shore."

And a Commodore of the right sort leads the Toronto Yacht Club for '53, in a new boat,—built by Mr. Hayes—which is a credit to the city. As our worthy Commodore has not officially notified his rig to the Secretary, I have taken the liberty (in my sketch) to rig him, knowing that his usual good humour will excuse the liberty. Our club, Mr. Anglo-American, consists of a Commodore, Vice-Commodore, Captain, and, though last not least, a Secretary and Treasurer. These constitute the officers, the members are *ad libitum*, and judging from the members who have joined up to the present time, I think we will have a right jolly club, and well supported—the present title of the club, I am sorry to say, does not include the term 'Royal,' but a petition has been sent through the Governor and Sir J. Graham to the Queen, beseeching her to honor us by Royalizing our club, so don't be surprised, Mr. Anglo, to see gentlemen walking in our streets in blue jackets and brass (not bone) buttons with a crown, and T.R.Y.C. below. It is to be hoped that our sketch, and slight description may induce those boating men who, from ignorance of the formation of the new club, have not already joined, to become members. For their information I may say, that the members are elected by ballot at the monthly meetings—first Monday in the month. It is not necessary to be a boat owner to become a member, and those who are fond of a sail and do not belong to any boat, will find that it is understood by the boat owners, when not full (I beg you clearly to understand I do not allude to any of the dinner arrangements) to take out members to sail, in preference to others. Lucky is the man, dear Anglo, who gets a sail in some of the boats—you who are fond of the tit bits, will find some capital eating. I know you are Goth enough not to touch punch, but there is always plenty of water to be had. Don't let the public imagine that all the yachts carry professional cooks, but this I say, some of the boats, and owners, too, are to be remembered for hospitality and, as Paddy would say, "the hoight av good aitin' and drinking." I must not say much more about these matters, else the club boats will not be sufficient to carry the members. You, my gastronomic friend, must come to our next monthly meeting, and see how much harmony prevails in Toronto in yachting matters. For the information of yourself I mention that I don't think there is any rule against smoking. As you will perceive, by my statement of the number of yachts and boats, we are not to be despised. We have petitioned the Corporation to allow us a bay or dock to moor our summer hauser in, when the Esplanade is built, and we have every hope that they will accede to our prayer. Between ourselves, I can tell you that—in the event of such people being required—there are some in our club who know the starboard from the larboard tack, and in the event of *anybody* coming to take Canada away from us, we could puzzle them sadly wlth our little yachts and duck-guns off the bar;—and talking of war, I will conclude by hoping,—

> "As on the land the Royal oak doth reign,
> Pride of the forest—monarch of the plain:
> So on the ocean, Britain's Queen may keep,
> Supreme dominion—Ruler of the deep!"

I am, dear Anglo, in faith yours,
LANYARD.

MAJOR.—I hope the club will succeed. There could scarcely be a finer basin than Toronto harbor: and when tired of confinement a stretch into the lake is always before them. By the bye, speaking of the Harbour reminds me that you promised to get up a short account of the Harbour to accompany our engraving.

DOCTOR.—Here it is. [*Doctor reads.*]

Toronto Harbour is nearly circular. On the south it is bounded by a long narrow strip of sand, formed by the action of the waves of Lake Ontario, aided by the current from the river Don. The Peninsula is about six or seven miles long, curving on itself opposite the

old garrison, at its western end it is broad and studded with numerous small bays and lakes, the resort of many varieties of wild fowl. At the eastern extremity is a large marsh, which renders that locality famous for its fevers and agues. Many years ago the Island, as it is called, was covered with forest trees, but these have been nearly all cut away a fact to be deplored for two reasons: firstly, had the trees been left the sands which sweep and driftacross, to and fro, from Lake to Bay and from Bay to Lake, would be in a great measure arrested, and the ponds in the broader portion of the peninsula gradually filled up, converting the whole into a large and beautiful natural park, which would be a resort at all seasons to the weary citizen who, tired of the hot and dusty streets of the town, would seek refuge for a few hours in this cool and shady spot. Secondly, the peninsula in its weakest parts would be strengthened and enabled better to resist the storms of the Lake.—Nature is ever the best architect, and we must be careful when we attempt to improve on her, lest our presumption be punished by destruction. The hollow stalk of straw has taught the builder a most important lesson, and the bee has solved a problem that puzzled our most acute mathematicians for years! Yet no one can say that the nature of the straw, or the instinct of the bee is superior to the organization or the intellectual endowments of man. We must beware, lest placing too much confidence in ourselves and our own opinions, we fall into error, and so allow the humble insect or a common plant to excel us in the adaptation of a means to an end.

But to retuan to our harbor. Bouchette says, "It fell to my lot to make the first survey of York (Toronto) Harbor, in 1793. I was at that period in the naval service on the lakes, and the survey of Toronto Harbor was intrusted by his Excellency to my performance. I still distinctly recollect the untamed aspect which the country exhibited when first I entered the beautiful basin, which thus became the scene of my early hydrographical operations. Dense and trackless forests lined the margin of the Lake and reflected their inverted images in its glassy surface. The wandering savage had constructed his ephemeral habitation beneath their luxuriant foliage, and the bay and neighboring marshes were the hitherto uninvaded haunts of immense coveys of wildfowl: indeed, they were so abundant as in some measure to annoy us during the night."

Before the war of '12, '13 and '14 the government erected a blockhouse on Gibraltar Point, also some storehouses for the storage of implements of husbandry sent out by the home government, for the use of settlers. The storehouses were encumbered with these tools for years, not one of them having been used or disposed of as intended. During the war our American neighbors quietly took possession of them, and burnt the useless houses; they doubtless served a better purpose in their hands than ever they did in ours.

Another incident we must relate in the history of our Peninsula,—two gun-boats, large and handsome vessels they were, were built at the mouth of the river Humber; one fine afternoon they were rowed over to Gibraltar Point, in ten minutes hauled up on the sand, a small shanty built over them, and there they were left till they rotted. They served, however, one good purpose,—many were the picnics held in those days on this Point, and the young ladies and their attendents always found a pleasant little habitation to lunch in during the heat of the day, or to retreat to from a passing shower.

We will now give Sir Richard Bonnycastle's first impressions on landing in Toronto; perhaps his remarks, though written more than ten years ago, may not be inapplicable to the present state of affairs:—"When we first approach the capital of any strange country, our imagination, notwithstanding the *nil admirari* which travel more or less imparts, naturally pictures forth all sorts of ideas; and when we consider that, in visiting Toronto, we come to a city which has started into existence within thirty years, we are naturally eager to examine it and its history closely. Accordingly, I watched the shores of its great pear-shaped bay, or harbour, lined with buildings on the north, and a barren sand on the south, finished by a stagnant marsh on the east, with intense interest, as the steamer wended its way to the inconvenient wharves, placed almost at the extremity of the port.

"Our landing, on a narrow decaying pier, jostled, as it were, almost into the water, by rude carters plying for hire on its narrow bounds, and pestered by crowds of equally rude pliers for hotel preferences, gave us no very exalted notions of the grandeur or the police of Toronto. * * * Piers of rotten planks, nearly on a level with the water, and without gas, or any other lights, must create, as they indeed do, not merely great inconvenience, but loss of life."

Laird.—What wee book is that at your elbow, Crabtree, dressed in green, like ane o' the "good people?"

Major.—An exceedingly modest and readable *Journal of an African Cruise*, written by Horatio Bridge, U.S. Navy, edited by Nathaniel Hawthorn, published by George P. Putnam, and vended by Thomas Maclear.

Doctor.—It is readable, you say?

Major.—Eminently so. The author is refreshingly free from the disease of "fine writing," and tells history in a simple, commonsense manner, which contrasts creditably with the florid tone, too frequently aped by literary blue jackets.

LAIRD—As the Bailie of Balmawhapple said to the prating packman of Pitmidden, "let us see some o' your goods, honest freend, and give us less o' your gab!"

MAJOR.—You *are* a strange customer, after all, Bonniebraes! but your bark is worse than your bite! In compliance with the request which you make, somewhat uncouthly, I shall give you a specimen of Mr. Bridge's yarn-spinning. Here is a peep at a place rendered somewhat famous in Toronto of late, in connection with a relative of the peripatetic Jew!

"Ashore at Santa Cruz. The population of the city is reckoned at six or eight thousand. The streets are clean, and the houses built in the Spanish fashion. Camels are frequent in the streets.

The landing at the Mole is generally bad, as Nelson found to his cost. It is easy to perceive that, even in ordinary times, the landing of a large party, though unopposed, must be a work of considerable difficulty. How much more arduous, then, was the enterprise of the great Naval Hero, who made his attack in darkness, and in the face of a well-manned battery, which swept away all who gained foot-hold on the shore! The latter obstacle might have been overcome by English valor, under Nelson's guidance; but night, and the heavy surf, were the enemies that gave him his first and only defeat. The little fort, under whose guns he was carried by his step-son, after the loss of his arm, derived its chief interest, in my eyes, from that circumstance. The glory of the great Admiral sheds a lustre even upon the spot where succcss deserted him. In the Cathedral of Santa Cruz are to be seen two English flags, which were taken on that occasion, and are still pointed out with pride by the inhabitants. I saw them five years ago, when they hung from the walls, tattered and covered with dust; they are now enclosed in glass cases, to which the stranger's attention is eagerly directed by the boys who swarm around him. The defeat of Nelson took place on the anniversary of the patron-saint of Santa Cruz; a coincidence which has added not a little to the saint's reputation. It was by no means his first warlike exploit; for he is said to have come to the assistance of the inhabitants, and routed the Moors, when pressing the city hard, in the olden time.

We wandered about the eity until evening, and then walked in the Plaza. Here the ladies and gentlemen of the city promenade for an hour or two, oceasionally seating themselves on the stone-benches which skirt the square. Like other Spanish ladies, the lovely brunettes of Santa Cruz generally wear the mantilla, so much more becoming than the bonnet. There are just enough of bonnets worn by foreigners, and travelled Spanish dames, to show what deformities they are, when contrasted with the graceful veil. This head-dress could only be used in a climate like that of Teneriffe, where there are no extremes of heat or cold. It is a proverb that there is no winter and no summer here. So equable and moderate is the temperature, that, we were assured, a person might, without inconvenience, wear either thick or thin clothing, all the year round. With such a elimate, and with a fertile soil, it would seem that this must be almost a Paradise. There is a great obstruction, however, to the welfare of the inhabitants, in the want of water. It rains so seldom that the ground is almost burnt up, and many cattle actually perish from thirst. It is said that no less than thirty thousand persons have emigrated from the island, within three years.

The productions of Teneriffe, for export, are wine and barilla. Of the first, the greater part is sent to England, Russia and the United States. About thirty thousand pipes are made annually, of which two thirds are exported. Little or no wine is produced on the southern slope of the island. The hills around Santa Cruz are little more than rugged peaks of naked rock. The scenery is wild and bold, but sterile; and scattered around are stupendous hills of lava, the products of former volcanic eruptions, but which have, for ages, been cold and wave-washed."

DOCTOR.—Did your friend Bridge touch at Cape Castle? That spot, hallowed as it is by associations of one of England's sweetest poets, has more interest in my eyes than all the rest of Africa put together.

MAJOR.—Mr. B. did visit the locality to which you refer, and gives us the following account of the hopeless *Crysta's* resting place:

"I took the first opportunity to steal away, to look at the burialplace of L. E. L., who died here, after a residence of only two months, and within a year after becoming the wife of Governor McLean. A small, white marble tablet (inserted among the massive grey stones of the castle-wall, where it faces the area of the fort) has been erected to her memory.

"If a man may ever indulge in sentiment, it is over the ashes of a woman whose poetry touched him in his early youth, while he yet cared anything about either sentiment or poetry. Thus much, the reader will pardon. In reference to Mrs. McLean, it may be added, that, subsequently to her unhappy death, different rumors were afloat as to its cause, some of them cruel to her own memory, others to the conduct of her husband.—All these reports appear to have been equally and entirely unfounded. It is well established here, that her death was accidental."

LAIRD.—Puir lassie! Mony a sair heart she wad hae had in life, if she could hae foreseen that "ten red tiles," blistered by the sun o-negro land, were to cover her remains, instead o' the dewy primroses and gowans she loved sae weel!

DOCTOR.—A truce to sentiment. Bonniebraes, have you been taking a look at Nickinson's company of comedians?

LAIRD.—Hoot awa, man! Div ye forget that I am a ruling elder! Na, na! I never saw a play but ane, and that was Allan Ramsay's *Patie and Roger*. I hae cause to mind the backsliding weel, as it cost me a red face on the cutty stool. I believe that a' the young lassies belonging to the ten contiguous parishes attended to witness the clapper-clawing I got on that memorable occasion!

MAJOR.—What is your opinion of the aforesaid troupe, Doctor?

Doctor.—All things considered, they are really very good. The manager and his eldest daughter would do credit to the boards of any theatre, and the balance of the company sustain their parts most creditably.

Laird.—Are you fond o' the playhouse, Major?

Major.—I used to be in "auld lang syne," but I must confess that a new novel, accompanied by a hundred or so of oysters, and a modicum of Mackay's ale, have now more charms for me of an evening than either sock or buskin! And now a days I experience little enjoyment fro[illegible]ing, as the idea is always uppermos[illegible]mind, that it is *only* acting I am witn[illegible]d that the players are merely voca[illegible]nes, uninfluenced by the sentiments wh[illegible]y enunciate.

Doctor.—You may carry that notion too far. I once witnessed a pregnant proof to the contrary. I was behind the scenes of the Belfast theatre one evening, when Macready was enacting his cherished part of *Virginius*. In the last act, as perchance you are aware, the Roman father, crazed by his giant sorrows, grasps Appius by the throat, and the pair leave the stage in a deadly struggle. When Macready and Will Alexander, who enacted the cowed tyrant, came up to where I was standing, the former had such a desperate grasp of his mimic victim's throat, that Alexander was literally gasping for breath. In a few seconds the great tragedian recovered his recollection, and, withdrawing his hand, made the half-strangled Appius an ample apology, protesting that he had been completely absorbed and carried away by the spirit of the scene. Honest Will commissioned a *lictor* to procure him a pot of *Lurgan ale*, to restore his shaken nerves, and as he drained the foaming poculum, "registered an oath" that not for double salary would he again run the risk of anticipating the final sentence of the law.

Major.—But you see nothing of that here, I should fancy.

Doctor.—I am not so sure of that; it is true that tragedy alone can produce such powerful feeling—but still there is scope enough in the pieces played at the Lyceum for a display of much feeling—I have seen really very good playing there—and I am glad to see that Canada can boast of having produced so much native talent.

Laird.—What d'ye mean by that?

Doctor.—I mean that Miss Nickinson is a Quebecker, and that Mr. Lee, a very promising and talented young man, hails from London, Canada West. I have seen both these young people repeatedly, and I am sure that either of them could make capital engagements in England.

Major.—You surprise me!

Doctor.—I daresay I do—but it is a fact for all that. Go, Major, and judge for yourself—and, if you do not come away much gratified, I will first eat my hat, and then swallow my lancets as desert.

Laird.—Hae ony o' ye heard tell o' this new poet that has lately burst upon the horizon o' England, to fill up ane o' the vacancies created by the quenching o' Wordsworth, and Campbell, and Moore, and Southey, and Coleridge?

Doctor.—By what name are we to call this newly developed "bright peculiar star?"

Laird.—Alexander Smith.

Major.—Not a very romantic designation, I must confess.

Laird.—Granted, but ye ken what the sweet swan o' Avon says about names! Alexander is destined, or I am the mair mistaken, to mak' the name o' Smith as familiar in connection wi' poetry, as it is wi' political economy. If spared the lad will greatly add to our wealth o' *notions*.

Doctor.—Where did you stumble upon the works of this new *rara aves?*

Laird.—I have na stumbled upon them at a'. It was in the last number o' the Westminster Review, that I got an inkling o' the young bard, he is only in his twenty-first year. I hae marked some specimens given by the critic, which maybe Cullpepper will condescend to read. I would do it mysel', but am as hoarse as a craw wi' the cauld.

Doctor.—By Jove Laird, but you are right for once! This is the genuine metal, beyond all dubitation. [*Reads.*]

"Oh, that my heart was quiet as a grave
Asleep in moonlight!
For, as a torrid sunset boils with gold
Up to the zenith, fierce within my soul
A passion burns from basement to the cope.
Poesy! Poesy! I'd give to thee,
As passionately, my rich-laden years,
My bubble pleasures, and my awful joys,
As Hero gave her trembling sighs to find
Delicious death on wet Leander's lip.
Bare, bald, and tawdry, as a fingered moth,
Is my poor life, but with one smile thou cans't
Clothe me with kingdoms. Wilt thou smile on me?
Wilt bid me die for thee? O fair and cold!
As well may some wild maiden waste her love
Upon the calm front of a marble Jove.
I cannot draw regard of thy great eyes.
I love thee, Poesy! Thou art a rock,
I, a weak wave, would break on thee and die.
There is a deadlier pang than that which bends
With chilly death-drops the o'er-tortured brow,
When one has a big heart and feeble hands,—
A heart to hew his name out upon time
As on a rock, then in immortalness
To stand on time as on a pedestal:
When hearts beat to this tune, and hands are weak,
We find our aspirations quenched in tears,
The tears of impotence, and self-contempt,
That loathsome weed, up-springing in the heart
Like nightshade 'mong the ruins of a shrine;
I am so cursed, and wear within my soul
A pang as fierce as Dives, drowsed with wine,
Lipping his leman in luxurious dreams;

Waked by a fiend in hell!——
'Tis not for me, ye Heavens! 'tis not for me
To fling a poem like a comet out,
Far-splendouring the sleepy realms of night.
I cannot give men glimpses so divine,
As when, upon a racking night, the wine
Draws the pale curtains of the vapoury clouds,
And shows those wonderful, mysterious vivids,
Throbbing with stars like pulses.—Naught for me
But to creep quietly into my grave."—pp. 2—4.

MAJOR.—Superb! Laird, put me in mind to order you a gallon of the best *Islay* to be got in Toronto, for introducing us to such a treasure.

LAIRD.—I'll no forget.

DOCTOR.—Here is another gem:

"My life was a long dream; when I awoke,
Duty stood like an angel in my path,
And seemed so terrible, I could have turned
Into my yesterdays, and wandered back
To distant childhood, and gone out to God
By the gate of birth, not death. Lift, lift me up
By thy sweet inspiration, as the tide
Lifts up a stranded boat upon the beach.
I will go forth 'mong men, not mailed in scorn,
But in the armour of a pure intent.
Great duties are before me and great songs,
And whether crowned or crownless, when I fall
It matters not, so as God's work is done.
I've learned to prize the *quiet lightning-deed*,
Not the applauding thunder at its heels
Which men call fame.

MAJOR.—Bonniebraes, you may say a brace of gallons!

LAIRD.—So be it.

DOCTOR.—Hush! Behold a whole casquet of jewels "rich and rare!"

MAJOR.—Stop. Space fails, and we must reserve the casquet for another opportunity.

DOCTOR.—Just one more, and I have done.

SUMMER AND WINTER.

"The lark is *singing in the blinded sky*,
Hedges are white with May. The bridegroom sea
Is toying with the shore, his wedded bride,
And, in the fulness of his marriage joy,
He decorates her tawny brow with shells,
Retires a space, to see how fair she looks,
Then proud, runs up to kiss her. All is fair—
All glad from grass to sun! Yet more I love
Than this the shrinking day, that sometimes comes
In Winter's front, so fair 'mong its dark peers,
It seems a straggler from the files of June,
Which in its wanderings had lost its wits,
And half its beauty; and, when it returned,
Finding its old companions gone away,
It joined November's troop, then marching past;
And so the frail thing comes, and greets the world
With a thin crazy smile, then bursts in tears,
And all the time it holds within its hand
A few half-withered flowers."

MAJOR.—Laird! Laird! I must send you a whole cask. Read no more, Oh, medico, or I shall be a ruined man! besides we must to other work. Here are my News from Abroad, and Colonial Chit-Chat. What have you done Laird in the agricultural way.

LAIRD.—I have a perfect budget.

MAJOR.—All right, and now for Mrs. Grundy. [*Rings.*] [*Enter Mrs. Grundy with an apronful of M.S.*]

MRS. G.—Here you see Major are a few gleanings, I have several more.

DOCTOR.—Stop, my dear madam, an' you pity me. You Major, and you, my much wronged agriculturist, pause and listen to me. On your strivings all I do congratulate you much, and sooth to say, 'tis pitiful exceedingly that these thy labors should be lost, but, nathless, it must be so, since [illegible] fate and printers do compel. To [illegible] ter short, my good friends, I ar[illegible] that I have been obliged t[illegible] cal Chit-Chat, and N[illegible] oard this month, and tha[illegible] I shall be [illegible] ned, to dock you all round, as far as I possibly can, to make room for contents and title-page.

[*Omnes. 'Tis shameful.*]

MAJOR.—Well, I suppose it cannot be helped? Whatever is—is best. So here goes [*reads.*]

COLONIAL NEWS.

THE Canada "Maine Law" Bill has been rejected by a majority of four. It was opposed by Mr. Hincks, and several of the ministry were absent when it was finally discussed. Sir Allan N. MacNab elicited some amusement by suggesting that every member voting for the measure should be obliged to "take the pledge."——The duties collected at the Port of Toronto during the quarter ending on the 5th of April, amounted to £23,669; while the corresponding quarter of last year the amount realized was only £10,137, showing an increase of £13,532 on the quarter, in favor of 1853. Verily we are in a state of rampant "ruin and decay!"——Some respectable parties in England have petitioned the Provincial Parliament for a charter to enable them to work gold-mines in the Eastern Townships of Lower Canada.——During the month of March there were thirty ships in the course of construction at Quebec, the total tonnage of which was 32,440. All of the vessels were under the special survey of Loyds' agent, and, with but a trifling exception, all for the highest qualification at Loyds' for Colonial ships.——Dr. Ryerson has been presented with a silver tea-service by the officers of the Normal School.——Judge Bacquet, of Quebec, died suddenly on the 1st of April. He was on the bench on the preceding day.——A valuable quarry of building-stone, has recently been discovered near Sherbrooke. The stones come out in large blocks, nearly as square as bricks, and can, with ease, be split and dressed into any form.——It is rumored that Mr. Caron, Speaker of the Legislative Council, is to be knighted for "the important services he has rendered to the Crown."——On the 14th of April the Hon. Robert Baldwin Sullivan, one of the Justices of the Court of Common Pleas, Upper Canada, died at his residence in Toronto. The deceased was deservedly respected both in public and private life.——The "striking" mania has recently been rife amongst our mechanics and laborers. A wit in one of the Hamilton papers says that even the clocks are striking!——Thomas

Mercer Jones, Esq., has received a pension of £400 sterling per annum, on his retirement from the Commissionership of the Canada Company. He had been twenty-four years in the service of the Company, and a highly popular and efficient officer.——Mr. Good, of Toronto, has successfully manufactured several locomotive machines. It is gratifying to witness our Province becoming independent of imported machinery.——Reports have been current during the last few months, of gold having been discovered at London, and other towns and villages of Upper Canada. They have all proved to be unfounded. In Streetsville, a medical man named Bennett, threw that locality into a ferment some weeks [illegible], by announcing that he had found a piece of [illegible] metal. On inquiry it turned out that th[illegible]as an *ear-ring!*——Stock in the Ma[illegible]lway, is taken up in England to the extent of eight millions. The Rothschild's have one million.——The Cherokee, a beautiful barque, built at Kingston, sailed from Toronto for Liverpool last month. She is 125 feet keel, 26 feet beam, 11 feet in the hold, about the burden of 370 tons, and when fully loaded will draw about nine feet of water.——A public dinner was given at Toronto to Mr. Gaskin, the owner and master of the vessel.——Mr. W. H. Boulton, one of the representatives of Toronto, having been unseated on the ground of want of qualification, the Hon. H. Sherwood, was elected in his room. He had a majority of 410 votes over the other candidate, Mr. Ogle R. Gowan.——Dr. Rae left Lachine last month for the North West, to complete the survey of the Arctic regions.—— S. E. Mackechnie, Esq., Mayor of Cobourg, died there on the 5th of May. Mr. M. was well known throughout Canada as a cloth manufacturer, and his loss will be severely felt in Cobourg and the surrounding country. It is said that his anxiety, as to buildings and machinery requisite for the manufacture in which he was engaged, wore down the constitution of this gentleman, and led to his death.—Robberies, some of them of a serious nature have recently been very common in Hamilton, U. C.——Two specimens of gold, worth $7, were last month found in a quartz rock at Sherbrooke. ——The Rev. H. Esson, lately a Professor in Knox's College, Toronto, died there on the 13th ult.——The Toronto and Guelph Railway Company is about to be dissolved, and the concern amalgamated into the Grand Trunk.——On the 30th of April, the steamer *Ocean Wave*, bound from Hamilton to Ogdensburgh, was burned when six miles west of the "Ducks," and twenty-five miles from Kingston. Out of twenty-three passengers only five were saved, so far as known. The crew consisted of thirty persons, of whom about one-half were lost.——The *Genova*, the pioneer vessel of the Canadian line of steamships, arrived at Quebec on the 10th ult. She made the passage from Liverpool in a little less than twenty days.——On the 16th ult., the first passenger and freight train of the Northern Railroad started from Toronto for Machell's, a distance of about thirty miles.——St. John, N.B., papers state that the fisheries on the British North American coast are to be guarded this year from United States trespassers as jealously and more efficiently than ever.

NEWS FROM ABROAD.—UNITED STATES.

The Secretary of the Treasury Department of the United States, laid his report before Congress on the 15th January. The following abstract contains its most important items:

RECEIPTS.

For fiscal year ending June 30, 1853..	$49,728,386
Balance in Treasury, July 1, 1851...	10,911,645
Total................	$60,640,031

EXPENDITURES.

For fiscal year ending June 30, 1852..	$49,007,896
Leaving in Treasury, July 1, 1852...	$14,632,135
Among the Receipts were customs	$47,339,326
Lands and Miscellaneous,..........	$2,389,060

And the following payments were made on account of the Public Debt:

Interest	$4,000,297
Redemption of principal of Loans.....	1,961,460
Redemption of Treasury Notes.......	300
Stock of 4th and 6th Instalments of the Mexican Indemnity	287,596
Debt of Cities in Columbia...........	60,000
Last Instalment to Mexico	3,180,000
Awarded to American Citizens in Mexico	529,980

The Receipts for fiscal year ending June 30th, 1854, are estimated at $51,000,000, which added to the estimated balance in Treasury on 1st July, 1853, will make the total means $56,203,753.

There has been a proposal made to Congress by a company of New York gentlemen to build a trans-continental Railroad from New York to San Francisco, the work to be completed in three years, without aid from the U. S. Government, save a loan of thirty millions of dollars, to be guaranteed by the work itself, and no territorial cessions beyond the mere right of way. The capital stock of the enterprise is placed at one hundred million of dollars.

A message has been addressed by the President to Congress with regard to the removal of the Seminole tribe of Indians to the Indian territory. It was also said that General Hopkins was with a small force cruelly murdered, but by later accounts we find no confirmation of this statement.

The following extracts from General Pierce's inaugural address will be found worthy of note, as indicating the one sided spirit of the Government. "The feeling of our country ought to be eminently peaceful, and with the neighbouring states of our Continent we should cultivate kindly and paternal relations: with the politics of Europe, we can have no immediate or direct concern, except so far as the vast interests of commerce, which are common to all mankind, are at stake." It is also declared that "the rights, security and repose of the confederacy reject the idea of interference or colonization on this side of the ocean by any foreign power, beyond present jurisdiction, as utterly inadmissable," a curious proof of non-interference follows this. The French Minister at Washington complained that some expressions in one of Mr. Rives despatches implied a censure on the revolution, and was thus an unwarrantable interference with the domestic affairs of France. Mr. Webster's explanation was, that it never was extended, even by imputation, to call in question the manner in which the rights of the French authorities

had been obtained, and that Mr. Rives would be directed to make such a statement to the French Government. Mr. Rives in explanation indicated the course he had pursued in declining to recognise the new Government in France, until instructed how to act by advices from home, and he proceeded to show that his despatches to his own Government was a matter not supposed to be within the cognizance, and certainly not within the jurisdiction of the French Government or its Embassadors, and that any complaint of the language or sentiments contained was without warrant. He quoted Mr. Webster's letter to the Chevalier Hulseman, to prove that the American Government had distinctly repelled the claim of foreign powers thus to supervise communications from its agents abroad to their own government. Upon these grounds Mr. Rives declined to present any apology or explanation to the French Government for the language used in his despatches. The Cabinet is thus constituted:

Secretary of State, Mr. S. Marcy.
" Treasury, Jas. Guthrie.
" Interior, R. McClelland.
" War, Jefferson Davis.
" Navy, Jas. C. Dobbin.
Postmaster General, Jas. Campbell.
Attorney General, Caleb Cushing.

MEXICO.

After numerous revolutions, affairs seem to be settled for the present. Santa Anna has been again chosen President of the Republic. In South America revolutions seem to have no end; at Buenos Ayres, especially, political affairs long have been and continue to be in a ferment.

EUROPE.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The new Aberdeen Ministry appears to give the utmost satisfaction to the people of the parent isle.——The commercial system of Sir R. Peel is to be continued as the one most calculated for the improvement of the condition of the manufacturing and agricultural classes.——The National Education question is to receive the earliest attention of the Government.——Lord Aberdeen has pronounced his administration to be of a Liberal-Conservative character; "he, Lord Aberdeen, would never have coalesced with Lord John Russell, had he not regarded him as a Liberal-Conservative," and Lord John Russell on his part "would never have taken office had he not believed Lord Aberdeen to be conservative liberal."——The enlargement of the Elective Franchise is advocated; as also is parliamentary reform.——The extension of education, of civil and religious liberty, of commercial freedom, and of political rights, is looked upon as the true means of preserving those institutions under which the Englishman enjoys so much happiness.——The elections have generally resulted in favor of the former incumbents.——Great discussions have taken place on the subject of the Madiai, and Lord John Russell's instructions to Sir Henry Bulwer directed him to remonstrate, in the most earnest manner, with the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and to represent to him, that notwithstanding the various pleas by which an attempt is made to justify the act, if one of the prisoners should die in prison, the public opinion of all Europe will hold the Grand Duke guilty of having put a man to death because he was a Protestant. The Madiai have been liberated, consequently the Grand Duke has escaped a trial at the bar of European opinion, but how far Lord John Russell was warranted in giving such instructions to a British Minister, we leave to subtler diplomatists to decide.——Messrs, Cobden and Bright have been strenuous in their advocacy of Peace Associations, with but little effect however.——The Emigration to Australia continues; nearly one hundred vessels leave every month. The number of Emigrants from England alone for the past year, is over three hundred thousand.——The Jewish Disabilities Bill after passing the lower house has been finally rejected in the Lords by a majority of forty-nine.——With respect to Turkey, Lord John Russell has declared his opinion that England is bound to maintain the independence of Turkey, and that her dismemberment must lead to a general European war. "International law, good faith, and policy dictated the maintenance of the integrity of Turkey," says his lordship.——The income tax has been imposed for seven years longer, by a majority of 71 in the commons.——Eight members have been unseated for bribery practiced at their elections.

We believe we may state that the Queen's Government has intimated to the authorities of the East India-house that they will be compelled to withdraw three Queen's Regiments from the Company's service, because Malta will require, in future, two additional Regiments to augment the garrison there; the remaining Regiment being needed for a similar purpose at Corfu. Consequently the Company intend to raise three additional European Regiments to meet the deficiency. These are not the only signs of increased activity in the War Department. The Militia are being actively trained: and they are far more efficient than was anticipated. A good camp is being formed near Windsor; and it is intended, as was intimated by the Secretary-at-War in moving the Army estimates, to exercise the Regiments in brigades, so that the operations may be on a larger scale than is practicable in an ordinary review.

There is no very important news either from Burmah or the Cape, in both places affairs have been slowly progressing to what promises a favorable settlement. From China the news is more important. A rebellion of a serious nature has broken out, very little is as yet known of the leader in this movement, of his character, principles or war-cry. From his influence, however, over his followers, by whom he is already designated king, we may conjectere him a man more than ordinarily capable, a man possessing persuasive address, a strong will, and a military knowledge and aptitude by no means despicable. He has probably more than the average share of Chinese courage. His influence with his followers, and his successes against his enemies, prove him something both of the politician and warrior. His war-cry is probably some grievance galling to several large classes of the people, and may be thought to have elicited the Imperial pledges promulgated as a sort of counter demonstration. His present principle is one not likely to find

great opposition amongst the people, for it is said that he remits taxation of the lower orders entirely. In Europe we can each of us ascertain what effect would be the result of such a principle.—His banner would soon be surrounded by more than Kossuth can rally, with all his oratory. In China possibly the same result may not follow, because the taxes (as far as the imperfect knowledge relative to China would instruct us) have always been levied upon land, and thus no direct tax ever fell upon the poor, so that, though such a principle might be a good rallying cry here, it would there be the iteration of an old charter, the perpetuation of an ancient right. As to the man's character we are wholly in the dark.—Whether malice, plunder, or ambition allure him; whether he smarts under private wrongs to be redressed by his own hand; or burning with a patriotic zeal, and lighted through fields of ruin and disaster by the star of hope, he seeks to regenerate his country. If it is the former, the bribe of a satrapy, judiciously held out, may stop his career at least for a season. If the latter, physical force, military resources and munition, and Tartar prestige can alone, by prompt and energetic movement, deprive him of success, and tread out, by the force of numbers, the spark of enthusiasm that animates him.

Remote as the scene of action lies from us, we are vitally concerned in the issue; and, indeed, it is a matter that interests the whole world. Here is an immense flood of pent up life, a huge inhospitable corner of a vast continent teeming with the human element, hitherto inapproachable and impenetrable, except by a mendicant priest or two, whose theology turns to theocracy the moment it secures a resting place. Upon the chance of the present events seems to hang, to a great extent, the destiny of the world, whether two-fifths of its population shall still abhor all communion with the other three-fifths; or, whether the brotherhood and family of nations shall recognise the tie of birth, and renew a consanguinity broken off for four thousand years.

The Americans are busying themselves in these affairs, and hope to divert the stream of profit to their own mill, to effect which it is to be presumed they will side with the family in power, offering for privileges and consideration to prop up the Tartar throne, and establish an exceptional exclusiveness, the exception being in their own favour. British interests appear to be with the insurrectionary party, whose first act would be to overturn the institutions that have fostered such timid but rooted aversion to "barbarian" intercourse. It is a great disadvantage to England to have been engaged in hostilities with the Chinese so lately, for his defeat must still be fresh in the recollection of the Emperor, and he will be less disposed to listen to our advice, having felt our sword, than he will to the smooth words of American diplomacy. We measure miles enough, however, in British India to debar us in the name of prudence from any accession of territory, and our policy should be to sit still and watch without meddling, so that we may embroil ourselves neither with the Emperor, the rebels, nor the Americans. Commerce had better suck her thumb than imbrue her hands in blood.

FRANCE.

M. Kisseleff, the Ambassador to France from the Czar, presented his credentials to the Emperor, addressed *Mon Ami*, instead of the more courteous and usual formula between Sovereigns, *Mon Frère*. The French Minister was indignant, but, notwithstanding the slight, the Russian envoy received an audience on the following morning. All the European governments have now sanctioned the French Empire.——The marriage of the Emperor with Mdlle. de Montijo, Countess of Teba, on the 29th January, at the Tuilleries, was signalized by pardoning 4312 persons suffering imprisonment or banishment for political offences. However, those pardoned are generally obscure individuals, numbering many women and children, no person of note being found among those liberated.——The Legislative Assembly met on the 14th February, and, with the other bodies, was addressed by the Emperor in a brief but emphatic speech.——A monument is to be erected to Marshal Ney, on the spot where he was executed, at the end of the avenue of the Luxembourg.——It is pretty well ascertained that the Pope will not be present at the coronation of the Emperor, there being difficulties in the way.

AUSTRIA.

From Austria we have no parricular news, except an attempt to assassinate the Emperor, and the execution of the criminal.——Hungary continues in a most unsettled state, and disturbances seem to be hydra-headed, so constantly are they arising; each fresh outbreak giving, of course, occasion for very frequent military executions.——In Lombardy the harshest measures have been resorted to, in punishment for the Milan insurrection, and a great many executions have taken place—upwards of thirty thousand confiscations have been made against residents in various foreign States.

TURKEY.

At different periods, and in the most solemn and emphatic ways, Russia, Austria, and the Montenegrians have confessed fealty to the Sultan; recently there seems to have been a desire of disowning the Turkish authority.——The Prince Bishop, Peter Petrowitch, died about a year ago, and was succeeded by his nephew, David Petrowitch, who has thrown off the Ottoman yoke, and declared his independence, and, as David I., bids the neighboring chieftains send their tithes and tributes to his little treasury, rather than all the way to Constantinople.——Difficulties have arisen with Russia, threatening to be even more difficult of arrangement than the Montenegrian affair, and Prince Menschikoff's arrival at Constantinople and imperious behavior have not as yet smoothed the way for a settlement. His demands upon the Turkish Government are said to relate to the custody of the Holy places—a subject upon which all the great powers, and France in particular, are jealously interested.

Major.—Now, Laird. (*Laird reads.*)

Conversation over a Dish of Pears on New Year's Day.—Gentlemen, here is a dish of pears of which I should be glad to hear your opinion.

A. With pleasure sir; but be kind enough to

Paris Fashions for June.

inform us, in the first place, how they have been kept in such fine order. I had no idea that pears could be kept so well, and to tell the truth, I have never had much faith in winter pears. I have rarely seen one worth eating.

B. That has been my opinion; I would not give a good *Northern Spy* or *Swaar* apple for a bushel of the best winter pears I have ever seen.

Well, gentlemen, I am glad to have an opportunity of convincing you of your error. These pears have been kept in a cool dry cellar, some spread on shelves, and some packed away in boxes among layers of straw. None of them have been ripened in a warm room: but I am sure that if they had, *some of them*, at least, would have been better than they are.

Now, by way of reserving the good wine till the last, we will pass around this handsome yellow pear, which I confess *looks* much better than it tastes. What do you think of it?

A. Barely tolerable, sir. It is too dry and musky for my taste. It is not tender and melting as I think a good pear ought to be.

What say you Mr. B.?

B. I agree with Mr. A.

Well, you are right, gentlemen. This is not really a good pear, *now*, for eating; but it is esteemed very highly in the kitchen, and I only brought it forward that I might tell you something about it. It is past its season; it should never be kept later than the middle of December. Up to that time it is pretty good to eat, and first rate for stewing and preserving. Then it is one of the best of growers and bearers, the tree is every year loaded with immense clusters, and they are always fair. Notwithstanding it has been cast out by the Pomological society, I still regard it as a most profitable and useful variety.

A. Would you recommend such a pear for a small garden?

No sir by no means.

B. What is its name?

Bleeker's Meadow; it originated, I believe in Pennsylvania.

Well, here is another native pear, originated on Long Island. It is not so finely colored as the other, but you will find it more agreeable to the taste.

A. A good pear, sir; not buttery, like a *Virgalieu*, but juicy and fine flavored.

What say you Mr. B.?

B. I should call it good, sir, for this season of the year; and if it be a good bearer I should be glad to have a tree of it in my garden. What is its name?

Princesse St. Germain; a hardy, productive, valuable pear, and it keeps and ripens as well in the cellar as a *R. I. Greening* apple. I have always a full crop of it; but I find that on the sunny side of the tree, and on all the exposed parts, where the fruits get that brown or ruddy tinge you observe on some specimens, they ripen well and acquire a fine flavor; while those green ones, from the lower and interior parts of the tree, remain hard and insipid. But this is pretty much the case with all winter pears.

A. Can this pear be grown on the quince stock?

No, sir; but you can "double-work" it as the nurserymen say—that is, bud or graft some variety like the *Virgalieu*, or *Duchesse d'Angoulême*, on the quince, and then graft the *Princesse St. Germain* on that.

Here is another Long Island variety that is coming rapidly into favor. It is called the *Lawrence;* you have no doubt heard of it.

A. This comes nearer my idea of a good pear than either of the others. I should call this *very good.*

B. So should I; really melting and fine flavored like a *Virgalieu* in October. I must change my opinion about winter pears. But do you mean to say this has ripened in the cellar?

Certainly it has; and it is moreover a good grower and a good bearer, succeeding well both on pear and quince stock, in the orchard or the garden. A gentleman on Long Island has planted a large orchard of it, to grow fruit for the market.

Now I will introduce you to a foreigner, none of your vain, swaggering pretenders, however, that assume great airs to astonish the natives; but a plain citizen under whose brown coat you will find genuine merit, I think. The name is *Winter Nelis.* On the other side of the water, it is called *Colmar Nelis*, *Bonne de Malines*, *Beurré de Malines*, &c. What do you think of it?

A. Excellent, sir, excellent; the best yet. Besides being buttery and juicy, it has a rich vinous flavor, surpassing all we have yet tasted.

B. A first rate example of modest merit. If we never receive anything worse than this from abroad, I would say *the more the better.*

Well, here is another, almost, if not quite as good, but less talked of and less known. I think by and by it must be very popular.

A. How remarkable its form—as round as an apple; and its color is as clear and bright a yellow as the *Virgalieu* in October; and how luscious, fresh, and high flavored. I think it comes quite up to the *Winter Nelis.* Don't you think so Mr. B.?

B. I do, indeed; and it far surpasses it in beauty. How is its growth and bearing?

A capital grower, sir, and a good bearer; not so prolific as a *Bartlett* or *Virgalieu.* It grows equally well on pear or quince. The specimens you have tasted were grown upon the quince stock. It is almost past its season. Through all December it has been fine, eaten from the shelves in the cellar. It is called *Doyenné Sieulle.* You may note it as a good December pear.

We are not yet at the bottom of the dish, but the remainder of the gossip must be deferred till a future time.

MAJOR.—We are ready Mrs. Grundy for you. [*Mrs Grundy reads.*]

DESCRIPTION OF PLATE.

Dress of rich glacé silk, shaded blue and white; the skirt has three deep flounces of black lace, each headed by two *rûches* of narrow ribbon. *Caraco* body, high at the back, and opening to the waist in front: it is trimmed round with two rows of narrow black lace, each headed by a *rûche:* the opening of the front is crossed by two rows of lace, below which are three *nœuds* of ribbon. The sleeves are three-quarter length, and are open in the front of the arm nearly to the top; they are trimmed with lace, and the opening is closed at equal distances by bows of ribbon. This

ribbon, as well as that which ornaments the head-dress, should be striped with silver.

(*Promenade and Carriage Costume.*)—Dress of rich steel-colored glacé silk. The skirt is trimmed with four rather broad flounces, cut out in large scallops. The two lower flounces are edged with three rows of quilled ribbon, and a broad fringe, following the undulations of the scallops. The two upper flounces have two, instead of three rows of quilled ribbon, and a row of fringe. The corsage, which is made in the jacket style, is high to the throat, and partially open in front, where it is laced by a silk cord. It has a turning-over collar, edged with one row of quilled ribbon and fringe, and the basque at the waist is trimmed in corresponding style. The sleeves are ornamented with three flounces, each edged with a row of quilled ribbon and fringe. Chemisette and under-sleeves of worked muslin. Bonnet of white drawn glacé, with two drooping white feathers on one side. To the edge of the bonnet there is attached a row of blonde lace, with broad vandykes. This row of lace falls down in the manner of a *voilette.* Under-trimming of tulle and blond lace, intermingled with flowers. The mantelet is of black glacé, and is trimmed with several rows of narrow black velvet and lace.

(*Spring Bonnet.*)—This bonnet, which is suited to plain walking dress, is made of straw, and trimmed with Leghorn-colored ribbon, disposed in a simple and tasteful style, with two long flowing ends on the left side. The bonnet is lined with white ærophane, laid in small, neat folds; and the under-trimming consists of loops of black velvet ribbon.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

A new out-door dress is of a very showy and novel description. It is composed of black gros-de-Tours; is ornamented with a front trimming consisting of two wreaths of convolvulus embroidered in lilac silk. Between the wreaths bows of black and lilac ribbon are placed at intervals. Another is a dress of ruby-colored silk, figured, with very narrow black stripes. The skirt is trimmed with three flounces, figured, with broad stripes or bands, also black, woven in the silk. The flounces are edged with black and ruby-colored fringe. Bands similar to those which ornament the flounces edge the front of the corsage, which passing round the back presents the appearance of a revers, or turning-over collar. The sleeves of this dress present some novelty in form, being rather tight at the top, and *bouffantes* at the lower part. They are closed by a very narrow band, covered with black passementerie, and edged with white lace, which falls over the hand. The lower part of the sleeve is slashed; the slits or *crevés* being surrounded by passementerie and fringe, between which there is a row of white lace.

Many silk dresses are trimmed with flounces ornamented with embroidery of the same color as the silk. A dress of dark blue silk is trimmed with flounces of the same, each covered by another flounce of black guipure. One of the new dresses is composed of broché silk of so rich a texture as to render trimming on the skirt superfluous. This silk has a ground of light pomona green, and is figured with bouquets of white lilac, roses and hyacinths. Many of the plain kinds of silk are in the *Bayadère* style. One ornamented with black velvet stripes in an open-work pattern, on violet-colored silk, is among the pretiest we have seen.

DOCTOR.—I have just kept room for a short notice of Clarke's work, here it is.

"Lays of the Maple Leaf, a song of Canada, the poetry from the Canadian Annual, "The Maple leaf," the music composed and most respectfully inscribed (by permission) to the Right Honorable the Countess of Elgin and Kincardine, by J. P. Clarke, Mus. Bac, King's College, Toronto." Published for the author, and for sale by A. & S. Nordhemier.

It is with great pleasure, that we welcome the appearance of this very creditable publication, which does much honour to Canada. Although the words and music are by children of another soil, to whom "the fair forest land," is but an adopted mother, yet the tone of feeling is thoroughly Canadian, and whilst due filial respect is shown, as it ought to be, to the rose, shamrock, and thistle, severally, as emblems of the three Kingdoms, which form the Parent-State. The "Hurrah," in which all join—is given in united Chorus, for "The leaf, the Maple leaf."

In this allusion, we refer to the glee, with which the publication opens. "The emblem of Canada," a composition of a very high order of merit, exhibiting both taste and judgement in the conception and execution. It is written for male voices, Alto: Tenors, and Bass, of the Solos, which are intended to be characteristic of England, Canada, Scotland, and Ireland, we prefer the last. It bears on its front the features of the Irish melody, which are more readily recognized, as it is in the minor scale.

The other compositions in the work are four songs, a duett, and a chorus. The songs have each their distinctive beauties; but we prefer "The Emigrant's Home-Dream," and "The Emigrant's Bride," in which the spirit of the poetry seems to us to have been more successfully caught. The duett, "Home Flowers," though pretty, is not much to our taste; but "The Chorus of Hunters," is a gem. It is a fine spirited burst of feeling, after the German model. The theme is skilfully handled, and the piece is strikingly effective.

The publication, we repeat, does honour to Canada, and will, we trust, be so remunerative to the author, as to induce him ere long again to gratify the public by other strains of that harp, which he touches with so masterly a finger. Of the poetry, as it is probably familiar to many of our readers, we feel it to be unnecessary to speak, as the high merits of the pieces, which graced the Canadian Annual during its brief existence, have been universally appreciated and acknowledged both here and in Great Britain.