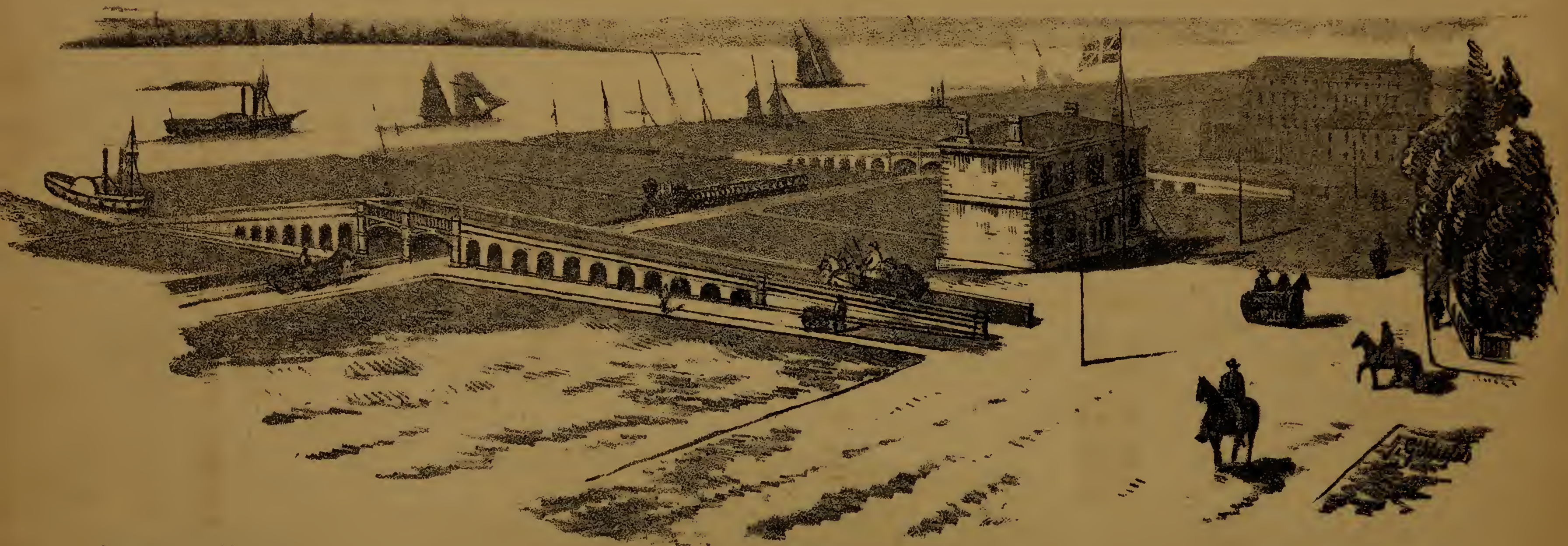

TORONTO ESPLANADE.

THE DESIGN OF KIVAS TULLY, C. E.

[BIRD'S-EYE VIEW FROM THE NORTH AMERICAN HOTEL.]

THE
ANGLO-AMERICAN
MAGAZINE.

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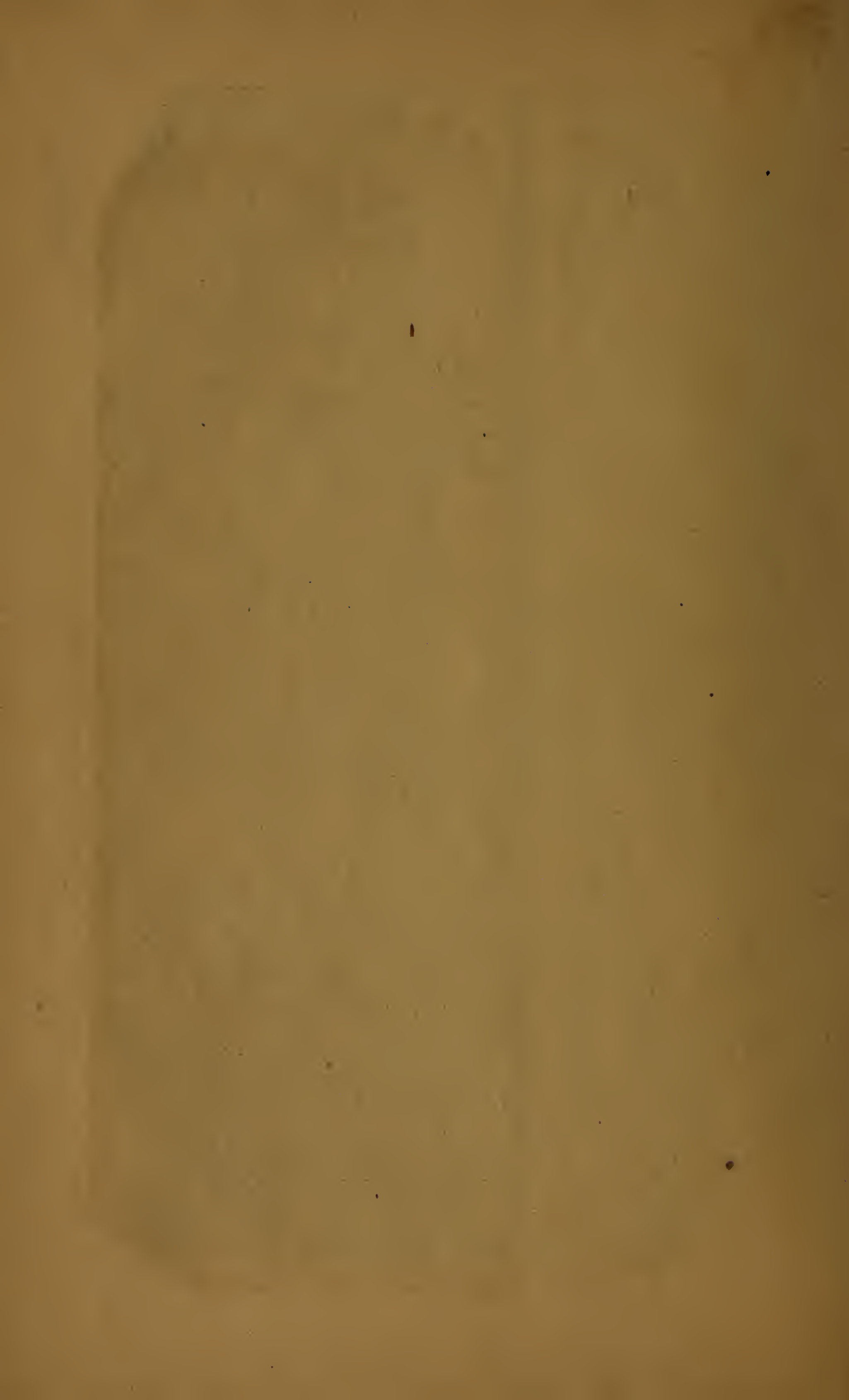

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PLAN OF OPERATIONS ALONG THE NIAGARA FRONTIER.

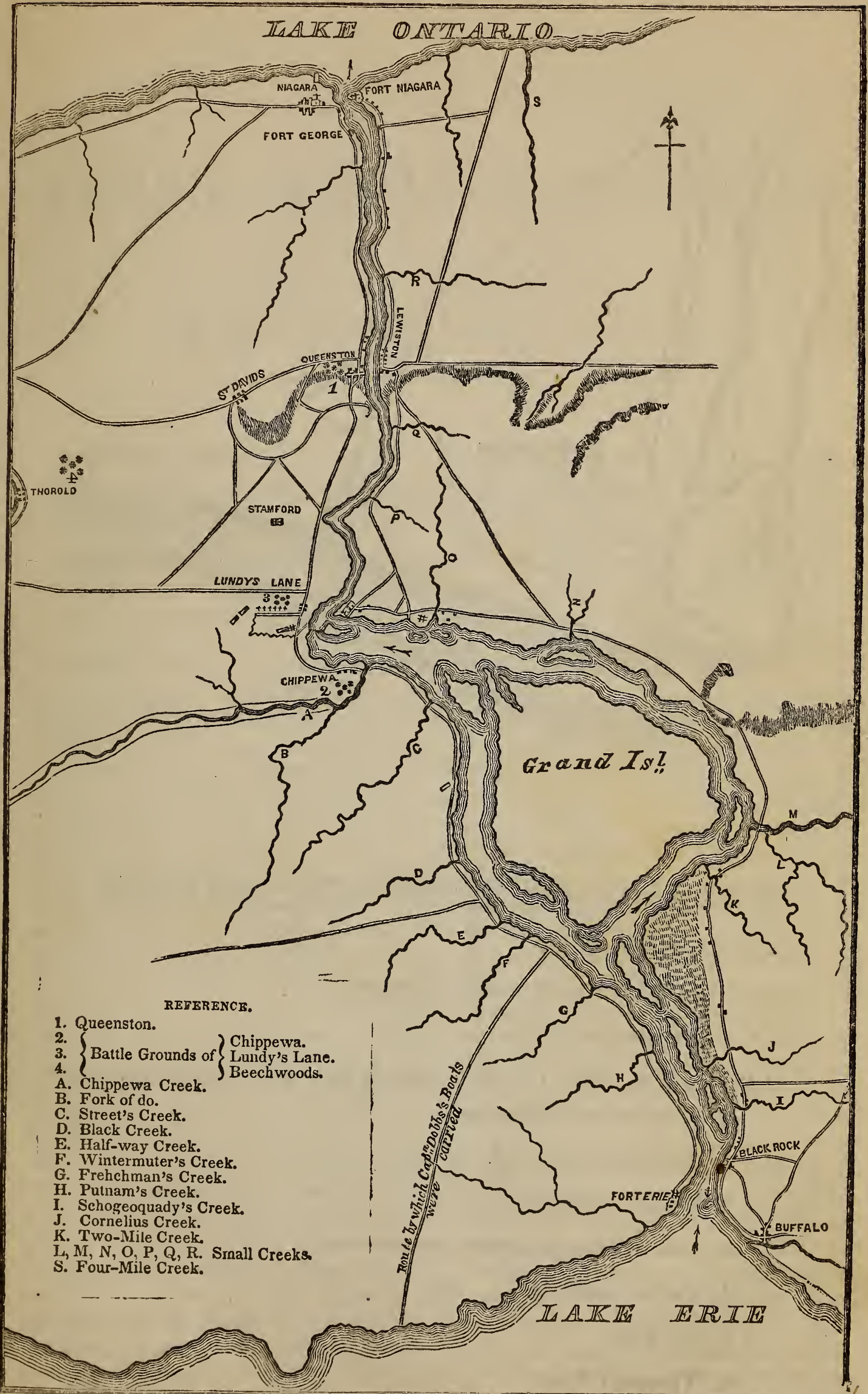
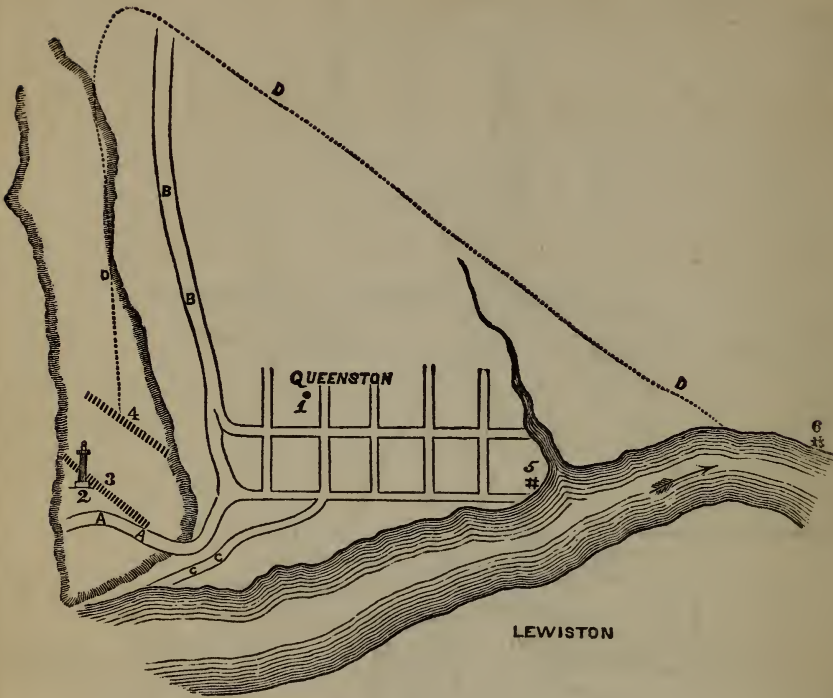


DIAGRAM OF THE BATTLE OF QUEENSTON.



The spot where Queenston now stands, was then covered with trees.

A A—Road to the Falls.

B B—Road to St. David's and St. Catharine's.

C C—To Suspension Bridge.

D D—Road by which the reinforcements from Fort George gained the Heights in the afternoon.

No. 1. Spot where Brock fell.

2. Brock's Monument.

3. American line as drawn up in afternoon.

4. English forces' do. do.

5. Old Fort.

6. Vromont's Battery.

THE

ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

Vol. III.—TORONTO: JULY, 1853.—No. 1.

HISTORY OF THE WAR

BETWEEN GREAT BRITAIN AND THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

DURING THE YEARS 1812, 1813, AND 1814.

—

CHAPTER VI.

—

Non-arrival of reinforcements from Europe, and movements in Lower Province.

Sir George Prevost, in his despatch to Gen. Brock about the middle of September, advised, it may be remembered, that officer of the impossibility of sending him any reinforcements, until there should be a "considerable increase to the regular force in the Province," as the presence of a large body of American regulars on the Lower Canadian frontier required every soldier who was in the country. A short extract from Christie will show how Sir George was situated, and how far any expectations of his being strengthened were realized. "The slender reinforcements that arrived were barely sufficient to relieve the citizens of Quebec for a short time from garrison duty. They consisted but of the 103rd regiment from England, with a few recruits from other regiments, and a battalion of the 1st (or Royal Scots) from the West Indies; and the three battalions of Quebec militia resumed garrison duty in the beginning of October, which they continued throughout the winter, each taking in turn its week." It is obvious, from this statement of Christie, that Sir George Prevost was not, therefore, in a position which would warrant his weakening the force under his immediate command, and it will be further seen that the activity of the enemy at various points, kept him fully employed, and, indeed, compelled him to embody another battalion of militia, called the fifth battalion, afterwards "Canadian chasseurs." A corps of voyageurs was also raised by the North-West Company, which was disbanded in the spring, while the merchants and tradesmen of Montreal organized themselves into four companies of volunteers, for garrison duty and field service, in case of emergency. According to Christie, our troops, both regular and militia, seem, at this crisis, to have had their time fully occupied, for we find that a party of Americans, one hundred and fifty strong, under Captain Forsyth, crossed over from Gravelly Point to Gananoque, seven miles below Kingston, from whence they dislodged a party of fifty militia, and took possession of a quantity of arms and ammunition, which they carried away, after burning the store and a small quantity of provisions. Mr. Christie adds—"Their conduct is represented to have been disgraceful towards the defenceless inhabitants." We see also, from the same writer, that, "from the frequent interruptions of the convoys from Montreal, or rather Lachine, to Kingston, in Upper Canada, by the Americans at Ogdensburg, opposite Prescott, Col. Lethbridge, commanding at the latter place, formed the design of dislodging the enemy, and possessing himself of Ogdensburg. With a view of effecting this purpose, he assembled a force of some hundred and fifty men, regular and militia, and having collected a sufficient number of

batteaux, he pushed off on the forenoon of the 3rd October, under cover of a cannonnade from Prescott, with twenty-five batteaux escorted by two gun-boats. They advanced without opposition, until mid channel, when the enemy opened a tremendous discharge of artillery, which checked their progress. Confusion immediately ensued, and they were compelled to make a precipitate retreat, with the loss of three men killed and four wounded. The Americans were commanded by Brigadier General Brown, and behaved with much coolness and intrepidity." It may be as well to state that this enterprise, undertaken without the sanction of the commander of the forces, was censured by him; and that public opinion condemned it also as rash. With this brief glance at the state of affairs in the Lower Province, we return to General Brock and the Niagara frontier.

Gen. Brock's reception at Queenston.

As soon as it was ascertained that the General had reached Chippewa, it was suggested by Col. Holcroft, that a deputation of the principal residents in the district should wait on him, to congratulate his Excellency on the complete success which had attended his arms at Detroit. This deputation was accordingly organized, and the procession met their General at Queenston, as he was proceeding in an open carriage to Fort George. We have been assured by an eye-witness of the meeting, that General Brock was inexpressibly gratified at his enthusiastic reception, and the deep devotion testified by each member of the cortège to the cause, for which they were then in arms. So re-assured, indeed, was he, as to be enabled, with policy, to give but a cool reception to a party of Indians who had been playing fast and loose, and whose adherence to the British had been only secured by the intelligence, just received, of the successes at Detroit. It must have strengthened and cheered the General's heart to witness the enthusiasm with which, on that occasion, so many of Canada's best and bravest sons appeared to renew their pledge, that they were ready and willing to sacrifice their lives to prevent an invader's footstep polluting the soil of their native or adopted country. The procession, forming on both sides of the carriage, escorted General Brock in triumph to Niagara.

Nature of the country along the Niagara frontier.

It may, perhaps, enable the reader to comprehend the difficulties which attended any movement in force, and to perceive also the causes which left the troops, on both sides, in such apparent ignorance of each other's tactics, if we take a bird's-eye view of the general face and character of the country. Its appearance at the present day is thus described in "Canada; Past, Present, and Future," before, however, quoting the passage, we will suppose the reader to be on the crest of the eminence immediately above Fonthill, just twelve miles west of Chippewa. A glance at the accompanying map will assist this.

According to Mr. Smith, "The tourist after travelling for some miles along a road, where his view of the country on either side of him has seldom extended beyond two or three miles, on reaching this elevation, finds a most magnificent panorama, as it were by magic, displayed to his astonished vision. An immense plain, extending for many miles, lies before and below him, studded with towns, villages, groves and winding streams; before him lies the Welland Canal, crowded with vessels moving either way; beyond it, the perpetually dashing, roaring cataract of Niagara, on one side, the waters of Lake Erie, and, on the other, those of Ontario. We know of no other spot from whence so extensive a view can be obtained. An observatory has been erected on the brow of the hill, and a telescope is kept for the accommodation of visitors."

We will now observe, that the hill here spoken of, is one of very inconsiderable elevation, consequently, the flatness of the surrounding district presenting such an extended view, may be easily imagined. When, therefore, the country was covered with dense forests, and it was impossible to gain, by observation, any insight into the marchings and countermarchings of either force, the difficulty of obtaining correct information may be easily understood, especially when we call to mind, that the various excellent roads which everywhere now open up the country, at that time existed only in the prophetic imaginings of some far seeker into the future destinies of this great Province.

We have said enough on the subject to assign at least one probable cause for the apparently contradictory orders, which, as our nar-

rative will shew, were issued, and the consequent indecision which seemed to characterize many of the movements during the campaign of 1812 and '13.

British force along the Niagara frontier at the time of General Brock's return from Detroit.

The whole British force along a frontier of nearly thirty-six miles in extent, did not, at the date of General Brock's return from Detroit, amount to more than twelve hundred men, at least half of which were militia. These troops were disposed of in the following manner:—At Chippewa, a small detachment of the 41st, under Capt. Bullock, and the flank companies of the 2d Lincoln militia, under Capts. R. Hamilton and Rows;—at Queenston, Capts. Dennis and Williams, with the flank companies of the 49th, with a small body of militia, were stationed; nearly all the remainder of the force was at Fort George, under General Sheaffe, with the exception of a few militia scattered here and there along the line. It will thus be seen how inadequately so extended a frontier was defended, and how the few troops scattered along the line were exposed to be cut off in detail by an energetic or enterprising enemy.

The American Army—force of.

The American army, commanded by Major General Van Ranselaer consisted, according to their own official returns,* of five thousand two hundred and six men. This amount includes all the reinforcements which had arrived at the date of the battle of Queenston, but is exclusive of three hundred field and light artillery, with eight hundred of the 6th, 13th, and 23d regiments at Fort Niagara.—This gives a total of over six thousand three hundred men. James disposes of this force as follows:—"Of this powerful force, sixteen hundred and fifty regulars, under the command of Brigadier General Smith, were at Black Rock,†—three hundred and eighty-six militia, at the latter place and Buffalo,—nine hundred regulars and twenty-two hundred and seventy militia at Lewiston, distant from Black Rock, about twenty eight miles,—at Fort Niagara, were eleven hundred more, giving a force of six thousand three hundred men, of whom nearly two thirds were regular troops."*

Here was a force of regulars amounting to four thousand men, opposed to one of six hundred; yet it will be shewn that various attempts have been made by American writers, to assign the inferiority of numbers, as the reason why the attack on Queenston so signally miscarried.

General Van Ranselaer's plans.

As it was quite out of the question for General Brock, in the presence of so superior a force, to adopt any other than precautionary and defensive measures, we will lay before the reader a sketch of what were really General Van Ranselaer's views. This we are enabled to do by means of a pamphlet published by Col. S. Van Ranselaer, his nephew and aide-de-camp.

The instructions from General Dearborn, on which General Van Ranselaer had to base his plan of operations, were as follows:—

"At all events, we must calculate on possessing Upper Canada before winter sets in. General Harrison will, I am assured, enter Canada by Detroit, with not less than from six to seven thousand men, exclusive of the troops necessary for guarding the frontier against Indian depredations.

"The force at Sackett's Harbour and that vicinity, is over two thousand, including an old company of regular artillery, and a large company of old riflemen.

"I have great confidence in the exertions now in operation in the navy department on Lake Ontario. In fact, we have *nothing to fear*, and much to hope as to the ultimate success of measures now in operation with a view to Upper Canada; but much may immediately depend on what may happen at your post."

Such was the confident tone of General Dearborn's instructions, and that General Van Ranselear felt confidence also, may be assumed from the admission made by his nephew, Col. S. Van Ranselear. "He did not wish to be drawn from the object he had in view, by a controversy with General Smyth, *particularly so, as he knew that the forces which by this time had collected in his own immediate vicinity were amply sufficient for the purpose.*"

* Wilkinson's Memoris, Vol. 1, page 558.
† Wilkinson's Memoirs, Vol. 1, page 553.

* Vide Wilkinson.

This admission is of importance, as shewing what powerful reinforcements must have arrived between the middle of August, when Geo. Van Ranselaer arrived at the Niagara frontier on the 13th Oct. His situation in August is thus described:—"From the moment of his assuming the command, his posi tion was one of the utmost exposure and danger. He lay within sight of a powerful enemy, separated from him only by a narrow river, for the crossing of which, that enemy possessed every facility. He had a line of thirty-six miles to guard, and his whole force was considerably less than one thousand men, many of them without shoes, and all of them clamorous for pay—of ammunition there were not ten rounds per man, and no lead. There was not one piece of heavy ordnance in the whole line, and there were no artillerists to man the few light pieces which we possessed. Add to this, that the troops could not take or keep the field for want of tents or covering; that the medical department, if one could be said to exist at all, was utterly destitute of everything necessary for the comfort of the sick or disabled; and that there was among the men that entire want of subordination, to say nothing of discipline, which always characterizes raw militia, and some idea may be formed of the condition of our army."

Here was a lamentable condition for an amateur General to be placed in, especially when contrasted with the ease and comfort which pervaded the British frontier. "The condition of the forces on the opposite bank of the river was in contrast with ours in every particular. There was a *well-appointed* and *well-found* army, under the most exact discipline, and commanded by skilful and experienced officers. Every important post, from Fort Erie to Fort George, was in a defensible state, and the enemy had possessed himself of a very commanding position on the heights at Queenston, which he was rendering every day more secure and formidable. He had, moreover, the mastery of the lakes, and was at that moment industriously employed in using that advantage to increase his numbers, and add to his supplies at Niagara."

Let this statement be well considered, and the conclusion cannot fail to be arrived at, that General Van Ranselaer's reinforcements must have been very considerable, as we find the same writer, who in one case so touchingly depicted his helpless condition, in eight weeks asserting that "*he knew that the forces under his command were amply sufficient for his purpose.*"

As we have now established the fact that there was no lack of troops, we will proceed to enquire what was General Van Ranselaer's purpose. Fortunately, Ingersol's, Armstrong's, Wilkinson's, and Col. Van Ranselaer's works are sufficient to answer this question most satisfactorily.

In his letter of October 8th, to General Dearborn, General Van Ranselaer thus details his plans:—"Under these circumstances, and the impressions necessarily resulting from them, I am adopting decisive measures for closing the fall campaign. I have summoned Major-General Hall, Brigadier-General Smith, and the commandants of the United States regiments, to meet me in a consultation; and I am well aware that some opinions, entitled to great respect, will be offered for crossing the Niagara, a little below Fort Erie, and pursuing the march down the river. I think this plan liable to many objections. The enemy have works at almost every point, and even an inferior force might hold us in check, and render our march slow; by taking up the bridges at Chippewa, they might greatly embarrass us: the cleared country is but a mile or two wide, one flank would be constantly liable to be galled by Indians from the swamps; for a considerable distance, the rapidity of the current, and the height of the banks render transportation across the river impracticable; of course our supplies must follow the line of march, with the trouble and hazard of them every day increasing, and should the enemy retreat from General Harrison, they would have a double object in intercepting our supplies; and by falling on our rear, and cutting off our communication, we might experience the fate of Hull's army. Besides these, and many other objections, there is no object on that side, until we should arrive at the commanding heights of Queenston, which are opposite my camp.

"The proposal, which I shall submit to the council, will be, that we immediately concentrate the regular force in the neighborhood of Niagara, and the militia here; make the best possible dispositions, and, at the same time,

that the regulars shall pass from the Four-Mile Creek to a point in the rear of Fort George, and take it by storm; I will pass the river here, and carry the heights of Queenston. Should we succeed, we shall effect a great discomfiture of the enemy, by breaking their line of communication, driving their shipping from the mouth of the river, leaving them no rallying point in this part of the country, appalling the minds of the Canadians, and opening a wide and safe communication for our supplies. We shall save our own land—wipe away part of the score of our past disgrace, get excellent barracks and winter quarters, and, at least, be prepared for an early campaign another year. As soon as the result of the council shall be known, I shall advise you of it."

This was a very feasible plan, and failed only, according to Colonel Van Ranselaer, through Brigadier-General Smyth's delay.

What says Ingersol on the subject:—"Gen. Alexander Smyth commanded at Buffalo, only a few miles from General Van Ranselaer, fifteen hundred men of the regular army; but, as I was informed by a highly respectable officer still living, was not invited to take part in the projected descent upon Canada, lest the glory of the day should be taken from General Van Ranselaer's cousin, Colonel Solomon Van Ranselaer, an officer in the militia; both of the Van Ranselaers being, perhaps laudably, though, as it turned out, unfortunafely, bent on monopolizing the credit of this affair for the militia, if not exclusively, at any rate in preferance to the regular army."

General Armstrong's remarks are much to the same effect—"The troops employed, or intended to be employed in this service, were principally militia; and, therefore, not better chosen than the object itself. Why this was so, is a problem not yet satisfactorily explained. If it originated in an *esprit de corps*, or belief of militia efficiency, there may be some color of excuse for the error; but if, as reported, the arrangement was made to gratify the ambition of an individual, the act was not merely injudicious but criminal. At the period in question, there were at the General's disposal more than three thousand troops of the line; from whom a corps might have been selected, which, well found, equipped, and commanded, would not have been either beaten or baffled." We have been thus particular in making these extracts, as we are anxious to show that the failure of the attack on Queenston is not to be attributed to any want of troops, nor must it be considered as a hastily devised plan, as preparations had been making for it from the period when General Van Ranselaer first assumed the command of the army.

Despatches of Gen. Brock.

A few days before the battle of Queenston, full instructions were forwarded by General Brock to the officers in command of the posts along the frontier, for their guidance in case of attack, and a despatch to Sir Geo. Prevost, dated 12th October, shows that he was fully aware of the impending storm, though uncertain of the direction in which it might break:

"Major-Gen. Brock to Sir Geo. Prevost,
October 12th.

"The vast number of troops which have been this day added to the strong force previously collected on the opposite side, convince me, with other indications, that an attack is not far distant. I have, in consequence, directed every exertion to be made to complete the militia to two thousand men, but fear I shall not be able to effect my object."

General Brock's letter of instructions to Col. Proctor shows that the situation of the British troops was far from being as comfortable as Col. S. Van Ranselaer's statement would induce one to suppose. "The unfortunate disaster which has befallen the Detroit and Caledonia will reduce us to great distress. They were boarded while at anchor at Fort Erie, and carried off; you will learn the particulars from others. A quantity of flour and a little pork were ready to be shipped for Amherstburg; but as I send you the flank companies of the Newfoundland, no part of the provisions can go this trip in the Lady Prevost. It will be necessary to direct her to return with all possible speed, bringing the Mary under her convoy. You will husband your pork, for I sm sorry to say there is but little in the country.

"An interesting scene is going to commence with you. I am perfectly at ease as to the result, provided we can manage the Indians, and keep them attached to the cause, which, in fact, is theirs.

"The fate of the province is in your hands,

judging by every appearance; we are not to remain long idle in this quarter. Were it not for the positive injunctions of the commander of the forces, I should have acted with greater decision. This forbearance may be productive of ultimate good, but I doubt its policy, but perhaps we have not the means of judging correctly. You will, of course, adopt a very different line of conduct. The enemy must be kept in a state of continual ferment. If the Indians act as they did under Tecumseh, who probably might be induced to return to Amherstburg, that army will very soon dwindle to nothing. Your artillery must be more numerous and effective than any the enemy can bring,* and your store of ammunition will enable you to harass him continually, without leaving much to chance.

"I trust you will have destroyed every barrack and public building, and removed the pickets and other defences around the fort at Detroit.

"You will have the goodness to state the expedients you possess to enable you to replace, as far as possible, the heavy loss we have sustained in the Detroit. Should I hear of reinforcements coming up, you may rely on receiving your due proportion. * * May every possible success attend you."

These letters are interesting, from being the last ever written by General Brock, and from their showing, also, his energetic yet careful mind.

Battle of Queenston Heights.

We have been most diligent in endeavoring to arrive at, as nearly as possible, a correct version of the events of the 13th October, and for that purpose have had many interviews with veterans in different parts of the country who were present on that occasion. Conflicting have been the statements, and it has been no easy task to reconcile all the discrepancies, should we therefore seem to err, the fault has arisen from no want of careful investigation, but from the multiplicity of accounts all differing from each other.

The morning of the 13th was of the the cold, stormy character, that marks so strongly the changeful climate of the Canadas. The alarm was given before daylight that the enemy were in motion, and Captain Dennis of the 49th, who was in command at Queenston, immediately marched his company (grenadier) and the few militia who could be hastily assembled, to the landing place opposite Lewiston; this small force was soon followed by the light company of the 49th, and the remaining disposable militia force. Here the attempt of the enemy to effect a passage was, for some time, successfully resisted, and several boats were either disabled or sunk by the fire from the one-gun battery on Queenston Heights, and that from the masked battery about a mile below. Several boats were by the fire from this last battery so annoyed, that falling below the landing place, they were compelled to drop down with the current, and recross to the American side. A considerable force, however, had effected a landing, some distance above, by a path, which had been long considered impracticable, and was, therefore, unguarded, and succeeded in gaining the summit of the mountain. Had not this been done the Americans would have been defeated, by the force then present, as it was, the body, which had made good their ascent, far outnumbering the few troops opposed to them, carried the battery and turned the right of the British position, compelling them to retire with considerable loss. No resistance could now be offered to the crossing from Lewiston, except by the battery at Vromont's point, already spoken of, and from this a steady and harassing fire was kept up which did considerable execution. We give what now followed, on the authority of a volunteer who was attached to the light company of the 49th.

"On retiring to the north end of the village, on the Niagara road, our little band was met by General Brock, attended by his A.D.C., Major Glegg, and Colonel M'Donell." He was loudly cheered as he cried, "Follow me, Boys!" and led us at a pretty smart trot towards the mountain; checking his horse to a walk, he said, "Take breath, Boys!" we shall want it in a few minutes!" another cheer was the hearty response both from regulars and militia. At that time the top of the mountain and a great portion of its side was thickly covered with trees, and was now occupied by American riflemen. On arriving at the foot of the mountain, where the road diverges to St. David's, General Brock dis-

* The guns and ammunition captured at Detroit.

mounted, and, waving his sword, climbed over a high stone wall, followed by the troops; placing himself at the head of the light company of the 49th, he led the way up the mountain at double quick time, in the very teeth of a sharp fire from the enemy's riflemen—and, ere long, he was singled out by one of them, who, coming forward, took deliberate aim, and fired; several of the men noticed the action, and fired—but too late—and our gallant General fell on his left side, within a few feet of where I stood. Running up to him, I enquired, "Are you much hurt, sir?" He placed his hand on his breast, but made no reply—and slowly sunk down. The 49th now raised a shout, "Revenge the General!" and regulars and militia, led by Colonel McDonell, pressed forward, anxious to revenge the fall of their beloved leader, and literally drove a superior force up the mountain side, to a considerable distance beyond the summit. The flank companies of the York Militia, under Captains Cameron and Heward, and Lieutenants Robinson, McLean and Stanton, besides many others, whose names I forget, eminently distinguished themselves on this occasion.

"At this juncture the enemy were reinforced by fresh troops, and after a severe struggle, in which Colonel McDonell, Captains Dennis and Williams, and most of our officers, were either killed or wounded, we were overpowered by numbers, and forced to retreat, as the enemy had outflanked us, and had nearly succeeded in gaining our rear. Several of our men were thus cut off, and made prisoners—myself amongst the number."

So far, Mr. G. S. Jarvis' account agrees with those received from Captain Crooks, Colonel Clark, Colonel Kerby, and Captain John McMeekin—all of whom were present on this occasion. It agrees, also, strictly with James' statement. Up to the period of the engagement the numbers of the British regulars and militia had never reached three hundred, over two hundred of whom now retreated, and formed in front of Vromont's battery, there to await reinforcements—while Gen. Van Ranselaer, considering the victory as complete, crossed over in order to give directions about fortifying the camp which he intended to occupy in the British territory, and then recrossed to hasten the sending over reinforcements.

The position of the parties was now thus: The Americans occupied the heights at Queenston, with a force, certainly, exceeding eight hundred, and General Van Ranselaer admits, as will be seen in his letter to General Dearborn, that "a number of boats now crossed over, unannoyed, except by the one unsilenced gun," consequently more troops were hourly arriving.

Early in the afternoon, a body of about fifty Mohawks, under Norton and young Brant, advanced through the woods, took up a position in front, and a very sharp skirmish ensued, which ended in the Indians retiring on the reinforcements which had now begun to arrive from Fort George. This reinforcement consisted of three hundred and eighty rank and file of the 41st regiment, and Capts. James Crook's and McEwen's flank companies of the 1st Lincoln; Capts. Nellis' and W. Crook's flank companies of the 4th Lincoln; Hall's, Durand's and Applegarth's companies of the 5th Lincoln; Cameron's, Heward's and Chisholm's flank companies of the York Militia; Major Merritt's Yeomanry corps, and a body of Swayzee's Militia artillery, numbering in all between three and four hundred men. A short time afterwards, Col. Clark of the Militia, arrived from Chippewa, with Captain Bullock's company of the 41st; Capts. R. Hamilton's and Row's flank companies of the 2nd Lincoln, and volunteer Sedentary Militia.

The whole British and Indian force thus assembled, did not amount to more than one thousand rank and file, of whom barely five hundred and sixty were regulars. The artillery consisted of two three-pounders, under the command of Lieutenant Crowther of the 41st. The Indians now mustered, perhaps, one hundred men.

After carefully reconnoitring, Gen. Sheaffe, who had now assumed the command, commenced the attack by an advance of his left flank, composed of the light company of the 41st under Lieutenant McIntyre, supported by a body of militia and Indians. After a volley, the bayonet was resorted to, and the Americans right driven in. The main body now advanced under cover of the fire from the two three-pounders, and after a short conflict forced the Americans over the first ridge of the heights to the road leading from Queenston to the

Falls. Here, finding themselves unsupported from the opposite side, except by the fire from the American batteries, they surrendered, with the exception of a few who had thrown themselves down a steep ravine. James says "they threw themselves over the precipice, as if heedless of the danger, and many must have perished in the flood. Others, no doubt, swam across; and some escaped in the few boats that remained entire, or whose crews could be persuaded to approach the Canadian shore." We have, however, a positive assurance from Capt. John MacMicking, that this was not the case, and that two only lost their lives by being forced over the cliffs; the reports, also, that have been so industriously circulated, of the Indians lining the banks and firing on the fugitives, are, according to the same authority, equally unfounded. The numbers, according to James, under General Wadsworth, (who had been left in command by General Van Ranselaer, when he recrossed to hurry over reinforcements,) who now laid down their arms, amounted to seventy-two officers and eight hundred and fifty-eight rank and file, exlusive of two full boat loads previously taken. This account agrees with the statement of Mr. Hepburn, of Chippewa, who alleges that the return of prisoners given in by him was a trifle over nine hundred and fifty men.

The British loss amounted to sixteen killed, and about seventy wounded, making with the loss in the morning a sum total of about one hundred and fifty killed and wounded. The American loss, it is not so easy to arrive at; one writer (Mr. Thompson), states the number as ninety killed and eighty-two wounded; another, Dr. Smith, in his history of the United States* says, "in the course of the day eleven hundred troops, regulars and militia, passed into Canada from Lewiston, very few of whom returned." In the Albany Gazette, at the conclusion of a most accurate account of the battle, tbe number that crossed is fixed at sixteen hundred, of whom nine hundred were regulars. This last statement seems the more probable when we remember that General Van Ranselaer admits eight hundred as over, before he sent for the first reinforcements, and that the boats were crossing all the morning almost undisturbed. This would give a loss of over six hundred killed and wounded, and the number seems by no means improbable when we remember that three boats were cut to pieces, and that the loss in crossing in the morning was very heavy.

The question now naturally arises, why did not General Van Ranselaer send over more troops, when he found General Sheaffe receiving reinforcements, so as to retain his superiority in numbers? An answer to this will be found in his despatch to General Dearborn, in which a most ludicrous picture is drawn of the behaviour of the American militia at Lewiston, the more remarkable from the fact of these being the very men who, only two days previously, were determined on an invasion of Canada, without waiting for orders from their commanding officer. "The ardor of the unengaged troops," says the General, "had entirely subsided." Why? asks the reader! Their wounded comrades had passed over, had described the charge of the "*green-tigers*" and militia in the morning, and had warned them what they might expect if they came in contact with troops infuriated at the loss of their beloved General. Ingersol says: "Riding among the miscreant militia, with some of their officers and Judgë Peck to second him, the disheartened and disgusted General Van Ranselaer in vain tried to prevail on them to pass the river, and secure the victory won; one-third would do it, he assured them. But neither reason, order, persuasion, nor shame had any effect." "Fifteen hundred able-bodied men," says Gen. Armstrong, "well armed and equipped, shortly before clamorous with prowess and untameable spirits, now put on the mask of lawfulness to hide their cowardice." Col Van Ranselaer observes:—"The panic had become so general that but a small portion of our army could be prevailed on to cross. The remainder, to their eternal shame, be it said, instead of lending their aid to sustain their gallant brethren in their victorious career, stood passively and saw them cut up, and captured in the end by a force amounting to about one-third of their united number."

These hard expressions, be it remembered, are none of our choosing; they are the sentiments of American writers, and of writers, too, who were anxious to palliate the misdeeds of that day. It is not a little remarkable how

* Volume 3, p. 200.

General Wilkinson, with the evidence of these passages before him, could pen the following:

"The names of the officers who accompanied Colonel Van Ranselaer in this hardy enterprise deserve to be engraved on the scroll of fame, for surmounting obstacles almost insuperable, in the face of a determined enemy, under a heavy fire, and dislodging and pursuing a superior force, consisting of two companies of the 49th British Regiment, advantageously posted, with an auxiliary body of militia and Indians. It was indeed a display of intrepidity rarely exhibited, in which the conduct and execution were equally conspicuous.

"Here true valour, so often mistaken for animal courage, was attested by an appeal to the bayonet, which decided the conflict without a shot. It must not be forgotten that two hundred and twenty-five men accomplished what six hundred were intended to achieve, and the reader will bear in mind, that with the single exception of Colonel Van Ranselaer, it was the first military combat in which either men or officers had been engaged. Under *all* the circumstances, and on the scale of the operations, the impartial soldier and competent judge will name this brilliant affair the *chef d'œuvre* of the war."

If this affair, resulting in unconditional surrender, is to be considered as the *chef d'œuvre* of the war, we are at a loss in what light the capitulation of Detroit is to be viewed. The passages following are still more remarkable. "Yet we heard of no mark of distinction, no honorary promotions on the occasion;* the efficacy of brevets had not then been discovered, nor had it become necessary to cover the disgrace of the Cabinet, by raising up idols for the adoration of the people. It is true, complete success did not ultimately crown this enterprise, but two great ends were obtained for the country. It re-established the character of the American army, and deprived the enemy, by the death of Brock, of the best officer that has headed their troops in Canada throughout the war, and with his loss put an end to their brilliant career,"—as was immediately exemplified by the still more unfortunate, because ridiculous attempt, by Gen. Smyth.

* Error! General Van Ranselaer, who was only Brevet Major General was confirmed as Major General, for his distinguished gallantry and public spirit, in the military service of his country, especially during the late war on the Niagara frontier.—Ed. A.A.M.

The absurdity into which General Wilkinson's patriotism has here hurried him, is on a par with that of some of the veracious histories put forth by sundry American authors.

One writer, (Thompson,) in his account of the affair in the morning, makes the Americans three hundred and twenty strong, "entirely routes the British 49th regiment of six hundred strong, and pursues them up the heights." Not satisfied with quadrupling the numbers of the 49th, he adds—"part of the 41st were acting with the 49th, both of which regiments distinguished themselves under the same commander in Europe; and the latter had obtained the title of the Egyptian Invincibles, because they had never, ON ANY OCCASION BEFORE, been known to give ground."

One man of the 41st was present in the morning, Lieutenant Crowther—and he was the sole representative of the regiment on the occasion.

Another writer, Dr. Smith, like his friend Mr. Thompson, also introduces the "whole 49th regiment, six hundred strong," adding, "They mutually resorted to the bayonet; and, after a bloody conflict, the famous Invincibles yielded to the superior energy of their antagonists, although so far inferior in numbers." We have, however, given extracts enough to show how entirely regardless of truth and facts the greater number of the American historians are, and how they have stooped, not only to distort, but actually to invent. "These," says James, "are the delusions so industriously practised upon the American people. No wonder then, that those among them who have never been beaten into a contrary opinion, still fancy they are possessed of the powess of demi-gods. What, by way of example, can show this more clearly than the letter from Lieut. Col. John Chrystie, of the 13th, to General Cushing, the Adjutant General. This letter begins, "In obedience to orders of the 8th inst., requiring from me a particular statement in relation to the affair at Queenston, I have the honor to transmit a journal of the incidents connected with that affair, which FELL UNDER MY OBSERVATION."

It is difficult to account for a man, holding high rank in the service, deliberately penning a falsehood, especially when its refutation was so easy, with so many actors on that

bloody stage, at hand, and ready to note the untruth, we must therefore ascribe the following passage in his "particular statement," to a diseased imagination. "OUR WHOLE FORCE UNDER ARMS AT THE TIME, (*about two, P. M.*) WAS LESS THAN THREE HUNDRED, with but one piece of artillery, and not a dozen rounds for it; yet I am well persuaded a retreat much less a surrender, was not thought of; and that the troops were in fact in as high spirits as if we had been superior." The absurdity of this is too glaring, when we remember that half an hour after the exhibition of "high spirits," these very gallant soldiers broke and fled like so many sheep before a force slightly inferior.

Despatches from the two commanding officers compared.

We have now shewn the principal events of the 13th, and propose to give and compare the despatches of the opposing Generals to their respective commanding officers. "From Major General Sheaffe to Sir George Prevost."*

Fort George, Oct. 13, 1812.

SIR,—I have the honor of informing your Excellency, that the enemy made an attack with considerable force, this morning, before day light, on the position of Queenstown. On receiving intelligence of it, Major Gen. Brock immediately proceeded to that post, and I am excessively grieved in having to add, that he fell whilst gallantly cheering his troops to an exertion for maintaining it. With him the position was lost; but the enemy was not allowed to retain it long, reinforcements having been sent up from this post, composed of regular troops, militia, and Indians: a movement was made to turn his left, while some artillery, under the able direction of Capt. Holcroft, supported by a body of infantry, engaged his attention in front. This direction was aided, too, by the judicious position which Norton, and the Indians with him, had taken on the woody brow of the high ground above Queenston.

"A communication being thus opened with Chippewa, a junction was formed of succours

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* *From General Van Ranselaer, to the American Secretary of War.*

Head Quarters, Lewiston, Oct. 14th, 1812.

SIR,—As the movements of this Army under my command, since I had last the honor to address you on the 8th, have been of a very important character, producing consequences serious to many individuals; establishing facts actually connected with the interest of the service and the safety of the army; and as I stand prominently responsible for some of these consequences, I beg leave to explain to you, sir, and through you to my country, the situation and circumstances in which I have had to act, and the reasons and motives which governed me, and if the result is not all that might have been wished, it is such that, when the whole ground shall be viewed, I shall cheerfully submit myself to the judgment of my country.

In my letter on the 8th instant, I apprised you that the crisis in this campaign was rapidly advancing; and that (to repel the same) "the blow must be soon struck, or all the toil and expense of the campaign will go for nothing, for the whole will be tinged with dishonor."

Under such impressions, I had, on the 5th instant, written to Brig. General Smyth, of the United States forces, requesting an interview with him, Major General Hall, and the commandants of regiments, for the purpose of conferring upon the subject of future operations. I wrote Major General Hall to the same purport. On the 11th I had received no answer from Gen. Smyth; but in a note to me of the 10th, General Hall mentioned that General Smyth had not yet then agreed upon any day for the consultation.

In the mean time, the partial success of Lieutenant Elliot at Black Rock (of which however, I have received no official information) began to excite a strong disposition in the troops to act. This was expressed to me through various channels, in the shape of an alternative; that they must have orders to act, or at all hazards they would go home. I forbear here commenting upon the obvious consequences, to me personally, of longer withholding my orders under such circumstances.

I had a conference with ———, as to the possibility of getting some person to pass over into Canada, and obtain correct information. On the morning of the 4th, he wrote to me that he had procured the man, who bore his letter to go over. Instructions were given him: he passed over, and obtained such information as warranted an immediate attack. This was confidently communicated to several of my first officers, and produced great zeal to act; more especially as it might have a controlling effect upon the movement at Detroit, where it was supposed that General Brock had gone with all the force he dared to spare from the Niagara frontier. The best preparations in my power were, therefore, made to dislodge the enemy from the heights of Queenstown, and possess ourselves of the village, where the troops might be sheltered from the distressing inclemency of the weather.

Lieutenant Colonel Fleming's flying artillery, and a detachment of regular troops under his command, were ordered to be up in season from Fort Niagara. Orders were also sent General Smyth to send down from Buffalo such detachments of his brigade as existing circumstances in that vicinity might warrant. The attack was to be made at three o'clock on the morning of the 11th, by crossing over in boats from the old ferry opposite the heights. To avoid any embarrassment in crossing the river, (which is here a sheet of violent

that had been ordered from that post. The enemy was then attacked, and, after a short, but spirited conflict, was completely defeated. I had the satisfaction of receiving the sword of their commander, Brigadier General Wadsworth, on the field of battle, and many officers, with nine hundred men, were made prisoners, and more may yet be expected. A stand of colors and one six-pounder, were also taken. The action did not terminate till nearly three o'clock in the afternoon, and their loss, in killed and wounded, must have been considerable. Ours I believe to have been comparatively small in numbers; no officers were killed besides Major-General Brock, one of the most gallant and zealous officers in his Majesty's service, whose loss cannot be too much deplored; and Lieut.-Col. M'Donell, provincial aide-de-camp, whose gallantry and merit render him worthy of his chief. Captains Dennis and Williams, commanding the flank companies of the 49th regiment, who were stationed at Queenston, were wounded, bravely contending at the head of their men against superior numbers; but I am glad to have it in my power to add, that Captain Dennis was fortunately able to keep the field, though it was with pain and difficulty, and Captain Williams' wound is not likely long to deprive me of his service.

"I am particularly indebted to Capt. Holcroft, of the royal artillery, for his judicious and skilful co-operation with the guns and howitzers under his immediate superintendence; their well-directed fire contributed materially to the fortunate result of the day.

"Captain Derenzy, of the 41st regiment, brought up the reinforcements of that corps from Fort George, and Captain Bullock led that of the same regiment from Chippewa; and under their commands those detachments acquitted themselves in such a manner as to sustain the reputation which the 41st regiment had already acquired in the vicinity of Detroit.

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eddies,) experienced boatmen were procured, to take the boats, from the landing below the place of embarkation. Lieutenant Sim was considered the man of the greatest skill for this service; he went ahead, and, in the extreme darkness, passed the intended place far up the river; and there, in the most extraordinary manner, fastened his boat to the shore, and abandoned the detachment. In this front boat he had carried nearly all the oars, which were prepared for the boats. In this agonizing dilemma stood officers and men, whose ardor had not cooled by exposure through the night, to one of the most tremendous north-east storms, which continued unabated for twenty-eight hours, and deluged the whole camp. Colonel Van Ranselaer was to have commanded the detachment.

After this result I had hoped that the patience of the troops would have continued, until I could submit the plan suggested in my letter of the 8th, that I might act under, and in conformity to, the opinion which might be then expressed. But my hope was idle; the previously excited ardor seemed to have gained new heat from the late miscarriage; the brave men were mortified to stop short of their object, and the timid thought laurels half won by the attempt.

On the morning of the 12th, such was the pressure upon me from all quarters, that I became satisfied that my refusal to act might involve me in suspicion, and the service in disgrace.

Lieutenant-Colonel Christie, who had just arrived at the Four-Mile Creek, and had, late in the night of the 1st, contemplated an attack, gallantly offered me his own and his men's services: but he got my permission too late. He now again came forward, had a conference with Colonel Van Ranselaer, and begged that he might have the honor of a command in the expedition. The arrangement was made, Colonel Van Ranselaer was to command one column of 300 militia; and Lieutenant-Colonel Christie a column of the same number of regular troops.

Every precaution was now adopted as to boats, and the most confidential and experienced men to manage them. At an early hour in the night, Lieutenant-Colonel Christie marched his detachment by the rear road from Niagara to the camp. At seven in the evening Lieut.-Colonel Stranahan's regiment moved from Niagara Falls; at eight o'clock Mead's, and at nine o'clock Lieutenant-Colonel Bland's regiment marched from the same place. All were in camp in good season. Agreeably to my orders, issued upon this occasion, the two columns were to pass over together; as soon as the heights should be carried, Lieutenant-Colonel Fenwick's flying artilery was to pass over; then Major Mullany's detachment of regulars; and the other troops to follow in order.

Colonel Van Ranselaer, with great presence of mind, ordered his officers to proceed with rapidity, and storm the fort. This service was gallantly performed, and the enemy driven down the hill in every direction. Soon after this, both parties were considerably reinforced, and the conflict was renewed in various places. Many of the enemy took shelter behind a stone guard-house, where a piece of ordnance was now briskly served. I ordered the fire of our battery to be directed upon the guard-house; and it was so effectually done, that with eight or ten shots the fire was silenced. The enemy then retreated behind a large stone house; but in a short time the route became general, and the enemy's fire was silenced, except from a one-gun battery, so far down the river as to be out of the reach of our heavy ordnance; and our light pieces could not silence it. A number of boats now passed over unannoyed,

" Major-General Brock, soon after his arrival at Queenston, had sent down orders for battering the American fort at Niagara. Brigade-Major Evans, who was left in charge of Fort George, directed the operations against it with so much effect, as to silence its fire, and to force the troops to abandon it; and, by his prudent precautions, he prevented mischief of a most serious nature, which otherwise might have been effected—the enemy having used heated shot in firing at Fort George.

" In these services he was most effectually aided by Colonel Claus, who remained in the fort at my desire, and by Captain Vigoureaux of the Royal Engineers. Brigade-Major Evans also mentions the conduct of Captains Powell and Cameron of the Militia Artillery, in terms of commendation.

" Lieut. Crowther, of the 41st Regiment, had charge of two three-pounders that had accompanied the movement of our little corps, and they were employed with good effect.

" Capt. Glegg, of the 49th Regiment, aide-de-camp to our lamented friend and General, afforded me most essential assistance; and I found the services of Lieutenant Fowler, of the 41st Regiment, Assistant Deputy Quarter-master-General, very useful. I have derived much aid, too, from the activity and intelligence of Lieutenant Kerr, of the Glengarry Fencibles, whom I employed in communicating with the Indians and other flanking parties.

" I was unfortunately deprived of the aid of the experience and ability of Lieutenant-Colonel Myers, Deputy Quarter-Master General, who had been sent up to Fort Erie, a few days before, on duty, which detained him there.

" Lieutenant-Colonel Butler and Clark of the Militia, and Captains Hatt, Durand, Rowe, Applegarth, James, Crooks, Cooper, Robert Hamilton, McEwen, and Duncan Cameron; and Lieutenants Robinson† and Butler, commanding flank companies of the Lincoln and York Militia, led their men into action with great spirit. Major Merritt, commanding the Niagara dragoons, accompanied me, and gave much assistance with part of his corps. Captain A. Hamilton, belonging to it, was disabled from riding, and attached himself to the guns, under Captain Holcroft, who speaks highly of his activity and usefulness. I beg leave to

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except by the one unsilenced gun. For some time after I had passed over the victory appeared complete, but in expectation of further attacks, I was taking measures for fortifying my camp immediately; the direction of this service I committed to Lieutenant Totten. of the engineers. But very soon the enemy were reinforced by a deatchment of several hundred Indians from Chippewa; they commenced a furious attack; but were promptly met and routed by the rifle and bayonet. By this time I perceived my troops were embarking very slowly. I passed immediately over to accelerate their movements; but, to my utter astonishment, I found that, at the very moment when complete victory was in our hands, the ardor of the unengaged troops had entirely subsided. I rode in all directions; urged the men by every consideration to pass over, but in vain Lieutenant-Colonel Bloom, who had been wounded in action, returned, mounted his horse and rode through the camp; as did also Judge Peck, who happened to be here, exhorting the companies to proceed, but all in vain.

At this time a large reinforcement from Fort George was discovered coming up the river. As the battery on the hill was considered an important check against ascending the heights, measures were immediately taken to send them a fresh supply of amunition, as I learnt there were only left twenty shot for the eighteen-pounders. The reinforcements, however, obliqued to the right from the road, and formed a junction with the Indians in rear of the heights. Finding to my infinite mortification, that no reinforcements would pass over; seeing that another severe conflict must soon commence; and knowing that the brave men at the heights were quite exhausted, and nearly out of ammunition; all I could do, was to send them a fresh supply of cartridges. At this critical moment I despatched a note to General Wadsworth acquainting him with our situation: leaving the course to be pursued much to his own judgment; with the assurance that if he thought best to retreat, I would endeavor to send as many boats as I could command, and cover his retreat by every fire I could safely make. But the boats were dispersed; many of the boatmen had fled, panic struck; and but few got off. My note, however, could but little more than have reached General W, about four o'clock, when a most severe and obstinate conflict commenced, and continued for about half an hour, with a tremendous fire of cannon, flying artillery and musketry. The enemy succeeded in re-possessing their battery, and gaining advantage on every side; the brave men who had gained the victory being exhausted of strength and ammunition, and grieved at the unpardonable neglect of their fellow soldiers, gave up the conflict.

I can only add, that the victory was really won; but lost for the want of a small reinforcement; one-third part of the idle men might have saved all. I have the honor to be, &c.

STEPHEN VAN RANSELAER.

Hon. William Eustis.
Secretary of War.

† Now Chief Justice of Upper Canada.

add, that volunteers Shaw, Thomson, and Jarvis, attached to the flank companies of the 49th Regiment, conducted themselves with great spirit; the first having been wounded, and the last having been taken prisoner.* I beg leave to recommend these young men to your Excellency's notice.

"Norton is wounded, but not badly; he and the Indians particularly distinguished themselves, and I have very great satisfaction in assuring your Excellency that the spirit and good conduct of His Majesty's troops, of the militia, and of the other provincial corps, were eminently conspicuous on this occasion.

"I have not been able to ascertain as yet the number of our troops, or of those of the enemy engaged; ours did not, I believe, exceed the number of the prisoners we have taken; and their advance, which effected a landing, probably amounted to thirteen or fourteen hundred men.

"I shall do myself the honor of transmitting to your Excellency further details, when I shall have received the several reports of the occurrences which did not pass under my own observation, with the return of the casualties, and those of the killed and wounded, and of the ordnance taken.

"I have the honor to be,
(Signed,) R. H. Sheaffe,
Major-General."

By comparing these two bulletins (General Sheaffe's and Van Ranse aer) with the text, the reader will be able to form a very fair judgment as to the parties who were really entitled to the honor of the day. Two passages in General Van Ranselaer's dispatch must not be overlooked: what he styles "the fort" that was stormed with such "presence of mind" by Col. Van Ranselaer, was in reality a one-gun battery, and was the only approach to a defence on the heights. In the afternoon there were two three pounders, but the eighteen-pounder had by that time been spiked. In another place General Van Ranselaer states, "The enemy were reinforced by a detachment of several hundreds of Indians from Chippewa." Now, after the most diligent enquiry into the Indian force, from various officers who distinguished themselves on this occasion, we have not been able to make the numbers of the Indians anything approaching to one hundred, at any part of the day. Neither General Van Ransalaer, nor any of his officers, ever had an opportunity of knowing what the real number of the Indians were, for they were masked by trees; the several hundreds existed only in the imagination of the General and his troops.

Another dispatch* which we give below, is also very incorrect. Captain Wool gives the 49th regiment *four* flank companies, and stations General Brock at their head, thus giving the Americans credit for all the offensive operations in the early part of the day, when it is notorious that after compelling the two flank companies to retire, the Americans acted afterwards on the defensive.

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* A Captain of Militia was given in exchange for Mr. Jarvis a week after the battle.

* *From Captain Wool to Colonel Van Ranselaer.*

Buffalo Oct. 23, 1812.

Dear Sir,

I have the honor to communicate to you the circumstances attending the storming of Queenston battery on the 13th inst; with those which happened previously you are already well acquainted.

In pursuance of your order, we proceeded round the point and ascended the rocks, which brought us partly in rear of the battery. We took it without much resistance. I immediately formed behind it, and fronting the village, when I observed Gen. Brock with his troops formed, consisting of four companies of the 49th regiment, and a few militia, marching for our left flank. I immediately detached a party of 150 men, to take possession of the heights above Queenston battery, and to hold Gen. Brock in check; but, in consequence of his superior force, they retreated. I sent a reinforcement; notwithstanding which, the enemy drove us to the edge of the bank; when, with the greatest exertions, we brought the troops to a stand, and I ordered the officers to bring their men to a charge as soon as the ammunition was expended, which was executed with some confusion, and in a few moments the enemy retreated. We pursued them to the edge of the heights, when Col. M'Donald had his horse shot from under him, and was mortally wounded. In the interim, General Brock, in attempting to rally his forces, was killed, when the enemy dispersed in in every direction. As soon as it was practicable, I formed the troops in a line on the heights fronting the village, and immediately detached flanking parties, which consisted of Capt. Machesney, of the 6th regiment, Lieut. Smith, and Ensign Grosvenor, with a small detachment of riflemen, who had that moment arrived; at the same time, I ordered Lieut. Ganesvoort and Lieut. Randolph, with a detachment of artillery, to drill out an 18-pounder which had been previously spiked, and, if possible, to bring it to bear upon the village.

Again, General Brock had not then arrived, and it was his arrival that led to the brilliant charge in which an inferior force compelled a superior force to retire UP HILL; one of the most brilliant and daring feats on record, and in which the militia distinguished themselves to the full as much as the regulars, fighting side by side, and animated with a burning desire to revenge the loss of a commander whose intercourse with them had inspired at once respect and affection. There is very little doubt that the death of the British General cost the life of many an invader on that day, which would otherwise have been spared.

Personal appearance of Gen. Brock.

As we are unacquainted with the preservation of any portrait, public or private, of Gen. Brock in this country, it may not be uninteresting to give here a slight sketch. In person he was tall and stout, even inclining to corpulency; of fair and florid complexion, with a large forehead and full face, though the features were not prominent. His eyes were rather small, of a greyish blue, with a slight cast in one of them. His mouth was small, with fine teeth, and when his countenance was lighted by a smile the expression was particularly pleasing. In manner he was exceedingly affable and gentlemanlike, of a cheerful and social habit, partial to dancing, and, though never married, he was extremely partial to female society.

Of the soundness of his judgment and bravery we have already adduced sufficient evidence to render any further comment superfluous, especially as our notes will show the sentiments of the Province on the occasion of his death.

Public opinion of Gen. Brock's character and value.

The "Quebec Gazette" contained the notice of his death which will be found below;* and the sentiments of the British Government on the melancholy occasion, were thus expressed in a despatch from Earl Bathurst, Secretary of State for the Colonies, to Sir George Prevost:—

"His Royal Highness the Prince Regent is fully aware of the severe loss which His Majesty's service has experienced in the death of Major-General Sir Isaac Brock. This would have been sufficient to have clouded a victory of much greater importance. His Majesty has lost in him not only an able and meritorious officer, but one who, in the exercise of his functions of provisional Lieutenant-Governor of the Province, displayed qualities admirably adapted to dismay the disloyal, to reconcile the wavering, and to animate the great mass of the inhabitants against successive attempts of the enemy to invade the Province, in the last of which he fell, too prodigal of that life of which his eminent services had taught us to understand the value."

The wounded and prisoners I ordered to be collected, and sent to the guard-house. About this time, which was about three or four o'clock in the afternoon, Lieut.-Col. Christie arrived, and took the command. He ordered me across the river to get my wounds dressed. I remained a short time. Our flanking parties had been driven in by the Indians, but Gen. Wadsworth and other officers arriving, we had a short skirmish with them, and they retreated, and I crossed the river.

The officers engaged in storming the battery were Captains Wool and Ogilvie; Lieutenants Kearney, Hugouin, Carr, and Simmons, of the 43d regiment; Lieutenant Ganesvoort and Randolph, of the light artillery; and Major Lush, of the militia.

I recommend to your particular notice Lieuts. Randolph, Carr, and Kearney, for their brave conduct exhibited during the whole of the action.

I have the honor to be,
Your most obedient humble Servant,
JOHN E. WOOL, Capt. 13th regt. inft.
Colonel Van Ranselaer.

* The news of the death of this excellent officer has been received here as a public calamity. The attendant circumstances of victory scarcely checked the painful sensation. His long residence in this province, and particularly in this place, had made him in habits and good offices almost a citizen; and his frankness, conciliatory disposition and elevated demeanour, an estimable one. The expressions of regret as general as he was known, and not uttered by friends and acquaintance only, but by every gradation of class, not only by grown persons, but young children, are the test of his worth. Such too is the only eulogium worthy of the good and brave, and the citizens of Quebec have with solemn emotions, pronounced it to his memory. But at this anxious moment other feelings are excited by his loss. General Brock had acquired the confidence of the inhabitants within his own government. He had secured their attachment permanently by his own merits. They were one people animated by one disposition, and this he had gradually wound up to the crisis in which they were placed. Strange as it may seem, it is to be feared that he had become too important to them. The heroic militia of Upper Canada, more particularly, had knit themselves to his person; and it is yet to be ascertained whether the desire to avenge his death can compensate the many embarrassments it will occasion..

INDIAN SCENE.

We give this plate* for the double purpose of illustrating a scene in Indian life, and of laying before our Canadian readers of the present generation a glimpse of the past; a sight which, though now rare to their eyes, was to their fathers a common one.

That portion of Canada, known now as Canada West, was almost uninhabited by the "pale face" at the commencement of the present century. It is true that there was a settlement and fort at Newark, (Niagara,) and Kingston, and also, that the seat of government was moved from Newark to Toronto in 1796, but all to the North and West of Toronto was *terra incognita.*

Those curious in contrasting the past with the present, need only traverse the western portion of our province, and they will find ample material for reflection, and will ask themselves with wonder, what will the future be, if half a century has given us this present?

In reference to our plate, the reader will perceive a wigwam pitched near the banks of a small river—its Indian name we know not—but it is at present called the "Twelve Mile Creek," flowing into Port Dalhousie, the entrance to the Welland Canal from Lake Ontario. It was here that young Long, of the —th, and Mr. Breaker, in 1792, wandered, after being for several days lost in the woods. In the distance, they saw the thin blue smoke curling slowly upwards above the trees, which indicated the presence of Indians; they knew that there was no settlement near. At first they were afraid of coming near the encampments, Breaker in particular, who being a raw Englishman, had most curious and enlarged notions of the ferocity of the Indian warrior. He had seen them once in a war dance, had listened to their whoops, and for a month afterwards slept uneasily. However, the quick ear of the scouts detected their presence, and they were captured with a flourish of shouts and yells, that caused poor Breaker's heart to sink so low, that for a moment he thought, the cold hand of death was clutching him.

Long, who had more knowledge of Indian life than Breaker, cautioned him not to betray any emotions of surprise or fear, and above all, not to show a desire of escape. "Treat them as friends," said Long, "and all will be right."

"Good Heavens, Long, how can I treat such savages as friends; I trust to God that they will not eat us." The Indians, who had been examining their rifles and dress, here gave several grunts of satisfaction, and by their gestures shewed that their conversation was about our heroes, which added to Breaker's terror.

"Tut! man," replied Long, "they are not Cannibals; we ought to have gone at once to their huts, and not skulked about so much. Indians are suspicious fellows, and we ought to have been cautious not to have raised their fears, or rather doubts, for they fear nothing. If they suspect treachery, they are always cruel."

"Well, I only hope that we may get safe out of this scrape, and you will never catch me invading their hunting grounds again. I'd bet a guinea they'll try us for tresspass."

"By Jove, Breaker, you have hit it; that old Indian standing in the centre of the group, grunting so audibly, is the judge,—there are plenty of witnesses, and——"

"Pshaw! you need not take it so coolly; you wont find it so pleasant to be tried by these red devils, after you are executed and half digested."

"Breaker, the sooner you get back to London the better, but I give you my word, that I would sooner trust that gang of "red devils," as you call them, than half their number of polished London sharpers. See! they are making signs for us to follow them; there may be some of them who can speak a little French. Come along, and see what we can make of them."

"I devoutly wish that they could speak English," sighed Breaker.

After walking a quarter of a mile over fallen trees and through the thick underbrush, they came to the creek, on the sharp turn of which was their encampment. Luckily for our two adventurers, Long found an old acquaintance in an Indian whom he had frequently met in Newark, and who could speak French and broken English tolerably well. He promised to conduct Long to his quarters, on the following day, which he did, after an interchange of presents. Breaker that evening made the sketch we give; the exact locality we are not very sure of, but believe it to be only a few

*The plate referred to, is the frontispiece of this number.

miles from the large and flourishing town of St. Catherines, which will be illustrated and and described in our next number.

The Indians, as a race, are proud and vain. Their dress, though simple as to amount, is always extravagantly ornamented with beads and other baubles; they are also fond of painting or staining their persons with every variety of color they can get; and, before going to war, their universal practice is to daub their faces black, in order, they say, to inspire their enemies with a greater terror. The physical strength of the Indian is now generally admitted to be inferior to that of the European, but the Indian has greater powers of endurance and perseverance, which fully make up for any deficiency in actual strength or activity. For days has he been known to travel on foot at the rate of eighty or even a hundred miles per diem; and for days also has he abstained, without food, apparently suffering but little therefrom.

It was supposed by the early settlers that the American savage was devoid of any growth of hair on the face, but this is a mistake. When the beard makes its first appearance all the hairs are carefully extracted by the old women who formerly used clam shells, but now tweezers, supplied by traders.

Chambers in speaking of the American race, says:—"A reddish-brown complexion, long black lank hair, deficient beard, eyes black and deep set, receding brow (sometimes from artificial compression),* high cheek-bones, prominent aquiline nose, small skull, with the apex high and the back part flat, large mouth and tumid lips, with fine symetrical frames of middle height, form the chief physical characteristics of this race. 'In their mental character,' says Professor Morton, by whom they have been thoroughly studied, 'the Americans are averse to cultivation, and slow in acquiring knowledge; restless, revengeful, fond of war, and wholly destitute of maritime adventure.' Their languages have peculiarities of construction found to be universal among them, from Cape Horn to the far north. By those who, like Cuvier, have not viewed the Americans as an indigenous race, the mode in which the New World was peopled has been curiously inquired into, and it has been conjectured that they either came by Behring's Straits from Asia, or that some small party, in ages long past, was wafted accidentally across the seas to these vast shores. Such an occurrence as the latter has been proved to be not impossible, to say the least of it. But assuredly the weight of evidence is in favor of the opinion that the Americans are not a casual offshoot from some other human family, but a people so far indigenous, at least, and primitive as to be derived from a common root, endowed with specific and unique physical characters. The American race is obviously tending to extinction."

* On referance to our first volume, page 374, the reader will find a "Sketch of a Chinook," with the process of flattening the head.—A.A.M.

CORIOLANUS.

BY THE REV. R. J. MACGEORGE.

SONNET I.

In vain did Pontiff, Priest, and Augur plead
 Before that conquering exile. Proudly cold
 His eye beheld Rome's turrets ting'd with gold
By the bright morning sun. The factious deed
Which drove him from his father's hearth, had frozen
 Each ruthful fountain in his rankling breast.
 "Hence! coward minions, hence! my stern behest
Not Jove himself can alter. Ye have chosen
To spurn me from you like a felon wolf,
 And therefore come I steel'd against all pity—
With feverish ardour thirsting to engulph,
 In ruin infinite your hated city!
To-morrow, on the yellow Tiber's shore,
The herald Fates shall shriek—"Rome was—Rome is no more!"

SONNET II.

Thoughtful at twilight's hour, before his tent,
 The Roman leader of Rome's foemen stood,
 While clad in sackcloth and funereal hood,
A tearful female train before him bent.
His heart is strangely stirred!—A voice he hears
 'Mid that sad sisterhood, ne'er heard unlov'd—
His mother's gentle voice! Bright guileless years
 Return, long banish'd, at the sound. Unmov'd
He saw a Nation's agony!—but now
 His wrongs are all forgot—ambition dies—
The fever leaves his brain—the cloud his brow.
Veturia smiles—"The victory is won."
 He clasps her in his trembling arms and cries,
"Sweet mother!—Rome you've sav'd—but lost your son!"

THE CHRONICLES OF DREEPDAILY.
No. XIII.

WHICH TREATS OF DIVERSE MATTERS. INCLUDING, *inter alia*, MR. POWHEAD'S EXCURSION TO BODDAM;—AND HOW BAILIE GAMALIEL GREYWAWKIE FEATHERED HIS NEST BY A SLIP OF THE PEN.

As intimated in my last, I reached in safety the far-famed town of Peterhead, and was received with open arms and warm hearts, by my niece, Barbara Ballingall, and her guidman, Andrew. They were an honest, well-doing couple, who feared their Maker, honoured the King, and brought up their clecking of bairns, "in decency and order." Of Andrew, or as I should rather style him, Bailie Ballingall, seeing that he had attained that dignified step on the ladder of life—I shall say nothing at present. His history contains some particulars worthy of record in these chronicles, and they shall be set forth in due order, at an early opportunity.

On the morning after my arrival, a knock came to the door, and Girzy, the hand-maiden of all work, entered the chamber where we were breaking our fast, with the tidings that Bailie Gamaliel Greywawkie was without, and craved the favour of an audience.

My nephew-in-law, looked a fraction glum at this announcement, muttering, with something which the censorious would have reprobated as an immoral word, that the Bailie was a plague and a pest, who, like the ill-shilling, was ever making his appearance when least needed. As there was no avoiding the infliction, however, he put the best face he could upon the matter, and the bachleshod envoy having received the necessary instructions, she presently ushered the untimely visitor into our presence.

As a matter of course, I was introduced in due form, to the civic authority of Peterhead, who, so far as externalities went, possessed all the orthodox and canonical requisites for the Magistracy. The redness of his nose, and "crimson pustules," (as Dr. Scougall would say,) which adorned the same, bore testimony that he had not neglected his duty in drinking the health of royalty on birthday and cognate festivals. There was, likewise, (to quote again from the above learned authority,) "a plethoric rotundity in the abdominal regions," demonstrating to the everlasting confusion of all democratic slanderers, that the owner thereof, was conscientious in his attendance at Corporation dinners.

After giving us some information touching the state of the weather, which was more authentic than novel, Bailie Greywawkie proceeded to unfold the motives that had led him to favour us with his matin company. There was to be a marriage that evening in Boddam, a fishing village about three miles to the south of Peterhead, and as the bride's father, a substantial portioner, was a customer of his, he had covenanted to honour the occasion with his presence. "I just drapped in, neighbour Ballingall," said he, "to see if you would bear me company. And as your respected uncle is a stranger to this quarter of the globe, he, aiblins, will form one of our party. I have got my vehicle at the door, which will brawly hold us a'. We will be certain of a guid dinner, and a tass of mountain dew, which the King's cellar canna beat. Whether, however, it ever paid duty to his Majesty, is a question easier asked than answered!"

Having ever had a desire to see human life in all its varieties, I at once closed with the proposal, and Mr. Ballingall, having nothing particular on his hands, likewise consented to the arrangement. "Ye need na' expect your bread winner hame, the nicht, guid wife," said our conductor, as he set his convenience in motion. "As it threatens to be wat, we will most likely tak' a bed frae my auld friend, Saunders Skate." "Besides," added he, in an undertone to us, with a sly wink,—"if the whisky be as guid as I expect, we will hae moisture to contend against, of a nature mair unfriendly to safe driving in the dark, than that distilled frae the clouds!"

As we were jogging cannily along, the morning being warm, and the horse not precisely a "high mettled racer," I took occasion to precognosce Bailie Greywawkie anent the preparation of those yellow fish called "Finnan haddies," for which this region of the United is famous, from John O'Groat's house to the wall of China.

"The luxuries in question," responded the magistrate,—"take their name from Findon, a village on this coast, though they are also engendered in Boddam, and some other clach-

ans. A conniESHURE in such matters, (myself for instance, if I may be permitted to say so,) can tell, when the fish are cooked, the particular village from whence they came. In my opinion, and in this I am backed by two-thirds of the town council of Peterhead, Findon, though it gives it name to the whole manufacture, stands but second in the quality of its fish. The haddocks are prepared in the summer time, when the weather is warm and settled, and being gutted and cleaned, are spread before the door to dry. They are then taken into the house, pierced behind one of the upper fins by an iron rod, and hung, to the tune of four or five hundred, on rods, over a furnace in the corner of the room. The furnace is heated with peat dross, of a peculiar kind,—every thing depends on this—for the purpose of smoking the fish; which operation, when they have been previously dried, is completed in about three hours.—Other villages produce their yellow fish by means of a kiln, over which they are spread, and hence no hole in the fins is required. It is true, that a hole is made, to make greenhorns believe that the commodities were produced in Findon; but catch them deceiving me by sic a device! Just you notice carefully when twa smoked haddies are brought you, the ane a native o' Findon, and the other a Boddamite. In the first, you will discover that the inside of the hole is browned, and preserves the width of the rod; whilst in the latter, the interior of the hole, is fresh and collapsed, as the minister who we will see this afternoon, expresses it. If ye ever become a dealer in Finnan haddies, keep mind o' what I have said, and you will never be at a loss to ken which is the true fish; and which is the false!"

By this time, our equipage was entering Boddam, and verily the place was fair and blythsome to look upon. It is situated at the extremity of a goodly bay, sheltered behind by the hill of Sterling, and the eyes of the antiquarian are gladdened by the sight of the ruins of Boddam castle, a seat of the ancient Keith family, which stands at the top of a promontory, close to the sea. Touching this same castle, I learned a strange, and wild legend, which, perchance, I may record when I have nothing else to do.

We were duly welcomed by Saunders Skate, who ushered us into his domicile—the best in the village, by the way—with as much state as if we had been crowned Kings or mitred Abbots. In the twinkling of an eye, a hillock of oatmeal cakes, and a sweet milk cheese nearly as large as a mill wheel, were placed before us, and there was added a pot-bellied bottle, which contained a liquid so closely resembling water in appearance, that it might have deceived a hermit who had vowed to confine his potations to that frugal fluid. In the simplicity of my heart, I quaffed a glass of this beverage, being thirsty with my drive, when to my utter amazement, I discovered that the breath was leaving my throat, and that my cheeks were moist with wondering tears! Philosophers, perchance, may be able to tell the cause of these phenomena; but I am a prudent man, and never repeat tales out of school, which the Kirk Session might make a handle of!

Whilst we were eating our snack, Mr. Skate informed us that his son-in-law to be, was a strapping young fisher chap, named Peter Partan, and, as a matter of course, a native of Boddam. "We never let our bairns marry strangers," said the old man. "If ane o' our lassies took up wi' a foreigner—a shop lad o' Peterhead, for instance, she might never attempt to show her neb in the village again. Even the mother that bore her would look upon the queen as nae langer ane o' the family. The limmer would be regarded with nearly as little favor as bum-bees show to a wasp that has wandered into their byke. This is ane o' our ancient, time immemorial customs, which, like the laws o' the Medes and the Persians, alter not for beast or body."

At this point of our confabulation, Mrs. Skate made her appearance, and a fine, sonsy, motherly-looking matron she was, though somewhat of an overly fishy flavour for my inland taste!

After hoping that we were making ourselves quite at hame, she inquired at her guidman, whether he knew where the scales and weights were lying. "I have to measure out the trimmings," quoth she—"for Jock's waistcoat, and if that daidling creature Tammie Leslie, does not get them immediately, the bairns dress will not be ready for his sisters wedding."

When the guid wife had procured the implements which she required, I questioned Mr. Skate, touching the meaning of the speech I had heard.

"You see sir," replied my host, "that in this part o' the country, our raiment is made by tailors, who travel aboot frae house to house, according as their services are required. As a general rule, they are a thieving, cheating tribe, continually finding things where John Highlandman found the tangs—that is by the fire-side, ye ken! For this reason, it is the universal practice when folk give out cloth, and thread, and lining to the tailors, to weigh the same. The garments being finished, the scales are again applied to, and according to their decision, the honesty o' the man o' needles is established, or his knavery made manifest! Our friend Tammie is nae waur than his brethren; but as it would never do to mak' fish o' ane and flesh o' anither, he behoves to submit to the ordeal as weel as the rest!"

"And does Mr. Leslie," said I, "not rebel against the imputation thus cast upon his integrity? In the west country no tailor would ever sew a stitch for the family who called his fair dealing in question." "Different lands different ways," returned our landlord. "The ceremony is looked upon here as being quite as much a matter o' course as the weighing o' a salmon or a pound o' candles."

It is fitting to mention in passing that the above conversation took place many years ago. Reform, among other exploits, has emancipated the crooked legged tribe from this degrading slur upon their morality. That they refrain from cabbaging, I will not take it upon myself to say, but assuredly their work is never now weighed in the balance to see whether it be not wanting!

Saunders Skate told us many stories about the nimble-fingered Tammie, who was quite a character in his way, one of which I shall retail for the diversion of my readers.

On one occasion, Leslie was engaged to shape and sew in the house of a farmer named Fergus Flint, who was notorious for the miserlyness of his disposition. He grudged his family and servants the common necessaries of life, and would skin a certain animal which is often in men's heads, but seldom named, save by vulgarians, for the sake of its hide!

One night, after a hard days' work, Tammie sat down to take his supper with the household, but though the room was nearly as dark as pitch, the hard fisted Fergus would not suffer a candle to be used. This state of things did not by any means square with the tailor's ideas of comfort, and many a snuffle and snort of indignation he uttered as he discussed the oatmeal porridge which formed the staple of the banquet. At length, unable to bear the obscurity any longer, he filled his spoon to the very edge with the boiling luxury, and, instead of conveying it into his mouth, deposited the bulk thereof in the ear of the churl, at whose side he chanced to be sitting! Up started Flint with a yell which might have wakened the dead, and grasping the tailor by the throat, he demanded whether it was his intention to murder him at his own table? Leslie pretended to be overwhelmed with shame and remorse for the act of which he had been guilty. "Oh guidman," cried the cunning rogue, "that I should ever come to be charged with an attempt upon your precious and immortal life! Na, na! As I am an honest man—I mean an honest tailor—I intended to put the spoon fu' o' parritch into my mouth, but it was so dark that I mistook the way, and landed it by mistake in your worthy lug!"

It is hardly necessary for me to add, that instant orders were given for the production of a "six-in-the-pounder"—and never again did Fergus Flint sit down to a nocturnal meal, at least when Tammie was his guest, without a supply of artificial light to indicate the relative positions of the mouths and ears of the company!

[N. B.—It will be remarked by the intelligent peruser of these chronicles, that after his visit to London, Mr. Peter Powhead frequently makes use of more ambitious language than he was wont to do. The editor of these priceless papers is anxious to call attention to this fact, as he would not for all the gold in the diggins, be suspected of tampering with the manuscripts of his departed, and ever-to-be-lamented friend!]

The day wore on a pace, and the pot-bellied bottle diminished as the sun declined, a curious fact for which astronomers, perchance, may be able to account. Evaporation might have had something to do with the matter,

though doubtless, many of the learned might be inclined, with some glimmering of reason, to explai: it by the theory of absorption! One thing is incontrovertible, that if our landlord's stock of spirits waxed low, the spirits of his guests rose in an equal proportion, and when the word was passed that the marriage procession was about to start, not the least merry of the throng were a brace of Bailies from Peterhead, and a certain Ayrshire barber who shall be nameless.

It seems that it was the usage at Boddam for the parties about to be buckled for life to travel about two miles in order to meet the the minister, who resided at some distance. This custom was complied with, whatever the state of the weather might be, and Peggy Skate, who was that day to be made "an honest woman," observed to me, in answer to a remark which I let fall on the subject, that she would never look upon herself as a regularly married wife if the Rev. Mr. McSnore performed the ceremony under her father's roof-tree!

I believe that with the exception of the bedridden, and bairns in the cradle, the whole population of Boddam were standing in marching order before Saunders Skate's domicile, when we made our appearance from the same. Our approach was the signal for moving, and in three minutes the party, marshalled by an antiquated boatswain with a wooden leg, set off by twos and twos.

It struck me that ere many minutes had clapsed, the bridegroom, Peter Partan, began to walk in a very feckless and hirpling manner, as if he had been suddenly smitten with the gout. On mentioning this to Bailie Greywawkie he at once solved the mystery. According to the *outré* and despotic rules of Boddam, it became incumbent upon the youth placed in Peter's interesting circumstances, to deposit a crooked sixpence in his shoe previously to commencing his pilgrimage to the shrine of Hymen. This was done to insure "luck," and its observance was looked upon as so essential that the bride, despite her bashfulness and blateness, always insisted on seeing the coin lodged in the walking gear of her intended before she permitted him to set forth. Poor Peter doubtless regarded the ceremony more honored in the breach than the observance. For the ensuing six weeks he could hardly pedestrianise without the supplement of a stick, and the buxom maidens who were his partners in the nuptial reels vowed that he was as useless at the dancing as a crippled lobster!

As we neared a toll-house, dozens of merry, ringing voices shouted out, "Hurrah! there's the minister," and sure enough his reverence was discovered solacing himself with a pipe at the receipt of tribute. Here again I have to record another of the queer outlandish practices of this most original and dogmatic piscatorial community. The toll-house was invariably converted *pro tempore* into a chapel, when the marriage benediction fell to be enunciated. No one could tell the why or wherefore of this custom, but no one ever dreamed of questioning its propriety. Once had the Presbytery essayed to interdict the usage as unseemly, and "savouring of superstition;" but the lieges of Boddam protested that if no Mess John of the establishment buckled them at the ancient spot, they would see whether the Romish Priest, or the Old Light Burgher minister would be less scrupulous. This, of course, decided the controversy, and matters were suffered to remain in *statu quo!* * * *

[We are here constrained to omit a large portion of Mr. Powhead's narrative, as slightly tainted with the *prosy*, and not of sufficient interest to the general reader to warrant its being transferred to our pages.]

When we regained Boddam the procession shaped its course to the dwelling of the happy but sore-footed Partan, where the first object which attracted our attention was the mother of the aforesaid Partan, standing at the threshold, and brandishing a formidable-looking pair of kitchen tongs. Under any other circumstances I would have been disposed to regard this apparition with some alarm, as indicative of belligerent intentions on the part of the new made legal parent, but I had long ceased to be surprised at anything, however much out of the way, which I witnessed in this demented region. The attitude of the ancestral Partan was perfectly in order, and in compliance with the unwritten law of Boddam! Grasping the young wife by the hand, the matron led her to the fireplace, upon which lay a few faint embers. These were carefully extinguished with the tongs above specified, and then the bride, tucking up her *braws* as best she might, proceeded to ignite a mass of peat and coal,

When the feat was fairly accomplished, a stentorian shout proclaimed the fact that Mrs. Peter Partan had taken possession of her new home, and was regularlly installed as the mistress of the same! * * * * * * *

[Once more are we obliged to curtail the worthy barber's narrative. The particulars given of the wedding feast, of the dancing, and of the convivialities are spirited, but somewhat deficient in novelty. Suffice it to say, that the worshipful Greywawkie having been assaulted by a certain felonious personage, answering to the name of John Barleycorn, is carried up to bed in a net, and Mr. Powhead and his nephew having also suffered somewhat from the aforesaid naughty John, retire to recruit their exhausted energies on a shake-down.]

As we were undressing, I requested Andrew to give me some account of his brother Bailie, with whose pawkie sayings, and wonderful exploits, particularly in the toddy consuming line, I had been much tickled during that mirthsome evening. Mr. Ballingall, though with many a weary grunt and yawn, complied, and the substance of his narrative I now proceed to rehearse for the enlightenment of posterity.

THE FORTUNATE BLUNDER.

Gamaliel Greywawkie commenced life as a general merchant in Peterhead, with a small capital, and consequently with a small stock in trade. He dealt in groceries, hardware, candles, stationary, and draperies, and though his shop was the first open in the morning, and the last which was closed against the public at night, he found it a hard matter to make the two ends meet. The natives of Peterhead though, on the main, good customers enough, were pestilently costive in their payments, and the ink of many an account in the hapless huxter's ledger waxed dim and faint before the welcome word "settled" was endorsed at the tail thereof!

It may be here proper to mention, that the education of Gamaliel had not been of such an excellence as would have fitted him for a University degree. On the contrary, he knew nothing of the dead languages, and could not read with peculiar fluency even the living Anglo-Saxon tongue. As for writing, he thought it enough if he could make his ideas tolerably intelligible on paper; and touching spelling, he generally wrote words as he pronounced them. "I had nae hand in the brewin' o' dictionaries," he would sometimes observe; "and, consequently, am not bound to tak them as my rules and authorities."

Having at length managed to scrape together a few pounds, Mr. Greywawkie determined to see if he could not increase his capital by a speculation. At that time copper gave tokens of rising in the market, and the honest man, after serious deliberation, resolved that in this metal he would invest his savings.

Accordingly he wrote to his London correspondent, requesting him to purchase, in his name, a *ton of copper;* and in due course of post received a reply to the effect that the order would be executed with all possible despatch. "It will take some time to do the needful," added Mr. Brummagem, "but due notice shall be given of its completion."

Mr. Greywawkie sorely churned his brains to divine the meaning of this latter paragraph, but all in vain. By no possibility could he account for the fact that there should be any difficulty in making the investment which he had set his heart upon. From the metropolitan journals, which from time to time met his eye, he learned that whole shiploads of copper were changing hands every day, and how, therefore, there should be the delay of an hour in procuring a single ton of the commodity, fairly passed his comprehension!

Time wore on, but matters remained in the same bewildering position. The desiderated metal continued to rise in price, till at length it reached its climax of altitude. Then it began to take a turn in the opposite direction, and slide down the mercantile scale—slowly at first, and then with a celerity which was positively sickening to a holder. Still no specific tidings from the unaccountable Mr. Brummagem! Now and then a curt, laconic missive would arrive, that the order was still in the course of execution, but that the job was an uphill one, and required time!

At length Gamaliel could bear the torturing suspense no longer. He entrusted his shop to the temporary care of an acquaintance, and set out for London, determined to find out at once the worst of the matter. It was indeed a perilous crisis in the history of his fortunes!

Small as the adventure might be to a *warm* man, upon its issue depended whether his name should preserve its fragrance in the money market, or be consigned to the rankness and putridity of the bankrupt's department of the Gazette!

When the mail-coach, which was transporting the person of the more than half-frenzied Greywawkie stopped at York, in order to allow its passengers to go through the process of sus-tentation, he entered the supper-room with his comrades, but could not manage to swallow a solitary morsel. Everything, bread, meat, and pickles seemed encrusted and impregnated with copper, and like the "Amen" of Macbeth, stuck pertinaciously in his throat!

As he was gulping in rabid desperation a stiff admixture of brandy and heated water, the only thing in the shape of nutriment which he could imbibe, Gamaliel heard his name pronounced by a commercial Cockney traveller, who was seated with a companion at an adjacent table. Wearied and jaded as he was, he could only make out a few words here and there of the conference, but these were sufficient to hasten him to the culminating point of wonder and distraction! "Wonderful fellow that Greywawkie must be! Prodigious order! A whole ton! Why, the man must either be mad, or have the Bank of of England at his command! I must give him a call when I reach the north! Hope to book him for a few thousands!"

At this moment the horn of his Majesty's mail sounded a retreat, and Greywawkie, dashing down the price of the supper which he had never tasted, rushed out to his locomotive, like an opium-drugged Malay running a muck!

Arrived in London, the Peterhead shopkeeper lost no time in seeking the counting-house of his correspondent, and, having stated his name, requested an immediate audience. The clerks, who seemed to regard him with a look of respectful wonder, speedily announced his arrival to their principal, and in a few seconds Messrs. Greywawkie and Brummagen stood face to face in the flesh!

"My dear friend!" exclaimed the Englishman, "permit me to offer you my warmest congratulations. This very morning I succeeded in accomplishing your commission, and you are now the largest holder of the article within the British dominions! Why, your name has been the common talk on 'Change for the last ten days! You are called the Scottish phenomenon, and the prince of bold speculators!"

Gamaliel, completely taken aback by this most mysterious and unfathomable greeting, was unable to squeeze out a solitary word in rejoinder. His hair literally stood on end like a crop of immature pokers—his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth, even as a herring adheres to the bottom of a red-hot frying pan—and sinking down on the nearest chair, he waited with fixed eyes to hear what would come next! Had the information been that he had succeeded to the Papal throne, or been elected Commander of the Faithful, his wonder could not have been increased one jot or tittle!

Mr. Brummagem did not give him time to recover his self-possession, but continued to rattle on at the rate of twenty knots an hour, or thereby!

"If I might make so bold," he said, "I would venture to suggest that you should sell out forthwith. The market is now as bare of the article, as a Surgeon's Hall skeleton is of flesh? Our grocers are clamorous for a supply, and I can hardly walk the streets without being waylaid by scores of 'em! You can make your own terms, by jingo! and I question not, could clear thousands by mid-day if you would release your hold. So think seriously about it, dear Mr. Greywawkie, and pray consider the lamentable condition of the eating community! Why, I hear that there has not been a leg of mutton boiled for nearly a week, within the sound of Bow-bells!"

"What in the name of Heaven do you mean?" at length managed to gasp out the sorely confounded Gammaliel. "Can there be any earthly connection between my order, and the meals of your Southern gluttons? Surely with all their brass they do not season their mutton with copper sauce?"

"Not exactly, my dear fellow," was the rejoinder, "but *capers*, you know, are generally necessary for that favourite dish!"

"Do you mean to insult me, you scoundrel?" yelled the unhappy Greywawkie, who by that time had fairly passed the Rubicon of sanity. "What have I to do with all the

capers in the universe? Speak, you miscreant, or I shall save Jack Ketch the trouble of throttling you?"

"Ha! I see! blandly interposed Mr. Brummagem." Cold morning—long drive—overly strong potation at the last stopping place! These things *will* happen at times, to the best of us! No man is a *saw-pit* at all hours, as we used to say at school! Here John! fetch me Mr. Greywawkie's order! Perhaps a sight of that document will restore your recollection!"

The missive was brought, and the broker unfolding it began to recapitulate its contents. "Hum—just so—plain as a pike staff—*one ton of capers*—nothing could be clearer! let me again advise you to sell out on the nail. Never will there be a better chance!"

Slowly, but surely did the light now begin to dawn upon the fevered brain of the North British huxter, till at length he became cognizant of the real state of the case. Prudently concealing the fact, that he had by mistake written *capers* for *copper*, Gamaliel, with a faint laugh, begged pardon for his recent outbreak, and hinted something about the potency of English gin in the morning!

Little more remains to be told. The capers were disposed of to the famishing London grocers that very forenoon, and before many days had elapsed the credit account of Gamaliel Greywawkie in the Peterhead branch of the Bank of Scotland exhibited more hundreds of pounds than ever previously it had contained tens!

THE ADVENTURES OF THE LAST ABENCERRAGE.*

One of the young senorita's now took up the guitar, and after striking a few preliminary chords commenced playing the air of the foreign dance. The daughter of Rodriguez laid aside her veil, fan and black mantilla, and attached to her white fingers the ebony castanets. Her jetty locks floated in luxuriant masses over her alabaster shoulders. Her eyes sparkled, her mouth was wreathed with smiles, and her complexion was tinged with a light blush. All at once she sounded the rattling ebony, and mingling her voice with the sounds of the guitar, started like a flash of light.

What variety in her steps. What elegance in her attitudes. Sometimes raising her arms with vivacity, then gently dropping them by her side. Sometimes starting as if intoxicated with pleasure, then retiring as if overwhelmed with grief. Now, turning her head, she appears to beckon some invisible lover, offers modestly a rosy cheek as if to the kiss of a bridegroom, flies bashful, returns brilliant and consoling, with a proud, nay, warlike step, then bounds anew upon the turf. Her voice and steps mingled in harmonious concert with the strains of the instrument. The voice of Bianca slightly subdued, had that soul-stirring tone which touches the heart and rouses the passions. The Spanish music, composed of sighs, rapid movements, mournful strains, and gay songs, suddenly ceasing, offers a singular *melange* of gaiety and melancholy. That music and that dance fixed beyond recall the destiny of the Last Abencerrage. They would have sufficed to cause a heart more troubled than his to ache.

At nightfall, he returned to Grenada by the valley of the Douro, but, before leaving, Don Rodriguez, charmed with the noble and polished manners of Aben Hamet, entreated him to return soon, and amuse Bianca with his marvellous tales of the East. The Moor, highly delighted, accepted the invitation of the Duke de Santa Fé, and on the morrow betook himself to the palace, where she lived whom he loved better than the light of day.

Bianca soon found herself deeply in love, from the very impossibility which she fancied there existed, of her ever entertaining such a feeling. To love an infidel, a Moor, an unknown, appeared to her a thing so strange, so unlikely, so impossible, that she took no precautions to guard against the melody which was beginning to insinuate itself into her veins. Nevertheless, as soon as she recognised the symptoms, she treated the matter in true Spanish fashion. The perils and chagrins which she foresaw did not cause her to shrink from the brink of the abyss, nor deliberate a long time with her heart. She said to herself, "let Aben Hamet become a Christian, let him love me, and I will follow him to the uttermost end of the earth."

The Abencerrage on his part felt all the force of a soul-absorbing, irresistible passion. He lived only for Bianca. The projects which had brought him to Grenada no longer occupied his attention. It was easy for him to obtain the information he had come to ask, but he felt no interest in anything, his mind and soul were wrapt up in his love. He felt nothing, saw nothing, heard nothing, wished for nothing, thought of nothing but Bianca. "Let her become a Mahomedan, let her love me, and I will serve her to my latest sigh."

* Continued from page 615, vol. 2.

Aben Hamet and Bianca thus fixed in their determinations, awaited only a favorable moment to disclose their sentiments. It was then the finest period of the year.

"You have not yet seen the Alhambra," said the daughter of the Duke de Santa Fé to the Abencerrage. "If I may credit some few words which have escaped you, your family is originally from Grenada. Perhaps you will be well pleased to visit the palace of your ancient Kings? I will this evening serve you myself as a guide."

Aben Hamet swore by the beard of the Prophet, that no promenade could be more delightful to him. The hour fixed for the excursion to the Alhambra being arrived, the daughter of Don Rodriguez mounted on a white hackney accustomed to climb the rocks like a goat, Aben Hamet accompanied the brilliant Spaniard, upon an Andalusian steed, equipped after the Turkish manner.

In the rapid course of the young Moor, his purple robe swelled out behind him, his curved cymetar clattered against the high saddle, and the wind agitated the aigrette with which his turban was surmounted. The people, charmed with his handsome appearance, said, as they looked after him, "It is an infidel Prince whom Donna Bianca is going to convert."

They traversed at first a long street still bearing the name of an ancient and illustrious Moorish family, and bordering on the exterior enclosure of the Alhambra. They afterwards traversed a wood of elms, arrived at a fountain, and soon found themselves before the interior enclosure of the palace of Boabdil. In a wall flanked by towers and surrounded by battlements, opened a gate, called the Gate of Judgment. They cleared this first gate, and advanced by a narrow road which wound between high walls and half ruined masonry. This road conducted them to the place of the Algibes, near to which Charles the V. was then causing a palace to be erected. From thence, turning to the north, they halted in a deserted court, at the foot of a wall covered with arabasque ornaments, and partially destroyed by time Aben Hamet leaping lightly to the ground offered his hand to Bianca to descend from her mule. The lacqueys knocked at a deserted gate, the threshhold of which was concealed by the grape. The gate opened, and allowed them to see all at once the secret precincts of the Alhambra.

All the longings, all the regrets for his country, mingled with the illusions o love, now seized upon the heart of the last Abencerrage. Immoveable and mute he stands gazing with wonder into this habitation of the Genii. He fancied himself transported to the entry of one of those palaces described in the thousand and one nights. Light galleries, white marble canals bordered with flowering orange and lemon trees, whose fragrant perfume ladened the air, sparkling fountains, and solitary courts offered themselves on all sides to the eyes of Aben Hamet, and across the spreading roofs of the porticos, he perceived other labyrinths and fresh enchantments. The bright azure of a most lovely sky, shewed between columns sustaining a chain of gothic arches. The walls covered witharabesques appeared to imitate, at first sight, those Eastern stuffs, which the caprice of a women slave broiders to beguile the weariness of a harem; something voluptuous, warlike and religious impregnated the air of this magic building—a cloister of love, the mysterious retreat where the Moorish Kings tasted every pleasure and forgot every duty of life.

After some moments of surprise and silence, the two lovers entered into this abode of vanished power and past felicity. They first promenaded around the saloon of Mesuear, amidst the perfume of flowers and the freshness of waters. They penetrated next into the Court of Lions. The emotions of Aben Hamet augmented at each step. "If thou didst not fill my soul with rapture," said he to Bianca, "with what grief should I be compelled to ask of thee, a Spaniard, the history of these dwellings—ah! these places were made for the enjoyment of happiness, but I——"

Aben Hamet perceived the name of Boabdil chased in Mosaics. "Oh my King," cried he, "what has become of thee? Where shall I find thee in thy deserted Alhambra?" And the tears of fidelity, loyalty and honour, filled the eyes of the young Moor.

"Your ancient Masters," said Bianca, "or rather the Kings of your fathers, were ingrates." "What matter," replied the Abencerrage, "they have been unfortunate." As he uttered these words, Bianca conducted him into a Cabinet, which appeared to be the very sanctuary of this Temple of love. Nothing could equal the elegance of this retreat; the entire roof was painted azure and gold, and composed o a fret-work of arabesques which allowed the light to pass as over a tissue of flowers. A fountain bubbled in the centre of the building, and its waters falling in dewy showers, were received in an alabaster conch. "Aben Hamet," said the daughter of the Duke de Santa Fé, "observe well this fountain, it received the trunkless heads of the Abencerrages. This white marble is yet stained with the blood of the unhappy victims whom Boabdil sacrificed to his suspicions. 'Tis thus, in your coun-

try, that men who seduce the affections of too credulous women are treated."

No longer was Aben Hamet listening to his lovely mistress. Prostrate, he was kissing with holy reverence the trace of the blood of his ancestors. Sudden he arose and cried, "Oh, Bianca, I swear by the blood of those cavaliers, to love thee with the constancy, fidelity and ardour of an Abencerrage."

"Ah, you love me then," answered Bianca, clasping her lovely hands and raising her looks to Heaven; "but do you remember that you are a Moor, an infidel, an enemy, and that I am a Christian and a Spaniard."

O, Holy prophet," said Aben Hamet, "be witness to my oath!—"

Bianco interrupted him. What faith would you that I should give to the oaths of a persecutor of my God? Do'st know if I love thee? Who dared give thee leave to hold such language to me?

Aben Hamet replied in consternation. "It is true--I am only thy slave. Thou hast not chosen me for thy cavalier."

Moor," cried Bianca, "cast aside this mockery. Thou hast seen in my looks that I love thee, my folly for thee passes all measure. Become but a Christian, and nought shall prevent me from becoming thine. But if a daughter of the house of Bivar dares to speak to thee thus frankly, thou mayest augur from it, that she will know kow to conquer herself, and that an enemy of the Christian faith shall never own her hand."

Aben Hamet in a transport of passionate love, clasped the hands of Donna Bianca in his own, placed them on his turban, then on his heart.—"Allah is powerful," cried he, "and Aben Hamet is happy. O Mahomet! let this Christian but know thy law and nothing shall——"

"Thou blasphemest," said Bianca, "let us leave this place."

Linked together, arm in arm, they approached the fountain of the Twelve Lions, which gave its name to one of the Courts of the Alhambra. "Beloved," said the simple Spaniard, "when I look on thy robe, thy turban, and thy arms, above all, when I remember our love, I fancy I see the shade of the handsome Abencerrage walking in this secluded retreat with the unfortunate Alfaima. Explain to me that Arabic inscription graven on the marble of yon fountain."

Aben Hamet read these words. "The lovely princess who, covered with pearls, walks in this garden, augments its beauty so prodigiously," the rest of the inscription was effaced. "'Tis for thee this inscription was composed," said Aben Hamet. "O, beloved Sultana, these palaces were never so beautiful in their youth as they are to-day in their ruins. Hearken to the play of the fountains whose waters the moss has turned away. Regard those gardens which we see beneath yonder half ruined arcades. Contemplate the star of day never setting beyond those porticos. Oh, how sweet to wander with thee in these places. Their accents embalm these retreats as the roses of Yemen, with what joy do I recognize in thy language some accents of that of my fathers. The rustling of thy robe above,on these marbles, makes my heart leap. The air is only perfumed when it has touched thy locks. You are as beautiful as the spirit of my country amidst these ruins. But can Aben Hamet hope to fix thy heart? What, is he near thee? He has wandered o'er mountains with his father, and knows the herbs of the wilderness. Alas, there is not one that can cure the wound thou hast made. He carries arrows but is no cavalier. Formerly, said I to myself, the water of the sea which sleeps in the shade of the crevice in the rock is tranquil and mute, whilst the great sea is noisy and agitated. Aben Hamet, thus will thy life glide away silent, peaceable and ignorant, in an obscure corner of an unknown land, whilst the hearts of others are overwhelmed by tempests. Thus, lovely Christain, have I spoken in my folly, but thou hast already proved that the tempest can also trouble the drop of water in the crevice of the rock."

Bianca listened with ravishment to this language so new to her, and whose oriental turn seemed so well suited to the fairy residence where she was wandering with her lover. Love penetrated her whole heart. Her knees trembled and knocked together, she was obliged to lean heavily on the arm of her guide. Aben Hamet sustained his sweet burthen, and whispered, as he walked, "Ahwhy am I not a brilliant Abencerrage?"

"You would please me less," said Bianca, "for I should be more tormented. Remain obscure, and live for me. A brilliant cavalier often forgets love for renown."

"Thou would'st not have that danger to fear," answered Aben Hamet, with vivacity.

"And how would you love me then, if you were an Abencerrage?" asked the descendant of Chimène.

"I would love thee more than glory, and less than honor."

The sun had sunk below the horizon, during the promenade of the two lovers. They had wandered through the whole Alhambra. What sweet souvenirs for Aben Hamet. Here the Sultana enjoyed these airholes purposely contrived, the smoke of perfumes burnt underneath her. There, in that

secluded asylum, she decked herself in all the finery of the East; and it was Bianca, his adored mistress, who repeated all those details to the handsome youth she idolized.

The moon now rising spread a pale, doubtful light o'er the abandoned sanctuaries and deserted courts of the Alhambra. Her white rays painted on the grass of the parterres, and on the walls of the saloons, the lace-work of an aërial architecture, the arches of cloisters, the flickering shadow of dancing waters, and of fragrant bushes, waved by the zephyr. The nightingale sang from a cypress which pierced the dome of a ruined mosque, and the echoes repeated the mournful strain. Aben Hamet wrote by the light of the moon, the name of Bianca on a marble slab in the hall of the two sisters. Her name he traced in Arabic characters, so that the passing traveller has one more enigma to solve in this palace of mysteries.

"Moor, thy pastimes are cruel," said Bianca, "let us leave this place. The destiny of my life is fixed for ever. Mussulman, I love thee without hope. Christian, I am thy too happy bride."

Aben Hamet answered, "Christian, I am thy desolate slave, A true believer; I am thy glorious spouse."

Then these noble lovers left this dangerous place.

Bianca's passion augmented daily, and that of Aben Hamet's increased with equal violence. He was so enchanted to be loved for himself alone, to owe to no foreign cause the sentiments with which he had inspired the lovely Spanish maiden, that he had never revealed the secret of his birth to her. It would be so sweet a pleasure to tell her on the day she consented to give him him her hand, that he bore an illustrious name.

On his return to the Khan of the Moors, he found a summons for him to return immediately to Tunis. His mother, attacked by a disease without remedy, wished to embrace her son and bless him before she died. Aben Hamet presented himself at the palace of the Duke de Santa Fé. "Sultana," said he to Bianca, "My mother is stricken even unto death, she sends for me to close her eyes. Wilt thou preserve thy love for me?"

"You leave me," said the pale Bianca; "oh, shall I ever see thee again?"

"Come," said Aben Hamet, I wish to exact an oath of thee, and to make it one that death alone can break. Follow—

They went out and came unto a cemetery which formerly belonged to the Moors. Here and there were scattered some light funeral columns, on which the sculptor had originally figured a turban, but which the Christians had since replaced by a cross. Aben Hamet conducted Bianca to the foot of these columns.

"Bianca," said he, "my ancestors repose here; I swear by their ashes to the day when the angel of judgment shall summon me to the tribunal of Allah; I promise thee never to engage my heart to another woman, and to take thee for wife so soon as thou wilt recognise the holy light of the prophet. Each succeeding year I will return at this period to Grenada to see if thou hast kept thy faith, and if thou wilt renounce thine errors."

"And I," said Bianca, in tears, will await thee for ever; I will preserve for thee to my last sigh the faith I have sworn thee, and I will receive thee for my bridegroom when the God of the Christians, more powerful than thy mistress, shall have touched thy infidel heart."

Aben Hamet departed. The winds carried him to the African shores. His mother had expired and nought remained for him but to weep over her grave. Months passed away. Sometimes wandering amongst the ruins of Carthage, sometimes seated by the tomb of St. Louis, the exiled Abencerrage longed for the day which should recall him to Grenada. At length it arrived, and Aben Hamet embarked and turned the prow of his vessel towards Malaga. With what joy, with with what transports mingled with fear, did he perceive the blue shores of Spain. Did Bianca await him on those shores? Did she yet remember the young Arab who had never ceased to adore her under the palm-tree of the desert?

The daughter of the Spanish Grandee was not unfaithful to her oath. She had entreated her father to take her to Malaga, and from the rocky heights which surround the inhabited side of the city she followed with her eyes the distant vessels and fugitive sails. During a tempest, she contemplated with fright, the sea raised by the winds.

At times she delighted to lose herself amidst the clouds which wrap the rocky hills about Malaga, to expose herself in dangerous places, to be drenched in the spray of the same storm which menaced the life of Aben Hamet; and when she saw the wild sea gull tip the waves with his great curved wings and fly towards the African coast, she sent messages of love by it, that insensate love which a heart devoured by passion alone feels.

At length, one day whilst wandering on the shore, she perceived a long bark, whose elevated prow, raking mast and lateen sail, announced the elegant genius of the Moors. Bianca hurried to the port, and soon saw the Barbary vessel enter, the waves foaming under her sharp bows. A Moor, superbly habited stood in the prow; be-

hind him, two black slaves held by the reins an Arab horse, whose smoking nostrils and starting mane proclaimed alike his natural ardor, and the fright with which the waves inspired him. The barque speedily lowered her sails and moored to the quay. The Moor leaped on shore which resounded with the clang of his arms; the slaves brought his pure-blooded steed leaping and neighing for joy at once more touching the earth. Other slaves lowered a basket, wherein amongst a bed of palm leaves reposed a gazelle, whose fine slender limbs were bent and fastened under it for fear they might be broken by the motion of the vessel.—Around its neck was a necklace of alve seeds, and upon a golden clasp were graven a name and a talisman.

Bianca recognized Aben Hamet, but dared not betray herself to the eyes of the crowd: Retiring, she sent Dorothea, one of her women, to warn the Abencerrage that she awaited him at the palace of the Moors. Aben Hamet was presenting his firman, written in letters of azure upon precious parchment, and enclosed in a case of silk. Dorothea approached, and conducted the happy Abencerrage to the feet of Bianca. What transports at finding each other faithful. What intense happiness to meet once more after so long a separation, and to exchange new vows of eternal love and fidelity.

The two black slaves brought the Numidian steed, which, in place of a saddle, had only a lion's skin on its back, girthed by a zone of purple. Behind, was borne the gazelle. "Sultana," said Aben Hamet, "'tis a gazelle of my country, nearly as elegant as thyself." Bianca herself unbound the lovely creature, which seemed to thank her with its soft lustrous black eyes. During the absence of the Abencerrage, the daughter of the Duke de Sante Fé had studied Arabic, and now read with moistened eyes her own name on the collar of the gazelle, which though, at last at liberty, could scarce keep its feet, having been so long a prisoner. It lay on the ground, and pillowed its head on its mistress' feet. Bianca fed it with fresh dates, and caressed this desert goat, whose fine skin yet retained the odour of the wood of Aloes, and the rose of Tunis.

The Abencerrage, the Duke de Santa Fé and his daughter, left together for Grenada. The days of the happy pair passed like those of the preceding year. The same promenades, the sames hopes, the same love, or rather love always increasing, always shared, and the same fixed attachment in the two lovers to the religion of their fathers. "Become a Christian, sighed Bianca." "Become a Mahomedan, whispered Aben Hamet," and they separated once more without having succumbed to the passion which attracted them to each other.

Aben Hamet re-appeared the third year like those birds of passage which love brings to our climate in the spring. He did not find Bianca at the shore, but a letter from his adored mistress informed the faithful Arab of the departure of the Duke de Sante Fé for Madrid, and the arrival of Don Carlos at Grenada, accompanied by a French prisoner, his friend. The Moor felt his heart beat at reading this letter, and left Malaga for Grenada with the most sorrowful presentiments. The mountains appeared frightfully solitary, and many a time did he turn his head to gaze back at the sea he had just crossed.

Bianca, during the absence of her father, had been unable to quiet a brother whom she loved, a brother too, who wished to despoil himself in her favour of all his wealth, and whom she saw after seven years absence. Don Carlos had all the courage and all the pride of his nation. Terrible as the conquerors of the New World, amongst whom he had fleshed his maiden sword, and religious as the Spanish Cavaliers, conquerors of the Moors, he nourished in his heart against the infidels the hatred inherited with the blood of the Cid.

Thomas de Lautree, of the illustrious house of Foix, where beauty in the women and courage in the men, passed as hereditary gifts, was the younger brother of the lovely Countess de Foix, and of the brave and unhappy Odet de Foix, Lord of Lautree. At the age of eighteen, Thomas had been knighted by the hands of Bayard, in that retreat which cost the life of the Chevalier, "*Sans peur et sans reproche.*" Some time after, Thomas was wounded and made prisoner at Pavia, in defending the chivalrous King, who there lost all, save his honour.

Don Carlos de Bivar, a witness of the valour of Lautree, had tended the wounds of the young Frenchman, and soon there grew up between them one of those heroic friendships, of which esteem and virtue are the foundation. Francis the First, had returned to France; but Charles retained the other prisoners as hostages. Lautree had had the honour of partaking the captivity of his King, and of sleeping at his feet in prison. Remaining in Spain after the monarch's departure, he had been liberated on the word of Don Carlos, whom he accompanied to Grenada.

When Aben Hamet presented himself at the palace of Don Rodriguez, and was introduced into the chamber, where he found the daughter of the Duke de Santa Fé, he felt torments, until then unknown to him. At the feet of Donna Bianca was sitting a young man, who regarded her

in ravished silence. He was dressed in buff hose, with a pourpoint of the same colour, bound by a girdle, from which depended a sword decorated with a *fleur de lis*. A cloak of silk was cast over his shoulders, and his head was covered with a narrow brimmed hat, shadowed with plumes. A lace ruff falling over his chest, left his neck uncovered. A pair of moustachios, black as jet, gave to his naturally sweet countenance a manly and warlike appearance. Large boots, which fell down in folds over his legs, carried the golden spur, the mark of chivalry.

At some distance, another Cavalier sat apart, bent on the iron cross of his own sword. He was habited similarly to the other Cavalier, but appeared older. His austere manner, although ardent and passionate, inspired both respect and fear. The red cross of Calatrava was embroidered on his pourpoint, with this device, "For it, and my King."

(*To be continued.*)

THE WATER-GLASS; OR DAY-DREAM OF LIFE.

BY SAM SLICK.

Sais I to myself, the world has many nations on the face of it, I reckon, but there ain't but four classes among them: fools and knaves, saints and sinners. Fools and sinners form the bulk of mankind; rogues are numerous everywhere, while saints—real salts—are few in number, fewer, if you could look into their hearts, than folks think. I was once in Prospect Harbor, near Halifax, shortly arter a Boston packet had been wracked there. All that could float had been picked up, or washed away; but the heavy things sank to the bottom, and these in the general way were valuable. I saw a man in a boat with a great long tube in his hands, which he put down into the sea every now and then, and looked through, and then moved on and took another observation.

"Awful wrack that!" said I, dolefully.

"Well, it was considerable, but it might have been wuss," said he, quite composed.

Ah! sais I to myself. I see how it is, you haint lost anything, that's clear, but you are lookin' for somethin'.

"Sarching for gold?" said I, laughin', and goin' on t'other tack. "Every vessel, they say, is loaded with gold now-a-days?"

"Well," sais he, smiling, "I ain't sarching for gold, for it ain't so plenty on this coast; but I am sarching for zinc: there are several rolls of it there."

"What was that curious tube," sais I, "if I might be so bold as to ax?"

"Sartain," sais he, "it's a water-glass. The bottom of that tube has a large plate of glass in it. When you insert the tube into the sea, and look into it, you can perceive the bottom much plainer than you can with a naked eye."

"Good!" sais I; "now that's a wrinkle on my horn. I daresay a water-glass is a common thing, but I never heard of it afore. Might it be your invention, for it is an excellent one."

He looked up suspicious like.

"Never heard of a water-glass?" he said, slowly. "May I ask what your name might be?"

"Sartainly," sais I, "friend; you answered me my question civilly, and I will answer yours. I'm Sam Slick, sais I, at least what's left of me."

"Sam Slick, the Clockmaker?" sais he.

"The same," said I, "and never heard of a water-glass."

"Never! Mr. Slick," said he, "I'm not so simple as you take me to be. You can't come over me that way, but you are welcome to that rise, anyhow. I wish you good mornin'."

Now that's human natur' all over. *A man is never astonished or ashamed that he don't know what another does; but he is surprised at the gross ignorance of the other in not knowin' what he does.* But to return. If instead of the water-glass (which I vow to man I never heard of before that day), if we had a breast-glass to look into the heart, and read what is wrote, and see what is passin' there, a great part of the saints—them that don't know music or paintin' and call it a waste of precious time, and can't dance, and call it wicked, and won't go to parties, because they are so stupid no one will talk to them, and call it sinful—a great lot of the saints would pass over to the sinners. Well, the sinners must be added to the fools, and it swells their numbers up considerable, for a feller must be a fool to be a sinner at all, seein' that the way of the transgressors is hard.

Of the little band of rael salts of saints, a considerable some must be added to the fools' ranks too. for it aint every pious man that's wise, though he may have sense enough to be good. Arter this deduction, the census of them that's left will show a small table, that's a fact. When the devoted city was to be destroyed, Abraham begged it off for fifty righteous men. And then for forty-five, and finally for ten; but arter all, only Lot his wife, and two daughters was saved, and that was more from marcy than their desarts, for they warnt no great shakes arter all. Yes, the breast glass would work wonders, but I don't think t would be overly safe for a man to invent it: he'd find himself, I reckon, some odd night a plaguey sight nearer the top of a lamp-post, and farther from the ground than was agreeable; and wouldn't the hypocrites pretend to lament him, and say he was a dreadful loss to mankind? That being the state of the case, the great bulk of humans may be classed as fools and knaves. The last are the thrashers and sword-fishes, and grampuses and sharks of the sea of life; and the other the great shoal of common fish of different sorts, that seem made a-purpose to feed these hungry onmerciful critters that take 'em in by the dozen at one swoop, and open their mouths wide, and dart on for another meal.

The whole continent of America, from one end of it to the other, is overrun with political knaves and quack knaves. They are the greatest pests we have. One undertakes to improve the constitution of the coudtry, and the other the constitution of the body, and their everlastin' tinkerin' injures both. How in natur folks can be so taken in, I don't know. Of all knaves, I consider them

two the most dangerons, for both deal in poisonous deadly medicines. One pysons people's minds, and the other their bodies. One unsettles their heads, and the other their stomachs, and I do believe in my heart and soul that's the cause we Yankees look so thin hollow in the cheeks, narrow in the chest, and gander-waisted. We boast of being the happiest people in the world. The President tells the Congress that bunkum every year, and every year the Congress sais, "Tho' there ain't much in you, old slippery-go-easy at no time, *that's* no lie at any rate." Every young lady sais, "I guess that's a fact." And every boy that coaxed a little hair to grow on his upper lip, puts his arm round his gall's waist and sais,—"That's as true as rates, we are happy, and if you would only name the day, we shall be still happier." Well, this is all fine talk; but what is bein' a happy people? Let's see, for hang me if I think we are a happy people.

When I was a boy to night-school with my poor dear old friend, the minister, and arterwards in life as his companion, he was for everlastingly correctin' me about words that I used wrong, so one day, having been down to the sale of the effects of the great Revolutionary General, Zadoc Seth, of Holmes Hole, what does he do but buy a Johnson's Dictionary for me in two volumes, each as big as a clock, and a little heavier than my wooden ones. "Now," sais he, "do look out words, Sam, so as to know what you are a-talking about."

One day, I recollect it as well as it it was yesterday—and if I loved a man on earth, it was that man—I told him if I could only go to the Thanksgiving Ball, I should be quite happy.

"Happy!" said he, "what's that?"

"Why happy," sais I, "is—bein' happy, to be sure."

"Why that's of course," sais he, "a dollar is a dollar, but that don't inform me what a dollar represents. I told you you used words half the time you did'nt understand the meanin' of."

"But I do," sais I; happy means being so glad, your heart is ready to jump out of its jacket for you.'.

"Yes—yes," sais he; "and I suppose if it never jumped back again, you would be unhappy for all the rest of your life. I see you have a very clear conception of what 'happy' means. Now look it out; let us see what the great and good Dr. Johnson says."

"He sais it is a state where the desires are satisfied—lucky—ready."

"Now," said he, "at most, as it applies to you, if you get leave to go to the ball, and you may go, for I approbate all innocent amusements for young people, you would be only lucky; and in a state where *one* desire is satisfied. It appears to me," said he, and he put one leg over the other, and laid his head a little back, as if he was a-goin' to lay down the law, "that that eminent man has omitted another sense in which this word is properly used—namely, a state of joyfulness—lightheartedness—merriment, but we' won't stop to inquire into that. It is great presumption for the likes of me to attempt to criticise Dr. Johnson."

Poor dear old soul, he was a wiser and modester man than ever the old doctor was. Fact is, old dictionary was very fond of playin' first fiddle wherever he was. *Thunderin' long words aint wisdom, and stoppin' a critter's mouth is more apt to improve his wind than his onderstandin'.*

"You may go to the ball," said he, "and I hope you may be happy in the last sense I have given it."

"Thank you, Sir," said I, and off I cuts hot foot, when he called me back; I had a great mind to pretend not to hear him, for I was afraid he was a-goin to renig—.

"Sam," said he, and he held out his hand and took mine, and looked very seriously at me;—"Sam, my son," said he, "now that I have granted you permission to go, there is one thing I want you to promise me. I think myself you will do it without any promise, but I should like to have your word."

"I will observe any direction you may give me, Sir," said I.

"Sam," said he, and his face grew so long and blank, I hardly knew what was a-comin' next, "Sam," said he, "don't let your heart jump out of its jacket," and he laid back in his chair, and laughed like anythin', in fact I could not help laughin' myself to find it all end in a joke.

Presently he let go my hand, took both his, and wiped his eyes, for tears of fun were in 'em.

"Minister," sais I, "will you let me just say a word?"

"Yes," sais he.

"Well, according to Dr. Johnson's third sense, that was a happy thought, for it was '*ready*.'"

"Well, I won't say it war'nt," said he; "and, Sam, in that sense you are likely to be a happy man all your life, for you are always 'ready;' take care you aint too sharp."

But to go back, for I go round about sometimes. Tho' Daniel Webster, said I, was like a good sportin'-dog, if I did beat round the bush, I always put up the birds. What is a happy people? If havin' enough to eat and drink, with rather a short, just a little mite and morsel too short an allowance of time to swaller it, is bein' happy, then we are so beyond doubt. If livin' in a free country like Maine, where you are compelled to drink stagnant swamp-water, but can eat opium like a Chinese, if you choose, is bein' happy, then we are a happy people.

Just walk thro' the happy streets of our happy villages, and look at the men—all busy—in a hurry, thoughtful, anxious, full of business, toilin' from day dawn to night—look at the women, the dear critters, a little, just a little care-worn, time-worn, climate-worn, pretty as angels, but not quite so merry. Follow them in the evening, and see where them crowds are going to; why to hear abolition lectures, while their own free niggers are starvin', and are taught that stealin' is easier than workin'. What the plague have they to do with the affairs of the south? Or to hold communion with evil spirits by means of Biology, for the deuce a thing else is that of mesmeric tricks either? Or going to hear a fellow rave at a protracted meetin', for the twelfth night, to convince them how happy they ought to be, as more than half of them, at least, are to be damned, to a dead sartainty? Or hear a mannish, raw-boned-looking old maid, lecture on the rights of women; and call on them to emancipate themselves from the bondage imposed on them, of wearing pet-

ticoats below their knees? If women are equal to men, why shouldn't their dress be equal?—What right has a feller to wear a kilt only as far as his knee, and compel his slave of a wife to wear hern down to her ankle? Draw your scissors, galls, in this *high* cause; cut, rip, and tear away, and make *short* work of it. Rend your garments, and Heaven will bless them that's '*In-kneed*.' Well, if this is bein' happy, then we are a happy people."

Folks must be more cheerful and light-hearted than we be to be happy. They must laugh more. Oh! I like to hear a good jolly laugh, a regular nigger larf—yagh! yagh! yagh! My brother, the doctor, who has an immense practice among the ladies, told me a very old story about this.

Sais he, "Sam, cheerfulness is health, and health is happiness, as near as two things not exactly identical, can be alike. I'll tell you the secret of my practice among the ladies. Cheerfulness appears to be the proper remedy, and it is in most cases. I extort a promise of inviolable secrecy from the patient, and securé the door, for I don't want my prescription to be known;—then I bid her take off her shoes, and lie down on the sofa; and then I tickle her feet to make her laugh (for some folks are so stupid. all the good stories in the world wouldn't make them laugh,) a good, joyous laugh, not too long, for that is exhaustin,' and this repeated two or three times a-day, with proper regimen, effects the cure."

Yes, cheerfulness is health, the opposite, melancholy, is disease. I defy any people to be happy, when they hear nothin' from mornin' till night, when business is over, but politics and pills, representatives and lotions.

When I was at Goshen the other day, I asked Dr. Carrot, how many doctors there were in the town.

"One and three-quarters," said he, very gravely.

Well, knowing how doctors quarrel, and undervalue each other in small places, I could hardly help laughing at the decidedly disparaging way he spoke of Dr. Parsnip, his rival, especially as there was something rather new in it.

"Three-qnarters of a medical man!" said I. "I suppose you mean your friend has not a regular-built education, and don't deserve the name of a doctor."

"Oh no, sir," said he, "I would not speak of any practitioner, however ignorant, in that way. What I mean is just this—Goshen would maintain two doctors; but quack medicines, which are sold at all the shops, take about three-quarters of the support that would otherwise be contributed to another medical man."

Good, sais I to myself. A doctor and three-quarters! Come, I won't forget that, and here it is.

Happy! If Dr. Johnson is right, then I am right. He says happiness means a state where all our desires are satisfied. We are told the affairs of the nation are badly managed, and I believe they be; politicians have mainly done that. We are told our insides are wrong, and I believe they be; quack doctors and their medicines have mainly done that. Happy! How the plague can we be happy, with our heads unsettled by politics, and our stomachs by medicines. It can't be; it ain't in natur'; it's onpossible. If I was wrong, as a boy, in my ideas of happiness, men are only full-grown boys, and are just as wrong as I was.

I ask again, what is happiness? It ain't bein' idle, that's a fact—no idle man or woman ever was happy, since the world began. Eve was idle, and that's the way she got tempted, poor critter: employment gives both appetite and digestion. Duty makes pleasure doubly sweet by contrast. When the harness is off, if the work ain't too hard, a critter likes to kick up his heels. When pleasure is the business of life, it ceases to be pleasure; and when it's all labor and no play, work like an onstuffed saddle cuts into the very bone. Neither labor nor idleness has a road that leads to happiness; one has no room for the heart, and the other corrupts it. Hard work is the best of the two, for that has at all events sound sleep—the other has restless pillows and on refreshin' slumbers; one is a misfortune, the other a curse; and money ain't happiness, that's as clear as mud.

There was a feller to Slickville, once called Dotey Conky, and he sartinly did look dotty, like lumber that ain't squared down enough to cut the sap off. He was always a wishin'. I used to call him Wishey Washey Dotty. "Sam," he used to say, "I wish I was rich."

"So do I," I used to say.

"If I had fifty thousand dollars," he said, "I wouldn't call the President my cousin."

"Well," sais I, "I can do that now, poor as I be; he is ao cousin of mine, and, if he was, he'd be no credit, for he is no great shakes. Gentlemen now don't set up for that office; they can't live on it."

"Oh, I don't mean that," he said; "but fifty thousand dollars, Sam, only think of that; ain't it a great sum, that; it's all I should ask in this world of providence; if I had that, I should be the happiest man that ever was."

"Dotty," sais I, "would it cure you of the colic? you know you suffer from that."

"Phoo," sais he.

"Well, what would you do with it?" sais I.

"I would go and travel," sais he, "and get into society and see the world."

"Would it educate you, Dotty, at your age, give you French and German, Latin and Greek, and so on?"

"Hire it, Sam," sais he, touching his nose with his fore-finger.

"And manners," sais I, "could you hire that? I will tell you what it would do for you. You could get drunk every night if you liked, surround yourself with spongers, horse jockeys, and foreign counts, and go to the devil by railroad instead of one horse shay."

Well, as luck would have it, he drew a prize in the lottery at New Orleans of just that sum, and in nine months he was cleaned out, and sent to the asylum. It ain't cash, then, that gains it; that's as plain as preaching. What is it, then, that confers it?

"A rope," said Blowhard, as we reached the side of the "Nantucket," "in with your oars, my men. Now, Mr. Slick, let's take a dose of *Sarsiparilly pills*."

GABRIEL'S MARRIAGE.*

IN TWO CHAPEERS.—CHAPTER THE SECOND.

"I MAY marry Rose with a clear conscience now!" There are some parts of the world, where it would be drawing no natural picture of human nature to represent a son as believing conscientiously that an offence against life and the laws of hospitality, secretly committed by his father, rendered him, though innocent of all participation in it, unworthy to fulfil his engagement with his affianced wife. Among the simple inhabitants of Gabriel's province, however, such acuteness of conscientious sensibility as this was no extraordinary exception to all general rules. Ignorant and superstitious as they might be, the people of Brittany practised the duties of hospitality as devoutly as they practised the duties of the national religion. The presence of the stranger-guest, rich or poor, was a sacred presence at their hearths. His safety was their especial charge—his property their especial responsibility. They might be half-starved, but they were ready to share the last crust with him nevertheless, as they would share it with their own children. Any outrage on the virtue of hospitality, thus born and bred in the people, was viewed by them with universal disgust, and punished by universal execration. This ignominy was uppermost in Gabriel's thoughts by the side of his grandfather's bed; the dread of this worst dishonor, which there was no wiping out, held him speechless before Rose, shamed and horrified him so that he felt unworthy to look her in the face; and when the result of his search at the Merchant's Table proved the absence there of all evidence of the crime spoken of by the old man, the blessed relief, the absorbing triumph of that discovery was expressed entirely in the one thought which had pompted his first joyful words:—He could marry Rose with a clear conscience, for he was the son of an honest man!

When he returned to the cottage, François had not come back. Rose was astonished at the change in Gabriel's manner; even Pierre and the children remarked it. Rest and warmth had by this time so far recovered the younger brother, that he was able to give some account of the perilous adventures of the night at sea. They were still listening to the boy's narrative when François at last returned. It was now Gabriel who held out his hand, and made the first advances towards reconciliation.

To his utter amazement, his father recoiled from him. The variable temper of François had evidently changed completely during his absence at the village. A settled scowl of distrust darkened his face, as he looked at his son. "I never shake hands with people who have once doubted me," he said loudly and irritably; "for I always doubt them for ever after. You are a bad son! You have suspected your father of some infamy that you dare not openly charge him with, on no other testimony than the rambling nonsense of a half-witted, dying old man. Don't speak to me! I won't hear you! An innocent man and a spy are bad company. Go and denounce me, you Judas in disguise! I don't care for your secret or for you. What's that girl Rose doing here still? Why hasn't she gone home long ago? The priest's coming; we don't want strangers in the house of death. Take her back to the farm-house, and stop there with her, if you like: nobody wants you here!"

There was something in the manner and look of the speaker, as he uttered these words, so strange, so sinister, so indescribably suggestive of his meaning much more than he said, that Gabriel felt his heart sink within him instantly; and almost at the same moment this fearful question forced itself irresistably on his mind—might not his father have followed him to the Merchant's Table? Even if he had been desired to speak, he could not have spoken now, while that question and the suspicion that it brought with it were utterly destroying all the re-assuring hopes and convictions of the morning. The mental suffering produced by the sudden change from pleasure to pain in all his thoughts, reacted on him physically. He felt as if he were stifling in the air of the cottage, in the presence of his father; and when Rose hurried on her walking attire, and with a face which alternately flushed and turned pale with every moment, approached the door, he went out with her as hastily as if he had been flying from his home. Never had the fresh air and the free daylight felt like heavenly and guardian influences to him until now!

He could comfort Rose under his father's harshness, he could assure her of his own affection that no earthly influence could change, while they walked together towards the farm-house; but he could do no more. He durst not confide to her the subject that was uppermost in his mind: of all human beings she was the last to whom he could reveal the terrible secret that was festering at his heart. As soon as they got within sight of the farm-house, Gabriel stopped; and, promising to see her again soon, took leave of Rose with assumed ease in his manner and with real despair in his heart. Whatever the poor girl might think of it, he felt, at that moment, that he had not courage to face her father, and hear him talk happily and pleasantly, as his custom was, of Rose's approaching marriage.

Left to himself, Gabriel wandered hither and thither over the open heath, neither knowing nor caring in what direction he turned his steps. The doubts about his father's innocence which had been dissipated by his visit to the Merchant's Table, that father's own language and manner had now revived—had even confirmed, though he dared not yet acknowledge so much to himself. It was terrible enough to be obliged to admit that the result of his morning's search was, after all, not conclusive—that the mystery was in very truth not yet cleared up. The violence of his father's last words of distrust; the extraordinary and indescribable changes in his father's manner while uttering them—what did these things mean? Guilt or innocence? Again, was it any longer reasonable to doubt the death-bed confession made by his grandfather? Was it not, on the contrary, far more probable that the old man's denial in the morning of his own words at night, had been made under the influence of a panic terror, when his moral consciousness was be-

* Continued from page 603, vol. 2.—Concluded.

wildered, and his intellectual faculties were sinking? The longer Gabriel thought of these questions, the less competent—possibly also the less willing, he felt to answer them. Should he seek advice from others wiser than he? No: not while the thousandth part of a chance remained that his father was innocent. This thought was still in his mind, when he found himself once more in sight of his home. He was still hesitating near the door, when he saw it opened cautiously. His brother Pierre looked out, and then came running towards him. "Come in, Gabriel; oh, do come in!" said the boy earnestly. "We are afraid to be alone with father. He's been beating us for talking of you."

Gabriel went in. His father looked up from the hearth where he was sitting, muttered the word "Spy!" and made a gesture of contempt—but did not address a word directly to his son. The hours passed on in silence; afternoon waned into evening, and evening into night; and still he never spoke to any of his children. Soon after it was dark, he went out, and took his net with him, saying that it was better to be alone on the sea than in the house with a spy. When he returned the next morning, there was no change in him. Days passed—weeks, months even elapsed—and still, though his manner insensibly became what it used to be towards his other children, it never altered towards his eldest son. At the rare periods when they now met, except when absolutely obliged to speak, he preserved total silence in his intercourse with Gabriel. He would never take Gabriel out with him in the boat; he would never sit alone with Gabriel in the house; he would never eat a meal with Gabriel; he would never let the other children talk to him about Gabriel; and he would never hear a word in expostulation, a word in reference to anything his dead father had said or done on the night of the storm, from Gabriel himself.

The young man pined and changed so that even Rose hardly knew him again, under this cruel system of domestic excommunication; under the wearing influence of the one unchanging doubt which never left him; and, more than all, under the incessant reproaches of his own conscience, aroused by the sense that he was evading a responsibility which it was his solemn, his immediate duty to undertake. But no sting of conscience, no ill treatment at home, and no self-reproaches for failing in his duty of confession, as a good Catholic, were powerful enough in their influence over Gabriel to make him disclose the secret, under the oppression of which his very life was wasting away. He knew that if he once revealed it, whether his father was ultimately proved to be guilty or innocent, there would remain a slur and a suspicion on the family, and on Rose besides from her approaching connection with it, which in their time and in their generation could never be removed. The reproach of the world is terrible even in the crowded city, where many of the dwellers in our abiding-place are strangers to us—but it is far more terrible in the country, where none near us are strangers, where all talk of us and know of us, where nothing intervenes between us and the tyranny of the evil tongue. Gabriel had not courage to face this, and dare the fearful chance of life-long ignominy—no, not even to serve the sacred interests of justice, of atonement, and of truth.

While he still remained prostrated under the affliction that was wasting his energies of body and mind, Brittany was visited by a great public calamity in which all private misfortunes were overwhelmed for a while. It was now the time when the ever-gathering storm of the French Revolution had risen to its hurricane climax. Those chiefs of the new republic were now in power, whose last, worst madness it was to decree the extinction of religion and the overthrow of everything that outwardly symbolized it, throughout the whole of the country that they governed. Already this decree had been executed to the letter in and around Paris; and now the soldiers of the republic were on their way to Brittany, headed by commanders whose commission was to root out the Christian religion in the last and the surest of the strongholds still left to it in France.

These men began their work in a spirit worthy of the worst of their superiors who had sent them to do it. They gutted churches, they demolished chapels, they overthrew road-side crosses wherever they found them. The terrible guillotine devoured human lives in the villages of Brittany, as it had devoured them in the streets of Paris; the musket and the sword, in highway and byeway, wreaked havoc on the people—even on women and children kneeling in the act of prayer; the priests were tracked night and day from one hiding place where they still offered up worship to another, and were killed as soon as overtaken, every atrocity was committed in every district; but the Christian religion still spread wider than the widest bloodshed; still sprang up with ever-renewed vitality from under the very feet of the men whose vain fury was powerless to trample it down. Everywhere the people remained true to their faith; everywhere the priests stood firm by them in their sorest need. The executioners of the republic had been sent to make Brittany a country of apostates: they did their worst, and left it a country of martyrs.

One evening while this frightful persecution was still raging, Gabriel happened to be detained unusually late at the cottage of Rose's father. He had lately spent much of his time at the farm-house: it was his only refuge now from that place of suffering, of silence, and of secret shame, which he had once called home! Just as he had taken leave of Rose for the night, and was about to open the farm-house door, her father stopped him, and pointed to a chair in the chimney corner. "Leave us alone, my dear," said the old man to his daughter; "I want to speak to Gabriel. You can go to your mother, in the next room."

The words which Père Bonan—as he was called by the neighbours—had now to say in private, were destined to lead to very unexpected events. After referring to the alteration which had appeared of late in Gabriel's manner, the old man began by asking him, sorrowfully but not suspiciously, whether he still preserved his old affection for Rose. On receiving an eager answer in the affirmative, Père Bonan then referred to the persecution still raging through the country, and to the consequent possibility that he, like others of his countrymen, might yet be called to suffer and perhaps to die for the cause of his

religion. If this last act of self-sacrifice were required of him, Rose would be left unprotected, unless her affianced husband performed his promise to her, and assumed, without delay, the position of her lawful guardian. "Let me know that you will do this," concluded the old man; "I shall be resigned to all that may be required of me, if I can only know that I shall not die leaving Rose unprotected." Gabriel gave the promise—gave it with his whole heart. As he took leave of Père Bonan, the old man said to him:—

"Come here to-morrow; I shall know more then, than I now know—I shall be able to fix with certainty the day for the fulfilment of your engagement with Rose."

Why did Gabriel hesitate at the farm-house door, looking back on Père Bonan as though he would fain say something, and yet not speaking a word? Why, after he had gone out and had walked onward several paces, did he suddenly stop, return quickly to the farm-house, stand irresolute before the gate, and then retrace his steps sighing heavily as he went, but never pausing again on his homeward way? Because the torment of his horrible secret had grown harder to bear than ever, since he had given the promise that had been required of him. Because, while a strong impulse moved him frankly to lay bare his hidden dread and doubt to the father whose beloved daughter was soon to be his wife, there was a yet stronger passive influence which paralysed on his lips the terrible confession that he knew not whether he was the son of an honest man, or the son of an assassin and a robber. Made desperate by his situation, he determined, while he hastened homeward, to risk the worst and ask that fatal question of his father in plain words. But this supreme trial for parent and child was not to be. When he entered the cottage, Françoise was absent. He had told the younger children that he should not be home again before noon on the next day.

Early in the morning Gabriel repaired to the farm-house, as he had been bidden. Influenced by his love for Rose, blindly confiding in the faint hope (which in despite of heart and conscience he still forced himself to cherish) that his father might be innocent, he now preserved the appearance at least of perfect calmness. "If I tell my secret to Rose's father, I risk disturbing in him that confidence in the future safety of his child, for which I am his present and only warrant."—Something like this thought was in Gabriel's mind, as he took the hand of Pére Bonan, and waited anxiously to hear what was required of him on that day.

"We have a short respite from danger, Gabriel," said the old man. "News has come to me that the spoilers of our churches and the murderers of our congregations, have been stopped on their way hitherward by tidings which have reached them from another district. This interval of peace and safety will be a short one—we must take advantage of it while it is yet ours. My name is among the names on the list of the denounced; if the soldiers of the Republic find me here!—but we will say nothing more of this: it is of Rose and of you that I must now speak. On this very evening, your marriage may be solemnised with all the wonted rites of our holy religion, and the blessing may be prononnced over you by the lips of a priest. This evening, therefore, Gabriel, you must become the husband and protector of Rose. Listen to me attentively, and I will tell you how."

This was the substance of what Gabriel now heard from Pére Bonan:—

Not very long before the persecutions broke out in Brittany, a priest, known generally by the name of Father Paul, was appointed to a curacy in one of the northern districts of the province. He fulfilled all the duties of his station in such a manner as to win the confidence and affection of every member of his congregation, and was often spoken of with respect, even in parts of the country distant from the scene of his labours. It was not, however, until the troubles broke out, and the destruction and bloodshed began, that he became renowned far and wide, from one end of Brittany to another. From the date of the very first persecutions, the name of Father Paul was a rallying cry of the hunted peasantry; he was their great encouragement under oppression, their example in danger, their last and only consoler in the hour of death. Wherever havoc and ruin raged most fiercely, wherever the pursuit was hottest and the slaughter most cruel, there the intrepid priest was sure to be seen pursuing his sacred duties in defiance of every peril. His hair-breadth escapes from death; his extraordinary re-appearances in parts of the country where no one ever expected to see him again, were regarded by the poorer classes with superstitious awe. Wherever Father Paul appeared, with his black dress, his calm face, and the ivory crucifix which he always carried in his hand, the people reverenced him as more than mortal; and grew at last to believe that, single-handed, he would successfully defend his religion against the armies of the republic. But their simple confidence in his powers of resistance was soon destined to be shaken. Fresh reinforcements arrived in Brittany, and overran the whole province from one end to the other. One morning, after celebrating service in a dismantled church, and after narrowly escaping with his life from those who pursued him, the priest disappeared. Secret inquiries were made after him in all directions; but he was heard of no more.

Many weary days had passed, and the dispirited peasantry had already mourned him as dead, when some fishermen on the northern coast observed a ship of light burden in the offing, making signals to the shore. They put off to her in their boats; and on reaching the deck saw standing before them the well remembered figure of Father Paul. He had returned to his congregations; and had founded the new altar that they were to worship at, on the deck of a ship! Raised from the face of the earth, their Church had not been destroyed—for Father Paul and the priests who acted with him, had given that Church a refuge on the sea. Henceforth, their children could still be baptized, their sons and daughters could still be married, the burial of their dead could still be solemnized, under the sanction of the old religion for which, not vainly, they had suffered so patiently and so long. Throughout the remaining time of trouble, the services were uninterrupted on board the ship. A code of signals was established by which those on shore were always enabled

to direct their brethren at sea towards such parts of the coast as happened to be uninfested by the enemies of their worship. On the morning of Gabriel's visit to the farm-house, these signals had shaped the course of the ship towards the extremity of the peninsula of Quiberon. The people of the district were all prepared to expect the appearance of the vessel some time in the evening, and had their boats ready at a moment's notice to put off and attend the service. At the conclusion of this service Père Bonan had arranged that the marriage of his daughter and Gabriel was to take place.

They waited for evening at the farm-house. A little before sunset the ship was signalled as in sight; and then Père Bonan and his wife, followed by Gabriel and Rose, set forth over the heath to the beach. With the solitary exception of François Sarzeau, the whole population of the neighbourhood was already assembled there; Gabriel's brother and sisters being among the number. It was the calmest evening that has been known for months. There was not a cloud in the lustrous sky—not a ripple on the still surface of the sea. The smallest children were suffered by their mothers to stray down on the beach as they pleased: for the waves of the great ocean slept as tenderly and noiselessly on their sandy bed, as if they had been changed into the waters of an inland lake. Slow, almost imperceptible, was the approach of the ship—there was hardly a breath of wind to carry her on—she was just drifting gently with the landward set of the tide at that hour, while her sails hung idly against the masts. Long after the sun had gone down, the congregation still waited and watched on the beach. The moon and stars were arrayed in their glory of the night, before the ship dropped anchor. Then the muffled tolling of a bell came solemnly across the quiet waters; and then, from every creek along the shore, as far as the eye could reach, the black forms of the fishermen's boats shot out swift and stealthy into the shining sea.

By the time the boats had arrived alongside of the ship, the lamp had been kindled before the altar, and its flame was gleaming red and dull in the radiant moonlight. Two of the priests on board were clothed in their robes of office, and were waiting in their appointed places to begin the service. But there was a third, dressed only in the ordinary attire of his calling, who mingled with the congregation, and spoke a few words to each of the persons composing it, as, one by one, they mounted the sides of the ship. Those who had never seen him before knew by the famous ivory crucifix in his hand that the priest who received them was Father Paul. Gabriel looked at this man, whom he now beheld for the first time, with a mixture of astonishment and awe; for he saw that the renowned chief of the Christians of Brittany was, to all appearance, but little older than himself. The expression on the pale calm face of the priest was so gentle and kind, that children just able to walk tottered up to him, and held familiarly by the skirts of his black gown, whenever his clear blue eyes rested on theirs, while he beckoned them to his side. No one would ever have guessed from the countenance of Father Paul what deadly perils he had confronted, but for the scar of a sabre wound, as yet hardly healed, which ran across his forehead. That wound had been dealt while he was kneeling before the altar, in the last church in Brittany which had escaped spoliation. He would have died where he knelt, but for the peasants who were praying with him, and who, unarmed as they were, threw themselves like tigers on the soldiery, and, at awful sacrifice of their own lives, saved the life of their priest. There was not a man now on board the ship who would have hesitated, had the occasion called for it again, to have rescued him in the same way.

The service began. Since the days when the primitive Christians worshipped amid the caverns of the earth, can any service be imagined nobler in itself, or sublimer in the circumstances surrounding it, than that which was now offered up? Here was no artificial pomp, no gaudy profusion of ornament, no attendant grandeur of man's creation. All around this church spread the hushed and awful majesty of the tranquil sea. The roof of this cathedral was the immeasurable heaven, the pure moon its own great light, the countless glories of the stars its only adornment. Here were no hired singers or rich priest-princes; no curious sight-seers, or careless lovers of sweet sounds. This congregation and they who had gathered it together, were all poor alike, all persecuted alike, all worshipping alike to the overthrow of their worldly interests, and at the imminent peril of their lives. How brightly and tenderly the moonlight shone upon the altar and the people before it!—how solemnly and divinely the deep harmonies, as they chanted the penitential Psalms, mingled with the hoarse singing of the freshening night-breeze in the rigging of the ship!—how sweetly the still, rushing murmur of many voices, as they uttered the responses together, now died away and now rose again softly into the mysterious night!

Of all the members of the congregation—young or old—there was but one over whom that impressive service exercised no influence of consolation or of peace; that one was Gabriel. Often, throughout the day, his reproaching conscience had spoken within him again and again. Often, when he joined the little assembly on the beach, he turned away his face in secret shame and apprehension from Rose and her father. Vainly, after gaining the deck of the ship, did he try to meet the eye of Father Paul as frankly, as readily, and as affectionately as others met it. The burden of concealment seemed too heavy to be borne in presence of the priest—and yet, torment as it was, he still bore it! But when he knelt with the rest of the congregation and saw Rose kneeling by his side—when he felt the calmness of the solemn night and the still sea filling his heart—when the sounds of the first prayers spoke with a dread spiritual language of their own to his soul—then the remembrance of the confession which he had neglected, and the terror of receiving unprepared the sacrament which he knew would be offered to him—grew too vivid to be endured; the sense that he merited no longer, though once worthy of it, the confidence in his perfect truth and candor placed in him by the woman with whom he was soon to stand before the altar, overwhelmed him with shame; the mere act of kneeling among that congregation, the pas-

sive accomplice by his silence and secresy, for aught he knew to the contrary, of a crime which it was his bounden duty to denounce, appalled him as if he had already committed sacrilege that could never be forgiven. Tears flowed down his cheeks, though he strove to repress them; sobs burst from him, though he tried to stifle them. He knew that others besides Rose were looking at him in astonishment and alarm; but he could neither control himself, nor move to leave his place, nor raise his eyes to heaven—until suddenly he felt a hand laid on his shoulder. That touch, slight as it was, ran through him instantly. He looked up, and saw Father Paul standing by his side.

Beckoning to him to follow, and signing to the congregation not to suspend their devotions, he led Gabriel out of the assembly—then paused for a moment, reflecting—then beckoning again, took him into the cabin of the ship, and closed the door carefully.

"You have something on your mind," he said simply and quietly, taking the young man by the hand. "I may be able to relieve you, if you tell me what it is."

As Gabriel heard these gentle words, and saw, by the light of a lamp which burnt before a cross fixed against the wall, the sad kindness of expression with which the priest was regarding him, the oppression that had lain so long on his heart seemed to leave it in an instant. The haunting fear of ever divulging his fatal suspicions and his fatal secret had vanished, as it were, at the touch of Father Paul's hand. For the first time, he now repeated to another ear—the sounds of prayer and praise rising grandly from the congregation above—his grandfather's death-bed confession, word for word almost, as he had heard it in the cottage on the night of the storm.

Once, and once only, did Father Paul interrupt the narrative, which in whispers was addressed to him. Gabriel had hardly repeated the first two or three sentences of his grandfather's confession, when the priest, in quick altered tones, abruptly asked him his name and place of abode. As the question was answered, Father Paul's calm face became suddenly agitated; but the next moment, resolutely resuming his self-possession, he bowed his head, as a sign that Gabriel was to continue; clasped his trembling hands, and raising them as if in silent prayer, fixed his eyes intently on the cross. He never looked away from it while the terrible narrative proceeded. But when Gabriel described his search at The Merchant's Table; and, referring to his father's behavior since that time, appealed to the priest to know, whether he might, even yet, in defiance of appearances, be still filially justified in doubting whether the crime had really been perpetrated—that Father Paul moved near to him once more, and spoke again.

"Compose yourself, and look at me," he said, with all and more than all his former sad kindness of voice and manner. "I can end your doubts for ever. Gabriel, your father was guilty in intention and in act; but the victim of his crime still lives. I can prove it."

Gabriel's heart beat wildly; a deadly coldness crept over him, as he saw Father Paul loosen the fastening of his cassock round the throat. At that instant the chanting of the congregation above ceased; and then, the sudden and awful stillness was deepened rather than interrupted by the faint sound of one voice praying. Slowly and with trembling fingers the priest removed the band round his neck—paused a little—sighed heavily—and pointed to a scar which was now plainly visible on one side of his throat. He said something, at the same time; but the bell above tolled while he spoke. It was the signal of the elevation of the Host. Gabriel felt an arm passed round him, guiding him to his knees, and sustaining him from sinking to the floor. For one moment longer he was conscious that the bell had stopped, that there was dead silence, that Father Paul was kneeling by him beneath the cross, with bowed head—then all objects around vanished; and he saw and knew nothing more.

When he recovered his senses, he was still in the cabin—the man whose life his father had attempted was bending over him, and sprinkling water on his face—and the clear voices of the women and children of the congregation were joining the voices of the men in singing the *Agnus Dei.*

"Look up at me without fear, Gabriel," said the priest. "I desire not to avenge injuries; I visit not the sins of the father on the child.—Look up, and listen! I have strange things to speak of; and I have a sacred mission to fulfil before the morning, in which you must be my guide."

Gabriel attempted to kneel and kiss his hand, but Father Paul stopped him, and said, pointing to the cross: "Kneel to that—not to me; not to your fellow-mortal, and your friend—for I will be your friend, Gabriel; believing that God's mercy has ordered it so. And now listen to me," he proceeded, with a brotherly tenderness in his manner which went to Gabriel's heart. "The service is nearly ended. What I have to tell you must be told at once; the errand on which you will guide me, must be performed before to-morrow dawns. Sit here near me; and attend to what I now say!"

Gabriel obeyed: Father Paul then proceeded thus:—

"I believe the confession made to you by your grandfather to have been true in every particular. On the evening to which he referred you, I approached your cottage, as he said, for the purpose of asking shelter for the night. At that period, I had been studying hard to qualify myself for the holy calling which I now pursue; and, on the completion of my studies, had indulged in the recreation of a tour on foot through Brittany, by way of innocently and agreeably occupying the leisure time than at my disposal, before I entered the priesthood. When I accosted your father, I had lost my way, had been walking for many hours, and was glad of any rest that I could get for the night. It is unnecessary to pain you now, by reference to the events which followed my entrance under your father's roof. I remember nothing that happened from the time when I laid down to sleep before the fire, until the time when I recovered my senses at the place which you call The Merchant's Table. My first sensation was that of being moved into the cold air; when I opened my eyes I saw the great Druid stones rising close above me, and two men on either side

of me rifling my pockets. They found nothing valuable there, and were about to leave me where I lay, when I gathered strength enough to appeal to their mercy through their cupidity. Money was not scarce with me then, and I was able to offer them a rich reward (which they ultimately received as I had promised) if they would take me to any place where I could get shelter and medical help. I suppose they inferred by my language and accent—perhaps also by the linen I wore, which they examined closely—that I belonged to the higher ranks of the community, in spite of the plainness of my outer garments; and might therefore be in a position to make good my promise to them. I heard one say to the other, 'Let us risk it;' and then they took me in their arms, carried me down to a boat on the beach, and rowed to a vessel in the offing. The next day they disembarked me at Paimbœuf, where I got the assistance which I so much needed. I learnt through the confidence they were obliged to place in me, in order to give me the means of sending them their promised reward, that these men were smugglers, and that they were in the habit of using the cavity in which I had been laid, as a place of concealment for goods, and for letters of advice to their accomplices. This accounted for their finding me. As to my wound, I was informed by the surgeon who attended me, that it had missed being inflicted in a mortal part by less than a quarter of an inch, and that, as it was, nothing but the action of the night air in coagulating the blood over the place, had in the first instance, saved my life. To be brief, I recovered after a long illness, returned to Paris, and was called to the priesthood. The will of my superiors obliged me to perform the first duties of my vocation in the great city; but my own wish was to be appointed to a cure of souls in your province, Gabriel. Can you imagine why?"

The answer to this question was in Gabriel's heart; but he was still too deeply awed and affected by what he had heard to give it utterence.

"I must tell you then what my motive was," said Father Paul. "You must know first that I uniformly abstained from disclosing to any one where and by whom my life had been attempted. I kept this a secret from the men who rescued me—from the surgeon—from my own friends even. My reason for such a proceeding was, I would fain believe, a Christian reason. I hope I had always felt a sincere and humble desire to prove myself, by the help of God, worthy of the sacred vocation to which I was destined. But my miraculous escape from death made an impression on my mind, which gave me another and an infinitely higher view of this vocation—the view which I have since striven, and shall always strive for the future to maintain. As I lay, during the first days of my recovery, examining my own heart, and considering in what manner it would be my duty to act towards your father, when I was restored to health, a thought came into my mind which calmed, comforted, and resolved all my doubts. I said within myself—'In a few months more I shall be called to be one of the chosen ministers of God. If I am worthy of my vocation, my first desire towards this man who has attempted to take my life, should be, not to know that human justice has overtaken him, but to know that he has truly and religiously repented and made atonement for his guilt. To such repentance and atonement let it be my duty to call him; if he reject that appeal, and be hardened only the more against me because I have forgiven him my injuries, then it will be time enough to denounce him for his crimes to his fellow men. Surely it must be well for me here and hereafter, if I begin my career in the holy priesthood by helping to save from hell the soul of the man who, of all others, has most cruelly wronged me. It was for this reason, Gabriel—it was because I desired to go straightway to your father's cottage, and reclaim him after he had believed me to be dead—that I kept the secret and entreated of my superiors that I might be sent to Brittany. But this, as I have said, was not to be at first, and when my desire was granted, my place was assigned to me in a far district. The persecution under which we still suffer broke out; the designs of my life were changed; my own will became no longer mine to guide me. But, through sorrow and suffering, and danger and bloodshed, I am now led after many days to the execution of that first purpose which I formed on entering the priesthood. Gabriel! when the service is over, and the congregation are dispersed, you must guide me to the door of your father's cottage."

He held up his hand, in sign of silence, as Gabriel was about to answer. Just then, the officiating priests above were pronouncing the final benediction. When it was over, Father Paul opened the cabin-door. As he ascended the steps, followed by Gabriel, Père Bonan met them. The old man looked doubtfully and searchingly on his future son-in-law, as he respectfully whispered a few words in the ear of the priest. Father Paul listened attentively, answered in a whisper, and then turned to Gabriel, first telling the few people near them to withdraw a little. "I have been asked whether there is any impediment to your marriage," he said, "and have answered that there is none. What you have said to me has been said in confession, and is a secret between us two. Remember that; and forget not, at the same time, the service which I shall require of you to-night, after the marriage ceremony is over. Where is Rose Bonan?" he added aloud, looking round him. Rose came forward. Father Paul took her hand, and placed it in Gabriel's—"Lead her to the altar steps," he said, "and wait there for me."

It was more than an hour later; the boats had left the ship's side; the congregation had dispersed over the face of the country—but still the vessel remained at anchor. Those who were left in her watched the land more anxiously than usual; for they knew that Father Paul had risked meeting the soldiers of the republic by trusting himself on shore. A boat was awaiting his return on the beach; half of the crew, armed, being posted as scouts in various directions on the high land of the heath. They would have followed and guarded the priest to the place of his destination; but he forbade it; and, leaving them abruptly, walked swiftly onward with one young man only for his companion.

Gabriel had committed his brother and his sisters to the charge of Rose. They were to go to the farm-house that night with his newly-married

wife and her father and mother. Father Paul had desired that this might be done. When Gabriel and he were left alone to follow the path which led to the fisherman's cottage, the priest never spoke while they walked on—never looked aside to the right or the left—always held his ivory crucifix clasped to his breast. They arrived at the door. "Knock," whispered Father Paul to Gabriel, "and then wait here with me."

The door was opened. On a lovely moon-light night François Sarzeau had stood on that threshhold, years since, with a bleeding body in his arms; on a lovely moon-light night, he now stood there again, confronting the very man whose life he had attempted, and knowing him not.

Father Paul advanced a few paces, so that the moon-light fell on his features, and removed his hat. François Sarzeau looked, started, moved one step back, then stood motionless and perfectly silent, while all traces of expression of any kind suddenly vanished from his face. Then the calm, clear tones of the priest stole gently on the dead silence. "I bring a message of peace and forgiveness from a guest of former years," he said; and pointed, as he spoke, to the place where he had been wounded in the neck. For one moment, Gabriel saw his father trembling violently from head to foot—then, his limbs steadied again—stiffened suddenly, as if struck by catalepsy. His lips parted, but without quivering; his eyes glared, but without moving in their orbits. The lovely moonlight itself looked ghastly and horrible, shining on the supernatural panic-deformity of that face! Gabriel turned away his head in terror. He heard the voice of Father Paul saying to him: "Wait here till I come back,"—then, there was an instant of silence again—then a low groaning sound, that seemed to articulate the name of God; a sound unlike his father's voice, unlike any human voice he had ever heard—and then the noise of a closing door. He looked up, and saw that he was standing alone before the cottage.

Once, after an interval, he approached the window. He just saw through it the hand of the priest holding on high the ivory crucifix; but stopped not to see more, for he heard such words, such sounds, as drove him back to his former place. There he stayed, until the noise of something falling heavily within the cottage, struck on his ear. Again he advanced towards the door; heard Father Paul praying; listened for several minutes; then heard a moaning voice, now joining itself to the voice of the priest, now choked in sobs and bitter wailing. Once more he went back out of hearing, and stirred not again from his place. He waited a long and a weary time there—so long that one of the scouts on the look-out came towards him, evidently suspicious of the delay in the priest's return. He waved the man back, and then looked again towards the door. At last, he saw it open—saw Father Paul approach him, leading François Sarzeau by the hand.

The fisherman never raised his downcast eyes to his son's face: tears trickled silently over his cheeks; he followed the hand that led him, as a little child might have followed it, listening anxiously and humbly at the priest's side to every word that he spoke. "Gabriel," said Father Paul, in a voice which trembled a little, for the first time that night—"Gabriel, it has pleased God to grant the perfect fulfilment of the purpose which brought me to this place; I tell you this, as all that you need—as all, I believe, that you would wish—to know of what has passed while you have been left waiting for me here. Such words as I have now to speak to you, are spoken by your father's earnest desire. It is his own wish that I should communicate to you his confession of having secretly followed you to The Merchant's Table, and of having discovered (as you discovered) that no evidence of his guilt remained there. This admission he thinks will be enough to account for his conduct towards yourself, from that time to this. I have next to tell you (also at your father's desire) that he has promised in my presence, and now promises again in yours, sincerity of repentance in this manner:—When the persecution of our religion has ceased—as cease it will, and that speedily, be assured of it!—he solemnly pledges himself henceforth to devote his life, his strength, and what worldly possessions he may have, or may acquire, to the task of re-erecting and restoring the roadside crosses which have been sacrilegiously overthrown and destroyed in his native province, and to doing good where he may. I have now said all that is required of me, and may bid you farewell—bearing with me the happy remembrance that I have left a father and son reconciled and restored to each other. May God bless and prosper you, and those dear to you, Gabriel! May God accept your father's repentance, and bless him also throughout his future life!"

He took their hands, pressed them long and warmly, then turned and walked quickly down the path which led to the beach. Gabriel dared not trust himself yet to speak; but he raised his arm, put it gently round his father's neck. The two stood together so, looking out dimly through the tears that filled their eyes, to the sea. They saw the boat put off in the bright track of the moonlight, and reach the vessel's side; they watched the spreading of the sails, and followed the slow course of the ship till she disappeared past a distant headland from sight. After that, they went into the cottage together. They knew it not then; but they had seen the last in this world of Father Paul.

* * * * *

The events foretold by the good priest happened sooner than even he had anticipated. A new government ruled the destinies of France, and the persecution ceased in Brittany. Among other propositions which were then submitted to the parliament, was one advocating the restoration of the roadside crosses throughout the province. It was found, however, on inquiry, that these crosses were to be counted by thousands, and that the mere cost of the wood required to re-erect them necessitated an expenditure of money which the bankrupt nation could ill afford to spare. While this project was under discussion, and before it was finally rejected, one man had undertaken the task which the government shrank from attempting. When Gabriel left the cottage, taking his brother and sisters to live with his wife and himself at the farm-house, François Sarzeau left it also, to perform in highway and byeway his promise to

Father Paul. For months and months he labored without intermission at his task; still, always doing good, and rendering help and kindness and true charity to all whom he could serve. He walked many a weary mile, toiled through many a hard day's work, humbled himself even to beg of others, to get wook enough to restore a single cross. No one ever heard him complain, ever saw him impatient, ever detected him in faltering at his task. The shelter in an outhouse, the crust of bread and drink of water, which he could always get from the peasantry, seemed to suffice him. Among the people who watched his perseverance, a belief began to gain ground that his life would be miraculously prolonged until he had completed his undertaking from one end of Brittany to the other. But this was not to be. He was seen one cold autumn evening, silently and steadily at work as usual, setting up a new cross on the site of one which had been shattered to splinters in the troubled times. In the morning he was found lying dead beneath the sacred symbol which his own hands had completed and erected in its place during the night. They buried him where he lay; and the priest who consecrated the ground allowed Gabriel to engrave his father's epitaph in the wood of the cross. It was simply the initial letters of the dead man's name, followed by this inscription:—"*Pray for the repose of his soul: he died penitent, and the doer of good works.*"

Once, and once only, did Gabriel hear anything of Father Paul. The good priest showed, by writing to the farm-house, that he had not forgotten the family so largely indebted to him for their happiness. The letter was dated "Rome." Father Paul said, that such services as he had been permitted to render to the Church in Brittany, had obtained him a new and a far more glorious trust than any he had yet held. He had been recalled from his curacy, and appointed to be at the head of a mission which was shortly to be despatched to convert the inhabitants of a savage and a far distant land to the Christian faith. He now wrote, as his brethren with him were writing, to take leave of all friends for ever in this world, before setting out—for it was well known to the chosen persons entrusted with the new mission, that they could only hope to advance its object by cheerfully risking their own lives for the sake of their religion. He gave his blessing to François Sarzeau, to Gabriel, and to his family; and bade them affectionately farewell for the last time. There was a postscript in the letter, which was addressed to Rose, and which she often read afterwards with tearful eyes. The writer begged that, if she should have any children, she would show her friendly and Christian remembrance of him by teaching them to pray (as he hoped she herself would pray) that a blessing might attend Father Paul's labors in the distant land. The priest's loving petition was never forgotten. When Rose taught its first prayer to her first child, the little creature was instructed to end the few simple words pronounced at its mother's knees, with:—"God bless Father Paul!"—*Household Words.*

They cannot be on the best terms with God who are always quarrelling with mankind.

Pride is a weed that always grows on a dunghill.

AUTUMN THOUGHTS.

Look out, look out, there are shadows about,
The forest is donning its doublet of brown;
The willow-tree sways with a gloomier flout,
Like a beautiful face with a gathering frown!
'Tis true we all know that summer must go,
That the swallow will never stay long in our eaves;
Yet we'd rather be watching the wild rose blow,
Than be counting the colours of autumn leaves!

Look high, look high, there's the lace-winged fly,
Thinking he's king of a fairy realm,
As he swings with delight on the gossamer tie,
That is linked 'mid the boughs of the sun-tipped elm!
Alas! poor thing, the first rustle will bring
The pillars to dust, where your pleasure-clue weaves,
And many a spirit, like thine, will cling
To hopes that depend upon Autumn leaves!

Look low, look low, the night gusts blow,
And the restless forms in hectic red
Come whirling and sporting wherever we go,
Lighter in dancing, as nearer the dead!
Oh! who has not seen rare hearts, that have been
Painted and panting, in garb that deceives,
Dashing gaily along in their fluttering sheen
With Despair at the core, like Autumn leaves!

Look on, look on, morn breaketh upon
The hedgerow boughs in their withering hue;
The distant orchard is sallow and wan,
But the apple and nut gleam richly through.
Oh! well it will be if our life, like the tree,
Shall be found, when old Time of green beauty bereaves,
With the fruit of good works for the planter to see
Shining out in Truth's harvest, through Autumn leaves!

Merrily pours, as it sings and soars,
The west wind over the lands and seas,
Till it plays in the forest and moans and roars,
Seeming no longer a mirthful breeze!
So music is blest, till it meeteth a breast
That is probed by the strain, while memory grieves,
To think it was sung by a loved one at rest,
Then it comes like the sweet wind in Autumn leaves!

Not in an hour are leaf and flower
Stricken in freshness, and swept to decay,
By gentle approaches, the frost and the shower
Make ready the sap veins for falling away!
And so is Man made to as peacefully fade,
By the tear that he sheds, and the sigh that he heaves,
For he's loosened from earth by each trial cloud's shade,
Till he's willing to go, as the Autumn leaves!

Look back, look back, and you'll find the track
Of the human heart strewn thickly o'er
With joy's dead leaves, all dry and black,
And every year still flinging moie.
But the soil is fed where the branches are shed,
For the furrow to bring forth fuller sheaves,
And so is our trust in the Future spread
In the gloom of mortality's Autumn leaves!

MELANCHOLY MARY.

At twenty years of age Mary became my wife. Since childhood we had known each other. We had played in nutting-time under the milk-white clusters of the hazel. We had sported in July mornings on the banks of the steaming rills, or over the flowery turf, gathering roses and Persian lilies, which were scattered, in red and silver brilliance, over the verdant lea. At dew-fall in the evening we listened to the last call of the cuckoo, sounding, soft as echo, in the woods; or at sunrise we heard with joy the lively din of a hundred merrier birds, praising with their songs the bliss and beauty of the earth.

When we were older, nature, to our senses, was audible with still sweeter voices. In song and breeze, and musical fountain-fall, there seemed a harmony of joy uniting heaven to earth. Then we imagined this to be the interpretation of the unwritten laws of human life. Our affection was like the growth of a forest from a virgin soil—springing from small shoots, steadily, gradually, slowly uprising, until its shade embowers the whole earth, and its foliage becomes the pride of a hundred seasons.

Yet there was not an entire unison in our characters. Mary was of a gentle nature—kind, good, with a soft beauty and a timid grace, which made her move as quietly as a shadow, though her bosom was full of genuine emotions. I loved her with an impetuous, imperishable love,—a full, confident affection, which sought to fertilize with its glowing and abounding current the colder climate of her breast. Not that she failed from the perfection of maidenly faith; but her impulses were easily checked; her heart was sensitive to the lightest touch of alarm; and as every hope bloomed near the shade of a fear, every assurance was guarded with a reserve.

This was Mary's natural disposition. It made her watchful of herself, and cleared to her sight the misty visions of the world. Under the freshening influences of a happier youth it might only have cast a sober tinge over the brightness of her mid-day reveries. But many sorrows visited her home—death, ill-fortune, sickness, orphanhood; —and she was bequeathed to the care of two relatives. They were women of gloomy minds, ascetic in their thoughts, and nun-like in their seclusion from the world. They mortified their hearts by every variety of severe meditation. No light fell upon *their* souls through painted windows of the fancy,—and the heavy air they breathed was now to be the atmosphere of Mary's life. I was parted from her during two years, and in this interval a cloud settled upon her mind.

Her new home was a school of melancholy, an intellectual cypress shade, a Penseroso's cell, where youth was laughterless, and infancy demure. Love sat like a hermit in her heart, with solitary orisons, indeed, meditating benedictions on me, but never daring to stir abroad. Her human sympathies shrank back to her source. A cynicism, worse than levity, poisoned her thoughts. Vanity, vanity, all is vanity! was the parable recounted every day—the only voice which spoke to her in this Horeb of her youth. In her mind were stored up the evil maxims of the disappointed and the corroded bosoms of this earth. All that was beautiful had wings; the dearest delights were most fleeting. If the eye looked on beauty, it was only to see it decline; if the fancy wandered away among the festal scenes of life—the garlands, and the vintage, and the harvest-dance, it was only to witness them changing into the shapes and hues of woe, weaving their mournful circle roung the spring of perpetual tears. She learned that it was wisdom never to hope, lest she should be disappointed, and never to trust, that she might not be betrayed. Auguries of happiness were but the unfruitful promises of fancy, the flatteries of profitless desire. Falsehood lurked under a smile, like a serpent coiled up among flowers; and the rose only blossomed that it might conceal a thorne—enticing, that the thorn might sting.

Still she sank into no repining mood. It was a tender despondence, a mere dejection; she was not desperate, but resigned. If she forgot to be grateful, it was not with any complaint against the ministries of Providence. Charity always subdued her breast; and if she little loved the world, she had no ungentle thoughts of any. Fond, in truth, she was of me—but this was the forlorn hope of her life. She loved me, and she had trust in me, but she was willing to be disappointed, and perpetually expected that her heart would have to sacrifice this, with all its other desires.

When her sombre monitors perceived the fruits of their teaching, they ascribed much piety to Mary. They were thankful for the grace they had been enabled to plant in her heart. They had toned and tempered down every impulse, every passion, every thought and wish. They had clouded every star-lit dream, disturbed every sanguine trust, defaced every beautiful hope; and in this work they felt a saintly pride. When I knew their earnestness, their purity of mind, their sincere gratitude for my Mary's docility, though I lamented their false teaching, I pardoned much to the devout spirit which had wrought this change.

So, when I took Mary to my home, she loved me, not with an exulting love, but with a dutiful, temperate, cautious affection, already prepared to lose its object; and instead of praying that it might be preserved to her, she prayed that her heart might be prepared to yield it—as though life could lose one hope, one spark of faith, one high aspiration, one pulse of love, one thrill of gentle joy! As though there were more virtue in relinquishing the untasted cup than that, the sweetness of which has overflowed the brim, and lingers upon our lips.

I grieved over this miserable change. There never had been in Mary's nature the buoyancy of an ambitious hope, but now she was perpetually reckoning up anticipated evils. I sought to to unteach the lessons of Melancholy. She was grateful for my wish, but imputed it to a too daring confidence. Her theme was the fantastic folly of life. Every story of crime or suffering was for her the clue to long and dismal meditations. When I spoke of the peace we enjoyed, of the blessings of mutual affection, of the good that came to us tempered with lesser cares, she warned me against the lulling influence of happi-

ness, and always repented a moment of assured and undoubting pleasure.

In vain I took her forth to see the fields grow green in the summer time. She sighed over the beauty which winter was to blight so soon. In vain I led her into festal scenes—they were hollow delights, mocking the tears of the mourner. In vain I pointed to the love whose altars burned by innumerable hearths, where smiles and gladness made the perpetual feast of life. How many unthinking circles, she said, were visited with bereavement and bitterness! Then I took her to the scene of our childhood, and she wept over its remembered innocence, as though—young creature!—she stood by my side guilty of every dark and abominable crime. After this I hastened from that place and took her to another—a new, charming, flowery spot, and there we had not been two days before Mary pointed me out a little seclusion where she should like her grave to be! At last I proposed to travel. She thanked me gently, and answered, "No; she felt unwilling to leave her own country. She might die soon. Perhaps it would be happy for her; at least it would not be ill. Then I should lay her here, and—try to forget her." I could not but meet her in her own mood, and thus loving each other, yet conscious of no felicity, we passed our time; the days went by, and my pensive bride saw nothing bright on earth.

At last there was a child born to us—a second lamp on my hearth, a branch on the beautiful stem. For awhile, all Mary's meditations were lost in an excess of natural joy. The exuberance of youthful hope spontaneously returned. Her heart flowed with another love, her face beamed with superior delight; feeling new, yet not strange, stirred her breast, and she forgot the lessons of her recluse cell. But when, after some days, she reflected, the old musings came again, and she remembered, half with wonder, half with remorse, the exultation which had found such flowers in the present, and promised such honey for the future. She thought she had need of forgivness for this impious profusion of joy. She felt that her mind had been unstrung or its music would not have been so blithe. How foolish to count as a blessing on what might be only a new trial. Perhaps she might nurture that young child to sin; perhaps she might wed her heart to it so dearly that when it was lost she might be betrayed into wicked sorrow; perhaps it was to be a source of chastening grief, and if so, she was resigned. Now, therefore, her fondness, though none the less, became more subdued, and her timid tenderness was shared between me and the unconscious infant.

I pass over three quiet summers. We were not happy; but we were not sorrowful. Our life was a rivulet, darkling always through shades and vales, through alleys of green trees, and soft whispering sedges, never gilded by the dawn, or leaping up in burning ripplets to catch the last reddening lustre of the sun, but never lost in gloom like that of the sacred stream which

> Ran
> Through caverns measureless by man
> Down to a sunless sea.

But then a shadow fell across our threshold.—The child became ill. Mary's solicitude was of the most tender kind. She watched it with motherly care—and no care is like a mother's. But it became worse. Her anxious love was now full of pain. There was danger; there remained little hope. I will not describe the long interval of suffering.

One winter night we watched in the sick-room together. Mary was by the side of the couch where the child lay—thin, pale, its breath painful, its eyes encircled by dark rings, the forehead cold, but a dangerous flush of heat upon its limbs. Her eyes were fixed with joyless lustre on the dear infant face, on which a smile had not for a long time been seen. Intense misery was expressed in her countenance, yet, warmed by the eloquent and yearning love which welled upwards from her heart as she rocked her seat and sent up her muttered prayers to be spared the affliction of losing this sweet one, her second link to life. There was only room now for one feeling in her breast. Her world was lying there; and if that little hand whose restless fingers played feebly with the coverlet were to be chilled, did she remember that there was a single other hand on earth which could clasp her own? No; there was all the vision of her mind, there was her treasure, and her heart was there—though never, in the moment of deepest anguish, was her gentle piety dethroned in her bosom. Gradually a mercy seemed to drop like dew upon the child. It became easier. It fell into a disturbed slumber. Its breath became softer and more regular. Mary, when this happy sign appeared, sat for awhile in a suspense between doubt and gladness, and then drew her eyes from the sleeper to look upon me.

I sat by the hearth, gazing in wretched melancholy at the mutable visions in the fire,—emblems of the ongoings of life,—changing, I thought, from flame to a duller glow, and darkling into gloom, and shadows came over the whole, and nothing but ashes is left. Mary came to me. She knelt down before me; she bent her head forward, I saw nothing. I heard nothing, but I felt that she was trembling with bitter sobs. How deep, how pure, was the source of those tears! I raised her up. She hung upon my neck, and I feared that her heartstrings would break with the anguish that now strained upon her soul. I asked her why she was so miserable—for there was now a hope which had not been for many days; there was, indeed, the unfailing sign of a happy change. At length, she spoke. She accused herself of all—ingratitude, of hardness of heart, of thanklessness for the plentiful mercies which had gushed from rocks, and rained like manna, and flowed like the milk of Eden in the pathway of her life. How had she repined. How had the world seemed dark. How had she closed her eyes to the sun, and loved to think only of tears, when all was truly bright, and she had nothing to sorrow for! If that child were spared to her how happy would she be. If that child were spared to her how would she, with redoubled love, repay me the kindness I had wasted on her; and how should the brilliance of the day and the peace of the night make a perpetual festival of love in our home.—She knew I would forgive her, and I knew, she said, that her head was very sincere.

I comforted her, and took her to the bedside. The little child slept, but now lightly, undisturbed

by the hushed tones in which its mother had been saying all this, so earnestly to me. We remained through the night, joyfully, hopefully watching the tranquil slumberer. "Winters of memory" passed through Mary's breast: of all the happy days she had seen, without feeling their happiness; of the soft caresses; of the still blooming and fruitful love which made us one,—and for the first time since many years, she smiled most radiantly at the morning star. And when the morning star had begun to pale away through the rosy light of sunrise, the child awoke, with a golden dimple on its cheek, and a happy sparkle in its large blue eyes, which, turning upwards, seemed to float before us like the reflection of heaven. Long days had elapsed since such a painless face had returned the young mother's look: but the shadow of death had passed, and the child held out its hand to Mary.

The smile on its lips was as a new lamp of life, a more beautiful aurora to Mary's eyes. In a passion of joy she kissed the infant, kissed it again and again, but tenderly, as one would touch a primrose or a delicate lily, or caress a comfortable young dove. Then she embraced me, and I knew by her eyes she was still, with sorrowful remorse, repenting the ungrateful sadness which had neglected so much of the happiness of life.

"Mary," I said, "we shall be happy now, if the child is spared."

I did not mean this as a reproach, but she felt it had the force of one,—though how could I, with so much affection for her, chide her as she stood there, still in her beautiful youth, with smiles lightening over her countenance, and tears not entirely suppressed, stirred by the confluent streams of sorrow and joy that rose in her bosom,—joy for the new tint of life which bloomed over the face of the child; sorrow for the wrong which she felt she had done to me and to herself by that melancholy discontent, and blindness to the good that had blessed her, for, until a real affliction menaced her, she had grieved over indefinite ills, never remembering how fortunate she was in being spared from the miseries that fell on so many around her.

I never thought of her more as Melancholy Mary. When the child was again carolling among the flowers in the garden, my whilom sad-faced young wife stood like a breathing rose, voluble of her love, and as graceful, and far more gay than when she entered the cloister-like seclusion where her thoughts had become pale, her hopes dim, her faith doubtful, and her happiness insecure. Never could she have been happy until now, for never till now had she learned from the reality, of sorrow the reality of joy; that to be virtuous is to be grateful; and that the best way to be grateful for the good, is piously and wisely to enjoy it.

All beauty, of sight or sound; all delight which springs from human love; all gladness which is given by hope; all things we wish or prize, form, if we use them well, not inducements to evil, but altars on which to offer the sacrifice of our hearts to heaven. And if, among the frailties or the sins of men, there is one of a darker grain than another, it is the selfishness of sadness, and an ungrateful disregard of the good which has been showered so aboundingly on the earth.—*Eliza Cook's Journal.*

TIME'S CHANGES.

Time's changes—oh! Time's changes,
We can bear to see them come,
And crumble down the cottage roof,
Or rend the palace dome.

We bear to see the flower we nursed,
And cherished in the spring,
Turn withering from Autumn's wind,
A dead and sapless thing.

The playground of our childish days
May wear so strange a face,
That not one olden lineament
Is left for us to trace.

The beams that light life's morning up
May set in misty shade,
The stars of pleasure's fairy sky
May glitter but to fade.

Time's changes—oh! Time's changes—
They may work whate'er they will,
Turn all our sunshine into storm,
And all our good to ill.

The cheek we like to look upon,
May lose its downy red,
And only carry wrinkled lines,
Where once fair dimples spread.

The form that's dearest to our arms
May wane from easy grace,
The raven tresses shine no more,
And grey hairs take their place.

But we can lightly smile at all
Time's changes, till we find
Some well-known voice grow harshly cold,
That once was warmly kind.

Till hands and eyes that used to be
The first our own to greet,
Can calmly take a long farewell,
And just as calmly meet.

Till gentle words are passed away,
And promised faith forgot,
Teaching us sadly that we love
The one who loveth not.

Oh! better, then, to die, and give
The grave its kindred dust,
Than live to see Time's bitter change
In hearts we love and trust.

A philosopher is one who opposes nature to love, reason to custom, conscience to opinion, and judgment to error.

Evil rolls off some minds like dew off a cabbage-leaf—not a drop will sink in.

It is better to stoop at a high doorway than run against a low one.

He whose soul does not sing need not try to do it with his throat.

The art of pleasing is not necessarily the art of deceiving.

THE SCULPTOR'S CAREER.

I.—BEGINNINGS.

We are about to relate in the following pages the true story of an artist—one of the very greatest that England has yet produced.

The first scene lies in a shop in New Street, Covent Garden—a very small shop, full of plaster casts, by selling which the worthy but humble proprietor managed to maintain himself, his wife, and his two boys. Arranged on the shelves around the shop and in the window were casts from the antique, which appealed to the classical tastes—casts of the Niobe, of the far-famed Venus de Medicis—

> The bending statue that enchants the world,

of Hercules, Ajax, Achilles, and many more; but these were for the few, and art in England was then but in its infancy. For the less refined and more ordinary tastes there were casts of George II., then king; of Lord Howe and Admiral Hawke, then in the height of their fame—the naval darlings of England; of the brave General Wolfe, who had gloriously fallen during that year (we are now speaking of the year 1759) on the heights of Quebec, and with the praises of whose gallantry all England was then ringing; and there were also to be observed a few busts of the prominent-featured William Pitt, then a young man, but already a recognized orator in the English Commons. Such were the mute humanities of the shop-shelves, and from them we turn to the living inmates.

The master of the place might be observed, through a glass door which separated the little back room from the front shop, busily engaged in moulding a figure of one of the new popular men of the day—Admiral Boscawen, who had recently sprung into fame by reason of a victory he had gained over the French fleet off Cape Lagos. In the front shop, waiting for customers, we find a woman, and a boy—indeed, we might almost say a mere child. The woman is hanging anxiously over some lines the child is busily engaged in drawing with black chalk upon the paper before him. He has books on either side of him, which he takes up and reads from time to time, when fatigued by stooping over his drawing. The little fellow is propped up in a high chair, so that he can overlook the counter, on which his drawing and reading materials are laid. The chair is stuffed round with cushions, that the poor little fellow may sit soft upon his day-long seat. Poor, pale, placid little boy; debarred by disease and debility from taking any share in the amusements of his age, and doomed to sit there from day to day under his patient and watchful mother's eye, who springs to do his every little bidding.

"God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," it is said, and truly. You had but to watch the sparkle of that boy's bright eye, and the blush that mantled his cheek, when some object of beauty, embodying a fine action or a noble idea, was placed before him; or when he took up the book which lay by his side and thereupon endeavored to design with his black chalk the actions therein narrated; or when some chance visitor, interested in the poetic little invalid, talked to him of great poets, sculptors, and heroes—you had but to observe the rapt interest and enthusiasm of the boy on such occasions to be persuaded that, suffering and feeble though he was in body, his mind was quick to feel beauty in all its aspects, and that he revelled in intellectual delights of the rarest sort. Moreover, the boy was always cheerful, though grave in his manner; he was patient and uncomplaining, though he ofttimes regretted that he could not go out to feel and enjoy the sun and the sight of the green trees in the parks like other boys.

The soul of our cripple invalid was the soul of a true genius; and behind that shop-counter it obtained its first impulse towards art. These casts from the antique and stucco medallions which surrounded the boy, and preached beauty to him from the mean shelves—comparatively worthless though to many they might appear—were the source of many beautiful and noble inspirations, which germinated in noble works in the boy's after life. It has been said that the soul of every man of genius is a mirror which he carries about with him wherever he goes; and it is only by tracing the artist from his infancy, that we discover the circumstances to which he owes in maturer years his genius and his success.

A customer entered the little shop one day. He was an elderly man, mild, benevolent, and gentle-looking—seeming by his dress to be a clergyman. No sooner had the bell hung at the back of the front shop-door, which was closed to keep out the cold from the little invalid—no sooner had it sounded and intimated the approach of a customer, than the master of the shop emerged from the back apartment, and approached, cap in hand, to wait upon the gentleman.

"Good day, John," said the visitor; "I have brought with me a small figure for you to mend. My servant, in dusting this 'Helene,' has had the misfortune to chip off an arm, you see."

"And a beautiful thing it is, Mr. Matthews," said the man; "beautiful, indeed—a very gem. Yes, I will mend it while you stay. Plaster of Paris hardens in no time; and you may take it with you, unless you would prefer that I send it by a messenger."

"No, I will wait," said Mr. Matthews; and thereupon the image-maker retired into the back apartment to proceed with the work.

A child's cough from behind the counter here startled the clergyman's ear, and he peeped over. The invalid boy was not mounted on his usual cushioned seat at the counter that day, but sat on a small chair behind it, with a larger chair before him, on which lay a book he was apparently engaged in reading. The clergyman was struck by the fine clear eyes of the boy, and his large beautiful forehead, which gave him a look of intelligence far beyond his years.

"What are you busy with there, my boy?" he asked.

The youth raised himself up on his crutches, bowed, and said, "Sir, it is a Latin book, and I am trying to learn it."

"A Latin book! let me see it."

And the benevolent clergyman stooped over for the book. It was a *Cornelius Nepos*, which the boy's father had picked up at some cheap bookstall, for fourpence.

"Very good," said Mr. Matthews; "but this is not the proper book. I'll bring you a right one to-morrow."

"Thank you, sir, thank you," said the boy.

From that introduction to the little boy behind the shop-counter an acquaintance began, which, the Rev. Mr. Matthews used to say, "ripened into one of the best friendships of my life." And, strange to say, he afterwards regarded it as an honor and a distinction to reckon that poor stucco plasterer's boy as his friend.

Mr. Matthews was as good as his word. He brought several books to the little boy; amongst others, *Homer* and *Don Quixote*, in both which the youth ever after took immense delight. His mind was soon full of the heroism which breathed through the pages of Homer; and with the stucco Ajaxes and Achilleses about him looming along the shop shelves, the ambition took possession of him,that he too would design and embody in poetic forms these majestic heroes. The black chalk was at once in his hand, and the enthusiastic young artist labored in a "divine despair" to body forth the shapes and actions of the Greeks and the Trojans. Like all youthful efforts, of course the designs were crude. The proud father one day showed them to Roubilliac, the eminent sculptor, but he turned from them with a pshaw! He saw no indications of talent in them. What could be expected of a child, then only seven years old? But the boy had the right stuff in him; he had industry and patience—patience, which Buffon has defined genius to be. The solitary boy labored at his books, and drawings, and models, incessantly. He essayed his young powers in modelling figures in plaster of Paris, in wax, and in clay, some of which are to this day preserved—not so much because of their merit, as because they are curious as the first halting efforts of true genius.

The boy could not yet walk, though he was learning to hobble about on crutches, at the time when George II. died. He could not accompany his father to see the procession at the coronation of George III.; but he pleaded earnestly that he should have one of the medals which were that day to be distributed among the crowd. The father struggled to procure one for his poor cripple boy at home; but no. In the scramble for the medals, stronger and more agile persons pushed the image-seller to one side; he obtained a plated button, bearing the stamp of a horse and jockey, which he presented to his son as the "coronation medal." The boy expressed his surprise at such a device, and not long after he found out that he had been deceived. The father did not think of the moral injury he had done to the boy by this piece of acted deceit, well intentioned though it might be; such things are not forgotten, and they are always injurious. But the fine nature of this boy could endure much, and he outlived the little wrong.

One of his practices at this time was to take impressions of all seals and medals that pleased him, and it was for this that he had longed for the "coronation medal." What he made of the horse and jockey, we have not been informed; but, when once reminded, after he had become a man, of these early childish pursuits, he observed—"We are never too young to learn what is useful, nor too old to grow wise and good."

One day, the boy had been out rambling in the parks—for a sudden flush of health came upon him about his tenth year, which enabled him to throw aside his crutches—and on his return, his mother sprang to meet him.

"Johnny!" she exclaimed, "you'll not guess! I have just had Mr. Matthews here, and—what do you think?"

"Well, mother, has he brought me the *Homer* back? He promised it some of these days."

"No, Johnny, not that; guess again. But no, you can never guess. Well, he has invited you to his own house, where you are to meet Mrs. Barbauld, the lady that writes the beautiful stories, you know; and Mrs. Matthews, the clergyman's beautiful lady, has promised to read and explain *Homer* to you herself! Well, now, isn't our Johnny rising in the world?"

"Capital!" cried the youth, clapping his hands.

"Well now," continued his mother, "I must have your face washed, and your pretty hair brushed, and your Sunday clothes put on; for you are going to meet ladies at a party, you know."

"Well, dear mother, be it so; but be quick, will you? for I am so anxious to go."

And sure enough, about five o'clock in the evening twilight a little boy might be observed humbly knocking at the door of an elegant house in Rathbone Place. He was plainly but neatly dressed,—diminutive in figure, and slighly deformed; his features, usually pallid, were flushed on this o casion, as they well might be,—his whole frame being in a glow with anticipated pleasure and delight.

The door was opened by a waiting-man, who gazed with surprise at the boy when he told his errand,—that he had "come to the party."

"Wait in the lobby, my boy—there may be some mistake," and he ran up stairs to the drawing-room, where were Mrs. Montague, Mrs. Chapone, and Mrs. Barbauld, with the lady of the house. The servant explained his message.

"Show up John Flaxman," she said at once, her eye brightening; and, turning to Mrs. Barbauld,—"This is the little boy I told you of. He is really a fine fellow, with the true soul of a genius. I really believe he has in him the germs of a great man! and such as we, who have means and leisure, cannot bestow them better than in carefully fostering what may prove a source of general happiness and blessings. You call me an enthusiast, I know," continued Mrs. Matthews, with a fascinating smile; "but I have invited this boy to show you that in this case I have not been 'zealous overmuch.'"

And so saying, the little visitor, John Flaxman, was ushered into the drawing-room.

II.—PROGRESS.

Many a delightful evening—for lo g years after remembered by John Flaxman with pleasure and affection and gratitude—did the young artist spend by the fireside of Mrs. Matthews and her kindhearted husband. She read Homer, Virgil, and Milton, pointing out their beauties, explaining their ideas, and discoursing from time to time upon the characters which move across their pages. It was a great opportunity for the boy, and he was

wise enough to profit by it. Under Mrs. Matthew's eye, he began the study of Latin and Greek, which he prosecuted at home. He used to bring with him, too, his bit of charcoal, and while the accomplished lady commented on the pictoral beauty of Homer's poetry, the boy by her side eagerly endeavoured to embody upon paper, in outline forms, such passages as caught his fancy.

A beautiful picture this, of the accomplished woman turning aside from the glittering society in which she had her allotted place, to devote her evenings to the intellectual culture of a poor, illiterate, unknown plaster-castseller's boy! Thanks, however, to her kind care and culture, the boy did not remain unknown; the genius thus cherished, in due time revealed itself,—for from the chisel of Flaxman have come some of the noblest works of art which England has ever produced. And when Flaxman's praise is sounded, in justice to her memory let the name of the good Mrs. Matthews, to whom he owed so much, be affectionately remembered.

Many of these juvenile productions,—executed at Mrs. Matthews's side,—are still in existence, and display much quiet loveliness as well as sometimes graphic power. Yet not long before this, Mortimer, the artist, to whom the boy exhibited his drawing of a human eye, exclaimed to him. "What, sir, is that *an oyster?*" The sensitive boy was very much hurt, and took care not to show his drawings to artists for some time to come; for artists, though themselves very thin-skinned, are disposed to be rather savage in their criticisms of others. But an artist and a sculptor the boy Flaxman had now determined to be; and he laboured at self-improvement with all possible zeal and industry. He modelled and drew almost incessantly. He was mainly his own teacher, as every truly great man must be. He used all helps to forward him in his studies, gathering his knowledge from all sources, and ready often to invent methods for himself, after a kind of inspiration in which true genius is usually so apt.

The boy found patrons and helpers, too. Some of the visitors at Mrs. Matthew's, greatly admiring his designs after Homer, desired to possess some drawings by the same hand; and Mr. Crutchley, of Sunning-hill Park, gave him a commission to draw a set for him in black chalk. His first commission! What a great event was that in the boy's life. A physician's first fee, a lawyer's first retainer, an actress's first night behind the footlights, a legislator's first speech in the Commons, an author's first book, are not any of them more full of interest and anxiety than is the first commission to the artist! And the boy-artist well and duly executed his first commission: it was a set of six drawings of subjects from antiquity, chiefly after Homer,—and he was both well praised and well paid for his work.

Still he went on studying. His kind friend Mr. Matthews guarded him against indulgence in vanity —that besetting sin of clever youths,—but Flaxman knew too well his own defects, and he relaxed not in his labours, but only applied himself more closely than before. He was fifteen when he entered a student at the Royal Academy. He might then be seen generally in the company of Blake and Stothard,—young men of kindred tastes and genius,—gentle and amiable, yet earnest in their love of art, which haunted them as a passion. In Blake's eyes there shone a mysterious wildness, which early excited the suspicion of his fellow students as to his sanity. But the man of genius is very often hovering on the brink of madness; and the "divine phrenzy" sometimes overpowers him. Young Flaxman saw in Blake only the kind and affectionate friend,—sensitive like himself, glad to retire from the bustle of academic pursuits, and commune together about art and poetry, and the subjects to which the latter gave rise. All three,—Flaxman, Blake, and Stothard, thus cultivated together the art of ready design,—and the three, all in their day, we believe, illustrated *Paradise Lost.* Flaxman, however, gradually became known among the students, notwithstanding his retiring disposition, and great things were expected of him. Nor were these expectations disappointed. In his fifteenth year he gained the silver prize, and next year he became a candidate for the gold one.

The boy had now become a young man, with the incipient down of manhood on his lip. He had the air, the self-possession, and gravity of a man, yet all the simplicity and bashfulness of a child. His early delicacy, and inability to take part in the games of childhood, threw a shadow over his face in future years. Though slender in figure, he looked older than he seemed. Yet he did not lack in activity of limb and body,—standing now in no need of crutches, which he had long since abandoned. The light of his soul shone through his eyes, which possessed a marvellous brilliancy, indicating the true temperament of genius.

Of course, every body prophesied that young Flaxman would carry off the gold medal; there was no student who, for ability and industry, was to be compared with him; and when his candidature for the medal was known, all his fellow-students shouted out in one voice, "Flaxman! Flaxman!" as if none but he was worthy to win the prize.

The eventful day arrived. Old Flaxman—who had now removed his shop into the Strand, opposite Durham Yard—was busy with a popular bust of the Duke of York; but he was so agitated by the thought of his son's eventful competition, that he could not go on with his work; he felt like a fish out of water,—could not sit, nor stand, nor settle down to anything, "but was all over queer like," peeping out along the pavement from time to time, to discern if he could, the elate figure of his son marching homeward with the gold medal of the Academy. The hours slowly passed by, and late in the day John Flaxman entered his father's door. The old man sprang up at the sound of his footstep, and ran to meet him. The boy's face was downcast, and even paler than usual.

"Well, John, what of the medal?"

"I have lost it, father."

There was a minute of perfect silence—neither spoke; at length the father said:—

"Well, John, you must stick to it again, like a Trojan; never say die! But who *has* got it?"

"Engleheart. I am sure I wish him well; but I cannot help thinking that I *deserved* the prize. However, be that as it may, I am determined, if I live, yet to model works that the Academy will be proud to recognise."

"Said like a true Flaxman, John. Cheer up! You will take the medal yet."

"I will not try again, father; but I will do better. Only give me time, and I will show them something beyond an Academy prize medal."

The failure on the part of the young Flaxman was really of service to him. Defeats do not cast down the resolute-hearted, but only serve to call forth their power of will and resolution. He redoubled his efforts—spared no pains with himself—designed and modelled incessantly, and laboured diligently and perseveringly in the work of self-improvement.

But poverty threatened the household of his poor father, the profits of whose trade, at that day by no means remunerative, but barely served to "keep the wolf from the door." So the youth was under the necessity of curtailing his hours of study in order to devote a larger portion of his time to the bread-and-cheese department. He laid aside his *Homer* and took up his plaster-trowel. He forsook Milton to multiply stucco casts. He was found willing to work in any department of his calling, so that he might thereby earn money. To this drudgery of his art he served a long and rude apprenticeship; but it did him good. It familiarized him with work, and cultivated in him the spirit of patience. The discipline may have been rough, but it was wholesome. Happily, the young Flaxman's skill in design had reached the ears of one of the great patrons of art in those days—Josiah Wedgwood, the Staffordshire potter, who sought out the lad with the view of employing him in the improvement of his crockery-ware. It may seem a very humble department of art to have laboured in; but really it was not so. A true artist may be labouring in the highest vocation, even while he is sketching a design for a teapot or a dinner-plate. Articles which are in daily use among the people, and are before their eyes at every meal they sit down to, may be made the vehicles of art education to all, and minister to their highest culture. Even the best artist may thus be conferring a much greater practical benefit upon his countrymen than by painting an elaborate picture which he may sell for a thousand pounds to a lord, to be by him forthwith carried off to his country palace, and virtually hidden there.

The enterprising Josiah Wedgwood was a most energetic man, possessed of great public spirit.—He desired to push his trade, and while he benefited himself he also sought to improve the public tastes. Before his day, the designs which figured upon our china and stone-ware were of a hideous description—bad in drawing, bad in design, and bad in execution. Josiah Wedgwood found out Flaxman.

"Well, my lad," said he to him, "I have heard that you are a good draughtsman and a clever designer. I'm a pot manufacturer—named Wedgwood. Now I want you to design some models for me—nothing fantastic, you know, but simple, tasteful, and correct in drawing. I'll pay you well. Do you understand? You don't think the work beneath you? Eh?"

"By no means, sir," answered young Flaxman; "indeed, the work is quite to my taste. Give me a few days—call again, and you shall see what I can do."

"That's right—work away. Mind, I am in want of them now. They are for pots of all kinds—teapots, jugs, teacups and saucers. But especially I want designs for a table-service. Begin with that. I mean to supply one for the royal table. Now, think of that, young man. What you design is meant for the eyes of royalty!"

"I will do my best, sir, I assure you."

And the kind gentleman bustled out of the shop as he had come in.

Flaxman did his best. By the time that Mr. Wedgwood next called upon him, he had a numerous series of models prepared for various pieces of earthenware. They consisted chiefly of small groups in very low relief—the subjects taken from ancient verse and history. Many of them are still in existence, and some are equal in beauty and simplicity to his after designs for marble.—The celebrated Etruscan vases, many of which were to be found in public museums and in the cabinets of the curious, furnished him with the best examples of form, and these he embellished with his own elegant devices. *Stuart's Athens*, then recently published, also furnished him with specimens of the purest-shaped Greek utensils, and he was not slow to adopt the best of them, and work them up into new and wondrous shapes of elegance and beauty. Flaxman then saw that he was labouring in a great work—no less than the promotion of popular education; and he was proud, in after life, to allude to these his early labours, by which he was enabled at the same time to cultivate his love of the beautiful, to diffuse a taste for art among the people, and to replenish his own purse while he greatly promoted the prosperity of his friend and benefactor.

Engaged in such labours as these, for several years Flaxman executed but few works of art, and then at rare intervals. He lived a quiet, secluded, and simple life, working during the day and sketching and reading in the evenings. He was so poor that he had as yet been only able to find plaster of Paris for his works,—marble was too dear a material for him. He had hitherto executed only one statue in the latter material, and that was a commission.

At length, in the year 1782, when twenty-seven years of age, he quitted his father's roof and rented a small house and studio in Wardour Street, Soho; and what was more, he married a wife—an event which proved to him of no small consequence, as we shall find from the events in his future history.

III.—RUINED FOR AN ARTIST.

FLAXMAN had been married but a few weeks, when one day he returned home to his young wife, full of sadness at heart. There was a cloud on his brow, so unusual, that she at once proceeded to enquire into the cause. Flaxman sat down beside her, took her hand, and said, with a smile—

"Ann, I am *ruined for an artist!*"

"How so, John? How has it happened, and who has done it?"

"It happened," he replied, "in the church; and Ann Denham has done it! I met Sir Joshua Reynolds just now, and he told me, point-blank, that marriage had ruined me in my profession."

"Nonsense, John; it is only one of Sir Joshua's theories. He is a bachelor himself, and cannot

understand nor judge of the quiet satisfaction and happiness of married life."

"Oh! he firmly believes it, I can assure you. Sir Joshua thinks no man can be a *great* artist, unless he visits Rome, and educates his taste by a contemplation of the great models of antiquity. He is constantly telling the students at the Academy that if they would excel, they must bring the whole powers of their mind to bear upon their art, from the moment they rise until they go to bed."

"What! and leave no room, no corner, for the affections? Don't believe him, John; don't be cast down. You are a true artist, and you will be a great one."

"But he says no man can be a *great* artist, unless he studies the grand style of art in the magnificent works of Michael Angelo and Raphael, in the Vatican. Now, *I*," drawing up his small figure to its full height,—"*I* would be a great artist."

"And you *shall* be! You, too, if that be necessary, shall study at Rome, in the Vatican. I will never have it said that Ann Denham ruined you for an artist."

"But how?" asked Flaxman,—"how to get to Rome?"

"I will tell you how. Work and economize. If you will leave the latter to me, we shall soon be able to spare the means for a visit to Rome,—and *together*, mind! Ann Denham must go and look after her ruined artist."

And she shook her curls, and gave one of her bright, hearty laughs.

"Ann," said he—and Flaxman took his wife's hand in his—"what Reynold's has said to-day, and what you have said now, have determined me. I will go to Rome, and show the president that wedlock is for a man's good rather than his harm, and you shall accompany me."

She was a noble, true-hearted woman, this wife of Flaxman's. The artist was, in the course of his life, fortunate beyond most men in the friendships which he formed with estimable women; but his wife stood higher than them all in his estimation; for she was friend, fellow-student, companion, comforter, and wife, all in one. Like him, Ann Flaxman had a fine taste for art; she also knew something of Greek, and was well skilled in French and Italian. Withall, she was a frugal, well-managing wife; and could keep her own kitchen and parlor as tidy as she did her husband's studio. She could knit and mend as well as draw, and could cook a Yorkshire pudding as deftly as she could read a passage from Racine or Anastasio. Her household was a model of neatness and taste, and there always seemed to reign within it a devout quiet and perfect tranquillity.

Patiently and happily this loving couple plodded on during five years in that humble little home in Wardour Street; always with the long journey to Rome before them. It was never lost sight of for a moment, and not a penny was uselessly spent that could be saved towards the expenses of the visit. They said no word to any one about their project; solicited no aid from the Academy; but trusted only to their own patient labor and love to pursue and achieve their object. During this time, Flaxman exhibited but few works. He could not afford marble to experiment on original works; but he obtained occasional commissions for monuments, by the profits of which he maintained himself. One of his first works of this kind was the monument in memory of Collins the poet, now placed in Chichester Cathedral. His monument to Mrs. Morley, for Gloucester Cathedral, was greatly admired, and tended to increase his reputation and extend his business. He also continued to supply the Messrs. Wedgwood, of Etruria, with designs for pottery-ware, many of which have since been revived, and a considerable number of them were exhibited at the Great Exhibition in 1851. About this time, Flaxman executed for the same gentlemen a set of designs of chessmen, of exquisite beauty, which are worthy of being more extensively known.

Five years passed, and Flaxman set out, in company of his wife, for the Eternal City. Like all other artists who visit Rome, he was astonished by the splendor of the Vatican and the Sistine Chapel, and the surpassing beauty and grandeur of the works which they contained. He could not fail greatly to profit by his visit. He applied himself eagerly to study, laboring meanwhile, like most other poor artists who visit Rome, to maintain himself by his daily labor. It was at this time that he composed his beautiful designs illustrative of Homer, Æschylus, and Dante, for English purchasers; and we rejoice to see that the illustrations of Homer have recently been made accessible to all classes of purchasers.* He was, doubtless, greatly aided in the composition of these designs by the numerous antique bas-reliefs on Greek and Etruscan vases and sarcophagi, which he had now an opportunity of studying. But though he thus satiated his fancy with the spirit of the days of old, he threw his own inventive genius into his works. He created and did not copy. The one was to him far easier and infinitely more delightful than the other.

What does the reader think were Flaxman's terms for executing these rare and beautiful illustrations of Homer? Fifteen shillings apiece! This was the price paid for them by Mrs. Hare Nayler. But Flaxman needed the money, and he worked for art's sake as well. The money earned by the sale of his designs enabled him meanwhile to find bread and raiment for himself and wife, and to go onward in the prosecution of his darling studies. But the Homeric designs brought him more than money. They brought him fame and *éclat*, and friends and patrons began to flock to his studio. The munificent Thomas Hope commissioned him to execute the group of Cephalus and Aurora, which now adorns the fine collection of his son in Piccadilly. About the same time the bishop of Derry (earl of Bristol) ordered of him a group of *Ovid's Metamorphoses*, representing the fury of Athamos; but the price paid for it was such as to leave the artist a loser. The Countess Spencer commissioned the set of designs after Æschylus, at a guinea each, and Mr. Hope took the set illustrative of Dante at the same price. These works brought more fame than money; still Flaxman could live, his loving wife ever by his side.

Some years thus passed, when Flaxman resolved to return to England, to show that wedlock had

* In the *National Illustrated Library.*

not "ruined him for an artist." Buonaparte had struck one or two of his terrible blows on the further side of the Alps, and the English were all crowding home. But before he left Italy the academies of Florence and Carrara recognised Flaxman's merits by electing him a member.

Soon after his return to England, and almost before he had settled down into full employment as a sculptor, he paid one of the most tender and delicate tributes to his wife that artist ever paid. It was his own way of acknowledging the love and the admirable qualities of his wife, and proud indeed she must have been with the gift as of the giver. He got a quarto book made, containing some score of leaves, and on the first page he drew the design of a dove with an olive-branch in her mouth, guardian angels on either side, with the words written underneath,—"To Ann Flaxman." Beneath this was the representation of two hands clasped as at an altar, and a garland borne by two cherubs carried the following inscription:—"The anniversary of your birthday calls on me to be grateful for fourteen happy years passed in your society. Accept the tribute of these sketches, which under the allegory of a knight-errant's adventures, indicate the trials of virtue and the conquest of vice, preparatory to a happier state of existence. John Flaxman, Oct. 2, 1796." The designs in the book were forty in number, two on each page. They are still preserved, and are so full of grace and beauty,—they tell the story of trial, endurance, faith, hope and courage, so well—that we wish some adventurous publisher would undertake now to give them to the world. We are of opinion that Flaxman's remarkable genius—his imaginative and artistic qualities—are more vividly exhibited in these and others of his designs than even in his most elaborate sculptured works.

Flaxman often used to say in jest before his friends,—"Well, Sir Joshua was wrong in his prophecy, after all. You see wedlock did *not* ruin me for an artist. Did it, Ann?" Ann's reply may easily be imagined.

IV.—SUCCESS!

The sculptor, on his return from Rome, took up his abode at No. 7, Fitzroy Square, Buckingham Street, and he remained there until his death, thirty years after. His small studio, in which so many noble works were elaborated, still exists. His fame had preceded him to England, and he found no want of lucrative employment now. While at Rome, he had been commissioned to execute his famous monument in memory of Lord Mansfield, and it was erected in the north transept of Westminster Abbey shortly after his return. It stands there in majestic grandeur, a monument to the genius Flaxman himself—calm, simple, and severe. No wonder that Banks, the sculptor, then in the heyday of his fame, exclaimed when he saw it,—"This little man cuts us all out!"

When the bigwigs of the Royal Academy heard of Flaxman's return, and especially when they had an opportunity of seeing and admiring his noble portrait-statue of Mansfield, they were eager to have him enrolled among their number. The Royal Academy has always had the art of "running to the help of the strongest," and when an artist has proved that he can achieve a reputation without the Academy, then is the Academy most anxious to "patronize" him. The Academy, it will be remembered, had given its gold medal to his unworthy competitor, Engleheart, passing by his own far superior work. He had then felt bitterly vexed, but determined that the next time he modelled for the Academy it should be as a master,—he would deserve and he would command their applause. Perhaps, too, he had not forgotten the president's cruel cut when Flaxman told him he had married,—"You are ruined for life as an artist." Well! he had got over both these slights. The wounds had healed kindly, and he had no desire to keep alive the grievance. He allowed his name to be proposed in the candidates' list of associates, and was immediately elected. In the course of the same year (1797) he exhibited his monument of Sir William Jones, and several bas-reliefs from the New Testament, which were greatly admired.

His progress was now rapid, and he was constantly employed. Perseverance and study had made him great, and he went on from triumph to triumph.

In the heyday of his fame, some years after his return to England, Flaxman conceived the design of a colossal statue to the naval power of Britain, which he proposed should be erected, two hundred feet in height, on Greenwich Hill. The idea was a grand one,—that of a majestic landmark for mariners, overlooking the tide of British commerce, on which the wealth of all lands was borne upon the busy Thames into the lap of England, and standing, as it were, sentinel over the last retreat of British naval heroes. But the design was too grand for his age, and though a committee deliberated upon it, they treated it as the dream of a poet, and dismissed it as unworthy of further notice. Some future generation may, however, yet embody Flaxman's noble idea of a colossal Britannia on Greenwich Hill. Surely the power of Britain might as well be exhibited in some such enduring national work of art, as that of the kingdom of Bavaria in the now world-famous statue at Munich!

Flaxman's monuments are known nearly all over England. Their mute poetry beautifies most of our cathedrals and many of our rural churches. Whatever work of this kind he executed, he threw a soul and meaning into it, embodying some high Christian idea of charity, of love, of resignation, of affection, or of kindness. In monuments such as these his peculiar genius pre-eminently shone. There is a tenderness and grace about them which no other artist has been able to surpass or even to equal. His happy sketches illustrative of the Lord's Prayer, published in lithograph some years ago, exhibit this peculiar quality of his genius in a striking light. In historical monuments, again, he was less successful, though his monuments to Reynolds and Nelson, in St. Paul's Cathedral, are noble works, which will always be admired.

At the Peace of Amiens, Flaxman formed one of the crowd of Englishmen who flocked over to Paris to admire the treasures of the Louvre, which had been plundered from nearly all European countries. Flaxman entertained a hearty English dislike to Napoleon. When at Rome, some young French officers showed him a medal of Buonaparte, then only a general officer. Flaxman looked at

the head, and said: "This citizen Buonaparte of yours is the very image of Augustus Cæsar!" The sculptor never got over his dislike to the man; and though, when at Paris, the First Consul wished to be introduced to him, Flaxman refused. Still greater was his repugnance to the French Republican painter and sculptor David, in whom Flaxman saw an atrocious Jacobin and a declared atheist; and he turned from his proffered civilities with only half-concealed disgust. Flaxman was himself so pure of heart, so simple and so gentle, that the very idea of such a man set him a-loathing.

He returned to England, and continued his great career; pursuing at the same time his life of quiet affection at home, in the company of his wife, and in the frequent evening society of the poetic Blake and the gifted Stothard, who continued among his most intimate friends. He would often amuse those gathered about him in his family circle by composing little stories in sketches, serious and burlesque—an art in which he himself found great pleasure. In this spirit he composed his story and illustrations of *The Casket*, encouraged to do so by his poetic friend the sculptor Banks. The story runs in rhyme of Flaxman's making, and there is often a good deal of quiet humor in his fancies.

In 1810, our hero came out in a new character. The little boy who had begun his studies behind the poor plaster-cast-seller's shop-counter in New Street, Covent Garden, was now a man of high intellect and recognized supremacy in art, to instruct aspiring students, in the character of Professor of Sculpture to the Royal Academy! And no man better deserved to fill that distinguished office; for no man is better able to instruct others than he who, for himself and by his own unaided efforts, has overcome all difficulties. The witty and caustic Fuseli used to talk of the lectures as "sermons by the Reverend John Flaxman;" for the sculptor was a very religious man, which Fuseli was not, and was a zealous Swedenborgian in the latter part of his life. But Flaxman acquitted himself well in the professorial chair, as any one who reads his instructive *Lectures on Sculpture*, now published, may ascertain for himself. His literary talents were further called into requisition in supplying articles on subjects connected with sculpture to *Rees's Encyclopœdia.*

We must now draw our sketch to a close. After a long, peaceful, and happy life, Flaxman found himself growing old. The loss which he sustained by the death of his affectionate wife, Ann, was a severe shock to him; but he survived her several years, during which he executed his celebrated "Shield of Achilles" and his noble "Archangel Michael vanquishing Satan,"—perhaps his two greatest works. He also executed some beautiful statuettes for Mr. Rogers, the poet, now to be found in his celebrated collection.

His early friends were now all dead; his home was comparatively desolate—and it is sad for an old man, however full of fame, to be left in the world alone. One day a stranger entered his room. "Sir," said the visitant, presenting to him a book, "this work was sent to me by the author, an Italian artist, to present to you, and, at the same time, to apologize to you for its extraordinary dedication. It was so generally believed in Italy that you were dead, that my friend determined to show the world how much he esteemed your genius; and having this book ready for publication, he had inscribed it *To the shade of Flaxman.* No sooner was the book published than the story of your death was contradicted; and the author, affected by his mistake, which, nevertheless, he rejoices at, begs you will receive his work and his apology."*

A remarkable circumstance of a somewhat similar character is recorded in the *Life of Mozart*, and in this case it proved equally prophetic. On the very next day he was seized by fatal illness, and in less than a week he breathed his last —the most gifted genius in sculpture that England has yet produced.

THE LAUREL-LEAF.

BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

In a small village near a town in Brittany, there came to reside in the early days of Napoleon a widow, whom none knew, and whose choice of a residence none seemed to understand. She had not an acquaintance in the village; not one to whom she was known even by name: nor did she profess any connection with the place. As she came from Paris apparently to live on her income, this seemed strange, as it is common in France to select one's native place as a residence when retiring from the great metropolis. But Madame Froment troubled herself little, relative to the surmises of her new neighbours,—taking a neat and pretty cottage which she furnished well, and even richly, and there fixed herself, with a daughter five years old, and an aged female domestic.

She had not been more than a few days in the village, when she paid a visit to the curé, with whom she remained in conference some hours. At the termination of the interview, the worthy priest saw her to the door with an air of respect which struck one or two who had been watching; and when questioned with regard to her, declared her to be an angel. Such in some sort she proved to the poorer inhabitants of the hamlet, for her purse, her time, and advice, were at their service. There was a kind of rival in good works in the village in the person of Gaetan Bonas, the miller, who, with his wife, were looked up to as the rich ones of the place. They had purchased, in 1793, the half-ruined castle of the Count de Morlaix,—an *émigré* of whom no one had heard since the Terror,—and they had made use of it for barns, &c. About a fortnight, however, after the arrival of Madame Von Froment, it was remarked that Bonas began moving away his goods; and it became known in the village that the widow had purchased the ruins. Wondrous were the surmises of the good people of the place. They could not conceive the object of the stranger,—a private individual,—who bought a residence which could only be made useful by the expenditure of large sums of money. Their surprise was all the greater when workmen—builders, carpenters, masons—began to arrive, and when the whole castle was put in a complete state of repair.

The villagers, who retained many of the prejudices which sixty years of revolution have not yet eradicated, began to look with suspicion on

* Allan Cunningham's "Lives of the Painters."

Madame Froment. She, a commoner, dared not only to buy the chateau of their *ci-devant* lords and masters, the Counts de Morlaix, but to prepare it for her own residence. That Bonas, the miller, should own it and make a barn of it was quite natural in their eyes; but for any one to desecrate a noble mansion by fixing their abode in it, was a kind of sacrilege the Breton peasantry could not comprehend. It required all the expensive charity of the widow,—all the exhortations of the good priest, to bring the people of the hamlet round. In some measure, their own material well-being much aided moral efforts. The workmen resided with them during the two years they were building, and then there came a large body of servants to the château, while Madame Fromont gradually became the owner of all the adjacent property, to the improvement of which she devoted the greater part of her time.

Her daughter, Louise, occupied much of her attention, and as she became of an age to profit by education, she had a governess from Paris, and then masters from the town. Young Edouard Bonas and his sister Amelie, were admitted, at the earnest desire of Madame Froment, to a share of their advantages. They became constant visitors at the château; and as M. Bonas intended, now that he had amassed a fortune, his son should follow a profession, the miller was delighted. The three young people were great friends. Edouard being three years older than the two girls, was a great man amongst them. He was their guide in all their walks and rides,—their elder brother and protector. They made together great progress in learning; and the two families—that of the mill and that of the château—were united by strong ties of friendship.

Things went on this way for years, until Edouard became eighteen, and the girls fifteen; when it became clear to the heads of both families that a most strong and tender attachment had sprung up between the two young people. Madame Froment was the first to discover this, and she immediately paid a visit to the priest, and had with him a long conference.

It was in the evening and in the milk-house.—The family were all present. There was the burly miller, his wife,—a dame whose rotundity almost equalled her good humour,—the tall handsome son, and the delicate Amelie. They had spent the day at the chateau, but had been suddenly summoned home. On arriving at the mill Edouard learned that he had been drawn for a soldier. His parents were miserable. He was their only son, and in the terrible wars then raging there were many more roads to death than to destruction. A substitute might be found, but France had been so depopulated by the long European struggle that young men were scarce. Still, Bonas was determined that his son should not go for a soldier. To his great surprise he found Edouard very much disposed to accept his fate. The young man burned to distinguish himself.—Like most of his age and class, his admiration for the emperor was unqualified.

"But, my son," said the father, anxiously, "why do you wish to leave us?"

"I do not wish to leave you· but to follow any profession, I must go away from home: and, to speak candidly, there is no profession for which I feel the same inclination as for arms."

"It is this unhappy propensity," replied the father, "that is the ruin of our country. Did we show one tithe the ardour for industry, for improvement, that we do for fighting, where should we be? But we must fight, if not conquer, one another."

At this moment the priest entered.

"Good evening," said the father. "You could not have come in better time, Monsieur le Curé. I want you to talk to this headstrong boy. He has been drawn for a soldier and wants to go."

"And why not?" said the priest, quietly.

Bonas and his wife opened their eyes, Edouard bounded on his chair, and Amelie turned pale, for she saw that the priest was against them.

"Ah, my good friend," said Edouard, warmly; "I am so delighted to see you."

"Hum! Because I agree with you. But listen to me. I detest war; I look on it as a wicked and monstrous abuse of man's talents and powers; but it is no longer conquests our monarch is marching to now, my boy. France is in danger! Exhausted by terrible struggles for an impossible supremacy, she is now about to do battle for existence. It becomes the duty of all to march to her defence."

"Go, my son!" said Bonas, warmly.

"I will go," cried Edouard; "but these things are not so desperate as you think."

"We shall see, my son. But I have another reason. Now no hesitation, my boy. What has happened is quite natural. You are very much attached to Mademoiselle Froment."

"Oh! oh!" said old Bonas, with a hearty laugh; "this is why monsieur wants to be a soldier. He wishes to win smiles by feats of arms."

"I declare, my father——," began Edouard.

"Declare nothing," said the priest. "Madame Froment has just left me. She approves of your affection, and——"

"But who could have told her——?" again began the young man.

"I don't know," said the priest, naively; "but it seems somebody has. It was not I, for I should never have suspected such a thing."

"I should like to know," murmured Edouard.

"Well, that will do by-and-by. But these are her words—'For reasons I cannot now explain, no one can marry my daughter but a soldier. Let Edouard enter the army, and the day he returns an officer, if he changes not, I shall be happy to call him my son-in-law.'"

"I will be an officer!" cried Edouard, impetuously.

The father and mother looked very serious, but they could offer now no objection. They were about, however, to carry on the discussion, when Madame Froment entered hurriedly.

"My dear friends," she exclaimed,—an imperceptible sign from the priest telling her that all had been explained,—"I come to say a few words. Imperious necessity compels me to this decision. My daughter can never marry any one but an officer. This is no will of mine, but of one beyond the grave. Still. I would not have it on my conscience that I have sent your son to the army."

"Madame," said Bonas, taking her hand res-

pectfully, "you have nothing to do with it. Before our good curé came, Edouard had decided to go to the army, having been drawn for a soldier."

"Thank God!" she added fervently. "My friend, I would give much to be able to say to you, do not go: but if your attachment to my daughter be serious, I have no choice."

"Madame," said Edouard, fondly, "I mean to go;—and more, I will return an officer, or die."

A month later, and he was gone,—brave, warm-hearted boy,—to mix in the world, and learn the rude apprenticeship of war. His letters were not numerous, and at last they came no more, for Edouard had joined the disastrous and fatal Russian expedition, which was to humble the pride of monarch and people.

In the village there was little thought, either in château or mill-house, save of the absent boy.—They took in a newspaper now, and read the bulletins eagerly, but no tidings of any kind came of the absent. That he did not return with the remnant of the decimated army was certain, but at the Ministry of War they could give no report of Captain Edouard Bonas,—for of his elevation to this rank they soon heard. Sadness, but not despair, filled the minds of all his friends. He might be a prisoner,—there might be peace—and then tidings would come. Meanwhile, news came that vast armies were invading France, then that they had crossed the frontier; and then a letter relieved all their fears. It was brief:—

"I have escaped from Russia. I am a captain and a chevalier of the Legion of Honour. France is in danger. I am at my post under the emperor's personal orders. When I can honourably leave, I will come and see those I love."

He came, but only when Paris was in the possession of the allies, and Bonaparte in Elba. He was now a colonel, having performed prodigies of valour; but his career was ended, and, though sad and forlorn at the picture which France presented, he could not but see retribution in it for her unjust conquests,—he came to claim his bride. He was warmly received by all, and Madame Froment now no longer hesitated to promise him her daughter. She, however, still demanded a delay of one year. To this Edouard consented, and all was joy in the village, especially when at last the foreigner departed, and peace was declared to be final.

Edouard, Louise, and Amelie resumed their walks and rides, while the young man now sometimes went out alone with dog and gun to shoot. One evening, after a day's hunting, he returned, pale and anxious, to dine at the château, where both families were assembled. He laid down his gun, and, without changing his dress, entered the saloon of the château.

"My friends I leave you. The emperor has landed in France, the army has declared for him, and Louis XVIII. has fled."

"Good God!" cried Madame Froment, "wars again. But you have done your duty, Edouard. You can safely stay at home."

"My dear madame, here is my brevet as general of division, and the emperor says that he sends it me the more readily that I have not taken service under the Bourbons."

"He must go. But it is terrible! Peace was to me such delight," said Madame Froment. "Go, my boy, and do your duty. But take care of yourself. We cannot spare you now."

We need not tell the historical part of our tale. Five months later General Bonas was again home. He was not among the proscribed, because he had never served the Bourbons; but he now intended to leave the army, and had already sent in his demand to be relieved from his post, at the same time adding, that in the hour of danger his sword was at the service of his country.

The marriage was now fixed to take place immediately. The general had decided on a trip to Italy. One morning he, his bride, and Amelie, were discussing their plans for the fiftieth time, seated on a fallen tree on the summit of a hill, whence the château could be distinguished, when a stranger stepped up to them, and addressed them most courteously. He was under fifty, with grey hair, and dressed neatly but with extreme simplicity. His appearance seemed to designate a poor *émigré*, returned in the train of the Bourbons.

"If you are of this country, monsieur," he said, addressing the general, who was in private clothes, "can you inform me whose château that is yonder?"

"The Château de Morlaix, belonging to Madame Froment," replied the general, with extreme politeness.

"Oh!" said the other, almost sardonically, "that is the Château de Morlaix, and it belongs to Madame Froment? And these neat farms, these smiling prairies——"

"All belong to Madame Froment," replied the general, a little more distantly, "whose daughter I have the honour to present to you."

The other looked curiously at the blushing girl, and then, with a flashing eye, bowed most respectfully to her.

"The whole of the estates of the Morlaix seem to belong to Madame Froment," said the other, with a quivering lip.

"All," replied Louise gently, while Edouard began to frown.

"And will shortly belong to monsieur, I suppose?" continued the other, bitterly.

"Monsieur, this cross-questioning is beyond the bounds of ordinary curiosity. If monsieur has anything to say to me, my name is the General Count de Belfort," said Edouard, impatiently, for the first time betraying a secret which the fate of the Empire made him rather anxious to conceal.

"Sir," said the other, unable to restrain his emotion, and even vainly checking a tear, "I seem, no doubt, to you very impertinent. If you have any satisfaction to ask of me, my name is the General Count de Morlaix."

"Ah monsieur!" cried all; while Edouard added, "It is not the son of Gaetan Bonas would wish to offend Monsieur le Comte."

"Can I believe my ears?" cried the other, completely bewildered; "the more I hear, the more I lose my senses. Little Edouard Bonas is the distinguished general, Count de Belfort, whose conduct at Quatre Bras was the talk of all Europe?"

"Monsieur le Comte, my name is Edouard Bonas; my title was never known to my friends: I had intended to have kept it a secret, but my impatience betrayed me."

"Your hand, my friend," said the count, mourn-

fully; but having left France in 1790, all I see astounds me."

"If Monsieur le Comte will do us the honor to come down to the chateau——"

"No, my friend. I shall return to Russia to my pupils. My title, my castle, my estates, have become the property of a stranger."

"Alfred de Morlaix, they are your own," said a deeply-moved voice behind.

"Madame Froment!" said Edouard.

"Madame Froment," exclaimed the count, turning pale as death.

"Estelle, Countess de Morlaix, and the Viscountess Louise, your daughter. But why have you been twenty years away," said the ex-madame Froment, mournfully.

"General, support me!" replied the poor count, tottering and trembling. "What is the meaning of all this?"

"My dear Edouard, go forward and bid the servants be ready to receive their master; we will follow slowly."

Estelle then took her husband's arm and walked slowly down the hill towards the château. In 1789 Alfred, Count de Morlaix, had contracted a secret but well-attested and regular marriage with Estelle Davaud, the daughter of a rich *receveur-général*, who was, however, a commoner. In 1792 was born a daughter, Louise; and in the same year Alfred whose life was forfeited, emigrated. On parting with his wife, it was agreed that she should follow him as soon as possible. Correspondence was difficult and dangerous; but it was agreed that a laurel-leaf—plucked by Estelle's hand and given to her husband—was to be the signal for her going to England. The laurel-leaf never came; and some years after, the *receveur-général* and great army-contractor dying, Estelle inherited a large fortune. With this she went down to her husband's commune, repurchased his property, and improved it, in the hope that he would one day come and claim it. Until, however, he owned her before the world as his wife, she determined to pass for a commoner's widow, and had, with all save the priest, kept her secret. When taking his leave of her, her husband had said, "My Estelle, if I die, let my daughter marry a soldier and a gentleman." To this also she determined to adhere.

"And the laurel-leaf?" whispered Estelle as they went.

"My dear wife, I am ashamed to say it is here next my heart. I never sent it. Certain of my proud relatives, who were ashamed of what they called my *mésalliance*, brought me word that you were dead. I too readily believed them. I placed the laurel-leaf next my heart, and remained faithful to your memory. Providence has rewarded me for it."

"You are not then ashamed of your *mésalliance?*" said Estelle, anxiously.

"Estelle, candidly, at my age one has prejudices very difficult to overcome, especially after twenty-three years of poverty and exile; but when I witness your devotion, your generosity,—when I gaze around me and admire your noble heart,—when I think,"—and the count wept tears of joy as he spoke—"that you have preserved unto me the inheritance of my forefathers, I think the *mésalliance* is on your side, for you have been the nobler of the two. Yes, my Estelle, here is my answer: I consent to the marriage of my child, the Viscountess de Morlaix, with the miller's son."

"Alfred!" cried Estelle, radiant with joy, "I am fully rewarded. My affection for you, which has never swerved, is greater than ever, and we shall have many happy days yet; and be assured the happiest hours will be those caused by the happiness of our children."

The count pressed her hand and was silent.

The astonishment of the villagers we could not attempt to paint, but their joy was even greater than their surprise. They were—so is human nature—doubly proud of the kindness shown them by Madame Froment when they found she was the Countess de Morlaix. There were, it is true, old people who murmured at the marriage of the son of the miller with the viscountess; but then they had, since the revolution, seen so many strange things, that they even got used to the introduction into the coat-of-arms of the Morlaix of a Laurel-leaf.

LINES AMONG THE LEAVES.

Have ye heard the West Wind singing,
Where the summer trees are springing?
Have ye counted o'er the many tunes it knows?
For the wide-winged Spirit rangeth,
And its ballad metre changeth
As it goes.

A plaintive wail it maketh,
When the willow's tress it shaketh,
Like new-born infant sighing in its sleep;
And the branches, low and slender,
Bend to list the strain so tender,
Till they weep.

Another tale 'tis telling,
Where the clustered elm is swelling
With dancing joy, that seems to laugh outright
And the leaves, all bright and clapping,
Sound like human fingers snapping
With delight.

The fitful key-note shifteth
Where the heavy oak uplifteth
A diadem of acorns broad and high;
And it chants with muffled roaring,
Like an eagle's wings in soaring
To the sky.

Now the breeze is freshly wending,
Where the gloomy yew is bending,
To shade green graves and canopy the owl;
And it sends a mournful whistle,
That remindeth of the missal
And the cowl.

Another lay it giveth
Where the spiral poplar liveth,
Above the cresses, lily, flag, and rush;
And it sings with hissing treble,
Like the foam upon the pebble,
In its gush.

A varied theme it utters,
Where the glossy date-leaf flutters,
A loud and lightsome chant it yieldeth there;
And the quiet, listening dreamer
May believe that many a streamer
Flaps the air.

It is sad and dreary hearing
Where the giant pine is rearing
A lonely head, like hearse-plume waved about;
And it lurketh melancholy,
Where the thick and sombre holly
Bristles out.

It murmurs soft and mellow
'Mid the light laburnum's yellow
As lover's ditty chimed by rippling plash,
And deeper is its tiding,
As it hurries, swiftly gliding,
Through the ash.

A roundelay of pleasure
Does it keep in merry measure,
While rustling in the rich leaves of the beech,
As though a band of fairies
Were engaged in Mab's vagaries,
Out of reach.

Oh! a bard of many breathings
Is the Wind in sylvan wreathings,
O'er mountain tops and through the woodland groves,
Now fifing and now drumming—
Now howling and now humming,
As it roves.

Oh! are not human bosoms
Like these things of leaves and blossoms,
Where hallowed whispers come to cheer and rouse?
Is there no mystic stirring
In our hearts, like sweet wind whirring
In the boughs?

Though that wind a strange tone waketh
In every home it maketh,
And the maple-tree responds not as the larch,
Yet Harmony is playing
Round all the green arms swaying
'Neath Heaven's arch.

Oh! what can be the teaching
Of these forest voices preaching?
'Tis that a brother's creed, though not as mine,
May blend about God's altar,
And help to fill the psalter
That's divine.

Contradiction should awaken our attention, not our passion.

Gnats that sport in the light generally perish in the flame.

Refuse not to be informed; good counsel breaks no man's head.

Do nothing without foresight; a little wariness prevents much weariness.

The life of conversation consists more in finding wit for others, than in showing a great deal yourself.

NAMES AND FORTUNES.

That there *is* a connection between the name and the fortune no author will doubt—and certainly no publisher; since a captivating title is admitted by all to go a great way in launching a new book into profitable sale. The inventors of new shirts, razors, patent medicines, and many other things in this struggling, striving, competing world, know well enough what's in a name; and they show that they do so by the long Greek compounds they adopt to signalize their commodities withal before the eyes of the multitude. And what husband does not prefer addressing the partner of his heart by some such gently-breathing appellative as "Emily, my love," to "Grizzle, my dear?" But our hint at present is to speak of the names of ships, which would seem in many cases actually to prophesy their fate. We were once conversing with a military friend, now a general officer, who was giving us an account of Sir James Saumarez's failure in the Bay of Algesiras at the time our informant was at Gibraltar. The *Hannibal*, seventy-four, he told us, got on shore among the rocks undes the batteries, and was obliged to surrender to the enemy; while the description he gave of her captain, who was ill with a fit of gout, sitting on his chair upon the quarter-deck with his feet laid up, and storming at his crew in the midst of the deadly shower of shot that fell on all sides, was exceedingly graphic, and great were the narrator's lamentations at the disaster.

"How could it be otherwise?" said we, coolly.

"Why? What do you mean?"

"Who could expect any other fate for a vessel with the ill-omened name of *Hannibal?*" was our reply. Our friend was convinced at once.

When Lord Nelson hoisted his flag on board the *Victory*, there was not a man in the fleet who did not feel his heart twice as strong for battle—nay, that defeat was impossible under such auspices, for sailors are proverbially superstitious.

What was the ship in all the British navy which was destined to receive the surrender of that prodigy that had been breathing out the flames of war, and vomiting fire from the throats of his artillery throughout Europe for twenty years? Napoleon Bonaparte surrendered to the *Bellerophon*, the name of the hero so renowned in fabulous story, because at his feet the fire-breathing monster Chimæra surrendered its powers—its flame-vomiting propensities from that time becoming extinct.

You remember that at the battle of the Nile the *Culloden* was the only ship that had no share in the triumph, as she got aground before the action, and did not get off till it was over. We cannot but associate this in our minds with Lucian's line describing civil wars—"Bella geri placuit *nullos habitura triumphos*," for triumphs were never allowed at Rome to victories obtained in civil commotions. Now, though the battle of Culloden was a great benefit to the kingdom, inasmuch as it put an end to civil strife and set the nation at rest, yet the blood which drenched that plain was the blood of Britain's own sons, and should be wept over as a necessary severity, not regarded as a name to be decked with the laurels of triumph, and as such used to give its prestige to a ship of war.

The first English man-of-war was named the *Great Harry*, the second the *Lion;* and we may here observe, that the latter vessel was a capture from the brave Scotsman, Andrew Barton. Both these vessels were as fortunate as their names might seem to imply; the *Lion*—the significant emblem both of England and Scotland—shared in the glory of defeating the Spanish Armada; the *Great Harry* was as renowned as our present gracious sovereign for being attended by fair weather; and it might be considered a good omen for the British Navy, that no ill-fortune ever chanced to the first royal ships upon record. But the destiny of ships and monarchs was to experience a serious change in the next century. The unhappy Charles I., before the breaking out of the civil wars, built a noble vessel, and called her *The Sovereign of the Seas.* She was, we learn, 233 feet long, 48 feet in her main breadth, in height 76 feet. She bore five lanterns, the largest of which was capable of holding ten persons upright! She had eleven anchors, and was of 1639 tons burden. Her sides were curiously carved and painted in black and gold; upon the stern stood a figure of Cupid bridling a lion; upon the bulk-head, forward, were a group of statues representing the Virtues. This sea "sovereign" shared a fate bearing an ominous similarity to that of her royal master; always victorious against foreign foes, she was burned by an incendiary while in dock.

The *Royal James*, named after James, Duke of York—afterwards the deposed James II.—was blown up in the great sea-victory over the Dutch, May 28, 1672, in Southwold Bay, on the coast of Sussex. In her perished the great Earl of Sandwich, "who preferred devoting himself to death rather than set the example of deserting his ship." We can scarcely avoid being struck by the strange coincidence between the fate of this ship and his from whom she took her name, and also between that of her gallant admiral and those who suffered and perished for the sake of the living "Royal James"—beginnining at Killiecrankie and ending at Culloden. And whilst we are speaking of ships named—as they so commonly are, and have been—after individuals (royal or loyal), we must not omit the bark *Raleigh*, fitted out and called after his family name by the great Sir Walter, and intended to assist his half-brother Sir Humphrey Gilbert in his North American researches. This vessel sailed with Sir Humphrey, and, we are told in the sad record of his fate, "appeared to predict the fatal termination of the expedition by returning in less than a week to Plymouth, through a contagious distemper which seized on the ship's crew." She was lost on a similar expedition to the one which hastened Sir Walter's most unmerited doom.

Under better auspices, "glorious old Benbow" embarked in the *Benbow* frigate, his own vessel, in 1686, and in her laid the foundation of his future fortunes by one of the strangest deeds on record in the chronicle of the seas. We cannot refrain from repeating it, though, except inasmuch as the ship was a "lucky" one, it is not strictly to the point of our subject. The gallant little frigate was attacked in her passage to Cadiz by a Salee rover of double her size, and made a brave defence. The Moors boarded her, but were quickly beaten back with the loss of thirteen men, whose heads Captain Bembow ordered to be cut off and thrown into a tub of pork pickle. When he arrived at Cadiz he landed, accompanied by his negro servant, who carried the Moors' heads in a sack. He was stopped by the officers of the revenue, who desired to know its contents. Benbow answered, "Salt provisions for his own use." They insisted on seeing them; and on being refused, compelled Benbow and his man to go with them before the magistrates, who were then sitting not far off. The Spanish podesta treated the Englishman with great civility, told him he was sorry to be obliged to make a point of such a trifle, but that the sack could not be permitted to leave the custom-house without having been inspected. "I told you," said Benbow sternly, "they were salt provisions for my own use. Cæsar, throw them down upon the table; and gentlemen, if you like them, they are at your service.

The Spaniards were surprised and startled as the ghastly trophies rolled before them, and eagerly asked their history. We may suppose the recital was made willingly, as one can divine no other motive for Captain Benbow's whim than that of making the action public, unless, indeed, the whole affair was a mere seaman's frolic. Its consequences were momentous, however, to him. The magistrates sent an account of the whole matter to the court of Madrid, and Charles II., then King of Spain, desired to see the whimsical "sea-captain." Benbow went to court, was received graciously, and dismissed with a handsome present. Charles of Spain also wrote in his behalf to King James II., who, on his return, took him into his own service; and thus he exchanged the lucky little *Benbow* for a ship in the royal navy of England.

The *Princess Charlotte* was named after the beloved and ill-fated heiress of England; and King Leopold and his late majesty—then Duke of Clarence—had signified their intention of being present at her launch. Great preparations were made for the reception of the royal guests, and immense numbers of people had assembled in the dockyard. The day was bright, clear and promising. Suddenly, and without any known cause, the sea rose rapidly with a heavy swell, forced open the dock gates, swept away the unfortunate men still engaged about the ship, and bore the *Princess Charlotte* upon the heaving waters, self-launched, amid a cry of horror which those present at the fatal moment never forgot; the bridge above the dock had broken, and the thronging multitudes upon it were precipitated into the dock itself, lately occupied by the ship; and dashed against the stocks and floating timber, or swallowed by the swelling tide. I have been told by those present at the scene, that a more fearful spectacle was never witnessed, the awful catastrophe being the more remarkable from the calm loveliness of the day. Old mariners shook their heads at this strange, unhappy coincidence of death and dismay—whilst all was so fair and promising above and in the deep—with the sudden loss of *her* who had perished in the sunshine of prosperity and love. We remember ourselves years afterwards, that it was a matter of the greatest possible difficulty to get men for the unlucky ship so named.

In the month of March, 1777, Quebec was besieged by an American army. The Gulf of St. Lawrence was filled with ice, the river apparently impassable, "when," we read, "one morning the besiegers were surprised by the sudden and most unexpected appearance of an English ship, which brought relief to the garrison; and by the supplies she afforded, and the hopes of succour her appearance inspired, was in a great measure the cause of the raising of the siege." Her name was the *Surprise*, Captain Lindyce.

The *Boyne*, bearing, like the *Culloden*, a name rife with the memory of civil strife, was, like her, unfortunate—she was burned at Spithead.

Sir Cloudesley Shovel's last ship was called the *Association;* and associated as we learn it was in men's mind with a curse pronounced on it at its departure from England, the name becomes singularly ominous. The incident to which we allude is very little known; indeed we heard it only as an oral tradition from the widow of a captain in the navy, whose family were acquainted with some of the actors in the tragedy. In those days naval discipline was severe, even to cruelty, and offences seldom failed of being punished according to the strict letter of the law contained in the Articles of War, be the extenuating circumstances whatever they might. One of the warrant-officers of the *Association*—the gunner, I think—was married to a young and lovely woman who was in delicate health. A few days previous to the ship's leaving port, a message was brought him from the shore, to the effect that she was dying, and that she wished him to come and receive her last farewell. He hastened to ask leave to go on shore, without which of course he dared not comply with her request. He was refused! Some desertions had taken place amongst the men, and the admiral had given strict orders that no leave should be granted. The feelings of the miserable husband as he left the quarter-deck may be imagined. Night was closing in; it was certain that the being dearest to him of all in the world would not behold the next sunrise. He was distracted at the thought, and trusting to the increasing gloom for concealment, resolved, in desperate defiance of orders, to endeavour to swim on shore. Watching the opportunity, accordingly, he leaped from the bowsprit, and succeeded in gaining the boat that had brought him the message, and which had not long pushed off from the ship. He reached the shore, gained his home, and received the dying woman's last sigh; but she lingered in life till the day-dawning, and he could not and would not leave her. It was consequently long after sunrise when the unhappy man returned to his ship. He was aware that he came to meet his death, but his seaman's honour forbade the thought of seeking safety in flight. Nor was he mistaken. He was tried by a court-martial—a privilege accorded to the inferior officers—and condemned to death for disobedience of orders. There was no mercy—no reprieve given! They hung him at the *Association's* yard-arm in the face of the sun, and in view of hundreds of spectators who lined the shore; some of whom, greatly excited, it is said, kneeled on the beach. and invoked a curse on the merciless ship. When brought up for execution, the condemned man requested the chaplain who was in attendance to read aloud to him the 109th Psalm. Under the circumstances there was an awful significance in such verses as these: "He persecuted the poor helpless man, that he might slay him that was vexed at heart;" and in the solemn curse prophesied against the cruel: "Let his days be few, and let another take his office."

A solemn and fearful association was there between these words read aloud to the dying and the fate of the stern ship so called. She perished with all on board on the rocks of Scilly, on the night of October 22, 1707. The admiral, it has since been ascertained, was saved from the fury of the sea only to die by the hand of a woman—being murdered in his sleep; and the *Association's* name even has not been renewed—as is generally the case—in any new vessel in the royal navy.

The *Excellent*, like the *Victory*, was happy in the *prestige* of a lucky name. She was the first ship engaged in the battle of Cape St. Vincent, February 14, 1797. Nelson is said to have remarked as she hove in sight: "Here comes the *Excellent*, she is as good as two added to our number." The *Culloden* being crippled and astern, the *Excellent* ranged up within two feet of the *San Nicolas*, giving a most tremendous fire; she fought and took also the *San Isidro*, and engaged the *Santissima Trinidad.* At the present moment this laurel-crowned vessel is in Portsmouth Harbour, employed as the gunnery-ship, on board which the seamen and their officers also are trained for the noble service of the seas. May her name still be ominous of good to our country! The care bestowed on board her, on the moral and intellectual training of the men, is surely as excellent as her past deeds of warlike renown.

The *Dreadnought*, a lucky and famous ship, has also a noble destiny in her age, being used as a seaman's hospital at Greenwich. It is a cheerful name to meet the ear of an invalid.

And now, setting aside the notion that the name of a vessel at all influences its destiny, for many lucky names have perished in the waters—as, *par example*, the *Royal George*, &c.—we cannot refrain from wishing that all newly-built ships may be permitted to bear appellations of such good omen, that if a curious coincidence be again found between their names and their destinies, it may be such as would give pleasure to us to remember. Sailors are, and, in spite of the schoolmaster afloat, probably ever will be, superstitious. Their life is spent on a wild and poetical element, that rouses and stimulates the imagination; and present peril and uncertainty are apt to make us all cling to the faith of the infant world in presages and omens. It would surely be wise to turn this inherent unreasonableness to good account, by inspiring confidence in their vessel through a gallant or successful name.

The endeavour to overcome superstition in another manner has proved very unsuccessful, as doubtless our readers are aware. We allude to the attempt to prove that Friday was not the unlucky day poor Jack always believed it to be. A ship was built with such an intention some years ago; she was named the *Friday*, was launched on a Friday, sailed on a Friday—which no ship ever does—and was never heard of afterwards! With this curious coincidence, we conclude our gossip about ships' names—*Chambers's Journal.*

EMIGRATION TO IRELAND.

Soon after the abolition of the corn-laws, a good deal of attention was drawn to Ireland as a promising field for emigration. Famine had pitilessly dispossessed vast numbers of the population, and land, we were assured, was to be bought at as low a price as in New Zealand. The opportunity seemed a good one for small capitalists, notwithstanding that hints were now and then dropped as to the insecurity of life and property in the sister isle. Being myself one of this numerous class, I thought I would go over and see with my own eyes whether the prospects were as inviting as we had been led to imagine; so when my summer holiday came, I shouldered my knapsack, put on my wide-awake and stout walking-boots, railed it down to Liverpool, steamed over to Kingstown, and at five o'clock on a sunshiny morning first set foot in Ireland.

Much reading on this subject had, I fancied, fully prepared me for all that might come before me; but I was completely taken by surprise. Devoting the first three or four days to a sight of the picturesque beauties of county Wicklow, I rambled from the Dargle to Luggelaw, the Seven Churches, the Devil's Glen, and other famous scenes, choosing highway or byway, as best suited my inclination. But what a contrast between nature's handiwork and man's! To see such splendid villages within twenty miles of the capital was more than I was prepared for; and the wretched groups of buildings and ill-fenced enclosures, which it seemed a mockery to call farms; and the more wretched implements—harrows without teeth, carts with two old wheels, and those ungreased; and the most wretched population, ragged, dirty, indolent; and the swarms of beggars, looking more dead than alive, no speculation in their eyes, no hope, no vigour; their clothing a screen of tatters, compared with which the *kaross* of the Hottentot, is a regal robe: never could I have pictured to myself such a state of humanity. A five years' residence in America had, I thought, familiarised me with miserable aspects in occasional glimpses of backwoods' farms and settlements; but they are smiling and lovely in comparison with what one sees in Ireland. Abjectness everywhere prevails. On the highroad, within a few miles of Kingstown, I saw two little barefooted boys staggering along, carrying a bundle by a stick on their shoulders, and a few ragged people straggling by their side. The bundle contained a child's corpse, and the party formed a funeral!

Could it be worse than this, I said to myself, in Connemara? The question would perhaps be answered in a few days. Leaving Dublin, I travelled to Parsonstown for a peep at Lord Rosse's monster-telescope, and on to Athlone, where I caught the mail for Galway. I thus obtained a view of the country from east to west. The sight of Roscrea, where we stopped to change horses, struck me dumb for a time, till the exclamation burst from me: "What a miserable town!" You marvel how all the idle people live, of whom so many stand listlessly about, as though life had no purpose, or starvation no horrors. Cloghan was, if possible, more miserable, and Athlone itself not particularly inviting. It seemed preposterous to remember, that one reads of spirited contests in such places for the election of members of parliament. In the outskirts of Loughrea, a whole street of doorless, windowless, and roofless cottages offered a melancholy specimen of eviction on a large scale. The ride on the whole, was far more pleasing, for great part of the interior of Ireland is unmitigatedly ugly; the pretty country lies among the hills, which rise all around the coast, and form, as it were, a rim to an inner region, which, though undulating in places, is so generally level, that the Shannon, except at one or two parts of its course, scarcely knows which way to flow. To walk over such a country would be weariness indeed! One feature was, however, too striking to be overlooked; it was, that cultivation, even on the rude holdings of the peasantry, appeared to yield an ample return in the form of luxuriant crops.

I took a diligent survey of Galway; it is a task which repays a thoughtful observer. The hotel struck me as characteristic: dirt and disorder, doors that would not stay shut, windows that would not open, bells that would not ring, and a huge, gaudy ball-room. The frequenters of the house must have an extraordinary capacity for drinking, for it seemed scarcely possible to get even a teacup that held less than a quart. In pursuance of my practice of conversing with anybody and everybody, I had a talk with Mr. Croker, the bookseller, touching the demand for literature. He told me that he had come to town nine years before, from having read in Inglis's work that 20,000 people were existing in Galway without a bookseller. For the first two years, it was very uphill-work, as he had to create a taste for reading; but now he has a good trade, and a large shop with a well-selected stock of books; so we hope that the capital of the west has left the dark ages behind for ever. The new college ought to do something for it.

Here my work began in earnest: I walked from Galway to Oughterard, the broad expanse of Lough Corrib, on my right, enlivening what, without it, would have been a dreary landscape. Arabia Petræa cannot surely be more stony! at all events, it cannot show that constant succession of ruined cabins and cottages, and abandoned farms, that meet the eye on both sides of the road along which I journeyed. Many had been rendered tenantless by the famine, and more by eviction. No curling smoke rose through the air, no sound of cheerful voices came to the ear, no sheep browsed on the hills. It was as though a conqueror had passed over the country, leaving nothing but death and desolation behind.

At Oughterard, I had some hours' conversation with Mr. Robinson, the manager of the great Martin estate of 200,000 acres, now in the hands of the Law Life-Assurance Company, who have a claim on it to the amount of £190,000. He was very communicative, and informed me, that when he first took the management, no books had been kept for five years; he evicted every tenant, and relet the holdings, taking care to open an account with each individual. Thirty acres of arable land, with three or four of bog, and a few square miles of mountain as sheep-runs, let for £5 a year, with an addition, at that time, of 5s. in the pound poor-rates. Notwithstanding the severity of his measures, he visits even the most lonely parts of the

estate without apprehension of danger. "The people know," he said, "that I am willing to help them that help themselves. Look here," he added, taking a handful of keys from his pocket, "I ejected twenty families this morning from a town-land of 200 acres, all well cropped. They made a great outcry, but I turned them out, and locked the doors; and you may take my word for it, that in a day or two they will come to me and pay the year's rent and costs of the ejectment. I am used to that sort of thing. They never wou d pay if you didn't make them." It was clear that a favorable opinion of the natives was not to be expected from Mr. Robinson; long experience, he added, had convinced him, that one English laborer at 2s. 6d. a day would do more wo k, and better, than four Irish laborers at 8d.; and even then, the four would need a fifth to oversee and keep them to their task. But with all their indolence, they exhibit a degree of tact and shrewdness rarely shewn by the English peasant, and they are quick to discover and play upon the weak points of their employer, fooling him at times to the top of his bent.

Oughterard presented an unusual scene of bustle, as the quarter-sessions were being held, and several cases highly interesting to the neighborhood were to be tried; one, especially, in which the collector of poor-rates was implicated. Were I to narrate all that I heard of this man's tyranny and illegal exaction, it would not be believed; and had not the evidence been too universal and conclusive to admit of doubt, I should have deemed it incredible that such deeds could be committed within a thirty hours' journel of Westminster Hall. The whole case was but a confirmation of a fact which it is impossible to be blind to in Ireland—that whatever may be said about government error or malice, the Irish are their own most fatal enemies.

The route from Oughterard traverses the Martin estate, and the wild and picturesque scenery of Connemara. Apart from striking combinations of landscape, the prospect is dreary, and an oppressive sense of desolation comes over the mind on witnessing the signs of neglect and abandonment, the want of life, for sheep or cattle are rarely seen on the hills. The absence of live-stock is accounted for in two ways; one, that the country has not yet recovered from the effects of the famine; the other, that those who possess animals fear to turn them out, because of the depredations of the "havockers," as the subordinates of the poor-rate collectors are named. It is no uncommon practice for these officials to seize the sheep from farms on which they have no claim, for the rates of others that are indebted. There was, however, something that relieved the dreary aspect: the patches of cultivation, though few and capable of improvement, were such as to indicate a fertile soil—one that would make a generous return for the labor bestowed on it. Even the little plots, around the miserable cabins, were thrown away. I noted these things narrowly, for it was from them that I was to form my opinion as to the expediency of seeking a new home in Ireland. The weather, too, was another consideration; and in this respect, the prospect was not inviting; it seemed to me that the sudden and frequent appearance of raw, cold mists, accompanied by violent wind, would prove extremely unfavorable to agriculture.

The landlord of the hotel at Clifden abundantly confirmed all that I had heard concerning the oppression and extortion of the collectors; and as he was deputy-chairman of the Union, his testimony may be received as official. On the other hand, he believes the people around to be essentially honest, though the famine has to some extent shaken their principles; as a proof, he mentioned that the back-door of his house was never locked or bolted at night. And it is well known that the humbler classes of Irish, especially the women, are free from the vices which characterise similar classes in England. As for myself, though companionless, I felt no apprehensions either in the solitudes of Connemara or the wilds of Mayo.

On toiling up the steep hill at the extremity of Letterfrack Bay, I saw a garden with paths suitably traced and well kept. A few yards further, stood a neat built house and shop, where a little of everything might be bought, including *Cadbury Brothers'* chocolate, as indicated by the label in the window. The occupant was a worthy member of the Society of Friends, whose uncle, Mr. Ellis, lives on the opposite side of the road, in a house which he built for himself, in a pleasant spot, commanding an extensive prospect. Four or five years ago, the place was all wild mountain, now, considerable portions of it are dug and drained, and levelled as far as the formation of the surface will permit; while immediately in front of the house, a smooth green lawn and shrubberies add a charm to the residence, in striking contrast with the savageness around. Mr. Ellis was a manufacturer at Bradford, in Yorkshire; but benevolent views, and a desire to try the effect of a moist climate on an asthmatic member of his family, led him to remove to Connemara. His estate comprises 1000 acres, which he holds at 2s. per acre on a perpetual lease; and he employs about 100 laborers, of all ages, at from 4d. or 6d. a day, to 4s. 6d. a week. The working hours are from six to six, with an hour's intermission at nine for breakfast, and half an hour for dinner, at two. His chief produce is root crops—turnips, mangel-wurzel, and potatoes; the first in prodigious quanties The climate is unfavorable for grain; it is almost impossible to grow wheat, and such crops as are raised do not ripen till October —six weeks later than in England. The appearance of the estate is an encouraging proof of what can be done by spade-labor; the improvements, however, though great, have not as yet proved remunerative; a sufficient reason why a man with small capital would not succeed. This being the case with a place well situated for obtaining sea-wrack and sand at little cost, it affords a datum on which to form an opinion of land situated at a distance from the coast. Whatever may be the result to the benevolent Quaker, it cannot fail to benefit the people of the neighborhood. "We must have starved to death," said one of the laborers to me, "if God hadn't sent Mr. Ellis to keep us alive." The benefactor considers the mind, too, as well as the body, for he has built a school, in which some sixty or seventy boys and gir s are taught by an English master and mistress, and in which Catholics and Protestants mingle together, as doctrinal matters are not included in

the course of instruction. It was a heart-cheering spectacle; but when I remembered at what a great outlay it had been produced, I felt less hopeful of accomplishing anything satisfactory with narrow means.

The hotel at Kylemore is kept by the Rev. Mr. Duncan: he told me that, six years prior to the time of my visit, the place where his house stands, and all the reclaimed land behind it, was in a state of nature: its altered appearance shewed what might be expected from cultivation.

I entered Kylemore with a blue sky and bright sun; but before I left it, the weather changed; dense clouds came over, accompanied by thick mist, which changed to furious rain. And the wind blew as it can blow only in the west of Ireland, or the Scilly Isles. Now I understood why trees were so few, and why those few were bent almost double, their scanty heads stretching as far as possible away from the fierce north-west blasts; and now I had no difficulty in believing that the sea-spray is drifted twenty miles inland, where it may be tasted on the windows facing the wind. And then, when I was kept prisoner a whole day by unmitigated rain, in what is called the hotel at Leenane, I felt more and more doubtful about buying land in Ireland.

Impatient to escape, I left Leenane early the next morning for Westport, intending to breakfast on the road; but I had overestimated the capabilities of the region. About half-way stood what had been described to me as an "illigant hotel:" it was a miserable cabin, without a chimney, and with Pat Hoban, *lisensed to sell Spirits, and Intertainment*, rudely scrawled on a board over the door. I looked in: dirt was everywhere; a pig lay on the hearth; two children lay on the pig; while a cock, two hens, and a duck, stood looking very unhappy in the middle of the floor. Travellers must not be overfastidious, and I thought bread and milk might be ventured on: but there was none but oat-bread; and as I cannot eat that. even when hungry, I had to go on without breakfast; and after walking seventeen Irish miles, (twenty-one English,) I reached Westport with a keen appetite. A laborer on the way kept me some time in conversation, and was very pressing in his entreaties to have his name set down in my book as a candidate for employment on my farm—if I should buy one. "Sure, yer honor," he said, "it's yerself, and the likes of ye, that we are wanting here. Och! if the English would but come over and buy the land, 'tis they'd make work plenty, and give fair wages." I had heard the same from laborers in Wicklow, and every county through which I had passed; and the experiences of others prove the sentiment to be genuine.

The hotel at Westport is one of the best, if not the best in Ireland; and here I fell among a number of tourists and travellers, many of whom had come over with objects similar to my own. There was naturally a general exchange of notes, and as it happened, with very little disagreement in the results. "Have you read the Saxon?" was every one's inquiry, thereby meaning *The Saxon in Ireland*—an interesting volume, which was a good deal talked about for some time after its publication. Those who had read it were in the majority; and it was amusing to hear the comments that fell from one and another on the highly-wrought descriptions in the book as compared with the reality; and some of us doubtless felt much as George Robins's innocents did, who were lured by his glowing imagery some twenty miles from town, to "view" one of the paradises which it was often the good-fortune of the matchless auctioneer to be "instructed" to sell. I had been much impressed, when reading the work, with the author's interesting account of his first settlement and house-building at Ballycroy, particularly with the imitation and restoration of a room from the dear old house left behind in England; and I asked one of the party who had been to the spot, whether he saw the house, and what it looked like. Much to our astonishment, he replied that this rather touching story was a pure fiction: there was not only no house, but no land —that is, belonging to the *Saxon;* for he had sold it all, and seemed to have no other occupation than to journey frequently between Mayo and London, and sell Irish estates. We came, therefore, to the conclusion, that the *Saxon in Ireland* was a remarkably clever advertisement, and that Mr. Ashworth, the author, had made out his case with considerable ingennity.

At Westport, a goose can be bought for 1s. or 1s. 6d.; turbots, from 2s. 6d. to 5s.; trout and salmon, from 4d. to 6d. per pound; and land, for miles round the neighbourhood, may be had for from 10s. to 20s. the acre. It would thus seem easy to settle down, and live at small expense.—But the cost of reclamation would have to be taken into the account—to say nothing of the isolation, of the distance from markets, and the labour to be expended in obtaining supplies.

These facts were more and more impressed on me as I pursued my journey through Newport to Achill. In going along, I caught a distant view of the place where the *Saxon's* house ought to have stood, but there was not the slightest sign of a building of any description, which so far confirmed what I had heard at Westport. The roads here, as everywhere in Ireland, are excellent; the weather was as fine as could be desired; the scenery, a striking succession of mountains and undulating plains. Here was the very land of promise, and I considered it well; but when I saw the state of the crops, even where evident pains had been bestowed on the cultivation, and noticed the precautions taken to prevent edifices and produce being blown away by the winds, which for eleven months in the year sweep across the couutry with more or less violence, I felt that, to buy land in this part of Ireland, would be a waste of capital and labour for one who, though willing to work, did not wish for the prospect of harassing and wearisome labour with that of a future home. In some places, whole fields of potatoes and patches of grain were turned quite black by the fury of the wind, that had been blowing for the previous two days; and if it were so in July, what must it be in September or March? May, indeed, is the only month of the twelve not overdone with wind.

Before leaving Achill, I climbed to the top of Slievemore, and sat for a long time under shelter of a crag on the summit, contemplating the magnificent prospect. On one side rolled the broad Atlantic, stretching to the west; and before me

lay the whole island, backed by the wild regions of Mayo and Erris, forming a picture where green slopes and valleys were strangely mingled with dreary brown wastes of heath and bog, broken by swelling hills or rocky ridges. Blacksod Bay and the numerous inlets gleamed like silver in the sunlight, and the shadows of the clouds, as they floated past, looked like dense forest-patches amid the verdure. Scarcely a tree was, however, to be seen in all the landscape—a fact which ought to have weight with those in search of a home, as well as with admirers of the picturesque. The only sign of life was in the village—the Protestant colony—at the base of the mountain, and in the surge that broke solemnly on the smooth sandy beach. It was a beautiful, a glorious prospect; but I came down from the hill, determined not to seek an abiding-place in that part of Ireland.

I could add many particulars concerning my subsequent travel to Sligo, Londonderry, and round the Giant's Causeway to Belfast, but must hasten to a close. The result of my visit was favorable to emigration to this country, great in latent resources. The determination of large numbers of natives to quit Ireland for America, appears to leave vast tracts open for the settlement of enterprising men. Properly managed by new-comers, the "green isle" will become a profitable pasturing region for vast flocks and herds. Already there is an import of live-stock, wonderful in amount. On good information, I learned that as many as half a million of Scotch sheep are brought over every year, for the sake of breeding; and of course, in a few years hence, the tide will turn, and mutton and wool to an immense extent will be shipped to England. To all appearance, Ireland is destined to be a kind of Australia to Great Britain—a great pasturing country, with the advantage of being at the very doors. Fully alive to this fact, and stimulated by the present high prices of butcher-meat, considerable numbers of English and Scotch farmers have entered on leases of land, and brought skill and capital to bear on what was formerly under the poorest process of tillage. To persons of moderate means, it might be advantageous to lease or purchase land in one of the central counties, not far from a railway, and devote themselves to the business of supplying the English markets with eggs, poultry, and beef. No doubt, difficulties in this or any other kind of farming require te be encountered; but among these cannot now be reckoned the ill-will of the native population. The Irish are an industrious and well-disposed people *when properly treated*, and will readily give a fair day's work for a fair day's wage. Shame on those who, by maltreatment, have caused them to go in quest of subsistence beyond the Atlantic!

Whatever Ireland once was, and notwithstanding the squabbles which are still associated with its affairs, it is very certain that it is a rapidly improving country, and that principally by the sale of land under the Encumbered Estates Act. From the first operations of this act, in February 1850, to August 1852, more than 2000 petitions have been lodged for the sale of estates, and more than 2000 conveyances executed; 4062 lots had had been sold to 2455 purchasers, by which the former number of proprietors has become trebled, and 1,000,000 acres—about one-twentieth ef the island—has changed hands. The proceeds of the sales amounted to £7,000,000. The greatest quantity of land sold was situate in Galway; among the buyers were 106 English, 1 Scots, 1 American, and 1 Anglo-Indian from Calcutta. Of these, 59 were from London and its neighborhood, and 11 from Lancashire; 52 may be classed as gentry, 36 are manufacturers, and 20 farmers. It thus appears that professed agriculturists have not been the largest purchasers. Capital has been invested, with a view to a profitable return; and, at present, I know of no part of the British Islands where money can be more advantageously laid out in the acquisitson of heritable property.

MR. KILWINNING'S THIRD WEDDING-DAY.

"RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT!" went the knocker at No. 3, Gillyflower Place; and half-a-dozen faces from the opposite houses peeped over, and under, and between the blinds, to catch a glimpse of Mr. Kilwinning, who was to be married to-morrow for the third time.

"Quick!" said Ellen (at No. 3's *vis-à-vis*), "there's Mr. Kilwinning!"

"Where?" asked Kate, rushing over her little brother to the window.

"There—at his own door, beginning already to take off his coat."

"How very ridiculous!" exclaimed Kate; why does he do so?"

"He is rather eccentric; it's only a way he has," replied her sister. "A way to shew off his figure, his smart waistcoat, and his fine white linen all at once, to admiring eyes like ours!" "A pretty figure to shew off!" laughed Kate—"a little fat fubsy man, with——Oh, how provoking!" continued she, as the door closed on Mr. Kilwinning; "whither has he vanished?"

"Into the air doubtless."

"O, no," said Kate: there he is in the dining-room, pulling up the blind."

"O, do come away from the window!" implored Ellen, "lest he should see us; and mamma would be so angry at our rudeness."

The young ladies retired from the window to discuss the age, looks, and circumstances of the bridegroom whom they had just seen, together with the age looks, and circumstances of the bride whom they had never seen; and the conclusion arrived at was that he was a remarkably neat, good.humoured-looking, little man but Kate thought not at all desirable for a husband; and that the *fiancée* must be old and ugly, with a good deal of money—not at all interesting in a wife.

"Well," said Kate, who was the more severe of the two, "I don't envy Mrs. Kilwinning; I should like something a little more dashing and handsome for my husband!"

'And perhaps not be half so happy," sensibly remarked Ellen. "I assure you, notwithstanding Mr. Kilwinning's anti-romantic appearance, he can be very agreeable, and I have no doubt will make a good husband."

"Make a good husband!" tauntingly echoed Kate, who, just returned from visiting an aunt in a large commercial town, had conceived strange notions of tall young men with bushy dark whiskers—poor Mr. Kilwinning had none, "your ideas, Ellen, are always so commonplace. It really would be charitable to persuade aunt to send you an invitation for a short time, that you might see a little of the world; but then. who could keep Charlie and Bob in order, hear them their lessons, and mend their clothes, in your absence?—Not I, I'm sure."

"I have but little curiosity to see the world, as you call it, and am quite contented to remain where I am," replied Ellen, "so long as I am serviceable to my little brothers and not entirely a burden on poor mamma."

"Well, I suppose you like this sort of humdrum life, and aspire to the "useful" more than the "ornamental." Oh, give me the exciting gaieties of town-life—balls, plays, and concerts in rapid succession! You have no idea, Ellen, of the advantage of a brilliantly-lighted, crowded room, to a well-dressed woman; it shows her off amazingly; her face all smiles and amiability, the men think her an angel; and, nine times out of ten, requesting her hand for the next quadrille, is the prelude to soliciting it for life."

"Why, Kate," said Ellen, half amused, and yet a little alarmed, at her sister's enthusiastic manner, "your animated description would make one believe you were quite familiar with such scenes?"

"Alas no!" sighed Kate. "Aunt once contrived to send me with some friends to a fancy-ball, attired as a gipsy-girl; you may be sure 'my poverty and not my will consented' to so mean a costume. I saw then where happiness was to be found: the rich monopolise it, and there is no catching even a glimpse of it unless you possess that golden key, which is the open sesame to their exclusive reunions."

The discussion was interrupted by the announcement of "Mrs. and the Miss Jenkenses." Miss Jenetta, Miss Joanna, and Miss Jemima Jenkens, followed their mother into the room in a single file, like geese on a common, and with not a little of that bird's spiteful propensities. "How do you do, my loves?" asked Mrs. Jenkens in her accustomed dignified manner—"Mrs. Clacket is out, I suppose? Indeed I didn't expect to find any of you at home on so sweet a morning; you shouldn't mope so, this fine summer weather; I always insist on these children (the youngest was twenty-seven) taking the air once a day; it gives them a fine healthy appearance (they were of a lamp-post-like symmetry), and counteracts the effect of the late hours of the numerous gay parties they are forced into. You are to be at Mr. Kilwinning's wedding to-morrow?"

"We have not received any invitation," said Ellen, blushing from a consciousness of the slight, which she could not help feeling, and in which she knew the Jenkenses would triumph.

"Bless me how very extraordinary!" exclaimed Mrs. Jenkens, secretly exulting that the matured charms of her daughters would not have to compete with the sprightliness of Kate, though as for the backward, and retiring Ellen, she scarcely vouchsafed her a thought. "You quite amaze me! Poor things! I really feel for you. However, my daughters, Jenetta, Joanna, and Jemima, shall call and tell you all about it; so, my dears, you must just console yourself with the wedding at second-hand. Jemima has a great talent for imitation, which enables her most amusingly to take off all her acquaintances; so she will give you the airs and graces of the bride to the very life; and though this is a decided slight—I should almost say an insult—don't take it to heart, dears: I promise you, you shall be at a wedding when my girls are married—(a safe promise.) By the by, Miss Kate, have you heard the rank of the bride?"

"I have not heard," said Kate who from Mrs. Jenkens's volubility was allowed to say very little.

"Dear me, you know nothing!" observed Mrs. Jenkens, who prided herself on knowing everything. "Well, then, I can tell you; it is a young foreign countess—a sudden liking, quite a similar affair to the Emperor Napoleon's choice of the Countess of Theba. Of course you know, Miss Ellen, for you have been more at home than your sister, that Mr. Kilwinning is very eccentric?"

"I know nothing more of Mr. Kilwinning," said Ellen, "than to feel convinced that, whoever his bride may be, she will justify his choice."

"Oh, of course, of course; and that's very generous of you," impertinently observed Mrs. Jenkens, "considering you are not invited. Then Mr. Kilwinning, being so exceedingly rich, may do just as he pleases. It's quite an affectation his living in that small house opposite; but he does so many out-of-the-way things—for instance, his sending twenty-pounds to old lame Nelly, who had her cottage burned down last week; but you don't know that either, I suppose?"

"O yes, I *do* know that," provokingly replied Ellen. "Mr Kilwinning happened to ask me some questions about poor old Nelly on our way home from church last Sunday."

"Oh, indeed!" dryly remarked Mrs. Jenkens, with something of the feeling which an unexpected check at chess gives the hitherto attacking party. "I was not aware that Mr. Kilwinning was in the habit of conversing with you

as you came out of church! But good-bye, loves; and remember us to dear Mrs Clacket. Jenetta, Joanna, and Jemima, shall each save you a little bit of bride-cake; so keep up your spirits."

"Now confess," said Kate, when they were gone," isn't it mortifying, Ellen, that Mr Kilwinning should have omitted us in his invitations, thereby depriving you of one scene of gaiety at least that seemed within your reach?"

"N—no,!' replied Ellen half-reluctantly.

"As for me," continued Kate in an exulting yet mortified tone, "I am thankful that we shall be spared the infliction—the wedding-breakfast will be a tiresome thing, and of course, altogether, it will be a dreadfully dull affair. And for my own part, I'd much rather remain at home, but for the impertinence of that pompous patronising Mrs. Jenkens, with her prim, perpendicular daughters, looking for all the world, like half-animated thread-papers with the silk outside."

"Girls," said Mrs. Clacket, the mamma, bursting into the room out of breath, card-case in hand, just returned from a round of gossipping morning-calls—"girls, go and look out your lavender silks and white lace polkas directly. I trust they're not too shabby for the occasion," she continued, gasping and throwing herself into a chair; "I don't mind a few shillings for ribbons. Your patent-leather shoes of course will do, and your open work thread-stockings are the very thing.—Do you hear me, girls? Have you no regard for the feelings of a mother? Will you go and look out the lavender silks?"

"But what for, mamma?" asked both girls at once.

"It was all a mistake. Mr. Kilwinning says—I met him just now—that we were the *first* on the list of invitations; the card has been kept back through envy or mistake—the former, no doubt, I am quite convinced of that; and I am naturally anxious that my girls should look better than any body else. The Miss Potters of course, will, as usual, be enveloped in their everlasting white tarletanes, with their red heads protruding like the sun through a fog; I am not afraid of them, it is the Jenkenses I dread—those forward Jenkenses! I saw the three girls this morning come out of Brown's shop, followed by a boy with a parcel; I *think* the parcel looked *soft*, as if filled with nothing but tulle and ribbons—at least, I hope so—I trust there are no new dresses in the wind. If they wear their old blue-watered silks, we're safe.'

"But who is to be the bride, mamma?" inquired Kate.

"I can't tell; in fact, nobody knows. Mr. Kilwinning means to surprise us, that is quite evident. There are various surmises afloat; some say it is a poor orphan from Ireland, his native country; others fear it may be an actress, to whom he once anonymously sent a forget-me-not ring; and there are apprehensions of a low marriage with a pretty servant-girl of his mother's; but as we have not heard of any banns being published, or licence procured, we're all in the dark, anxiously waiting for to-morrow morning to enlighten us.'

"But, dear mamma," observed Kate, "you speak of Mr Kilwinning as if he were a bachelor, and yet he has been married twice.—What were his first wives like?"

"Well, my dear, I did once condescend to converse with his Irish servant, who seems as eccentric as himself; and he informed me, that the first Mrs. Kilwinning was forty when his master was a boy of eighteen; nevertheless, as she had a great deal of money, he married her, but she lived many years to punish him for his mercenary motives; then he married a governness, who was consumptive, and popped off very soon; he came here immediately on her decease—eighteen months ago come next August—and has certainly made himself excessively agreeable at all our balls and parties, but without a rumour of any intention to marry again, until the issue of invitations to his wedding-breakfast took us all by surprise; and, what is more surprising still, and, I think, proves that his bride must be a mere nobody, the wedding-breakfast is to be at his own house, and before the ceremony has taken place—however, he is very eccentric, and does all things differently from other people."

The lavender silks were now produced; Kate's had undergone severe service on the visit to her aunt, while Ellen's was almost as good as new; it was therefore suggested by Ellen, faintly opposed by Kate, and ultimately and gladly decided by the mamma, as Kate was the pet and the elder, and both the same style of figure, that there should be an exchange of dresses—"It didn't so much matter for Ellen," who gave up her bright-looking silk quite cheerfully; and really after her hemming up the frayed bottom of the skirt, and rubbing out a few stains with the last "New patent Reviver," Kate's old gown, like Dominie Sampson's second suit, seemed "renovated miraculously." The mamma—a smart widow of two years' standing, with much to do on very small means—was to be attired in her becoming second-mourning gray satin.

The house was in a perfect bustle ef preparation, Mrs. Clacket giving directions to everybody about everything; at last concluding the evening's lecture to her daughters in these words: "And now, girls, let me impress upon you the necessity of looking your best. Of all parties for young people, a wedding-party is the most important; it is so exceedingly catching, never passing off without a proposal to everybody. The elegant Mr. Henderson, who is evidently thinking of getting married, will bethere; andDr. Quackem of Crossbone Lodge, Cure-Ill Row, whose sickly wife, not-

withstanding all his skill and new mode of treatment, can't last much longer. What are you giggling at, Kate? Ellen, you needn't frown; a mother's anxiety justifies my looking forward to these casualties. The times are dreadful. All the men are going to Australia—and what prospect has a mother for her marriageable daughters? Therefore, my dear girls, let me beseech you to make the most of yourselves; and, Ellen, as your hair—like Samson's—is your strong point, put it in papers, braids being so universally worn, the singularity of ringlets will be attractive."

The girls promised to obey their mamma, and commenced all the mysteries of curling and crimping, to give the hair that full wavy appearance which was to make the tide flow in their favour, and overwhelm and extinguish the Potters and Jenkenses for ever.

Meanwhile, Mr. Kilwinning, the grand cause of this excitement, was lounging on the sofa, sipping his wine, and reading *Punch* in the cool of the evening—the last of his double widower-hood—when his servant Tim entered the room, and with many bows and scrapes commenced: "I humbly axes pardon, sir; but Biddy the cook has seduced me—as she says, it's necessary to the domestic arrangements of the establishment—to make so bould as to inquire whether the misthress 'ill slape at home to-morrow night?"

"What's that to you or Biddy the cook either, sir?

"Nothin' in life, sir; and I'm glad for the honor iv th' family, that you don't mane it.—May I make so bould agin, sir, as to inquire, without offince, if it's your intintion to make a continintal trip over the provinces in the expriss thrain?"

"At fault again, Tim; so I warn you to make no more impertinent inquiries."

"Long life to your honor—I've hit it at last! You'il do the thing gintaley, as all the Kil winnings did before you, and go off in the thrue methropolis Dublin style—in an illigant yelly po-shay-and-four?"

"I shall not satisfy your curiosity, Tim—so get out."

"Is it get out? Sure, I'm goin,' sir; I've only one more confidintial communication to make, sir—am I to meet her at the thrain, sir?"

"Meet whom, Tim?"

"The misthress, sir."

"What mistress, Tim?"

"That's what I'd like to know, sir?"

"You mean the future Mrs. Kilwinning, I suppose?"

"Divil another, sir!"

"I don't expect her by train, Tim."

"Then, as this is an in-land, how is she to come, sir?"

"Like Venus, rising from the sea; and so completing the journey in the first over-land balloon she meets with," said Mr. Kilwinning.

"What with the weather and the wind, it'll be a cowld journey, sir?"

"Depend upon it, Tim, Mrs. Kilwinning will send you about your business, if you're so bold."

"Sure, sir, I've always been tould that my bashfulness gits the better iv me. Didn't tho girls nickname me "Timorous Tim" through Dublin and the parts adjacent? But there's one thing throubles me, sir, and I'd like to state it."

"Well, out with it, Tim."

"We've seen none iv th' coortin', sir; and the devil a bit of a ladylike letter have you ever given me to dthrop into the post; and puttin' that and that together, Biddy the cook's consarned for you, sir, seein' that she's an Irish girl like myself, and has apprehinsions that you're strugglin' under a delusion.'

"What do you mean by a delusion, Tim?"

"It's this, sir; I wanst knew a gintlemin, a personal frind iv my own, who was rejuiced in his circumstances to drivin' a car round the Lakes iv Killarney; he was laborin' under the same desase as yourself, sir—that a lady was goin' to marry him; and when the weddin'-night came, his bride turned into a trout, and was fried for his supper."

"Well," said his master, laughing, "tell Biddy she'll have other fish to fry when Mrs. Kilwinning comes home. By the by, Tim"—

"Yes, sir."

"Has my new coat come home?"

"It has, sir."

"And when are the waiters to be here from Dawson's Hotel, to set out the breakfast?"

"At seven o'clock, sir; the quality's invited at nine, seein' that's an aisy hour, and won't put people about. Will you take a feevur to-morrow, sir?"

"I hope not, Tim; unless you call taking a wife a fever."

"By no manes, sir; it's a feevur to put at the breast. I've got all the feevurs in a box; and whiles the tay and coffey's poorin' out, I'll be pinnin' thim to the postilions and the horses' heads. You'll get to the church, sir, for I hope you won't be after tying the Hymenaal-knot in a hathenish fashion in the house—before eleven; and you and Mrs. Kilwinning, good luck to her! wherever she may come from—will be off by twelve, to kape the honeymoon in the yelly po-shay."

"Now, im, I've had quite enough of you, so get out."

"Goin' sir."

"Take care that everything looks well; make the most of the plate and china; do you hear?"

"No fears, sir; and my heart's glad that you're takin' an intherist in the looks of things. I axes pardon agin, sir," said Tom, his face full of anxiety, "but I'm unasy about your personal appearance, and I know that ladies is particular. Ever since the rheumatics, you

tak to wearin' thin red night-caps—wouldn't a white one be more becomin' sir?"

This was too much, and Tim was fairly turned out of the room.

The sun shone brightly on the morning of Mr. Kilwinning's third wedding-day. At half-past eight, the guests began to arrive. Tom had either bought or borrowed a bright pea-green swallow-tailed coat and yellow waist-coat, which was his beau-ideal of a marriage-garment. He was determined to do the thing in style, so far as he was concerned; and according to his own notions of gentility, posted himself at the drawing-room door, to announce "the quality," whispering to Biddy, as she bustled about: "I'm gettin unasy, musha! Where's the bride to come from? We'll be disgraced entirely! There's masther lookin' illigant in the drawing-room, and nobody comin' to marry him! Biddy, my jewel! couldn't you dress yourself in a wrathe of orange blossom, to kape up the posterity and respectability of the Kilwinnings?"

"Indeed, thin, Tim," said Biddy, "I wouldn't be afther doin' so unlucky a thing as to put the wrathe before my own time comes; let the masther find a wrathe for the bride, and a bride for the wrathe." The guests arriving quickly, Tim resumed the dignity of office

"The Honorable Miss Potters—of Round-about Place," bawled Tim, announcing the little Potters, who looked as symmetrical as so many Dutch cheeses. "Mr. Jeremiah Henderson—of the Branch Bank of Illigance—Ingland, I mane," continued Tim, dubbing, *sotto voce*, every one with his vocation, or some title of his own conferring. "The three Miss Jenkenses—of Treacle Terrace, spinsters!"

The three Miss Jenkenses, who overheard the description, simultaneously turned their frowning faces towards Tim—"if looks could kill, he had not lived;' but nothing daunted, he went on. "The Very Riverint Archdeacon Tithe-ever—from the Close-*cum*-Catchall, D.D. The learned Doctor Quackem of Cross-Bones Lodge, Cure-Ill Row, M.D. Save us and preserve us! Mr. Flexible Flint—of Tinder-touch Hall; and Mrs. and Miss Clackets—from over the way!"

These, with several others, made a comfortable squeeze at the breakfast-table, where everything was elegantly arranged, and at the head of which sat Mr. Kilwinning; really looking remarkably well, and almost interesting. The breakfast was so substantial, as to cause some of the gentlemen to forget that they had come for any other purpose than to partake of it; but the ladies were vigilant watchers, with one eye on the door, and the other on Mr. Kilwinning, who seemed more than ever agreeable and polite to all; yet an accurate observer might notice a slight recklessness and increasing anxiety, which, without impairing his extreme urbanity, seemed at variance with his usual placid equanimity.

Mrs. Clacket, who couldn't be silent, and who, seated on Mr. Kilwinning's right, kept up a running-fire of small-talk, said: "My dear Mr. Kilwinning, allow me to congratulate you on——the weather"—there certainly seemed to be no wife forthcoming to congratulate him upon—'I consider this bright morning particularly auspicious; and you know the old saying: 'Happy is the bride the sun shines on.'"

This was a sort of electric touch that turned all eyes into a note of interrogation towards Mr. Kilwinning. He answered it with the most ingenuous smile, saying: "My dear Mrs. Clacket, she shall be as happy as a devoted husband can make her; and I trust she may long look as bright and beautiful *as she does at this moment!*"

More notes of interrogation from "ladies' eyes around." This allusion of Mr. Kilwinning's gave the bride "a local habitation," though no name. She must be in the room—but where? Some fancied she might be shut up in the cupboard; others, that she was under the table. Mr. Flexible Flint, a soft young gentleman, drawled out to Miss Jenkens: "Our friend, the bridegroom, appears to be indulging in a hallucination, or is under the influence of clairvoyance, unless, my dear Miss Jenkens, you are the happy woman."

"Oh, Heaven forbid!" replied Miss Jenkens. with well-affected indignation.

Mr. Kilwinning—whose every word and movement were undergoing severe criticism—now looked at his watch.

"He begins to suspect he's jilted," whispered Flint to Jenkens.

Mr. Kilwinning rose, evidently for the purpose of making a speech.

"Poor devil!" compassionately exclaimed Flint.

An awful pause ensued—all eyes right on Mr. Kilwinning. No one had time to observe Biddy and Tim popping their heads half in at the door.

Mr. Kilwinning commenced: "Ladies and gentlemen—but especially the ladies—I entreat your compassionate and patient attention to what I am about to say——"

"It's going to be his last dying speech and confession," whispered Flint to Jenkens.

Miss Jenkens replied in the usual bad joke about "the halter,!' with a faint smile, intended to conceal her anxiety.

"I find myself in a somewhat embarrassing position—I've done a singularly bold thing; I've invited you to a wedding, in the hope that a certain lady would honor me with her hand; and I have yet to ascertain whether I'm to be triumphant, or to suffer defeat. As you are all pleased to call me eccentric, you will, I know, make eccentricity my excuse; but at the same time, my ladies, in the present instance at least, allow sincerity to be coupled with it. The fact is, I have—in plain words

—for some time past been looking out for a wife; but among so many accomplished and lovely women, I could scarcely presume to hope."—(Every face beamed with an encouraging and radiant smile towards Mr. Kilwinning at this compliment.)—"And if I am to be rejected when I name the lady—and she is in this room, at this present moment"—the greatest excitement now prevailed, with a faint cry from the little Potters of "hear," (here?) but whether the verb or the adverb, it were indelicate to guess—"I confess that my presumption deserves rejection; and she shall have her revenge on the spot by a public refusal." (Here Mr. Kilwinning most provokingly began to beat about the bush.) "I doubt if I should ever have had the good fortune—the young lady will pardon my presumption in venturing to say *good fortune*, until I know my fate—were it not that there appeared to be a tacit agreement among her female friends, that she was "born to blush unseen;" and the gentle, quiet resignation, with which she seemed to enter into this very prejudicial arrangement was to me, I confess, the most fascinating charm that ever lovely woman possessed. Of all others she is the one, and the only one, I would select for a wife; and, eccentric though I be, I feel assured that even her delicacy will pardon the mode in which I thus testify to her retiring, unobtrusive worth, even though it be fatal to my present pretensions, and, I fear, ruinous to my future happiness. I conclude by proposing—no; by respectfully offering my hand and fortune to your youngest daughter, Mrs. Clacket."

A very audible "Oh!" burst from all the ladies at once. Ellen was on the point of fainting, but was supported by her astonished sister; Mrs. Clacket, in a state between laughing and crying, was giving Mr. Kilwinning's hand sundry convulsive squeezes. Mr. Kilwinning's speech had made all the ladies in love with him, though no one could tell how the proposal was received, for Ellen, her face buried in her handkerchief, was led from the room. Mr. Kilwinning, now really looking the picture of unhappiness, followed; and then of conrse all tongues were loosened, and Mr. Kilwinning's singular declaration loudly discussed.

"A most indelicate proceeding!" exclaimed young Flint, "The girl's feelings are outraged. Of course she'll refuse him."

"Yes; but what a triumph!" said the envious Miss Jenkens. "Who could have possibly conceived that he meant Ellen Clacket?"

Just at this moment, the door of the inner apartment opened, discovering Mr. Kilwinning rising in rapture from his knees, pressing the hand of Ellen to his lips. He led forward his blushing bride—attired, too, like a bride, a magnificent marriage-veil being thrown over her; Mr. Kilwinning having taken the precaution of sending to London for a bridal *trousseau*, on the chance of its being required, together with a special license; while the Rev. Mr. Tithe-ever had been prepared to act upon it by performing the ceremony, which was on the point of commencing, when Tim's voice was heard, loudly vociferating: "Stop the weddin'! stop the weddin'!" mingled with the still more suspicious cry of "Stop thief!'

All faces looked amazement. "'Pon honor," whispered Flint to Jenkens, "I suspect Kilwinning will turn out a swindler."

At this instant, Tim rushed into the room, exclaiming: "Stop; what the divil are you about? Would you be drivin' all the luck from the weddin' without the wrathe of orange-blossom that I'm to be hanged for staling? Didn't I, whin I saw masther was goin' to have a rale wife, start off for Mrs. Padds, the milliner's, and extract this issintial from the window, and she sendin' a spalpeen of a police after me, shoutin': "Stop thafe!" but I've sent the transmogrified lobster down stairs quicker than he came up!"

"Well, Tim," said Mr. Kilwinning, throwing him a £10 bank note, "there's something to pay for your depredation; and Mrs. Kilwinning will not forget your bold, yet eccentric devotion, *Timorous Tim*."

Kate now encircled the "attractive ringlets" of her sister with Tim's wreath of orange-blossom, which caused Tim to dance about, throwing up his slipper in the air something after the Eastern fashion, exclaiming: "Long life to her! She looks like the Phanix Park when the May's out!"

The ceremony now proceeded; and at the conclusion, all was good-humoured congratulation. "What a romantic marriage!" exclaimed the little Potters.

"Allow me to congratulate you, Mrs. Kilwinning," said Flexible Flint. "'Pon honor, Kilwinning, it's too bad to take her by storm in this way, and leave us poor bachelors in the lurch."

How willingly now would the Jenkenses have exchanged situations with Ellen, when by the kind forethought of Mr. Kilwinning, she appeared equipped for her journey in the most elegant and appropriate apparel! But this was not all: a new carriage, with four beautiful grays, drew up to the door. Poor Mrs. Clacket was in ecstasies, scarcely believing in the reality of her having a daughter about to step into her own carriage, which the ill-natured Jenkenses—who kept a spring-cart—affirmed she did most awkwardly, and unlike any one accustomed to an equipage.

Air and manner which we too often neglect as little things, are frequently what the world judge us by.

There are follies which have an attractive appearance, as there are fools well dressed.

If we did not flatter ourselves, the flattery of others could do us little harm.

IRELAND AS A SUGAR COUNTRY.

Some interesting discussions have lately taken place with regard to the practicability of rendering Ireland a sugar-producing country. The present condition of Ireland, more than the increased consumption of sugar in Britain, has been the cause of these discussions; and of the many remedies that have been suggested to give stimulus to agricultural improvement and rural industry, this seems to be one well worthy of consideration

Many publications have recently appeared on this important subject; we have now before us Sir Robert Kane's Report,* embodying a series of valuable investigations, to which it would be well to call the attention of our readers, and which will enable us, at the same time, to give some general details respecting the nature and the peculiarities of the beet-crop Although inclined to regard some of the conclusions in the Report as too sanguine to be verified by actual experiments in practical farming, still we cannot too highly commend the admirable manner in which it has been drawn up, and the many really valuable scientific results obtained.

The percentage of sugar contained in beet, as well as its general composition, has been the subject of much careful investigation, on the part of continental chemists, from the time of Margraf of Berlin (1747) to the present day. He obtained from the bulb of the white or sugar-beet, 6·25 per cent. of sugar; from the roots, properly so called, 5 per cent.; and from the red beet, 4½ per cent. Half a century later, Hermbstadt obtained 4·5 per cent. of crystallizable sugar, and 3·5 per cent. of uncrystallizable mucilage sugar. This led him to conclude, that a part of the sugar contained in the beet is uncrystallizable. This opinion prevailed until 1831, when Pelouze's researches proved that the whole of the sugar contained in the beet was crystallizable cane-sugar, and that neither grape sugar nor mannite existed in the beet, except when it had undergone alteration. These results have been confirmed and extended by M. Peligot. "Besides confirming the two important results of M. Pelouse—namely, that the whole of the sugar was crystallizable cane-sugar, and that the percentage of sugar gradually increased until the beet was fully ripe—he has shown that the amount of sugar which the beet may contain is very large, very little inferior, indeed, to the sugar-cane, and thus fixed a sort of goal to which good cultivation should finally arrive."

It is not enough, however, for the purposes of the sugar-manufacturer, that the beet-root contains sugar in sufficient proportion to its other constituents; it is requisite that the sugar should not be dissolved in too large a proportion of water. This is a difficult point for determination by mere experiment, for even the best juice is not a solution of pure sugar, but is mixed up with other ingredients, so that specific gravity cannot be depended upon as a sure test for indicating the percentage of saccharine matter.

The beet-sugar question, in its relation to Ireland, is of a twofold nature. In the first place—Is the sugar-beet suited to the soil and climate of the country? If so, will it yield a sufficient acreage of sugar, fit for manufacture, to render it a remunerative crop in a commercial point of view?

In regard to the former of these questions, there can be no sort of doubt, as the natural history of the beet settles the question. The beet is a production indigenous to Great Britain and Ireland, and is, therefore, a sure crop every way suited to our ungenial clime. All the cultivated varieties contain sugar, but the one generally employed in the sugar manufacture is the white Silesian, usually known under the name of sugar-beet. Indeed, the chemical composition of the different varieties does not appear to differ to any appreciable extent, the accidental variation among specimens of the same variety being, however, occasionally very considerable. In Russia, the Siberian beet, an inferior sugar variety, is still much employed.

With reference to the question, whether the sugar-beet is likely to prove a remunerative crop in Ireland, Messrs Sullivan and Gages' Report (Appendix B) affords valuable information, their analyses of Irish-grown beet having been evidently made with the view of establishing this point, which, however, they found to be a very complex one. At page 25 of their Report, it is observed: —"An impression appears to prevail, that heat and sunshine are so intimately connected with the production of sugar in plants, and especially of cane-sugar, that as we proceed north from the tropics, its quantity must gradually diminish. Such a view applied to the case of the beet, would of course lead to the conclusion, that the south of Europe would be best adapted for its cultivation, as a source of sugar, and that cold countries like Ireland, however well they may be adapted to produce foliage and large roots, would necessarily produce beet of inferior saccharine properties. Another opinion has gained ground, that with the diminution of sugar would occur a change in its nature; or, in other words, that the same quantity of crystallizable cane sugar would not be contained in roots grown in Ireland, and, of course, for the same reason, in the northern parts of Europe generally—that is, in places north of the actual beet-sugar districts." It is certain, however, that, in Russia, geographical position has but little influence upon the percentage of sugar; it depends almost entirely upon culture and manures. The fact is even stated as the result of practical experiment as well as of laboratory investigation, that there is no material difference in beet grown over a region extending from the Atlantic Ocean to the Caspian Sea, and from the Mediterranean to very near the Arctic Ocean.

According to Messrs Sullivan and Gages, roots containing less than 8 per cent. of sugar could not, at the usual price paid for them, be employed with economy in the manufacture of sugar, at least not generally. Their analyses show—as the result of the examination of beet, grown on the most various soils, manured in every possible manner, not to speak of the necessarily inferior

* "Report of Inquiry into the Composition and Cultivation of the Sugar-beet in Ireland, and its Application to the Manufacture of Sugar." Made to the Right Hon. the Chief Commissioner of Works, by the Director of the Museum of Irish Industry. Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of her Majesty.

cultivation to which, as a crop new to Irish farmers, it must have been subjected—that 76 per cent. of the roots contained sufficient sugar to enable a manufacturer to extract it with profit, and 24 per cent. rendered it unfit for the purpose. Of 118 roots examined, 72 yielded more than 9 per cent. of sugar, 18 between 8 and 9 per cent., and 24 below 8 per cent. Thus 90 of the 118 were adapted for profitable manufacture; 28 unfit. This is favorable when compared with the analyses of continental roots, which give 70 per cent. adapted for manufacture, and 30 per cent. unsuitable. We still regard the beet question, however, as one of good cultivation; if energy and the appliances of scientific agriculture are brought to bear upon it—and they are peculiarly applicable to this crop—there can be little doubt of at least ordinary success.

In one respect, the establishment of the manufacture of beet-sugar in Ireland would seem to be highly advantageous in the present condition of that country. Under any circumstances, the introduction of new crops, and of new modes of cultivation, serves as a powerful stimulus to the general progress of husbandry in all countries. For Ireland, much has already been done in this way. Sir Robert Kane's researches seem especially to point out the advantages likely to accrue from the introduction of this new branch of agricultural industry. To us, as to him, "it appears as eminently calculated to be of service, not only as creating a new and extensive source of manufacturing employment, but also that, as the material used can only be profitably obtained by means of improved agriculture, and that an important element in the profits of agriculture would be the careful economy of the scums and pulp, either as manures or as food for cattle, the manufactories of beet-root sugar should exercise a powerful influence on the agriculture of their districts, inducing a greater variety of cultivation, a more thorough preparation of the soil, and a more careful economy of manures; and that, in this way, even should the manufacturing speculation become hereafter, by improvement in the management of the colonial sugar industry, or by any other cause, less probably successful than it now appears to be, there should still have been conferred on Ireland a great advantage in the improved practice of green-crop husbandry, which would be certain to remain."

The researches detailed in the Report bring out some interesting results, which have an important bearing upon the general principles of cultivation. Such must be regarded the experiments made on the effect of increase of size on the percentage of sugar. It is shown, that the larger the root, the smaller is the quantity [comparatively?] of solid matter which it contains; so that "it will be found that the quantity of sugar will diminish as the weight of the bulb increases." This affords a valuable hint to our horticultural and agricultural societies, and may lead to the adoption of better criteria than mere size in the judging of superior productions; it is also instructive to the farmer and gardener, in so far as it teaches that mere bulk or weight of produce does not indicate the correct economical yield of a farm or garden. "All the roots which yielded a very low percentage of sugar, weighed from five to nine or ten pounds, whilst those remarkable for the quantity of sugar which they contained were always small roots, seldom exceeding two pounds in weight." The researches of Peligot and Hermann especially shew this; The Russian roots, which gave high percentages, rarely exceeded a pound in weight—in general, much smaller, however, than Irish-grown roots examined by Messrs. Sullivan and Gages, which yielded corresponding quantities of sugar.

It seems to be satisfactorily proved, that strong manuring does not actually diminish the amount of sugar in the beet-root, but it increases the quantity of other substances, whose presence increases the difficulty of its extraction. Fresh manures appear to be always injurious to the beet crops, but less so on loamy soils, "upon which the oxygen of the air has more power to act." Spring manuring is exceedingly injurious; and although the roots grown under this treatment may yield sugar abundantly early in the season, they are worked with difficulty after being kept for a short time.

The general conclusions to which Sir Robert Kane has arrived, are—1. That the sugar-beet requires, for its successful cultivation, a rich loamy soil, thoroughly and deeply worked, thoroughly drained and divided; and that the presence of organic matter in excess, or undecomposed, in the soil, is an important disadvantage. 2. That the employment of saline or rich nitrogenous manures immediately before, or during the growth of the beet, acts unfavorably on the employment of the plant for making sugar, by rendering the juice impure, and, increasing the proportion of azotised materials, readily ferment, and thereby convert the crystallizable into uncrystalizable sugar, which is the most usual and important source of loss in the manufacture. 3. That it is fully established, that the entire quantity of sugar in the beet exists naturally as crystallizable cane-sugar; and that uncrystallizable sugar makes its appearance only as a product of decomposition in the manufacture (molasses), and is, therefore, so far a source of loss, which may be avoided by improved treatment. 3. That the quantity of sugar present in Irish-grown beet is in noways inferior to that usually found in the beet-roots used in the sugar-manufactories of the continent; and that, in some cases, the percentage of sugar yielded by beet approaches to that afforded by the sugar-cane as usually cultivated.

With respect to the cost of producing the sugar-beet in Ireland, Sir Robert does not announce any positive conclusions, being rather anxious to direct attention to the estimates by practical agriculturists, contained in the Appendix to his Report. These seem to indicate, "that the cultivation of the sugar-beet would prove at least as profitable as other green-crops usually are, provided that cultivation be carried on in a proper manner."

We need hardly say, that something more than this is desirable. The real question is, can sugar be supplied from beet cheaper than it can be imported from Brazil and the West Indies? And to a rigid examination of this element in the subject, we crave the attention of Sir Robert Kane and other friends of Ireland, before any practical steps be taken by agriculturists. We have always

heard that France, with a view to encourage home industry, persists in producing beet-sugar at a greater cost than it can purchase cane-sugar from tropical countries; thus taxing the whole people for the benefit of a class. If this be true as regards France, we would earnestly deprecate the introduction of a similarly erroneous policy into either Great Britain or Ireland.

THE PLANTING.

A PARABLE.

"I said to my little son, who was watching, with tears, a tree he had planted: 'Let it alone; it will grow while you are sleeping!'"

"Plant it safe, thou little child:
Then cease watching and cease weeping:
Thou hast done thy utmost part;
Leave it, with a quiet heart:
It will grow while thou art sleeping."

"But, O father!" says the child,
With a troubled face close creeping—
"How can I but think and grieve,
When the fierce winds come at eve,
And snows beat—and I lie sleeping?

"I have loved my linden so!
In each leaf seen future floweret;
Watched it day by day with prayers,
Guarded it with pains and cares,
Lest the canker should devour it."

"O good father!" says the child,
"If I come in summer's shining,
And my linden-tree be dead—
How the sun will scorch my head,
Where I sit forlorn and pining!

"Rather let me evermore
Through this winter-time watch keeping,
Bear the cold, and storms, and frost,
That my treasure be not lost—
Ay, bear aught!—but idle sleeping."

Sternly said the father then:
"Who art thou, child, vainly grieving?
Canst *thou* send the balmy dews,
Or the rich sap interfuse,
That one leaf shall burst to living?

"Canst thou bid the heavens restrain
Natural tempests for thy praying?
Canst thou bend one tender shoot?
Stay the growth of one frail root?
Keep one blossom from decaying?

"If it live and bloom all fair,
Will it praise *thee* for its blooming?
If it die, will any plants
Reach thee, as with kings and saints
Drops it to an equal tombing?

"Plant it—consecrate with prayers.
It is safe 'neath His sky's folding
Who the whole earth compasses,
Whether we watch more or less—
His large eye all things beholding.

"If He need a goodly tree
For the shelter of the nations,
He will make it grow; if not,
Never yet His love forgot
Human tears, and faith, and patience.

"Leave thy treasure in His hand—
Cease all watching and all weeping.
Years hence, men its shade may crave,
When its mighty branches wave
Beautiful—above thy sleeping!"

If His hope, tear-sown, that child
Garnered safe with joyful reaping,
Know I not: yet, unawares,
Oft this truth gleams through my prayers:
"*It will grow while thou art sleeping!*"

THE CHEMIST'S SHOP AT THE CORNER.

Among the innumerable chemists' "corner shops" in Liverpool (and who is not aware of the advantage to such establishments, of being placed at awkward turnings, prolific in accidents, where the red lamp can shine down two streets at once?), not one, perhaps, was so well known as Mr. Tisick's, at the corner of Lionel Street. Between the hours of three and four on a fine afternoon, many a gaily-dressed merchant's wife or daughter might be seen sauntering down from her pretty villa, to meet her husband or father at that appointed spot, on his way home from business; and occasionally —though of course by mere chance—young ladies have been known to meet their lovers there. In fact, there is not a more noted place in Liverpool for accidents and appointments than the chemist's shop at the corner. The most successful days of the most successful "diggers" never dawned more auspiciously, or closed more profitably, than did every day to little Tisick the chemist. He was making money, and he deserved to make it, being a good little man, with a good little wife and a large family, who occupied the commodious and well-furnished apartments over the shop.

"There's something the matter yonder," said Mr. Bingly, looking up Lionel Street, through which he was conducting his wife home, late in the evening, from a popular lecture.

"O do let us go round another way, Harry," entreated Mrs. Bingly; "I hate a crowd."

"But, my dear, I should like to know what the accident is: we might be of service."

"Why, what could we do, Harry? besides, there are plenty of people there to assist. You, know I've a horror of accidents, or whatever it may be—so do come the other way."

"Certainly, my dear, if you wish it, though I cannot help thinking, if help be needed, we savour a little of the Priest and Levite, who passed on the other side of the way." However, Mr. Bingly complied, quickening his pace, until, arriving at his own door he deposited his wife in safety. He was about to retrace

his steps, when Mrs. Bingly, in her own peculiar querulous tone, recalled him:

"Harry! how very unfeeling you are. You would run after a stranger in a crowd, but have no anxiety about your own family. Can't you wait an instant, until I enquire whether the children are all safe in their beds?"

"Certainly, my love. Mary"—to the girl who opened the door—"are the children sound asleep?"

"O yes, sir, long ago."

"There, my dear," said Mr. Bingly to his wife, "all's right, you hear. Now go in; I shan't be long." And, much against his wife's wish, Mr. Bingly set out to ascertain the cause of the crowd.

People may wonder why a staid family-man like Mr. Bingly, habituated to the crowds and casualties of Liverpool, should thus needlessly take up his time, and offend his wife; but the fact is, that years before, his neglect on such an occasion prevented his seeing, for the last time, his earliest and dearest friend Frederick Triebner, who had appointed to meet him for a farewell interview, previously to his going to settle abroad. The chaise was overturned as Mr. Bingly passed by carelessly and unconsciously; and his friend, too much injured to keep his appointment, was, after his broken ribs had been set by the surgeon, carried on a litter on board the ship, and they never again met. Bingly never forgave himself for the neglect; and his fidgety anxiety about all such disasters was now increased to a feverish pitch, by a sort of presentiment that his eldest son Harry, from whom he had parted in anger four years before, was about to return home.

Young Harry Bingly was gay, high spirited, but facile; and the usual associates and temptations of town-life, particularly a suspected low attachment, so exasperated his father, that—notwithstanding he dearly loved the boy, who, moreover, was the pet and the darling of his mother—in a moment of excitement he said: "Leave my house, sir; you are a disgrace to my name and roof; leave me, lest I strike you to my feet!" The haughty boy flushed, then turned deadly pale, gave one glance at his father, who already half repented his rashness, and, without a word, quitted the house, and, in spite of every exertion and inquiry, had never since been heard of.

By the time Mr. Bingly reached Lionel Street, the crowd had dispersed. All interest or sympathy in the matter, whatever it might have been, seemed to have subsided. "Can you tell me," he inquired of the only loiterer, "what the accident was that happened a few minutes ago?'

"Aw's sure aw doant knaw," replied the man; "maybe 'twur cab ourturned, or t'omnibus broak dawn. This bee'st wurst corner i' Liverpool for smashing. T'chap as keaps that drug-shop gets a foin livin' out o' dead folks that's carried in there."

Mr. Bingly looked at the shop. It was past the hour of closing. The shutters were up, but there was still a glimmer of gas through the fan-light over the door. He paused, irresolute whether to inquire further, when the light disappeared. "Oh," said he, reconciling the matter to himself, "it has been a trifling affair, I suppose. I'll ask Tisick all about it in the morning, as I go to the office;" and Mr. Bingly turned his steps homeward; but still a strange misgiving, an unaccountably strong feeling of curiosity, persuaded him that he would be sorry if he did not inquire further into the matter; therefore, though half ashamed of his own weakness, he once more retraced his steps, and going up to the private door, rang the bell. "Is Mr. Tisick at home?"

"Yes, sir; but he's engaged just now. Perhaps you could wait a little. Will you step into the parlor?"

"Oh, it's of no consequence," said Mr. Bingly. "I merely called to inquire who was hurt by the accident that happened in the street a short time ago."

"We don't know who he is, sir, for I believe the poor young gentleman has been insensible ever since."

"And how did the accident happen?" asked Mr. Bingly, interested by the words "young gentleman."

"The horses of the hackney-coach took fright, sir. The driver was off the box at the moment; and the young gentleman was getting out of the window in front, evidently to recover the reins. Everybody in the street shouted to him: "Sit still, sit still for your life!" but he did it cleverly, and kept fast hold, for he seemed to be a sailor, when an omnibus, turning the corner sharply, ran against the coach, upset it, and I think the young man is almost killed."

"A sailor, you say?"—and Mr. Bingly's thoughts instantly reverted to his son, who, he felt certain, had gone to sea. "How old would you suppose the young man to be?"

"Not twenty, I should think, sir."

"And fair or dark complexioned?" he asked with intense anxiety.

"Fair, I should say, sir. He has bright brown hair, and—— Dear me! I beg your pardon, sir," said the girl, staring in wonder at Mr. Bingly, "but the young gentleman is the very picture of you!"

"Merciful Heaven! should it be Harry!" exclaimed Mr. Bingly. "I must see the young man instantly! Where is Mr. Tisick?"

The girl became quite alarmed at Mr. Bingly's excited state, and requesting him to step into the parlor, promised to acquaint her master with his wishes. Mr. Bingly now felt convinced it must be Harry. What was it that urged him into pursuing the inquiry so far, but that undefinable feeling, that "something" beyond all human ken, which conjures up in the heart a foreshadowing of events—

that mysterious sympathy which irresistibly attracts and links us to places and persons?

The girl's statement of the young sailor's resemblance to himself, threw Mr. Bingly into the painfully excited state in which Mr. Tisick now found him; who, in reply to his agitated and almost phrenzied inquiries, answered evasively, and with a degree of embarrassment quite at variance with the usual ingenious and familiar style for which he was noted. "Dear me—bless me!" said he, "it will be very extraordinary if that young gentleman turns out to be your son, Mr. Bingly; and really I shouldn't wonder—that is—excuse me—of course it is impossible for me to guess, as I never happened to see your son——"

"Well, well," interrupted Mr. Bingly impatiently, "I must be satisfied: this suspense is unendurable. Take me to his bedside at once, where I will thank Heaven if he be not my son, and do all in my power to serve him, whoever he may be."

"On condition," said the chemist seriously, "that you promise to suppress all emotion, even should your worst fears be realised."

"O Heaven! is my boy dead?" inquired Mr. Bingly in an agony.

"No, no, my dear sir. The young man—for it is only your own fears which have told you he is your son—is under the influence of a composing draught. I have promised the surgeon that the profoundest stillness shall be maintained, as any excitement, or even the least startling noise, might prove fatal to him."

"Do not fear me," said Mr. Bingly: "what can I not endure if the life of my dear Harry depend upon it!"

"Well, then, relying on your silence, and that you will suppress every exclamation or communication until we leave the room, I will take you to him. Can you depend upon yourself?"

"I *think* I can," said Mr. Bingly with a faltering voice—for there was something in the chemist's manner that seemed to confirm his app ehensions.

"Perhaps your son's *life* depends upon it!" interposed Mr. Tisick with a sternness of manner unusual with him, therefore the more emphatic.

"I am *sure* I can," addded Mr. Bingly with firmness.

"I rely upon you," said the considerate little chemist, and led the way up a staircase carpeted thickly, every inch, to render inaudible the lightest or the heaviest footfall. This staircase, and the chamber to which it led, were used only in the most dangerous cases—where Mr. Tisick exercised his benevolence and Christian charity, in retaining the patient under his own roof: it was a portion of the house separated from the family apartments, and where none entered except on a mission of mercy. Mr. Tisick opened the door, which, being encased in baize, without hasp or bolt, yielded noiselessly to the slightest touch.

Mr. Bingly paused for an instant on the threshold, and convulsively grasped the hand of the chemist, who suffered the door again to close at this symptom of agitation; but, as if ashamed of his irresolution, Mr. Bingly, though evidently with an effort, recovered his self-possession, and motioned to proceed.

The gas-shades were so contrived as to throw a subdued soft light over the apartment; the curtains of the low bed were drawn back and tucked away, as if to give air to the invalid, or—what was a more thrilling thought—facility, perhaps, to some torturing operation which had been, or was still to be performed.

The patient lay like a corpse upon the bed, the upper part of the face entirely concealed by a green shade, placed over the forehead, as there were injuries apprehended to the sight; but the mouth and nostrils strongly defined, pale and graceful in their clear outline as statuary marble, were too close a resemblance for the father to behold unmoved—his agonised grasp of the chemist's shoulder at once awoke the latter's experienced suspicion, that feeling would overcome prudence. But he instantly saw that resolution had resumed her sway, the torture of suspense having found vent and relief in tears, which silently flowed down the father's cheeks for one, he at the moment believed to be his son.

With many a struggle the father kept his promise of silence, in the hope of being permitted to remain just where he was—rivetted to the spot—watching the awakening, the slightest movement, or even the breathing of his son. At this moment, the patient moved his hand, turning the palm upwards, as if in search of some friendly clasp; the chemist, with the quickness of thought, prevented the father from giving the answering pressure; but still the longing hand was stretched out, and suddenly a young fair creature, more like an angel than a human being, who had been watching, half-concealed, amid the folds of the curtain, crept gently forward, and placed her small white hand in his. The fingers of the invalid closed round the little prisoner, as if to retain the treasure, and his tranquil slumber continued. This incident, though silent, seemed to break the spell which the minute before had made all motionless; and the careful little chemist drew Mr. Bingly—his eyes to the last fixed upon the bed—fairly out of the room.

They descended to the snug parlor, where the little chemist's little wife was now seated, busily employed with needle-work. Mr. Bingly threw himself into a chair, and covering his face with his hands, gave way to an irrepressible and passionate burst of grief. Mrs. Tisick thought, as all women do, how overwhelming must be the sorrow which causes a man to weep; and, approaching Mr. Bingly, although

ignorant of the cause, pressed his hand in sympathy.

"Come, come, my dear sir," said the chemist, "do not distress yourself, perhaps needlessly: it is still a problem whether he be your son or not. Your imagination tortures you—the features were not sufficiently revealed to confirm your fears."

"I would give up all I possess to see that face! It surely is impossible I can be mistaken," said Mr. Bingly.

"It is quite possible, my dear sir; in fact, it is improbable that he should be your son."

"But his clothes—where are they?" eagerly inquired Mr. Bingly. "There must be some mark by which I can identify him."

Mr. Tisick left the room, almost instantly returning with the clothes of the invalid. They were all of foreign make, and no name whatever to be found upon them.

"By the by," remarked the chemist, "there were papers in his pockets, which may give some information;" and he rang the bell. "Mary"—to the servant who entered—"where are those papers I gave you to hold when we were undressing the patient?"

"I'll get them directly, sir," said the girl, leaving the room. "I put them under his pillow to be soft."

"Stay!" said the chemist, springing up, and clutching her arm to prevent her ascending the staircase. "Are you mad? To disturb him might lead to death."

"Merciful Heaven? is there to be no termination to this suspense?" ejaculated Mr. Bingly.

"My dear sir," said the chemist, "I entreat you to listen to me: all that can be done for the present has been done."

"You would deceive me. What can have been done in the short time which has elapsed since I saw the crowd?"

"It is upwards of an hour since he was brought in here," replied the chemist. "A surgeon was instantly in attendance: it must have been his departure you witnessed—the crowd never dispersing until it knows the fate of the sufferer."

"And is he fatally injured?" asked Mr. Bingly in agony.

"We hope not. The injuries are certainly serious; nor can we ascertain their full extent until to-morrow. Meanwhile, the draught has taken effect; and he is not likely to awaken until nine in the morning. I could wish to persuade you, my dear sir, to go home, and make yourself as tranquil as possible under the circumstances, with the assurance, that every attention will be shewn the patient; and by no means to alarm Mrs. Bingly by any allusion to your fears, which, after all, may prove to have been perfectly groundless."

"It is not easy, Mr. Tisick, to persuade me that such can be the case; however, I will, if possible, disguise my feelings from my wife, and thank you for the precaution. I shall never forget your kindness and sympathy, or the watchful tenderness of that angel—your daughter of course—who hovered round my boy. [The little chemist and his little wife exchanged a significant glance.] When can I return?"

"*Not till nine*, when the surgeon is to report."

"Good-night, my dear sir," said Mr. Bingly at the foot of the stair; "but O Heavens! to think of thus meeting a son from whom I had parted in such anger!"

Mr. Tisick here interposed, a sudden thought striking him: "You say you parted in anger: had you cause?"

"A bitter cause—an intimacy, possibly a low marriage, with one of the most degraded of her sex. She disappeared about the same time. Yes, I fear it must be; and yet, O Harry, could I know that you were safe"——

"You would forgive all?" solemnly demanded the chemist.

A heavy gloom mantled over Mr. Bingly's brow at this idea, on which Mr. Tisick said decidedly; "This is enough, Mr. Bingly. You must go home. On no consideration will I permit an interview between you and our suffering fellow-creature above stairs, be he your son or not. No one but a Christian, in the true sense of the word, shall come near him till the surgeon has reported by nine to-morrow. Go, sir, and learn to forgive even the worst offences; and pray that your forgivness come not too late."

Mr. Bingly turned haughtily round to reply to this, to him, unusual address, when a faintly-heard groan smote his ear. He shuddered, pressed the chemist's hand, and quitted the house.

"Poor Mr. Bingly," said Mrs. Tisick as the chemist re-entered the parlour, "I see he doesn't know the worst of it."

"The worst of it!" echoed Mr. Tisick.—"Dear me—bless me! I should say he doesn't know the best of it."

"Yes, dear; but when he comes to know it, it will be a trial for him; and his poor wife—it will be the death of her; her nerves will have a bad shock."

"Then, my dear, his wife shouldn't have such shocking bad nerves. She'll survive it, as all nervous people invariably survive everything that is to be the death of them."

"Now, John Tisick," said his homely little wife, "that's positively unfeeling. What would you say if our Johnny were to do the same thing?"

'Why, my dear, I'd say with the old song: "He'd do the same thing were he in the same place."'

"O John," said Mrs. Tisick reproachfully, "how can any one suppose or imagine your heart to be brimful of kindness and humanity, when you will go on making these jokes? and

some of them, I must say"—Mrs. Tisick was careful in modifying her condemnation of her husband's wit—"very poor jokes. Yes, John, very poor jokes indeed!" This was severe, but Mrs. Tisick's feelings were as much outraged by the non-appreciation of the picture of "Johnny," as an artist's would be at the Hanging Committee placing his out of sight.

"Well, well, my dear," observed the chemist. 'you know a medical man's jokes must sometimes be out of joint, to be professional; but did you observe, my love, what Mr. Bingly said about our "angel of a daughter?'"

"Yes, yes," said Mrs. Tisick smiling; "I couldn't help giving you a look at the time. It was just as well he saw her when he did. And I don't wonder at his calling her an angel, with her beautiful golden hair shading her sweet features. Did she know it was *his* father?"

"No, my dear—no. I don't suppose she even saw him. But now, I will go and prevail on her to come and have a bit of supper with us. That ring at the door must be the nurse the surgeon promised to send, so she may leave the patient with perfect satisfaction and safety." The little chemist was absent just long enough to allow Mrs. Tisick mentally to apostrophise his rare qualifications, when she was interrupted by his re-appearance with the "angel of a daughter," as Mr. Bingly styled the young lady who was so attentive to his supposed son. She scarcely looked more than seventeen years of age—a gentle, interesting creature, whom every one would wish to aid, to do something for; in answer to the claim her seeming helplessness and exceedingly feminine beauty made on the hearts of all who beheld her. Mrs. Tisick received her with all the tenderness such a person was likely to inspire. "Well, my dear," she inquired, "how did you leave our poor patient?"

"In a sweet sleep," replied the young stranger. "I pray, Heaven, it may continue till the morning."

"Oh, certain," confidently interposed the chemist; "he won't waken till nine o'clock."

"And do you really think, sir, his life is not in any danger?" anxiously inquired the girl.

"Set your heart at rest, my dear; he'll live to plague his little wife for many a year yet."

The poor girl was evidently distressed by the kind-intentioned, but not very refined wit of the chemist.

"Never mind John's jokes," said Mrs. Tisick; "he just imagines every husband is to be as great a plague as himself. Do remember, John, what a very young bride our guest is."

The poor girl was now more embarrassed than ever, and with blush succeeding blush at every word she uttered, said, with extreme confusion: "I am quite unhappy at being placed in so singular a position. Harry—I meant Mr. Harvey—is entitled to every service I can render—my life, if it were necessary; but I have no claim to the title you confer upon me."

This statement created much surprise, and, in spite of all their charity, the faintest possible shade of suspicion in the minds of Mr. and Mrs. Tisick. "Well, my dear young lady," said the former, "you must pardon me; and you cannot but admit that my mistake was a very natural one. Your being in the coach with him, his calling upon you as his 'beloved Emily,' and your extreme devotion—all combined to aid the delusion under which my wife and I labored."

"If you will permit me, I will, so far as I can, explain," said the young stranger timidly, "On the arrival of his ship this evening, Mr. Hervey's intention was to place me at once under the protection of his father, and I was accompanying him for that purpose, when the accident happened which has thrown us upon your compassion."

"Strange!" remarked the chemist. "Pardon me, have you never heard him speak of a Mr. Bingly as his father?"

"Frequently of his father—but Hervey is Harry's name."

"Dear me—bless me! my love," said the chemist to his wife, "it is as I suspected, and Mr. Bingly is mistaken after all."

"And have you come off a long voyage, my dear young lady?" said Mrs. Tisick, with kind interest and womanly curiosity blended.

"It is two months since the shipwreck, when Mr. Hervey saved my life, and I had been at sea ten days up to the night of that dreadful storm."

"Poor child!" said Mr. Tisick compassionately. "You have relations in England, I suppose?"

"I have reason to believe that a dear friend of my father resides in Liverpool; but before we left the ship I promised Mr. Hervey to be silent on this subject"—and the young girl, evidently embarrassed, hesitated to proceed.

"Certainly, certainly," said the chemist; "do not imagine, my dear miss"—this corrected appellation sounded almost unkind—"that we would take advantage of circumstances to force your confidence; all we desire is to be of service; and to-morrow, I trust, will enable us to see more clearly into the future."

Persuading their young guest, instead of returning to watch by the bedside of the patient, to take some repose in the chamber appointed for her, they bade her good-night, promising faithfully to call her should the slightest change take place.

"There's a mystery about that young person I don't exactly like," said the chemist, as soon as she was gone.

"I'm sure there can be no harm about her, John; she's too beautiful for that," very generously remarked Mrs. Tisick.

"My dear, your argument would be more

satisfactory if it were on thé side of ugliness," dryly observed the chemist. "But go up to bed, my love; I will just look in to see how our patient is doing, and trust to-morrow for the clearing of this romance."

Meanwhile, Mr. Bingly had reached home, where his nervous wife was anxiously expecting him. "What a long while you've been, Harry!" she began, as Mr. Bingly calmly, though abstractedly, moved a chair to the table where his wife was seated. "It's very cruel of you to leave me alone in this way: I was on the point of ringing for James to go in search of you." Mr. Bingly spoke not a word. "You're come home in an ill-humor, I suppose, because I wouldn't assist a drunken sailor in a crowd, or some such thing, with which you choose to sympathise. Really, Mr. Bingly, your vulgar curiosity about such matters is positively intolerable." But becoming alarmed at her husband's continued silence, and the singular expression of his pale face, she resumed—"Now, don't frighten me, Harry; you're ill, I see you are, you've made yourself ill by the sight of some horrid drunken creature you'd no concern with, who, no doubt, deserved whatever happened to him."

"Silence, unfeeling woman!" exclaimed Mr. Bingly, exasperated beyond the power of endurance. Mrs. Bingly was struck dumb with astonishment at these harsh words from her hitherto good-natured and indulgent husband, and only replied with an abundant shower of tears; but instantly recollecting that his wife was wholly ignorant of his cause of irritation, Mr. Bingly added—"Forgive me, Frances, and have forbearance enough to ask me no more questions to-night. I have reasons for the entreaty, which shall be explained afterwards."

"Of course I shall not sleep a wink for wondering what they are," said his wife, a little more pacified. "It must be something very serious, I am sure of that, for you've not been in such a state of mind since our dear Harry left us. Oh!"—and someting like the truth seemed to flash upon her—"that is it, I'm sure of it! You've heard of our darling Harry—you've had a letter from him?"

"No; I give you my honor I have not," answered Mr Bingly equivocally; who, in consideration of the maternal anxiety she now began to evince, was resolved to spare his wife as much pain as possible.

"Well, then, I dont mind obeying you, if it is nothing concerning Harry; but I'm sure I should die if there's bad news from him."

Mr. Bingly saw the policy of following the chemist's advice; and though his thoughtful and distracted manner kept his wife on the rack of curiosity, she contrived to maintain her promise; and Mr. Bingly, notwithstanding his miserable state of mind, concealed the cause of his anxiety.

Early next morning, the family of the benevolent little chemist was assembled in the breakfast parlor; the report of the nurse was most favorable, and Dr. Galen, the surgeon, was momentarily expected. "In truth, Dolly," said little Tisick to his wife, "it was a clever stroke of mine to put the father off till nine o'clock, when the surgeon comes at eight."

"Indeed, John, I don't agree with you; 'tis cruel to prolong the poor man's suspense."

"My dear, you know nothing about it—I always act professionally; and when I administer a dose, I always give it the full statutory period for its operation."

Dr. Galen's report was most favorable; the nature of the injuries ascertained, and from the evidently admirable constitution of the patient, a rapid recovery might be anticipated. Emily had observed with quiet steady composure the examination by the accomplished surgeon, and with equal steadiness listened to his lucid report, but the words "speedy recovery" were too much for her, the revulsion too great. She fainted, and was carried from the room, thereby divulging, if need there be, the feelings which she bore towards the sufferer.

Mr. Bingly, who had left home early that morning, obstinately silent even to the frenzied entreaties of his now alarmed wife, was punctual to the instant.

"Dolly, my dear," said the chemist, "that's Bingly's ring; I can tell the agony of suspense in every vibration in its subdued chime. Leave the room, and let me deal with him alone.—Well, my dear sir, have you thought of what I told you last night? Are you prepared to meet your son, if he be your son, as a Christian father should?"

"I am," solemnly exclaimed Mr. Bingly. "If my son has brought wretchedness upon himself by his rashness, it is not for a father to increase it at such a time. Oh, let me see him, that I may tell him so before I die!"

"Then am I commissioned to relieve your mind; the name of the sufferer is Henry Hervey."

How inconsistent is poor human nature! One would suppose that this relief from his worst fears would have been a joy to Mr. Bingly, and yet it came to him like a disappointment. His very soul had so yearned to the sufferer, that to find he had no claim in him, seemed like a violent deprivation. "Are you sure there is no mistake?"

"Oh, none whatever," said the chemist. "Here is a letter which had accidentally dropped on the floor. You see the address is Henry Hervey; and here is a memorandum appended, apparently in his own handwriting."

A film came over the father's eyes; or was it his trembling hands that prevented his reading the scroll? But, letter by letter, the handwriting of his son smote upon the father's vision. "Is my son alive, Mr. Tisick?"

"Dear me—bless me! can he be your son after all?" asked the chemist with great glee. "Your son! He lives, and the surgeon assures me he will do well. Remember your promise!" The chemist looked at Mr. Bingly, and saw, from the expression of his countenance, where the seraphic smile of gratitude and devotion were blended, that this was an unnecessary question. "Now, come and see your son."

The father approached — noiselessly approached—knelt by the bedside, took his son's hand, and, pressing it to his lips, murmured: "Harry!"

"Can you forgive me, father?"

"All, all—even the worst, as I hope to be forgiven?"

"And she?" added his son.

A spasm shook the strong and haughty man; but his better nature prevailed. "Yes, Harry; if yours, she is mine."

"Emily!" faintly but joyfully ejaculated the young man.

"Emily!" echoed the father; "surely her name was Sarah."

"O father, you could not suspect that? 'Tis Emily Triebner, an orphan, whom I ventured——"

The father started to his feet in speechless amazement. "Emily Triebner! the orphan child of my best and dearest friend, who was consigned to my care after her father's death, and reported to have been lost at sea?"

"Come, come!" interposed little Tisick, with a faltering voice, and after rubbing his eyes with his handkerchief; "this may be too much for my patient. Mr. Bingly, when you've done embracing Emily, I'll trouble you to come down stairs, when I shall again tell you to go home; but this time to comfort your wife with the news of a recovered son and a happy marriage; and above all, with that best of all joys—the consciousness that, amidst much tribulation, you have been able to attain to the high and holy attribute of unqualified forgiveness"—*Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.*

THE WORLD.

BY TYRO.

Oh! heed it not; it's wily, slanderous tongue
Will mar thy prospects, be they e'er so fair;
Nor faults of age, nor foibles of the young,
Was the false demon ever known to spare.
The good, the great, the virtuous, and the wise
Provoke it's enmity each passing hour;
Court not the flitting shadow, but despise
It's fell attempts, and laugh to scorn it's power.
Perchance it may assail thee in the form
Of friendliness, and when thou deem'st all still,
Over thy head will burst the dreadful storm,
Whose vengeful lightnings never fail to kill,
Conciliate it not: it's very *praise*
Is but a glimmering light, that flickers and decays.

THE FORTUNES OF AN ORPHAN.

Autobiography is at once capable of being the most satisfactory and unsatisfactory of all reading. The man who tells his own tale of necessity speaks as much of sentiment as of action,—of thought as of incident. He looks into his own heart as well as upon the outer world of men and appearances. To him the feelings within are as much facts as the realities without. The passing thought, the shade of suspicion, the working of passion, the strivings of ambition—of which none are conscious but himself,—are to him events to be written down. This has its advantages and disadvantages. All men's thoughts are worth knowing, but we can only bear to hear them when they are well and judiciously told.—Some of the feelings of all are so common that they only require to be glanced at, and our own experience fills up the outline. Others are so mysterious that he who experiences them can only indicate them, and ought not to attempt to do more. A master mind feels all this, and makes autobiography the best of fiction. Common-place minds elaborate everything and make it tedious. Minds which range between do a little of both; and of this character is the mind which has produced Francis Croft, an autobiography. Yet, in the main, it is a good story, or we should not epitomize it for our readers. In doing so, we shall necessarily leave out the prosy, and gathering the most attractive of the material, touch gently upon those portions which appear to us to spring from false doctrines of life.

Francis Croft is an orphan almost from the time when memory presents the child to the man. He tells us, as he gathered it in af er life, that his mother was the daughter of a widow who kept a circulating library in a country town. The widow afterwards married one Mr. Ragge, a veterinary surgeon, of whom more hereafter. The daughter, who used to carry books to and fro between the library and customers, filled her head with scraps by the way, and out of the fragments, patched up a life of romance for herself. On one of these errands she met Francis Croft's father; he was a clerk in a mercantile house, recruiting his health by a holiday. The acquaintance, which began in romance-reading by the wayside, ended as romances generally do, in marriage. The first result was Mr. Francis Croft, the hero of the autobiography.

He gives us pleasantly enough those early reminiscences of childhood, which most men remember in the far-off cloud-like region of the morning of life. The pleasant old house, with his pale, studious father, and mild, quiet mother; the little sister coming into the world —the little cot in the corner by the fire place, the sick mother,—the room hushed into quietness, and the child-like wonderment about all

the observances which hover about the grand mystery of birth, when another being comes into the world. Other reminiscences, too, he has, still more faint, of trouble coming into the quiet home,—how, he does not understand,—of his father being without employment, reserved and melancholy; and another scene, yet more indistinct, of a weeping woman crouching at his father's feet, and praying to be spared from grief and disgrace.

Then he recollects that his father made up his mind to go abroad to some mercantile appointment in South America,—the breaking up of home—the tears at parting with familiar scenes and objects,—the packing up for the voyage,—the cart at the door loaded with trunks,—his mother and his little sister among them. Just at the moment up rides Mr. Ragge, talked of bad times, as selfish men do talk to excuse his not helping the departing family; but prompted by one of those indefinable impulses, which selfish men often feel, offered to adopt Francis upon the spot, with the promise, which might mean so much, or so little, of "doing something for him." Francis recollects his father's speechless sorrow as he mutely accepts the offer,—the tearful kisses which were his good-by to his family,– the old silver watch, taken from his father's pocket, and transferred to his own, as a last token, —the cart jolting off, and his running after it till he fell down with child-like sorrow and anger, and determination not to be left behind,—concluded by Mr. Ragge's riding after him and bringing him back to a sense of his situation by a cut of his whip.

Then follows some years of such life as many children experience, in the household of Ragge. That gentleman performs his promise of "doing something" for Francis, by handing him over to the old housekeeper as a drudge, to help about the house. But better things than that befall Francis. He was—perhaps in a moment of compunction on the part of Mr. Ragge—sent to an evening school, and afterwards, by some influence of Mrs. Bennett, the wife of the clergyman, and a friend of his mother's, to a good day-school, where he made rapid progress. But at last Mrs. Bennett died, without—as Mr. Ragge expected she would—leaving Francis anything, and then fortune changed again. Francis, now about thirteen, became in the eyes of Mr. Ragge and his housekeeper, and sundry old cronies of the veterinary surgeon, a sort of vagabond, and the end of it was, that his grandfather by marriage kicked him out of doors one morning, telling him to go and seek his fortune in London, on a basis of three half-crowns and the silver watch given him by his father—the said Ragge spreading a report in the neighbourhood that Frank had feloniously appropriated such watch and then decamped.

We can only glance at Francis's parting with his old playmate, Jack Barnes, the son of a neighboring farmer. Jack is a sort of juvenile rustic hero—one of those boys found in most country villages; leading all the other boys—ready to fight his own battles, or anybody else's—foremost in robbing orchards, and taking his full share in case of discovery—one of those lads of whom old ladies, shaking their heads, sagely prophesy a bad end, but who too often defy prophecy by virtue of the healthy energy of their character, and the good heartedness which lies below it. Jack Barnes walks with Francis as far as the second milestone—the two planning visions of future greatness, to be realized in London; and then producing from his shoe—his pockets, lacerated by tops and marbles, being an unsafe treasury—all his stock of money—a shilling—entreats his playmate's acceptance of it by throwing it down and running away crying.

Frank goes on to other scenes—walks forward to London without much idea of how far it is. Here meeting a landlady who makes a fearful inroad on his purse by a charge of eighteen for ale and bread and cheese—there falling in with another who, out of pity for the boy, gives what he needs, and adds a little to his small stock of silver besides. When he nears London, Frank—as heroes of romance always, and boys in rural life sometimes do—meets a benefactor. At a wayside inn he sees a pale gentleman. This gentleman draws from him his history, his hopes, and his capabilities—the latter consisting of some knowledge of Homer and Virgil—smiles at his enthusiasm—gives Frank his address in London, where he is to be found in a fortnight, and lends the boy a guinea, taking his watch, more as a guarantee for seeing him again, than as a pledge for the repayment of the money. Golden dreams open upon Frank, and after the strange gentleman, Mr. Strangford, leaves the inn, he walks about the lanes, and is robbed by a man and woman of all he has. Bnt Mr. Strangford, he finds, has paid for his place on the London coach, and Frank—hope rising above grief for his loss—goes on to that dream-land of young rustics.

The coach arrives,—Frank stands upon the step of a London inn, stunned with the novelty and the desolateness of his situation; he attracts the notice of the coachman. Where is he going? Frank does not know. The coachman knows a "nice quiet house," kept by a friend of his, where Frank may board and lodge on moderate terms. But he has no money. Well, that does not matter. (Coachee has picked up something of Mr. Strangford's intention to help Frank); he can have credit. So Frank is installed into the "nice quiet house." Frank, young as he is, does not like the house: there is something in the black eyes of the fat, rosy landlady,—something in the aspect of the customers,—something in the basely-furnished dirty attic where he is to

sleep—in the whole air of the place, in fact—which repels him without his understanding it. Those who know what a low London public house of doubtful character is, will understand it well enough. Frank makes an acquaintance of a fellow-lodger, a seedy, courteously impudent, slang-talking man—a Mr. Pratt, easily recognised by those who are cognizant of life as one of the adventurers with whom London swarms; black-leg adventurers, sometimes up in the world, and successful at the gaming-table—sometimes down, and hiding in back garrets. Pratt treats the boy as a man; inaugurates him into life at a bachelors' party in Pratt's squalid room; introduces him to a South American, Colonel Price, and a doubtful-looking hook-nosed Irishman, Cornelius Joy. The boy cannot play at cards with the worthy trio, for he has no money; so he looks on and drinks the gin-and-water, which is plentiful. Frank has no proper character of his own yet, but he has that which makes or breaks a man—as often one as the other—a craving after excitement; after he has drunk a certain quantity, the longing of the gambler comes on him; he clutches at the cards; he wants them to lend him five shillings "to try his luck." They laugh at him, and the boy drinks again, is carried to bed he knows not how, and wakes next morning ill.

Pratt is at his bedside, the fellow has a scheme in which he means to make Frank an instrument; he tells him a romance, which he calls his life,—a romance of pleasure, wealth, and love. Frank knows what love is already, —not personally, but sympathetically, through Jack Barnes, who had a sweetheart named Dolly; and he has all the curious boyish vanity so common among youths in the matter of the tender passion. Pratt's tale interests him:—the fellow has loved a respectable girl, and been loved by her; but her friends have taken her out of his way,—she is at the house of a country schoolmaster. Pratt intends to pass off Francis as his son; to take him to the school; to leave him with a note to Cornelia, and plan an elopement. Frank has not fallen into untruthfulness yet,—he objects to the deception; but the wily man of the world beats down his scruples, and tempts him with the romance. The father is to be dropped for the guardian, and Pratt, out of some of those mysterious resources known only to the hangers-on upon life, finds respectable clothes for himself and his young accomplice.

They go to the school: Frank interests the good old schoolmaster—one of the simple, benevolent, wise men, so fit to teach boys—by the recital of his real story up to the time of meeting Mr. Strangford. Pratt personates Mr. Strangford, who is known to the schoolmaster by his literary reputation, and Frank is left with a note to Cornelia, the object of Pratt's stratagem. Frank's heart does somewhat smite him for the part he is playing, but he sees Carolina in the schoolmaster's family, pale and melancholy; he thinks she is so because of her separation from Pratt, and romance re-assures him. He finds an opportunity to deliver the note, and Cornelia conceals it; but at night she comes to his bedroom, and then, from her grief and reproaches, he learns that she no longer loves Pratt; that she voluntarily conceals herself from him: that he holds her reputation in his power, and is persecuting her for the sake of the money she is entitled to.—There is a revulsion of feeling in Frank's heart, —that is a lesson of life; he hates Pratt, he would do anything to help Cornelia. She bids him be still and silent, and goes to attend the appointment at the garden gate, which the note bids her keep. He follows her stealthily,—finds that Pratt endeavours to carry off his unwilling victim by force—helps her to resist,—raises an outcry, and at the approach of others, Pratt makes off. The wretched Cornelia flies back to the house, and with terror and shame, and before any can follow dashes herself from the window on to the stones below, where she is found dead.

We can imagine the grief and horror of Frank, who feels himself a murderer. We can imagine, too, his conscience-stricken shame, when the good schoolmaster draws from him the truth, and leaves him locked in the room to feel as those who accuse themselves of the crime of murder do feel. He cannot stay there —his thoughts will not let him; he escapes from the window and runs, he knows not, cares not, where, so that it be away He passes houses, longing to go in and ask for shelter, but dares not; he feels, young as he is, all that isolation from his kind, that a sense of crime produces upon a heart not trained to wrong by gradual downward steps. He has the conscience of a Cain within him, and that makes a mark always upon the brow, which, if not seen by others, is felt by self. The night passed away; the rain went, and the sun rose brightly. As the day advanced, the tired wanderer was dragging wearily along a road leading to a village; passing a house, the garden-gate opened, and a gentleman on horseback dashed out; Frank heard a cry to stand aside, then felt a blow, and when his consciousness returned, was on a sofa in a room attended by a tall, handsome, foreign lady, while a beautiful little girl, with wondering, pitying eyes, stood by.

That house was for some years Frank's home. Why he knew not. He told his tale, and somehow it was understood that he must stay there, and, without being able to account for it, he came to feel as though he had a right to be there. There were more mysteries about the house than that; in fact there was little else but mystery. Mr. Marston, the master of the house, was a mystery. He had been a South American merchant; that was all that

was known. Living sumptuously, he avoided acquaintance with the neigbouring gentry.—Seemingly without any reason for anxiety, there was always the shadow of gloom over him or near him. He had books in plenty, but was superficial in his knowledge, and at times drank to excess. The author makes the mistake of supposing that drunkenness is the constant attendant upon crime; it probably is where crimes are committed by men of weak natures, but strong-minded men are often indurated by wrong into endurance, and nerved by it into sobriety. Mr. Marston, however, was a weak man. Very different was his wife—the foreign lady—Camilia. Those who have read Bulwer's *Luceretia* will be able to estimate her character properly: beautiful, but of a beauty one shrinks from with a sense of danger in the fascination; proud, haughty, passionate, and enduring; a sensual, earthy, spirit, with a love only for one, and that one her husband—a love violent, passionate, boundless,—a love capable of any wrong to shield its object,—the love of the tigress for her young rather than like human affection. On her too was the gloom which affected Marston. Olympia, the little girl, was not their child: she also was only adopted as Francis was; why, when, where, or how, they only knew. To both the boy and the girl Marston was kind, while Camilla seemed only to endure them for his sake. Frank and Olympia became as brother and sister. They studied together, they played together, and Frank relapsed into childhood. We hardly know how to reconcile this to probability, but so it is in the story. Frank was a sharp boy of fourteen. He had felt romance, he had tasted excitement, he had suffered grief and fear. All these develope the mind rapidly, yet he became a contented child, the playmate of a girl of ten.

We must take a few incidents from this strange life. One day a visitor came—a visitor who evidently caused anxiety to both Mr. Marston and Camilla. It was Cornelius Joy, the hook-nosed Irishman, the accomplice of Pratt. He and Francis recognized each other. What could he want? Neither the boy nor the girl could understand. They had, however, felt the mystery of that house and made romance of it, and with that mystery they somehow connected Cornelius Joy. When they were sent out of the room, after dinner, they whispered their suspicions; they watched—they overheard Camilla, though in indefinite words, inciting Marston to murder Joy. They heard him say, "No, not in his house." They saw Joy go away, apparently drunk, and heard Camilla instigate Marston to follow him, and they clung round the man whom the beautiful fiend was tempting, and prevented his going out. Camilla felt that they suspected something, and set to work to ascertain what. But Frank had learned to be cautious, else the South American would have smothered suspicion in death.

Cornelius paid a second visit; on that occasion, shortly after he arrived at the house, Frank and Olympia found George Ashburn, a lad about Frank's age, lying on the grass, where he had been struck down from his horse by a robber. His description of his assailant pointed to Cornelius Joy, and when they took George Ashburn to the house, Cornelius, who was there, escaped to avoid recognition. What could be the connection between Mr. Marston and such a man? All Frank and Olympia could divine was, that Cornelius possessed some secret by which he extorted money from Mr. Marston.

Another episode. Two ladies came on a visit, one old, the other—Julia—young and beautiful. Camilla hated them. She looked on the younger as a possible rival. Olympia overheard her say that it was another scheme of Lacy's. Who was Lacy? Frank was now eighteen, and the beautiful, bold Julia made an impression on his heart; but when he declared his love, she laughed at him—told him if he knew her by and by he would be thankful to her for doing so, and the two ladies shortly after went away.

The incident to which we have already referred, of the attack upon George Ashburn, led to an intimacy with the family, and that in its turn led to two love affairs; one between Frank and a cousin of George's—a light flirtation, begun and ended without much sorrow; another, more serious, between George and Olympia, now grown into a beautiful girl. George is the type of a modern young man of the world. Well-educated, liberal in sentiment, courteous in manner, moral in appearance—he is a libertine; and as soon as Frank sees indications of that, he forbids his attentions to Olympia, and extracts from her a promise not to see her again for a year. Frank has a right to do this, for Mr. Marston has confessed to him that Olympia is his sister. When his father and mother went to South America, taking his sister, the ship was wrecked, as Frank knew already, and believed all to have been lost; but he learns from Mr. Marston that the little girl was saved and adopted by him. What mystery is it that links the Marstons to him and his sister? That Frank cannot fathom.

Frank is now nineteen, and Mr. Marston decides that he is to begin life for himself. What profession will he choose? He has made up his mind already—the profession of literature. So he starts to London again with with £100 in his pocket. There have been many sketches of literary life, and the author of *Francis Croft* paints the dark side of the picture. The ardent hopes of young aspirants—the difficulty of finding employment—the struggles which pave the way of the *litterateur*. We pass over this—over the half love-

making of the susceptible Frank with the lodging-house keeper's husband-seeking daughter—over a glimpse of Julia Litton, who is a London courtesan. The records of degradation are full of such lives as this of Julia's—lives which may not be lightly touched on, but of which society must hear more yet, ere the causes of them are struck at. Out of an interview with Julia, Frank visits a pawnbroker to redeem some pledges, and there he meets his old friend of the inn, Mr. Strangford.

As Frank stands in one of the narrow boxes of the pawnbroker's shop, a voice arrests his attention in the other, and he sees his father's watch offered in pledge. The pledger is Mr. Strangford. Frank rushes after him, accosts him, and renews their old acquaintance. They become friends. This gives the author another opportunity of delineating literary life; and he shows us a man who, though talented, has learned nothing upon which he can depend—a gentleman without resources, broken in health, unfit to work, unable to rest, wearing out the remnant of life, finishing a novel, so that he may leave his wife and daughter something at least before he dies. It is a sad story, of which we shall have more to say presently. Mr. Strangford does die before his book is finished. Mrs. Strangford soon follows him, and Frank marries their daughter, who is left without a friend. He is prompted more by pity than by love, though Mary is both beautiful and loveable. Like many of the daughters of literary men in real life, however, she is uneducated, and Frank has an idea in which intellect as well as beauty plays its part.

Through Mr. Strangford, Frank has become acquainted with two city merchants, partners, Mr. Kempsie, and Stirling, his nephew. The nephew and Frank become friends. The uncle, too, is attached to him, though in a strange way. He appears as though he was sensible of having wronged Frank, and anxious to make reparation. The why Frank cannot comprehend. This Mr. Kempsie is an extraordinary character,—powerfully drawn. He is kind, generous, benevolent—but a monomaniac. He has lost his wife early in life in consequence of the faults of others, and grief and the desire of revenge has unhinged his mind. At the time of Frank's marriage Olympia is in danger. Lacy, of whom we have heard before, is at Mr. Marston's, and Olympia is to be forced into a marriage with him. Mr. Marston is unwilling, but for some reason afraid to refuse. Camilla urges on the sacrifice, as a means of averting some mysterious danger. Olympia invokes Frank's aid to save her. He goes down; finds Lacy to be his old tempter Pratt, backed by Cornelius Joy and the South American, Colonel Price. He is set at defiance, and forced to leave without seeing his sister. He returns to consult Mr. Dempsie, and then the *dénouement*—a very complicated one—begins.

Marston is really Mr. Bennett, the son of the friend of Frank's mother. This Bennett was formerly a clerk in the same house as Frank's father. Mr. Kempsie was one of the partners. Bennett had forged on the house to such an extent as to cause its bankruptcy; and in grief for her husband's fall, Mrs. Kempsie had sickened and died. Frank's father had been accused of complicity in the crime, but of that he was innocent. He did, however, screen the criminal and aid his escape, for which Mr. Kempsie never forgave him; and by preventing him from obtaining employment, forced him to leave the country. That weeping woman, whom Frank remembered at his father's feet, was Mrs. Bennett, imploring that her son might not be given up to justice. This explained the link which connected Mr. Marston with Frank and Olympia. This was the secret, the possession of which gave Pratt and his accomplices a hold over Marston. Mr. Kempsie took advantage of Frank's information to set the officers of justice after Marston; and when he escaped from them Olympia was rescued from her perilous position.

For the rest of the details we must refer the reader to the book itself. How Olympia, a high minded woman, became first an inmate in the house of her brother, then a governess; how Marston, hunted by Kempsie, was driven to suicide, at the instigation of Camilla; how Frank found his wife worthy of love, and won from her that affection which he had at first lost by his want of sympathy; how Stirling won Olympia, after overcoming barriers which his own suspicious nature set up between him and the high-souled beauty; how Frank, abandoning the uncertain pursuit of literature, became Stirling's partner, as a merchant in Italy,—paying before he went, a farewell visit Jack Barnes and his former sweetheart—since wife—Dolly, and confronting and confounding Mr. Ragge, would take more space to tell in detail than we can spare. Enough to say that the autobiography of Francis Croft ends happily, and the young olive branches clustering round his table are never likely to endure the struggles he has passed through.

Altogether *Francis Croft* will rank high among the novels of the year, notwithstanding that there is here and there a want of connection in its construction, and probability in its development; but we must put in our protest against the author's estimate of literary life. True, there are such examples as that of Mr. Strangford, but there are many which tell a far different tale. In literature, as in other pursuits, the great prizes are few, and those who do not gain them must be content to stand on the same level as other workers. They must practice prudence, and work hard; but that is only what the great mass of men are

forced to do. They have no special cause to repine which is not shared by thousands. They cannot expect to be exempt from common ills and struggles. It is not the part of a friend to tell them to be discontented. The world does not use them worse than it does other men; and so far from their needing State help, or charity, they only need to be fit for the task they are called on to execute, and to depend boldly and hopefully on themselves, to make their position as comfortable and honorable as it is necessary and useful.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

BY TYRO.

Oh! 'tis a sacred, pure, and holy light,
Not like the ardent, overpow'ring blaze
Of the meridian sun's refulgent rays,
But rather like the moonbeam, pale yet bright,
That holds it's sway throughout the weary night,
And penetrates the thick and gloomy haze
Of brooding darkness:—would these humble lays
Could picture forth fair woman's love aright.
Oh! 'tis a web, spun with the nicest art,
Which, rightly used, no force has power to sever;
But trifle with it, and you rend apart,
Its thread of magic structure,—and for ever!
Reader, whoe'er thou art,—is it thy lot
This treasure to possess,—abuse it not.

THE WAISTS OF AMERICAN LADIES.

The unnatural length and ridiculous smallness of their waists baffle description. "A waist that could be spanned" is an English metaphorical expression used in a novel, but it is an American fact; and so alarming does it appear to an Englishman, that my first sentiment, on viewing the phenomenon, was one of pity for unfortunate beings who might possibly break off in the middle, like flowers from the stalk, before the evening concluded. No less extraordinary is the size of the ladies' arms. I saw many which were scarce thicker than moderate-sized walking-sticks. Yet, strange to say, when these ladies pass the age of forty, they frequently attain an enormous size. The whole economy of their structure is then reversed, their wrists and arms becoming the thickest parts of the body. Here is a subject worthy the contemplation of the ethnologist. How comes it to pass that the English type—which I presume has not, in every case, been so affected by the admixture of others as to lose its own identity—how comes it to pass, I say, that the English type is so strangely altered in a few generations? I have heard various hypotheses: amongst others, the habits of the people—the dry climate. The effect of the latter on a European constitution would have appeared to me sufficient to account for the singular confirmation, if I had not been persuaded by natives of the country, that the small waist is mainly owing to tight-lacing. This practice, it is said, is persevered in to an alarming extent; and if report be true, it is to be feared that the effects will be felt by future generations to a greater degree than they are at present.

OF THE MISTAKE THAT ANYTHING CAN BE WRITTEN "WITHOUT SOME LOVE IN IT."

"No scandal against Queen Elizabeth," retorts the lover of Sheridan, as he re-reads our heading. No; rest assured, I am not going to talk about Queen Elizabeth, but there will be some love in this chapter.

I never wrote a regular novel, but I have read enough to know, that if there was not a little morsel of *la belle passion* thrown into the narrative of even an older man than myself, no one would believe it to be genuine. It would be set down as the cold, set scribbling of some penny-a-liner, who had never got beyond catching the eye of the speaker, or parliamentary reform. Even the highly respectable aristocratic novel,—in which nothing less than a baronet, and nobody with less than thirty thousand pounds can be introduced—is obliged to comply with the universal law, "which makes the world go round," and which makes not a few heads, old and young, go round too.

I do suspect (now that I know that it was so) that I have seen Flora blush now and then and look fidgety, without any particular reason, and I do believe that she and Maria Darlington have been more together of late than usual, and that she has left off teasing Maria about Tom Heywood. What an ass I was!—but a man never sees what is passing under his very nose. His experience must be brought, like the fashion of his coat, from a distance.

I was sitting in my office this morning, enjoying a virtuous indignation epistle from a dean and chapter, who were making a virtue of refunding certain moneys which they had been compelled, by popular indignation and honest opposition, to give up to the right owners, when a clerk announced that a young gentleman wished to speak to me, at the same time presenting a card bearing the name of Mr Charles Derry. I recollected the name at once; he was an acquaintance of Tom's, and had met us rather frequently of late at different parties, and had even called several times. The girls had always told me when he did so,—but, strange to say, he always managed to call when I was out.

On entering, he made several apologies for the intrusion, and having satisfied him that none were necessary, I inquired to what cause I owed the pleasure of his visit.

It is unnecessary to state that it was an affair "of the utmost importance to his whole future happiness." I wondered I had never guessed something, or how I had been so silly as to suppose that my little ladies would see other people making love, and getting married, and not themselves feel some anxiety to quit the parent nest. Was there to be no love, by way of episode, in *their* history, as well as in as in that of others,—my own included?

He was a nice, manly young fellow, and though I could not help smiling at his enthusiasm, I thought of my early flame Fanny, and hoped that it was no flesh-wound, or skin-graze (Flora is terribly pretty though I know I should not say so), but an honest enduring affection "Have you spoken to my girl on the subject?" I at length asked.—Pooh! pooh! I knew well enough he had.

"I confess that I ventured, on two or three occasions, to address Miss Dearlove; and I dare to hope that your consent would lend weight to my wishes."

"In other words, you have her permission to ask me to give her leave to do what you have no doubt she will do," I replied, laughing. "Come, come," I added, "I know enough of these little affairs to be convinced that papas and mamas only come in as seconds in a duel of matrimony,—after the principals have fought it out themselves. Well, well, we must be plain in such a matter. What do your friends say to your intentions? And—what will you do to keep up the matrimonial happiness when you have attained it? Come, step into the inner office, where we shall not be interrupted, and we will talk over matters."

With a grateful, and by no means dissatisfied smile, he accompanied me, and we sat down by the fire.

His account of himself pleased me by its candor. Like a good many young men, he had just got enough into pecuniary embarrassments to have been obliged to "cut in" in time, and, unlike a good many other young men, he *had* cut in in time. He avowed himself now clear from all debt, owner of the house he lived in, and of a fair and improving share in a city business, with the respectability of which I was well acquainted. Having no one but a rather fond mamma and aunt to consult, both of whom were rather anxious to see him "settled in life," he dreaded no family obstacles to his happiness; and I did not feel disposed to be the bugbear to his hopes. "Very well," I said, "come and sup with us at half-past nine this evening, and we will see about it. There, that will do," I added, doubtless cutting short a most eloquent expression of thanks, "I must fill up those forms of application," and I began writing my own signature most vigorously,—an act which, to say the truth, forms the principal business of a senior partner.

I go home full of schemes for teasing Flo (as we call her) into a confession, and, as good fortune will have it, she runs to open the door to me. I am earlier than usual. Did the puss think that it was——not I? But I keep my countenance, and kiss her and the other girls just as if nothing had happened.

Though I am not old enough for the high-comedy grandfather, I really feel very like Mr. W. Farren as I chuckle over my dinner. "By the way, my dear," I suddenly say to my wife, "I want a little bit of something nice for supper at half-past nine. A young friend of mine is coming in."

"Tom Heywood, as usual, I suppose?" says Bessy, looking at Maria Darlington. "Old Mrs. Roper asked me the other day whether he lived here!"

"No, not Tom Heywood." I replied laconically, dividing the body of a teal; "perhaps," I added, "Flora can tell you."

Poor Flo, she is quite taken aback. She looks so pretty and so anxious at the same time, that even if I were inclined for a small display of impromptu private theatricals, I could not look angry. "Come here, sly boots," is all I can say; but I see that Flo doesn't care about any more dinner. "Dear, kind papa!" she says, as a tear or two drops on my cheek; "I thought you could not be angry."

To say how happy and how mysterious my wife and daughters are on the occasion, and how little Flo laughs when she has got over the first touch of conscience and modesty,—to say how happy I feel in having children who can trust me,—would keep supper waiting longer than my readers would care about. Everybody is in the kitchen except Flora and myself, and we are talking as—it is a pity father and child do not talk more frequently.

At length comes a double knock, and, despite of some highly proper blushing, etc. etc. I send Flo to open it. If Charles Derry believes in "hard-hearted fathers" after this, I shall set him down as an infidel, capable of anything, from the toe-and-heel polka to high treason.

We are a happy trio, for Charles has spent all the afternoon in drawing up a clear statement of his affairs, and taken as a whole, the young couple may hold up their heads with confidence. Besides there is a good balance in my account at Farquhar and Herries.

My wife always comes out strong on great occasions, and this evening's supper is decidedly a great occasion. How so many light, nice, digestible nick-nacks could be got together in so short a space of time, I cannot tell; but Emily mischievously whispers that it is "to give the future Mrs. Derry a lesson."

The time is spent very pleasantly, and runs on very fast. Tom Heywood, who has, of course, dropped in, is paying Maria more attention than ever, and by-and-by informs me that he is going seriously to work, and intends also going to church on the same day as Charles Derry. He makes a wretched joke about "hunting in couples," but I am in too good a humour not to laugh.

What desperate arrangements for going to all sorts of places! The weather is fine, and out-door amusements are just beginning to be agreeable. Besides, such charming small gallantries about carrying parasols and reticules,—such polite anxieties about avoiding damp feet,—and such charming convenience for mis-

sing the rest of your party, and yet always unaccountably meeting them when it is time to go home! I see plainly that the next few days will not be the most industrious of the whole year, and so I gave a general *carte blanche*, resolving to fill up some rather heavy arrears of business, and to look over my money concerns generally.

All I can say is, that if Bessy and Emily follow their sister's example, I shall not be mistaken again!

FASHION.

Who makes the fashion? because I cannot believe that there is any profound reason for my trowsers being cut straight this winter, when they lapped a little over the foot a year ago. Nor do I fancy there is any especial mystery in the fact that the skirts of my street-coat must now hang to the calves of my legs, when last year they scarcely fell below my waist. What would induce my cousin Maude to receive visitors this morning in the costume of my grandmother's portrait? Yet it is much more simple and picturesque than anything Maude will wear. The only reason she can give is, that it is "out of fashion." Who put it out? And who, from time to time, continues to put "out of fashion" what is graceful and picturesque, and to put "in fashion" very graceless and clumsy contrivances? The other day my aunt Jane entertained the little folk who came to tea with Clara by coming down in her bridal hat. There was one burst of laughter from young and old. "You may laugh," said aunt Jane, smiling, "but when I went to church after my marriage, in that hat, I assure you it was the envy and despair of the whole town; and, by next Sunday, the church was full of all kinds of imitations of it." When the little people came to take leave of aunt Jane, she said to them, "keep the bonnets you are wearing to-night for twenty years, and then you will laugh as heartily at them as you do at my bridal hat to-night." Should we not?

Not many years ago our mothers all wore leg-of-mutton sleeves—stiff, starched, clumsy wings, opposed to every feeling of propriety and sense of beauty. Then came the sleeves puffed about the shoulder and upper part of the arm. Aunt Jane, I remember, used to wear under-sleeves, or circular cushions stuffed with down or feathers, or something else, to make the puff of the outer sleeve sufficiently prominent; they used to sit in these deformed dresses, and laugh by the hour over Queen Anne's hoops and heels, and the Chinese coiffure of Louis XIV.'s ladies. And to-day at dinner, as cousin Maude held her plate for a cut of roast turkey, and dipped her falling-lace under-sleeve into a dish of gravy, and then draggled it over the tablecloth, she was shouting with laughter at the idea of my mother in those other sleeves. Maude hates the Bloomers, because they are contemporary, but merely derides the high heels and short skirts of earlier days. This she did vehemently one day last week. as I escorted her up the College Avenue, and, at the same moment, her skirts were sweeping the mud and offal of the street, to the great saving of the scavenger's salary, but, unhappily, to the great disgust of every decent person. "My dear coz," Maude says to me, "one must be in the fashion." "But who makes it?" inquire I desperately. "Don't be a fool, John," she replies, and from this pious devotee I can get no other account of the goddess.

If Claude Fay, who is a lover of my cousin Maude's, wished to secure her favour, would he be likely to array himself in a "green, half-trimmed frock and breeches, lined with silk," or a "Queen's blue dress suit," or "a half-dress suit of ratteen, lined with satin," or even a "pair of silk stocking breeches, and another pair of a bloom-color?" Yet Oliver Goldsmith doomed all this gear to win the smiles of the Jessamy Bride.

Uncle Solomon and his set were great judges of wine. At least, they said so, and I know that they were great drinkers. I dined often at uncle's table and saw much of the set.—They swore at Madeira. Sherry was a thin, woman's wine; and they quaffed foaming glasses of sparkling ruby liquor. This was ten years ago. The next time I dined with Uncle Solomon, I spoke of French wines, and German and Italian wines. They were damned directly. They were "stuff," and "execrable," and "woman's wine," and many other disagreeable things. Madeira was the wine for a man. "Amen," thundered Crabtree, but broke off suddenly, smarting with a twange of the gout. "Claret is your gouty wine," cried Uncle Sol. "Your Rhenish is vinegar," said another guest. "And your Italian wines muddy, sweetened water," added a very rich gentleman at the foot of the table.

Uncle Sol and his set were fairly entitled to their opinion, and might drink what wine they preferred. But why this monstrous contempt and commiseration for other tastes than theirs? Are not sweet Tokay and the Rhenish wines the wines of history and poetry? Would Horace have exchanged a single sip of his exquisite Falernian for a tun of such lava? Was the wine of Cyprus, which old Crabtree pishes at as a cordial, ever drunk by modern traveller without emotion? To hear Uncle Sol and his set, you would have fancied that no one ever drank wine with understanding, until this blessed club of diners-out met for the purpose. It imposed upon me for a long time, and I had a secret pity for men who did not believe in Madeira. But I presently crossed the sea myself, and discovered what good wine was. I drank the pure vintage of the Rhine, and the Danube, and the Arno, the Sicilian

shore, and the broad fields of France; and tasted the grape and its blossom, the sun, the country, and the climate, in each wine I quaffed. Well, when I came home after six years' absence, I dined one day with the remnant of the old set. Six years had swept away much prejudice and much wine. I found them drinking claret, Rhenish, and sherry, to a man. There was a bottle of very old Madeira introduced as a curiosity, and every man took a thimblefull. But "the staple tipple," as Claude Fay calls it, was light wine. "Light wine's all the go now, my boy," said Uncle Sol. "Why?" said I. "Oh! I don't know; it's the fashion. We don't swig and guzzle as we used to do," replied he.

This seems very ridiculous. Are we mere puppets which this magician Fashion moves at will? Are we lay-figures only, draped by this capricious fairy? "I will not submit," cried I, "'tis unmanly. Peach-bloom breeches are as good as my grey trowsers. I will be bold, I will be free, I will be——"

"Out of the fashion, if you dare," said Claude Fay, who heard me. And was he not right again? Is it not easier to stretch the truth a little, than to wear a high black-satin stock? Yet that was the top of fashion when the first gentlemen in Europe wore it. Show me a man bold enough to be out of fashion, not for a freak, or a bet, or for an occasion, but, if you choose to say so, upon principle, and I will show you a hero. We none of us like it. We like to have our hats and boots and waistcoats in the fashion. We are averse to having our wives and daughters—how much more our mistresses—say—, "oh! how old-fashioned."

'Tis fashion that makes cowards of us all. A belle's face in the bonnet of a score of years since, was like a rose at the bottom of a coal-scuttle. Now it stands forth from her bonnet, like the rose bursting from the bud. I consider that we are the gainers. But I am not very turbulent in my joy, for I wonder whether the next freak will not be to cover the face with the oriental Yashmak, leaving one eye only to beam soft splendour through that terrible eclipse. It is Fashion that rules us, not taste, not beauty, not the becoming, nor the picturesque.

They who know how to give have gained the portal; they who know how to deny have entered the temple.

Love, like the plague, is often communicated by clothes and money.

The same people who can deny others everything are famous for denying themselves nothing.

An air on the bagpipes always reminds one of a tune tied to a post.

Reason, like the sun, shows what is under it, but nothing above it.

Antiquity can no more privelege an error, than novelty prejudice a truth.

FOREST GLEANINGS.

No. IX.

"A few leaves gathered by the wayside."

HUMOURS OF HOLY EVE.

Among the few old customs that have been introduced into our colony by the Irish and Scotch settlers, Holy Eve is one that is still kept up, not only among the lower class of emigrants, but also among those who occupy a higher order in society, more especially among the Irish, whose genuine love of fun and frolic has always distinguished them from their more sober-minded and less excitable neighbors of England. Christmas is the Englishman's national holiday, from the peasant's cot to the earl's castle, but Holy Eve and Yule or New Year's Eve are the great days observed by the Irish and Scotch; these are days that enliven the young and cheer the hearts of the old, bringing back again to them joys long since past—kindling former smiles again

"In faded eyes that long had wept."

Reason may laugh and ascetics frown, and yet I question if any one is the worse for such meetings and relaxations from the cares and sorrows of life; even Solomon says there is a time to laugh as well as a time to weep and mourn.

The humours of Holy Eve were quite new to me before I came to Canada, for, living in an easterly angle of the isle of Great Britain, I had mingled with neither the Irish nor Scotch, and only knew of the Holy Eve through reading Burns' humorous poem. It was during the first visit that I paid to the town of P——, then in its infancy, that I first beaame initiated in the merry mysteries of Holy Eve.

Arriving unexpectedly at the house of a married friend, I found her dressed with more than usual smartness, she was evidently preparing for an evening party—going out to tea, I hinted that I feared my visit was *mal à propos.*

"Cannot you take Mrs. T—— with you, my dear," asked her husband, "Mrs. M—— will be delighted with such an addition to her party; she will meet some of her friends there—we can take such liberties in Canada, and it is Holy Eve."

I had no objection; I was sure to be well received, but I had a baby, a weaned baby of only a few months old,—it would be troubled some.

"Never mind; I have a good nurse who will mind it, and it will sleep well, never fear!"

Cloaks and hoods were brought, and though so early in the season the snow was falling fast, and we had to cross the high bleak hills near the bank of the river, among lofty pines and oaks that then grew on Court-house hill. I was young and full of spirits in those days,

for it is nineteen years—nearly twenty years ago, and I heeded not the stormy wind nor the snow-drift which beat in our faces, and by the time we reached the hospitable door of our Irish friend's house we were wrapped in a mantle of snow.

A hearty voice, whose cheerful much-loved tone, alas! I shall hear now no more, bade us a kindly welcome, and ushered us into the large parlor, bright with the cheerful blaze of a log fire, and gay with smiling faces of young and old, who were ranged on benches round the room for the better accomodation of so numerous a party as were there assembled. Our coming was greeted with infinite satisfaction by many a kind face, and I was soon comfortably seated among a little knot of lively laughter-loving girls, whose merry glances inspired mirth in the very gravest of the papas and mamas.

A plentiful supply of tea and coffee, cakes and preserves, were carried round by the young men, who officiated as waiters on the occasion. There must have been some thirty-five or forty guests, consisting of young men and maidens, girls and boys, with a respectable scattering of matrons and their partners. There was indeed, as the boys hinted, lots of nice girls and plenty of fun.

As soon as the tea was over a game of family coach was started, which set every one laughing and scampering for places,—forfeits were gathered in a pile in the lap of one of the elder ladies. Blindman's-buff followed, and Wilkie might have caught a few ideas had he seen the sly tricks of some of the demurest-looking of the young girls.

Then there was fishing for a wedding-ring in a bowl of porridge—it should have been sillibub, but milk or cream were rare articles in those days in our backwoods. Then there was bobbing for apples in a dish of clean water, this was of course confined to the gentlemen, —and sometimes a mischievous girl urged on by one of the older sisters would dart forward and give a sly push to the candidate for the apple and souse his head into the pan of water to the infinite enjoyment of his comrade. The one who caught the apple was, according to the augury of the wise ones, to be married before his fellows. Then came jumping for apples with hands tied behind the back of the party, the apples hung by strings from the frame of a reel such as spinners use to wind off the yarn from the wheel; between the apples lighted candles of an inch or two in length were stuck, and the chance was as much in favor of catching a candle as an apple, as the machine swung lightly round from the ceiling to which it was suspended by a nail and a string.

One trick caused great mirth to the lookers-on, but I ween not to the luckless wight who was the subject of the joke. A forfeit was called, and a tall lad of six feet in height was doomed to walk blindfolded three times round the room, and then sit down on a joint-stool before the kitchen fire till one of the young ladies should come to release him, and lead him back to the parlor. Three times the poor dupe was paraded between two of his friends round the kitchen to the great admiration of the giggling maid-servants, and then led to the seat, but it proved a stool of repentance; a tub of cold water covered treacherously with a bit of board so short as to give way instantly it was touched, precipitating the young man into the icy fluid; being very tall he found it no easy matter to regain his balance, and uttering execrations on the villains who had played the trick, he rose from his seat by no means a convert to the cold-water cure. One of the *humane society* present, petitioned for a dry suit and a warm blanket-coat, but it took some time to reconcile the shivering victim to the expediency of the practical joke—but it was Holy Eve and all sort of pranks were allowable, if no one was hurt no one cared, and a fiddle and a cleared floor, and Scotch reels and Irish jigs, with country dances, put all things right. The dancing in those days and in those remote places, did not then include waltzes, polkas, and quadrilles—now, even in the backwoods, these dances are alone practised by the young folks, though the reel and country dances still remains in favor with the old, who look on the familiar whirl of the waltz with an evil eye. When tired with dancing, songs were sung with skill and feeling, and eyes that before were brimful of mirth now overflowed to the touching melodies of "Savourneen Deelish," "Mary Le Moor," and that wild old ballad so full of mournful pathos, "Mary Queen of Scots' Lament," beginning—

> "From the walls of my prison I see
> The birds how they wander in air,
> My heart how it pants to be free,
> My looks they are wild with despair."

And there were cheeks that kindled as the lays of Auld Langsyne were chorused that night by old and young, and thoughts of days gone by, and friends of early youth, came over many a heart I ween right sair that night,— then *viva la compagnie* was improvised by all present, and so ended Holy Eve, 1833.

No. X.

FEMALE SERVANTS IN THE BUSH.

> "Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
> Their homely joys, their destiny obscure."

I HAVE often heard families complain of the difficultyof obtaining and retaining good female servants, especially when they first come to this country, and dwell with much bitterness on the insolent freedom of manner they experience; that while the rate of wages is nearly doubled, they are worse served than by even indifferent servants at home.

In Canada, the demand for labor has hitherto exceeded the supply, and will do so for many years to come, excepting in places where a strong tide of emigrants has poured in on account of some tempting advantage offered them, such as the carrying on of public works on an extensive scale. The servant knows her own value, and is not unnaturally disposed to take advantage of the necessities of her employer. She is, in point of fact, less dependent on her mistress than her mistress on her.

Such being the state of things, it is impolitic to commence your acquaintance with your newly-hired servant by assuming an air of haughty superiority over her—or putting on an attitude of defence before attack is meditated.

In a new country like this, the same order of things does not prevail as in England, and something of dignity must inevitably be ceded, if you wish to live peaceably with all men. Even servants, fresh from the comforts and conveniences of good service at home, find much cause for discontent and unhappiness when they come to Canada. The change is not less felt by them than by ourselves; they also have to learn to conform to the ways of a strange country; they also feel the bitter pangs of expatriating themselves, though they have more to gain, and less ultimately to lose, by the exchange, than we have; but their regrets for a season are often as acute. Let us, then, think of these things; let us learn to treat them as human beings, as fellow-creatures subject to like feelings of joy and sorrow as ourselves, and let them see that we do so, not because it is our worldly interest, but because we are their Christian mistresses.

Begin, then, by treating them with kindness and consideration. Servitude is at best a hard position to bear; let us endeavor by judicious kindness to lighten the yoke of bondage. Take an interest in their happiness, their general welfare; lend a patient and not unwilling ear to their little histories; for they have all something to tell of their former trials that drove them to this country, their early wanderings and troubles in the first settlement they made, the hardships, sorrows, and sickness they have met with.

Believe me, that much interesting matter may be thus obtained, some useful knowledge acquired, some valuable lesson of patience learned, by which your own heart may be benefitted and improved, and, what is equally valuable, a feeling of confidence established between yourself and your household servants, who feel, by these little acts of sympathy, that you do not despise them.

Truly do I subscribe to the fine sentiments of the poet, whose truth must have been felt and experienced by every one capable of feeling aright:—

> Where is the heart of iron mould,
> Stern, inaccessible, and cold,
> That melts not, when its proud distress
> Is balmed by pity's gentleness?

Irish servants are more plentiful than English or Scotch, and you will find a marked difference between those that come from the Catholic, and those that come from the Protestant countries. The former are generally less neat in their persons and less perfect in their household work; but they are easily contented, more cheerful, good-humored, and respectful, quick to take offence where their country or religion is sneered at, and, I might add, less trustworthy in word; they smile and joke, and yet have a latent feeling of jealousy in their hearts if you have offended them, which is only suffered to break forth when occasion suits.

The Irish Protestants are clean, active, full of expedients and energy, more truthful and upright in their dealings, approaching nearer to the Scotch in many of their characteristics, than to their Catholic brethren or to the English. Indeed, it is often hard to distinguish, but for their tongue, the emigrants from the north of Ireland and the west of Scotland; the complexion is often fair and ruddy, and the family names also assimilate. We have Gordons, Hamiltons, Dunbars. Campbells, Macdonalds, Drummouds, and a host more of Scoto-Irish names.

Though our best servants are from amongst this class, yet from the other classes faithful and active domestics are to be found.

I had a nice, good humoured, rosy Saxon-looking English girl in my house for some months, full of practical usefulness, but with a mixture of shrewdness and simplicity in her manners, that made me smile. I used to be amused by her remarks on this country, and often listened to her tales of humble life.

One day she told me the little history of the troubles that forced her father to leave his native country. He had been a blanket weaver at home, near Devizes, and when the trade became so bad that he could not live by his wages, he resumed his original occupation of laborer, and was one of the Marquis of Bath's numerous tenantry; but even here he found bread hard to earn, though Hannah, a lass of fourteen, and her mother still worked at the loom, or carded, or spun at home in the cottage, and the boys kept sheep in the commons for the farmers. Still things did not go on well, and at last they fell into arrears with the landlord, and the furniture, loom, and wheel, and all were sold for rent, by order of the steward; and so sorrow upon sorrow, and trial upon trial came. till their hearts were well-nigh broken. Just then wages were very low, and work hard to be procured, "and we could scarcely get food," said Hannah. My father was suspected of snaring hares, and there were few that did not, near us; and the overseer was savage when we

came for our weekly allowance, when father was sick and out of work. Uncle Henry had got a notion into his head sometime before, and had gone off to Canada, and he found plenty to do, and plenty to eat and drink, and good wages, and wrote to my father to come out. Well, this was not easy, for we had no money to pay his passage, and he went to the overseer, and he told him to go about his business and work, and not leave his family chargeable on the parish. Well, I cannot say how he picked up means to go, or who stood his friend, but go he did, unknown to the parish, who would not have let him off, and then came a hard time to us, for the parish folks were all angry when they found us all left on their hands, though mother and I did all we could, and so did the boys, and hard fare we had and hard times; and so a year wore over—a long, hard year it was to us. At last we got a word in a letter sent to Devizes, that father was well, and had got land and a bit of a shanty up, and we were to go to him as soon as we could find the means. Mother, she went off to the overseer, and told him how she was wanting money to get us all out to Canada; but though the parish had to allow us something weekly to keep us alive, not one penny would they give her, to get rid of us all, and he stormed, and blustered, and abused father; but then mother just let him know her mind, for her blood was up, and she said he was a fool, for the family would cost more in time than what she wanted for the passage money; but he only huffed the more, and called us all vagabonds and poachers.

"Well, mother comes home in great distress. At last, a neighbor came in, and when he heard what troubles we were in, says he, 'Why do you not go to my Lord Marquis's steward, or to the Marquis himself?' So mother gets up and tidies herself, and says, "Then I'll go to his honor's ownself," and so she went and takes us all with her, as clean as she could make us.

Now the Marquis was at home, and he was so good as to speak to mother, and to hear all her story, and when he had heard it, he got quite savage like with the overseers, the Marquis said:—" Now, don't tell it to I, because, he was riled like at them."

This speech, repeated with the most earnest simplicity, almost overcame my gravity, but the Marquis gave them an order on his steward for money to take them all out, and something for sea stores. Hannah's mother was a wise woman to tell her own tale and plead her own cause with the great man.

I forget now all the simple wondering that filled the minds of Hannah and her brothers and sisters at every thing they heard and saw in their voyage out, and up the great river St. Lawrence, and right glad were they when they met their father at Cobourg, for they had exhausted every morsel of provisions, and had begged a few turnips at some place, to keep them alive. And when they came up through the woods nearly fifty miles, they had to journey on foot. How strange it seemed to persons accustomed to the wide open treeless downs that form so striking a feature of that portion of England from whence they had emigrated.

What a strange waste of wood and sticks and faggots, we thought it as we journeyed, and when we used to sit down to rest on our way, I used to gather up all the loose branches and pile them in little heaps on the path, and say,—" Oh mother, do'ee look here, we will come and fetch these to make fires with one day." And then father would laugh at me, and say,—" why hunny, I have burnt more wood in one day, than we ever burnt in all our lives at home." And how we did stare at the great log heaps that fall, and still I would think what a pity to destroy what thousands of poor creatures would go miles to fetch, to warm themselves with in England, and dare not pick a stick to light their fires out of the hedges or woods. Hedges, indeed there are few or none, for the enclosures are all of stone, not like the bowery hawthorn fences of Norfolk, Suffolk and Essex.

The old man had settled among some of his own country folks, and so they were soon visited by old familiar friends, and a short time reconciled them to the change of country, and though they had their privations and hardships, at first, they labored in hope and are now surrounded by many comforts. My little maid is at this time a careful, busy, thrifty wife, well to do in the township, with cows, and pigs, and fowls, and flocks and herds around her homestead, and three or four rosy, fat, well-clothed children, as good tempered and English as their mother. I wish the Marquess of Bath could see them. G. T.

Oaklands, Rice Lake.

THE QUEEN AND ALL DEGREES.

BY AGNES STRICKLAND.

The Queen of merry England,
The royal and the fair
Our English-born Victoria,
For her we'll breathe a prayer;
Oh, Queen of merry England,
Auspicious be thy reign,
And may thy glorious annals be
Unsullied by a stain.

The noblemen of England,
The bulwarks of the crown,
Whose fathers won by lofty deeds,
Their honor and renown;
Oh, noblemen of England,
Be worthy of their fame,
And let your own bright deeds adorn
The proud descent ye claim.

The gentlemen of England,
The virtuous and the free,
Who boast the happiest lot of all,
Nor high nor low degree;
Oh, gentlemen of England,
In country and in town,
Be faithful to the people's cause,
And loyal to the crown.

The merchants of old England,
Whose honour and whose worth,
Are known in every port and mart,
Throughout the peopled earth;
Oh, merchants of old England,
Propitious be each breeze
That homeward wafts your golden sails,
Ye princes of the seas.

The seamen of old England,
The bravest of the brave,
Who've humbled every hostile fleet,
That ever swept the wave;
Oh, seamen of old England,
Ye'll triumph yet again,
Where'er ye bear Britannia's flag,
Along the rolling main.

The soldiers of old England,
Who fought in France and Spain,
Whose conquering might has well been proved
On many a deathless plain;
Ye valiant men of England,
Your swords are in the sheath,
But round your brows will ever bloom,
The fadeless laurel wreath.

The peasantry of England,
Those men of hardy mould,
Whom foreign foes have ne'er subdued,
The fearless and the bold;
Oh, peasantry of England
Your worth is ne'er denied,
For ye have been in every age,
Your country's strength and pride.

The face of a corpse seems as if it suddenly knew everything, and was profoundly at peace in consequence.

Raillery is only proper when it comes with a good grace, in a manner which both pleases and instructs.

"How is it," asks a celebrated writer, "that the greatest crime and the greatest glory should be the shedding of human blood?"

Affectation of any kind is lighting up a candle to our defects.

Love, like sunbeams, being diffused, is weak and faint; but contracted to one object, is fervent and calefactory.

TOM MOOREIANA.

No. I.

[Trusting that the appetites of our readers have been whetted by the extracts which we gave in the last *Shanty* Sederunt, from Russell's Memoirs of Thomas Moore, we present them with a larger refection from the same source.—Ed. A. A.]

COMPOSING IN BED.

Breakfasted in bed for the purpose of hastening the remainder of my "*Cribb*" work.

It is singular the difference that bed makes, not only in the facility but the *fancy* of what I write. Whether it be the horizontal position (which Richerand, the French physiologist, says is most favorable to thought), or more probably the removal of those external objects that divert the attention, it is certain that the effect is always the same; and if I did not find that it relaxed me exceedingly, I should pass half my days in bed for the purpose of composition. There is a Latin poem of M. de Valois, in which he has adduced high authorities for this practice:

"Quis nescit quondam, Ausonios Graiosque poetas, &c.
In lectis cum scriniolo studuisse sedentes."

Where did he learn that Herodotus and Plato studied in bed?

VOLTAIRE'S ZADIG.

Read some of "Zadig" to Bessy after dinner: how good! Zadig "knew as much of metaphysics as has ever yet been known; that is to say little or nothing of the matter."

The great physician Hermes, who predicted the loss of Zadig's eye, and tells him, "If it had been the right eye I could have cured it, but the wounds of the left are incurable." When Zadig recovered, Hermes wrote a very elaborate treatise to prove that he ought not to have been cured, which Zadig however did not think worth his perusal. Zadig advises the Arabians to "make a law that no widow should be permitted to burn herself till she had conversed with a young man one hour in private. The law was accordingly passed, and since that time no woman has burned herself in Arabia."

SATIRE.

Resolved never to have anything more to do with satire; it is a path in which one not only strews, but gathers thorns; and nothing but the most flourishing success can enable one to brave and laugh at all the enmity which it produces. The instant there is anything like a failure, all the stung persons are ready with their stings in return.

WOMAN'S FANCIES AND INCONSISTENCIES.

In the course of conversation with Mrs. M., remarking what odd things woman's hearts were (in reference to matters of love and gal-

lantry), she answered, "not odder than men's." But I asked her, didn't she think the restraints with which women had to struggle produce more inconsistencies in their conduct, and more fantastical fancies in their minds, than were usually observable in men. The course of the latter is like a free, unresisted current whereas the continued pressure under which the feelings of a woman lie, and the narrow channels of duty through which they are forced, produce all those multiform shoots and unexpected gushes which arise from similar causes in artificial water-works.

BENEFIT OF DANDYISM.

Story of a cart wheel going over a dandy's neck, and his being saved by the thickness of his neckcloth.

SERMON BY SHERIDAN.

Met the Bishop of Meath, and walked with him up and down Milsom Street, talking of Sheridan. Told me the story about the sermon; it was at a country-house of Sheridan's (forget the name of the place; must enquire); the company there at the time, Tickell, Burgoyne, Mrs. Crewe. The subject given to Sheridan at dinner on the Saturday by O'Byrne, viz, "The abuse of riches." Sheridan absent at coffee, and for the rest of the evening; and O'Byrne found the MS. by his bedside next morning, neatly tied together with ribbon. An admirable discourse, he said, though with several strange references to Scripture; such as, "It is easier, as *Moses says*, for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle," &c.

LAST HOURS OF MONK LEWIS.

Lewis died of the yellow fever; very unwilling to die; all the last days exclaiming every instant, "The suspense! the suspense!" which the physician who attended him was doubtful whether he meant to allude to religious doubts, or the success of a medicine which he had taken, and on whose operation his life depended.

MUSICAL JOKE.

Dined at Power's at four o'clock, to meet Bishop. He mentioned one curious musical joke of Hadyn's, who, in composing the commandment, "Thou shalt not steal," has, on the last word, *stolen* a passage from Martini.

HINT TO YOUNG ORATORS.

Every young orator ought to prepare and write out his speeches; not *verbatim*, but so as to know perfectly what he is about.

A THOROUGH-BASS PUN.

Some good Latin poems of Jekyll's. Upon hearing that Logier taught thorough-bass in three lessons, he said it contradicted the old saying, "Nemo repente fuit *turpissimus*."

PLEASURE.

What Lord Ellenborough said to ——, the barrister, upon his asking, in the midst of a most boring harangne, "Is it the pleasure of the court that I should proceed with my statement!" "Pleasure, Mr. ——, has been out of the question for a long time, but you may proceed," &c.

ROBERT BURNS.

Allen mentioned that one of the things which brought Burns into disgrace with his excise masters was a toast which he gave, "Here's the last verse of the last chapter of the last book of Kings." He was also accused of having called for *ça Ira* at the Dumfries theatre.

DISPERSING A MOB.

Luttrell told us about Hare, describing Tarleton, on some occasion when there was a mob collected round Devonshire House, saying to them, "My good fellows, if you grow riotous, I shall really be obliged to *talk to you.*" "Upon which (said Hare) they dispersed immediately."

CHARITY CHILDREN AT ST. PAUL'S.

Went with the Dunmores and Lady Ann Hamilton to St. Paul's; a most interesting spectacle; near 12,000 children assembled in that grand church. Nothing could be more striking than their all, at the same moment, rising and veiling their faces with their aprons at the first sound of the organ and at the benediction.

A VALID REASON.

Bushe told of an Irish country squire, who used, with hardly any means, to give entertainments to the militia, &c., in the neighbourhood; and when a friend expostulated with him on the extravagance of giving claret to these fellows when whisky punch would do just as well, he answered, "You are very right, my dear friend; but I have the claret on tick, and where the devil would I get credit for the *lemons?*"

QUARTERING UPON THE ENEMY.

Cornwall mentioned rather a good story of Sheridan's taking Dowton's gig to come to town, while Dowton, with all the patience and sturdiness of a dun, was waiting in the parlor to see him.

A PROFOUND MATHEMATICIAN.

Lord Holland told before dinner (*à propos* of something,) of a man who professed to have studied "Euclid" all through, and upon some one saying to him, "Well, solve me that problem," "Oh, I never looked at the cuts."

OVER PAYMENT.

Luttrel in good sprits, and highly amusing: told of an Irishman, who, having jumped into the water to save a man from drowning, upon

receiving sixpence from the person as a reward for the service, looked first at the sixpence, then at him, and and at last exclaimed, "By Japers, I'm *over*-paid for the job."

METRICAL CRITICISM.

Lord John mentioned to me some verses written upon "Lalla Rookh;' he did not say (nor, I believe, know) by whom, but not amiss:

"Lalla Rookh
Is a book,
By Thomas Moore,
Who has written four,
Each warmer;
Than the former;
So the most recent
Is the least decent.

CAUTION.

Talking with Luttrel of religion before dinner, he mentioned somebody having said, upon being asked what religion he was, "Me! I am of the religion of all sensible men." "And what is that?" "Oh, sensible men never tell."

IRISH STORIES.

Abundance of noise and Irish stories from Lattin; some of them very good. A man asked another to come and dine off boiled beef and potatoes with him. "That I will," says the other; "and its rather odd it should be exactly the same dinner I had at home for myself, *barring the beef*." Some one using the old expression about some light wine he was giving, "There's not a headache in a hogshead of it," was answered, "No, but there's a bellyache in every glass of it." In talking of the feeling of the Irish for Buonaparte, Lattin said, that when he was last in Ireland, he has been taken to a secret part of the cabin by one of his poor tenants, who whispered, "I'll know *you'll* not betray me sir; but just look there, and tell me whether that's the *real thing*," pointing to a soi-disant portrait of Buonaparte, which was nothing more nor less than a print of Marshal Saxe, or some such ancient.

AN ABSENT MAN.

Lord Holland told of a man remarkable for absence, who dining once at the same shabby repast, fancied himself in his own house, and began to apologise for the wretchedness of the dinner.

A LEGAL GROAN.

Luttrel told a good phrase of an attorney's, in speaking of a reconciliation between two persons whom he wished to set by the ears, "I am sorry to tell you sir, that a compromise has *broken out* betwen the parties."

THE DISTRESSED POET.

We called upon Lady Elizabeth Fielding, and went afterwards to the Couturiere. Rather hard upon me to be the interpreter on these occasions; indeed, housekeeping, millinery, everything, falls upon me just now, and I fear there is but little chance of leisure for writing; besides, there is this infernal young lady learning the pianoforte over my head.

PARISIAN DISGUST.

Bessy visited by Madame de Flahault, Lady C. Fitzgerald, Mrs. Herbert, &c., &c. Lady E. Fielding said to me, comically enough on my return from Calais, "Every one speaks of your conjugal attention, and I assure you all Paris is disgusted with it."

A COMPREHENSIVE APPETITE.

Bessy and I took dear Anastasia in the evening to the theatre of M. Comte, where we saw an extraordinary old man eat whole walnuts, and a crawfish, a bird, and an eel, all alive. A *gens d'armes*, who seemed to know all about him, said that he suffered no inconvenience from any of these things, except the walnuts, which he could not digest. He swallowed also a pack of cards, his comrade accompanying it with the joke of "*Vous mangez à la carte.*"

A CANNIE SCOT.

On my return found that Lord Kinnaird had been to bring back Lord B.'s "Memoirs," and Bessy had asked him to dinner. He came, and made the party very agreeable. Told us of a Scotchman who, upon being asked by a stranger the way to some place, answered, as usual, with the question of "Where do you come from?" "That's nothing whatever to you," answered the other. "Very true," replied the Scotchman, "nor is it muckle concern of mine where ye are ganging, either."

DUNNING A DUN.

Shaw, having lent Sheridan nearly £500, used to dun him very considerably for it; and one day, when he had been rating S. about the debt, and insisting that he must be paid, the latter, having played off some of his plausible wheedling upon him, ended by saying that he was very much in want of £25 to pay the expenses of a journey he was about to take, and he knew Shaw would be good-natured enough to lend it to him. "'Pon my word," says Shaw, "this is too bad; after keeping me out of my money in so shameful a manner, you have now the face to ask me for more; but it won't do; I must be paid my money, and it is most disgraceful," &c., &c. "My dear fellow," says Sheridan, "hear reason; the sum you ask me for is a very considerable one; whereas I only ask *you* for five-and-twenty pounds."

MACKLIN.

When Reynolds and Holman were both in the first dawn of their reputation, the latter wrote to Reynolds from some of the provinces, to say that he had heard Macklin, had seen him one night in "Werter" (a play of Reynold's), and had expressed himself highly delighted with the performance. "If you should

meet him," continued Holman, "pray tell him how much flattered I feel, &c. &c., and how proud I shall be to continue to merit," &c. &c. Reynolds accordingly took the first opportunity to address Macklin when he met him; but he had not gone far with "his friend Holman's" rapturous acknowledgments, when Macklin, interrupting him, said, "Stop, stop, sir! before you go any further, have the goodness to tell me *who* are *you*, and who is the fellow you're talking of."

TRUMPS.

Kenny told me that Charles Lamb, sitting down once to play whist with Elliston, whose hands were very dirty, said, after looking at them for some time. "Well, Elliston, if *dirt* was trumps, what a hand you would have!"

HORACE SMITH.

Smith of the "Rejected Addresses" one of the party, and was rather amusing at dinner. Mentioned a good idea some one gave of poor Skeffington with his antiquity, his rouge, &c., &c., that "he was an admirable specimen of the florid Gothic." Denied being the author of the riddle about the looking-glass. Had never heard it before, but mentioned one of his own: "How would you spell the Archipelago with three letters?—Ægean Sea, *i. e.* e. g. and c." A large party in the evening. Much against my will, I sung.

SHERIDAN'S ESTIMATE OF THE "RIVALS."

S. always said the "Rivals" was one of the worst plays in the language, and he would give any thing he had not written it.

DEVICES.

In talking of devices, I mentioned the man who, on receiving from a mistress he was tired of the old device, a leaf with "*Je ne change qu'en mourant*," sent back a seal with a shirt on it, and the following motto, "*J'en change tous les jours*." Luttrell mentioned the open scissors with, "We part only to meet again."

ESTERHAZY.

Brown mentioned the great wealth of Esterhazy, I think £400,000 sterling a year. The condition of its tenure is, that every Esterhazy shall add £80,000 worth of jewels to the family stock; accordingly the accumulation is immense. Colonel Browne saw Esterhazy and his wife at a ball, when they each had jewels about them to the amount of £500,000.

BYRON A MISER.

Lord B., Scott says, getting fond of money: he keeps a box into which he occasionally puts sequins; he has now collected about 300, and his great delight, Scott tells me, is to open the box, and contemplate his store.

THE TALE OF A SCRAP.

COMMUNICATED TO "A POOR MAN," BY A MEDICAL STUDENT.

It was late one evening, when I returned from a stroll, warned home by a shower. On retiring to my rooms, bachelors quarters, I threw off my boots and placing on my feet a pair of worsted-worked slippers, a present from my cousin, I anchored myself in an easy chair and prepared for a smoke. But where is the tobacco? Miserable creature that I am! Have I forgotten to lay in a supply for the morrow, which will be Sunday? To me, who am an inveterate smoker, the deprivation of tobacco for one day is equal to transportation; for one week, sentence of death. An effort must be made, it is not yet eleven, and perchance a stray shop or tavern will supply me.

Hastily resuming my great-coat and hat, I strode forth in my slippers, wholly forgetting the change I had made, till reminded by a soft, sloppy sound at every step I took, and feeling my feet perfectly wet. I turned into King Street, but here the gas-lamps, shone upon an empty way, and glistened in the streams of muddy water which deluged the street. Turning up Yonge street, I ran for some distance; then striking off into a narrow dirty lane, at the end of which I saw an open door from which streamed a light, and heard voices as if in boisterous merriment. On entering I found it a low grog shop; on the floor lay a being sleeping off his debauch, and in one corner, in a maudling state of drunkenness, I saw—alas! must I confess it—two fellow students, "medicos." It was from a room behind the bar that the apparent happy sounds came; what roaring, peels of laughter came through that half-closed door; and now a song breaks forth, and the voice—it is of another "medico." Fearful lest I should be discovered and pressed to join their company, for they knew I could not get off under a "horn" all round, I was about retiring when a woman, pale and haggard, yet with a meek, mild, countenance, preserving with-all a care-worn look, as if weary of suffering and uncomplaining, entered, bearing in her arms an infant child. I asked her in a whisper for a small plug of tobacco I saw lying on the shelf behind her, which before handing me she wrapped in a scrap of paper. I threw her a fifteen-pence, with "no matter about the change," and escaped by the door.

"Hurroo-oo!" I heard one of the maudling topers shout, "that is Peter!" and he staggered after me; however, I had no notion of being captured, so I ran to Yonge street, leaving behind in the mire, one of my slippers; the other I carried home in my pocket.

Were I a moralizing character I might here enlarge on the vice of drinking, as well as that of smoking, and the troubles and misfortunes one is led into by following too freely their particular sin. The unfortunate part of my tale is, that it is but too true.

It was nearly midnight before I got myself comfortably seated down for a smoke, with dry clothes on. My pipe was charged, and rolling up the paper in which the tobacco was folded, I lit my pipe. Oh! that glorious inhalation! that incomparable puff! Again and again is the delicious nicotianic vapour drawn to the mouth in order to be expelled as nimbi, shrouding my head in aromatic wreaths. My pipe is in a glow and the paper scorching my fingers is thrown upon a plate lying on my table, there to be resolved into its natural elements.

Lolling back on my chair I gaze on the expiring, flickering flame, arising from the plate: now a charred mass alone remains, but here and there are little sparks of fire which seem to chase each other, coursing to and fro, now disappearing only to reappear. I turned my eyes to the pipe and again to the plate. In the excess of my surprise I start—the pipe falls to the ground—on the plate standing in an attitude of repose is the figure of a man, diminutive in size, being scarcely a foot in height; his arms are crossed holding in his right hand a quill, the feather of which he is nibbling in his mouth; his head reclines on his shoulder as if in meditation.

With gaping mouth and wondering eyes, I regard the being. Who is he? what is he? whence comes he? are questions I revolve rappidly in my mind. He tosses his pen towards me and says "write," I mechanically obey.

I am one of the spirits of the Past. You have just destroyed the sole relic of my former existence, that remained tangible to the world. To you, in obedience to a vow made at one period of my life, I appear to relate my experience of the world. That it is a hard and heartless world all men tell you; but few add that it is man, alone, who makes the world he lives in hard and heartless. Men pretend to say that Life is a weary path strewn with thorns and jagged rocks; it is their own fault that the way is not an easy and a pleasant one to tread. You who are young fancy you see a toilsome ascent before you; wait until you reach the summit and you will find your path has been a downward one. All the vexations of life, its tortures and troubles, are endured, are sustained, by man alone; and the reason is because he creates these discontents for himself. Is he a wise or a good man who to obtain a moments ease to him self, would inflict an hour's torment on a companion? Yet such is what the world does. The world! Ha, ha, ha!—I was born in this world long before you saw the light of heaven and it is not changed since, nor will it change; no, not for all the preachings and teachings of the ancients were they to rise up and implore it, pray it, demand it. No, no, the world is too selfish, so let them go on in the old and beaten path; they all in turn find out their mistake when, "too late."

My parents belonged to the order LINACEÆ, and were called *Linum Usitatissimum*, or common Flax. They flourished under the care of a rich landowner in the North of Ireland, who spent his surplus income in improvements on his estate, much to the delight of the peasantry who lived under him. For a long time after I was born, I lived in a box, with a vast number of brothers and sisters. I was always in perpetual dread lest I should be selected in order to be crushed for the oil I contained, I thought my size and plumpness would subject me to instant seizure for this purpose, little dreaming of what slight importance I was individually. Indeed this feeling of self-pride I have since noticed to be a particular failing in man, therefore you must not condemn me altogether, if I in some things copied that noble being who stands at the head of animated nature. And, again, you must not laugh if I class myself under the term "animated," for we who belong to the vegetable creation, though not endowed with sensibility to a similar extent with the animal, yet in our humble capacity enjoy life, and are alike subject to death, either of a natural or violent kind. To return; I was not deprived of my oleaginous particles, nor was I made up into oil-cake to feed your cattle with. I was reserved for planting and, with many others, was consigned to the care of farmer Leary and, in due course of time, became a new and flourishing being.

Farmer Leary was a hearty Irishman, and a widower; a son alone remained to him out of his once numerous family. This son, his delight, was seventeen when I first met him, a tall, good natured, merry-looking fellow. However, on this portion of my life, though far from uninteresting I will not dwell; nor will I enter into the process whereby I was deprived of my fibres, nor how I was spun into thread, and afterwards formed part of a beautiful peice of fine linen, and partly entered into the manufacture of a rich and costly article, known as thread lace. This metamorphosis was wrought by poor children, who in thus devoting the best and happiest portion of their lives, managed to support themselves and aged parents.

The linen portion of my existence was by an odd coincidence purchased in Belfast by my old master Farmer Leary, I was delighted at once more renewing his acquaintance and was sorry that he could not recognize me. My station in life was quickly determined, I was to be made into a shirt for the son. After much cutting and fitting, and sewing, basting, hemming, and stitching, I was ushered again into the world a perfect shirt. O! The pleasure and happiness of that moment! I could see in the beaming eye of Pat, that I fitted his back to his utmost satisfaction, and it was with tenderness that I clung about his person, for had not he, when I was a tender plant, nursed me with care?

It was the beginning of September, and the grain in the neighbouring islands required reaping; so Pat determined to go to Scotland and aid the reapers in gathering their stores during the harvest. We sailed from Belfast and landed in Ardrossan, from thence we went to West Kilbride, and found employment almost beneath the shadows of old Law Castle. While labouring there, Pat received a letter from his father informing him that he had married a second time, and that his wife was old Mrs. Flingarthy, a notorious virago, who had long been setting her wiles to entrap the kind and wealthy farmer, Leary. She succeeded during Pat's absence. Pat was indignant, and swore that he would go home and turn the old wretch away, but on thinking over the matter he saw it would be useless, rendering his father more unhappy. He wrote back a kind and affectionate letter, praying that the happiness that reigned over his fathers' home since his mothers' death might be renewed ten fold, and that his fathers' second union might be as blessed as his first.—For himself he could not return, as he had met with a profitable engagement for the winter in England. This was untrue, but the poor lad could not bear to return to a home from which he knew happiness had forever fled; nor would he be present to witness the sufferings of a father he loved with a devotion displayed only by children towards a mother. He went to England, and who can tell the miseries of that unfortunate youth! He sunk lower and lower in poverty and wretchedness, till at last, he prowled the streets of London in tatters, I clinging to his back in rags.

But I must not forget that I also existed as a piece of lace. I was made up for the London market, and found my way into the fashionable establishment of Messrs. Smith, Bird, and Co., Regent Street. I did not remain long here, but was selected by a most lovely, joyous creature, scarce nineteen, to trim her chemisette! What emotions of delight thrilled through my frame as I heard my destination! To lay all day upon that panting, heaving bosom! To sleep beneath the gaze of those bright blue eyes! To be fanned by the breath issuing from those lips of rosy red! To be ruffled, nay, to be crumpled by those curls of auburn hair that hung in clusters o'er her shoulders! Joy! joy! Oh for death—annihilation in this state would be bliss! I was nursed by Marie for many months, and was the admiration of many of her female friends, and some of of the male ones too. Edward was never tired of praising me as a masterpiece of art, and repeatedly examined me so closely, that his breathing stirred my folds. I was deceived, unhappy piece of lace that I was! I fondly imagined that his nervousness was due to my beauty alone; but too late I discovered that he was in love, but not with me. I was outraged, and could have torn myself to shreds in sheer vexation, especially as Marie did not withdraw her hand and repulse him for his deceit and duplicity. I felt confident at that time, that he would never make a true or faithful husband; but I have since come to the conclusion that she was aware of, and countenanced the falsehood of her lover. Faugh! I am disgusted with the world.

Marie, whom I loved at one time so well, I found out to be heartless. I do not mean to say that she did not love Edward; on the contrary, she regarded him with tenderness and affection; but to her inferiors she behaved coldly and with cruelty—that is, with the dignity and reserve becoming her position. An incident I must relate, not that it exemplifies Marie's character; it merely lays bare her coldness and want of feeling; and, besides, I myself was partly concerned in the matter. One day, many weeks after Edward's declaration, Marie and Edward were driving along Regent Street, with the intention of calling at Smith and Bird's, from whence I was purchased, when a long line of men marching in a row, encased in wooden boxes, covered with placards announcing "alarming sacrifices," were seen approaching. The coachman, not paying attention, allowed his horses to dash one of the men to the ground, who had vainly endeavored to get out of the way. The box was shattered, and the man rolled out senseless on the pavement. "Poor fellow, I hope he is not hurt," exclaimed Marie, turning deadly pale; Edward had jumped from the carriage and was raising the man up. He was in rags, which the advertisement case previously concealed from view; a stream of blood trickled from his forehead, and the shirt was stained thereby. This shirt I recognized as

being a portion of myself. This was our first meeting since we parted as flax. The wearer I also saw was Pat, our former guardian, and wondered much at his changed appearance. Pat was only stunned, and quickly recovered himself; I heard Edward tell him to call at his house in the evening. He then returned to the carriage, and Marie, as we drove off, said "the poor brutes ought to take better care of themselves." I am happy to say, Marie and I parted that evening. I was given to her *femme de chambre.*

I must now return to Pat, who in his blood-stained shirt stood at Edward Stanley's door at nine that evening, the hour appointed. Edward ordered him to his study where he was writing.

"My poor man," he said, "you were this morning injured by the carelessness of a servant, who, if he were mine, should be dismissed; I wish to make you some atonement for your injuries, though I am well aware that money can never repair the the loss of health and life caused by negligence."

"Sir," replied Pat, "the accident was slight and the pain now gone by; sympathy, is to me, more pleasant than money, the only other recompence you can offer."

"Sir," said Edward pleased, and involuntarily using the word *sir* as if addressing an equal, "sir, I perceive you have fallen in life, whether by misfortunes or your own error's I will not enquire; but if I can aid you to regain the position I know you once occupied, command me."

"In what circumstances, sir, do you think I was born?"

"Nay, that I could hardly tell," said Edward, laughing, "but from your language I see that you have had some education; you can read and write, which few would suppose if they merely judged you by their eyes."

"It is true, I can read and write. I was born in the North of Ireland, my father, a respectable and independant farmer. In Ireland, I may say, I have no other friend or relative. My father, while I was in Scotland, a year back, married: I would not return, as I particularly disliked the woman he had chosen for a wife; therefore I pretended I had found work for the winter in England, and came here. I was alone in the world and friendless, and soon lost what little I had; moreover, no one would give me employment, for I had no character to show, no one to refer to. Of course, I got occasionally something to do, but they were merely passing jobs, and the money I earned was barely sufficient to keep body and soul together. I wrote to my father, confessing my fault in leaving him, and explaining to him my present position. I received a short reply; I, he said, had severed the chain that bound us together; and as I sowed, even so must I reap. Since then I have struggled on, hoping for the dawn of a brighter day."

"That day, my lad, has come. You are strong and active, willing to work, go to America; in Canada people like you prosper. Here is a sovereign, get yourself a new outfit, come to-morrow, and you shall have twenty pounds on condition that you emigrate.

Pat was stupefied, he could not reply; suddenly grasping the hand that held towards him the sovereign, he bent over it as if he would have kissed it; but he did not; on raising his face I saw that he had stooped to conceal a tear. "I accept your kindness," he said, in a quivering, yet manly voice, "and, believe me, I will yet prove that I am worthy of it. Suffer me to regard this money as a loan; it will be a greater stimulant."

"Be it so. Should you ever return it, it will be employed in a similar manner."

With a grateful heart Pat left the house. That night Pat and I parted.

It is strange that the lace and linen portions of myself should leave our respective owners on the same night, and much about the same time. It is also curious that I, as lace, disliked Edward Stanley, but as linen, thought him a noble specimen of man. But it is so in the world; how varied are the tastes and opinions of the human race!

Pat left me at a second-hand clothes shop, where he obtained his new-old suit, and I was cast in a corner as useless.

The *femme de chambre*, who obtained the chemisette, sported me at several balls, but the com pany I here met served only to amuse me by their vulgarity. The change from high life to low, was one, that I as a chemisette, who was accustomed to the best society, could not brook; and was happy, when I was torn from the neck of my mistress by the cook during a scuffle they had about the footman. I was ruined, my beauty gone, and was left on the floor by the maid who fled up stairs in a flood of tears. The cook picked me up, and being a thrifty woman, put me in an old clothes-bag, where she had gathered sundry odd scraps against the next visit of the Jew, who cried "ole clo!" To him I was sold, and transferred to a paper mill. The fate of the rags that once formed the shirt, was similar to the lace. We were both, though at different times, washed, ground, and tormented in divers ways; and at last sent forth as paper. To prevent confusion in my tale, I will finish first, my history as lace, and then a few

words will suffice for that which was once a shirt.

The lace produced a paper of superior quality, which was used in a bindery to decorate a fashionable novel. I formed the fly-leaf. I no longer occupied a prominent position in the world; on the contrary, I was merely an ornament, never looked at; the pages of the tale engrossing the whole attention of all readers. I was jealous, horribly jealous, but afterwards became reconciled to my lot, and in this I think I shewed a philosophy worthy of imitation. I not only became reconciled, but even amused myself by examining the emotions excited in man by the novel they read. For this I had many opportunities, in as much, as I lived for many years in a circulating library. At last I was sold and curiously enough came into the possession of Mrs. Leary, the mother-in-law of Pat. Here I got into an unhappy home; Mrs. Leary was a domineering, passionate woman; she strove hard, yet unsuccessfully, to cause her husband to make a will in her favour. Upon this point alone, was the old man stubborn, otherwise, he was in his dotage and as easily led as a child. Tenderness, kindness, and affection, with coaxing and wheedling, were bestowed upon him unavailingly; even the novel that I had the honor of being attached to, was read aloud for his amusement, and it amused him vastly, but the will was not written; threats and ill-usage were applied to him, but he received all unmurmuringly. He seldom spoke to his wife, he rather avoided her, and not, I can assure you, without reason; his neighbours, however, were frequent visitors, undeterred by the scowling glances of the wife, and secretly applauded him for his determination.

"Don't be making a fool of yourself, Leary; divil the will would I write," said Bryan.

"No, no! I'll never put pen to paper! I'll never put pen to paper! No, no! No, no!" would be the excited old man's only answer in a voice and accent, half piping, half crowing, painful to hear.

After I, or rather the novel had been read to the old man, he took a great affection to *us*. Constantly would we repose in his arms nor would he be contented unless with *us*. I never for a moment flattered myself that all this affection of old Mr. Leary was on my account; no, not for an instant did I suppose so. It was I thought for the tale and he was childish and knew no better.—Still I was glad to recline on his bosom, to fancy as I gazed in his dim grey eyes that they recognized me as the produce of his own land, reared and nourished by his own son, whom I saw years and years ago a begger in the streets of London. Yes, surely he must know me, or else why does he when no one looks open on me, stare at me, feel me between his thin wrinkled, bloodless fingers? Ah! he lays his cheek on me, now shuts the book, and hugs me still closer to himself. No year of my life would I exchange for the enjoyments of that moment.

It was a calm, quiet summers' Sunday evening; the rays of the setting sun fell across the old man's face as he slumbered in his chair, placed before the open window of his bed-room; the evening breeze fanned his thin grey locks; and many a tiny bird warbled its evening hymn of praise in the vine, clustering o'er the lattice. The old man awoke with a sudden start, I was by his side, there was no one in the house. Mercy! Has my dear, kind old master gone mad? I am torn violently from the novel and the book hurled aside. Hastily he darts across the room, seizes a pen and writes rappidly. I tremble and shrink beneath the flow of ink that covers the page.

"My dear Son, I die intestate. Come home and claim your patrimony. You are forgiven. Farewell.

PATRICK LEARY,
Known as
The O'Leary of Patland-farm."

I was scarce dry when I was folded, sealed, and addressed to his own son, "care of Edw. Stanley, Kensington, London." This was another surprise to me. Joy, joy I shall again see my old mistress.

But how will I be sent. I am not long in doubt; the parish clergyman enters to pay his usual Sunday evening visit to Mr. Leary. Mrs. Leary was always present at these meetings.

"Wife," said Leary, "leave me with Mr. Deacon for a while, I would pray."

"Poor, dear husband," echoed the wife, "let me pray with thee, too."

"Mrs. Flingarthy," cried the old man, with difficulty, bending his eyes upon her, and calling her by her former husband's name—"Mrs. Flingarthy, I would confess."

"Then send for a priest," was the retort, rather angrily uttered.

"I would confess," continued the old man, unheeding the interruption, "a wrong I have been guilty of towards my son." You, I would in kindness have spared the recital, for you urged me to the harshness I am chargeable with. Mr. Deacon, send this letter to Mr. Stanley, and God forgive my sins. No, no! I'll never put pen to paper! I'll never put pen to paper! Ha, ha, ha!" A convulsive tremor shook his frame, and the wife rushed forth from the presence of the dead.

* * * * * * * *

"Marie, I have just received a letter from a clergyman, who announces the death of the father of that lad our horses threw down in Regent street, and who has gone to Canada," said Edward Stanley to his wife one evening as he entered, bearing me in his hand. "And he sends one enclosed to Pat."

"Poor old man. Was it not strange, Edward," said Marie, throwing on the table a book in pamphlet form she had been reading, "that he would never communicate with his son, and scarcely even answer your letters in his favour. Did he forgive him?"

"Mr. Deacon does not inform me. He says that a few moments before he died he spoke of confessing some fault; but did not. He died laughing."

"How dreadful. I am afraid he was a wicked man, so unfoigiving. And his son who has done so well; it is a wonder that he was not proud of him."

"Perhaps he has forgiven him, this note will most likely explain; it is a curious one to, written on coloured paper."

"Let me see," and I was once more transferred to the hands of Marie, whose person I had so long ago served to decorate as lace. It was to me like greeting a long lost friend, whose form you ne'er expected, again to see in this world. Marie had changed, twenty years at least had passed, still she was beautiful, more beautiful than when young, there was a quiet staidness in her appearance that spoke of happiness, that true happiness the product of contentment, that true contentment combining Faith, Hope and Charity. She turned me in her hands, examined the seal, O! that I then had a voice. But the pamphlet on the table, surely I see the old linen shirt!

By the next mail I was on my way to Pat; I found him in a large and flourishing business, I will not say in what town, as you might be tempted to pay him a visit. He still lives, and his eldest son is in partnership with him. He took me lately to Ireland, so I had again an opportunity of visiting my home once more, before I departed hence. Pat settled an annuity on his step-mother, sold the farm, and after visiting his benefactor Stanley, again left for the new world, taking his money with him, which was worth, he said, three times as much in Canada. An unlucky accident put an end to my existence, his house was burnt to the ground, and I was destroyed.

I will now briefly relate my experiences as paper made from the shirt. I was converted into beautiful printing paper, and was used as a sheet in a new magazine, that had just started, and sought rather popularity in the manner of its "getting up," than on the subject matter of its contents. A grave mistake; and one into which more than proprietors of magazines run into. The public do not always judge by appearances, they remember that the drum, notwithstanding all its noise, is empty within. The magazine of which I formed a part of the first number, struggled on for a few months, and then ceased. On my surface was printed a tale, I will not relate it here, for it would take too much time, it was one of humble life, an allegory. Edward Stanley happened to read it, and bought the number; he said it was the only one in the book worth looking at, and herein I was fortunate. I was given to Marie; they were not married then, and the pamphlet was treasured on my account. Often would she take me up in after years to read me to her children, I amused them, and they were never tired of me. Thus time rolled on, in its even way, till young Leary came to see them in the old country, and I was given to him.

You see how intimately our fates were woven together. I was tended by him when a plant; clothed his form when a man; and afforded him pleasure in old age. Likewise with Edward Stanley and his wife; we met repeatedly. The only drawback was the want of the sympathy of those with whom our life was blended. Once more allow me to moralize. All men depend on each other; those who are really considered, and consider themselves the most independent, are in truth the most dependent; and their error lies in not recognising the aid received, because they fancy they have *paid* for it. If you were to mutually acknowledge each others' assistance, believe me, there would not be those heart-burnings and jealousies which at present disfigure the human race.

At the time Leary's house was consumed, I was stolen, and lived for a long time in rather questionable society. I was not much thought of, and was finally given to that woman from whom you purchased your tobacco. That woman is a noble being, who in ill-health and poverty, suffers uncomplainingly in the hard lot in which her life is at present cast. See her again, and rescue her, if in your power, from the wretchedness with which she is surrounded. Can you imagine anything more humbling, miserable, vile, than attending on that low tavern.

The last scrap of me that remained, was wrapped around your tobacco, burnt by you, I appeared; I now—disappear.

I raised my eyes from the paper on which I had been writing for several hours, and saw nothing. A darkness seemed to fall on me. I stretched out my hand and knocked something from the table, a book I think; it fell on my foot, and caused me to cry out with pain; I jumped forward, upsetting my chair, and causing a terrible noise.—Could I have been asleep and dreaming? while groping about the room for matches, I trod on something which went crash beneath my weight. At last I struck a light, but my candle was wasted in the socket. Getting another, I found my pipe broken, and from the quantity of tobacco lying by the bowl, I saw that I could not have smoked it. Several books were scattered about, and a chair turned upside down; on the table lay a quantity of paper scribbled over, which, on reading, I found to be the above tale. Should it be published, let it appear as written, and then its faults can only be laid at the door of a man, who wrote with his eyes shut, and brain dormant.—Legally, persons in this state, are unaccountable beings.

THE EASTERN BRITISH PROVINCES.

No. II.

The Provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, including the island of Cape Breton, abound with mineral wealth, which has however been most unaccountably neglected until within comparatively a few years; the coal-mines of Cape Breton alone were worked to any great extent, and it was from this source that the government of the island, before it was removed to Nova Scotia, derived its chief revenue. Subsequently, those of Picton were opened by private company in England, and with those a of Sidney have been extensively worked by the mining company referred to,—the right of the late Duke of York, to whom they were granted, having been transferred to Rundell and Bridges, a wealthy house in London, in payment of debts due by His Royal Highness to the firm.

This grant embraces all mines in Nova Scotia, and also extensive coal fields that are found in the County of Cumberland, near the head of the Bay of Fundy. Crossing that bay, beyond which the Duke of York's grant, I believe, does not extend, there is probably the largest bed of coal to be found in the world, according to the Reports of Dr. Gesner who, for four or five years, was employed by the Government to make a geological survey of the Province. At Hillsborough, in that province, there is abundance of the purest gypsum, within a mile of the place of shipment; but the largest beds of this mineral, and which have been the most extensively worked, are those in the vicinity of Windsor,—partly on the property of of Judge Halliburton, the veritable author of "Sam Slick,"—whence it is shipped in great quantities to Passamaquoddy, on the American lines, and thence distributed throughout the United States.

Iron-ore is to be found in abundance in both Provinces, and has been partially worked at Picton, in the eastern part of Nova Scotia, and at Moose River, near Annapolis. About five-and-twenty years since a company was formed at Halifax, and buildings were erected near the mouth of the river, for the purpose of smelting the ore, which is very rich. There was another advantage attending this locality —an ample supply of sand was found in the neighborhood, well adapted for the process of moulding. But the affairs of the company were mismanaged; the building caught fire owing to the faulty construction of the chimnies; and the enterprise was afterwards totally abandoned. Ore of a superior description is found about Londonderry, on the eastern branch of the Bay of Fundy, seventy miles from Halifax, which, owing to the enterprise of Charles Archibald, Esq., are being, I understand, extensively worked. A great deal of fault has been found with the granting the mines of Nova Scotia to the Duke of York, and their subseqent transfer to Messrs. Rundell and Bridges; but when we contrast the indisposition of the monied men in Nova Scotia to improve them, with the outlay of capital by the British mining company, it appears to me the people of the Province have much cause to rejoice at the occurrence.

The distinctive features of the colonies of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward's Island in a social point of view, are widely different from each other; caused by the varied circumstances under which they were settled subsequent to their conquest; and which gave to Nova Scotia institutions of a far more liberal and popular character than were adopted by the other Provinces, and which have operated beneficially upon its rapidly increasing population, rendering them far more intelligent than those of the others. The most conspicuous among the causes of this superiority, next to widely diffused education, is the constitution of its Grand Jury, which exercises a judicions control over the finances of the several counties, and which is an excellent substitute for a municipal body.

The annual assessment for the support of the poor, local improvements, and other services connected with the administration of county affairs, are controlled and regulated by the Grand Juries, who carefully investigate the expenditure of the monies thus raised. The main roads and bridges are opened and maintained by annual grants of the Legislature, both in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and also in Prince Edward's Island; for which purpose the grants in each of these Provinces have sometimes exceeded £40,000; and no

where is any toll exacted. The granting of licenses to sell spirituous liquors is regulated by the Grand Juries, who generally embody public sentiment.

While this body in Nova Scotia resembles that of Massachussetts, in New Brunswick on the contrary, its powers are assimilated to that of England; and it was the opinion of the late Attorney-General of the latter Province, that all it has to do is to ignore or find bills of indictment. It is true, an Act passed the Legislature a few years since, authorizing the Grand Jury to investigate the county accounts; but its provisions were designedly rendered nugatory, by amendments made by the Council. The result is, that there is not that wholesome surveillance that prevails in Nova Scotia; and when the disbursements by the magistrates have been extravagant and excessive, application has to be made to the Legislature, for an Act to enable them to make up the deficiency.

The total absence of all restraint in this particular, struck Sir William Colebrooke, the late Lieut. Governor of the Province, soon after his arrival, and he endeavored to introduce municipal institutions, which was strenuously opposed by the more influential class of society, who were naturally opposed to any measure that would curtail their power, or throw the offices, which they held,open to public competition, by which the selection would be made from the population generally. And so ignorant was the mass of the people of the operation and advantages of those bodies, which it was cunn ngly represented would increase taxation, that, with few exceptions, they joined in the outcry that was raised against their introduction, and which would have elevated them in the scale of intelligence.

There was another advantage which the people of Nova Scotia possessed in the more general dissemination of education. The Picton Academy, established by the Rev. Dr. M'Culloch, of the Free Church of Scotland, of whom I shall again have to speak, diffused a liberal tone of public feeling, wherever its influence was felt; and from that source emanated those political views and principles, which have since overturned the former established order of things in Nova Scotia. The college at Windsor, although its advantages were chiefly limited to the members of a particular church and the sons of the wealthy, yet produced a number of scholars of no ordinary attainments, who scattered over the Province as clergymen, lawyers, physicians, and public officers, gave not only a high tone to public sentiment, but by the supervision which they exercised over the grammar and common schools, led to the diffusion of general intelligence; and nowhere, during my extensive tours through the Colonies, and even in the United States, have I found better informed people than are to be met with in Nova Scotia, and in that part of New Brunswick which adjoins it; the former, as I before observed, having engrafted on their code of laws, much of the tenor of those of Massachussetts, would seem to have been guided in their choice by the desire for mental culture, for which the inhabitants of that State have been distinguished from the period of its original settlement; and which subsequently operated on the minds of the patriotic men to whom the direction of the infant colony was confided.

Similar motives, however, do not appear to have actuated the leading men of New Brunswick, who seem to have feared that, if education were generally disseminated, a class of persons would be created, that would produce competition for office, and hence the inferiority of its rural population to that of Nova Scotia, to whom they do not yield in natural shrewdness or the more generous and kindly emotions of the heart. Within the last few years, however, a college has been founded at Fredericton, the seat of government; but it has been less successful in its efforts than that of Windsor, either as respects the students or the community at large. And although grammar schools were established, yet the system of common schools was materially defective, and no care appears to have been taken in the selection of teachers. Sir William Colebrooke labored sedulously to remedy the evil, and the Legislature was induced to direct its attention to this important subject; a Superintendent of Schools has recently been appointed, and should the efforts that have been made in this respect be met by a corresponding action on the part of the people generally, the rising generation will bear comparison with that of the sister Province.

Not only has there been this absence of efficient means for diffusing education, but the pursuits of the inhabitants of the two Provinces have not been without their effects. While those of Nova Scotia have mainly followed agricultural pursuits, and consequently led a domestic life, those of New Brunswick have for the most part engaged in lumbering, thus withdrawing them from their homes to lead a semi-savage and demoralizing life in the wilderness. As the autumn advances, the lumbermen resort in parties to the forest, where they remain till spring restores them to the restraints of civilized life. When the ice in the rivers has melted, they raft their timber to market; and after settling with the merchant, the employés for the most part spend the proceeds of their toil in dissipation during the remaining summer months, and then prepare again to return to the woods.

I have not room at present to enlarge upon the subject of lumbering as regards individuals and communities, but shall revert to it when I come to speak of New Brunswick and Lower Canada. Fortunately for Nova Scotia, her inhabitants are but partially engaged in the en-

terprise. The people about Pictou, and in the neighboring parts of the county of Cumberland, it is true, embarked rather extensively in the business; but the panic of 1825 involved most of them in one general ruin, and the rural population again betook themselves to agriculture, and at present the county of Pictou is one of the finest in the Province.

Nova Scotia, previous to the termination of the American Revolution, embraced New Brunswick, which, immediately after that event, was formed into a separate Province. The entire country was called "Acadie" by the French, and is so recognized in the Massachusetts charter of 1691, and in all the colonial public documents from 1635 to the conquest of Canada. It was bounded by Maine, whose original boundary was the Kennebec or St. Croix river, and was finally fixed by the English and French governments at the river Pemaquid—a short distance to the eastward of the Kennebec.

When New Brunswick was separated from Nova Scotia, the entire country was but sparsely inhabited; but a number of persons from the neighboring States, who retained their attachmeut to their King and country, sought refuge within its iron-bound and fog-enveloped coast; and an influx of immigrants —chiefly from Great Britain and Ireland—has since converted both Provinces into thriving British colonies.

By far the larger proportion of those from Scotland, settled about Pictou, in the eastern part of Nova Scotia, and of late years in Cape Breton, and, by their industry and agricultural tact, they have converted the forest into fruitful fields, which yield abundantly, and place their occupants ordinarily beyond the reach of poverty and want. To the present hour many of these people retain and speak their native Gaelic, in which language the services in many of their churches are performed during the early part of the day; and on sacramental occasions, hundreds of them may be seen partaking of that sacred ordinance in the open air, and beneath the cloudless canopy of heaven.

Family worship, in the observance of which the Scot is so remarkable, is frequently performed in the Gaelic; and I recollect, on one occasion, stopping a night at the cottage of a Highlander, at the head of the Nashwaak, in New Brunswick, who had been a sergeant in the gallant forty-second regiment, in which, during a large portion of his life, he had fought and served. Before retiring to rest, the family, as was customary, were assembled for "worship," the Gaelic Bible and hymn-books were produced, and all the members joined with alacrity and fervor in the evening's devotion, which went up an acceptable offering before the throne of the Most High. What stronger proof can be adduced of the effects of early training and example? This man had passed through all the varied and demoralizing scenes of military life; years had rolled on since he quitted his youthful and peaceful home; and everything had conspired to obliterate, if possible, the events of his early days: yet no sooner had he formed around him the domestic circle, than he resumed the performance of those religious duties, which probably even in the camp had not been entirely neglected, the observance of which had been inculcated in childhood; and in the wilderness of the new world his aged partner and the children of their love joined with him in the utterance of hymns of gratitude and in humble prayer.

We hear a great deal of the altered condition of the United States; but rarely has a greater change taken place anywhere there, than is exhibited in the eastern part of the Province of Nova Scotia, within the last forty or fifty years, and in the means of communicating with the capital. At the commencement of that period the mail was carried by a man of the name of Stewart, who trudged along on foot; nor was there a road by which a waggon, or perhaps a man on horseback, could pass. Once a week this hardy Scotsman shouldered his mail-bag, and sometimes with an iron pot on his head, for which he received a penny per pound for carriage, he started on his toilsome and solitary route. The road, or rather path, at that time was over Mount Tom, which was of steep ascent, and for a long time it was the terror of travellers. Since Sir Jas. Kempt, who effected extensive alterations and improvements on the roads, administered the government of Nova Scotia, that to Pictou winds round the base of Mount Tom; and now a very superior line of stages runs from that place to Halifax, and the entire distance—one hundred miles—is travelled in one day.

It was in 1824 that I first visited Pictou, at which time the road had not been altered. At the foot of the hill, Stewart, who by dint of frugality and perseverance, had saved sufficient to enable him to establish himself in another pursuit, kept a humble inn for the accommodation of travellers, where, with my wife, I stopped to obtain refreshment. Hearing the noise of a spinning-wheel up stairs, we entered to visit the apartment, where we found a tall, interesting-looking young woman busily employed, and whom I had not forgotten when about two years since I travelled the present road in a stage coach, and was glad to learn from a fellow passenger, that she kept the inn at which we should stop to dine.

Sterne has said of woman, that she carries the principle of change about her; and I regret to say, that the remark was fully realised in this instance—at least as far as appearance was concerned. I had left her five-and-twenty years before, a lithe and fragile creature, with a countenance beaming with intelligence; and as such she was still present in my mind's eye.

When the woman of forty-three showed herself, it was impossible to recognise the fair form of a quarter of a century before, still, notwithstanding, her business intercourse with the world, her frank and generous nature, of which her face had been the index, still remained, and we parted better friends than we met—she to pursue a life of usefulness at home, and he who pens this notice, to buffet with the world.

Among the inducements which the Eastern Provinces offer to settlers, are the general fertility of the soil, the salubrity of the climate, owing to their proximity to the sea, and the abundance of fish, which may be taken on the coast, rivers and lakes. In the Western States, at a distance from the sea-board, an unwholesome miasma arises from the numerous swamps, and the vicinity of large bodies of fresh water, vitiating the atmosphere, carry everywhere within its influence, and, during the summer and autumn, scatter around disease and death, with fatal profusion.

But in the Eastern Provinces there are none of those prolific sources of fever and ague; indeed, in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, during my extensive travelling there, I never met with an instance; while on the river St. John and the other rivers of New Brunswick, instead of those lurking incentives of disease, there are numerous fertile intervales, as they are called, composed of rich alluvial deposit, upon which the receding waters of the floods of spring leave successive layers of soil. On the Aroostook river, which permeates the territory, recently very improperly surrendered to the Americans, these intervales are very extensive and abundant; of which ample evidence is afforded, in the size and quality of the timber which is annually floated down the St. John.

The French portion of the inhabitants of both Provinces, are still called Acadian French; they are naturally an ingenuous, harmless people, completely under the control of their priests, without whose concurrence and sanction, they will not conclude the most trifling bargain—even to the buying of a horse or waggon, and their children usually grow up in great ignorance; while their houses are very filthy and destitute of comfort. Subsequent to the final surrender of Nova Scotia to England, they became very troublesome, and were continually exciting the Indians to the commission of atrocities; in this way causing the massacre of the settlers, even within the neighbourhood of Halifax, the present capital of Nova Scotia.

With the view of terminating these outrages, they were collected together on an appointed day, and sent out of the country, being, for the most part, conveyed to the then Southern Colonies of Great Britain, at present a part of the United States. This was doubtless an act of severity, but was rendered imperative by their own misconduct, was essential to the peaceful settlement of the country, and was productive of permanent tranquillity and security. Since that period, the Indians who were formerly so powerful, and who were so much dreaded, have diminished down to the mere remnant of two or three tribes; and these, as everywhere is the case, are fast disappearing before civilization and its attendant vices, —accelerated in their downward course of ruin, by that appetite for ardent spirits, which savages everywhere exhibit. At present, the most remote and wild parts of the country, may be traversed or settled in perfect security; and if occasionally a few of its aboriginal inhabitants are met with by the solitary traveller in his lonesome journey, they excite no other feelings than those of commiseration and respect.

After a time, a considerable number of the expatriated French returned to Nova Scotia, and were not molested. Families, however, had been separated, who were never again to be re-united; many individuals had died from disease and suffering, subsequent to their removal; and the spirit of those who came back, had been broken down and subdued by adversity. On returning to Nova Scotia, they did not settle in one body, but formed detached and distinct communities, uniformly retaining those habits, manners and dress, which their ancestors had brought with them from the shores of Europe. A considerable portion of them, settled at a place called Chesencook, about forty miles to the eastward of Halifax; another on the eastern shore of St. Mary's Bay—an arm of the Bay of Fundy—where for a number of years the Abbe Segoigne, who had left behind him France and its crimes, at the period of the revolution, was their priest, their counsellor and friend.

By far the greater number, however, settled in what is now the Province of New Brunswick; and are still to be found in large communities, at and in the vicinity of the Baie de Chaleur, and southwardly, along the eastern shore, as far as Shediac, near the confines of Nova Scotia; and on the opposite island of Prince Edward. Another part settled on the Mememcook, and the left bank of the Petticodiac river, in the county of Westmerland; and another portion fixed at St. Anne's, now called Fredericton, and ultimately on the Upper St. John—forming what is called the Madawaska settlement, where they continued for a long time unnoticed and unknown. Every where they chose the most fertile tracts of land in that Province, of which they continue to enjoy undisturbed possession; cultivating the soil, it is to be regretted, in an imprudent and imperfect manner, and exhausting it by their thriftless husbandry.

AMICUS.

THE EDITOR'S SHANTY.

SEDERUNT XIII.

[*Doctor alone.*]

DOCTOR.—Our friends the Major and Laird are not over-punctual; yet, here they come, wending their way across yonder green as if fatigued with the heat and toils of the day. They are inseperable, those two; and as true to each other as friends can well be. Sterling fellows! I love you both, and though I occasionally would pass off a joke on you, you are ever forgiving, and pardon the frivolity of your younger associate. Long may the Shanty rejoice in your presence, and may your shadow never grow less within its wal's. [*Enter Major and Laird.*] Welcome, Major, welcome Bonnibraes!

LAIRD.—Thankye, Doctor, thankye. We are ower late, but ye'll excuse us.

DOCTOR.—I was before my time, for in truth I was anxious to tell you that I have been since our last sederunt elected member of a chess club.

MAJOR.—A chess club in Toronto! That is good news indeed. When was it formed?

DOCTOR.—A few weeks back, and it already numbers over five-and-twenty members.

LAIRD.—Five-and-twenty. A guid beginning. An wha may they a' be.

DOCTOR.—That I can hardly tell you, however the officers are a President, Professor Cherriman; and Secretary and Treasurer D. Crawford Esq. The affairs of the club are man, aged by a committee of three, viz:—L. O'Brien, M.D., T. J. Robertson, and W. G. Draper, Esquires. The club meets weekly for play.

MAJOR.—How are the members elected? Tell us all about it.

DOCTOR.—By ballot; they are proposed at one meeting and ballotted for at the next. The annual subscription is only ten shillings, with an entrance fee of five.

LAIRD.—Quite cheap enow' in a' conscience.

MAJOR.—Doctor, you must propose us at your next meeting. By the way would it not be a good idea to introduce chess to our Shanty? What say you Laird?

LAIRD.—Vera guid indeed, tho' I'm but a puir hand at the game, still I like to puzzle o'er a problem now and then.

DOCTOR.—Then you shall be gratified. I will endeavour to procure you a problem for our next meeting, in the mean time I will give you an enigma by one of our members, it is not a diffiucult one, but will, at all events, serve to amuse you for a short time, if you are not a skilful player.

WHITE.—K, at KR 4th; R, at QB 6th; Kt, at K 3rd; B, at K 7th; P, at K 2nd.

BLACK.—K, at K 5th; P, at QB 6th. White to play and mate in four moves.

MAJOR.—While the Laird is endeavouriug to solve your enigma, tell me Doctor what you propose giving us monthly in the way of chess matters?

DOCTOR.—An original problem, and at least one or two original enigmas; if I cannot procure them, I will select a few of the best from some chess periodical. Such items also of chess intelligence as will be generally interesting to chess readers, and a report of the games of any matches our chess club may play, should I be permitted.

MAJOR.—Well, Doctor, it will be *a good move*, and render our Shanty, I hope, more acceptable to our *visitors*.

LAIRD.—Nae doubt, nae doubt. Doctor, I gie ow'er the enigma for the present; yer clavers bewilder me, besides, we hae other things to discuss. For guidness sake open the window a bittock! A man might as weel try to breath in the black hole o' Calcutta, as in the shanty wi' the thermometer at 96 in the

shade! Open the window, I say if ye wudna' hae an inquest held on my remains before cock craw!

MAJOR.—A plague take you and your remains! There! you have now got the night breeze, charged with fever, ague, and lumbago from the swamp, sweeping through the house like a flinty landlord's execution! If crutches and quinine be not the order of the day with me to-morrow, may the name of Culpepper Crabtree be blotted out from the roll call of creation!

LAIRD.—Wæsoch for the puir body! I say Mrs. Grundy, send in a couple o' blankets and a weel aired Kilmarnock night cowl for our auld friend here!

MAJOR.—Confound your impudence! I have a good mind—

DOCTOR.—Peace, darlings! Have you forgotten what Dr. Watts says:

> "Children you should never let
> Your angry passions rise;
> Your little hands were never made
> To tear each other's eyes!"

MAJOR.—I have not heard these lines since I was a denizen of the nursery, and they act as—

LAIRD.—Oil upon the troubled waters o' your cat-witted moral Atlantic! After that dry morsel o' metaphysics it behoves me to replenish my horn! Here's reformation to us a'!

MAJOR.—Speak for yourself, sir! In your case the proverb emphatically holds good, that charity begins at home!

DOCTOR.—A truce to this sharp shooting! Permit me to quench the smouldering fires of your wrath with a libation from the waters of a venerable river! Here is an exceedingly readable book published by Phinney & Co., of Buffalo, entitled "*Journal of a Voyage up the Nile!*" which, though not published yesterday, deserves honourable mention in our conclave.

LAIRD.—I canna' thole the idea o' journals, in sic weather as this! The very name puts me in mind o' a muckie ruled book, stored wi records o' candles, green tea, and treacle, vended on credit! Your tourists now a' days, hae as many moral reflections upon the things they see, as the crooked slave Æsop tacked to the tails o' his fables!

DOCTOR.—You will find few such *impertinences* (as Cervantes would have said), in the volume which I hold in my hand. The writer tells what he saw, and leaves the moralizing to the reader!

LAIRD.—He must be a sensible lad! Let's hae a sample o' his wares.

DOCTOR.—Here is an adventure in Cairo, equal, in its way, to some of the "high jinks" we read of in the *Arabian Nights Entertainments.*

Defterdar Bey; that *pious* member of the Geographical Society of Paris, and his daughter. Among the many stories told of the ferocity of this wild beast in human shape, not the least interesting are those of the tamed tigers he kept on the divan beside him, and which frequently amused themselves in devouring his Nubian slaves. His daughter lived upon the west side of the river in her palace, and it was her common amusement to walk through the streets of Cairo, and if she saw a young Frank who attracted her attention, she would send her eunuch to bid him follow her. Were he unfortunate enough to do this, he never returned from her house. One young Frenchman, upon whom she thus cast her eyes, was thus bidden by a eunuch, and not daring to disobey the summons from such a powerful person, took the precaution of arming himself with pistols. After passing the night in her harem, in the morning she parted with him most affectionately, and giving him presents to disguise her intentions, as she had doubtless done frequently to her previous lovers. He left the harem and two of the eunuchs accompanied him to the top of some stairs, which he perceived led rather mysteriously down a dark passage. Suspecting foul play, and observing both of the eunuchs had their hands on their sword-hilts, he pulled out both pistols, and ordered them to lead the way. This they did, and on arriving about half way down, he perceived a sort of landing-place, or trap-door, which was raised, and below ran the river. Here the eunuchs paused, and drew their swords; but he cocked his pistols, and placing one to the ear of each, ordered them to proceed. Upon reaching the bottom, he leaped from the steps, while they ran back to get assistance. He was unable to cross the river, and, as it was scarce day-light, succeeded in getting into the outskirts, and concealed himself in the straw in an old hut of a ruined village about a mile up the river. He heard the voices of several of the black eunuchs, who had traced him through the villages by the barking dogs, but remained quiet till night, when, proceeding further up the river, he crossed there in a boat; and going to the Mokaattam mountains, arrived at Cairo on the other side next day, having not dared to enter a village for food. He went immediately to the French Consul, and told his story; but what would his protection have been to one who had the character and secret of the daughter of Defterdar Bey in his hands? and any "dog of a Christian" would be easily disposed of. So, upon the advice of the Consul, he left Cairo, and went to Alexandria, where he took passage for France. The disappearance of many young and handsome Franks, more adventurous than prudent, was thus accounted for; and this was the last instance known of one who had been in danger of being sacrificed to gratify the passion and save the reputation of this Egyptian "Lucrezia Borgia." Franks in Egypt were not protected as now, and the despotic and ferocious will of the daughters and sisters of the Beys and Pachas, particularly under the Mamelooks, caused many a parallel circumstance.

MAJOR.—You surely do not mean Dr. to endorse all the nursery stories that have been so long current with the opera going public, respecting Lucrezia Borgia?

DOCTOR.—By no means, the words are not mine. I know as well as you do that the

Lucrezia Borgia of history, if we may credit contemporaneous authors, is a very different person from the monster Victor Hugo has made her. She is represented by them to have been an amiable and accomplished princess, a lover of poetry, a munificent patron of the arts, and to have been distinguished for piety and charity.

Laird.—And what in the name o' a' that's wonderful has made folk raise sic like evil stories against the guid woman.

Major.—She had the misfortune of being sister to the infamous Cesar Borgia, and to that may be attributed all the horrible charges brought against her. It has been fully proved that she was no party to the assassination of her husband Alfonso Bisceglia, nor to any of her brother's atrocious acts. Her last husband, Alfonso, Duke of Ferrara, was wont to consult her in the most important affairs of state, and never had cause to regret the confidence he reposed in her. The horrible and appalling incidents to be found in Victor Hugo have been most unpardonably introduced for effect, and Donizetti, in his opera, has of course availed himself of these effects to harrow up our very nerves with the fearful scenes he has put on the stage.

Laird.—Weel, weel, taking for granted that a' you say is correct, at any rate I am safe in calling this other jezebel a brazen-faced, bluid-thirsty randy! A tar barrel and a cord o' dry pine would hae been weel bestowed upon her! The Frenchman, I would wager a groat, was mair select in his company ever after!

Doctor.—I see, Major, you have been glancing over Miss Catherine Sinclair's new novel of "*Modern Flirtations;*" pray what is your verdict touching its merits?

Major.—I would strongly advise you to procure a copy. In an ecconomical point of view, it would form a most desirable addition to the stock of a thrifty, small annuitant like yourself.

Doctor.—Pray expound! I never was an adept at solving riddles!

Major.—There is no riddle in the matter. The owner of the work need never invest a copper in the purchase of opium. If ten pages of Miss Sinclair's production does not send him into the land of Nod in as many minutes, never call me conjurer!

Doctor.—Indeed! Some of the newspapers speak highly of the affair!

Major.—Most verdant of Medicos! Have you reached the years of discretion, and yet gravely quote the opinion of any of the "we" tribe upon the merits or demerits of a new publication? Why, you will be professing your belief some of these fine days in the Philosopher's stone, or the authenticity of the Poems of Ossian!

Doctor.—As a general rule, I agree in the estimate which you take of the critical pretensions of the *fourth estate*, but there is no rule without its exceptions. In more than one of our broad sheets, you may meet with well digested, and well expressed notices of the literature of the day. The Canadian press exhibits a marked improvement in this respect, during the last few years.

Laird.—There was muckle need o' reformation!

Doctor.—But to return to "*Modern Flirtations*," is the production really as mouldy as you describe it?

Major.—Right sorry would I be to exaggerate faults, or "set down aught in malice" when a lady is concerned; but certes Catherine is enough to convert a Chesterfield into a bruin! Her narrative runs along with all the dull and dogged deliberation of a stream of muddy ink, emerging from a bottle, the mouth of which is incrusted with some liquid glue! A gouty fly would progress with as much celerity through a pot of the last mentioned commodity, as the reader does through this pestilently yawn-provoking collection of common place!

Laird—Oh, but the body's bitter to-night! I wonder if he fell in wi a beetle in his porridge this morning? If sae, he is muckle to be pitied, and the lassie Sinclair into the bargain!

Doctor.—Parce, Laird!

Laird.—Nae mair *Parsee* than yoursell; honest man! Na, na! The sun furnishes sma' temptation for ony ane to worship his bleezing face in sic weather, let alane a douce ruling elder like your humble servant!

Major.—Shut up, and be hanged to you! If I had the joint stool of your countrywoman Janet Geddes, conveniently at hand, I would try whether it or your skull possessed the greater powers of resistance!

Laird.—The man's in a creel! Surely he has popped the question to Mrs. Grundy, and got a begunk!

Doctor.—I really begin to fear, Crabtree, that I must feel your pulse, and prescribe a course of sedatives! The uncalled for energy which, more than once you have exhibited to-night, makes me suspect that there is a screw loose somewhere about your system.

Major.—Pardon *amico mio*, and Laird, I crave you to forget and forgive! The truth is that I was put out of sorts this forenoon, and that has made me a trifle more fractious than I ought to have been.

Doctor.—Where did the shoe pinch, an' it be a fair question?

Major.—You know I came from Hamilton this morning per steamer. Well, hardly had the craft become stationary at the wharf, than "a band of fierce barbarians" in the shape of waiters, carters, cabmen, thieves and pick-pockets, boarded her decks, and commenced a concert of shouting enough to drive a Stentor frantic. The squalid ruffians almost seized their helpless victims—the passengers to wit,

by the throats, and I verily believe, that but for the pregnant use which I made of my black thorn staff, I would have been carried, body and soul, into one of the locomotive arks, which blockaded the pathway. One abominable Milesian, a lineal descendent, I'll be sworn, of the founder of the Rapparees, trampled with his iron-shod hoof upon my grouty toe, and caused me to yell forth something more akin, I fear to an *anathama* than a *benedecite!*

LAIRD.—Hech sirs! Sma' wonder that ye hae been a thocht fractious, after sic a visitation!

MAJOR —But that is not all. When I reached the wharf I had to thread my way with fear and trembling through a perfect wilderness of vehicles of every description, dreading at every moment that I would be visited with the fate of a pilgrim who has a partiality to be pulverized by the car of Juggernaut! Can you now blame me for being not in the most genial of humours?

DOCTOR.—Not I, for one! Why Timon of Athens could not plead such a valid excuse for misanthropy as you have advanced!

LAIRD.—Oh I wish that I were only the Grand Turk for half a day! I would bring the Corporation to book in double quicktime, for the shameless carelessness they show in the matter! In the name o' wonder what come o' a' the taxes, when the powers that be canna afford to pay a couple o' stout officials to protect the travelling public, by pitching their tormentors into the lake!

DOCTOR.—You were speaking, Major, of a dull novel; I have just finished the perusal of one of a very different description. I allude to *Agatha's husband.*

LAIRD.—Who is it written by?

DOCTOR.—By the authoress of "*the Ogilvies,*" and "*the Head of the Family,*" two fictions which, in my humble opinion, rank second to few we have been favoured with since the Waverly era.

MAJOR.—I would be half inclined to predicate from the title, that the production belongs to the namby pamby school. It is suggestive of a series of domestic sketches decently dull as the moralizations of Mrs. Ellis, or the respectable twaddle of mother Hoffland!

DOCTOR.—Tut, tut man,—you are a thousand miles out of your reckoning in this instance! *Agatha's husband* is replete with nerve and sinew, and exhibits a knowledge of the human female heart which would have done no discredit to Massinger or Joanna Baillie.

LAIRD.—What kind of a lad is the guidman o' Agatha?

DOCTOR.—A person in every respect worthy of the excellent wife to whom he is united, who fully appreciates her numerous good qualities, and whose utmost ambition is to contribute to her happiness.

MAJOR.—My dear fellow you are confirming the impression which I had formed of the work. The details of the loves of such a pair must of necessity be as insipid as a goblet of sugar and water to a *bon vivant* of the olden school, like our mess mate Bonniebraes!

DOCTOR.—Hear me to aclose. Circumstances, simple and rational enough in themselves, combine to give Agatha's husband the appearance of a sordid, selfish, exacting tyrant, who, without ruth or pity, outrages at every turn the feelings of his gentle help-mate. Some of the situations thus produced have all the thrilling vigour of the best of our old English dramatists.

MAJOR.—I must read the affair of which you speak so highly. Can you favor us with a specimen of the manner in which the fair writer handles her tools, without revealing the secrets of the plot?

DOCTOR.—Here is Agatha's first visit to an invalid sister-in-law:

At first, Agatha thought the room was empty, until, lying on a sofa—though so muffled in draperies as nearly to disguise all form—she saw what seemed the figure of a child. But coming nearer, the face was no child's face. It was that of a woman, already arrived at middle age. Many wrinkles seamed it; and the hair surrounding it in soft, close bands, was quite grey. The only thing notable about the countenance was a remarkable serenity, in which youth might have conveyed that painful expression of premature age often seen in similar cases, but which now in age make it look young. It was as if time and worldly sorrow had alike forgotten this sad victim of Nature's unkindness—had passed by and left her to keep something of the child's paradise about her still.

This face, and the small, thin, infantine-looking hands, crossed on the silk coverlet, were all that was visible. Agatha wondered she had so shrunk from the simple mystery now revealed.

Nathanael led her to the sofa, and placed her where Elizabeth could see her easily without turning round.

"Here is my wife! Is she like what you expected, sister?"

The head was half raised, but with difficulty; and Agatha met the cheerful, smiling, loving eyes of her whom people call "poor Elizabeth." Such thorough content, such admiring pleasure as that look testified! It took away all the painful constraint which most people experience on first coming into the presence of those whom Heaven has afflicted thus; and made Agatha feel that in putting such an angelic spirit into that poor distorted body, Heaven had not dealt hardly even with Elizabeth Harper.

"She is just like what I thought," said a voice, thin, but not unmusical. "You described her well. Come here and kiss me, my dear new sister."

Agatha knelt down and obeyed, with her whole heart in the embrace. Of all the greetings in the family, none had been like this. And not the least of its sweetness was that her husband seemed so pleased therewith, looking more like himself

than he hod done since they entered his father's doors.

Major.—I like the twang of that passage; let us have another.

Doctor.—The husband, who is about to leave his wife for a season, is standing at her bed side. You will be able to account for his demeanour and emotions from the hint which I have before given you.

And still she was sleeping—sleeping at the very crisis of her fate. Her face was composed and sweet, though her hands were still clenched, and one of them almost buried in her loose hair.

Her husband stood and looked at her, trying long to keep himself firm and self-restrained, as though she were aware of his presence. But at last the holy helplessness of sleep subdued him. From standing upright he sank gradually down—down—till he was crouching on his knees. Shudder came over him—sigh after sigh rose up and was smothered again in his breast. At last even the strong man's strength gave way, and there fell a heavy, silent, burning rain.

And all the while the wife slept, and never knew how he loved her!

After a while the fiery dews ceased. Nathanael opened his eyes and tried to look once more calmly on his wife. She stirred a little in her sleep, and began to smile—a very soft, meek, innocent smile, that softened her proud lips into infantine sweetness. She was again Agatha, the merry Agatha, as she had been when he first saw her, before he wooed her, and shook her roughly from her girlish calm into all the struggles of life. He could have cursed himself—and yet—yet he loved her!

Kneeling, he stretched his arm over her neck. Another moment and he would have yielded to the frantic impulse, and snatched her to his heart one—just one embrace—heedless of her waking. But how would she wake? only to hate and reproach him. He had better leave her thus, and carry away in his remembrance that picture of peace which blotted out all her bitter words, all her cruel want of love—made him forget everything except that she had been the wife of his bosom and his first love.

He drew back his arm, gradually and noiselessly. He did not attempt to kiss her, not even her hand, lest he should disturb her; but kneeling, laid his head on the pillow by hers, and pressed his lips to her hair.

"I am glad she sleeps—yes, very glad! She is quite content now, she will be quite happy when I am gone. God love thee and take care of thee—my darling—my Agatha.

With this sigh on his heart, though his lips scarcely stirred, he kissed her hair once again, rose up, and went softly away.

As he departed, the first sunbeam came in and danced upon the bed, showing Agatha fast sleeping still. She never woke until it had been broad day for a long time, and the sun creeping over her pillow struck her eyes.

Then she started up with a loud cry—she had been dreaming. Tears were wet upon her cheek. She called wildly for her husband. It was too late. He had been gone at least three hours.

Laird.—Rax me the book Doctor, I'll tak it oot to Girzy, and ye can get another copy frae Maclear.

Doctor.—If you were not such a red hot and unmitigated Jacobite, oh Crabtree! I would commend to your perusal this slim green-garmented volume.

Major.—You can at least introduce your friend.

Doctor.—"*Notabilities in France and England*," by Philarete Charles, Professor of the Paris Institute. It is a translation from French, and is issued by Putnam & Co.

Major.—Does the Professor deal much in democratic politics, that you mention him so gingerly to me?

Doctor.—Far from it. He is deeply tinged, it is true, with what you would term the *virus* of liberalism, but still he is rather a *describer* than a *theorizer*. He professes to be an admirer of contemporary talents, whilst at the same time he "follows no school, bows before no idol."

Laird.—Let the Professor say a word for himself! A man can aye best tell his ain story.

Doctor.—There is something very striking in the following sketch of

Amar, the Swedenbergean.

When the allies entered Paris, and the return of the Bourbons was announced as probable, a great panic seized those families who had cause for fear, or thought they had. My father and I had frequent intercourse with some of his ancient colleagues. It was at that time I became intimately acquainted with him who had been styled the ferocious Amar, and he was to me a subject of curious study.

There could be nothing more pleasant or courteous than this so-called tiger; his ancient habits, as king's treasurer and man of the world, were clearly visible in his language and manners. He spoke low; a large diamond ring which he wore, and which was sometimes, I thought not unwittingly displayed, betrayed the financier; the finest and whitest of linen, with ruffles and bosoms embroidered and plaited in the handsomest style, with his other vestments of clear and modest shades but not mournful, were all in keeping. At first sight, all who recollected or had studied the eighteenth century would have taken him for an economist of the sect de Quesnay. Nevertheless, his large pale face, his fair hair becoming grey, his head inclined, which seemed hesitating between reverie and calculation, his rayless blue eyes, which seemed to view nothing exterior, but gazed inwardly, impressed one with solemnity and almost with fear. Here was evinced an intellect more profound but less complete than that of Vadier. The last was possessed of an intellect keen and cutting, of which you soon took the gauge; but you knew not what force and depth were concealed beneath the calm, gentle, and meditative exterior of Amar. Some expressions of his which seemed mysterious, that were engraved on my memory in childhood, I now comprehend.

I have always remarked that the dwelling of a man has a peculiar analogy with his dispositions

and tendencies. One must be a mystic or philosopher to love an extended horizon, overlooking vineyards and groves, meadows and gardens; such aspects of nature have a peculiar charm for meditative spirits, whom great cities with their eternal bustle weary and oppress.

In the third story of a house in la rue Cassette, the ancient treasurer of the king, become republican, had selected a retreat, which offered a perspective of this description. The greatest simplicity and the most perfect order prevailed within; I recollect the windows of his study opened upon one of the most beautiful views in Paris. When a child, I was frequently sent to his house, and the sweetmeats and cakes with which he treated me could not fail to render these errands agreeable. The impression he made on me was that of a timid recluse, who had, contrary to his tastes, left the region of abstractions, and descended into the world of realities. He manifested his emotions only by a slight and sudden blush, and a certain dilation of the pupils of the eye. This great calm, sad and gentle, could not exist with many ideas; surely such as were concealed under such an envelope should be profound and ineffaceable. Shortly after the entrée of the allies into Paris, I went to see him, and found him more agitated than was usual with him; he was at the same time more dressed. He was arrayed in a bright chocolate suit, with a white dimity vest, which shone in the sun. It was a suit that he wore in his youth. The window of his study was open, and a ray of light fell upon an ebony representation of Christ. Upon the bureau, opposite the two little windows, an enormous volume was opened.

As to the dweller in the cabinet, or rather cell, I met him, his head bent forward a little, his arms crossed behind, pacing the room with quick steps; when I entered he looked at me with a peculiar smile, which seemed expressive of commiseration for my youth. Leaning upon my shoulders with his two heavy hands, his rose-tinted nails as carefully cut as those of a lady, he looked at me fixedly, as a magnetizer contemplates his subject.

"Poor little one!" cried he. "Poor soul!"

Then with a mysterious air he closed the door, and bolted it. I felt an undefined alarm in presence of this singular person; it was not his reputation that awed me, it was he himself.

"Come along, child," said he; "seat yourself by this bureau, and read."

I obeyed him.

The large volume of which I have spoken was before me, bound in black, ornamented with marks of all colours. This precious book, much read, and filled with notes, was no other than the "New Jerusalem" of Swedenborg, the most mystic of all mystical books, as is well known. At the moment when I began reading chapter fourth, he, continuing his walk, stopped before me, and laying his hand extended over the page, which was concealed, he exclaimed, "This is the great book, young man; this is the teacher. The present generation comprehend it not. Happy our children if they will hearken. It is this which has directed my life; it is the only interpreter of the Christian mysteries; it is the grand revolutionizer."

Thus the ferocious Amar was a Swedenborgian mystic; this was the *primum mobile* and secret source of all his conduct. He willed, as Robespierre and Clootz, to regenerate humanity in spite of herself. During half an hour, concealed in the depths of a large embroidered easy-chair, which would have figured in the saloon of the treasurer of the king at Angers, he listened, smiling, and with his eyes cast upwards, to my reading of the third heaven, and their life, such as Swedenborg has revealed it upon his faith as an eyewitness.

"Ah!" cried he at length, rising with a quick and impetuous movement, not common in him, "see what men would have become if we had persevered to the end; if we had dared! But," added he, lowering his tone, and speaking with a cold conviction that made me tremble, "we have not done enough; and I ask pardon of God."

He wept.

Laird.—Maist powerfu' language yon, but there is something e'en now in my wame that speaks to me still mair forcibly, and whispers saftly to me that supper maun surely be ready.

Doctor.—Heard ever man the like! Oh, you Goth, you deserve to be fed on cold kale made of nettle tops for a month,—however, let's to work, that the Laird may have his supper. Your Facts, most worthy agriculturist.

Laird.—Faith, I have got a screed of them, you're sic a deceiving chiel that I have tried to make up for the scant room you gave me last time. (*Reads.*)

A FEW HINTS ON FARMERS' HOUSES.

It is a little strange that in this State not one farmer's yard in five hundred has more than half a dozen ornamental trees in it; and in the greater number there are no trees at all. The farmer *ventures* upon the outlay of a few dollars in the purchase of well-selected ornamental trees, and evergreens especially, is quite sure to find that at least every third passer points at them as something very select—something, though very pretty, not exactly appropriate in the demesne of the man who gets his living by growing wheat or wool, or by making butter. Why not? Only because the thing hasn't its precedents among common farmers. Even Johnny Slattern and Bill Carenought, untenanted as their minds are with anything of a Georgic nature, wish that some of those pretty trees at whose beauties they give a passing look in their way through High Street or Suburban Road on their way to market, were their own. But these men want the example of their own class. There are their neighbors Broadbrim and Loanmoney whose *farms* are the pink of neatness—their fields without a thistle or other noxious weed; their fences of the best; their wheat well drilled; their orchards trim and productive; their houses commodious enough; and, maybe, each keeps his carriage. *They* are the men to whom the neighboring farmers look for examples. Farmer Broadbrim thought, when he laid out his door-yard, that he had got it about right. Before he built, and when he lived in the log house, the front fence was a rail fence, and the door-yard was the whole farm that the house and barn didn't cover. So, when the new house came to be built, in order to a greater certainty of

metes and bounds—"a clear manifestation of visible things." Consistence Broadbrim runs a bee-line from each front corner of his new-built house, whereupon shall stand, as well upon the street, a picket fence. His well-kept farm has thus far engaged his whole attention, for from its proceeds he has had a large family to maintain; but now, as the farm is in good culture, and the children married and out of charge, he thinks he will decorate a little; hence that front yard within that picket fence. Consistence says that good Rebecca, the wife, shall plant it. Thereupon she sets her wits to work for the most feasible and economical way of doing it. A neighbor's blush rose needs the trimming, and she gets the offshoots. She remembers that her cousin Patience Grownrusty's yard, in town, has an old lilac bush, whose uncared-for roots had thrown up a multitude of suckers; so the first time she goes to town, some of them are got. With these, and the posy bed on either side of the walk from door to front gate, the sum of her decorative art is well nigh exhausted. Consistence is an indulgent man, and looks quietly on all this transforming process in a way which reads unmistakably—"what's the use?"—"extravagant!" She has a want or two unsatisfied yet. Passing their friend Benjamin's well-kept nursery on a fine spring morning, she would fain thin it a little for the good of her yard; but her good Consistence has been quite a long time making his money, and has no mind to spend much of it for show. She is easily persuaded, though an *Elton* or a *Bartlett*, costing little more than one of the hundred apple trees in her husband's orchard, would have combined beauty and utility. The pretty Norways, pines, and spruces, that stand out so vividly in the nursery rows, and which, transplanted to their own door yard—small as it is—might add greatly to its beauty, as well as keep off the hard winter winds, fail to entice them. The little yard, with its rose and lilac bushes, and its two flower beds, has not the elements for knowing better. It was *made* long ago.

Now, Consistence is but a type of a large class of farmers whose strivings to be tasteful are as uncertain as the flesh. What I especially wish to call attention to in his case is this, that possessing, as he does, quite his share of acres, he should so grudgingly *set off* (as though it were a dangerous associate of the rest of the farm) only that stinted little enclosure he designates "front yard." The few square rods of ground favored (?) by this exclusiveness, give a stiffness and prudish air to the farm. The fence enclosing it draws attention to what should always be the best ornamented part of a farmer's grounds—the part which *all* members of the family, as well as passers, must look at the oftenest. The mistake made by Consistence involves a point in decoration in which nine in ten stumble in making their improvements—that all fences not really required for purposes of division, should be studiously avoided either on village lot or farm. A fence should be as much out of the vision as possible. With the greater number a handsome fence is of higher moment than the shrubs and trees surrounding the house, and too often answering the place of them. What more provoking than when passing a good collection of shrubbery in town, to have your view of it cut off by a fence nearly twice as tall as there is any necessity of? a boarded barrier that the owner thrusts upon you as the greater beauty, but which you consider sheer snobbery. In villages there must be fences between the grounds of adjoining proprietors, if not neighbors in the true sense; but far prettier a neat fence of osage orange, privet, or arbor vitæ, to mark the line. On the front, so long as the laws are not enforced against marauding cattle, carpentry must generally be used; but it should always be as low, light, and open, as strength will permit. Much display in ornamental fencing is quite inadmissible about a farm-house; more than in the town we expect trees, shrubs, and green vines, and grass to look at, and don't so much need the plane and saw to make beauty. The greatest breach of good taste in a house yard on the farm, is stinginess of size—adopting as a *choice* in the country which is only a *necessity* in the city. Half an acre, or even an acre, no farmer should grudge for his yard; especially as no part of the farm can be made to pay better. The writer has found that two acres that he has mostly planted with forest and evergreen trees, made a better return of grass than twice the number of acres of meadow elsewhere. As breadth and magnitude, rather than elaborate decoration, belong to the farm, a horizontal fence is most appropriate to the yard. Picket fences, so common in front of farm houses, should never occupy that position. A horizontal ten foot rail, made of some hard wood free from knots, to connect the posts, makes a cheap, strong fence, obstructs the vision as little as any, and looks well.

A few words as to the selection of trees. I assume, before making any list of ornamental trees for the decoration of the grounds of a well-to-do-farmer, that he is not restricted in room. There is no necessity for crowding his trees too closely, as nine-tenths of lot owners in villages are sure to do; but, selecting his trees judiciously, he may give each its proportionate and necessary area, so that its distinguishing beauties shall be best brought out. Let the farmer devote two acres—at least one—to trees and lawn. On two acres he may get all our native forest trees, a complete collection of hardy evergreens, and besides, a good variety of the best pears and cherries. The pear and the cherry are the only fruit trees fit for the yard. From them, varieties may be selected combining the greatest excellence of fruit and all the beauties of form and thrift. The peach and the apple do not sufficiently combine beauty and utility to admit their presence nearer than the orchard.

It need not be objected that the portion of the ground devoted to forest trees is to yield its sole profit in the grass which may grow beneath them. Why not have your hickory nuts grown at home, instead of spending time and legs in roaming the woods or your neighbor's fields for them? And there is as much difference between such nuts as you might have by a proper choice, and the average of wood-grown nuts, as would amply compensate for the pains. How few trees equalling the Chestnut as a lawn tree, and how good the nuts! I saw young Chestnut trees last summer in the nursery of a friend, whose crop of fruit quite astonished me. The seed from which they sprung

was planted at the same time with nursery apple trees growing near them. The latter had not commenced bearing. The Black Walnut, too, grows rapidly in the proper soil, and produces one of the best of nuts.

From the large variety of evergreens to be found in the nurseries, fifteen kinds will embrace all the *well-tried*—all that are certain to withstand the irregularity of northern winters without protection. Foremost among them, all things considered, may be placed the Norway Spruce, Hemlock, and black Spruce. They are all beautiful specimens of true architecture, and complete types of the two kinds of character in evergreens. For too little has been said in praise of the Black Spruce, owing partly to the fact that it has been little cultivated as yet. Its growth and size are about equal to the Norway Spruce; but it has a much denser foliage, and, with the Norway, the same association of color is attained as verdigris and French green afford. Its depth of coloring sometimes gives it rather a sombre expression. To me that very dark green is especially pleasing in the melting days of summer. In the yard of some of my friends there are specimens, the tallest of which is, perhaps, thirty feet high, with a close, unbroken foliage. They have been universally admired by tree connoisseurs. Some specimens transplanted into my father's grounds in——— eight years ago—trees twenty years old from the seed—are almost always the most admired in a collection of ten or twelve evergreens. Beside them the much overrated Balsam Fir shows thin and lank. The Black Spruce has been sadly prejudged by those who have gone the wrong way to work to get it. Like the Hemlock, you greatly mistake its domesticated character by judging it from its appearance in the close forest, or by specimens taken from the forest. Like most evergreens, too, it must be a thin, slow growing tree for many years, if transplanted from its native wilds: while, if taken from thrifty nursery collections, it is sufficiently thrifty, and grows thick and compact. Then there is the Red Cedar, a tree that no good collection should be without. It is often scrawny in its wild, native retreats; but it is not often so with good care in open culture.

THE PEACH YEAR.

The destruction of the peach tree this year was unusual in degree, and occasioned by an unusual cause. The hard frosts of December 17th previously had, apparently, destroyed most of the fruit buds. The winter, though unusually cold, was favorable to the health of fruit by its great uniformity. Apple trees and healthful plums passed through it safely, while plum trees that had been injured during the summers of 1850–51 by the mildew of the leaf, (in consequence, I think, of hot, damp weather,) were killed.

On the 14th of April I passed through all my peach trees, and removed such trees as I have found uniformly yielded late and poor fruit. On that occasion I was pleasantly surprised at the healthful state of the wood and the proportion of fruit buds yet alive, especially those situated about the base of the limbs. Certainly, there had been no winter of the eight during which I had cultivated the peach, more congenial to its health. April 26th the temperature rose to 68°, there having been but two or three days as high as 54° previously. At this date I deemed my peach trees in a fairly hopeful condition, with the exception of the large loss of fruit already noticed.

April 27th to 30th, inclusive, were four bright days, with a brisk wind, which was cool except during the last of them. These four days were undoubtedly the turning point in the health of the peach. At the conclusion of them, much of the young wood was shrivelled and drying up, even to the eye, and much more to the test of the knife. The change was so sudden and extreme as to leave no room to doubt, even on the most cursory observation. The sun and wind combined seemed to have annihilated the sap of the young wood — the weather previously having been too cool to excite the roots to action.

Gooseberries were now slowly coming into leaf; pie-plant was partially expanding; peach, but especially cherry buds, were here and there swelling. May 1st there was rain copious enough to make the Mohawk overflow its banks. May 3d to 6th were four frosty nights. From the 6th to the 9th, inclusive, were four hot days—the temperature on the 7th reaching 83°, and on the 8th it was probably as high, though the indication was not reached. The peach broke into flower slowly and irregularly from the 15th to the 22d, when it was about in full flower. This was just ten days later than usual, it ordinarily being in full flower on the 12th. While these were coming into flower they encountered three Novemb'ry days from the 18th to the 20th, which resulted in frost on the morning of the 31st. By this time it was evident, that of some five hundred trees that had exhibited apparently fair health less than one month before, full one-half were substantially ruined—some being dead (as the result soon after showed), root and branch, others killed to the ground merely, and others still having here and there a live limb. The remaining half were injured less in various degrees. Soon after flowering these was a considerable development of the curled leaf malady, though I think it was less than in 1851. It deserves to be noticed that trees that stood in the grass, and so had made less succulent wood the preceding year, were less injured. I have read several general statements of the death of the peach during the last severe winter. It would be gratifying to know whether this destruction was occasioned by an influence acting strictly during the winter, or whether, as in my own experience, it was, more properly, the influence of an irregular spring. I closed my note book a year ago, when writing on the curled leaf, in a tone of considerable confidence in the possibility of cultivating the peach somewhat successfully, even in Oneida county; but the experience of 1852 is, I acknowledge, not a little discouraging. Others about me, with a few trees, on a heavier and less excitable soil, have suffered less than myself. A tree of mine, also, that is budded on a plum tree, has been vigorous. But it is sufficiently obvious that, in a climate with such liabilities, the cultivation of the peach must ever be precarious.

CULTURE OF INDIAN CORN.

As the time for planting corn is approaching, and being myself a practical farmer of some ex-

perience, I have thought it might not be amiss to state to my brother farmers, through the medium of your widely circulating papers, the mode in which I have for many years past been most successful in raising this valuable crop. It is this :—

I take a meadow, or pasture, on which the grass is getting thin ; cover it as thick with manure as can well be plowed under; then proceed to plow about six or eight inches in depth, taking care to have every furrow laid completely over. If the ground be uneven, or not well plowed, I follow with a heavy roller, which closes many a crevice, and prevents the grass from choking the young plant, and also prevents the harrow, which immediately follows lengthwise the furrow, from disturbing the sod. After completing the field in this manner, if not perfectly mellow and smooth, it is either cross-harrowed or gone over with a two-horse cultivator lengthwise the furrow, which most effectually accomplishes the object.

The ground should be plowed thus deep for two reasons. First, in the spring, after planting, and while the corn is coming up, should the season be wet and cold, the water settles underneath the furrow, which prevents the seed from rotting, or the plant from drowning, as is frequently the case. And second, in the summer, should it be very dry, as is frequently the case after a wet spring, the root of the plant penetrates the deep mellow earth to where the fermentation of the manure and sod creates a moisture that steadily forces the corn on to maturity.

Corn ground, however, should not be plowed so deep as to throw up subsoil, that being of too cold a nature—though for wheat is highly beneficial.

I mark my corn ground both ways, the rows about three feet four inches apart, taking great care to have them perfectly straight, that the cultivator or plow may be less liable to disturb the hills while tending it. In planting, five or six kernels should be put in a hill and covered with mellow earth—dry lumps and stones are hard things for a tender plant to contend with. Some farmers might think six kernels too many; and so it would be if all grew ; but they do not always, and if they do, it is easier to pull out than put in. It is well to mix plentifully with pumpkin seed, as they injure the crop but little, and are thought by most farmers to go far to lessen the expense of raising the corn.

When the corn is sufficiently advanced to see the rows, it is passed through, twice in a row both ways, with a one-horse, steel-tooth cultivator. This destroys the grass and weeds, if any, between the hill, and a few men will soon eradicate what remains in the hills. It is then dressed with about a table spoonful of composition, of equal parts, lime, plaster and ashes, which serves, when sufficiently moistened by rain, to drive the grub and wire-worm from the hill, if any there be, and hasten rapidly forward the plant. In about two or three weeks it is passed through again, either with a cultivator or light plow, both ways, twice in each row. This time, one hand with a hoe to cut an occasional weed or thistle, and to straighten up any hills that may be disturbed by the horse or plow, will do all that is necessary. When it is about, or a short time previous to, its tasselling out, it is plowed one and sometimes both ways, deep, turning the furrow towards the hill. This, with a little labor with the hand hoe, will cause the stalk to throw out its brace roots higher up, which keep it in a perpendicular position, and aids veiy materially in facilitating the cutting, should that be performed, or in husking, should it not. It is then left to ripen.

When the ears are about three-fourths glazed, it is cut up near the ground, and from thirty to forty hills put in a shock, and tied securely at the top with a band of straw—not with grass, weeds, or a stalk, as many do—and left to cure.

It may be thought by many farmers, that the period for harvesting which has been mentioned is too early to secure the greatest weight of grain ; to which may be said in answer, that the stalk being separated from the root while green, much of its vitality will be drawn by the unripened ear, and bring it to maturity. Consequently, in most cases, a greater gain is realised than when endangered longer by early frost.

Corn raised after the above manner, frequently yields me 40 bushels of shelled per acre; and the stalks are equal for fodder to from one and a half to two tons hay per acre.

EXPERIMENTS WITH POTATOES.

For several years my potatoes have failed with the rot. In the fall of 1851, I thought I would try my hill land, without manure. I took my team, plough and drag, and measured off 150 square rods of ground, and commenced ploughing as deep as the plough would go, about nine inches. The next May, I dragged it until the top was very mellow. I then took the one horse plough and marked it out three feet square. As seed was hard to be got at one dollar per bushel, I procured three bushels of very small potatoes, and all that I could find that was as large as a good sized hickory-nut, I cut in pieces and put three pieces in a hill. I had one half bushel of quite large potatoes ; these I cut and planted by themselves, which made three and a half bushels of potatoes, all told.— These I planted, on 149 square rods of ground. I planted the middle of May. When my potatoes were up about four inches high, I ploughed them out both ways with the small plough, and hoed them very well ; I then took half a bushel of unbleached ashes and half a bushel of plaster and mixed together, and put about one large tablespoonful on the side of each hill, except two rows through the middle of the piece, on which I put nothing. In about two weeks I ploughed them out again both ways, two furrows in each row ; hoed as before, and then took three pecks of unleached house ashes and put on the side of each hill as before, except the two rows, and this was all that I did to them. The two rows that I did not put anything on, looked quite sickly and yellow, and the tops were about 12 to 15 inches high. The other tops were very large and rank ; some of them three feet long. I commenced digging the fourth week in October, and dug the two rows that I put nothing on first, and got three bushels and a half and three quarts, all told. The next two rows that I plastered and ashed, nine bushels and a half and five quarts, making more than two-thirds difference in the two rows. I dug from the piece, two hundred and fourteen bushels of the best potatoes that I ever dug—not one but

what was sound. The small potatoes that I planted gave as much to the hill as the large ones, but more small ones in the hill. The large potatoes gave me large potatoes again. This is the first of my book farming. I intend to try again, and will tell you what luck I have.

EXTERMINATION OF WEEDS.

My thoughts, and to some extent my labors, have been brought into action during a few of the past seasons, for the purpose of devising some efficient method to "kill out" those soil impoverishing weeds, which,by careless culture and thriftless management, have nearly overrun some of the farms with which I am acquainted. It is not uncommon to see whole fields bearing such a crop as *mullens*, for instance, as would have been creditable to the owner, had his ground produced as great a burthen of Indian corn? Nor is the mullen alone entitled to such pre-eminence; for other weeds are occupying the ground, and usurping the nourishment from the soil, which ought to be applied to better purposes.

In my efforts, I have had in view more particularly, that most noxious plant called yellow weed, negro weed, snap dragon, and other "hard names." It is, I believe, considered by farmer's in this region, the greatest *dread* of all the weedy tribe. It commonly grows in thick patches, has a small stalk from twelve to eighteen inches in height, and at its top has a rich cluster of gaudy yellow blossoms. Its seeds are thin and light, like those of the parsnip—small, and of dark color. It is presumed that a smart gust of wind will carry them a fourth of a mile. Thus it spreads.

I do not, however, fear the enemy when he shows his front in the open field; but when he fortifies himself by stone walls, or ledges of rock, or extends his lines along the road side, I admit him to be a formidable foe.

But how to subdue him is the question. My method to extirpate this and other weeds, is to sow buckwheat as early as I dare—on account of frost—and as soon as it become fully blossomed plough it under, and sow with buckwheat a second time, covering the seed with a "bush," lest the harrow should drag out the green crop. If the land is in "good heart," this crop may be harvested at about the usual time; if not, plough under again, and sow wheat or rye. These three successive ploughings, together with the vigorous growth of the wheat, will do as much toward effecting the object, as any method which I have tried. and if the *two* crops of buckwheat are well turned in, will put the land in good condition for winter wheat or rye.

MAJOR.—Let us now send for Mrs. Grundy. [*Enter Mrs. Grundy.*]

MRS. GRUNDY.—Here, gentlemen, are my Fashions and Observations. (*Reads.*)—

DESCRIPTION OF PLATE.

Jupe of checked glacé silk, very long and full. Waistcoat of worked cambric, fastened by small gold buttons. Pelisse à la Polonaise, of violet colored silk; the form is the same as that of a straight coin de feu, with a full skirt sewn on under the bottom edge, and which reaches to the top of the knee; it buttons from the throat about half way to the waist; it is embroidered up the front; a rich silk trimming may be substituted for the embroidery, or a pattern worked in narrow silk braid; it should be lined with white or pale primrose silk. Wide pagoda sleeves, embroidered; the under sleeves have two deep frills of French cambric, goffered; a broad frill to correspond is worn round the neck. Cap composed of bouillons of tulle crossing the head, with fanchon and strings of broad ribbon, which is edged with a quilling of double tulle illusion, cut on the bias; groupr of rose buds are prettily arranged at each side.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

A few weeks ago, an order was received by a Parisian milliner for a number of dresses and other articles for her Majesty the Empress of Brazil.—The commission, which is now completed, includes a court train of a very splendid description. This train is composed of light-blue moire antique, richly embroidered with silver, the patern being miniature branches of the cherry-tree and oak, the fruit and foliage of each intertwining. The cherries and acorns are embroidered in high relief, thereby imparting a great degree of brilliancy to the silver. A corsage of the same material, and ornamented in the same manner as the train, is to be worn with it. The corsage has the point in front very much elongated, and is also slightly pointed at the back. The front is trimmed with an *echelle* of ribbon figured with silver. A berthe of silk, embroidered with silver and edged with a row of vandyked blonde, descends in the shawl form to the point in front of the waist. The sleeves are very short, and ornamented with embroidery in silver of the same pattern as that on the berthe and the train. The jupe, which completes this dress, consists of white moire antique, covered with three flounces of Alençon lace, the latter being of the most beautiful and costly description.

One of the ball dresses included in this order consists of cerulean-blue. It has four jupes figured with silver stars, and each finished at the bottom by a hem surmounted with a narrow wreath of flowers embroidered in silver.

Among the other articles ordered by the Empress are two or three mantelets. One is of white silk, and is trimmed with a deep frill or flounce of silk, edged with narrow lace. Along the top of the flounce are placed, at the distance of about two inches apart, bows of narrow therry velvet ribbon, with flowing ends reaching to the lace at the edge of the flounce. The body of the mantelet is also ornamented with rows of the same velvet ribbon, set on flat.

In the category of materials suited to plain, or negligé costume, may be named some of the new Valencias. They have transversal, or horizontal, stripes of the texture of velvet woven in the loom. The style resembles that of the bayadère dresses, but the stripes are much richer, in colour, and are also sometimes sprigged with a cordon or wreath of flowers. Some of the new Alpacas, grey and drab-colour, are ornamented in the bayadère manner, with narrow or dark-blue stripes, sprigged with small flowers of all colours. The same stripes are manufactured on separate pieces of the material employed in trimming the basques and ends of the sleeves.

One or two poplin dresses of dark colours have just been made in the redingote form, and are or-

namented with a front trimming of cut velvet, or with frills of silk of the colour of the dress and buttons of passementerie. The sleeves—which are demi-wide, and have revers turned up at the ends—descend to the middle of the fore-arm, and white under-sleeves are added.

Some of the richer kinds of poplin, of large chequered patterns, are of very beautiful colours. Pink and white, brown and white, two shades of brown, and different shades of green, intermingled with dark blue, are very prevalent colours for chequered poplins. These new poplins are of so thick a texture as to render flounces or any heavy trimming on the skirt unnecessary.

The new foulards make very pretty dresses. Some have the skirts trimmed with two flounces, and others with one deep flounce, reaching from above the knee—a style adapted to suit the new patterns in this material. The corsages are trimmed with ruches of narrow ribbon, or with small loops of narrow mignonette ribbon set on close together, which almost resembles a cordon of flowers. The sleeves are bouffantes from the shoulder to the elbow, where they are terminated by deep frills or ruffles, which being deeper on the outside than in the inside of the arm, droop in the manner of *engageantes*. They are supported by the bouillonné of the under-sleeve, which ought to be very full. and are edged by a double row of loops, or coques of ribbon.

A new mantelet has received the name of Victoria in honor of Her Majesty, for whom one after the same pattern has recently been made. The material is silk of a peculiarly beautiful tint; fawn color with a tinge of gold. This is an entirely new color, and is distiuguished in Paris by the name of *aurifere*. The Victoria mantelet is round in form, setting easily on the shoulders, but without hanging in fullness. The upper part of the mantalet is trimmed with several rows of figured silk braid, of a bright groseille color, edged with small points of gold. Attached to the lower row of braid is a deep fringe of the color of the mantalet, having at intervals long tassels of groseille color. At the back, between the shoulders, a bow of silk, having two rounded ends, finished by groseille tassels, gives the effect of a hood. The mantelet is finished at the bottom with rows of groseille-colored braid, and fringe corresponding with that describbd in the trimmings of the upper part. Dress of striped green silk. Bonnet of fancy tuscan, lined with whire. Trimming, white and green ribbon, intermingled with bouquets of roses.

QUEEN VICTORIA AND THE MISSIONARY.

The following statement appears from the pen of a lady of rank, whose brother is one of "the household," and was an eye-witness:—"Mr. Crowther was at a Church Missionary meeting at Windsor. After the meeting, Lord Wriothesley Russell (brother to Lord John, a pious clergyman, and a member of the Evangelical Alliance) told him that Her Majesty wished to see him at Windsor Castle. When at the palace, he met one of the ladies in waiting, who was collector for the Church Missionary Society, and who addressed herself to him as such, and as one deeply interested in the progress of the Society, and anxious to shake hands with him as her brother in the Lord. He then passed on to a room in which was Prince Albert, who immediately addressed him most kindly; and they were deep in conversation on missionary subjects, when a lady walked in and joined in the conversation. Mr. Crowther, taking it for granted it was the lady he met in the ante-chamber before, took no particular notice of her further than continuing in most earnest discourse, pointing out places on the map, describing the various stations, &c. At length Lord W. Russell said something apart to make Mr. Crowther aware that he was speaking to the Queen of England. He was a good deal abashed, both at the presence of royalty and the honor conferred upon him. In the gentlest, sweetest manner (like a most loving mother to her people), Her Majesty set him quite at his ease, and continued her close inquiries on the subjects connected with the Church Missionary Society and Sierra Leone. They had not quite light enough at the table where the maps were spread out, and the Queen fetched a light from another table, which Mr. Crowther in turning over the leaves of the Atlas, put out, to his great distress; but the Queen (evidently not wishing the delay and interruption of calling a servant,) immediately lighted it herself, and continued the conversation, asked many questions about the African missions. My brother asked Mr. Crowther what sort of questions the Queen asked. He replied—'A devoted lady-collector could not have asked closer questions on the spiritual wants of the people, and the working of the missions.' Her Majesty also inquired about the appointment of a Bishop, and the suitableness of Mr. Vidal, recently nominated. In giving his very decided testimony to their need of an overseer, and the peculiar fitness of the Bishop-designate, Mr. Crowther particularised his wonderful knowledge of languages; whereupon Her Majesty turned to the Prince and said with a smile, 'Ah, Albert, you see there are other and good linguists besides Germans?' I need hardly say Crowther was much encouraged by this interview."

THE ORGAN AND THE SINGING IN THE CATHEDRAL CHURCH OF ST. JAMES'.

This organ is one of the most convincing proofs yet given to the public of the rapidly-increasing independence of the Canadas in the production of not only mere articles of every-day use but those, also, of a more costly nature. This instrument was built by Messrs. Warren of Montreal, and is worthy of the reputation enjoyed by that firm. Those who are opposed to large organs in churches, lest the voices of the singers be drowned and the words unheard, have nothing to fear with this instrument. The choir, composed of effective and well-trained singers, perform admirably, and their voices blend harmoniously, not a word being lost. In the accompaniment to "Lord have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law," which is continually varied, the organ sounds no louder than a flute; and it is hard to believe that it is the same instrument which gives out the burst, "Thanks be to Thee, O God." The Messrs. Warren have performed their task well, and we have been assured by the organist, on whom we may safely rely, that he is satisfied with his instrument.

MILLY MARTIN!

An Ethiopian Melody.

WRITTEN FOR THE "ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE,"

BY G. S. LEE, Esq.

Not long a - go, a - way down South, in dis here Yankey

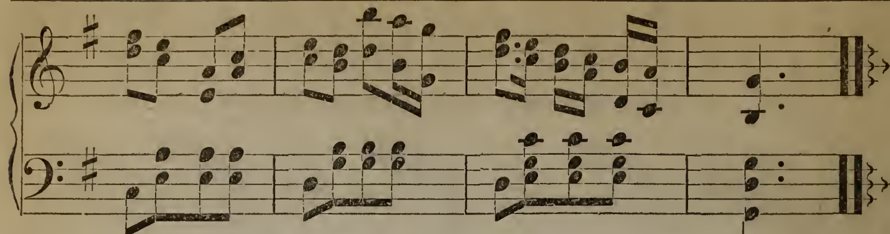
Na - tion, Dar dwelt de lubliest yal - ler gal in Un - cle Sam's plan -

tation; So bright - ly beamed her cold black eye, dat when dey came a

cour - tin De dar - kies swore dar was no gal like

lub - ly Mil - ly Martin! Oh, dear Milly! Oh, lubly Milly

Martin, She's broke my heart, I'm sure she has, She's smashed my heart for sartain.



Her teeth was like a lot of beans, just open from de shell—
Or like de rice dat grows down South where Massa used to dwell;
And when she cast a smile on me,—to see dem lips a partin',
Dey looked like *mortar 'tween two bricks*, dem teeth of Milly Martin.
Oh, dear Milly, &c.

Her hair curled up so natural upon her beauteous head,
She didn't use no curling-tongs afore she went to bed;
She didn't twist no papers in, to give the curl a startin'
Becase the twist was *natural* in de hair of Milly Martin.
Oh, dear Milly, &c.

Her hands dey didn't need no gloves to keep de sun from scorchin',
Dey were "*fast colors*" and could stand de sun however sarchin'
And on her fingers she wore rings, whose brilliancy impartin'
Dey shone like dimuns in de coal, on de hands of Milly Martin.
Oh, dear Milly, &c.

Her "*tout an sample*" was sublime, I never shall forget her,
Although she broke dis heart of mine and caused me to regret her;
For when I thought I'd gained de prize and she was mine for sartin,
She "cut" me, and anoder niger married Milly Martin!
Oh, dear Milly, &c.

MUSIC OF THE MONTH.

The good citizens of Toronto have been without musical entertainments of any description for nearly three months; and we should like to know why. There ought surely to be as much encouragement given to musical talent here as in Quebec or Montreal; yet the Quebeckers and Montrealers have had an opera troupe already amongst them, while this treat still "looms in the future with us." We believe, however, we may now safely promise that such a troupe will be here by the 11th, and that, should arrangements not be made with Mr. Nickinson, costume concerts will be given in the St. Lawrence Hall. We do not exactly see how Mr. Nickinson can spare his theatre; he has been, most deservedly, so warmly supported, that we should imagine he would be rather unwilling to give up a week while in full run of popularity; if he does, it will only be another proof that he is willing to sacrifice his own interest somewhat, for the accommodation of the Torontonians. Devrient Colletti, and several other names of note are spoken of as forming the troupe, and we predict for them, if they get the theatre, houses crowded in every corner, for at least a week.

In the present number will be found a very pretty air "Milly Martin." We give it as it was sent to us by the composer, a young Canadian, but if any of our fastidious readers should prefer other than Ethiopian words we promise, on application, to re-arrange it according to their taste.

THE

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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 VII.

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Opinions of the Press, respecting Gen. Brock's character and value, continued.

THE two notices, we have already given, might almost be considered sufficient evidence of the eminence to which Gen. Brock had raised himself by his civil and military talents, and of the correspondently deep grief with which his untimely fate was deplored throughout, not only these Provinces, but the Mother Country also. Yet we feel tempted to add one or two more tributes to his memory. The first is from a Montreal paper of the day;* the second from Howison's "Sketches of Upper Canada."† The most conclusive proof, however, of the general estimation in which Sir Isaac Brock was held, is, perhaps, to be found in General Van Ranselaer's letter of condolence to Gen. Sheaffe, on the occasion of his funeral, in which Gen. Van Ranselaer expresses his desire to pay "a just tribute of respect to the gallant dead," and informs General Sheaffe, that "I shall order a salute for the funeral of General Brock to be fired here,‡ and at Fort Niagara this afternoon."

This generous conduct of General Van Ranselaer evinced feelings worthy of a soldier and a man.

The President, Mr. Madison, when alluding to the battle of Queenston in his message to Congress, observed, "Our loss has been considerable, and is deeply to be lamented. That of the enemy, less ascertained, will be the

* The private letters from Upper Canada, in giving the account of the late victory at Queenston, are partly taken up with encomiastic lamentations upon the never-to-be-forgotten General Brock, which do honor to the character and talents of the man they deplore. The enemy have nothing to hope from the loss they have inflicted; they have created a hatred which panteth for revenge. Although General Brock may be said to have fallen in the midst of his career, yet his previous services in Upper Canada will be lasting and highly beneficial. When he assumed the government of the province, he found a divided, disaffected, and, of course, a weak people. He has left them united and strong, and the universal sorrow of the province attends his fall. The father, to his children, will make known the mournful story. The veteran, who fought by his side in the heat and burthen of the day of our deliverance, will venerate his name.

† He was more popular, and more beloved by the inhabitants of Upper Canada, than any man they ever had among them, and with reason; for he possessed, in an eminent degree, those virtues which add lustre to bravery, and those talents that shine alike in the cabinet and in the field. His manners and dispositions were so conciliating as to gain the affection of all whom he commanded, while his innate nobleness and dignity of mind secured him a respect almost amounting to veneration. He is now styled the Hero of Upper Canada, and, had he lived, there is no doubt but the war would have terminated very differently from what it did. The Canadian farmers are not overburthened with sensibility, yet I have seen several of them shed tears when an eulogium was pronounced upon the immortal and generous-minded deliverer of their country.

General Brock was killed close to the road that

‡ Lewiston.

more felt, as it includes amongst the killed the commanding general, who was also the Governor of the Province."

General Brock was interred on the 16th October, with his A.D.C., Col. McDonnell, at Fort George. Major Glegg says on the subject,—"Conceiving that an interment, in every respect military, would be the most appropriate, I made choice of a cavalier bastion which he had lately suggested, and which had just been finished under his daily superintendence."

Armistice concluded the day after the battle.

On the morning after the battle, an armistice† was concluded by Generals Van Ranselaer and Sheaffe. James, in reference to this proceeding, remarks,—"It is often said that we throw away with the pen, what we gain by the sword. Had General Brock survived the Queenston battle, he would have made the 13th October a still more memorable day by crossing the river and carrying Fort Niagara, which at that precise time was nearly stripped of its garrison. Instead of doing this, and of putting an end to the campaign upon the Niagara frontier, General Sheaffe allowed himself to be persuaded to sign an armistice, the very thing General Van Ranselaer wanted. The latter, of course, assured his panic-struck militia, that the British General had sent to implore one of him; (rather a hasty conclusion this of James,) and that he, General Van Ranselaer, had consented, merely to gain time to make some necessary arrangements. Such of the militia as had not already scampered off, now agreed to suspend their journey homeward, and try another experiment at invasion."

When James penned the above, he did not take into consideration, that the number of American prisoners, then in General Sheaffe's charge, far exceeded the united strength of his whole army, when the Indian force was withdrawn; and, besides, that with his very limited means of defence, he had a frontier of forty miles to protect. He seems also to have lost sight of the fact that General Van Ranselaer retired from the command on the 18th

leads through Queenston village; this spot may be called classic ground, for a view of it must awaken in the minds of all those who duly appreciate the greatness of his character, and are acquainted with the nature of his resources and exertions, feelings as warm and enthusiastic as the contemplation of monuments consecrated by antiquity can ever do.

Nature had been very bountiful to Sir Isaac Brock in those personal gifts which appear to such peculiar advantage in the army, and at the first glance the soldier and the gentleman were seen. In stature he was tall, his fine and benevolent countenance was a perfect index of his mind, and his manners were courteous, frank, and engaging. Brave, liberal, and humane; devoted to his sovereign, and loving his country with romantic fondness; in command so gentle and persuasive, yet so firm, that he possessed the rare faculty of acquiring both the respect and the attachment of all who served under him. When urged by some friends, shortly before his death, to be more careful of his person, he replied: "How can I expect my men to go where I am afraid to lead them;" and although, perhaps, his anxiety ever to shew a good example, by being foremost in danger, induced him to expose himself more than strict prudence or formality warranted, yet, if he erred on this point, his error was that of a soldier. Elevated to the government of Upper Canada, he reclaimed many of the disaffected by mildness, and fixed the wavering by the argument of success; and having no national partialities to gratify, that rock on which so many provincial governors have split, he meted equal favor and justice to all. British-born subjects soon felt convinced that with him their religion or their birth-place was no obstacle in their advancement. Even over the minds of the Indians Sir Isaac Brock gained, at and after the capture of Detroit, an ascendency altogether unexampled, and which he judiciously exercised for purposes conducive equally to the cause of humanity and to the interests of his country. He engaged them to throw aside the scalping knife, implanted in their breasts the virtues of clemency and forbearance, and taught them to feel pleasure and pride in the compassion extended to a vanquished enemy. In return they revered him as their common father, and while under his command were guilty of no excesses. It is well known that this untutored people, the children of the forests, value personal much more highly than mental qualities, but the union of both in their leader was happily calculated to impress their haughty and masculine minds with respect and admiration; and the speech delivered by Tecumseh, after the capture of Detroit, is illustrative of the sentiments with which he had inspired these warlike tribes. "I have heard," observed that chief to him, "much of your fame, and am happy again to shake by the hand a brave brother warrior. The Americans endeavour to give us a mean opinion of British Generals, but we have been the witnesses of your valour. In crossing the river to attack the enemy, we observed you from a distance standing the whole time in an erect posture, and, when the boats reached the shore, you were among the first who jumped on land. Your bold and sudden movements frightened the enemy, and you compelled them to surrender to half their own force."

† The armistice was to be in force only on the frontier between Lakes Ontario and Erie.

October. He (Gen. Van Ranselaer) seems indeed to have resolved on this course even two days before, for in his letter of the 16th, to General Sheaffe, he writes,—" As this is probably the last communication I shall have the honour to make to you," &c. This does not look much like entertaining hopes of a third descent on Canada. Christie's remarks are more deserving of consideration. In speaking of the armistice he writes:—" This and the former armistice, without affording any present advantage, proved of material prejudice to the British on Lake Erie. The Americans availed themselves of so favorable an occasion to forward their naval stores, unmolested, from Black Rock to Presque Isle, by water, which they could not otherwise have effected, but with immense trouble and expense, by land, and equipped at leisure the fleet which afterwards wrested from us the command of that lake." There is much force in these remarks, yet with a body of prisoners equalling in number his whole force, and with an enemy in front of double his strength, it is not to be wondered at, that General Sheaffe should have adopted prudent measures, so as to dispose, at least, of his prisoners.

Treatment of the prisoners.

Although it has been very generally acknowledged that the prisoners were treated with great kindness and consideration, yet a few misrepresentations have crept abroad on the subject. One writer (Author of Sketches of the War) says—" For want of will or power they put no restraint upon their Indian allies who were stripping and scalping not only the slain but the dying that remained on the field of battle," and in proof of his assertion he adduces the facts, that a Capt. Ogilvie recognised the corpse of an Ensign Morris, which had been stripped of its shirt, and a dead soldier whose scull had been cloven by a tomahawk; he forgets, however, or seems to consider it unnecessary, to enquire whether the ensign's shirt had not been stolen by one of his own men, or whether the soldier might not have received the fatal blow during the contest. We only bring these trifles forward to show how anxious to misrepresent some American writers have been, and how desirous to palliate the monstrous cruelties perpetrated by them on the Indians during their long and numerous frontier wars.

Disposal of the prisoners.

Two days after the battle, the prisoners and wounded, both militia and regulars, were sent across the river, upon their parole, as were General Wadsworth, and (James says all, Christie some) the principal officers, the non-commissioned officers and privates of the regular army were sent to Montreal to await their exchange. Christie remarks on the subject,—" Among the American prisoners, twenty-three men were found, who, having declared themselves British-born subjects, were sent to England for trial as traitors."

This gave occasion to retaliate upon British prisoners in America, and a like number of the latter were put into close confinement as hostages for the safety of the traitors by order of the American government.

Attempts of the press to keep up the "war spirit" by misrepresentation.

The attempts of the press to prevent the supporters of the now unpopular war from becoming disgusted with the manifold reverses which had, so far, attended all the military operations undertaken, would be amusing, were not a feeling, akin to contempt, excited. The Official Organ, corresponding to our Annual Register, or the Military and Naval Chronicle, appears at this time to have been "Nile's Weekly Register," and a few short exracts will show not only how, with General Van Ranselaer's dispatch before them, they misrepresented every occurrence, but how ignorant they actually were of the true position of the affairs on the frontier.

In No. 9 of Vol. 3, we find the following particulars, page 140:

" The landing appears to have been effected under a dreadful fire from the enemy. An instant appeal was made to the bayonet, and the British were soon dispossessed of all the advantages they had in the ground;" no notice is taken of the manner in which Wool, " the hero of the day," as he is styled, ascended the heights without exposing himself or the troops under his command to a single shot. A little farther on, " three hundred and twenty men charged the famous 49th British Rgiment, six hundred strong, and put them completely to flight," and as a crowning glory to the brilliant

achievements of the day, the afternoon occurrences are thus disposed of: "our men though outflanked and *almost surrounded*, fought for an hour and a half more; when, worn down with eleven hours exertion, they retreated without the loss of a man, to the margin of the river, but to their extreme mortification, not a boat was there to receive them." Such gallantry deserved a better fate, for after waiting in "this painful situation for over a quarter of an hour, this GALLANT little band surrendered to five times their number." On page 141 we find that "the position opposite Queenston *is Black Rock!*" Enough, however, on this subject, although it might have been expected that a paper, almost bearing an official character, would have scarcely dared to give publicity to such ridiculous statements: statements which only serve to show how strenuous were the efforts made to prevent the refusal of the Militia to cross at Lewiston, appearing in its true light, viz. as a proof that the war was an unpopular one.

Refusal of the Militia to cross the Niagara River, another proof that the war was not as popular as represented.

We contend that the conduct of the greater part of the American Militia on this occasion may be fairly adduced as an additional proof that the war was far from being as popular as one party in Congress would fain have represented it. It is notorious that many of the Pennsylvania Militia refused to cross into Canada, while others returned, after having crossed the line, on constitutional pretexts. An attempt has been made to excuse this, and the argument has been brought forward that the English Militia are not transported over sea to Hanover, and that the French National Guards and the German Landwehr are troops appropriated to service within the country; but on the other hand it should be borne in mind that there are standing armies in these countries, and that there is none, or next to none, in America, and that this doctrine is tantamount to a virtual renouncing of all offensive operations in war, by that country where there is but a regular standing force equal to garrison duties, and destroys at once all military operations.

The truth is, and American writers may blink it or explain it as they please, that the refusal to cross the border, on the plea of its being unconstitutional, was one of the factious dogmas of the war, preached by the disaffected of Massachusetts, who imagined, doubtless, that the doctrine might be very convenient in the event of war in that region.

The Kentuckians marched anywhere, they had no scruples; why? Because the war was popular with them, and they laughed at the idea that it was unconstitutional to cross a river or an ideal frontier, in the service of their country.

Resignation of General Van Ranselaer, and appointment of General Smyth.

Three or four days after the battle, General Van Ranselaer, disgusted with the conduct of the Militia, and, as he expressed it, with "being compelled to witness the sacrifice of victory, so gallantly won, on the shrine of doubt," received permission from General Dearborn to retire, and the command of the central or Niagara army devolved on Brigadier General Smyth, an officer from whose patriotic and professional pretensions, the multitude had drawn many favorable conclusions. "Nor was," says General Armstrong, "the estimate made of his military character by the Government, more correct, as it took for granted, a temperament, bold, ardent and enterprising, and requiring only restriction to render it useful." In the orders given for the regulation of his conduct, he was accordingly forbidden most emphatically by the minister at war, "to make any new attempt at invasion with a force less than three thousand combatants, or with means of transportation (across the Niagara) insufficient to carry over simultaneously the whole of that number."

Ingersol, in his notices of the war, observes, "General Smyth closed the campaign of 1812, in that quarter, by a failure much ridiculed, and yet vindicated, at all events a miserable abortion, which, in November, instead of atoning for, much increased, our discredit of October." Before, however, entering on the subject of the invasion of Canada by General Smyth, we must not omit two events which, though not of importance, yet should not be entirely lost sight of, as one especially was made the subject of much boasting on the part of the Americans.

The first of these events was the destruction of the east barracks at Black Rock, by the batteries at Fort Erie, under Lieut.-Col. Myers, and the burning of the furs which had formed part of the cargo of the Caledonia, the details of the capture of which we have already given. This was at least satisfactory, as the Americans had not failed in their accounts to give very magnificent estimates of the value of these same furs.

Destruction of part of the fortifications at Black Rock, and of the furs taken in the Caledonia.

The second event was the capture on the 21st October, of a body of forty-four Canadian voyageurs, who, under the command of Captain McDonnell, were surprised, and taken by the Americans under Major Young. Of this affair, James says, "The Major's force is not stated; but as the Americans proceeded to the attack in expectation of meeting from one to three hundred British, we may conjecture that their numbers fully equalled the latter amount. Forty prisoners, (one having escaped) along with their baggage and some immaterial despatches, fell into the hands of the Americans, who ingeniously enough converted a large pocket-handkerchief, which they found among the spoils, into a "stand of colours;" and Mr. O'Connor exultingly tells us, that "Major Young had the honor of taking the first standard from the enemy in the present war," following it up with, "the movements of the enemy, during these times, were not to them equally honorable or important."

Capture of Canadian voyageurs.

We are without the means of ascertaining what was actually captured on this occasion by the enemy; the probability is, however, that some colours, a Union Jack perhaps, were captured. The handkerchief story is rather improbable even for American fertility of invention when national glory was at stake. One point we have ascertained, that whatever might have been captured, it certainly was not what is commonly termed "a stand of colours." Christie, in his notice of this affair, writes, "On the 23rd October, a party of nearly four hundred Americans from Plattsburgh, surprised the picquet at the Indian village of St. Regis. Twenty-three men, a lieutenant, a serjeant and six men were killed. The picquet consisted of Canadian voyageurs." Christie's account bears out our statement respecting the colors. "In plundering the village they found a Union Jack or an Ensign, usually hoisted on Sundays or Holydays at the door of the Chief." "This occurrence," adds Christie, "was counterpoised by an attack upon a party of Americans near Salmon river, near St. Regis, on the 23rd November, by detachments of the Royal Artillery, 49th Regiment, and Glengarry Light Infantry, amounting to seventy men, with detachments from the Cornwall and Glengarry Militia, of near the same number, the whole under the command of Lieut.-Col. McMillan. In this affair the enemy took to a blockhouse, but finding themselves surrounded, surrendered prisoners of war. One captain, two subalterns, and forty-one men became prisoners on this occasion, and four batteaux, and fifty-seven stand of arms were taken." This was an affair so trifling that it would have been passed over did not the Americans make so much of the picquet affairs and the capture of the Detroit and Caledonia.

We find something quite Napoleonic in the following proclamations of General Smyth—something deserving of the pen of an Abbott as the chronicler. Even the "audacious quackery" which dared to issue rescripts at St. Petersbourg for the management of the Opera in Paris, pales before General Smith's eloquent and spirited addresses. Fortunate, indeed, for the Canadas, that the General confined his operations to paper. The first of these productions was addressed "To the Men of New York," and revives the oft-repeated cry of oppression, &c.

General Smyth's proclamations.

"*To the Men of New York:*"

"For many years have you seen your country oppressed with numerous wrongs. Your Government, although above all others, devoted to peace, have been forced to draw the sword. and rely for redress of injuries on the valor of the American people.

"That valor has been conspicuous, but the nation has been unfortunate in the selection of some of those who directed it. One army has been disgracefully surrendered and lost. Another has been sacrificed by a precipitate attempt to pass it over at the strongest point of the enemy's lines, with most incompetent means. The cause of these miscarriages is

apparent. The Commanders were popular men, "destitute alike of experience and theory," in the art of war.

"In a few days the troops under my command will plant the American standard in Canada. They are men accustomed to obedience,* steadiness and silence. They will conquer or die.

"Will you stand with your arms folded, and look on this interesting struggle? Are you not related to the men who fought at Bennington and Saratoga? Has the race degenerated? Or, have you, under the baneful influence of contending factions, forgotten your country? Must I turn from you, and ask the men of the Six Nations to support the Government of the United States? Shall I imitate the officers of the British King, and suffer our ungathered laurels to be tarnished with ruthless deeds? Shame, where is thy blush? No! Where I command, the vanquished and the peaceful man, the child, the maid, and the matron shall be secure from wrong. If we conquer, we conquer but to save."

"*Men of New York:*

"The present is the hour of renown. Have you not a wish for fame? Would you not choose to be named in future times, as one of those, who, imitating the heroes whom Montgomery led, have, in spite of the seasons, visited the tomb of the chief, and conquered the country where he lies? Yes! You desire your share of fame. Then seize the present moment: if you do not, you will regret it; and say 'the valiant have bled in vain; the friends of my country fell, and I was not there.'

"Advance, then, to our aid. I will wait for you a few days. I cannot give you the day of my departure. But come on. Come in companies, half companies, pairs or singly. I will organise you for a short tour. Ride to this place, if the distance is far, and send back your horses. But, remember, that every man who accompanies us, places himself under my command, and shall submit to the salutary restraints of discipline." This proclamation was issued on the 17th; a second, which will be found below,* and was even more energetic than its predecessor, appeared, addressed "TO THE SOLDIERS OF THE ARMY OF THE CENTRE."

* These very men accustomed to obedience, steadiness, and silence, formed a portion of the troops who had, that day four weeks, refused to cross, nothwithstanding Judge Peck's and their general's intreaties, and this too, but a few days after using such threats against the general's life, if he refused to lead them over to Canada, and victory, as compelled him to adopt the measures which resulted in his defeat and their disgrace. ED.

*"*Companions in arms!*—The time is at hand when you will cross the streams of Niagara to conquer Canada, and to secure the peace of the American frontier.

"You will enter a country that is to be one of the United States. You will arrive among a people who are to become your fellow citizens. It is not against them that we come to make war. It is against that government which holds them as vassals.

"You will make this war as little as possible distressful to the Canadian people. It they are peaceable, they are to be secure in their persons: and in their property, as far as our imperious necessities will allow.

"Private plundering is absolutely forbidden. Any soldier who quits his ranks to plunder on the field of battle, will be punished in the most exemplary manner.

"But your just rights as soldiers will be maintained; whatever is *booty* by the usages of war, you shall have. All horses belonging to the artillery and cavalry, all waggons and teams in public service, will be sold for the benefit of the captors. Public stores will be secured for the service of the U. States. The government will, with justice, pay you the value.

"The horses drawing the light artillery of the enemy are wanted for the service of the United States. I will order TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS for each to be paid the party who may take them. I will also order FORTY DOLLARS to be paid for the arms and spoils of each savage warrior, who shall be killed.

"*Soldiers!*—You are amply provided for war. You are superior in number to the enemy. Your personal strength and activity are greater. Your weapons are longer. The regular soldiers of the enemy are generally old men, whose best years have been spent in the sickly climate of the West Indies. They will not be able to stand before you,—you, who charge with the bayonet. You have seen Indians, such as those hired by the British to murder women and children, and kill and scalp the wounded. You have seen their dances and grimaces, and heard their yells. Can you fear them? No! you hold them in the utmost contempt.

Volunteers!—Disloyal and traitorous men have endeavoured to dissuade you from your duty. Sometimes they say, if you enter Canada, you will be held to service for five years. At others, they say, you will not be furnished with supplies. At other times, they say, that if you are wounded, the government will not provide for you by pensions. The just and generous course pursued by government towards the volunteers who fought at Tippecanoe, furnishes an answer to the last objection; the others are too absurd to deserve any.

The very first step taken by General Smyth in this operation was marked by a trick. It was necessary to give a thirty hours' notice of an intention to break off the armistice which had been concluded with General Sheaffe. This was accordingly done, but instead of the notice being given, as it ought, at head-quarters at Fort George, it was sent to the commanding officer at Fort Erie, on the extreme right of the British line. This was doubtless with a view of making the attack before succours could arrive from Fort George, which was thirty-six miles distant from Fort Erie.

Invasion of Canada by General Smyth.

No efforts had been left untried, not only to collect a large force, but to provide also the means of transportation. Six weeks had been consumed in these preparations, in drilling, equipping and organising, and the conditions imposed by Government as to numbers before an invasion should be attempted, had been strictly complied with, as a force, by his own admission, of two thousand three hundred and sixty men, FIT FOR DUTY, (exclusive of General Tannehill's brigade from Pennsylvania, of sixteen hundred and fifty strong,) now awaited General Smyth's orders: an engine of destruction, to be discharged (as will be seen with what terrible effect) against the devoted Canadians. To guard against the effects of such a "tornado burstiag on Canadian shores, every provision had," according to Nile's Weekly Register, "been made by the British." These preparations, according to James, "consisted of a detachment of eighty men of the 49th, under Major Ormsby, and about fifty of the Newfoundland regiment, under Capt. Whelan. The ferry, opposite Black Rock, was occupied by two companies of Militia, under Captain Bostwick." At a house on the Chippewa Road, distant about two and-a-half miles from Fort Erie, Lieut. Lamont of the 49th, with five-and-thirty rank and file, and Lieut. King R. A., with a three and six-pounder, and a few Militia artillerymen were stationed. There were also near the same spot two one-gun batteries, eighteen and twenty-four pounders, also under the command of Lieut. Lamont. A mile farther down the river, Lieut. Bartley, with two non-commissioned officers and thirty-five rank and file, occupied a post, and on Frenchman's Creek, Lieut. McIntyre commanded a party about seventy strong: this post was about four and-a-half miles from Fort Erie. Lieut. Col. Bishopp was at Chippewa, and under his immediate command were a battalion company of the 41st, a company of militia, and a small detachment of militia artillery; Major Hate with a small detachment of militia, was stationed at no great distance. The whole force to guard a frontier of twenty miles, did not exceed, as will be seen from these figures, three hundred and sixty regulars, and two hundred and forty militia. This gives a force of but six hundred men, according to James, while Christie estimates the whole force as "nearly eleven hundred men." By what process Mr. Christie makes up his numbers we are rather at a loss to discover, as his account corresponds with James' in the enumeration of all the smaller detachments; and it is only by supposing that Col. Bishopp had a very large force at this time under his command, that his total can be arrived at, as certainly there was no time for the arrival of reinforcements from Fort George. Col. Kerby's and other veterans' statements, incline us to the belief that James' numbers are nearer the mark. This point is, however, unimportant, as not one half of even the troops mentioned by James were required on the occasion, or had any participation in the affair.

The demonstration was commenced by dispatching a marauding party on the night of the 27th, who succeeded in taking a few prisoners, destroying some public and private dwellings, and carrying and spiking four guns,

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"*Volunteers!*—I esteem your generous and patriotic motives. You have made sacrifices on the altar of your country. You will not suffer the enemies of your fame to mislead you from the path of duty and honor, and deprive you of the esteem of a grateful country. You will shun the *eternal infamy* that awaits the man, who having come within sight of the enemy, *basely* shrinks in the moment of trial.

"*Soldiers of every corps!*—It is in your power to retrieve the honor of your country and to cover yourselves with glory. Every man who performs a gallant action shall have his name made known to the nation. Rewards and honours await the brave. Infamy and contempt are reserved for cowards. Companions in arms! You came to vanquish a valiant foe; I know the choice you will make. Come on, my heroes! And when you attack the enemy's batteries let your rallying word be, "*The Cannon lost at Detroit, or Death!*"

ALEXANDER SMYTH,
Brigadier-General Commanding.

Camp near Buffalo, 17th Nov., 1812.

viz., the two field-pieces, and two eighteen and twenty-four pounders.

The whole of this demonstration took place under cover of night, and the Americans had recrossed to the safe side of the river before daylight, and the arrival of Major Ormsby and Col. Bishopp with their several detachments, and the recrossing was effected so hastily that Captain King and some thirty-five men were left behind and became prisoners. Emboldened by this negative success, General Smyth sent over in the afternoon of the 29th, a flag of truce to Col. Bishopp, with a summons to "prevent the unnecessary effusion of human blood by a surrender of Fort Erie, to a force so superior as to render resistance hopeless." Col. Bishopp's answer to this was, "*Come, and take it!*" The answer was sent over by Capt. Fitzgerald on whom the American General is said to have wasted both rhetoric and time, proving, doubtless very much to his own satisfaction, how plainly it was the British officer's duty to command a bloodless surrender of the post. There is every probability that Hull's surrender of Detroit was quoted on this occasion, as a precedent, and a case strictly analogous.

The 28th closed with an order to the American troops to disembark, with an assurance that "the expedition was only postponed until the boats should be put in a better state of preparation." Much discussion now took place in the American camp, and on the 20th the troops were again ordered to hold themselves ready for crossing and conquest. This farce was repeated until the morning of the 1st, when it was decided by the American officers in council, that instead of conquering Canada, "an attempt which by precipitation might add to the list of defeats," it was advisable to disembark the troops and send them into winter quarters. Thus ended the third great invasion of Canada. The failure roused, as may be imagined, a perfect storm of indignation against the poor General, and this was the more violent as he had raised the nation's expectations to such a pitch by his manifestos, that failure was never contemplated. and the bitter pill was thus rendered still more unpalatable.

The official organ, already mentioned, of 19th December, thus notices the affair. "*Disaster upon disaster.* The old scenes of imbecility, treachery and cowardice, have been again displayed upon our frontier. With grief and shame do we record that Smyth, who promised so much, who centered in himself the generous confidence of strangers, of his friends, and government; who was to convince the American people that all their Generals were not base, cowardly and treacherous; even Smyth must be added to the catalogue of infamy which began with the name of Hull. Our minds are depressed with shame, and our hands tremble with indignation, at this final prostration of all our dearest and fondest hopes. But we will endeavour to assume some calmness, while we state to our readers the disgraceful events that have occurred on the Niagara river."

Before quoting further, it may be well to remark, that this very journal in discussing the Queenston expedition, mentions it as "an affair to be classed with Bunker Hill," and gives a glowing account of General Van Ranselaer's reception at Albany after his retirement from the command. In the No. for Nov. 28th, page 202, we find the following: "There is a disposition in many to attribute great blame to Major Gen. Van Ranselaer for the failure of his attack on Queenston on various grounds, but the General's official statement is before the public, and we shall not attempt to impeach it."

"*It is unpleasant to remark with what avidity some men, for mere party purposes, seize upon every little incident tending to throw discredit on the American army. Nay, not content with the naked facts as they are, they contrive to distort them into the most frightful shapes, and if the truth embellished will not make the story tell well, they curiously invent a few particulars to give it the needful graces.*"

It is not uninteresting to observe how entirely the writer of the above changed his opinion between Nov. 28th and Decr. 19th, and how an affair of which the General's account "was not to be impeached," at the former date, became by the latter an event to be "included in the catalogue of infamy which began with Hull."

It is ever thus, however, with distorted facts, and an indifference to truth, in preparing an historical narrative, is sure to end by the writer's contradicting some statement previously laid down as incontrovertible.

A curious picture is given of Smyth's treatment by his "outraged countrymen." He

was universally denounced as a coward and traitor; he was shot at several times, and was hooted through the streets of Buffalo. He was shifting his tent in every direction to avoid the indignation of the soldiers. Judge Grainger, MUCH TO HIS HONOR, refused to afford any shelter to Smyth, and every tavernkeeper declined the infamy of his company. Poor Smyth! —this treatment was experienced from the very men whom Judge Peck but six weeks before had upbraided for their cowardice. We suppose, however, that this behaviour of the populace is to be classed amongst the benefits resulting from a Democratical form of government. General Smyth's defence will be found below* with a few remarks on it by General Porter. These remarks led to a duel in which both parties behaved *most heroically*.

We suspect that the American people would have preferred a battle at Fort Erie to a private rencontre.

By an Act of Executive power, General Smyth was excluded from the regular army, and *deposed without a trial*. This proceeding was of course complained of, and a petition presented to the House of Representatives, who, however, referred it to the secretary at war, which was in fact delivering the lamb to the wolf, as the secretary was the arbitrary power complained of. This is a significant example of the mode in which justice is sometimes administered in free countries, and how the exe-

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*GENTLEMEN,—Your letter of the 2d December is before me, and I answer it in the the following manner:

On the 26th October, I ordered that 20 scows should be prepared for the transportation of artillery and cavalry, and put the carpenters of the army upon that duty.

By the 26th of November 10 scows were completed, and by bringing some boats from Lake Ontario, above the Falls of Niagara, the number was increased to 70.

I had, on the 12th Nov., issued an address to the men of New York, and perhaps 300 had arrived at Buffalo. I presumed that the regular troops, and the volunteers under Colonels Swift and McClure, would furnish 2350 men for duty; and of General Tannehill's brigade from Pennsylvania, reporting a total of 1650, as many as 412 had volunteered to cross into Canada. My orders were to "cross with 3000 men at once." I deemed myself ready to fulfil them.

Preparatory thereto, on the night of the 27th of November, I sent other two parties, one under Lieutenant-Colonel Bœrstler, the other under Captain King, with whom Lieutenant Angus, of the navy, at the head of a body of seamen, united. The first was to capture a guard and destroy a bridge about five miles below Fort Erie; the second party were to take and render useless the cannon of the enemy's batteries, and some pieces of light artillery. The first party failed to destroy the bridge—the second, after rendering unserviceable the light artillery, separated by misapprehension. Lieutenant Angus, the seamen, and a part of the troops, returned, with all the boats, while Captain King, Captain Morgan, Captain Sproul, Lieutenant Houston, and about 60 men remained. The party thus reduced, attacked, took, and rendered unserviceable two of the enemy's batteries, captured 34 prisoners, found two boats, in which Captain King sent the prisoners, and about half his party with the other officers; he himself remaining with thirty men, whom he would not abandon.

Orders had been given, that all the troops in the neighborhood should march, at reveillee, to the place of embarkation. A part of the detachment sent in the night returned and excited apprehensions for the residue, about 250 men, under the command of Colonel Winder, suddenly put off in boats for the opposite shore; a part of this force had landed, when a force deemed superior, with one piece of artillery, was discovered; a retreat was ordered, and Colonel Winder's detachment suffered a loss of six killed and 18 wounded, besides some officers.

The general embarkation commenced as the troops arrived—but this being a first embarkation, the whole of the scows were occupied by about one third of the artillery, while about 800 regular infantry, about 200 twelve months' volunteers, under Colonel Swift, and about 200 of the militia who had volunteered for a few days, occupied all the boats that were ready. The troops then embarked, moved up the stream to Black Rock without loss, they were ordered to disembark and dine.

I had received from my commanding general an instruction in the following words—"In all important movements you will, I presume, consider it advisable to consult some of your principal officers." I deemed this equivalent to an order, and the movement important. I called for the field officers of the regulars, and twelve months' volunteers embarked. Colonel Porter was not found at the moment. These questions were put —Is it expedient NOW to cross? Is the force we have sufficient to conquer the opposite shore?

The first question was decided in the negative by Colonels Parker, Schuyler, Winder, Lieut.-Colonel Bœrstler, Coles, and Major Campbell; Colonel Swift alone gave an opinion for then crossing over.

The second question was not decided. Cols. Parker, Schuyler, Lieut.-Colonel Coles and Major Campbell were decidedly of opinion that the force was insufficient. Colonels Winder, Swift, Lieut.-Col. Bœrstler, and Captain Gilman deemed the force sufficient.

I determined to postpone crossing over until more complete preparation would enable me to embark the whole force at once, the counsel prescribed by my orders. The next day was spent in such preparation, and the troops were

cutive is often, that is, with popular opinion to back it, enabled to strike a blow and commit a wrong, which in a less free country would not be submitted to.

With respect to the behaviour of the British troops on this occasion, we would remark, that General Smyth's displays of force entirely failed to produce the effect he had desired, and that it was unanimously decided at a council, held on the night of the 30th, composed of regular and militia officers, that "They did not consider a retreat at all necssary, nor a measure to be looked forward to, and that but a small reinforcement would enable them to repel any force which General Smyth might have it in his power to bring against their country.

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ordered to be again at the place of embarkation at eight o'clock on the morning of the 30th of November. On their arrival they were sent into the adjacent woods, there to build fires and remain until three o'oclock A.M., of the 1st of Dec., when it was intended to put off two hours before day-light, so as to avoid the enemy's cannon in passing the position which it was believed they occupied below, to land above Chippewa, assault that place, and, if successful, march through Queenston for Fort George. For this expedition the contractor was called on to furnish rations for 2500 men for four days, when it was found he could furnish the pork, but not the flour; the deputy quarter-master called for 60 brrrels, and got but 35.

The embarkation commenced, but was delayed by circumstances, so as not to be completed until after daylight, when it was found the regular infantry, 688 men, the artillery, 177 men, Swift's volunteers, estimated at 236, companies of federal volunteers, under Captains Collins, Phillips, Allison, Moore, Maher, and Marshall, amounting to 276 men, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel McClure, 100 men of Colonel Dobbin's militia, and a few men in a boat with General P. B. Porter, had embarked—the whole on board amounting, exclusive of officers, to 1465 men, or thereabouts; and it was two hours later than had been contemplated.

There were some groups of men not yot embarked; they were applied to, requested and ordered by the Brigade-Major to get into their boats—they did not. The number of these the Brigade Major estimated at about 150. It was probably greater.

It then became a question whether it was expedient to invade Canada in open daylight, with 1500 men, at a point where no reinforcement could be expected for some days. I saw that the number of the regular troops was declining rapidly—I knew that on them chiefly I was to depend.

I called together the officers commanding corps of the regular army, Colonel Parker being sick. Those present were Col. Porter of the artillery, Col. Schuyler, Col. Winder, and Lieut.-Col. Coles.

I put to them this question—Shall we proceed? They *unanimously* decided that we ought not.

I foresaw that the volunteers who had come out for a few days, would disperse—several of them on the evening of the 28th broke their muskets. I foresaw that the number of the regular troops would decrease; the measles and other diseases being amongst them; and they were now in tents in the month of December. I informed the officers that the attempt to invade Canada would not be made until the army was reinforced; directed them to withdraw their troops, and cover their huts immediately.

You say that on Saturday every obstruction was removed, and that a landing might have been effected "without the loss of a single man." This proves you unacquainted with the occurrences of the day. Colonel Winder, in returning from the enemy's shore in the morning, lost a tenth part of his force, in killed and wounded. The enemy showed no more than 500 or 600 men, as estimated by Colonel Parker, and one piece of artillery, supposed a nine-pounder. That force we no doubt might have overcome, but not without loss; and that, from the great advantage the enemy would have had, might have been considerable.

To recapitulate—My orders were to pass into Canada with 3000 men *at once*. On the first day of embarkation, not more than 1100 men were embarked, of whom 400, that is, half the regular infantry, were exhausted with fatigue, and want of rest. On the second embarkation, only 1500 men were embarked, and these were to have put off immediately, and to have descended the river to a point where reinforcements were not to be expected. On both days, many of the regular troops were men in bad health, who could not have stood one day's march; who, although they were on the sick report, were turned out by their ardent officers.

The affair at Queenston is a caution against relying on crowds who go to the bank of Niagara to look on a battle as on a theatrical exhibition; who, if they are disappointed of the sight, break their muskets; or, if they are without rations for a day, desert.

I have made you this frank disclosure without admitting your authority to require it, under the impression that you are patriotic and candid men; and that you will not censure me for following the cautious counsels of experience; nor join in the senseless clamor excited against me by an interested man.

I have some reason to believe that the cautious counsel given by the superior officers of my command was good. From deserters, we learn that 2344 rations are issued daily on the frontiers, on the British side. Captain King, prisoner at Fort George, writes to an officer thus—"Tell our friends to take better care of themselves than it appears I have done."

I am, gentlemen, with great respect, your most obedient ALEXANDER SMYTH,

Brigadier-General.

P.S.—It will be observed that the force *ready* could be no otherwise ascertained than by an *actual* embarkation—it being uncertain what portion of the volunteer force would embark.

The result of the attempt on Canada may be stated to have been, 1st. Grief and perplexity to the Washington Patriots, who were, with the exception of General Porter,† safe at home. 2ndly. The acquirement of the nickname of General Van Bladder by General Smyth, a token of remembrance of his brave efforts on paper, from his admiring and grateful countrymen. 3rdly. A lesson to admonish the American Government that the fidelity of Canadians towards the British Government and constitution was too deeply seated, founded on too immovable a basis to be shaken by any efforts of a foreign power, however popular. 4thly. Additional proofs, if such were required, to the American nation, that the war-feeling was popular only with a small portion of the Union.

Effects of this failure at invasion.

The first demonstration of this feeling occurred in the resolutions passed in the Legislature of Maryland, a short time after General Smyth's defeat.

In the preamble to these resolutions it is most emphatically laid down that "War resorted to without just cause must inevitably provoke the Almighty Arbitor of the universe; produce a boundless waste of blood and treasure; demoralise the habits of the people; give birth to standing armies, and clothe a dominant faction with power, in addition to to the inclination, to infringe the dearest privileges of freemen, to violate the constitution by implications and by new definitions of treason under the mask of law, and to subject to persecution, perhaps to punishment, citizens whose only crime was an opposition fairly, honestly, and constitutionally based on the system of the national administration."

In reference to the operations which had actually taken place, the preamble thus continues,—"To obviate the immediate and oppressive difficulties of the crisis thus induced, militia and volunteers are subjected to field and garrison duty, and called upon to supply the deficiency of regulars,—enormous sums are to be raised by loans and taxes, and a neighbouring colony of the enemy is invaded by detachments of undisciplined troops imperfectly supplied with necessaries. Under such circumstances, folly can only expect success; and should further defeat, disgrace and dismay, accompany our military operations the gloomy anticipations of an unnatural alliance with the conqueror of Continental Europe will inevitably be indulged. Thus embarked in a disastrous contest, the nation, harassed and debilitated by its continuance, will sigh for peace, and for its attainment the immediate and important object contended for must be abandoned." After this preamble, or rather this extract from it, for the original is too long for us to do more than give the sense of it. Several resolutions were passed, all reflecting strongly upon the injustice of the war, and the culpability of its supporters. It is unnecessary, however, for our purpose to do more than quote the following:—

"Influenced by these considerations, the constituents of Maryland, conceive it to be an imperious duty to express, through their representatives, their opinion relative to the present state of public affairs.

Resolution 2.—"That an offensive war is incompatible with the principles of republicanism, subversive to the ends of all just government, and repugnant to the best interests of the United States."

Buffalo, Dec. 8.

A friend has just handed me the proof sheet of your paper of this morning, in which is contained what purports to be General Smyth's *official* account of the affairs of the 28th of November and 1st of December.

I beg you will suspend the publication so long as to assure the public that, in your next, I will give a *true* account of some of the most prominent transactions of those days.

When our lives, our property; when the precious and dear-bought gift of our ancestors—the sacred honour of our country; when everything that we prize as men, or ought to hold dear as patriots, are falling and fading before us, it is time to speak out, whatever be the hazard.

In ascribing, as I shall not hesitate to do, the late disgrace on this frontier, to the cowardice of General Smyth, I beg it to be understood as not intending to implicate the characters of the officers whose opinions he has brought forward to bolster up his conduct. *Several* of them I know to be as brave men as ever wielded a sword; and their advice, if indeed they gave the advice imputed to them, may be accounted for in the obvious consideration, with which every one who *saw* him must have been impressed, that any military attempt under such a commander, must, in all human probability, prove disgraceful.

Peter B. Porter.

†No one would have imagined, after reading General Porter's war speech, that he intended really to expose himself to danger. Boasters rarely do.

Resolution 3.—"That the declaration of war against Great Britain by a small majority of the Congress of the United States, was unwise and impolitic, and if unsuccessful, the grand object contended for must be abandoned."

Resolution 5.—"That the conduct of the Governors of Massachussetts, Connecticut and Rhode Island, respecting the quota of militia demanded from them, (*and refused*,) respectively, by the Secretary of War of the United States, was constitutional, and merits our decided approbation."

These resolutions passed on the 2nd January were strong, but are weak in comparison with Mr. Quincy's speech; in the House of Representatives, on the 15th. Mr. Quincy declares "that the invasion of Canada gave new strength to the British Ministers at the late elections," that "the British people were ready to meet Americans on principle, (here was an admission,) but when they saw that we grasped at the first opportunity to carry the war among their harmless colonists, sympathy enlisted them on the side of the latter, and produced an effect upon their temper, such as might readily be imagined."

That "even before war was declared, our armies were marching on Canada."

That "It was not owing to our Government, that the bones of the Canadians were not mixed with the ashes of their habitations," (another important admission,) that "since the invasion of the Buccaneers, there was nothing in history more disgraceful than this war."

After the assertion of these great facts which we have picked out from the speech, Mr. Quincy continues, "I have conversed on the subject with men of all ranks, conditions, and parties, men hanging from the plough and on the spade; the twenty, thirty, and fifty acre men, and their answers have uniformly been to the same effect. They have asked simply, what is the Invasion for? Is it for land? We have enough. Plunder? there is none there. New States? we have more than is good for us. Territory? if territory, there must be a standing army to keep it, and there must then be another standing army at home to watch that. These are judicious, honest, sober, patriotic men, who, if it were requisite, and their sense of moral duty went along with the war, would fly to the standard of their country at the winding of a horn, but who heard it now with the same indifference as they would a Jew's harp or a Banjoe, because they were disgusted with the war, and the mode of carrying it on. In conclusion, that the invasion of Canada was cruel, as it brought fire and sword amongst an innocent, unoffending people—wanton because it could produce no imaginable good—senseless, as to this country, because it commences a system, which once begun, can never be closed, and the army of invasion will be the conquerors of home—and wicked because it is perverting the blessings and beneficence of God to the ruin of his creatures."

These extracts sufficiently establish our position, to ascertain that the war of 1812 was considered by the majority of the citizens of the Union as unnecessary, impolitic, and, with reference to the interests of the country, almost suicidal. These and subsequent debates almost justify the opinions entertained by some writers of that day, who did not hesitate to declare that a continuance of the war must lead to a disruption of the Union.

Position of affairs on the Detroit and Lower Canadian frontiers.

Although success had as yet attended the British arms, the aspect of affairs was still very threatening, both on the western frontier and in Lower Canada. Generals Harrison and Winchester, with a large force, overawed Detroit and the lately acquired Michigan territory, and General Dearborn, with ten thousand men, hovered on the confines of Lower Canada. A temporary check was given in the west by the defeat and capture of General Winchester at the River Raisin, and General Harrison's vigorous and spirited arrangements for the re-occupancy of the Michigan territory were somewhat disconcerted in consequence, but still Col. Proctor's situation was very critical, and the force under his command was wholly inadequate to the arduous and important duties which he was required to perform in the presence of an adversary triple his strength.

A short account of the engagements at the River Raisin and other points along that line, will not, perhaps, be found unnecessary or uninteresting, and we will continue to observe

the plan laid down, that is, to give first a short British account, and then to append the American version. The first movement in this quarter seems to have been directed against the Indians, and Mr. Thompson's (American) history shows a sickening detail of numerous Indian villages destroyed, and atrocities committed against the "wretched people whose civilization the United States Government was so anxious to promote." James has here a remarkable passage which we give entire.

"The spirit of party is often a valuable friend to the cause of truth. While the Democrats laboured at glossing over, the Federalists employed equal industry in rummaging every dusty corner for materials that might expose the odious measures of the Government. That they sometimes succeeded, appears from the following extract taken from an old newspaper, published at Pittsburgh, in the United States:—

"We, the subscribers, encouraged by a large subscription, do propose to pay one hundred dollars for every hostile Indian scalp, with both ears, if it be taken between this date and the 15th day of June next, by an inhabitant of Alleghanny County.

Signed, G. WALLIS,
R. ELLIOTT,
W. AMBUSON,
A. TAUMHILL,
W. WILKINS. Junr.
J. IRVINE.

Mr. James continues, "A general officer of the United States, employed against the Indians, at the very outset of the war, inadvertently writes to a friend,—'The western militia always carry into battle a tomahawk and scalping knife, and are as dexterous in the use of them as any copper-colored warriors of the forest. Eight hundred tomahawks have been furnished by the war department to the north western army.'"

We know that these implements of civilised warfare were employed, for the American Government paper, the National Intelligencer, in reference to the Heroes of Brownstown states, "They bore triumphantly on the points of their bayonets, between thirty and forty fresch scalps, which they had taken on the field." We know farther that Logan and seven hundred warriors were in the pay of the United States, and we cannot help turning away with disgust and indignation at the cool impudence which characterizes nearly every American writer on this point. However, to return to our narrative. On the 17th Jan., General Winchester dispatched Col. Lewis with a considerable body against a party of British and Indians posted at Frenchtown. This party consisted of thirty of the Essex militia, and two hundred Pottawattamies. Major Reynolds, who commanded, after a sharp conflict, in which the Americans lost, by their own showing, twelve killed, and fifty-five wounded, retreated, and Col. Lewis, occupied the ground and maintained his position till he was joined on the 20th by General Winchester.

The United force now, according to Dr. Smith, another American writer, formed a division ONE THOUSAND STRONG, and consisted of the greater part of Col. Wells' regiment of United States Infantry—the 1st and 5th Kentucky regiments, and Col. Allen's rifle-regiment, forming the flower of the north-western army. We have here another proof of the advantage afforded to the British by the petty jealousy which exised between the American commanders, and which often compensated for inferiority of force. General Winchester piqued at General Harrison's promotion over him, and having ascertained the inferior number and motley character of Col. Proctor's force, was anxious to engage before Gen. Harrison's joining, in order to monopolise the glory and honor to be acquired. Col. Proctor advanced on the 21st, and on the 22nd attacked General Winchester in his encampment. The British force, according to Christie, consisted of five hundred regulars, seamen, and militia, with about six hundred Indians. A severe contest now ensued, which resulted in the complete defeat and unconditional surrender of the Americans. The British loss may be estimated at twenty-four killed, and one hundred and fifty-eight wounded—that of the enemy at nearly four hundred killed and wounded, and the capture of the remainder.

The despatches of the respective commanding officers will follow in order. A vote of thanks was passed by the Assembly of Lower Canada to Col. Proctor and the troops, both regulars and militia, who had so gallantly conducted themselves. Col. Proctor was also promoted to

the rank of Brigadier-General, by the commander of the forces, until the pleasure of the Prince-Regent should be known, who approved and confirmed the appointment.

From General Proctor to Major General Sheaffe.

Sandwich, January, 26th. 1813.

Sir,—In my last despatch I acquainted you that the enemy was in the Michigan Territory, marching upon Detroit, and that I therefore deemed it necessary that he should be attacked without delay, with all and every description of force within my reach. Early in the morning, on the 19th, I was informed of his being in possession of Frenchtown, on the River Raisin, twenty-six miles from Detroit, after experiencing every resistance that Maj Reynolds, of the Essex militia, had it in his power to make, with a three-pounder, well served and directed by bombardier Kitson of the royal artillery, and the militia, three of whom he had well trained to the use of it. The retreat of the gun was covered by a brave band of Indians, who made the enemy pay dear for what he had obtained. This party, composed of militia and Indians, with the gun, fell back, sixteen miles to Brown's Town, the settlement of the brave Wyandots, where I directed my force to assemble. On the 21st instant, I advanced twelve miles to Swan Creek, from whence we marched to the enemy, and attacked him at break of day on the 22nd instant, and after suffering, for our numbers, a considerable loss, the enemy's force, posted in houses and enclosures, and which, from dread of falling into the hands of the Indians, they most obstinately defended, at length surrendered at discretion; the other part of their force in attempting to retreat by the way they came, were, I believe, all or with very few exceptions, killed by the Indians. Brigadier General Winchester was taken in the pursuit, by the Wyandot Chief Roundhead, who afterwards surrendered him to me.

You will perceive that I have lost no time; indeed, it was necessary to be prompt in my movements, as the enemy would have been joined by Major-General Harrison in a few days. The troops, the marine, and the militia, displayed great bravery, and behaved uncommonly well. Where so much zeal and spirit were manifested, it would be unjust to attempt to particularize any: I cannot however refrain from mentioning Lieut. Colonel St. George, who received four wounds in a gallant attempt to occupy a building which was favorably situated to annoy the enemy; together with Ensign Carr, of the Newfoundland regiment, who, I fear, is very dangerously wounded. The zeal and courage of the Indian Department were never more conspicuous than on this occasion, and the Indian warriors fought with their usual bravery. I am much indebted to the different departments, the troops having been well and timely supplied with every requisite the district could afford.

I have fortunately not been deprived of the services of Lieutenant Troughton, of the royal artillery, and acting in the Quarter-Master-Generals department although he was wounded, to whose zealous and unwearied exertions I am greatly indebted, as to the whole of the royal artillery for their conduct in this affair.

I enclose a list of the killed and wounded, and cannot but lament that there are so many of both; but of the latter, I am happy to say, a large proportion of them will return to their duty, and most of them in a short time: I also enclose a return of the arms and ammunition which have been taken, as well as of the prisoners, whom you will perceive to be equal to my utmost force, exclusive of the Indians.

It is reported that a party, consisting of one hundred men, bringing five hundred hogs to General Winchester's force, has been completely cut off by the Indians, and the convoy taken. Lieutenant McLean, my acting Brigade-Major, whose gallantry and exertions were conspicuous on the 22nd instant, is the bearer of this despatch, and will be able to afford you every information respecting our situation.

I have the honor to be,
Yours,
H. Proctor.

The list of killed and wounded given by Colonel Proctor, corresponds with that we have given, although obtained from a different source, Major Richardsons work.—We now give General Winchester's letter to the American Minister at war:—

Sir,—A detachment of the left wing of the North-Western army, under my command, at Frenchtown, on the River Raisin, was attacked on the 23rd instant, by a force greatly superior in numbers, aided by several pieces of artillery.

The action commenced at the dawn of day: the picquet guards were driven in, and a heavy fire opened upon the whole line, by which part thereof was thrown into disorder; and being ordered to form on more advantageous ground, I found the enemy doubling our left flank with force and rapidity.

A destructive fire was sustained for some time; at length borne down by numbers, the few of us that remained with the party retired from the lines, and submitted. The remainder of our force, in number about 400, continued to defend themselves with great gallantry, in an unequal contest against small arms and artillery, until I was brought in as a prisoner to that part of the field occupied by the enemy.

At this latter place, I understood that our troops were defending themselves in a state of desperation; and I was informed by the commanding officer of the enemy, that he would afford them an opportunity of surrendering themselves prisoners of war, to which I acceded. I was the more ready to make the surrender from being assured, that unless done quickly, the buildings adjacent would be immediately set on fire, and that no responsibility would be taken for the conduct of the savages, who were then assembled in great numbers.

In this critical situation, being desirous to preserve the lives of a number of our brave fellows who still held out, I sent a flag to them, and agreed with the commanding officer of the enemy, that they should be surrendered prisoners of war, on condition of their being protected from the savages, and being allowed to retain their private property, and having their side-arms returned to them. It is impossible for me to ascertain, with certainty, the loss we have sustained in this action, from the impracticability of knowing the number who have made their escape.

Thirty-five officers, and about four hundred and eighty-seven non-commissioned officers and privates, are prisoners of war. A list of the names of officers is herewith enclosed to you. Our loss in killed is considerable.

However unfortunate may seem the affair of yesterday, I am flattered by the belief that no material error is chargeable upon myself, and that still less censure is deserved by the troops I had the honor of commanding.

With the exception of that portion of our force which was thrown into disorder, no troops have ever behaved with more determined intrepidity.

I have the honor to be with high respect,

Your obedient Servant,

JAMES WINCHESTER,

Brig.-Gen. U. S. Army.

Hon. Secretary at War.

N. B. The Indians have still a few prisoners in their possession, who, I have reason to hope, will be given up to Colonel Proctor, at Sandwich.

James Winchester, Brig.-Gen.

From Major-General Harrison, to Governor Shelby.

Camp on Carrying Rock, 15 miles from the Rapids, January 24th, 1813.

MY DEAR SIR,—I send Colonel Wells to you, to communicate the particulars (as far as we are acquainted with them) of an event that will overwhelm your mind with grief, and fill your whole state with mourning.

The greater part of Colonel Wells's regiment, United States Infantry, and the 1st and 5th regiments Kentucky Infantry, and Allen's rifle regiment, under the immediate orders of General Winchester have been cut to pieces by the enemy, or taken prisoners. Great as the calamity is, I still hope that, as far as it relates to the objects of the campaign, it is not irreparable. As soon as I was informed of the attack upon General Winchester, about 12 o'clock on the 22nd instant, I set out to overtake the detachment of Kentucky troops, that I had sent that morning to reinforce him, and I directed the only regiment that I had with me to follow. I overtook Major Robb's detachment at the distance of six miles; but before the troops in the rear could get up, certain information was received of General Winchester's total defeat.

A council of war was called, and it was the unanimous opinion of the Generals Payne and Perkins, and all the field officers, that there was no motive that could authorize an advance but that of attacking the enemy, and that success was not to be expected after a forced march of forty miles against an enemy superior in number, and well provided with artillery. Strong detachments of the most active men

were, however, sent forward on all the roads, to assist and bring in such of our men as had escaped. The whole number that reached our camp does not exceed thirty, amongst whom were Major M'Clannahan and Captain Claves.

Having a large train of heavy artillery, and stores coming on this road from W. Sandusky, under an escort of four companies, it was thought advisable to fall back to this place, for the purpose of securing them. A part of it arrived last evening, and the rest is within thirty miles. As soon as it arrives, and a reinforcement of three regiments from the Virginia and Pennsylvania brigades, I shall again advance, and give the enemy an opportunity of measuring their strength with us once more.

Colonel Wells will communicate some circumstances, which, while they afflict and surprise, will convince you that Kentucky has lost none of her reputation for valor, for which she is famed. The detachment to the River Raisin was made without my knowledge or consent, and in direct opposition to my plans. Having been made, however, I did everything in my power to reinforce them, and a force exceeding by three hundred men that which General Winchester deemed necessary, was on its way to join him, and a fine battalion within fourteen miles of its destination.

After the success of Colonel Lewis, I was in great hopes that the post could be maintained. Colonel Wells will communicate my further views to you, much better than I can do in writing at this time.

I am, dear Sir, &c.

W. H. Harrison,

His Excellency Governor Shelby.

The rapidity of Col. Proctor's movements, after the affair at Frenchtown, assisted, even more than the victory, to embarass and puzzle Gen. Harrison, and breathing space, a most desirable object, was gained by Gen. Proctor and his gallant little band, while the intention of the Americans, to throw the onus of their support during the winter on the Canadians, was completely defeated. Except one or two trifling demonstrations, scarcely amounting to a movement, nothing of importance occurred in this quarter until April. We will return, therefore, to the Lower Province and General Dearborn, whom we left threatening, with an army, ten thousand strong, our frontier. We find, however, that, excepting two unimportant affairs, there is nothing to record. Early in February, Capt. Forsythe with two companies of riflemen crossed from Ogdensburg, and made a descent upon Gannanoque, and, according to the Americans, surprised the whole British force, killing a great many, capturing six officers, fifty-two men and immense* quantities of arms and ammunition, besides rescuing a good many prisoners. A few words will put the matter in its true light. The village consisted of one tavern and a saw-mill, with one small hut temporarily used by Col. Stone of the militia, on whom devolved the responsibility of guarding faithfully the immense military stores here deposited, which consisted of two kegs of powder and one chest containing thirty muskets. The killed amounted to one. The list of wounded to the same number. This unfortunate, according to James, was Mrs. Stone, who, while she lay in bed, was fired at, through a window, by some miscreant, and dangerously wounded.

Causes of General Dearborn's inaction.

It appears, doubtless, extraordinary, why General Dearborn, who had full authority from the war department to employ troops of any or every sort, and to do whatever he thought necessary for action, and whose orders to act offensively as soon as possible, were positive, should have remained so long inactive, exhibiting even a torpor in his movements. Ingersol, on this subject has—"It was General Dearborn's misfortune to have an army to form, an inexperienced, not over ardent Executive, a secretary at war constrained to resign, a Senate inclined to distrust the Executive, Congress withholding taxes and supplies for nearly twelve months after war was declared, a country destitute of military means, and men unaccustomed to restraint, anxious for display—" All these causes combined, form no excuse for General Dearborn. We have seen how Sir George Prevost, who laboured under all these disadvantages, besides the still greater one of being precluded, by the critical position in which Great Britain was then placed, from even a hope of being reinforced, has been condemned. We cannot afford, then, any sympathy to Gen. Dearborn.

*Sketches of the war.

ST. CATHERINES

We this month present our subscribers with a sketch of the flourishing town of St. Catherines, in the Niagara District, taken upon the spot by a talented young Canadian Artist.

The point of view selected by him is upon the gravel road leading from this place to the Falls of Niagara, about half a mile on the Thorold side of the town; and, though from the distance at which it is taken, furnishing to a stranger no very adequate idea of its extent, will yet, when taken in connexion with the accompanying sketch, afford our readers some data whereby to form a correct judgment of its present position and future prospects, in a commercial point of view.

The town of St. Catherines, now numbering about 5000 inhabitants, may be said to date its origin from the first carrying out of the project of the Hon. W. H. Merritt in 1824, of uniting the two Lakes, Erie and Ontario, by a ship canal.

So extraordinary, however, of late years has been the rapidity of rise with which the towns and cities of Western Canada have as it were sprung into existence, that our minds, familiarized to the contemplation of the almost magical changes taking place about us upon every side, have been led to regard the more gradual development of St. Catherines as a comparatively slow and tedious operation; but few and short seem the intervening years to those who yet survive to look back upon the time, when the yet unbroken forests waved majestically over this fair portion of our land, or only bowed their lofty heads at the imperious breath of the hurricane;—when, saving the nomadic bands, who in their hunting expeditions occasionally traversed its lonely wilds, the wolf and bear were the undisputed masters of its solitudes, and the wind as it swept mournfully over the yet unfurrowed mountain's brow, fanned not in its course the face of any white man!

Not yet have the snows of the seventieth winter, enclosed in their spotless winding sheet the luxuriant foliage of the seventieth summer, since the land over which we cast our eyes, was first taken up by actual settlers at the almost nominal price of *seven-pence halfpenny* per acre! at which period, the whole Township of Grantham whereon we

stand, containing about 23,500 acres, might have been purchased for the sum now readily given for an ordinary half-acre town lot! and during which short period, the still unbroken forest land, where such may yet be found, has increased in value no less than at the rate of *one hundred and forty per cent per annum.*

The site of St. Catherines, formerly known as the Twelve Mile Creek or Shipman's Corners, after the oldest inhabitant of the place, was first selected as a country residence by the Hon. Robert Hamilton, father of the Hamilton who gave his name to the flourishing and rising city which still bears it, so early as the year 1800, at which period he owned the mills afterwards known as the Thomas's Mills,* upon the Twelve Mile Creek, up to which point, boats at that time ascended; but it was not until after the war, viz. in 1816, that the Town-plot of St. Catherines was first purchased and laid out as a village, by the Hon. W. H. Merritt and Jonathan H. Clendennen, and received the name of St. Catherines in honor of Mrs. Robert Hamilton, whose name was Catherine.

At this time the supply of water from the Twelve Mile Creek was found so very limited for milling and manufacturing purposes, that, with a view of augmenting it, a few of the inhabitants conceived the idea of obtaining an increase from the River Welland, which empties itself into the Niagara River at the Village of Chippewa, a short distance above the Falls of Niagara. The surveys and examinations for which purpose to one of the sources of the Twelve Mile Creek, then known as the Holland Road, now Allanburgh, gave rise to the projection and ultimate construction of the Welland Canal.

The prices paid in 1816 for the land covering the present site of the town, varied from £2 10s. to £5 currency per acre; where, during the last few months, lots have sold by public auction at the wonderfully increased price of *eighteen pounds per foot* frontage; or upwards of four thousand pounds per acre!

Amongst the many elements of future greatness possessed in a striking degree by St. Catherines, we may mention as one of the first in importance, the unlimited amount of water power, with a fall of about 300 feet in a dis-

* Now owned by J. H. Ball.

tance of four miles, furnished by the completion of the Welland Canal.

This gigantic undertaking which now allows of the free transit of ships of 350 tons burthen, between Lakes Erie and Ontario, and whose vast importance as a national work second in its ultimate results to none upon the face of the globe, is only now beginning to be properly appreciated, was thus truly spoken of by a clear headed and far seeing man,* to whom the thanks of this Province will be for ever due, for his untiring zeal and energy with which he labored, to bring its capabilities prominently before the British public, in the year 1825.

"No work in Europe or America will bear a comparison with it in usefulness. In touching upon the mighty results which must soon follow its completion, the truth will assume the appearance of the most extravagant exaggeration, to those who do not make themselves acquainted with the singular geographical position of North America. The great inland seas *above* the Falls of Niagara, containing more than half the fresh water upon this planet—bounded by upwards of 400,000 square miles of as fertile land as can be found on the globe, and exceeding in length of coast, five thousand miles. These seas, affording the most beautiful and commodious means of internal communication ever beheld, on a scale which human science and human labor or the treasures of a world cannot rival—can be approached by ships, only through the Welland Canal, with which in point of usefulness, no other work of the kind in Europe or Asia, ancient or modern will bear any comparison."

In 1837 the amount of revenue derived in tolls and hydraulic rents from this work, amounted to £6,218 19s. 2d.. In 1847 they amounted to £30,549 17s. 8d. Last year, 1852, they had reached the sum of £59,000. And for the present current year, there can be no doubt from the active commerce which is now being carried on upon its waters, that the tolls and hydraulic rents will not fall short of £70,000.

Great, however, as is the amount of its present trade, it can be only justly regarded as an insignificant beginning, when compared with the glorious prospects held out by the promising future. Even now the vast extent of country lined by the navigable waters which communicate with its ports upon Lake Erie is in its infancy, scarcely occupied by an hundredth part of the enterprising population they are destined to support at no very distant day; and the completion of the short canal now in the course of construction round the Falls of St. Mary, will open up an extent of country as yet almost unexplored: unsurpassed in all the elements necessary to constitute a great and powerful nation, whose hidden riches, whether the spontaneous gifts of nature or the yet undeveloped wealth to be eliminated by the exercise of industry and art, can only find exit to the sea in ship navigation directly past our doors.

This small link in the chain about now to be completed, will open up to the adventurous mariner an extent of inland navigation, which when taken in connexion with Lake Ontario and the River St. Lawrence, embraces no less than nine degrees of latitude and twenty-five degrees of longitude, and enables ships from the sea-board and from countries washed by the ocean, to penetrate upwards of one thousand six hundred miles into the very heart of the North American Continent.

St. Catherines and her inhabitants have good cause to be proud of their Canal, nor is their confidence in its amazing resources either exaggerated or misplaced. And their geographical position, which may be considered at the head of the ship navigation of Lake Ontario; the largest vessels navigating those waters being able to ascend to the Town; gives them the possession of all the facilities of trade and export, enjoyed by towns situated upon the sea-board: and with Lake Erie for a "mill-dam" and Lake Ontario and the River St. Lawrence for a "tail-race," they possess within themselves an amount of hydraulic power, applicable at a trifling outlay to every description of machinery, not exceeded if indeed equalled by any other locality in the known world.

Nor are these her only sources of gratification, planted as she is in the midst of a picturesque country, capable of the highest degree of cultivation, and possessed of a genial soil and salubrious climate, eminently adapted to agricultural and horticultural pur-

* Bishop Strachan.

poses. The future she may calmly and confidently contemplate, is one of steady but certain increase and advancemeut. Nor is the spirit of enterprize with which her inhabitants would seem to be endowed, altogether unworthy of the natural advantages they undoubtedly possess. A company has recently been formed for the purpose of lighting the Canal and the Town of St. Catherines with gas, which is now going into immediate operation. A branch railroad is also about to be constructed, for the purpose of uniting the Town and Port Dalhousie, the lower outlet of the canal, with the Great Western Railway, at a point a mile and a half above the town, intended to run in connexion with a line of first class steamboats to the ports upon the lower lake. A company is also forming to bring the Lake Erie water from the top of the mountain through large pipes, to every part of the town. And from the high level in which its scource is found, it will rise with facility through lead pipes to the top of every house in town, or be rendered easily available for fountains and other ornamental and useful purposes. An extraordinary degree of activity prevails in every branch of business—four vessels forming an aggregate of nearly 1200 tons, have already during the present summer been launched in the ship-yard; and another of a large class, is fast hastening to completion. Five large flouring mills, comprehending altogether thirty-one run of stones, make merry music as they go: the saw-mills, two in number, have to work night and day to supply a small portion of the demand; there are five machine shops, and one axe and edge-tool factory; two very large foundries busily employed in the most profitable application of alchemy, yet discovered, for transmuting iron into gold—and various smaller factories of different descriptions, planing-machines, &c., all in busy operation, combined with the activity prevailing in the erection of new buildings, altogether gives the town at the present period a look of prosperity and business capabilities, far in advance of its size and appearance.

One subject more, from amongst the many, which in a short article of the present description must necessarily be omitted, we have reserved unintentionally for the last—we allude to the St. Catherines Salt Springs. These important and grateful additions to the wealth and comfort of the inhabitants, after having for some years been allowed to fall into a state of total neglect and disrepair, have at length attracted the notice they have long justly merited; and under the active superintendance of their spirited proprietor, promise to afford in a few months, all the comforts and benefits of saline baths, both hot and cold, to the inhabitants of Canada and the adjacent states, at a distance of upwards of 300 miles from the sea. Salt of the finest quality is here manufactured, though at present only in limited quantities. A large and commodious bath-house is now in the course of erection; and an engine is being constructed for the purpose of forcing the water from the Artesian well to the top of the high ground upon which the town stands. Two new, large and convenient hotels are also under consideration, not verily before they were required; the one to be erected by a Joint Stock Company, the other convenient to the baths for the accommodation of those visiting the Springs for bathing purposes. We confidently predict for these Springs, when their virtues shall have an opportunity of being generally known and appreciated, as great and deserved a reputation, when applied to their legitimate purposes, as any upon this continent.

A. J.

DIRGE.

Weep not! weep not! for she is dead,
All whose young life was sorrow—
Lay down—lay down the weary head,
For her there is no morrow.
Never shall she wake again
To that long ceaseless pain;
Death has loosed its burning chain,
Why then should ye sorrow?

Fitting time for her to die,
Wild and waste December!—
Snow upon her heart shall lie,
Nor will it remember
Him who found her young and fair,
Wooed her, won her, left her there,
To contempt and cold despair,
Bitterer than December!

Now that agony is past,
Death alone could sever,
And her eyes have wept their last,
Close them soft for ever.
Beautiful and desolate!
For thee no longer angels wait,
Thou hast reached the golden gate,
Peace be thine for ever!

THE CHRONICLES OF DREEPDAILY No. XIV.

WHEREIN THE READER IS MADE MORE INTIMATELY ACQUAINTED WITH BAILIE ANDREW BALLINGALL OF PETERHEAD.

It may be in the remembrance of the attentive peruser of these famous Chronicles, that I promised to indoctrinate the civilized world with certain notable personages in the life of my nephew-in-law Andrew Ballingall. This paction I now proceed to implement and perform, not merely that I may keep myself skaithless from the disgrace of being a covenant breaker, but because the narration is well worthy of being recorded in the pages of history.

And here I would observe in passing, that the word HISTORY has been most unjustifiably monopolized by the vast majority of the writers thereof. These gentry seem to consider that with the exception of the quirks and quibbles of politicians, and the wholesale threat-cuttings and assaults which go to make up war, there is comparatively little of the great stage play of life which is worth the trouble of registration. From this doctrine I deem it my duty most entirely to dissent! Mankind care very little about such high sounding qualities, and eagerly turn from them to contemplate some matter of detail. Let a lover of flowers step into a well-stocked garden—like that of your humble servant in Dreepdaily, for instance—and what is the upshot? You may discourse to him for hours, touching the toils and devices, and outlay of lucre which it had cost you in order to produce the fragrant result, but unless you are clean blinded by self-conceit, you will discover ere long that your hearer is a hearer only in appearance. Civility constrains him to play the part of a listener—and exclaim "dear me!" and "can it be possible?" at the end of your long-winded sentences, that his attention is engrossed by widely different things! His eye has singled out some graceful moss rose, or a tulip of peculiar richness of hues. and about your garden, as a whole, he cares or thinks as little, as he does touching the market price of pickled salmon in the Moon—or the lowest figure at which cracklings are vended in the Dog Star!

In like manner does it eventuate with the historian. Alison spends pages upon pages in telling all the outs and ins of that never-to-be-forgotten bickering which took place at Waterloo, but, let me ask, wha' cares one bawbee about the movement of this column, or the disposition of that brigade? Here and there you may meet wi' some timber-limbed Uncle Toby, who chanced to be in the scrape, to whom the details may be productive of interest,—and who will spend days and weeks in poring over the catalogue of manœuvres as if he were expiscating a complicated game of chess. Such cases, however, are the sparse exceptions to the general rule. Ninety-nine, out of every hundred readers, will skip over the wersh and flavourless narrations of marchings and counter-marchings, and concentrate their attention and sympathy upon some individual incidents of the combat, such as the magnificent pluck of Sergeant Shaw, or the indomitable bottom of the Highland Piper, who after his legs had been shot away continued to sound the pibroch, as the gallant Forty-second bore down upon the staggering foe!

But it is high time that I return to the subject more particularly in hand! If I continue to moralize and manœuvre at this rate the censorious will have cause to insinuate that the fumes of Saunders Skates usquebaugh are still haunting my noddle!

Anent the early history of my connection Mr. Ballingall, I was profoundly ignorant prior to my visit to Peterhead. All that I knew was that in early life he had not ranked amongst the Diveses of creation, and that he had attained a competence in riper years through some out-of-the-way turn of Dame Fortune's capricious wheel. In these circumstances it was but natural that I should experience a longing to have the thirst of my curiosity quenched at the fountain head of information. Accordingly I broke the matter to Andrew, the evening after my return from Boddam, and in the frankest manner he professed his willingness to grant the boon which I craved. When night set in, and the bairns had been deposited in bed, Barbara was instructed to provide a supply of pipes and boiling water, together with some other trifling items which it is not essential to specify, especially in this slanderous and backbiting epoch of the world's annals. Which requisitions having been dutifully complied with, the

Bailie proceeded to narrate the story of his fortunes, after the following fashion :

THE INCOMPREHENSIBLE SALE BY AUCTION.

I speak within bounds when I assert [said my nephew-in-law] that since the building of the primary house of Peterhead, no one ever gave occasion to a greater amount of gossiping speculation amongst the quidnuncs of that ancient burgh, than my grand-uncle Mungo McMurrich. He was generally the leading topic of conversation to the lieges when nothing in the shape of a murder or meal mob was furnished by Providence to give a zest to the insipidity of every day life, and considered in this point of view he might be regarded as a most notable public benefactor. There was a delicious mystery about the honest man which was inexpressibly appetizing to that numerous class, who having no particular business of their own to attend to, charitably occupy themselves with the affairs of their neighbours. Whenever he walked abroad the garret windows of all the adjacent elderly maidens were thrown wide open, in order that his pilgrimages might be duly traced, and as he threaded his way along the streets, business became suspended by universal consent so long as he was in sight.

Mungo McMurrich had left Peterhead when but a stripling, in consequence of some dispute with his kinsfolk, and no one knew with any degree of certainty where his lot had been cast during the succeeding three quarters of a century. There was a report current, indeed, that having gone to London he had become a literature man,—but what that meant I never could precisely learn. So far as I could gather I came to the conclusion that it had something to do with the Calendar business, or perchance the manufacture of cheese, seeing that once he had been heard to say that he prepared articles for the press! Be this as it may he had returned when more than seventy winters had passed over his head, to let the remnant of his candle burn out in his native place, with the habit and repute of having a mint of wealth exceeding that of Lord Aberdeen himself, who previously had been reckoned the richest man in these parts.

Though I would fain speak with all befitting respect of my venerable ancestor, stern truth constrains me to say that his outward man was somewhat lacking in the attributes of dignity and grace. In fact the fastidious would probably have spoken of him as being positively ugly. He was a little smoke-dried body, with legs which when his heels kissed each other formed a complete circle. Vulgarly speaking they would have been characterised as bowly. Concerning his nose it belonged to the class called snub,—and his mouth exhibited a brace of gigantic buck teeth, which developed themselves to the public even when his lips were closed. The costume of my grand-uncle was religiously that of the older school. Regularly every morning was his white head dusted with white powder, a tie long as the tail of a monkey reached from his neck to the small of his back—his coat was cut away at the sides, and presented sleeves capacious enough to have held a peck of meal—velveteen knee breeches protected his limbs from the vicissitudes of the elements, and his shoes exhibited steel buckles, gigantic as oyster shells, or tea saucers. To complete the picture, I may mention that my relative was the greatest consumer of pulverized tobacco that the oldest inhabitant ever recollected to have met with, and that you know is a big word in Scotland. His upper lip was constantly garnished with an ounce or two of the stimulating dust, and I have heard Thomas Twist the tobacconist affirm, that though the United Secession minister, the savoury Walter Dunlop, liked a pinch as weel's his neighbours, yet that Maister Mungo would snuff more in a week than he would in a month.

Far be it from me to affirm that it was beyond the bounds of possibility that Romeo bore a marked resemblance to my esteemed predecessor. This, however, I will assert without fear of contradiction, that if such was the case, the circumstance of Juliet's dying for love of him, is wonderful beyond all created comprehension.

Having said so much concerning the person of my grand-uncle, I may add a few words relative to his dwelling. It was an ancient tenement which had seen better days, and bore a character far from orthodox. Many years before, a man had hanged himself in one of the rooms thereof, and as a matter of course his ghost continued to frequent a locality so pregnant with agreeable associations. Prejudiced people made this fact a ground of objection to the house, and for a long period its

only inmates were rats and mice, the aforesaid spirit always excepted. Mr. McMurrich, however, took a fancy to the messuage, and rather looked upon the visitations of its former possessor as an advantage than otherwise, seeing that in consequence the rent demanded was almost nominal. To speak the naked truth I very much incline to the opinion that he was strongly tinged with infidelity on the subject of apparitions. He used sometimes to observe that in the earlier part of his life he had watched with a great schoolmaster named Johnson, for a ghost in a house which was situated in a part of London called Cock Lane, and that the affair turned out to be an impudent imposition. I may here mention in passing, that my relative gained a very unhealthy reputation on account of his dogged refusal to be frightened by the disembodied self-murderer. The serious old women shook their heads solemnly when they alluded to the matter, and expressed their conviction that Mr. Mungo was a perfect Sadducee, who should be taken to task by the Kirk Session. As the suspected personage, however, was a member of the Episcopal communion he was not amenable to the suggested overhauling, and thus, in all probability, escaped the *éclat* of a stance on the stool of repentance.

Returning to the house, I may observe, that the windows thereof were so darkened with dust, and shrouded with spiders' webs, that it was next to an impossibility to see into them. Whether any one could see *out* of the same, was a problem which few could solve. My grand-uncle was a man who was of a costive and misanthropical turn of mind, and with the exception of the doctor, and Mr. Rubric the prelatic priest, and they only at an orra time, few, even of his own kith and kin, ever were permitted to darken his door.

From the above-mentioned particulars it will be clear that the denizens of Peterhead had full cause for the wonderment with which they regarded Mr. Mungo McMurrich. Most natural was it that he should have been the leading attraction of a community which had nothing in the shape of theatres, or horse races, or even executions to raise their minds from the stagnation of every day life.

I mentioned before that my great grand-uncle enjoyed the reputation of being the possessor of untold wealth. This rumour had the effect of procuring him the attentions of all who could count the most remote consanguinity with such a highly favoured personage. Every now and then, he was getting donations of sweet milk cheeses, rizzard haddies, and skeps of honey from his disinterested nephews and nieces, who evinced a degree of solicitude in his welfare which would have been absolutely sublime, had the object of it been a supplicant for the necessaries of life. By the way, it is rather a remarkable circumstance that when a man has more than he can eat, there are officious hands ever ready to burden his table with superfluous sustentation. The solution of this mystery I leave to a more philosophical head than I can boast of. As the Sheriff's officer said when he was remonstrated with by a bankrupt whose goods he was carrying off, "I know nothing of *causes*, and only trouble myself with *effects!*"

Once in every twelve months, viz. New-Year's Day, a legion of all who could claim the most distant connection with Mr. McMurrich, used to proceed to his dwelling house in a body, and fairly take it by storm, to demonstrate how profoundly they had, his health and comfort, at heart. These conventions were composed of individuals hailing from every quarter of bonnie Scotland. Glasgow sent its representative in the shape of a polemical weaver, who used to entertain his relative with dissertations on yarn and free will. There was a cattle dealer from Perthshire, a cousin only thirty-six times removed, whose visits were the more acceptable that they were generally accompanied with a peace-offering of cured tongues. An Edinburgh lawyer, a writer to the signet, likewise swelled these annual re-unions, and used to discourse in a most religious and edifying strain, touching the duty of Christian mendi sposing of their substance, whilst in the full possession of their senses, and employing a member of the learned faculty to draw up the requisite instrument.

Mungo McMurrich did not appear to appreciate the attentions of his relatives to the extent which might reasonably have been expected. Though he did not precisely shut the door in their faces, he never permitted them to penetrate farther than the kitchen, and always looked impatient till the sederunt came to an end, seeming to think that the exhibition

of their backs was the best and most grateful cordial which they could offer him.

On occasions like the above, I was the only one of his tribe, upon whom Mr. Mungo used to look with any appearance of patience or complacency. I can only account for this preference by the fact that owing partly to a sort of stubborn independence; and partly to the regardlessness of youth, I did not make the solicitous allusions which the others did to his declining years. The old gentleman, I may notice in passing, had an unaccountable aversion to any reference being made to the fact that his account current with Time was soon to be balanced! He seemed to think that Death had forgotten to call for him in his regular course of business, and to be apprehensive that the grim reaper might be reminded of the overlook by such conversation, and return to glean him up without premonition or delay!

At more than one of the New Year's Day visitations my grand-uncle beckoned me to stay behind the rest of the clan, and interrogated me touching the progress of my growth, and how I got on with my education. The examination being concluded, he would fumble in his waistcoat pocket, which was as deep and roomy as the wallet of a Gaberlunzie, and make me a donation of two-pence sterling. Invariably was the benefaction clogged with a stipulation that no portion thereof should be invested in green goose-berries—a condition which, seeing that it was the dead of winter, many sensible people judged to be somewhat superfluous!

From these passages it came to be bruited abroad that I was destined and elected to inherit the untold treasures of Mr. Mungo McMurrich,—and as a necessary consequence it was my lot to be looked upon with an evil eye by the balance of his affectionate and single-hearted kindred.

And here it becomes proper that I should speak a little more regarding myself. From my earliest years I had been in a manner one of the step bairns of fortune. The youngest of my father's family, I had ever been regarded in the light of an intruder in the world which already possessed more than sufficient specimens of the Ballingall line. Barely sufficient was the paternal estate able to furnish nourishment to the owner thereof, and consequently when my advent into this planet increased the number of his olive branches to ten, it may easily be imagined that the rejoicings at the event were not of the most enthusiastic or overpowering nature!

As I grew up I was in everybody's way, so to speak, and was kicked and hustled about, from post to pillar with very little ceremony. I was the scape goat not only of the family but of the entire neighborhood, and my luckless shoulders paid the penalty of all those countless accidents and various escapades which are commonly charged to that mysterious offender Mr. Nobody! If a pitcher was found cracked Andrew's hand did the deed! It was Andrew who filled the butter with hairs, and caused the clucking hen to abandon her eggs! Who but the case-hardened Andrew placed in the broth pot the unctuous black snail, which at dinner blasted the sight, and destroyed the digestion of my sire? And incredulity itself could not question that but for Andrew everything would go on better than what everything did! So unremittingly were my delinquencies held up to reprobation, that in process of time I came to believe that to be true which everybody asserted, and looked upon myself as being booked for something far from enviable both here and hereafter!

No task was considered too irksome or degraded to be imposed upon me, as the following case will abundantly demonstrate. One day proclamation was made by the town drummer of Peterhead that the Bailies intended renewing the boundary stones of the Burgh, and that the sum of five pounds would be paid for the services of a healthy boy which the solemnity required. My father at once told me to wash my face, put on my bonnet, and follow him to the Council Chamber, as he intended that I should be a candidate for the office. Nothing loath, I did as I was directed, and ere long was standing in the august presence of the Bailies of Peterhead. After a short communing, in which my parent in answer to a question stated that he was perfectly aware of the peculiar duties which I had to sustain, I was committed into the guardianship of two town officers, and conducted to my place in a civic procession, which by this time was formed in marching order.

For once in my life I felt as if I had been a personage of importance. Before me walked

the magistrates in full dress, a drummer and fifer played "See the conquering hero comes!" and the officials who supported me on each side, payed me an amount of attention which was flattering in the highest degree. The only feature in the parade which I did not approve of, was a grim and cruel-looking personage who answered to the name of "Wuddy Jock," and was neither more nor less than the hangman of Aberdeen. This "ill favoured one" limped close in my rear, bearing on his shoulder a leather bag of the contents of which I was, at the time, profoundly ignorant.

On we moved amidst the shouts of the spectators, many of whom, especially the more juvenile portion, seemed to look upon me with feelings of envy, on account of the prominent part which I was playing in the proceedings. Once or twice, however, it struck me, that some of the seniors regarded me with a pitying expression, but this I attributed to spite and envy, because I had been selected in preference to their own children.

At length the procession halted at a place where a stone about three feet in height had been newly fixed in the ground. The Town Clerk proceeded to read a long winded document, which set forth that this was the western boundary of the Burgh, and then called upon His Majesty's executioner to do his duty. All of a sudden I found myself grasped by one of my conductors and placed upon the back of the other, and before I could scream out murder, the cold breeze blowing without hindrance upon my hastily denuded and shivering back, revealed the naked truth of the predicament in which I stood or rather hung! Without a minute's delay the abominable "Wuddy Jock" opened his pack, and drawing therefrom a murderous looking pair of taws, proceeded to rain a plump of stripes upon my exposed and defenceless person. In vain I shrieked, yelled, and I sorely fear blasphemed. In vain I appealed to the authorities, calling upon them to cast the mantle of their protection over one who had committed no offence against the laws, and had been convicted of none either by Judge or Jury, I might as well have made my complaint to the mad elements in a winter's hurricane, the senior Bailie called upon the hangman to lay on and spare not, and what aggravated the matter, my father stood quietly by, counting over his handful of bank-notes, as if everything had been correct, and as it should have been.

To make a long story short, the tragedy was repeated at each cardinal point of the compass, and the upshot was that for six full months thereafter I could not lean against the softest cushioned chair without sensations very far removed from comfort.

[Incredible as it may seem, the incident above narrated is a sober verity. The time has not long gone by since official flagellations analagous to the one inflicted upon our friend Mr. Ballingall, were dispersed in some of the less sophisticated quarters of Scotland. Old men are yet alive who have been eye-witnesses to such exhibitions. Their object and intent was to preserve oral testimony to the act sought to be commemorated. It was shrewdly judged that a person would preserve during life, the recollection of a boundary mark, at which, in his "green and salad days," he had received a sound and emphatic castigation!]

Being but a weakly and dwining lad, especially after the boundry adventure, my father determined to put me to some easy and genteel trade, and with that view entered into negociations with Cornelius Cabbage, the lamiter tailor. He agreed to pay to the aforesaid Cornelius the sum of two hundred pounds Scots money, in consideration of which that gentleman pledged himself to initiate me into the complex, and multitudinous mysteries of shaping, and sewing, and all the other departments of the tailoring craft. The grand preliminaries having been settled, Master Cabbage's crutches brought him one fine morning to our house, along with Mr. Quirk McQuibble the writer, whose part was to make a minute to keep parties from drawing back, or *resiling* as he expressed it in the barbarous jargon of law. The paper was accordingly written out, the tailor had put his sign manual in the shape of a cross to the same and I was about to barter my freedom and manhood by adhibiting my name, when lo and behold the door flew open with a bang, and in walked my grand-uncle Mungo McMurrich!

As this was the first epoch he had ever been seen under a roof but his own, we all started as if we had seen a bogle or apparition! My father sat gaping at him in an extacy of

bewilderment—Mr. McQuibble stammered out something about a *res noviter veniens*, and as for the man of needles he fairly sprang over the table (a miraculous undertaking for a creature boasting of but one leg and a half) and fortifying himself behind a two-armed-chair, flourished his shears in a sublime agony of terror and desperation! Mr. McMurrich stood looking at the convention with a smile of bitter derision, which gradually softened down to a laugh, at the sight of the breeches engenderer's panic,—and beckoning to my parent he expounded to him the object of his advent, which was neither more nor less than that I should come to dwell with, and take care of him in his declining years.

An offer like this, coming, as it did, from the richest man in Peterhead, was not to be sneezed at. My ancestor, when he had recovered breath enough, expressed his gratitude at the proposal, and signified that I should be at his devotion and command, so soon as my bits of duds could be packed up. As for me, I had no insuperable objection to the arrangement. My affection towards the shop-board was not overly strong, not only on account of the confinement, but because I had heard that all who adopted the sartorial profession lost, by some supernatural and inevitable process, eight parts and portions of their manhood! Besides, as it may readily be imagined, there were few attractions which bound me to my paternal abode. Any change, thought I, must be for the better—as the Irishman said when he traded away a forged note for a light guinea! Accordingly, I gave my trowsers a hitch—snapt my fingers at the agitated snip—and felt as if I were a gentleman at large, with the power and privilege of swinging on a gate, and drinking cream from cock-crow till sunset, which to my mind was the very alpha and omega of human bliss and delectation!

But if I was pleased, not so the man of law. He plainly saw that if my apprenticing was broken off, he would lose a nutritious job in the deed or indenture which was to bind me captive, in a manner, for five weary years. Giving, therefore, his passive client a wink and a jog with his elbow in order to secure his concurrence, he began to lecture and expatiate touching breach of contract, claim of damages, and sundry other bloodthirsty and heathenish things, enough to make a sober Christian's hair stand on end!

My father, who knew something of the law and the multiform terrors thereof—having once been in trouble for knocking down the Dean of Guild when under the influence of a stimulating beverage—began to show pregnant tokens of dismay at this marrow-chilling anathema! The magnanimous Mungo, on the contrary, looked on with his wonted sarcastic sneer, and when the jurisconsult had ceased for pure lack of breath, he went quietly up to him, and whispered something in his ear. The effect was like magic! Mr. McQuibble's visage became radiant as an unclouded Italian sun. He made the whisperer a smirking bow almost to the ground, and, turning sharply to Cornelius, told him in certain learned words that he must look out for another servitor. As the tailor did not comprehend the aforesaid words, he could not possibly gainsay them, and that afternoon I found myself established as an occupant of my grand-uncle's domicile.

Mr. McQuibble was closetted with his new client for the better part of the evening, and when he came forth with a bundle of papers beneath his elbow he inclined his head to me in a respectful manner, wishing me joy of my fortune, and health and long life to relish the same! I now had not the slightest dubitation as to how the land lay. A bow from the great Quirk McQuibble! I felt as if I could almost hang my cap upon one of the horns of the moon! Yes; the lawyer actually took off his hat to me, Andrew Ballingall! The day before, and a nod from the town drummer would have been esteemed an ultra stock of condescension!

I will not take up your time by narrating my new mode of life, which was dull and monotonous enough in all conscience. I saw but little of Mr. McMurrich, save at meal times, and even then his conversation seldom ranged beyond the laconic limits of "yes" and "no." From morning till night he sat in a small dark back room, which was more than half filled by a grim-looking ark or cabinet, adorned with puffy angels' heads carved in oak, and garnished with solid brass mouldings. His table was constantly in a perfect litter with wrinkled parchments and mouldy pamphlets; and his sole occupation seemed to be in making ex-

cerpts from these relics of the dark ages! I used sometimes to examine his productions, but as I could make neither head nor tail of the characters, I came to the natural and logical conclusion that they related to the black art.

One day, as I was sitting in meditative mood by the kitchen fire, superintending the progress of the kail-pot, I heard my grand-uncle calling upon me to come ben to him. To tell the truth, I was a fraction startled at the summons, seeing that never before had he invited me into his penetralia, as he was pleased to denominate his den. In I went, however, and found him sitting, as usual, at his ink-stained table, powtering and fyking with his antiquated gatherings, which looked ancient enough, in all conscience, to have been the title-deeds of Sodom!

"Andrew," said he, when I had entered, and taken a seat at his invitation, "Andrew, my man, I feel that I am getting feebler and frailer every day. It is high time, therefore, that I should certiorate you of some important matters, which it behoves you to understand, before I depart to join Anthony a-Wood, Thomas Hearne, and the other illustrious men in whose footsteps I have so unworthily tried to tread."

Here the old gentleman was seized with an ultra severe kind of a cough, which had been hanging about him for some time, and it was the better part of ten minutes, before he could begin to unwind the thread of his discourse. At length he was enabled thus to continue:—

"You are doubtless expecting, Andrew, that I should leave you something after I have departed. Nay, you need not shake your head my boy; well do I know that youth does not link itself to crabbed age for nothing, it would be absurd and unreasonable to expect such a thing. Andrew Ballingall, you will not be disappointed. Here is a paper constituting you heir of all that I possess; and in that cabinet which contains the gatherings of a long protracted life, you will find treasures such as Dukes might tyne their coronets to compass;—treasures which that conceited, shallow-pated empiric Thomas Frognell Dibden, never so much as dreamt of. These you will find——"

The sentence was never destined to be finished. A fit of coughing more savage and outrageous than the first grappled with the ancient man, his face became black as the wing of a crow, his eyes stood in his head, and the sound of the cough echoed through the gousty and empty house, like the voice of a spectre in a vaulted tomb. All at once it ceased in the very heat and climax of the paroxysm. It did not die away by degrees, but deep silence instantaneously usurped the place of the din. I looked at my grand-uncle in surprise and terror. I spoke to him, but there was no response. Alone was I in that dark room—the old man was dead!

THIS IS LIFE.

Across the mountain path, I saw a stately troop wend by;
The muffled drums rolled slowly forth a solemn symphony;
A soldier lay upon his bier with trophies o'er him spread;
I heard the distant booming gun when they interred the dead.

Across the mountain path, full soon the glittering band returned;
Whilst clashing music gaily rang with pennons all unfurled;
Free speech and roving eyes had they, and there seemed nought to tell
The mould had just been thrown on one they all had loved right well.

And this is glory! this is life! forgotten thus how soon!
I wept, and sought the new-made grave beneath night's silvery moon;
A dark plumed head beside it bowed in secret and alone—
A youthful warrior there gave vent to many a heart-wrung groan.

And this is glory? this is life? proud man wlll fight his way
With heavy heart, but dauntless mien, and outward brave display;—
The devastating storm may shake the sturdy forest tree,
But with rich summer foliage clad, no blighted boughs we see.

An old lady once said her idea of a great man was, "a man who is keerful of his clothes, don't drink spirits, kin read without spelling the words, and kin eat a cold dinner on a wash-day, to save the wimmen folks the trouble of cooking."

THE EASTERN BRITISH PROVINCES.

III.

I CONCLUDED my last letter with an allusion to the Acadian French, and with describing some of them as having settled on the upper St. John where they established the Madawaska settlement, extending along both banks of that river, some distance above the Grand Falls, whose inhabitants were harshly and unjustly treated by the British minister, when forming the Ashburton treaty.

To understand the subject fully, it will be necessary to state, that the commissioners appointed under the treaty of 1794, to determine the true Ste. Croix, whence to run the boundary line, instead of adopting the Kennebec or Penobscot rivers, the first of which originally formed the boundary of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay, (to the charter of which Mr. Adams, one of the American Commissioners, admitted on oath, those of both nations agreed to adhere,) selected the Scoodiac River, which had never been regarded as the Ste. Croix, by the English and French crowns. The head quarters of the governors of the respective nations, being alternately at the Penobscot; and when the French held possession of Acadia, those of the other were at Dartmouth on the Sheepscut River between Ste. Croix and Pomaquid; the Scoodiac having "never been of importance," says a well-informed writer on the subject, "until it was in 1755, imposed upon the Lords of the Plantations as the true Ste. Croix, on the map, called Mitchell's map." The object of this *ruse*, on the part of the people of Massachusetts Bay, who had been encroaching upon their neighbours, from the period of its settlement, being to obtain a large portion of the Province of Nova Scotia, then embracing New Brunswick; and which they ultimately succeeded in effecting, by the Ashburton treaty.

This Scoodiac River discharges itself into St. Andrew's Bay, near the mouth of the Bay of Fundy, and is not navigable above Calais, at its entrance. Not only did the Commissioners select the wrong river for the Ste. Croix; but, instead of taking the most remote rill or stream, entering into it from *westward*, as directed in the grant of Nova Scotia to Sir William Alexander, they followed the Cheputneticook, or small river known only by that time to its source, and running in a *north-east* direction, and there placed the "monument" as a starting point, whence to run a line due north, until it should strike the range of mountains contemplated by the treaty; but which could by no possibility be intersected, when starting from a point so far to the eastward.

In attempting to run out this line, however, the Commissioners fortunately struck the eastern edge of "Mars' Hill," having previously improperly crossed a river which empties into the St. John at Woodstock, when the British Commissioners refused to proceed any further; leaving the difficulty in which they had become involved, to be settled by others; and which remained in abeyance till 1842, when Lord Ashburton concluded the treaty referred to, and it was prolonged from Mars' Mill, to where it should strike the St. John, near the Grand Falls.

It would require one or two papers, exclusively devoted to the investigation, to show the nature of the claim of the British Crown, to all the territory east of the Kennebec—or at all events to the Penobscot, both rivers heading in the vicinity of each other, and to expose the fraud by which what was at first a mere district, has become one of the largest States in the Union, by which Great Britain has lost a most valuable part of New Brunswick—formerly as I before remarked, included Nova Scotia. Nor should I have alluded to the transaction at present, were it not that the Americans still contend that they have been wronged; and in a speech recently delivered in Congress, by Mr. Washburn of Maine, it is gravely stated, that "the title of that state to the territory she claimed, was clear and unquestionable," and that in agreeing to the treaty of 1842, she gave up between two and three millions acres of land for £150,000, constituting a territory worth, in the produce of the forest alone, much more than that amount.

After the line from Mars' Hill, strikes the St. John, it proceeds through the middle of that river to the St. Francis, on the Canada side; thus separating the Madawaska settlement, whose inhabitants (the Acadian French) residing on the right bank of the former river, became American citizens without their consent, while their relatives and friends on the left bank, remained British subjects. And such was the attachment of these unfortunate people to the British Government and institutions, that subsequent to the cession, they would cross to the opposite side, to attend the annual militia musters and trainings.

These people, it will thus be seen, were sincerely attached to the government of a country, under which, since their return, they had lived happily and contented; and it was an unpardonable breach of faith, thus needlessly to turn them over to another nation. There was the less excuse for this act, as the line on reaching the River St. Francis

extends up that river to its scource in the heart of Lower Canada; and thence through Canadian territory, till it strikes the south-weastern branch of the St. John—a distacce by the map of fifty or sixty miles.

This deviation, it is alleged, was agreed to by Lord Ashburton, for the purpose of propitiating some lumbering interests in Maine; but the effect of it is, to cut off all communication between that part of the Canadian frontier in its rear, and the St. John for the distance alluded to, except through American territory. In agreeing that the boundary line should leave the river, no matter for what purpose, surely a similar course should have been pursued, with reference to British subjects on the Madawaska settlement; and the boundary line, after leaving the Grand Falls, to which it never should have extended, ought to have passed round that portion of it which lies on the right bank of the St. John.

Returning from this digression, into which I have been drawn by the Acadian French, but which I presume will be found sufficiently interesting to need no apology: I shall commence my account of Nova Scotia, by first describing Halifax the capital and portal of the Province, which is not to be exceeded in wealth, by any place of its size in America. The city—for it has of late been incorporated, is situated on a peninsula,—a branch of the sea, called the north-west arm, extending in its rear, till within about half a mile of Redford Basin, of which I shall speak presently. The town lies on the side of a hill, at the head of a secure and capacious harbour, and contains from sixteen to eighteen thousand inhabitants; with a garrison usually of three regiments, a detachment of royal artillery, and another of royal engineers; at the summit of the hill, there is a fortification called the citadel, which the British Government has been engaged in strengthening during the last twenty years—rendering it little inferior to that on Cape Diamond at Quebec; and a contract has just been entered into for erecting spacious stone barracks at Fort Needham, about a mile to the north of the citadel.

At the north end of the town, which is about a mile and a half in length, is the naval yard, said to be the best establishment of the kind out of England, where I once saw the St. George, a three decker of ninety-eight guns, (which ship was afterwards lost in the North Sea,) hove down repaired and righted in one day, again hove down, and the repairs on the other side completed the following day. She was at that time commanded by Capt. De Courcy, the head of a family, I believe, who is permitted to stand covered in the presence of his sovereign.

She was one of a fleet of four or five sail of the line, which put into Halifax during the last war to repair damages, sustained in a gale of wind. Among others was the Centaur, I think, commanded by Capt. Whitney,—the one a considerate and humane officer,—the other an unfeeling martinet. It happened while these ships lay in port, that some men belonging to the latter vessel were sentenced to be flogged round the fleet, This punishment, is inflicted, by the prisoner receiving a certain number of lashes, alongside each vessel of war in the harbour. When the boat came alongside the St. George, Captain De Courcy informed the officer in command, on his reporting himself, that the unfortunate men could not be flogged, as there was not a cat (the name given to a whip) on board his ship, as his crew were never flogged. The officer, in reply stated, that any deficiency of punishment would be inflicted on the return of the boat to the Centaur, and with undue severity; to prevent which, the Captain ordered the smallest boy in the ship, to go down and inflict the required number of lashes, with cats, with which the boat was provided, in anticipation of this difficulty.

I was at one time tolerably well acquainted with the naval service, and am no advocate for the abolition of the right to administer corporal punishment, which should remain *in terrorem*, as it were. Still, I am satisfied that discipline may be enforced without having recourse to it, except in extreme cases; as was evident in this instance, the St. George having a crew of upwards of eight hundred men, in a highly efficient state, and that of the Centaur being of a contrary character. The fact is, the bad state of a ship's company, may always, I conceive, be traced to the misconduct of the Commander. I once saw four men hung on board the Columbine, sloop of war, and two on board the Jason, frigate; and in both cases, the mutinous state of the crews of both these vessels, was entirely referable to the severity of their respective Captains.

The harbor terminates at a short distance beyond the naval yard, at what is called the "Narrows," which forms the entrance into a spacious sheet of water, called Bedford Basin, ten or twelve miles in circumference, of a great depth, and capable of containing the entire British navy. On the west side of the basin, the Duke of Kent, when he was in Halifax, had his country-seat, called "the Lodge," which has since gone to decay; around which, were tastefully laid-out grounds and gardens, and where subsequently to

the departure of His Royal Highness, the "Rockingham Club," of which Sir John Wentworth was president, used to hold their weekly meetings.

In addition to the citadel, which protects the town, and commands the harbor, there are four stone towers of great strength at different points, commanding the entrance of the harbor. The first of these, the fire of which an approaching enemy would encounter, is York Redoubt, formerly called Point Sandwich, where is also a strong fortification, both occupying a most elevated position, close to which vessels entering the harbour must pass, and almost directly under their guns. This fort is between four and five miles below the town. Between two and three miles nearer, are the tower and fort at Point Pleasant, within the reach of whose guns a vessel would find herself, as soon as she had passed York Redoubt, and by the time she arrived abreast of these, the tower and battery on George's Island, about a mile and a-half farther up the harbor, would open upon her. The proper ship channel is on the east side of the island, and on the opposite shore of the channel, is another stone tower with a strong battery commanding it.

In fact, owing to the cross-fire that would be kept up, a vessel attempting to run up the harbor, with a hostile intention, would be exposed to almost inevitable destruction; and no fleet, unless the nation to which it belonged had the command of the sea, would attempt it, as the carrying away a mast, or being otherwise disabled, would ensure their capture, should they even succeed in taking the place, by a British squadron, which most assuredly would be at their heels. It was this conviction that made the people of Halifax feel so secure, during the last French war, when the fleet of that nation was flying across the ocean, before the gallant Nelson; no one fancying for a moment, that they would call there, although it was at that time far less capable of being successfully defended than it is at present.

During the summer season, Halifax is the rendezvous of the admiral, and the naval force on the North American station, which spend the winter at Bermnda or in the West Indies. This, together with a large staff, and the officers of the different regiments, give a superior character to the society of the place, and render it quite a favorite with those high-spirited and well-bred men. Those of the 29th Regiment, which was quartered there for some time, had a silver tankard presented to them by the inhabitants, from which it was afterwards customary—and is probably at present, to drink to the health of the donors. It was the practice to present an address on the departure of a regiment; but Col. White, who commanded, had rendered himself so odious, by his severity, that the usual compliment was not paid through him to the officers and men. I do not know, but notwithstanding his bad character, this might, after all, have been done, had he not on the afternoon previous to the embarkation, confined his men to the barracks, who having been a long time, as I said, in Halifax, had friends and acquaintances—and perhaps sweethearts, to whom they wished to bid farewell. Driven to desperation by this unnecessary act of severity, they attempted to break out of barracks, and the next morning, some sixty of them were tried by a drum-head court-martial and flogged.

Several Nova Scotians have distinguished themselves in the military and naval service of their country; and the fair belles of Halifax have found hearts to subdue in both. I saw some time since, a notice of the marriage of the daughter of one of these to a young Scotch nobleman, who was serving with his regiment in Canada, whose father is a general officer there.

The first lieutenant of Lord Nelson's flag-ship who was killed at the battle of Trafalgar,—or rather after the action, by a block falling from the mast-head, was a native of the Province; and I notice in the Admiralty list, four Rear-Admirals, who were born and brought up in Halifax. Among these is Rear-Admiral Wallis, who was second lieutenant of the Shannon, when she captured the Chesapeake; and who brought the ship with her prize into Halifax, Captain Broke having been dangerously wounded, and the first lieutenant killed, after the boarding party had possession of the enemy's vessel, a marine mistaking him for an American officer, as while in the act of hoisting the flags, he had inadvertently made fast the American over the English.

And here, I cannot refrain from mentioning an act of benevolence, on the part of the late Duke of Kent, which enabled the son of a poor woman to enter the naval service, and appear on the quarter-deck. The duke, every morning, rode past the residence of his mother, who kept a school, and in that way supported herself and two children, after the death of her husband, who had been a serjeant in the army, and probably was known to His Royal Highness, who never failed to reward merit. On one of these occasions, this strippling handed a note to the duke through one of his aides, who after perusing the account he gave of himself, directed him to call upon him on the following morning.

He was of course true to his appointment, and was informed by His Royal Highness, that he had

dined on the preceding day with a captain of one of His Majesty's ships then in port, who would receive him on board as a midshipman. He was further told, to provide himself with the necessary outfit at the duke's expense, and that if he conducted himself with propriety, his promotion should follow. He did so conduct himself; the duke was as good as his word, and he is at the present moment, one of the Rear-Admirals to whom I have alluded. The other two officers, who have attained that elevated rank, one of whom has been knighted, were the sons of a quartermaster in one of the regiments in the garrison, who had attracted the duke's notice and approval; and whose advancement in life has doubtless been owing in some measure to that fortunate circumstance.

Among the lads at the grammar-school where I received my education, was one whose choice it was, at the annual examination, to repeat the description of the parting scene between Hector and Andromache, in which Pope has embodied the paternal feelings of a parent. Throwing himself into an attitude of devotion, he would utter with the deepest pathos, that heartful prayer:—

"Oh! thou, whose glory fills the ethereal throne,
And all ye deathless powers protect my son," &c.

Young as I was at that time, and delighted as I may have been with what I heard and saw, my great pleasure was, to watch the countenance of his beautiful mother, who was always present on these occasions; and afterwards, when I accidentally heard of him during the Peninsular war, with his brave companions in arms, defending the flag of their country on many a hard-fought field, and passing unharmed through each successive fight, my mind would revert to his anxious mother, in the hope that she would be spared, to see him return in safety to his English home. He did return, but not unmaimed. He had been in almost every general engagement in the Peninsula, and fought his way to the field of Waterloo.

In that battle he was attached to the staff of Sir James Kempt, and was necessarily much exposed during that eventful day, when his good fortune continued to attend him, until just at the close of the action; but while carrying a message from his general, a cannon-ball shattered his foot, and the consequent amputation, being in the haste incident to the occasion, badly performed. He was compelled to retire upon half-pay, with the rank of a Lieutenant-Colonel, and is now a Major-General in the army.

AMICUS.

DANCE OF DEATH.

Agua-ardiente and dulces were handed round; while all, men and women—the dancers excepted—smoked their cigarillos. But the most remarkable thing in the room seemed to me a large kind of scaffold, which occupied the other corner opposite the bed, consisting of a light framework, ornamented all over with artificial flowers, little pictures of saints, and a quantity of small lighted wax-candles. On the top of it, a most extraordinary well-made wax-figure of a little child was seated on a low wooden chair, dressed in a snow-white little frock; the eyes were closed, the pale cheeks tinged by a soft rosy hue, and the whole figure perfectly strewn with flowers. It was so deceptive, that when I drew near at first, I thought it a real child, while a young woman below it, pale, and with tears in her eyes, might very well have been the mother. But that was most certainly a mistake; for at this moment one of the men stepped up to her, and invited her to the dance, and a few minutes afterwards, she was one of the merriest in the crowd. But it must really be a child —no sculptor could have formed that little face so exquisitely; and now one light went out, close to the little head, and the cheek lost its rosy hue. My neighbours at last remarked the attention with which I looked upon the figure or child, whichever it was; and the nearest one informed me, as far as I could understand him, that the little thing up there was really the child of the woman with the pale face, who was dancing just then so merrily; the whole festivity taking place, in fact, only on account of that little angel. I shook my head doubtfully; and my neighbour, to convince me, took my arm and led me to the frame, where I had to step upon the chair and nearest table, and touch the cheek and hand of the child. It was a corpse! And the mother, seeing I had doubted it, but was now convinced came up to me, and smilingly told me it had been her child, and was now a little angel in heaven. The guitars and cacaes commenced, wildly again, and she had to return to the dance. I left the house as in a dream, but afterwards heard the explanation of this ceremony. If a little child—I believe up to four years of age—dies in Chili, it is thought to go straight to heaven, and become a little angel; the mother being prouder of that—before the eyes of the world at least—than if she had reared her child to happy man or womanhood. The little corpse is exhibited then, as I had seen it: and they often continue dancing and singing around it till it displays signs of putrefaction. But the mother, whatever the feelings of her heart may be, must laugh, and sing, and dance; she dare not give way to any selfish wishes, for is not the happiness of her child secured? Poor mother!—*Gerstaecker.*

STEAMSHIP "NIAGARA," AT SEA,
21st April, 1853.

To the Editor of the Canadian Journal.

Sir,—Although an ardent admirer of, and, to some extent, a rather active promoter of the science of Natural History, the present inclement season of the year precludes the possibility of my contributing anything in the department. I would mention, however, one fact which came under my notice (on the 2nd instant) and much surprised me.

Being detained by an accident which happened to our carriage, at Schultz's Hotel, on the Grand Lake, I availed myself of the opportunity of looking into the neighbouring Forest, more particularly in quest of Ferns and Birds. The day was bright and the sun warm, and on a bank, in a sheltered dell, I surprised two beautiful Butterflies, sporting with all the life and activity of a Summer's day. I endeavoured, in vain, to catch them, their alertness baffling every attempt I made to do so.

Such an early appearance of this delicate insect, would occasion surprise in the southern parts of England; the greater, therefore, was it to myself in Nova Scotia, where Winter still existed, and the frost held entire dominion of the country.

I know not whether this occurrence is rare, or otherwise, in the locality in question; but I mention it with the idea that it may prove interesting to some of your readers, who may be pursuing the very delightful study of Entomology.

The occasion of my late visit to the Province being confined exclusively to the examination of certain of the Mineral Districts, a cursory glance at these, from the new and intense interest excited, both in England and here, on the subject, may prove acceptable to you at this moment; but, in doing so, I must speak generally, rather than in detail, of such Mineral Deposits as came under my observation.

My examinations have been confined to parts of the country lying North of the Basin of Mines, following the courses of several of the principal Rivers discharging themselves into its waters, and to the tributaries flowing into those Rivers.

From the vast extent of primitive Forest with which the whole district, forming the Mountain Range, is here covered, no other means are available for accurately examining the Mineral property it embraces. Nature, in most instances, having so arranged the courses of the Rivers as to operate as cross-cuts for the various deposits; which are thus exhibited on their banks or beds.

The existence of Coal and Iron in various parts of the Province, and in quantity and quality most beautiful and rare, is a fact patent in itself. Every day, however (from the recent explorations,) adds to, and strengthens these two great elements of Human Industry and Wealth; and no limit can possibly be assigned to their extent.

The presence also of the most valuable Metallic Minerals, such as Copper, Lead, Zinc, Manganese, Sulphate of Barytes, &c., are now proved to be co-existant with them. From the very limited operations, however, yet pursued, no data can, at present, be given to their respective extent. Metalliferous Rocks and Matrixes of the most kindly and suitable nature for their production, on a large scale, abound. *Marbles* of the purest and most compact nature, both of the White (Statuary) and Variegated, of the most beautiful and varied characters, appear to be beautifully supplied to this particular District; whilst Lime, Gypsum, Freestone, and other equally valuable products, appear scattered over various parts of it, in quantities inexhaustible, and qualities not to be surpassed.

The Barytes, Marble, Copper, Iron, and many other Mineral Deposits, I visited in the Five Islands District of the Province, far exceeded my most sanguine anticipations; and, notwithstanding the extreme difficulties I had to contend with, in consequence of the swollen state of the Rivers, the accumulation of Ice on their banks, and the quantity of Snow remaining in the Forest, I found abundant evidence that Nature had here scattered her Mineral bounties with a most prolific hand, and that Capital and Energy combined, were alone wanting to develope the resources, and add immensely to the wealth of this highly favoured, but long neglected country.

From the very numerous veins of Barytes already exposed to view in the banks, and their continuance through the beds of the Rivers and Tributaries, there is abundant proof that this valuable Mineral exists, in this locality, to a very considerable extent.

The greater portion of what I saw was of the purest nature, and might be rendered merchantable at a very moderate expense; whilst other portions were slightly stained with Red Oxyde of Iron, which may be easily and economically removed before disposed of in the market.

The various purposes for which it is applicable, in a commercial point of view, cannot fail to make it an article of considerable demand; and Markets for its disposal, when its purity and abundance of supply become generally known, will most readily be found.

The quantities hitherto exported from hence, have been so limited, and the supply so uncertain, that the article is comparatively unknown in the Market, and has been consequently confined to a few hands. But by an extension of the operations, from a proper employment of Capital, a very large and constant supply may be kept up with the mercantile community, and with the greatest facility.

Veins of Specular Iron Ore, and Copper Pyrites, occur in the same Strata as the Barytes; and the latter may be very properly looked on, if not as a Matrix, still as a very strong indication of the co-existence of other Metalliferous Deposits occupying the same channel of ground.

This is a feature of considerable importance in a mining point of view; as the operations to be directed, in the first instance, to the Barytes must necessarily tend to the development of the Iron and Copper, and may thus be extended, by the same staff of operatives, to the working of the latter Minerals upon the most cheap and effective scale.

Their quality is undeniably rich, but nothing whatever appears to be known at present, of their extent. From the regularity and size, of the Lodes however, already exhibited in the banks and beds of the River; added to the exceeding favourable nature of the accompanying strata, little doubt can exist (judging from parallel cases)

that they are to be found here in large and productive quantities.

Rich specimens of Zinc and Manganese, are to be found likewise in this immediate locality, evidencing their presence also. But none of these deposits came under my notice, from the natural impediments before mentioned. Such specimens, however, were handed me by the inhabitants who had picked them up in the bed of the river in the summer season.

Of the various Marble beds or deposits in the Five Islands District, the *white* most undoubtedly take the pre-eminence; although the variegated, from their variety, beauty, and compactness, must always stand very high in the scale.

The White Marble is of the finest quality for purity and grain; having been pronounced by a most eminent Sculptor, to combine all the requisite characteristics for the most delicate and enduring works of art. Judging from the appearance of the several beds partially opened on, and their length and breadth, traceable on the surface in the forest, and in the bed of the contiguous river, there can be no question that this most prized and valuable article, exists (in situ) here, to an extent little suspected by any one, and now, for the first time, to be developed to the world.

The Variegated Marbles present several very distinct varieties; amongst the most prominent are the most delicate Lilac (or Amethyst) ground, combined with a soft yellow, or gold colour. A pure Lilac, with a trifling admixture.

And a Lilac, blended with green, varying in deep and light shades. The former and latter of these represent a *Giallo Antico* and *Verd Antique*, of a true and unmistakeable character—involving (from their beauty) the utmost difficulty in deciding to which the palm for merit and value should be awarded.

Property, of such intrinsic value as these, can no longer be allowed to remain buried, and unknown in the bowels of the earth; and the surprise to myself is, how they can have so long escaped the prying eye of man, and wasted their hidden treasures in their primal tomb.

Nature has so arranged and placed these beds in the river bank, (here assuming a height of several hundred feet) as to render their being quarried with the utmost ease and cheapness. And the more so, from their immediate contiguity to each other. The Layers or beds of the material lie horizontally in the face of the bank; and, judging from their compactness and nature, blocks of very large size will no doubt easily be worked out.

Harbours embracing the most advantageous positions, are everywhere almost in contact with the Mineral Districts, to which access is easy, in most cases, by gentle inclinations; and shipping for the exportation of metals or minerals abundant; and freight moderate.

The Province, from the cursory view I was enables to take of it, appears to be beautifully supplied by Providence with wood and water, and to comprise, generally, an undulating country of upland and intervale; the latter, particularly in the Truro, Onslow, Economy, and Five Islands District, abounding in alluvial soils of the richest description.

From the ungenial season of the year, which nature had put on her most sombre mantle—the vegetable world appeared to the least advantage to the visitor. But enough was apparent to satisfy me, that, in a few months, a total change will have overspread the scene—and that few countries can boast of greater luxuriance or beauty.

The geographical position of the Province, placed as it is, between two immensely populous and consuming quarters of the globe (Europe and America) gives it an undeniable advantage over almost every other portion of the civilized world—and *unity of purpose amongst its inhabitants;* rapid internal communication by *Railroads* (one of which latter I am happy to find, is now in actual progress, and which will, in effect, be the *Lung* giving vitality to the whole—and a main artery through which the enterprise, spirit and commercial wealth of these two most important communities must directly circulate,) and *Capital* alone, are wanting to render it most wealthy and prosperous.

I cannot conclude these hasty notes without expresssing my great obligations for the uniform kindness and attention, I received at the hands of all classes of the inhabitants, (from His Excellency the Governor of the Province, to the Native Indian in his primitive Wigwam,) during my very short sojourn amongst them,—bearing out, in the fullest sense, the high character for hospitality and kindly feeling, which I had been led to anticipate from them, previously to my quitting the British Shores.

I beg to apologize for the length of this communication, which I had intended to have made much more concise, but the very great interest and importance of the subject, have led me unwittingly on.

It will afford me much pleasure to transmit to you, the published transactions of the "Penzance Natural History and Antiquarian Society," and to receive from you a copy of your's in exchange.

I am, Sir,
Your most obt. Servant,
JNO. R. A. MILLETT.

THE SILKWORM ITS OWN DYER.

M. Roulin was lately experimenting upon silkworms, by giving them coloured articles of food; and he found that, by mixing indigo in certain proportions with the mulberry-leaves eaten by the worms just as they were about to spin their cocoons, he was able to give a blue tinge to the silk. Prosecuting still further his experiments, he sought a red colouring matter capable of being eaten by the worms without injury. He had some difficulty in finding such a colouring matter at first, but eventually alighted on the *Bignonia Chica.* Small portions of this plant having been added to the mulberry-leaves, the silkworms consumed the mixture, and produced red-coloured silk. In this manner, the ingenious experimenter hopes, by prosecuting his researches, to obtain from the worm silk of many other colours.

WOMAN AND HER MASTER.

BY A WOMAN.

"For his rule over his family, and his conduct to wife and children—subjects over whom his power is monarchical—any one who watches the world must think with trembling sometimes of the account which many a man will have to render; for in society there is no law to control the king of the fireside. He is master of property, happiness—life almost. He is free to punish, to make happy or unhappy, to ruin or to torture. He may kill a wife gradually, and be no more questioned than the grand seignior who drowns a slave at midnight. He may make slaves and hypocrites of his children, or friends and freemen, or drive them into revolt and enmity against the natural law of love. I have heard politicians and coffee-house wiseacres talk over the newspaper, and railing at the tyranny of the French king and the emperor, and wondered how these (who are monarchs, too, in their way) govern their own dominions at home, where each man rules absolute. When the annals of each little reign are shown to the Supreme Master, under whom we hold sovereignty, histories will be laid bare of household tyrants as cruel as Amurath, as savage as Nero, and as reckless and dissolute as Charles."

This is the admission of a male writer of our day, one who never speaks without reflection. I accept it as the admission of a possible case, to which the condition of the slave under a master is comparative happiness. Of the woman in such a case, what can we conclude, but that she must at the best sink into a mere toy or tool, a cypher, an appendage to her earthly lawgiver? He is her all-controlling planet, and she, the feebler satellite, grows dim beside his fiercer rays, which blind without warming; her purer light becoming merged in his, absorbed or annihilated by a power assumed not by Almighty warrant, but exercised without mercy, and destined to endure—unless love shall grow stronger than self—till the crush of worlds. Terrible are the issues to the weaker vessel. Self-respect is dead—supineness and piteous dependence of mind follow. As years sweep on, she may strive hard, strive with tears of blood, to be patient, and wise, and strong; but the crippled energies of a life can never be made whole again. The sovereign draught of a cordial love is at its lees; and little is the most which those can achieve, who, to use the words of Goethe, "are left to tread the wine-press alone,"

These are strong truths, which ought to be spoken, even though there be some who cannot feel, and others who dare not confess them. Doubtless, their exist many wives who bless their chain; and to them this picture will appear overdrawn. But that such instances are frequent, and that such evils are endured and silently wept over, we know, though in each case a veil may be drawn over the wound, and the face of the sufferer may be hidden as the face of one who "covers up her head to die." The white Christian slave must walk quietly, and with pulses subdued to the tone of a meek endurance, from which there must be no appeal—not even to the Master, still less to the world. Her face must wear an outward calm, though the fires of Etna boil within her breast. She is expected to bear without a murmur every breach of that holy ordinance to which both are alike vowed, the very slightest divergence from which in herself she would shudder to contemplate. She must countenance no vice, save that alone which falls like an evil shadow upon her own hearth, darkening the firelight, which should show but looks of confidence and love on faces gathered round it in the sweet sanctity of home. Are a man's fortunes cast in lowly places?—blows dealt in drunken brawls may brutify the nature of her who, mindless of her own degradation in the effort to reclaim him, pursues his reeling steps to the tavern door. Does he wear a crown?—there is then no limits to the wrongs he may inflict on the innocent; witness the dealings of the monster-king with Catherine of Arragon, the precious "jewel" that

> Hung twenty years
> About his neck, yet never lost her lustre:

and later, poor Josephine—" unthroned, unwifed, at the pleasure of her imperial master."

Here we might close the chapter of woman's wrongs, did not the turning of one page more open up a history yet sadder and more startling. In recording it, the hand falters, and the eyes are dim with the mist that is before them. If there be one species of love, whose instincts are accounted, by even the coarsest minds, divine as the attributes of angels, it is that of a mother for her child—the child between whom and herself an especially fine and inscrutable league of surpassing tenderness has been appointed for the best purposes, and in accordance with the surest and most unerring wisdom. How stands it, then, with the mother? Has she in marriage an unlimited power over the child for whom her love is limitless? We answer—no; she has none whatever. She has no more legal right to the "babe that milks her," than the American slave-mother has to her offspring; no more right to its possession, than he who subjects her to his corrupt will has to the possession of her accountable soul. He is at all times at liberty to rend it from her arms, as his passion or his caprice dictates. He may give it over to the arms of one whose embrace is pollution, and there is none to call him to account. In some isolated instances, indeed, where the case is more than commonly flagrant, the law—or rather, perhaps, a divergence from the strict letter of the law—would step in for the protection of the wronged; but *there*, in its very courts, the many-headed hydra of wealth stands sentinel, and guards the pass that might lead to hope and peace. The laws of property are against her. Her hands are tied; those hands, stretched out in vain and agonized longing after the babe dragged ruthlessly from her bosom, drop powerless before the advocate grasping for his fee!

The man who would use the terrible power he possesses against the mother of his child, cannot, we would willingly think, comprehend the full force of the maternal tie. If he does then is the guilt more signal that would tamper with that strength of love, that mightiest passion of the heart. There is no cry like the cry of Rachel weeping for her children. And she, over whose head hangs the threat of that bereavement which many a mother has been called upon to bear—a bereavement, not by death, but by the cruel

wrenching away of that which is dearer than life—might almost be pardoned for offering up in her desolation a prayer to the more tender Father above, that rather than see her loved ones led away into peril, she might be permitted to watch over them like Rizpah, calmed and sustained by the one consolation, that they were "safe in the grave."

The tale of Chaucer's Griselda, in which we see a wife and mother submitting to every imaginable wrong from her husband, seems to be generally accepted as a model of female conduct. None but a man could have conceived the idea of so utter a negation of the sacred rights and solemn duties of motherhood, as is depicted in Griselda; no woman, moreover—could even her imagination have suggested the scenes in which the mother yields up her offspring to destruction—would have closed the tale with so monstrous a climax. Never, we believe, save once, has the conclusion of this harrowing story been dealt with in the right spirit. It was left for a German writer to evolve the true soul of the subject. The author of *Ingomar*, in his drama of *Griseldis*—with that fine and delicate appreciation of all that is purest and best in the feminine character, which is rare in any but a woman—shews us the true wife asserting at last the high nature with which she has been endowed; making her repudiate the husband whose selfish love—if love it can be called—could work out its ends through a tyranny so ruthless and unprovoked:

> O! Percival, thou'st gambled with my peace;
> This faithful heart was but a plaything to thee.
> * * * *
> I was not born
> To be caprice's sport—the toy of humour—
> And lost and won upon a single throw.
> Thou'st never loved me; and if now I could.
> Without thy love, consent to live with thee,
> I ne'er deserved the title of thy wife.
> * * * *
> Love, every struggle will for love endure,
> But is not called upon to yield obedience
> To the rough sole that treads it to the earth.

When we consider how many of the current prejudices of fifty years ago are being gradually weeded out, while a fair growth of enlightened views is springing up in their place, we do not despair of the advancement of the cause we are advocating—the cause of woman's freedom, not from such restraints as are wholesome, but from such chains as are a moral torture. There is now sounding in our ears the faintest echo of that sneer which, in days gone by, was directed against the most defenceless portion of the community—we allude to the jibe contained in the words, old maid. Still less do we hear of the blue-stockings of the past century. The fact has at length begun to dawn upon the minds of men, that the life of the solitary woman is worthy of respect, and entitled to a tender consideration and sympathy; and that, moreover, it is quite possible for a woman, whether wedded or single, to exercise the intellect God has given her, and to be at the same time a loving, tender, earnest being, a dutiful daughter, an obedient wife, a watchful and devoted mother. To this character, the women, not of England only, but of the world, have modestly, yet courageously, earned their title. Seeng that they have already done thus much, we are content to wait and watch, and hope for them still better things. No crown was ever yet worn that was not circled by thorns; and a time must and will arrive, when the voice of nature's holiest truth shall be heard above the turmoil of man's ignoble passions; when womanhood shall be honored, and motherhood held sacred. We look forward to no Utopia; our hope rests on the knowledge of what has already been gained, and on our belief, that the wiser and nobler of the existing generations of men are on our side. These better spirits need not be told that the Rachel Russells of the world are not moulded out of the wrecks of crushed or of shrinking hearts. A living female writer has said, that "wrongs, be they but deep enough, may temper a human spirit into something divine;" but in that case, the wrongs, while they sting, must not, at the same time, degrade. Possibly, love may survive even such for a brief summer; but once stricken at the root, light will be the touch that shall shake down its last leaves. The wrongs which revolt the sensitive and noble mind—the hard rule which sends the purest and best affections trembling back upon the heart, can know no reparation on this side the grave. There is a deep and beautiful meaning in the saying of the wife of Jagellon, Duke of Lithuania. Some peasants coming to her in tears, complained that the servants of the king her husband had carried off their cattle. She went to her husband, and obtained instant redress. "Their cattle have been restored to them," said the queen, "*but who shall give them back their tears?*"

[Our contributor, while perhaps more than sufficiently earnest in depicting what we must believe an exceptive case, is right in looking for a remedy chiefly to the progress of society. It is equally true and piteous, that where a female has united her fate with that of a tyrannical or unsympathising mate, there is for her hardly any available refuge; so great are the terrors of society regarding annulment of the marriage-bond; and, at any rate, it being obviously difficult for society, even if inclined, to interfere in the domestic affairs of the enchained individuals. Hence we occasionally become aware of miserable tragedies being enacted in homes that appear externally decent—tyrannies over gentle wives and tender children that make the blood boil to think of. Perhaps it may not be always so; it may in time appear that much less risk is incurred than is now generally supposed, by ruling that a wretched woman may go away with her children from an intolerable husband, without losing the respect of her circle. Still, we look mainly to the advancing humanity of society to soften away these and many other troubles.]—*Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.*

Dip (says an American writer) the Atlantic dry with a teaspoon; twist your heel into the toe of your boot; make postmasters perform their promises, and subscribers pay the printer; send up fishing hooks with balloons, and fish for stars; get astride of a gossamer, and chase a comet; when the rain is coming down like a cataract of Niagara remember where you left your umbrella; choke a mosquito with a brickbat—in short, prove all things hitherto considered impossible to be possible, but never attempt to coax a woman to say she will, when she has made up her mind to say she won't.

A THOUGHT IN A WHEAT-FIELD.

"The harvest is the end of the world; and the reapers are the angels."—Mat. xiii. 39.

In his fields the Master walketh,
In his fair fields, ripe for harvest,
Where the golden sun smiles slantwise
On the rich ears, heavy bending;
Saith the Master:—"It is time."
Though no leaf wears brown decadence,
And September's nightly frost-blight
Only reddens the horizon,
"It is full time," saith the Master—
The good Master—"It is time."

Lo! he looks. His look compelling,
Brings the labourers to the harvest.
Quick they gather as in autumn
Wandering birds in silent eddies
Drop upon the pasture-fields:
White wings have they, and white raiment,
White feet, shod with swift obedience;
Each lays down his golden palm-branch,
And a shining sickle reareth—
"Speak, O Master! is it time?"

O'er the fields the servants hasten;
Where the full-stored ears droop downward,
Humble with their weight of harvest;
Where the empty ears wave upward,
And the gay trees flaunt in rows.
But the sickles, the bright sickles,
Flash new dawn at their appearing;
Songs are heard in earth and heaven;
For the reapers are the angels,
And it is the harvest-time.

O Great Master! are thy footsteps
Even now upon the mountains?
Art Thou walking in Thy wheat-field?
Are the snowy-winged reapers
Gathering in the purple air?
Are thy signs abroad?—the glowing
Of the evening sky, blood-reddened—
And the full ears trodden earthward,
Choked by gaudy tares triumphant—
Surely 'tis near harvest-time!

Who shall know the Master's coming?
Whether 'tis at morn or sunset,
When night-dews weigh down the wheat-ears,
Or while noon rides high in heaven,
Sleeping lies the yellow field?
Only, may thy voice, O Master!
Peal above the reapers' chorus
And dull sounds of sheaves slow falling:
"*Gather all into my garner,*
For it is my harvest-time."

We were rusticating a few days since at a farm-house (says a United States editor), and invited a young lady to favour us with a tune on the piano. Her music-book being in the adjoining room, her brother, a young gent, of some fourteen summers, was requested to go for it. After the lapse of a few moments, he returned and placed an egg on the music-stand. On being asked what that was for, he replied that it was the "lay of the last minstrel." The next train brought us home intensely exhausted.

THE BORROWED BOOK.

In that delightful breathing time between the school and the world, while yet the choice of a profession hangs trembling in the balance, I went down to spend a long holiday with an uncle who was a Lieutenant in the Royal Navy, and the chief officer of a little coast guard station, at a spot called Borley Gap, on the coast of Suffolk. I was in no hurry to settle the question of a profession. Lord Eldon himself could not have been more inclined to "take time to consider" than I was.

Several months passed; and our people at home, who had been deliberating on this question ever since I was born, were still deliberating. I spent my time in horse-riding on the sands; in deep sea fishing with our chief boatman; in spearing for eels in salt ditches in the low parts; or in shooting plover, or "pluvver," as we pronounced it, on the heaths. Our station was a low range of wooden buildings, black with pitch and blistered by the sun, consisting of my uncle's house and garden, and accommodation for six men and their families. There were no other houses near; except a kind of general store, kept by a man named Bater, where the farmers and some fishermen came sometimes to buy whatever they might want. Round about us for some miles were little hills and dales of gorse and whin, in which adders were said to be plentiful; and just beneath us, stretched the bay where there was a great battle between the English and Dutch fleets in Charles the Second's time. The cliff, at this part, was a kind of sandstone, upon which you could cut letters with a penknife; and the sea was incessantly wearing away its base, bringing down sometimes great masses of the upper cliff, and threatening to bring us down too, at last, if we did not step back a little. The boatmen used to point out a mound in the water, at which they said our signal post had stood not many years before, and some old people could tell you of churches and monasteries, and even towns, that now lay under the sea. There were plenty of places in which smugglers might have a chance of a good run, if they were bold enough to try it. I had some hopes of an encounter; the men could tell traditions of desperate fights equal to anything ever seen in a play. But the age of bold smuggling, as well as the age of chivalry, is fled. Mr. M'Culloch reduces it to a science, and shows the laws that govern it to be the same as affect all other professions, in which risk and profit are nicely balanced. Old Martin, one of our men, who knew my anxiety to see a living specimen of a smuggler, did wake me up early one morning with the exciting intelligence that one had been caught and was actually in the kitchen. I dressed, like a cabin passengen who hears that the vessel has struck upon a rock, and rushed down the stairs. I found our servant Hester—who was a sickly girl, subject to fits—in the kitchen, and asked her breathlessly, where the smuggler was? "That's him, sir," said Hester, turning and pointing to a man sitting quietly on the edge of a chair, in the corner of the room. He was as thorough a country lout as you would meet in a show at a fair—a thin, stooping, knock-kneed, freckle-faced, grinning, squinting, red-haired young

fellow, in a smock frock, with a Napoleonian tuft of hair in the middle of his forehead, which he seemed very anxious to be pulling, but his hands were handcuffed. His legs were free, however, and he was quite able to run away; which he would have done, no doubt, but for the fear of our Hester, in whose charge the watchman had left him. I did not feel enough curiosity to follow him to the watch-house, and I do not remember now what daring act had brought him to that degrading position. I do remember, however, meeting old Martin again that day, and asking him, "How it was that all the smugglers in his stories were such murderous villains, while everywhere else they were as mild as lambs?"

Old Martin did not like any joking upon the subject of his smuggling stories.. He shook his head, and merely said, "wait till next time." Then, to put an end to the conversation, he drew out his spy-glass and began to observe what the men were doing in the Jenny;—a kind of barge, in which lived two look-out men, and which always stood, high and dry, on a part of the beach.

"But," said I (for I would not let him off so cheaply), "they tell me the last man was just such a bumpkin as that fellow you caught this morning."

"I didn't catch him," said the man evasively.

"But you caught the last," said I, "and they tell me more by running after him, than by fighting with him."

"Well;" said Martin, peevishly. "Smuggling ain't what it was."

"Ay! ay! Martin," said I, "it is the old story. The wonderful times are always past. To-day is never like yesterday."

The old man did not answer my remark; but merely took off his hat, and bending his head downwards, bade me "just look at that." I noticed, for the first time, a long line across the back of his head, where the hair was wanting, and the scalp looked quite white, as it will where a wound has healed. He put on his hat again, and said, "it ain't such fellows as that pitiful sneak this morning that'll mark a man like it."

"I never heard of this before," said I, "where, in the name of all that's fierce! did you get such a wound as that?"

"Never mind," he replied, with an affected obstinacy which I knew would melt away in a moment, "I suppose you'll say I fell asleep on my watch, and dreamed it."

"No," said I, "this is a certificate that you will not lose very easily; tell me something about it."

"It was a son of those Baters, who keep the huckster's," said Martin; "a nest of rascals they are. I have told our commander, many a time, that smuggling will always flourish till they are rooted out: and he says he knows it: which being the case, any sensible man would naturally ask, why they *don't* root them out?"

"You can't do anything till you catch them smuggling, Martin," I interrupted.

"Why, everybody knows they are continually smuggling. The whole family of them has got their living chiefly by it for I don't know how many generations. Ask that child there: ask anybody. But, never mind about that now. I was out on my watch one night—it is full seven years ago—a very dark night it was, and my beat lay along by old Borsted church that stands out, all in ruins, on a point half rubbed away by the sea. It is about the dreariest spot along the coast; but I did not care about that, as far as what harm men could do me; though I don't like the way of those old tumble-down churches at night."

"Pooh," said I, "you don't believe in ghosts."

"Mr. John," said the old man, solemnly, "I could tell you a story would make you think a little different about ghosts: but never mind now. My walk was on the cliff, at that part. I passed the church once; and when I had got to the end of my beat, and had met the next man, and bid him good night, I turned back to go over the ground again. I had left him about twenty minutes when I came to the church again. Dark night as it was, I could see the shape of its rent and ragged walls, and the sky through its windows. My way lay right under the old low wall, and I always walked pretty fast by there; but this time I thought I saw something moving, just this side of the wall. I stopped a moment, and watched it, and then I saw what seemed to me the shape of a man standing upright. I challenged him directly, and ran towards him. I thought I saw him leap over the wall; but when I came up there, and looked about, I could see no one. However, I drew out my pistols, and got over into the church-yard and walked about there for some time; but I could see nothing like a man there, and I began to think I had only fancied it, and was getting over the wall again, just where I got over before, when I stumbled over something on the ground. I stooped down and found it was a large parcel, strapped across and across, like a hawker's pack, and very heavy. I was curious to know what was in it. Luckily I carried a dark lantern in my pocket, besides some German tinder, and matches to light my port-fire, if I wanted. Well, I struck a light, and lighted my lantern, which I set beside me on the ground, while I began to undo the pack. It seemed to me all fine tobacco, pressed hard—I dare say some thirty pound of it. Perhaps there's something else under this, thought I; but just as I began to turn it over; I heard a footstep close to me, and before I could get off my knees I felt a blow on the back of the head, which staggered me for a moment. Another blow followed—on the shoulder this time; but my coat was thick just there, and my leather brace protected me, so that it didn't cut through. I got upon my feet, and closed with the fellow. I was hurt a good deal, and could feel the blood trickling down my neck, inside my cravat; but I never found the man that I was afraid to grapple, and I did not care for losing a little blood. I knew I should master him: but I took time in order to tire him out first. When I felt him getting weaker, I grasped both his wrists, and pressed my chin into his chest, till I brought him down upon his back. He swore at me awfully, like a great bully as he was: I knew him by his voice.

"'You don't escape me this time, Jem Bater,' said I.

"I kept my knees firm upon him, and when I felt him beginning to struggle, I pressed heavily, and grasped his throat, till he hallooed for mercy.

We had kicked over my lantern in the struggle, and it was hardly within reach; but I leaned forward, and snatched it up, before he could throw me. He strove hard to prevent my lighting my port-fire; but I managed it, at last; and up went its bright balls of fire into the air, making everything look blue around us, and as distinct as by day, for a moment. It was a full quarter-of-an-hour before the men who had seen my signal arrived there; and all that time I was kneeling still in the dark on that scoundrel, and struggling with him every now and then. I heard the men approaching, and I hallooed to them; and soon after another man came up from the other side. Jem Bater never spoke a word after that. We handcuffed him, and took him to the nearest station. I felt very weak, and the next day I had a fever, and was laid up for six weeks."

"And the man?" said I.

"Oh, he was tried at Bury, and sent on a trip to Botany Bay for seven years. That's my story, as concerns this mark upon my head. Now, I hope you won't go to laugh at my smuggling stories again."

We had some bad weather soon after that, which put a stop to all open-air amusements. My uncle had no books that I cared to read; but there were a few at the watch-house for the use of the men, which were more to my liking. Old Martin began to pitch what he called his summer-house, which was the remains of an old boat, set upright, and half buried in the gronnd. Beside this, he always planted in the spring some scarlet beans, which run up and covered it, and gradually extending over two projecting poles in front, formed a kind of arbour to which the rotten old boat served for a back. Here he would sit, and smoke, and contemplate cabbages and onions, when he had time. I offered to put on a pair of tarpauling overhauls and help him with his work, one day; but, although covering everything with pitch or tar was his mania, he did not care for any help. Nothing seemed to my landlubberly understanding more easy than to keep smearing and daubing a piece of wood; but the old man persisted that "there was a knack in it;" and that I "couldn't do it as it ought to be done." We had strong gales blowing on shore, about this time; and some vessels got aground. Our people saved the whole crew of a Dutch "billy-boy" one night, by means of Captain Hanby's line and rocket: and another time Martin and some others (I don't choose to mention names) went off in the life-boat, and rescued several of the crew of a coal-brig, that went to pieces in the bay; but several were drowned and their bodies washed ashore on various points of the beach.

One day I told old Martin that I had read through all the books at the watch-house; and desired him, after the fashion of my Lord Tom Noddy (who wasn't known then), to tell me true, what an indolent man could find to do. Martin, with the oracular brevity of an "answer to correspondents," replied immediately, "send and ask the Inspecting Commander to lend you a book." This was the very thing. Captain Bland had always been very friendly with me; and now I recollected his offering to lend me Gardner's History of Dunwich, which I did not send for at the time, being entirely devoted to out-door sports at that period; and so I had forgotten all about it.

"But how am I to get a book sent here from a place seven miles away?" said I.

"How? Easy enough. You send a letter to him by the first man whose beat lies that way. He'll meet the next man, and give it to him; and so on: and the book'll come back the same way."

"So I will, Martin," said I. "If ever I am in a dilemma, and don't come to ask your advice, may I never get out of it!"

"You do many a more foolish thing than that, Mister John," said the old man slyly.

Old Martin's plan was, as he said, "easy enough." Each boatman had a beat of about a mile-and-a-half (I think) along the shore—generally on the sands, but sometimes—where the beach was bad walking, or when the water was high—upon the cliff, just above. The men whose beats joined were bound by the regulations to meet each other at certain hours during the night—the first who arrived at the boundary mark having to wait for the other. By this means, therefore, it was possible to send a parcel round the whole kingdom, if necessary. I wrote a note to Captain Bland that night, reminding him of his promise, and begging him to forward the book by the means I have mentioned. Captain Bland complied at once with my request; offering me at the same time the loan of any books in his library; an offer of which I at once began to avail myself. Thus a regular book post was established between our house and the principal station for that part.

One wintry afternoon, meeting old Martin about an hour before dark going to his duty—which was, this time, at a spot about half way between us and the inspecting commander's house—I hailed him, and begged him to look out for a book which I expected that night. It was Smollett's Perigrine Pickle, of which I had once read a part, and was very anxious to read the rest.

"Ay, ay, sir," said the old man. "If the next man brings it the first time we meet, I'll send it on at once."

"Thank you, Martin," said I. "Your watch is Borsted way to-night, isn't it? I'll walk a little way with you."

"I can't lag, Mister John," said the old man: "but if you don't mind walking, I'll thank you for your company. It's nigh three miles from here to the beginning of my beat, and I must get there before dark."

"How many men are there between here and you, Martin?"

"Two, sir."

"And between you and the captain's?"

"One, sir."

"Have you got your port-fire all right?" He pulled it out of his coat pocket, showed it to me, and put it back again. "I shall look out for blue stars your way, to-night, Martin," said I, "now I know your walk lies along by the old church wall again."

"I saw something very curious there last night," said he, dropping his voice.

"Nothing that left another scar like that on your head, I hope?"

"No, sir. It was no man nor woman either this time. It was a strong light, moving among the old tombs; so bright, that I could see every blade of grass, and sprig of nettle where it rested a moment. I stood and looked over the wall, and watched it creeping about from mound to mound, and resting in corners, and running about the broken wall; till, all of a moment, I missed it, and it never came back again."

"But didn't you get over the wall to see what it was?"

"I should as soon think of raking in a pond after the moon."

"Why? What do you suppose it was?"

"I don't know: but I know what my poor old mother would have said, if she had been alive."

"What would she have said?"

"That no man that sees that ever lives long. She would have called it a corpse candle."

"Pooh! I'll tell you what it was. Some fellows who know there's no chance with you in a tussle, have heard of your weak side, and determined to try what a trick will do. Depend upon it, it was only the light from some dark lantern, with which they tried to mistify you, while they were getting clear off with some brandy keg near by. It's a common trick that."

"If I thought so," said the old man, waxing indignant at the bare supposition of his having been taken in, "they should pay for it next time."

"I dare say they won't try it again yet awhile," said I; "but when they do, just spring over the wall, and give 'em a shot where you think they're likely to be. I leave you here. Good night."

"Good night, sir," said the old man; and I shook hands with him.

I looked after him as he walked along the beach, till I could not see him any longer; for it was beginning to get dusk. I was alone that night, my uncle being gone to Framlingham to spend the evening with a friend there. I took tea by firelight in my uncle's room, and sat for some time afterwards musing and listening to the roar of the tide coming in on the beach, which I could smell in the room. There was hardly any wind abroad; but the night was dark, for there was no moon up, and the sky was rather cloudy. I began to get impatient for the book; and when I heard the house clock strike seven (which was about the time I expected it) I put on my hat, and walked down the beach, to meet the boatman coming in. I walked on for half a mile before I met him, when, to my disappointment, I found that he had not got the book. "His comrade had not spoken to him about it," he said; but he could not tell me whether he had seen old Martin or not. I did not care to go back then without the book. I resolved to go on until I met the next man, in the hope of hearing some tidings of it: and so I bade him "good night," and kept on along the beach. There is always some light near the water on the darkest night, and I could see very well to pick my way over the shingle till I came to a part where the walking became difficult, and I was glad to find a place to mount on to the sand cliff. As I ascended, the large full moon seemed to rise slowly out of the sea, just under the line of the clouds. I stood awhile, leaning on the wooden rail near the edge of the cliff, and watching the broad, undulating line of yellow light upon the surface of the waters. I was near a little fishing village, and I was not surprised to hear the voices of some people who were walking on the road, not far behind me. I did not listen to what they said; but as they came nearer, I suddenly caught the words,

"Perigrine Pickle."

"What?" said a voice that sounded like a woman's.

"Perigrine Pickle," repeated her companion louder than before. "It's the name of some book, can't you understand?"

The woman laughed loudly, and I could not catch what followed, for they were too far now for me to hear their words distinctly. I looked back, and saw that the man was a tinker, for he carried a coal fire in an old saucepan, which was blazing and smoking out of holes in the side, as he swang it to and fro beside him. I stood looking after them, and wondering at the strangeness of the coincidence, till I lost their voices altogether, and they disappeared down a descent in the road. It struck me at first that one of the men might have dropped the book by the way, and that it was possible that the tinker had found it. I deliberated a moment whether to walk after him, and question him about it; but I could not expect him to tell me the truth if he had. Besides, what could I have said to the man? That I had overheard him mention the name of a book that I expected to be sent to me from a distance, and that I, therefore, suspected that he had that very book? A favorite novel of Smollett's was not so rare a book that a tinker might not have an old copy of it. The circumstance was extraordinary, and had startled me at first; but I became convinced as I walked on that this was one of those improbable coincidences, of which every man may perhaps remember one or two having happened to himself at some time.

I had now walked some distance upon the beat of the second look-out-man, and I began to be surprised at not meeting him; but I would not give it up now. I looked down over the sands at times, but I could see nothing of him there, and the tide was coming in fast. The path at this spot was along a raised causeway, flanked with heaps of shingle, and overgrown with bramble and sloe bushes, and rank sea reeds. There was scarcely any danger from the tide at any of those parts. I looked out for a stile which was the boundary between the beat of the second man and that of old Martin; and I began to be alarmed at not having met the man before. I hallooed once or twice and got no answer, but a little further on I mounted a hillock, and saw the stile at about a hundred yards distance. I thought I noticed a man beside it, and I shouted to him.

"All right, sir," replied the man; and it was a relief to me to recognise the boatman's voice.

"I have been looking for you all along the beach, Mr. Cole," said I. "I began to think you were lost."

"Martin was to meet me here at eight. I have been waiting foı him."

"What's the time?"

"A quarter after the hour."

"Is he generally punctual?"

"I have known him as much behind. He's gone watching or wandering after some Jack o'Lantern, you may depend. You'll hear him in a minute or two."

We waited for some time and listened; but we could hear nothing but the noise of the water rushing in, and filling up the spaces between the crags as each wave came in. I pulled my watch out, and looking closely at it, saw that it was half-past eight. I began to get anxious.

"Have you seen Martin to-night?" said I.

"I parted with him here at five o'clock."

"Did he say anything about a book he was to bring me?"

"No, not a word."

"Cole," said I, "I hope to God nothing has happened to poor old Martin!" and told him the incident of the tinker. We decided to walk on for some distance, and looked about for him. The light was getting stronger as the moon rose. The boatman kept a look-out over the heath, while I walked along the crag path, shouting "Martin!" as I went, and hallooing now and then. There was a little cottage on the heath, where we hoped to get assistance; but we found no one at home there, except an old woman. She lent us a horn lantern which was of use for our search. We were now drawing near Borsted church, and I remembered, with a shudder, my conversation with the old man that very afternoon, and told the boatman of it. We looked all about the old wall, and among the gorse bushes, holding the lantern low; but we did not find anything there. The boatman would have gone on, but I called to him to stop. "We must look in the church-yard," said I. "I advised him to look about there, if he saw the light again."

We both climbed over the wall, and began to look about among the graves. A moment after, my companion called to me from a little distance, "This way, sir, quick. Look here!" I held down my lantern where he pointed. Poor old Martin! I had been unintentionally the cause of his death. He was laying side-ways on the ground, his head bleeding from a large wound, and looking as if he had been beaten with a stick or a stone—the moss beneath soaked with blood. His hands were quite cold: he must have been dead some time. Cole drew his cutlass and gave me one of his pistols, and we walked all about the ruins, but the murderers had left no trace behind. They had robbed him of everything—even to his arms. His pockets were turned inside out; his watch, and even an old Spanish gold coin with a hole in it, which I knew he always carried about him, were gone. The man lighted his port-fire, and in ten minutes another boatman arrived.

"It's some of that infernal gang's doings," said Cole. "I always knew they run goods at this point. "It was close here that that scoundrel Jem Bater set upon the old man before."

"When did you see Martin last?" I asked the new comer.

"At six o'clock. I gave him a book from Captain Bland. It was in a parcel and addressed to you, sir."

"Cole," said I, "we must not lose a moment, That tinker had some hand in it."

There was only one beat between this point and the captain's house; and several other men arrived shortly after. The body was removed to the chief station, and one of the new comers volunteered to watch on Cole's beat, while we went together in search of the supposed murderer. I quieted Cole's scruples by promising to explain all to my uncle, and we started, walking at a quick pace. We passed again the spot where I had heard the conversation, and followed the road, leaving my uncle's house some distance to the left, till we emerged on the high road to Saxmundham. We could hardly hope to overtake the man and women before they got into the town, but we kept on. A toll gate-keeper told us that a tinker had passed through there nearly an hour before; "he had not noticed any woman with him," he said. But we came to a public-house a little higher up the road; and there we found the tinker's portable fire-place, standing beside the door.

"We've got him now," said Cole. "Hush!" He crept into the passage, and looked through the crack of the door of the tap-room, where there was a noise of men's voices. "That's him sitting apart in the corner," said Cole. "I could have picked the villain out among a thousand. Follow me!"

"Do you belong to that fire outside, Mister?" said my companion.

"Ye-e-s," replied the tinker, yawning and stretching himself.

"That trick won't do," said Cole. "Men don't feel sleepy after such a day's work as you've being doing. Come, you've got a book somewhere about you."

"Me!" exclaimed the tinker. "What do you mean by commin' and bullyin' a man like that? I've got no book."

"What do you call that?" said my companion thrusting his hand into his side-pocket and drawing out a thick volume. "Isn't that a book?"

"And s'pose it is?" said the tinker, apparently quite unabashed at the exposure.

"You're a cool rascal," said Cole, as he opened it, and we both read the name of Captain Bland, on the title-page. "Where did you get this?"

"I found it," said the tinker.

"You'll come along with us, and tell that story to the police," said Cole.

"I won't though," replied the man. "Where's your authority? Shew me your staff. I'm sure these gen'l'men won't sit quiet, and see a poor man dealt with like that." But the gentlemen referred to did sit quiet; and seemed to be well acquainted with the proverb about interfering in strangers' quarrels.

"Come; it's no use," continued my companion. "Where's the woman that was with you?"

"With me!" exclaimed the man. "Nobody can say they saw any woman with me, to-day."

"But I can, though," said I, coming forward. "I heard what you were talking about too."

"Where might that have been, now?" asked the tinker, with the same coolness.

"On the road, along the cliff near Parley."

"I ain't been near Parley," said the tinker. "Say Blyborough or Yoxford, and I grant it you!"

"Come," said Cole, who had been over the house, and ascertained that the woman was not there. "You must go with us to Saxmundham;" upon which the tinker coolly knocked the ashes

out of his pipe, and went with us without speaking a word. At the watch-house, he persisted in saying that he had found the book that morning, and that I was mistaken in saying I had met him with a woman. Captain Bland, however, came the next day before the magistrate, and stated the book had only left his library the evening before; and I was able to swear to the tinker's voice being the same as that of the man who had passed me at Parley. Nothing more was found upon the man. The magistrate remarked that the woman might perhaps have been sent to dispose of the remainder of the property, and directed a search to be made for her: his hypothesis was rendered more probable when we learned that the woman had inquired for the man at the public-house soon after we left, and had not been heard of since. A surgeon, who had examined the body, stated that the wound on the head might have been inflicted by some blunt instrument, similar to the soldering iron which the tinker carried with him. No spots of blood, however, or any marks of a struggle were found upon him. On the following day, the tinker begged to see the magistrate, to whom he confessed that the stories he had told were false: but he still persisted that he knew nothing of the murder. He accounted for the possession of the book, by saying that as he was walking along the road near Borsted, some time after dark on the night of the murder, he saw by the light of his fire a man standing at the the corner of a lane, with several packs and bundles on the ground beside him, as if he had been carrying them and was resting awhile; that the man begged him hurriedly to give him a lift with them, promising to pay him for his trouble; and that he then left the woman in charge of his fire and went up the lane with the stranger, carrying two of the packs; that the stranger told him he had expected a friend to come and help him on with his load, but that he was in a hurry and couldn't wait for him; and that in this way they carried the packs about two miles, the man urging him continually to hasten, to a spot where he put them in a chaise-cart, which was waiting there, paying the tinker two shillings for his trouble. He stated further that when he returned to the woman she showed him a book, which she admitted having taken out of one of the bundles while the stranger was talking to him, and that it was of this book that they were talking when they passed me at Parley: for the woman not being able to read was asking him about the nature of the book. The woman, he said, had been travelling with him; and being tired with walking and carrying the pack, he had sent her with one of the shillings to a village at some distance to buy some meat: bidding her join him at the little public-house. He could not say what had become of her; but he supposed she had heard of his being "in trouble," and absconded. This was his latest account of the matter; but no one believed it; although he brought a friend of his to swear "that he had known Jerry Cutts, the tinker, from a boy; and that he (Jerry Cutts) was always a great liar"—a fact which did not seem to have at all lessened his esteem for him.

Poor old Martin was buried in the parish church-yard, about a week after: we set up a stone there to his memory. No one grieved for his sad fate, or missed him more than I did. The place seemed altogether changed without him, and I should have beed glad to return home at once, but for the interest of seeking for evidence of the murderer. Public opinion was strong against the tinker; but the woman had never been found, though we had advertized her in the Hue and Cry. I had always some doubts of his guilt, notwithstanding his shuffling, and the suspicious circumstance of the woman absconding; and I mentioned them to my uncle. The tinker persisted in the truth of his last story. He said that his only reason for prevaricating, was his fear of getting into trouble by the woman's theft; but that if he had known that he should be charged with a murder, he would have told the whole truth at once. He declared that the woman could corroborate what he said if she were found: but that she was apparently determined to desert him in his trouble. He even gave us some clue to her probable hiding place; though the officers afterwards lost all trace of her. Enquiries were made into the tinker's history, and it was found that he, as well as the woman, had been long known about the country, and that both had been in jail for theft; a circumstance that told much against them in the minds of the public. Poor Jerry not being yet cured, in spite of his protestations, of his unfortunate propensity, declared that he had "never been inside a prison in his life;" but a jailor from Bury being brought forward, and addressing him with "How do you do, Mr. Cutts?" he was compelled to admit that he knew that gentleman slightly.

A circumstance soon afterwards occurred tending, more than anything before known to exculpate the tinker. The ground between Borsted church and the spot where he pretended to have met the man with the packs—and along which, if his story was true, the murderer must have passed just before—was thoroughly searched and the result was the discovery of a heavy "life-preserver" in a dry ditch. Some traces of blood were distinctly noticeable in the crevices of the plaited steel wire. The handle was worn bright, and had other distinguishing marks, by which a dealer in old iron identified it as being one that he had sold to a man, only a few days before the murder; and his description of the man exactly tallied with the account given by the tinker. The surgeon declared the wound to be more likely to have been made with this weapon than with the soldering iron.

The general conviction that the tinker was the murderer had somewhat relaxed the efforts of the officers in other quarters. But a reaction had now set in, and conferences were held at my uncle's on the probabilities of whatever suppositions might occur to us. The murder appeared not to have been committed for the mere sake of robbery: rifling the old man's pocket was probably an afterthought. This was shown by the facts of the scuffle having evidently taken place in the church-yard, whither he must have pursued the murderer; a fact that once set aside the hypothesis that the latter had planned and begun the attack. There could be little doubt that Martin had noticed again the light in the church-yard of which he had spoken to me, and that he had

sprung over the wall, and found himself at once engaged in a struggle with smugglers—whether one or more—who had concealed some goods there: and that either by force or cunning he had been overcome. This would entirely agree with the tinker's story; and the circumstance of the life-preserver finally convinced us that the man with the packs was the murderer.

It was immediately resolved to search the house of the Baters, who were generally suspected to have a hand in any smuggling done in those parts—a suspicion which old Martin himself, more than any others, had always encouraged. It will be remembered that it was a son of these people who had attacked the old man once before, and had been transported in consequence for seven years. This was nearly eight years before, and it was probable that he had returned to England; although he had not yet been seen in the neighbourhood. Suspicion had not rested upon him—the extraordinary facts of the tinker's capture having diverted people's attention; and the circumstances of the murder preventing the supposition that it had been instigated by feelings of revenge. The description of the man who bought the life-preserver was found to bear little resemblance, except in the matter of height, with my uncle's recollection of Jem Bater: no stranger had been seen lately in the neighbourhood, nor at the Baters' house: indeed, we learned from a man who had lately been there to buy some articles, that Mrs. Bater stated that she had just received a letter from her son, and that she expected him home shortly.

It was, however, determined that a party of us, including an officer, should make an entry there suddenly at night. A search-warrant was procured privately; and a little after dark one night we contrived, by means of a plank, to cross a ditch into a garden at the back of the house; but the doors and windows being bolted we could not obtain an entry that way without alarming the inmates. There were some salt water trenches in the garden, in which they kept live lobsters, and other fish for sale; and it was resolved that one of us who was least known should go round to the front, and feign a desire to purchase some of these. Meanwhile the remainder of our party drew aside. Soon afterwards we heard the bolts of the door withdrawn, and presently saw our companion come out, accompanied by old Bater holding a candle, which he was shading from the wind with his hand. They went down the long garden together, leaving the door open, and we immediately entered the house. Before the old man had perceived our trick, we had discovered a man in one of the upper rooms, whom my uncle at once recognised as Jem Bater. The officer bound him after some resistance, and proceeded to search the place. The room in which we found him had a bed, and had evidently been fitted up for him as a place of close concealment, in which it was probable that he intended to remain till the affair had blown over. The house was searched; and in a cellar were found the pistols and cutlass, with other things that were known to have belonged to the murdered man, besides several packs of smuggled goods.

Mr. Cutts was soon afterwards set at liberty: the woman had been found shortly before, working under an alias i some brick-fields in an adjoining county. Jem Bater was found guilty on the evidence, and sentenced to death. He subsequently confessed his guilt, and the truth of the tinker's last story. It appeared that he had only returned from transportation a few days before the murder, and that he had returned at once to his old occupation of smuggling, or rather of purchasing smuggled goods; which were deposited for him by the smugglers in the ruins of the old church. He denied that he had any thought of murdering Martin; but stated that, being attacked by him in the church-yard, and finding that he was his old enemy, he had used his utmost endeavours to overcome him: that he accordingly grappled with the old man, who stumbled in the struggle over one of the graves: and that as he was falling he had struck him on the head with the life-preserver. The murderer was hung soon afterwards at Bury. The circumstance afforded me great satisfaction, and appeared to my youthful and uninstructed mind to be a subject for congratulation to society generally.—*Household Words.*

THE NEWSBOY'S DAY.

Charley Potter is Polly Potter's biggest boy; and Polly Potter is a hard-working woman, with another boy and a baby to provide for, whose father died in the hospital the same week the baby was born. Mrs. Potter lives in one of the courts running out of St. Martin's Lane, in a central nest of poverty and hardship, situated not very far from the National Gallery. Ever since Tom Potter's death, owing to a fall from a scaffolding, to say nothing of the weary weeks he lay ill, it has been work or starve—do or die—with the Potter family. The club-money luckily came in at the death and birth, and helped the widow over the double trouble; and as soon as she got upon her feet, she set about helping herself. She took Charley, who was going in thirteen, and as sharp a young fellow as need be, away from school, and told him he must now go to work instead of his father—a proposition which the boy accepted in the very spirit of a young middy unexpectedly promoted to a lieutenancy; and thus it was that the child became, in a manner, a man at once. By the recommendation of Polly's old master, a tradesman in the Strand, Charley was helped to employment from a newspaper-agent, whom he serves manfully. While Polly is at home washing or ironing, or abroad charin' or nussin', little Billy meantime taking care of the baby, we shall amuse ourselves by following Charley through the routine of one day's operations. It may not be altogether time thrown away; there is many an old boy as well as a host of young ones who may learn a lesson from it.

It is a dark, dreary, and foggy morning in January; the wind is driving from the south-east, bringing along with it a delicious mixture

of snow and rain; and it yet wants two hours of daylight, when Charley, slinking from the side of his sleeping brother, turns out of bed, and dons his clothes. He has no notion of washing his face just yet—that is a luxury which must be deferred till breakfast-time, which is a good way off at present. The pelting sleet, the driving wind, and the fog are such small trifles in his category of inconveniences, that he takes no more notice of them than just to button his jacket to the chin, and lug his cloth cap down over his eyes, as he gently shuts the door after him, and steps out into the darkness. Then he digs his hands into his pockets, and bending his head towards the storm in the attidude of a skater in a Dutch frost-piece steers round the steps of St. Martin's Church, and then straight on through the Strand and Temple-Bar, and along Fleet Street, near the end of which he disappears suddenly in the dark and narrow maw of Black-Horse Alley. This Black-Horse Alley is a place of no repute at all: among all the courts and closes which debouch into Fleet Street on either side of the way, it is almost the only one which is not celebrated for something or somebody or other in records either literary or dramatic, ghostly or convivial. By daylight it is particularly dirty, dark, and unsavoury, having no outlet but a narrow one at the centre, on the right, which lands the explorer in Farringdon Street, opposite to the ruined gateway of what a few years ago was the Fleet Prison. A black horse, or a horse of any other colour, once fairly in the alley, would find it a difficult matter to turn round, and would have to back out, or else, like an eel in a water-pipe, wait till destiny chose to release him. Wretched old tenements are the tall buildings on either side which shut out the daylight from the court, and one, the biggest of them all, belongs to an association of newsmen; being open all day, and very likely all night too, for we never saw it shut, it serves as a central depot whence whole tons of newspapers, received damp from the printing-machine, take their departure daily for all parts of the kingdom.

Here we must follow close upon the heels of Charley. Diving into the court, and proceeding a score of yards or so, we find the old house bathed in a flood of gaslight from top to bottom. Men and boys are rushing up and down the angular stairs, some with damp loads upon their backs, and others hastening off to procure them. The morning papers have all been "put to bed," as it is termed, and their respective machines are now rolling off copies, each at the rate of several thousands an hour. As fast as they come into being, they are counted off in quires, and borne away by the agents, who undertake to supply the country districts. An enormous number of them come on the shoulders of the newsboys to Black-Horse Alley. On the top-floor of the house—and we notice, as we ascend, that all the floors are furnished and occupied alike—we find Charley already at his work. He stands with a score of other lads and men, behind a continuous flat deal-board, which runs round the whole circuit of the floor, elevatad on tressels, and standing about two feet from the wall. Those next him are folding, packing, and bundling up papers in time for the morning mail, which will carry them to Bristol and to Birmingham, more than a hundred miles distant, and to a hundred places besides, in time to lay them upon the breakfast-tables of the comfortable class. Charley, with paste-brush and printed addresses, is as busy as the best, *Post*, *Herald*, *Chronicle*, *Advertiser*, and *Daily News*, are flying about like so many mad flags amidst the clamour of voices, the stamping of feet, and the blows of hard palms upon wet paper. By and by the *Times*, which, on account of its omnivorous machine, can afford to sit up longer, and go to bed later, than its contemporaries, pours in a fresh flood of work. All hands go at it together; but as fast as one huge pile is cleared off, another comes, and neither the noise nor the activity relents until the moment for posting draws nigh, when the well-filled bags are hoisted on young shoulders, or piled on light traps waiting close by in the street—and off they roll or run to the post-office. Charley himself staggers out of Black-Horse Alley, looking, with a huge bag upon his shoulders, like a very great bird with a very small pair of legs, and in six and a half minutes—the exact time allowed—shoots his body into the aperture of St. Martin's le Grand, and, catching up the emptied bag, which flies out upon him the next moment, walks leisurely away.

Charley knows now that the immediate hurry is over, and, in spite of the rain which still continues to drizzle down, he has a game at bolstering a comrade with his empty bag, in which friendly interchange of civilities the two together make their way, not back to Black-Horse Alley, but to their master's shop, at which they arrive before it is open, and before the neighbours are up. Here they meet half-a-dozen more boys, distributers hired by the week to do a few hours' work in the morning, in the delivery of newspapers to subscribers. The post-office, which will carry a stamped newspaper 100 or 500 miles for nothing, will not carry it a short distance without payment of a penny, and therefore the newsman has to deliver by private hand all papers within the limits. For this responsible commission, there are always plenty of candidates among the London boys; and here are half a dozen of them this morning waiting the arrival of the master with his budget. Pending his advent, as the rain peppers down unceasingly, they wrap their bags round their shoulders, and, arranging themselves in a rank under the projecting eaves of the shop-window, commence the performance of an impromptu overture

with their heels against the wooden framework that supports the shutters which they are polishing with their backs. The neighbours know this sort of demonstration well enough; it is as good as Bow Bells to all within hearing, and has the effect of rousing many a sleeper from his bed. Day has dawned during the performance, and, soon after, the master's little ponycart is seen in the distance rattling over the stones. He jumps out of the trap almost before it is stopped, throwing Charley the key of the shop-door. The boy has the door open and the shutters down in an instant; the piles of newspapers are transferred from their swaddling blankets to the counter, and as rapidly as is consistent with the cautious accuracy, they are allotted among the different distributers, each of whom, as he receives his complement, starts off upon his mission. Charley has a round to go over, the course of which has been suited to his convenience, as its termination will bring him within a short distance of his own home, where he arrives by nine o'clock.

Before breakfast, he makes his toilet, and rubs off the residuum of London particular which has accumulated upon his skin within the last twenty-four hours. This necessary preliminary settled, he addresses himself to sundry logs of bread and butter, and a basin of scalding coffee, which has been kept simmering on the hob for him. Solid and fluid are despatched with a relish that is to be earned only by early rising and out-door work. He talks as he eats, and tells his mother the news which he has contrived to pick up in the course of the morning—particularly about that murder over the water, and the behaviour of "the cove what's took in custody about it." Perhaps he has an extra paper; and if so, he reads a list of the police-reports, especially if any body in the neighbourhood is implicated in one of the cases. Breakfast over, he gets back to his master's shop, where he finds a bundle of newspapers ready for him, which he is directed to get rid of at the railway station, if possible. For a certain reason, well known to master and servant, he has a decided fancy for this part of his business; and he loses no time in transporting himself to an arena always favourable to his branch of commerce. The bustle of trains arriving and departing excites his spirits and energies, and determined on doing business, he gives full scope to his lungs. "*Times. Times*—to-day's *Times! Morning Chronicle! Post! Advertiser! Illustrated News!* Who's for to-day's paper? Paper, gentlemen! News, news! paper, paper, paper! *Chronicle!*—Who's for *Punch?* In this way, he rings the changes backwarks and forwards, not even pausing while engaged with a customer, and only holding his peace while the station is vacant. Then he takes breath, and perhaps, too, takes a dose of theatrical criticism from the columns of the *Chronicle*, or of the last new jokes in *Punch*. The arrival of a new batch of passengers wakes him up again, and he is among them in a moment, with the same incessant song and the same activity. His eyes are everywhere, and he never loses a chance; he cherishes the first-class carriages especially, and a passenger cannot pop his head out of window for a moment, without being confronted with the damp sheet of the *Times*, and assailed with the ringing sound of his voice. Charley generally continues this traffic till dinner-time, which with him is at one o'clock. Whether he continues it after that time, is a matter frequently left to his own discretion; and as he has an interest in exercising that upon sound principles, we may be sure he does the best he can.

The newsboy's dinner might be described in mathematical terms as an "unknown quantity." It may consist of a warm and savoury mess, discussed at leisure beneath the eye of his mother, or it may be a crust of bread and cheese, eaten in the streets while hurrying shopwards from the station of a railway, or the deck of a steamboat. Sometimes he has to eat dinner and supper "all under one," cheating his appetite in the interim with a hunch of bread and a cup of coffee; at other times, he will patronise the pie-shops, and dine upon eel or mutton pies. But dinner or no dinner, he must be at the beck and bidding of his master early in the afternoon, to give in an account of his sales and stock, and to assist in the important proceedings which have to be gone through before the departure of the evening mails. Of course, it is the object of every newsman to get rid, if possible, of all the papers he buys; for if they are kept to the next day, they are worth only half-price; and if a day beyond that, they are but waste-paper. The newsman, therefore, has in one sense to take stock every day—in fact, oftener; and the evening post-hour, which is six o'clock, is to be looked upon as the hour for striking a balance of profit, because whatever is left on hand after that hour has struck, is wholly or partially a loss. Newspapers which have been lent by the hour, have to be collected in time for the evening mail, or they may some of them be left for further hire, and go as half-pricers next morning. Charley is running about on this business for an hour or two in the afternoon; and it happens to-day that by five o'clock, or a little before, his master has discovered that he has more of one or two of the daily papers than he wants, and that he is short of others, which he must procure to supply his country customers. It would be very easy to purchase those he wants, but in that case it might be impossible to sell those he does not want, and the loss of the sum they cost would constitute an unwelcome drawback in the profits of the day's business. But it happens that there are a score of other newsmen in the same awkward predicament—a predicament which is sure to recur to most of

them every day in the week, and which has, therefore, begotten its own remedy, as all difficulties of the sort invariably do in London. The remedy is the Newspaper Exchange, which has its locality in no recognised or established spot, though it is oftener held in Catherine Street, Strand, or at St. Martin's le Grand, in front of the post-office, than elsewhere. This Exchange, it is said, originated with the newsboys; and though it has been in existence, to our knowledge, for a dozen years at least, boys are the only members to this hour. It consists of a meeting in the open street, very rapidly assembled—the parties appearing on the ground soon after four in the afternoon, continuing to increase in numbers until after five—and still more rapidly dispersed, under pressure of the post-office, when the business of the hour has been transacted.

On the present occasion, Charley is intrusted with a dozen newspapers which are of no use to his employer, and his mission is to replace them by as many others, which are wanted to go into the country by the six o'clock post. He tucks them under his arm, and, it being already upon the stroke of five, is off towards Change as fast as he can run. He can hear the sharp eager cries of the juvenile stock-brokers as he rounds the corner: "*Ad.* for *Chron.*' "*Post* for *Times*," "*Post* for *Ad.*," "*Herald* for *Ad.*," "*Ad.* for *News*," &c., including well nigh all the changes that can be rung upon all the London newspapers. He mingles with the throng, and listens a moment or two. At the sound of "*Ad.* for *Chron.*" he explodes suddenly with a "Here you are!" and the exchange is effected in that indefinable fraction of time known among newsboys as "two twos." *Times* for *Chron.* is an offer that suits him again, and again the momentary transfer is effected. Then he lifts up his own voice, "*Post* for *Times*, *Chron.* for *Times*," and bestirring himself effects half-a-dozen more exchanges in less time than we should care to mention—now and then referring to the list of his wants, and overhauling his stock, in order to be sure, amidst the excitement of the market, that he is doing a correct trade. He finds, after half-an-hour's bawling and bargaining, that he wants yet a *Times* and an *Advertiser*, and he knows there is a boy present who has them to dispose of, but Charley has not in his stock what the other wants in exchange. So he sets about "working the oracle," as he terms it: instead of bawling "*Chron.* for *Times*," which is the exchange he really desiderates, he bawls "*Chron.* for *Post*," because the boy with the *Times* wants a *Post* for it, which Charley hasn't got to give; but by dint of bawling he at length gets a *Post* for his *Chronicle*, and then he is in a condition to make the desired exchange. Sometimes, he will go so far as to "work the oracle" three or four deep—that is, he will effect three or four separate exchanges before he has transmuted the newspaper he wanted to get rid of into the one he desired to possess—or changed his stock into good: by such intricate exploits, he has obtained among his fellows the reputation of a "knowing young shaver;" and it is to be hoped that he gets, in reward of his ingenuity, something more substantial from his employer, for which the little family at home is none the worse.

Before the affairs of 'Change have come to their sudden conclusion, Charley is back to the shop; and now all hands are busy in making up the big bag, which must start on its passage to the post-office, at the very latest, by ten minutes before six, the distance being fully a nine minutes' walk. There is the same ceremony with the evening papers as there was with the morning ones, and there is the same limit as to time for its performance. But what must be done *must*, and of course is done; and in a well-ordered concern, like that of which young Potter is a member, it is done in good time too. Before the race against the clock commences, Charley has got the bag hoisted on his shoulders, and, with a fair couple of minutes to spare, is trudging steadily towards St. Martin's le Grand. We shall leave him to find his way there, which he can do well enough without us, and walk on before, to see what takes place at the post-office at this particular hour of the day.

On ascending the steps of the huge building, which, huge as it is, is found to be all too small for the rapidly-increasing correspondence of the country, we find that we are by no means singular in harbouring a curiosity to witness the phenomena whjch attend upon the last closing minutes of the hour whose expiry shuts up the post for the night. The broad area between the lofty pillars that support the roof, is peopled with some hundred or two of spectators, come, like ourselves, to observe the multitudinous rush of newspapers and letters which, up to the very last moment, are borne by the living tide into the many-mouthed machine, which distributes them through the length and breadth of the land—nay, of the entire globe. Policemen are in attendance to keep a clear passage, so that the very last comer shall meet no obstruction in his path. The spectators marshal themselves on the right of the entrance, leaving the left free to all who have letters or papers to deposit. These comprise every class of the community, commercial and non-commercial—clerks from counting-houses, lawyers from the Temple, messengers from warehouses, young men and maidens, old men and merchants, rich men and poor men, idlers and busybodies. As closing-time approaches, and the illuminated dial above points to five minutes to six, the crowd increases, and the patter of approaching footsteps in quick time thickens on the ear. Sticks, of all shapes and sizes, bulgy and slim, are seen walking up the stairs—some as long

as bags of hops, beneath which the bearers stagger unsteadily towards the breach; others, of more moderate capacity, containing but a couple of bushels or so of damp sheets; and others, again, of hardly peck measure. All discharge their contents into the trap nearest the entrance, in which operation they are assisted by a man in a red coat, who, from long practice, has acquired the knack of emptying a bag of any size and returning it to the owner with one movement of his arm. By and by, as the lapsing minutes glide away, he is besieged in his position by the rush of bags, and looks very likely to be buried alive, until somebody comes to his assistance. The bags, as fast as they arrive, disappear through the wide orifice, and anon come flying out again empty —you don't exactly see from whence. Here comes a monster-sack, borne by two men, which is with difficulty lugged into quarters, while others crowd after it, like a brood of chickens diving into the hole through a barn-floor after the mother hen.

Now is the critical moment—the clock strikes, clang!—in go a brace of bulky bags; clang! the second—in go three more, rolling one over another, and up rushes a lawyer's clerk, without his hat, which has flown off at the entrance, and darts forward to the letter-box at the further corner, fencing his way with a long packet of red-taped foolscap, with which he makes a successful lunge at the slit, and disappears; clang! the third—another brace of sacks have jumped down the throat of the post-office, and more yet are seen and heard scrambling and puffing up the steps; clang! the fourth—and in goes another bouncing bag, followed by a little one in its rear: clang! the fifth—nothing more, a breathless pause, and a general look of inquiry, as much as to say: "Is it all over?" No! here comes another big bag dashing head-foremost up the steps; in it rushes like mad, when, clang! the sixth —and down falls the trap-door, cutting it almost in two halves as it is shooting in, and there it lies, half in and half out, like an enormous Brogdignag rat caught in a murderous Brobdignag trap, only wanting a tail to complete the similitude. The bearer, who is in a bath of perspiration, wipes the dew from his face as he glances round with a look of triumph. He knows that if there be a doubt whether he was in legal time or not, he will, by established custom, be allowed the benefit of the doubt, and that because the post-office could not shut his bag out, they are bound to take it in. He is perfectly right: in less than a minute (minutes in this case are important,) the bag is drawn in, and returned to him empty, and he joins the crowd who, the exhibition being over, disperse about their business. It is a very rare occurrence for a bag of newspapers to arrive too late for the evening post. We have known it to take place occasionally; but when it does happen, we suspect that if the failure were traced to its source, it would be found to arise from the enterprising spirit of some defiant newsboy, who had resolved to win a race against time, and had failed in doing it. Boys have been known before now (we have seen it done) to carry their bags within very good time to what they consider a practicable distance, and then to halt, waiting for the first stroke of the bell, the signal for a headlong scamper over the remaining grouud, which has to be traversed while the clock is striking. It may well happen occasionally that this daring experiment is not successful, in which case the overconfident urchin has to return with his bag unloaded, to the consternation of his employer and his own disgrace.

Charley knows better than that. We have seen him discharge his load among the first arrivals; and now, in consideration of the early hour at which his services were required in the morning, his work is done for the day, and he strolls leisurely homeward. He is rather tired, but not knocked up, nor anything like it. There is a substantial supper waiting him, which, having well earned, he has a right to enjoy, as he does enjoy it, without a single feeling of dissatisfaction. After his repast, if the weather is dry, he will have a chase with young Bill round the fountains in Trafalgar Square; or if it is wet and cold, there will be a game with the baby before the fire; or if the baby should be asleep, Bill will get a lesson in pot-hooks and hangers, with slate and pencil for materials, and Charley for writing-master; or he will have to spell out a column of last week's news, subject to the corrections of his teacher. These pleasures and pursuits, however, cannot be protracted to a very late hour. Early rising necessitates early rest: and the boys are, therefore, despatched to bed when the bell of the neighbouring church rings out nine, that the newsboy may recruit, with needful repose, the strength required for the exertions of the morrow.

Saturday night is the bright spot in Charley's week. Then he gets his wages, which go to his mother; and then he can sit up as late as he likes, because he can get up as late as he likes on the morrow; and because he can do both, he will go to the play if he can manage to raise the necessary sixpence. He looks upon the drama, which he calls the "drawmer," as the grandest of all our institutions, and he has very original ideas on the subject of plays and acting. He knows, as he says, lots of tragic speeches, and spouts them to Billy as they lie awake in bed, sometimes dropping off to sleep in the middle of a soliloquy. He has doubts whether the pantomime is quite legitimate, but wonders, with Billy, why it isn't played all the year round—is sure it would draw. He knows of course that *Hamlet* is "first-rate," and *Macbeth* the same; but his sympathies go with that little pig-tailed tar in the shiny hat at the Victoria, who,

hitching up his canvas trousers with one hand, and shaking a short dumpy cutlass in the other, hacks and hews his way through a whole regiment of redcoats, who surprise him in the smuggler's cave, and gets clear off, leaving half of his adversaries dead on the stage. The valiant smuggler is Charley's hero, and he admires him amazingly, never giving a thought to the why or wherefore, or suspecting for a moment that it is far more honourable to work hard, as he does, in helping to provide an honest crust for those who are dear to him, than to be the boldest smuggler that ever had a valid claim to the gallows.—*Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.*

ST. MARY MAGDALENE.

BY MRS. ACTON TINDAL.

Non Turba, non vetat Crucis,
Mortisque diræ scandalum
Inter furentes. quærere
Signo peremptum, milites—
Tu prima Testis!

Hymnus Ecclesiæ S. Mariæ Magdalenes.

Poor penitent of Bethany!
The fame hath spread of thee
To the earth's utmost bound—where'er
To Jesu bends the knee;
Thy long repentance, quenchless love,
Thy sins by God forgiven,
Endear thee to each Saint on earth,
And angel bands in Heaven.

Mary! in that last darksome hour
Of agony and scorn,
When the stout-hearted and the bold
Denied their God forlorn—
Strong in thy deep humility,
Last at the cross wast thou,
Gazing in adoration rapt
Upon the thorn-crowned brow!

Mary! first by the sepulchre
Thou wast at early dawn,
Faith's mighty jubilee to keep,
Hope's resurrection morn!
Laden with India's fragrant spice,
'Twas all thou had'st to bring,
An offering at the lowly shrine
Of thy mocked God and King!

Mary! the painters picture well
That wan sweet face of thine,
The scattered hair, the upraised eyes,
That softly tearful shine—
As though thine oft-repeated sins
Yet lived in memory's sight,
And cast a chastening shadow o'er
Thy faiths' triumphant light.

Mary! full oft on history's page
A woman's name hath stood,
As victor, queen, or martyr-saint—
A glorious sisterhood!
And none more brightly shines than thine,
Amid the loved of Heaven—
The landmark of the lost, that tells
Of hope, and sin forgiven.

ADVENTURES WITH THE GIANTS.

A STORY of captivity among savages, full of hair-breadth escapes and strange adventures, is something unexpected at the present day; and when one finds that the narrator is a bold mariner, who affirms that he lived three months among giants, one naturally begins to think of Captain Lemuel Gulliver, and to be reasonably suspicious. There are really, however, no good grounds for supposing that Mr. Bourne's story, which comes to us in a book recently published in America, is unworthy of credit; and the information it affords concerning a country and a people very little known, is certainly curious, and may prove useful to future explorers.

Mr. Bourne was mate of the American schooner *John Alleyne*, which left the port of New Bedford on the 13th of February, 1849, with a number of passengers, bound for California. They had a prosperous voyage till they reached the Strait of Magellan. They were in want of fresh provisions; and at the Captain's desire, Mr. Bourne, with three men, went ashore in a small boat to see if he could procure some. He did not go very willingly, as he knew that the natives bore an extremely bad reputation among seamen for treachery and cruelty. When the boat drew near the shore, a crowd of huge, black-looking barbarians came down to the beach, and greeted them in broken Spanish. The natives pretended to be friendly, and urged them to land, promising them plenty of eggs, fowls, and beef in barter. But no sooner had the boat touched the shore, than the savages crowded into it; and Mr. Bourne found himself and his men prisoners. They were not at first ill-treated, however; and after a while the three sailors were allowed to return to the ship, to bring the ransom demanded for Mr. Bourne's release, consisting of tobacco, rum, bread, flour, brass, and beads, a rather odd assortment. The articles were brought immediately, and, at the request of the natives, placed on the beach; but when the faithless Patagonians had got possession of the ransom, they demanded more, and refused to let their prisoner go. The boats pulled back to the schooner, and were to return the next day; but a violent gale drove the vessel from her anchorage, and nothing more was seen of her from the shore. In this way, the unfortunate mate was left in the hands of the natives—a captive almost as helpless as Captain Gulliver among the giants of Brobdignag.

He fared, however, very differently from the hero of Swift's famous story. One of the most unaccountable facts in natural history, of mankind, is the circumstance, that the hugest race of men should be found in such a country as Patagonia, which is little better than a treeless desert, with few rivers or fountains, and hardly any plants fit for food. The advocates of a vegetable diet may be somewhat puzzled, when they learn that these colossal Patagonians subsist entirely on the flesh of wild animals, and of horses. On the other hand, it will be a satisfaction to the vegetarians to find that these overgrown flesh-eaters are among the most stupid, degraded, and repulsive of barbarians. Take, as an evidence of this, the description of them given by Mr. Bourne. 'In person,' he says, 'they are large:

at first sight, they appear absolutely gigantic. They are taller than any other race I have seen, though it is impossible to give any accurate description. The only standard of measurement I had was my own height, which is about five feet ten inches. I could stand very easily under the arms of many of them; and all the men were at least a head taller than myself. Their average height, I should think, is nearly six and a half feet; and there were specimens that could be little less than seven feet high. They have broad shoulders, full and well-developed chests, frames muscular and finely proportioned; the whole figure and air making an impression like that which the first view of the sons of Anak is said to have made on the children of Israel. They exhibit enormous strength whenever they are sufficiently aroused to shake off their constitutional laziness, and exert it. They have large heads, high cheek-bones like the North-American Indians, whom they also resemble in their complexion, though it is a shade or two darker. Their foreheads are broad, but low, the hair covering them nearly to the eyes. The eyes are full, generally black, or of a dark-brown, and brilliant, though expressive of but little intelligence.—Thick, coarse, and stiff hair, protects the head, its abundance making any artificial covering superfluous. Their teeth are really beautiful, sound and white—about the only attractive and enviable feature of the persons. They have deep heavy voices, and speak in guttural tones—the worst guttural I ever heard—with a muttering, indistinct articulation, much as if their mouths were filled with hot pudding. Their countenances are generally stupid; but on closer inspection, there is a gleam of low cunning that flashes through this dull mask, and is increasingly discernible on acquaintance with them. When excited, or engaged in any earnest business that calls their faculties into full exercise, their features light up with unexpected intelligence and animation. They are almost as imitative as monkeys, and are all great liars; falsehood is universal and inveterate with men, women, and children. To these traits should be added a thorough-paced treachery, and, what might seem rather inconsistent with their other qualities, a large share of vanity, and an immoderate love of praise. They are excessively filthy in their personal habits. They never wash themselves; hands and faces are usually covered with a thick deposit of dirt. The men sometimes paint or bedaub their faces with a kind of red earth. Charcoal is also used as a cosmetic. A broad line of red, alternating with a stripe of black, in various fantastic figures, is a favourite style of decoration. The women make themselves, if possible, still more hideous than the men, by the application of a pigment made of clay, blood, and grease. Some of them would be very comely, if only cleanly, and content to leave nature less strenuously adorned.' The moral character of the people corresponds with their appearance and habits, and is about as bad in every respect as it can possibly be. There are even strong grounds—including the confessions of some of them—for believing that they are addicted to cannibalism, and that they sometimes kill and devour, not only strangers, but members of their own tribe.

These savage giants live a roving, Arab-like life, wandering continually from the neighbourhood of one fountain or stream to that of another. They are good riders, and have many horses, most of which have been stolen from the Spanish settlements near the northern border of their territory. The highest accomplishment of a young Patagonian, is to be an expert horse-thief. Their habitations are small and moveable, consisting merely of a framework of stakes, covered with skins of the guanaco. This creature is a quadruped allied to the Peruvian llama. Its flesh is their chief article of food; and its skin is used for clothing, and various other purposes. The only weapons of the natives are their long knives, and the bolas, or balls. This is the name given to the curious implement with which they capture their game. It consists of two round stones, or leaden balls, when these can be procured, weighing each about a pound, and connected by a strap or thong of leather, ten or twelve feet long. When engaged in the chase, his horse at the highest speed, the rider holds one ball in his hand, and whirls the other rapidly above his head. When it has acquired a sufficient momentum, it is hurled with unerring aim at the object of pursuit, and either strikes the victim dead, or coils inextricably about him, and roots him to the spot—a helpless mark for the hunter's knife.

Such were the people among whom the unfortunate seaman was doomed to pass rather more than three months, in great discomfort and anxiety. On three or four occasions, his life was in serious danger from some of the more ferocious members of the tribe. He owed his escape mainly to their cupidity and their love of strong liquor, of which, as well as of rice, tobacco, flour, sugar, and other favourite articles of food, he promised them immense quantities, on condition that they would bring him to a settlement of white men. The old chief, by name Parosilver, with whom he lived, also stood his friend in some critical emergencies. Fortunately for Mr. Bourne, the chief was rather less blood-thirsty than most of his followers, though otherwise of a sufficiently ogreish disposition. The following account of a wooing and wedding, graphically narrated by Mr. Bourne, will give an idea of the domestic life of a Patagonian giant:—

"One evening the chief, his four wives, two daughters, an infant grand-daughter, and myself, were scattered about the lodge, enveloped in a smoke of unusual strength and density. While the others sat around as unconcerned as so many pieces of bacon, I lay flat, with my face close to the ground, and my head covered with a piece of guanaco-skin, the only position in which it was possible to gain any relief from the stifling fumigation. While in this attitude, I fancied I heard the tramp of many feet without, and a confused muttering, as if a multitude of Indians were talking together. Presently, a hoarse voice sounded in front, evidently aimed at the ears of some one within, to which the chief promptly replied. I caught a few words, enough to satisfy me that I was not the subject of their colloquy, but that there was a lady in the case. The conversation grew animated, and the equanimity of his high mightiness the chief was somewhat disturbed. I cast a penetrating glance into the smoke at the

female members of our household, to discern, if possible, whether any one of them was specially interested. One look was sufficient. The chief's daughter—who, by the way, was a widow, with one hopeful scion springing up by her side—sat listening to the conversation with anxiety and apprehension visible in every feature. Her mother sat near her, her chin resting upon her hand, with an anxious and thoughtful expression of countenance. The invisible speaker without, it soon appeared, was an unsuccessful suitor of the daughter, and had come with his friends to press his claim. He urged his suit, if not with classic, with earnest eloquence, but with success ill proportioned to his efforts. The chief told him he was a poor, good-for-nothing fellow, had no horses, and was unfit to be his son-in-law, or any one else's. The outsider was not to be so easily put off; he pressed his suit with fresh energy, affirming that his deficiency of horses was from want of opportunity, not from lack of will or ability to appropriate the first that came within his reach. On the contrary, he claimed to be as ingenious and accomplished a thief as ever swung a lasso or ran off with a horse; and a mighty hunter besides, whose wife would never suffer for want of grease. The inexorable chief hereat got considerably excited, and told him he was a poor creature, and might be off with himself: he wouldn't talk any more about it. The suppliant, as a last resource, appealed to the fair one herself, begging her to smile on his suit, and assuring her with marked emphasis, that if successful in his aspirations, he would give her *plenty of grease.*

"At this last argument, she was unable to resist any longer, and entreated her father to sanction their union. But the hard-hearted parent not at all mollified by this appeal from his decision to an inferior tribunal, broke out into a towering passion, and poured forth a torrent of abuse. The mother here interposed, and besought him not to be angry with the young folks, but to deal gently and considerately with them. She even hinted that he migh have done injustice to the young man. He might—who knew?—make a fine thief yet, possess plenty of horses, and prove a highly eligible match for their daughter. The old fellow had been (for him) quite moderate; but this was too much. His rage completely mastered him. He rose up, seized the child's cradle, and hurled it violently out of doors; and the other chattels appertaining to his daughter went after it in rapid succession. He then ordered her to follow her goods *instanter*, with which benediction she departed, responding with a smile of satisfaction. Leaving the lodge, she gathered up her scattered effects, and accompanied by her mother, the bridal-party disappeared. The chief sat on his horse-skin couch, his legs crossed partly under him looking sour enough. Presently the bride and her mother returned, and now began the second scene. The chief no sooner recognised them than a sound—something between a grunt and a growl, but much nearer the latter than the former—gave warning of a fresh eruption. The rumbling grew more emphatic; and suddenly his fury burst on the head of his wife. Seizing her by the hair, he hurled her violently to the ground, and beat her with his clenched fists till I thought he would break every bone in her body, and reduce her substance to jelly. The drubbing ended, she rose and muttered something he did not like. He replied by a violent blow which sent her staggering to the further end of the hut. This last argument was decisive; and she kept her huge mouth closed for the night. There was a silent pause for some minutes; and without another word, we ranged ourselves for repose. I thought the old heathen's conscience troubled him through the night; his sleep was broken. Early the next morning he went to the lodge of the newly-married pair, and had a long chat with them. They thought him rather hard on them at first; but after a good deal of diplomacy, a better understanding was brought about. The young people could hardly get over a sense of the indignities they had received; but in the course of the day they returned bag and baggage to the old chief's tent, and made it their permanent abode."

These strange people did not appear to have any form of worship, or even any idea of a Supreme Being. Possibly, however, a better acquaintance with their langauge would shew that they were not so entirely destitute of religious feeling as they seemed to the captive stranger. The only ceremony which appeared to have any thing of a religious aspect, was a singular one sometimes practised in smoking. A group of a dozen or more assemble, sometimes in a wigwam, sometimes in the open air. A vessel made of a piece of hardened hide, or sometimes of an ox-horn, filled with water, is set on the ground. A stone pipe is filled with the scrapings of a wood resembling yellow ebony, mixed with finely-cut tobacco. The company then lay themselves in a circle flat on their faces, their mantles drawn up to the tops of their heads. The pipe is lighted. One takes it into his mouth, and inhales as much smoke as he can swallow; the others take it in succession, till all have become satisfied. By the time the second smoker is fully charged, the first begins a series of groanings and gruntings, with a slight trembling of the head, the smoke slowly oozing out at the nostrils; the groaning soon becomes general, and waxes louder, till it swells into a hideous howling, enough to frighten man or beast. The noise gradually dies away. They remain a short time in profound silence, and each imbibes a draught of water. Then succeeds another interval of silence, observed with the most profound and devotional gravity. All at length rise, and slowly disperse. This may or may not have been a form of worship; but the circumstances attending it, the numbers uniformly engaged in it, the formality with which it was invariably conducted, the solemnity of visage, the silence, the trembling, these, and traits of expression which were more easily discerned and remembered than described, gave the wondering seaman a decided impression that the whole had a superstitious meaning.

The Patagonions, like other American Indians, have their "medicine-men," who are supposed to possess a mysterious power of expelling diseases by the practice of certain necromantic arts. The faith which natives place in these doctors is so great, as sometimes to lead to results disastrous to the medicine-men themselves; for if they are not successful in relieving the patient, the failure is

ascribed, not to want of power, but to want of will, and the relatives sometimes wreak summary vengeance upon the physicion, who, in their opinion has maliciously forborne to effect a cure. Mr. Bourne knowing this, was naturally much alarmed when, on one occasion, the chief took it into his head that his captive must be an able doctor, and required him to undertake the cure of a sick woman. The patient was a widow, and a person of some consequence, being the owner of several horses, and, in virtue of that wealth, holding a distinguished position in Patagonian society. Finding it of no use to disclaim the medical ability which was ascribed to him, Mr. Bourne took care, at all events, to make his prescription as harmless as possible, merely directing, with much solemnity, that the very untidy patient should be thoroughly washed from head to foot with warm water. This treatment, he thought, would at least meet the most obvious indications of her case. Luckily for him, the prescription worked to good effect, and the widow recovered. But, strange to say, notwithstanding the public interest then evinced in her behalf, she was shortly afterwards deliberately put to death in cold blood by some men of the tribe, with the chief's consent, and without the slightest provocation; their only motive being a desire to get possession of her horses.

Mr. Bourne, in his anxiety to escape from his painful captivity, continued, by promises and persuasions, to urge the savages to convey him to some settlement of white men. At first, he proposed that they should proceed with him to the Chilian penal settlement, in the Strait of Magellan; but to this request they gave a prompt and decided refusal; and he afterwards learned, that they had lately returned from a horse-stealing expedition in that quarter, and naturally did not feel inclined to repeat their visit. They assured him, however, that they would take him to a much better place, which they called "Holland," and where there were "twenty or thirty white men, and plenty of rum and tobacco." Mr. Bourne had never before heard of this South American Holland, and was much inclined to doubt its existence. However, after wandering about for three months, in various directions, they at length reached the river Santa Cruz, which flows into the Arctic Ocean, about 150 miles north of the Strait of Magellan. Sure enough, on an island opposite the mouth of the river, were visible several small buildings, which he was told were occupied by white men. A signal was made, which had the effect of attracting a boat from the island. As it came near, the Indians ordered their captive to keep back, and he saw reason to fear that they meant to practise the same deception and bad faith with regard to his ransom as he had experienced when he first fell into their hands. Determined to make a desperate effort for freedom, he suddenly broke away from them, and rushed down to the beach, hotly pursued by the savages.—After a hurried parley with the boatmen in English, he threw himself into the water, and swam out through the surf to the boat, which he reached in a nearly exhausted state. He was immediately drawn into it by the boatmen, and conveyed to the island, where he was received with the greatest kindness by the person in charge of the establishment. The name of the place, he learned, was Sea-lion Island; the last word being that which the Patagonians, in their general pronunciation, had transformed into Holland. The party then occupying it consisted of only ten men, who had been placed on the island by an English commercial company, for the purpose of collecting guano, which was from time to time taken away by the vessels of the company. The agent in charge of the party, Mr. Hall, whom the grateful seaman praises as "a noble specimen of a true-hearted Englishman," behaved in the most generous manner to the unfortunate American, furnished him with clothing, and took him into his own habitation. After residing for a considerable time on the island, Mr. Bourne was at length taken off by an American whale-ship which chanced to pass that way.

It deserves notice, that it was in the Strait of Magellan, at no great distance from the place where Mr. Bourne was taken prisoner, that Capt. Gardiner and his companions met with their deplorable fate in the year 1851—encountering death from starvation while engaged in the attempt to commence a mission among these very Patagonians. Had the information which this narrative affords been possessed by the unfortunate missionaries or their friends in England, different arrangements would doubtless have been made, and that calamitous result would probably have been avoided.—*Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.*

WHAT ARDENT SPIRIT HAS DONE IN TEN YEARS IN THE UNITED STATES.

1. It has cost the nation a direct expense of 600,000,000 dollars. 2. It has cost the nation an indirect expense of 600,000,000 dollars. 3. It has destroyed 300,000 lives. 4. It has sent 100,000 children to the poor-house. 5. It has consigned at least 150,000 persons to the jails and penitentiaries. 6. It has made at least 1000 maniacs. 7. It has instigated to the commission of 1500 murders. 8. It has caused 2000 persons to commit suicide. 9. It has burned, or otherwise destroyed property to the amount of 10,000,000 dollars. 10. It has made 200,000 widows, and 1,000,000 of orphan children.

LIGHTING GAS WITH THE TIP OF THE FINGER.

This is a feat anybody may perform. Let a person in his shoes or slippers walk briskly over a woollen-carpet, *scuffing* his feet thereon, or stand upon a chair with its legs in four tumblers, to insulate it, and be there rubbed up and down on the body a few times with a muff, by another person, and he will light his gas by simply touching his finger to the tube. It is only necessary to take the precaution not to touch anything, or to be touched by anybody during the trial of the experiment. The stock of electricity acquired by the process we have described, is discharged by contact with another object. The writer has lighted it in this way, and seen it done by children not half a-dozen years old. We are all peripatetic lucifer-matches, if we did but know it.

THE MAHOMMEDAN MOTHER.

Mussoorie and Landour, situated in the lower range of the Himalaya mountains, form the favorite sanitarium of the upper part of India. The scenery is more beautiful than that of Simla; for Mussoorie and Landour command a view of Dehra Dhoon, which resembles (except that the Dhoon is grander and more extensive) the plains of Italy as seen from the ascent of the Simplon. The Mall of Mussoorie is crowded every evening with visitors; some on horseback, some on hill ponies, some on foot, and some in the *janpan* (something like a sedan-chair carried by four hill men). A gayer scene it would be impossible to conceive. Every one knows his neighbor; and, in passing along the narrow road stoppages are frequent. Compliments must be exchanged, and the news or scandal of the day gossipped about. Every now and then you hear a cry of "What a shame!" from a terrified lady in a janpan, while a couple of lovers gallop past on spirited Arabs, at full speed: sometimes a shriek from a nervous mamma reverberates through the valleys, when she beholds her children in the way of the heedless pair.

Accidents sometimes occur. A few years ago, a lady and a gentleman were riding round a place called the Camel's Back; the road gave way and they fell down a precipice several hundred feet. The horses were killed, but the riders miraculously escaped with only a few severe bruises. On another occasion, a gentleman of the civil service was taking his evening walk, when one of his dogs ran between his legs, and precipitated him. He was killed on the spot.

On the Mall, every evening, was to be seen a native woman standing by the side of the road, near a large rock, watching those who passed by. She was well dressed, and her face was concealed according to the custom of persons of her apparent station in life. There she stood, attracting general attention. She was a woman of slight, but graceful figure, and rather tall. Many persons were curious to know who she was, and to see her face; but she took care that in this respect none should be gratified. Sometimes she would go away early; at other times she would remain until it was quite dark. Some suspected—and I was amongst the number—that she was the native wife of some European officer who had divorced himself, and visited the "Hills," whither the woman, to annoy, had followed him; and there was no small amount of speculation—as to *whose* wife she could be. Some of the guesses, if they were seriously made, were extremely ungenerous, for they included several elderly officials who could not by any possibility have been married to this mysterious lady. I was determined to know who she was; and one night; when most people were thronged around the band, I approached her, and inquired if I could be of any service to her. She replied, (her face closely covered) "Yes; by going away." She had a very sweet voice; and its sorrowful tones inspired me with pity, when she added, "I am a poor woman; my heart is crushed; do not add to my misery by remaining near me." I obeyed her, after apologising for having intruded. Several other persons had attempted to extract some particulars from the lady, and had received the same sort of reply as that she had given to me.

The rains were about to commence, and storms were not unfrequent. The Mall was less frequented; only a few—those who cared little about hearing "heaven's artillery thunder in the skies," or being pelted by hailstones as large as marbles—ventured out; but amongst that few was the native lady; who, punctual as the light of day, visited that huge dismal-looking rock, and gazed upon the road.

I have seen a storm on the heights of Jura—such a storm as Lord Byron describes. I have seen lightning, and heard thunder in Australia; I have, off Terra del Fuego, the Cape of Good Hope, and the coast of Java, kept watch in thunder storms which have drowned in their roaring the human voice, and made every one deaf and stupified; but these storms are not to be compared with a thunder-storm at Mussoorie or Landour.

In one of these storms of thunder, lightning, wind, and hail—at about five o'clock in the afternoon—I laid a wager with a friend that the native lady would be found as usual standing near the rock. Something secretly assured me that she was there at that moment, looking on unmoved, except by the passions which had prompted her pilgrimage. How were we to decide it? "By going to the spot," I suggested. My friend declined, but declared that as far as the bet was concerned, he would be perfectly satisfied with my word, either one way or the other—namely, whether I had won or lost.

I set off upon my journey. The rock was, at least, three quarters of a mile distant from my abode. My curiosity was so much aroused—albeit I felt certain the woman was there—that I walked through the storm without heeding it. Every now and then I saw the electric fluid descend into a valley, then heard that strange noise which huge pieces of rock make when they bound from one precipice to another, tearing up trees, and carrying large stones and the earth along with them in their headlong career—but still my mind was intent on the woman, and nothing else.

Was she there?

Yes; there she sat, drenched to the skin; but I could not pity her wet and cold condition, for I could see that she cared no more about it than I cared about my own. She drew her garment so closely over her face that the outline of her features was plainly

discernible. It was decidedly handsome, but still I longed to see her eyes to confirm my impression. I sat beside her. The storm still raged, and presently the lady said, "The heaven is speaking, Sahib." I answered, "Truly: but the lightning, the parent of that sound which I now hear, I cannot see." She understood me, and gave me a glimpse of her eyes. They were not like the eyes of a native; they were of a blueish hue, almost grey. I said to her, in Hindoostanee, "You are not a native; what do you do here in a native dress?"

"I would I were an European," she answered me. "My feelings, perhaps, would be less acute, and I should be sitting over a bright fire. Oh! how loudly the heaven is speaking! Go home, Sahib, you will catch cold!"

"Why do *you* not go home?" I asked. "You will see no one to-day. No—not even your beloved. I am the only being who will venture out in a storm like this: and I do so only for your sake."

"My heart is as hard as this rock," she said, flipping her finger against the granite, "to all except one being—a child. Oh, how the heaven is speaking, Sahib!"

"Do you not fear the lightning and the hail?" I asked her.

"I did once," she replied. "I trembled whenever it came near; but now, what does it signify? *Bidglee* (lightning), come to me," she cried, beckoning to a streak of fluid which entered the ground within a hundred yards of us. "*Bidglee*, come here, and make a turquoise of my heart."

What pretty feet! She had kicked off her shoes, which were saturated and spoiled.

"Go home, Sahib" (such was the refrain of her conversation). "You will catch cold!"

By degrees I had an opportunity of seeing all her features. She was most beautiful, but had evidently passed the meridian of her charms. She could not have been less than twenty-four years of age. On the forefinger of her left hand she wore a ring of English manufacture, in which was set a red cornelian, whereon was engraved a crest—a stag's head.

I took her hand in mine, and said, "Where did you get this?" pointing to the ring.

She smiled and sighed, and then answered, "Jee, (sir) it belonged to an Ameer (a great man)."

"Where is he?"

"Never mind."

"Do you expect to see him soon?"

"No—never."

"Is he old?"

"No. Not older than yourself. How the heaven is speaking!"

"Let me see you to your home."

"No. I will go alone."

"When do you intend to go?"

"When you have left me."

"You are very unkind thus to repulse my civility."

"It may be so. But my heart's blood is curdled."

I bade her farewell; and through the storm, which still raged, I went home and won my wager.

I could not rest that night. The beautiful face of the native woman haunted me. In vain I tried to sleep, and at last I arose from my bed, and joined a card-party, in the hope that the excitement of gambling would banish her from my brain. But to no purpose. I knew not what I was playing, and ere long I left off in disgust.

Almost every one who visits the Hills keeps a servant called a *tindal*. His duty is to look after the men who carry your janpan, to go errands, to keep up the fire, and to accompany you with a lantern when you go out after dark. These tindals, like the couriers on the Continent, are a peculiar race; and, generally speaking are a very sharp, active, and courageous people. I summoned my tindal, and interrogated him about the native lady who had caused so much sensation in Mussoorie. The only information he could afford me was that she had come from a village near Hurdwar; that she was rich, possessed of the most costly jewels, kept a number of servants, moved about in great state on the plains, and for all he knew, she might be the wife or slave of some Rajah.

Could she, I wondered, be the famous Ranee Chunda, the mother of Dulleep Singh, and the wife of Runjeet? The woman who, disguised as a soldier, had escaped from the fort of Chunar, where she had been imprisoned for disturbing, by her plots, the imagination of Sir Frederick Currie, when he was Resident at Lahore? The woman I had seen and spoken to, "answered to the description" of the Ranee, in every respect, excepting the eyes. Dulleep Singh was living at Mussoorie, and he not unfrequently rode upon the Mall. Ranee Chunda had a satirical tongue, and a peculiarly sweet-toned, but shrill voice; and she had remarkably beautiful feet: and so had this woman. Ranee Chunda had courage which was superhuman: so had this woman. Ranee Chunda had a child—an only child: so had this woman.

I asked the tindal where the lady lived. He replied that she occupied a small house near the bazaar, not very far from my own abode. "She is in great grief," the tindal yawned, "about something or other."

"Endeavor to find out the cause of her misfortunes," said I, "and you shall be rewarded according to your success."

Next day the tindal reported to me that I was not the only sahib who was deeply interested in the native lady's affairs; that many wished to make her acquaintance, and

had sent their tindals to talk to her; but that she had firmly and laconically dismissed them all, just as she had dismissed him. "Tell your master that the sufferings of an object of pity, such as I am, ought not to be aggravated by the insulting persecution of gay and light-hearted men."

The day after the storm brought forth the loveliest afternoon that can be imagined. The sun shone out brightly, the clouds were lifted from the Dhoon, and the vast panorama resembled what we read of in some fairy tale. All Mussoorie and Landour turned out. The Mall was so crowded, that it was difficult to thread one's way through the throng.

Was the lady at the rock?—Yes; there she stood as usual, watching those who passed. The Maharajah with his suite appeared. I was convinced that the woman was the Maharajah's mother; but I did not breathe my suspicions, lest I might cause her to be arrested. When it became dusk, and the visitors were taking their departure, I again approached the lady, and made my "salaam," in that respectful phrase which is always adopted when addressing a native woman of rank. She at once recognised me as the person who had spoken to her during the storm on the previous afternoon, for she alluded to its fury, and said she had taken a wrong road, had lost her way, after I had left her, and did not reach home till nearly midnight. She concluded her little speech with a hope that I had been more fortunate.

"You should have allowed me to escort you," said I. "I would have helped to carry your load of sorrow."

She looked at me, and suddenly and abruptly said: "Your name is Longford."

"You are right," said I.

"About three or four years ago, you stayed for several days with a friend in a tent near Deobund? You were on your way to these mountains?"

"I did."

"You had a little dog with you, and you lost it at Deobund?"

"I did lose my dog, and made a great noise about it. But how do you know all this?"

She smiled and sighed.

I was bewildered. My belief that she was the Ranee Chunda was almost confirmed. It was close to the encampment of the Ranee, when she was on her way to Chunar, that my dog was lost, and my servants and the officers of the police, declared that it must have been some of the Ranee's people who had stolen the favorite.

"The dog is still alive," said the lady; and if you will come to-morrow, at twelve o'clock, to my house, you shall see him; but you will promise not to take him from me."

"Of course, I will not take him from you. But let me see him to-night, and tell me how he came into your possession. I will see you to your home."

"No, Sahib; be patient. I will tell you all to-morrow; and when you have heard my story you will perhaps do me a kindness. It is in your power to assist me. Tell me where you live, and I will send my brother to you at eleven o'clock. He will conduct you to my house. Salaam, Sahib."

I returned her salaam, and left her.

I did not go to bed till two o'clock the next morning; and, when my tindal aroused me at eleven, and informed me that a young man wished to see me, I was disposed to believe that my engagement at twelve had been made in my dreams.

I ordered the young man to be admitted. He came to my bed-side, and said in a confidential tone of voice: "The lady has sent me to wait your commands." I got up, made a hasty toilet, drank a cup of very hot tea, and followed the young man, who led me to the little house near the theatre, at the top of the Bazaar. I entered the abode, and found the lady sitting, native fashion, on a carpet on which was strewed marigold and rose leaves. Her silver *kuleean* (small hookah) was beside her; and, sure enough, there was my long lost terrier, Duke, looking as sleek, fat, lazy, and useless as a native lady's dog could be. After expressing my thanks to the lady for her condescension in granting me the interview, I spoke to my former favorite, Duke, but he only stretched himself, and yawned in reply.

"And you have still that ring with the blue stone in it," said the lady, taking my hand and smiling while she looked at the ring. "I remember observing this when I saw you asleep, one morning, on a couch in the tent at Deobund. Had I noticed it when you addressed me during the storm, I would not have spoken so rudely to you."

"I do not remember having seen you previous to the other evening," said I, "and if I had, I should never have forgotten it."

"Where have we met?" I repeated.

"Where I had opportunities of seeing you, but where you could not see me."

There was an old serving woman, whom she called mother, attending upon her, and the young man whom she called brother, a soldier-like looking youth, was still standing in the room to which he had conducted me. The lady desired them both to withdraw, and then begged me to bring the *mora* (or stool), upon which I was sitting, close to her side. I obeyed her. She placed her finely-formed head in the palms of her hands, and gave vent to a violent flood of tears. I suffered her to weep without interruption. Grief appeared to relieve her, rather than to increase her pain. At length she dried her eyes, and said:—

"My father was a *Moolvee* (Mahommedan

law officer), attached to the Sudder Court, in Agra. I am his only daughter. He was absent from home all day. Why should he not be? He was paid for it; he ate the company's salt. Well, when I was about fifteen years of age I was enticed away from my home by the *Kotwall* (native police officer). He sent an old woman, who had silver on her tongue, and gold in her hand. She told me long stories about love: and promised me, that if I left my home I should marry the *Kotwall's* son, who was young and handsome. I was but a child and very foolish. The servants who had charge of me were all bribed heavily. One received three hundred rupees, another two hundred, a third one hundred. These people encouraged me in the idea that to marry the *Kotwall's* son would be the most prudent thing in the world; and, one day when my father had gone to the Court, at about ten o'clock, I eloped with the old woman whom the *Kotwall* had sent to talk me over.

"We travelled all day, in a *bylee* (native carriage), guarded by two sowars. I asked the old woman several times where she was taking me, but her only reply was, 'Set your heart at rest, child, and eat some sweetmeats.' The *pawn* which she gave me must have been drugged, for shortly after eating it I fell asleep. How long I slept I cannot say, but when I awoke I found myself in the house of a Sahib. The old woman was there also. I became alarmed, but my fears were quieted by the old woman's tongue. She told me I was close to Agra; but the truth was, I was one hundred koss (two hundred miles) distant. Nautch girls were sent for, and they danced before me. I had this hookah given to me, and these bangles. A boy, very handsomely dressed, waited upon me, and brought my food. Parrots, minahs, and doves were purchased for me to play with. Whatever my childish fancy dictated the old woman instantly procured.

"I was so constantly amused I had no time or inclination to think of my home. My father was a bad tempered man, and I was only too glad to be out of hearing of the quarrels in which he constantly engaged with his servants and dependants. One evening the old woman said to me, '*Baba* (child order a Nautch this evening, and let me, in your name, invite the Sahib to witness it.' I had never seen an Englishman—an European—except at a distance. The idea of being in a room with one inspired me with terror. I had been taught to despise the Kafir, whom my father said he was compelled to serve. I objected; but the old woman's eloquence again prevailed.

The night came; I was seated on my *fureesh* (carpet) just as I am now, and dressed in clothes of the gayest description. I was like a little queen, and felt as proud as was Noor Jehan. I was then very handsome. If I had not been, much trouble would have been spared: and my flesh was firm—not as it is now. At about ten o'clock the Sahib made his appearance. When he came into the room I was ready to faint with alarm, and, turning my head away, I clung to the old woman and trembled from head to foot. "*Dhuro mut*, (do not fear)," said the Sahib; and then he reproved, but in a gentle voice, the Nautch girls who were laughing loudly at me. The old woman, too, bade me banish my fears. After a while, I ventured to steal a look at the Sahib; and again averted my face, and clung to the old woman. The Sahib, after remaining a brief while, during which he praised my beauty, retired, and I was once more happy. "There," said the old woman, when he was gone; "you see the Sahib is not a wild beast out of the jungles, but as gentle as one of your own doves."

"On the following day I heard the Sahib talking in the next room; I peeped through the key-hole of the door, and saw him seated at a table. The *nazir* (head clerk) was standing beside him, reading. There was a man in chains surrounded by *burkandazes* (guards) at the other end of the room, and a woman was there giving her evidence. The court-house was undergoing some repairs, and the Sahib was carrying on his magisterial duties in his dining-room. The man in chains began to speak, and deny his guilt. The Sahib called out "*Choop!* (silence!)" in a voice so loud that I involuntarily started back and shuddered. The prisoner again addressed the Sahib, and one of the *burkandazes* dealt him a severe blow on the head, accompanied by the words, "*Seur! Chor!* (Pig! Thief!)" The case was deferred until the following day, and the court closed at about four o'clock, in the afternoon, when the Sahib again paid me a visit.

"I was now afraid to show my fears, lest the Sahib should order me to be killed; and I therefore put on a cheerful countenance, while my heart was quivering in my breast. The Sahib spoke to me very kindly, and I began to dread him less.

"In this way I spent a fortnight; and, at the end of that time, I ventured to talk to the Sahib as though I were his equal. It afforded me great amusement to watch the administration of justice through the key-hole; and, young as I was, I imbibed a desire to have a share of the arbitrary power which was daily exercised.

"One day, when the Sahib came into my room, I began to talk to him about a case of which he had just disposed. He laughed, and listened to my views with great patience. I told him that the evidence upon which the prisoner had been convicted was false from beginning to end. He promised me that he would reverse the sentence of imprisonment;

and, in the ecstacy of my joy at finding that I really had some power, I was intoxicated and unconscious of what I was doing. I suffered the Sahib's lips to touch mine. No sooner had I done so than I felt a degraded outcast, and I cried more bitterly than I have words to describe. The Sahib consoled me and said that his God and his Prophet should be mine; and that in this world and the next our destinies should be the same.

"From that day I was a wife unto him. I ruled his household, and I shared his pleasures and his sorrows. He was in debt; but, by reducing his expenses, I soon freed him; for his pay was fifteen hundred rupees a month. I suffered no one to rob him, and caused the old woman, who was a great thief and cheat, to be turned away. I loved him with all my soul. I would rather have begged with him than have shared the throne of Akbar Shah. When he was tired, I lulled him to sleep: when he was ill, I nursed him: when he was angry, I soon restored him to good-humour: and, when I saw him about to be deceived by his subordinates, I put him on his guard. That he loved me I never had any reason to doubt. He gave me his confidence, and I never abused his trust.

"Who was the man?" I inquired; for I was in doubt, although I suspected.

"Be patient, Sahib," she replied, and then resumed. "At the end of two years I became a mother."

Here she gave vent to another flood of tears.

"The Sahib was pleased. The child seemed to bind us more closely together. I loved the child; I believe it was because it bore such a strong likeness to its father. When the Sahib was away from me, on duty in the district, he seemed still by my side, when I looked at the boy; who was as white as you are."

"Is the child dead?" I asked.

"Be patient, Sahib. When you passed through Deobund, and stayed in the tent with your friend, my child was two years old. I was the mistress of that encampment at Deobund, and the wine you drank was given out with this hand."

"How little do men know of each other?" I exclaimed, "even those who are the most intimate! I had not the least idea there was a lady in the camp, I assure you."

"How angry with you was I," said she, "for keeping the Sahib up so late. You talked together the whole night long. Therefore I had no remorse when I took your dog. Well, as you are aware, soon after that, the Sahib was seized with fever, from which he recovered; but he was so shattered by the attack that he was compelled to visit Europe, where you know"—she paused.

A native woman will never, if she can avoid it, speak of the death of a person whom she has loved. I was aware of this, and bowed my head, touching my forehead with both hands. The father of her child had died on his passage to England.

"Before he left me," she continned, "he gave me all that he possessed—his house and furniture, his horses, carriage, plate; his shares in the bank, his watch, his dressing case, his rings—everything was given to me, and I own all to this hour. When I heard the sad news I was heartbroken. Had it not been for the child I would have starved myself to death; as it was I took to opium, and smoking *bhung* (hemp). While I was in this state, my Sahib's brother—the Captain Sahib—came, and took away the boy; not by violence. I gave it to him. What was the child to me, then? I did not care. But the old woman whom you heard me call my mother, who now attends me, gradually weaned me from the desperation in which I was indulging; and, by degrees, my senses returned to me. I then began to ask about my child, and a longing to see him came over me. At first they told me he was dead; but, when they found I was resolved to detroy myself by intemperance, they told me the truth—that the child was living, and at school in these hills. I have come hither to be near my child. I see him almost every day, but it is at a distance. Sometimes he passes close to where I stand, and I long to spring upon him and to hug him to my breast whereon, in infancy, his head reposed. I pray that I could speak to him, give him a kiss, and bless him; but he is never alone. He is always playing with, or talking to, the other little boys at the same school. It seems hard that he should be so joyous, while his own mother is so wretched. Of what use to me is the property I have, when I cannot touch or be recognised by my own flesh and blood? You know the master of the school?"

"Yes."

"Could you not ask him to allow my child to visit you? And then I could see him once more and speak to him. You were a friend of his father, and the request would not seem strange."

I felt myself placed in a very awkward position, and would make no promise; but I told the woman I would consider the matter, and let her know on the following day, provided she would stay at home, and not visit the rock upon the road any more. She strove hard to extract a pledge that I would yield to her request; but, difficult as it was to deny her anything—she was still so beautiful and so interesting—I would not commit myself, and held to what I had in the first instance stated.

I paid a visit to the school at which my friend's child had been placed, by his uncle, a captain in the East India Company's service. I saw some thirty scholars, of all colors, on the play-ground; but I soon recognized the

boy whom I was so curious to see. He was indeed very like his father, not only in the face and figure, but in manner, gait, and bearing. I called to the little fellow, and he came and took my hand with a frankness which charmed me. The Schoolmaster told me that the boy was very clever, and that although only six years old, there were but few of his playmates whom he did not excel. "His father was an old friend of mine," I said. "Indeed our acquaintance began when we were not older than this child. Would you have any objection to allow the boy to spend a day with me?"

"I promised his uncle," was the schoolmaster's reply, "that he should not go out, and that I would watch him closely; but, of course, he will be quite safe with you. Any day that you please to send for him, he shall be ready."

"Does he know anything of his mother?" I inquired.

"Nothing," said the schoolmaster. "He was very young when he came to me. I have no idea, who, or what, or where the mother is, for his uncle did not enter into the particulars of his parentage. The mother must have been very fair, if she were a native; the boy is so very slightly touched with the tar-brush."

I went home, and sent for the mother. She came; and I entreated her to forego her request, for the child's sake. I represented to her that it might unsettle him and cause him to be discontented. I assured her that he was now as happy and as well taken care of as any mother could desire her offspring to be. On hearing this, the poor woman became frantic. She knelt at my feet, and supplicated me to listen to her entreaty—a sight of her child, a few words with him, and a kiss from his lips. She said she did not wish him to know that she was his mother; that if I would have him brought into my house, she would dress in the garb of a servant woman, or *syce's* (groom's) wife, and talk to the boy without his being aware that she was the person who had brought him into the world.

"And you will not play me false?" said I, moved by her tears. "You will not, when you have once got hold of the boy, decline to relinquish that hold, and defy his friends —as mothers *have* done—to take him from you, except by an order of Court? Remember, Dooneea," (that was her name) "that I am running a great risk; and am, moreover, deceiving the schoolmaster, and behaving badly to the boy's uncle, by allowing myself to be swayed by your tears and my own feelings. Consider what disgrace you will bring upon me, if you fail to keep your word in this matter." She bound herself by an oath that she would do all I required, if I would only give her the longed for interview.

"To-morrow, at twelve," said I, "you may come here. At that hour, in this room, the child shall be with me. Come in the dress of a poor woman, and bring an infant with you. Let your excuse be that you have come to complain of the ill-treatment you have received from your husband, who is in my service. This will give me an opportunity of bidding you remain until justice be done, and meanwhile you will see the boy; and when I go out of the room, which will be only for a short time, you can talk with him. Do you know your part, Dooneea?"

"Yes, Sahib."

"To-morrow at twelve. Salaam, Dooneea!"

"Salaam, Sahib." She went away with a cheerful countenance.

There are no such actors in the world as the people of Hindostan. The boy came to me a little before twelve, and was reading to me, when Dooneea, with a child in her arms, and dressed in the shabbiest apparel, rushed into the room, and commenced an harangue. She said she had been beaten unmercifully by her husband, for no cause whatever; that he had broken one of her fingers, and had attempted to stab her; but she had saved her life by flight. All this she accompanied with gesticulations and tears, according to the custom of complainants in the East. I feigned to be very angry with her husband, and hastily left the room, as if to make inquiry and to send for him.

I ran round to an outer door, and peeped in upon Dooneea and her boy. She was repeatiug the same tale to the child, and the child was imploring her not to cry. It was a strange scene. The tears she was now shedding were not mock tears. The boy asked her how her husband came to beat her? She began thus: "I was sitting near the fire talking to my eldest boy, and had my arm round his waist—there, just as I put my arm round your waist—and I said to the boy, "It is getting very late and you must go to sleep," and I pulled him to my breast—like this—and gave him a kiss on his forehead, then on his eyes —there—just as gently as that, yes, just like that. Well, the boy began to cry—"

"Why did he cry? Because you told him to go bed?"

"Yes," said Dooneea; but his father came in, and thought I was teazing the child. He abused me, and then he beat me."

The woman gazed at her child; and, having a good excuse for weeping in her alleged wrongs, she did not scruple to avail herself of it. From behind the screen which concealed me from her sight, and that of the boy, I, too, shed tears of pity.

I returned to the room, and said, "Dooneea, since you are afraid of your life, do not leave this house until I tell you to do so; but give your infant to the sweeper's wife to take care of. I do not like young children in my house."

How thankful she was! She placed her

head upon my feet, and cracked her knuckles over my knees.

Charles Lamb says that the children of the poor are adults from infancy. The same may be said of the children of the rich in India. Dooneea's little boy discussed the conduct of the cruel husband, and sympathised with the ill-used wife, as though he had been called upon to adjudicate the affair in a Court of Justice. He even went so far as to say, "What a wicked man to beat such a dear-looking woman!" and he gave Dooneea the rupee which I had given to him on the day previous when I saw him at the school. With what delight did Dooneea tie up that piece of coin, from the child's hand, in the corner of her garment! It seemed far more precious to her than all the jewels which his dead father had presented to her in days gone by. It was a gift frem her own child, who was living but, to her, dead. Dooneea spoke Persian—a language the boy did not understand. His father had taught Dooneea that language in order that their servant might not know the tenor of their discourse. In that language Dooneea now spoke to me, in the boy's presence.

"Is he not very like his father?" she said.

"Very," I replied.

"Will he be as clever?"

"He is too young for any one to judge of that."

"But he will be as generous," (she pointed to the coin) "and he will be as tall, as good-looking, as passionate, as gentle, and as kind."

The boy's boots were muddy. Dooneea observed this, and with her own little hands cleaned them; and smiling, she asked him for a present, in that tone and manner which the poorest menial in Hindostan adopts when addressing the most haughty superior.

The boy blushed, and looked at me.

"Have you nothing to give her?" said I.

"Nothing," said he; "I gave her my rupee."

"Give her that pretty blue ribbon which is round your nec,k and I will give you one like it," said I.

He took the ribbon from his neck and gave it to Dooneea.

Dooneea twisted the ribbon in her hair, and began to weep afresh.

"Do not cry, you silly woman," said I; "I will see that your husband does not beat you again."

She understood me, and dried her tears.

Dooneea again spoke to me in Persian. "Sahib," said she, "they do not wash the children properly at that school. Order me to do this."

"Charley, why did you come to me in this state, with your neck unwashed?" I asked the boy.

"We only wash in warm water once a week; on Saturdays," he replied. "This is Thursday."

"But I cannot allow you to dine with me in this state," said I, in Hindoostanee. "You must be well washed, my boy. Dooneea, give the child a bath."

With reluctant steps, the child followed his mother to my bathing-room. I peeped through the purdah; for I began to fear that I should have some trouble in parting the mother from her child, and half repented that I had ever brought them together. While Dooneea was brushing the child's hair, she said, "*Toomara mama kahanhai?*—Where is your mother?"

The boy answered, "I do not know."

I began to cough, to inform Dooneea that I was within hearing, and that I objected to that strain of examination. She ceased immediately.

I had an engagement to ride with a lady on the Mall. My horse was braught to the door; but I was afraid to leave Dooneea alone with the boy, notwithstanding her solemn promise that she should not run off with him. Yet I did not like to hurry that eternal separation on earth which, for the boy's sake, I was determined their separation should be.

I walked up and down my verandah for some time, meditating how I could part them. At last it occurred to me that I would send the boy away to his school by stratagem, and trust to chance how I might best explain to Dooneea that he would not return. I ordered a *syce* (groom) to saddle a little pony that I possessed, and told Dooneea that I wished the boy to take a ride with me, and that while we were absent, she ought to take some food. It stung me to the soul to witness how innocent she was of my intentions; for she seemed pleased that I should show her child so much attention as to be seen in public with him.

As soon as we were out of sight of my house, I took the road for Landour, delivered the boy over to his schoolmaster, told my groom to keep the pony out till after dark, cantered to the Mall, kept my engagement, and returned to my home at about half-past seven o'clock. There was Dooneea waiting for us in the verandah.

"Where is the boy?" she inquired, on finding me return alone.

I gave her no reply; but dismounted and approached her. Taking hold of her wrists, I said, in the gentlest voice, "Dooneea, I have fulfilled my promise. You have seen your child, you have spoken to him, you have kissed him. Enough. He has now gone back to school. You must not see him again, if you really love him."

She trembled in my grasp, looked piteously in my face, gasped several times for breath, as though she longed to speak, and swooned at my feet. I lifted her, carried her into the house, and laid her upon my bed; then sent for her servants, and for a doctor, who lived near my bungalow. The doctor came. While he felt her pulse, and placed his hand over

her heart, I briefly explained to him what had taken place. He still kept his finger on the vein, and gazed on Dooneea's beautiful face. Blood began to trickle from her nostrils, and from her ears, staining the bed linen and the squalid garments in which she had attired herself. In a few minutes the doctor released his hold of her wrist. "Poor thing!" he ejaculated. "Her troubles are over! She is at rest!

"———— Never more on her
Shall sorrow light, or shame!"

She was dead.

* * * * *

The old woman whom Dooneea called "mother," and the soldier-like looking youth whom she called "brother," decamped with her jewels and movables, including my dog, Duke; but the house near Hurdwar, and the bank shares—property to the value of about four thousand pounds—remain invested in the names of trustees for the benefit of the boy; who will, I trust, make good use of his little fortune, when he becomes of age.

THE CHARCOAL AND THE DIAMOND.

Charcoal and diamond are precisely the same in chemical atoms; some secret process of crystallization alone constitutes the difference between them and when subjected to a powerful and concentrated heat, the gem is reduced to mere carbon.—*Philosophical Notes.*

The greenwood paths were thick and long,
The sunny noontide shed its glow;
The lark was lazy in its song,
The brook was languid in its flow.

And so I sat me down to rest,
Where grass and trees were densely green,
And found dear Nature's honest breast
The same that it had ever been.

It nurtured, as it did of old,
With Love and Hope and Faith and Prayer;
And if the truth must needs be told,
I've had my best of nursing there.

I sat me down—I pulled a flower,—
I caught a moth—then let it fly;
And thus a very happy hour,
Perchance it might be two, went by.

A fragment from a fuel stack,
Brushed by a hasty Zephyr's wing,
Fell, in its rayless garb of black,
Beside my one dear jewelled ring.

I snatched no more the censor bell;
I held no dappled moth again;
I felt the dreamer's dreamy spell,
And thus it bound my busy brain.

* * * * * *

There lies the charcoal, dull and dark,
With noxious breath and staining touch;
Here shines the gem whose flashing spark
The world can never praise too much.

How worthless that—how precious this,
How meanly poor—how nobly rich;
Dust that a peasant could not miss,
Crystal that claims a golden niche.

There lies the charcoal, dim and low—
Here gleams the diamond, high in fame;
While well the sons of Science know
Their atom grains are both the same.

Strange Alchemy of secret skill!
What varied workings from one cause!
How great the Power and the Will
That prompts such ends and guides such laws.

Do we not trace in human form
The same eccentric, wondrous mould?
The lustre-spirit purely warm,
The beamless being, darkly cold?

Do we not find the heart that keeps
A true immortal fire within?
Do we not see the mind that leaps
O'er all the pitfalls dug by Sin?

Do we not meet the wise, the kind,
The good, the excellent of earth,
The rare ones that appear designed
To warrant Man's first Eden birth?

Oh! many a fair and priceless gem
Is fashioned by the hidden hand,
To stud Creation's diadem,
And fling God's light upon the land.

And do we not look round and see
The sordid, soulless things of clay,
Sterile and stark as heart can be,
Without one scintillating ray?

Bosoms that never yield a sigh,
Save when some anguish falls on self—
Hands that but seek to sell and buy,
Grown thin and hard in counting pelf?

Brains, pent in such a narrow space
That Spirit has no room to stir;
Wills, that where'er may be their place,
Seem only fit to act and err?

We boast the demi-god sublime,
We spurn the wretch of baneful mood—
One linked divinely with "all time,"
The other stamped with "reign of blood."

Strange Alchemy of secret skill!
That thus sends forth in mortal frame,
The gem of Good—the dross of Ill—
Yet both in elements the same.

An angel's glory lights this eye,
A demon's poison fills that breath;
Yet, undistinguished they shall lie,
Passed through the crucible of Death.

What is the inspiration held?
Where is the essence that refines?
How is the carbon gloom dispelled?
Whence is the jewel light that shines?

* * * * * *

The dream was o'er—I started up,
  I saw a spreading oak above;
I tried to snatch an acorn cup—
  I strove to mock a cooing dove.

I had been weaving idle thought
  In cobwebs, o'er my foolish brain,
And so I snapped the warp, and sought
  The common thread of life again.

But still methinks this wonder theme
  Of Mind debased and Soul divine—
This Diamond and Charcoal dream,
  Might haunt a wiser head than mine.

CELESTIAL LOVE.

In the Celestial Empire, love-matters are managed by a confidant, or go-between, and the billets-doux written to one another by the papas. At Amoy, a marriage was recently concluded between the respectable houses of Tan and O; on which occasion the following epistles, copied from the *Panama Herald*, passed between the two old gentlemen:—

From Papa Tan:—"The ashamed younger brother, surnamed Tan, named Su, with washed head makes obeisance, and writes this letter to the greatly virtuous and honourable gentleman whose surname is O, old teacher, great man, and presents it at the foot of the gallery. At this season of the year the satin curtains are enveloped in mist, reflecting the beauty of the river and hills, in the fields of the blue gem are planted rows of willows close together, arranging and diffusing the commencement of genial influences, and consequently adding to the good of the old year.

"I duly reverence your lofty door. The guest of the Sue country descends from a good stock, the origin of the female of the Hui country likewise (is so too.) You have received their transforming influences, resembling the great effects produced by rain, much more you, my honourable nearly-related uncle, your good qualities are of a very rare order. I, the mean one, am ashamed of myself, just as rotten wood is in the presence of aromatic herbs. I now receive your indulgence inasmuch as you have listened to the words of the match-maker, and given Miss S. in marriage to the mean one's eldest son, named Kang: your assenting to it is worth more to me than a thousand pieces of gold. The marriage business will be conducted according to the six rules of propriety, and I will reverently announce the business to my ancestors with presents of gems and silks. I will arrange the things received in your basket, so that all who tread the threshold of my door may enjoy them. From this time forward two surnames will be united, and I trust the union will be a felicitous one, and last for a hundred years, and realise the delight experienced by the union of the two countries Chin and Chin. I hope that your honorable benevolence and consideration will defend me unceasingly. At present the dragon flies in Sin Hai term, the first month, lucky day. I, Mr. Su, bow respectfully. Light before."

From Papa O:—"The younger brother surnamed O, named Tus, of the family to be related by marriage, washes his head clean, knocks his head and bows, and writes this marriage-letter in reply to the far famed and virtuous gentleman surnamed Tan, the venerable teacher and great man who manages this business. At this season the heart of the plum-blossom is increasingly white; at the beginning of the first month it opens its petals. The eyebrows of the willow shoot out their green, when shaken by the wind it displays its glory, and grows luxuriantly into five generations. 'Tis matter for congratulation the union of 100 years. I reverence your lofty gate. The prognostic is good, also the divination of the lucky bird. The stars are bright, and the dragons meet together. In every succeeding dynasty office will be held, and for many a generation official vestments will be worn, not only those of your family surname will enjoy all the aforementioned felicity—more especially will your honourable gentlemen who possess abilities great and deep, whose manners are dignified and pure. I, the foolish one, am ashamed of my diminutiveness. I for a long time have desired your dragon powers, now you have not looked down upon me with contempt, but have entertained the statements of the match-maker, and agree to give Mr. Kang to be united to my despicable daughter. We all wish the girl to have her hair dressed, and the young man to put on his cap of manhohd. The peach-flowers just now look beautiful, the red plum also looks gay. I praise your son, who is like a fairy horse who can cross over through water, and is able to ride upon the wind and waves; but my tiny daughter is like a green window and a feeble plant, and is not worthy of becoming the subject of verse.

"Now I reverently bow to your good words, and make use of them to display your good-breeding. Now I hope your honourable benevolence will always remember me without end. Now the dragon flies in the Sin Hai term, first month, lucky day. Mr. Tu makes obeisance. May the future be prosperous!"

In external appearance, these letters, as we learn from the Panama paper, are equally curious:—"Each of them is about the size of one of the *Citizen's* pages, and consists of a rich frame composed of something like our papier maché, inside of which is artistically folded a scroll of richly-tinted crimson paper, studded with the golden letters that convey the words of love and modesty. The outer surface is likewise emblazoned with a quantity of raised work, representing robes of honour, tails of distinction, the smallest of all small shoes, peacock's feathers, and a variety of other equally tasteful designs, which are supposed to be emblematic of the vast accession to the wealth and honor of both contracting houses, that may be expected to flow from the union of the gallant Su Tan, junior, and the accomplished Miss Tu O."

"Did your fall hurt you?" said one Patlander to another who had fallen from the top of a two-storey-house. "Not in the least, honey: 'twas stoppin' so quick that hurt me."

THE COUNSELLOR'S FAMILY.

A TALE ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE DOMESTIC MANNERS OF GERMAN SWITZERLAND.

BY MADAME WOLFENSBERGER.

It was the last day in June, when, with many tears, and an infinite deal of pleasure, I bade adieu to my schoolfellows at a German boarding-school, where I had passed two years in learning, under a sort of military discipline, every variety of accomplishment, from the making of artificial flowers and paste-board boxes, to philosophy, ballet-dancing, and metaphysics, with good German and tolerable French. In the two last I had alone made any considerable progress, when I was recalled to my home at Z——, one of the principal towns of German Switzerland: for my father thought he had already spent too much money on my education, and my mother was impatient to clasp me again in her arms. For my part I soon forgot my schoolfellows in the joyful hope of meeting her, and my favorite brother Albert, and my little sister Cleopha on the morrow.

Of my father I had no very distinct idea, for, according to the usual habits of most of his fellow citizens, he was all day, except at dinner, in his office, and all the evening in a coffee-house or a club. I knew that he did not belong to one of the five or six rich families who consider themselves the chiefs of our little world, and, priding themselves on a certain indefinable kind of nobility, devote their principal energies to maintain their money undiminished, which they have mostly gained by trade, and their blood, without the contamination of inferior alliances. But still he was a town-counsellor, and one of the most respectable and wealthy citizens of Z——. His father had been burgomaster, or chief magistrate, and he had inherited a property of not less than five thousand pounds, with a handsome old house in a principal street, near the outskirts of the town, with a pretty garden, court-yard, and running fountain. It contained two flats, or apartments, besides that occupied by his family, which were together let for sixty pounds a year, so that, with the profits of his business as a silk-merchant (a trade in which even the five or six noble families are engaged), and his place of town-counsellor, which brought him somewhat less than twenty pounds a year, my father was a rich man. Yet, excepting the extraordinary effort he had made in sending me, to please my mother, to a German academy, he rigidly maintained the customs of his ancestors, like the rest of his fellow-citizens; which, I had learned enough from my schoolfellows to know, were very different from the habits of great towns in other countries.

My brother Albert, a handsome youth of seventeen, came to meet me as far as Strasbourg; and I shall never forget my joy, when, at the end of my journey, I sprang from the diligence, and was clasped in my mother's arms. My father had left his office an hour sooner than usual, to accompany her and my little sister Cleopha to receive me in the great yard of the post-house, and his broad happy face was bright with smiles as he kissed me in his turn; and even our maid Rosa, who was there to carry my baggage, shook me like an old friend by the hand.

I thought our white-washed house had never looked so bright and gay, as when, surrounded by my family, all laughing and talking together, we approached it, and entered its old-paved passage. The walls of the staircase were only white-washed, but though it was common to three families, the walnut tree steps and huge linen closets on the landing-places were all bright with hard rubbing. Nor did the extraordinary cleanliness of our dwelling-house on the third story strike me less forcibly. My German school had been clean and orderly, but my father's house was the perfection of neatness, and tears filled my mother's eyes when I admired it—for all the niceties of the household resulted from the labor of her own hands. She, and a charwoman, and her servant, had all been busily employed for more than a week in putting things in order for my reception.

"Now I have got you to help me in my household affairs, dearest," she said; "I need no longer get up at five o'clock in the morning."

I looked at my mother anxiously. Pale, delicate, and prematurely old, she seemed little equal to labor of any kind, and yet her small hand was spoilt by toil. Her sweet, unpretending manner, though it could not be called graceful, was as decidedly that of a gentlewoman as any one I had seen since my absence. I remembered she was gifted with an extraordinary talent for music, which, as no singing societies existed in her time, had never been cultivated; and, even as a child, I had venerated her for the calm good nature with which she had ruled our rebellious humors. I kissed her, and told her "it was pleasant to me to think the time was at last come when I could be useful to her, I hoped, in many ways."

As I looked around me, it seemed not a day had passed since my departure. All things remained the same. Our household consisted only of one maid, and a lad, who, when not employed in the office, kept the garden in order. Rosa was a native of Aargau, and wore the white linen sleeves, black boddice, and two long tresses of plaited hair down her back, which are the costume of her canton. Whilst I was a child, neither my brother nor I had ever known the imprisonment of a nursery, nor the tyranny of a nursery-maid; and I found my little sister was allowed to run alone to and fro to the town day-school, and to play on the street during holidays with her companions, and to do little errands for her mother, just as I and all my playfellows had done half a dozen years before. Her hands and arms had lost their beauty for want of gloves, but nobody cared for that, for she was the best knitter and reader of her class, and the merriest little creature living.

The walnut tree chairs and tables wore as bright a polish as formerly—the stuff-covered sofa, and the small square carpet, spread under the table before it, were still as good as new—the geraniums and cactus were in blow, as in former years, in the window—my father's spitting-box stood in its accustomed corner—and the huge old blue and white stove, which had warmed our forefathers, still occupied nearly a quarter of the

room. My father's mother. an old lady in a clean lace cap, cotton gown, and silk apron, who arose to welcome me, held the same eternal stocking in her hand which she had been knitting ever since I remembered her. It was her custom to sit all day in a little projecting window, commanding a view up and down the street—nor did she leave it till my mother told us that supper was ready in the dining-room. She then led the way through the adjoining bed-rooms, which were those of the family; though the curtainless beds, covered down flat with white coverlids, trimmed with lace and embroidery, had no appearance of ever being occupied, and no other evidence appeared of the chambers being used as dormitories. In fact, I well knew that in my mother's establishment the affairs of the toilet were conducted with the utmost simplicity, and that all the bed-rooms were open as passage rooms to all the family from an early hour of the day.

We spent a merry evening, though our supper only consisted of soup and a fried omelette—and we were all in bed and asleep before half-past ten o'clock.

The following day was my father's name-day, which it was the custom to celebrate as a fête, by giving what is called a family party, to which none but relations are invited. As eating and drinking are the principal amusements on such occasions, we were all very busy during the day in making the necessary culinary arrangements. My little sister was sent into the town on different commissions, which greatly delighted her, because the pastry-cook gave her a tart, and the grocer a handful of raisins. It was my task to go in search of the most important articles, and especially of certain little cakes resembling wafers, called huppli, which are an indispensable part of a desert. They are sold for ten a half-penny; and a good woman who made them was in the habit of coming once a fortnight to fill the little tin box in which my mother kept them on her stove to preserve their crispness; but for some reason she had delayed her visit, and at the last moment I was sent in quest of her. The great difficulty in Swiss housekeeping is to know where things can be purchased. If you want a piece of roast pig, you must clamber up a dozen flights of dark stairs, where your nose is regaled by a combination of refreshing odors, till, after knocking at half a dozen wrong doors, you arrive at a bed-room, heated to suffocation by an enormous stove, where an old woman in a night-cap will undertake to furnish you not only with the pig in question, but with every variety of wild swine, and tame swine, of venison, game, and poultry, hot and cold, with sauces, or without; and in spite of the stairs, and the smells, and the stove, and the night-cap, when the old woman's productions arrive on your table they would tempt the appetite of the most fastidious epicure. Though I saw shoals of fish in our lake basking happily in the sunshine, I began to imagine that not a single fish out of water was to be found throughout the whole town, when I discovered by accident that an ample supply was to be procured, not at a fishmonger's, for that with us is an unknown trade, but in a shipmaster's cellar. Mushrooms I purchased at a milliner's; whilst, in another shop I found pens and candles, oil colors, and Parmesan cheese on the same shelves; and though the grocer would have supplied me to my heart's content with tea and Bologna sausages, he could not furnish me with an ounce either of barley or rice. Almonds and raisins he condescends to sell, but dates and figs he leaves to the apothecary, who likewise keeps a plentiful supply of pot-herbs, which are not to be discovered in any other corner of the town. The varieties of bread are without end, and every individual baker excels in some particular kind. One has a reputation for short bread, another for long; one makes tea cakes, another twist; the conductor of a diligence sells the best white bread in the town, and the depôt for country brown loaves is in a tailor's front parlor. My last task was to purchase the huppli. I naturally concluded they were to be found in a shop. But in vain I walked up and down the steep old narrow street to which I had been directed—no visible traces either of the old woman or her huppli were to be found. In despair I applied to a man sawing firewood before an open door—and my hopes revived when, though I did not know her name, I found she had a town reputation, and the woodcutter laid down his saw to point out her dwelling. Great was my astonishment when, instead of a pastry-cook's, I was directed to a barber's shop in quest of the favorite cakes. Undismayed, however, by the image of the bewigged and mustachioed gentleman in the window, I ventured to put my head in at the door, and pronounce the magic word huppli, which had so far proved my passport on this voyage of discovery. In answer to my inquiry, a pretty Bernese maid, with two long tails like a Chinese, directed me to the third story of the mansion. I was forthwith forwarded into a dark passage, from whence led a yet darker staircase. At the summit of this almost perpendicular ascent, after knocking at a door and repeating my password, a little girl ushered me into a very gloomy, but remarkably clean kitchen; a wood fire was blazing on the hearth—a most unusual sight in this land of stoves—before which stood paste of various descriptions. In an inner room I found my worthy cake merchant, not behind a counter, but seated at a round table with her sister and her servant, with great cups of coffee before them, and a huge dish of fried potatoes in the middle of the uncovered table, from which they were very amicably eating in concert with their respective iron spoons, which conveyed the vegetable to their mouth without the intervention of a plate.

I was most joyfully received. A great tin box full of huppli was quickly produced, and the portion I desired enveloped, with many pins and much difficulty, in two odd bits of paper. I then took my departure with my own parcel down the mysterious labyrinth by which I had ascended, no longer astonished at the cheapness of my cakes, when I found no money was to be added to their intrinsic value either for shop rent, or errand boy, or paper, or twine—and thus, though there is no want of elegant shops in Z——, hundreds of honest people gain a livelihood by their industry, without the risk of capital, or the necessity of making an appearance.

I found everything in order for our party when I reached home. The drawing-room was opened

on this extraordinary occasion. It was the largest chamber in our suite of apartments. Its doors were of solid walnut tree; its stuccoed ceiling, and the crimson satin damask on its walls, to match the stiff-backed sofa and chairs, were all in the old French taste. Its boarded floor had no carpet, except a square piece under the table before the sofa; but its white muslin curtains, a handsome mirror, with a time-piece beneath it, and a few pictures by the Swiss landscape painters, Gessner, Wust, and Heiss, now all dead, gave it an air of gaiety and comfort. The tea things were placed ready on the table, and a dumb waiter near was well furnished with China plates and little dishes of sweetmeats. Several pretty presents, worked for my father on his name-day, by his female relatives, lay on a little table; and, whilst we were examining these, the company invited for the evening arrived.

Everybody entered unannounced; for our maid Rosa knew nothing about such ceremonies. The company consisted of my father's sister and her husband, Mr. Staatsrath Schindler, a worthy man, and a state counsellor, with a salary of a hundred a year. The lady was a little, thin, peevish woman, without a tooth in her head. My mother's brother, a president of some council or another, with his wife, Mrs. President Grossman, came next; and then a retired director of something and his lady, a first cousin of my grandmother's whom we all called Frau Base, and everybody else honored with the title of Fra Alt Director. All the gentlemen wore their surtouts, except my father, who appeared in his dressing-gown without any apology. The ladies had brought the stockings they were knitting, which, after carefully depositing their gloves in their pockets, they had just produced, when Rosa made her appearance with a tea kettle and a burning lamp under it. We displayed the luxury of a silver teapot and sugar-basin on this occasion, but sugar tongs there were none. My mother made the tea. It was very weak and all green. None of the gentlemen drank it; and after a little laughing about "October tea," my mother gave me a sign to follow her, and we both left the room. To my surprise, I found we were to go down to the cellar, in search of wine, which, as my father liked it cool, he insisted should never be brought up till the last moment. This done, we re-entered the drawing-room in state with our bottles; the maid following with a basket of bread, a dish of sliced Bologna sausage, and a tray of large glasses, which my mother went round and filled for each gentleman, not only at first, but every time they were empty.

Whilst my father and his friends were drinking wine, and talking over the politics of the Canton, at one side of the room, the ladies, when their tea was finished, sat, every one with a little plate of sweetmeats before her, discussing the private affairs of the same community. To have judged by their comments, the morals of their neighbors were in a very lax condition.

"Have you heard this terrible business of Mrs. Oberrichter Hotz? Everybody declares there must be a divorce," said Mrs. President Grossman."

"I always knew how it would be," returned Mrs. Staatsrath Schindler. with a malicious smile.

"She is an intimate friend of Mrs. Mang's, is she not?" inquired my mother.

"Oh yes," returned Mrs. Staatstrath; "they suit each other perfectly. They are both learned ladies—both so clever—they do nothing but spend their husbands' money for dress, and sit on a sofa, and read all day long."

"Frau Mang wrote me some verses on my little dog that died, and they were very pretty indeed," said the good-natured Frau Base; "they were all about moonshine and dew, and something about angels and roses at the end, I could not quite understand."

"Indeed!" rejoined my mother; "she is a charming woman; and if she is cleverer than other people, she has no pretension."

"I beg your pardon, Frau Meyer," said the sour Mrs. Staatstrath; "I quite forgot you were an advocate for all the modern improvements in female education, and schools where German professors give lectures on history, and young ladies learn gymnastics, and everything but what our mothers thought useful. For my part, I am sorry I cannot be of your opinion; for I am sure the men don't like it. My husband would never have married a woman that was not a good cook for all the gold in the Canton."

"And I never see much good in wasting money for music masters," said Mrs. Grossman, who could not distinguish a waltz from a dead march; "when the girls have nobody to play to but one another. It is different in Paris and London, where they say men and women meet in large parties; but with us, I am sure such accomplishments are all lost time, except a young woman means to give lessons at sevenpence an hour to buy her own clothes."

My mother made no reply, but took the first opportunity of leaving the room, when I had to support a thorough cross-questioning from all the ladies present, as to all I had seen, done, and heard, during my absence. I was at first somewhat disconcerted; but I soon learnt that it is the universal practice to fill up all pauses in conversation by asking questions. In about ten minutes, this was put a stop to by my mother's returning, and announcing supper.

My father immediately gave his arm to Mrs. Staatstrath, and the rest of the company followed in due order. A prettily arranged glass basket of fruit and flowers in the middle of the table, with plenty of silver spoons and forks, made all look gay, though everything was served on common white ware. A light soup was first served round, and then a deep dish of stew, called Spanish soup—composed of beef and cabbage, and sausages and ham—was presented to everybody by the maid. It was the business of my little sister and myself to change the plates—it is not the custom in our town to change the knives and forks. Everybody wipes them on their bread. My mother several times disappeared into the kitchen, which nobody remarked, and when she had resumed her place, a large flat cold patty, of somewhat solid paste, filled with a cold savoury jelly, made its appearance on one dish, and four roast ducks, stuffed with potatoes, on another.

My father cut up the birds on a pewter dish beside him, and they were then handed round. Everybody ate as if it was the first meal in the

day, and drank in proportion. Each gentleman had a bottle of common wine beside him, but after the roast, it was my father's duty to draw the corks of various superior sorts, such as fine Winterthur wine of 1834, wine from the Lake of Geneva, and, lastly, champagne, and then to go round and fill the glasses of all the company as fast as they were emptied. A great dish of whipped cream, fashioned into the form of a hen upon its nest, then made its appearance, flanked by two dishes of sweet cakes and pastry, which excited loud exclamations of delight from my little sister, without our parents thinking it at all necessary to check her mirth; and finally, when all other eatables were removed, two plates of the huppli, it had cost so much trouble to find, and two plates of segars, were placed on the table.

The Staatsrath said something about hoping smoking was not disagreeable to my mother, at which my father and all the ladies laughed, and then every gentleman lighted a segar, and commenced puffing away in good earnest, till it was soon scarcely possible to see across the room. The company was then very merry, and began to drink toasts, the first of which was my father's health. At this everybody arose, and everybody knocked their glass against everybody else's glass; and as the tables were very long, there was a considerable crowding, and stretching, and confusion, before it was perfectly accomplished. This, however, was scarcely done, when the President thought it necessary to propose my mother's health, in consequence of which my father had again to proceed to the drawing of corks, and the same knocking of glasses ensued, only with more noise and confusion than before. A good many bottles of wine were drank, and a considerable number of segars disappeared in smoke, but I do not remember that anything particularly witty or amusing was said by anybody during the whole evening. At eleven o'clock, the company arose to depart. The ladies being then duly enveloped in bonnets and shawls, each gentleman slipped a shilling for himself and his wife into our maid Rosa's hand. If he had been a bachelor, he would only have been expected to give sixpence. After which they all trotted off home—a maid and a lantern leading the way before each couple.

After my residence in Germany, nothing appeared to me so extraordinary during the whole evening, as the coarse old German dialect in which the conversation was carried on. I understood it, because it was the language of my childhood; yet it grated with unpleasant harshness on my ears. But of this I dared not say a syllable, for I well knew everybody was proud of it, and that the ladies would rather have spoken French than good German.

The ground floor of my father's house was occupied by a certain Dr. Keller, a druggist. Though a druggist cannot enter the first society in our town, and holds a very inferior place in the scale of gentility compared with my father, still, if he has good connections and is rich, he is considered in some measure as a gentleman. But Dr. Keller did not strive to make the most of his position. His wife only associated with a few old women of no particular class, and he kept no society at all, except in a beer-house, or a café. We saluted them when we met, and that was all; but my brother had formed an intimacy with a young student from the country, who boarded in the family.

One lovely summer evening, I walked with my mother to a rustic tea garden, kept by a pleasant innkeeper, on a beautiful point of the mountain above the town, to drink our coffee, and eat a certain kind of cake made of fried butter. By accident, we found my brother there already with his friend. Ulmer, sitting under the trellised vines, where there were more than fifty other people assembled, enjoying the prospect, with each a segar in his mouth, and a large bottle of beer between them. They could not avoid making room for us at their table, as all the others were full. Ulmer was then about seventeen, and one of the handsomest, noblest looking youths I had ever beheld. He entered at once, without awkward diffidence, into an agreeable conversation with my mother. I said little; but I listened attentively, and I soon discovered with delight that his mind was amply stored with the knowledge of which I had only caught glimpses during the last two years of my life.

He walked home with us by the clear light of the moon that summer evening, and my mother was so pleased with the young man's company, that she invited him to visit us sometimes with her son. Two days afterwards, Albert brought him to breakfast. The meal with us was very simple, consisting of nothing but good hot coffee and boiling milk, with a loaf of bread, from which every one could cut at pleasure, all served in the commonest utensils, without a table cloth; but Ulmer declared it was quite a feast.

"I was always used to coffee at home," he said, laughing, "but Dr. Keller is not so extravagant."

"What does he give you, then?" was my mother's simple question.

"Oh, you know he has a country house," returned the young man, "and he grows wild endive enough there, to make what he calls coffee enough for a whole regiment; but we have that only as a treat in the afternoon. In the morning we have a soup of water thickened with flour burnt brown, with fat bacon, or onions fried with grease, to give a relish to bread and hot water."

"I would protest against such treatment," said my brother impetuously.

"It is no use; it is the custom of the house," was Ulmer's reply.

"I hope your dinner is better than your breakfast," demanded my mother.

"Every day, since I have been there, we have regularly had two pounds of beef, cooked three hours in two gallons of water, which, when colored with bread crusts, is called soup; and as the two servant maids and the farming lad dine at the same table with us, in the old Swiss style, you may suppose the portion of meat that falls to my share is not very large. Luckily, we have a great dish of potatoes and fried onions, and another of chopped spinach, swimming in black looking grease, to make up for deficiencies."

"But, of course, on a Sunday," said my mother, "you have better fare?"

"Oh, the Doctor then regales us with a piece of his country-fed pork, dried in the wood smoke of the kitchen chimney, till it is as black as a coal, with the addition of sour kraut, made from his

own cabbages. and half decayed, or a dish of last year's French beans dried in the oven for winter's consumption, and which, when stewed in grease, have all the appearance of half-tanned leather."

We all laughed heartily at this description, and my mother declared she was astonished to hear that the Doctor, with his fortune, kept such a bad table, as many of our little shopkeepers lived much better. Out of compassion for Ulmer, my brother frequently invited him for the future; for, though we lived simply, our boiled beef, and bacon, and sour kraut, were all good of their kind, and such fare was frequently varied by roast meat, or delicate fried sausages. During many of his visits he found me alone, for my mother had her society or kind of club, which met once a-week, and the members of which had been selected by her parents in her childhood. My grandmother had also her society, on another day, and not only were all strangers excluded from both assemblies, but no other member of the family was permitted to appear in them. So far is this division of society carried, that two sisters have never the same acquaintances. If a morning visitor came to me, or my grandmother, my mother left the room; and we, in our turn, did the same. My father had his society, or Gesellschaft, also, which met at a coffee-house, and though he sometimes invited one or two gentlemen to dinner, they never called afterwards. My mother's Gesellschaft was what is called a mixed Gesellschalft—that is, the husbands of the ladies formed a part of it; but I invariably remarked, these gentlemen never made their appearance in the weekly assemblies, except on the occasion of some fête, when they were sure of getting a good solid supper, as they probably preferred their segar and their wine, in a coffee-room, to the tea and sweetmeats with which their ladies refreshed themselves. In fact, I heard every one, young or old, who belonged to these societies, complain of their stupidity. Those who are intimate cannot talk familiarly in the presence of others, and the conversation is commonly confined to dress or scandal. As such a system extends from the highest to the lowest classes, and most of our ladies have an absolute horor of female strangers, it cannot be expected that society should make any progress. As I had full liberty to dispose of myself as I pleased, several evenings in the week, I saw a great deal of Ulmer, and our acquaintsnce gradually ripened into love. One of my old schoolfellows, who lived opposite to us, was always ready to join me in a walk, and either she or my brother easily contrived to let Ulmer know where he was to meet us.

Our next step was to organise a Gesellschaft for ourselves. My mother made not the slightest objection to this, though it was composed of five young gentlemen and five young ladies, all under eighteen, and some of the former were known to be the most dissipated in the town. But their families were of the same standing, or rather superior to my own; and we had all been at the same town day-school, and had been partners at our juvenile balls. I was not yet fifteen; but, if my parents considered me still a child they were very much mistaken! Oh, those were happy days, when, without fathers or mothers to restrain our mirth, we made an excursion to dine, or pass the evening, at one of those inns which, in every part of Switzerland, have public and private apartments ever ready for such parties. A betrothal, a wedding, or any family anniversary, is generally celebrated by a dinner at a country inn; and to us such a festival was the summit of felicity. I shall never forget one party which was given by myself and my companions in honor of a member of our society, who was about to leave us to join a Swiss mercantile house in Milan. The expenses were equally divided amongst our parents. The two open carriages that were to convey us stood ready before our doors at six o'clock on a brilliant sunny morning in August. Our mothers were up to give us our coffee before our departure, and to be sure that we were nicely dressed; and that was all the care they took about us. I had been up at dawn, to arrange my hair in the nicest order, and thought I was as elegant as a Parisian belle, in a new white muslin dress, black silk scarf, and transparent straw bonnet. Moreover, Ulmer sat opposite to me in the carriage; and, though he never told me I was very pretty, he looked as if he thought so.

We arrived at our place of destination about nine o'clock. It was a large, old, gable-ended house, which, in the last century, had been the country residence of a burgomaster; but, at this time, it belonged to a peasant, who used it as an inn. It stood on the banks of the Lake of Zurich, in the midst of the most highly cultivated scenery, yet surrounded by old forests. that reached to the edge of its orchards, laden with fruit, and from whence there was a superb view of the upper lake, and a long range of Alps eternally covered with snow. We found an excellent breakfast of coffee, rich new milk, delicious butter, bee and pear honey, and several varieties of bread, awaiting us on a long table in the garden, to which we did honor, with much mirth and admirable appetites. The sun was very hot; and when our repast was finished, we all agreed to wander in the neighboring forest till dinner was ready at one o'clock. Sometimes we beguiled the time by singing in chorus, sometimes by different games, and, at last, we happlly discovered a large bed of huckle berries, and found ample occupation in gathering the fruit for one another. Yet this did not spoil our appetites for dinner, which we ate in what had been the old burgomaster's best parlor. The young men drank, at least, a bottle of wine and a bottle of beer each; yet, as both were very weak, their spirits were only agreeably elevated. We then had coffee, and the gentlemen smoked and played at bowls without their coats, whilst the young ladies admired their skill.

It was near sunset when we re-entered the carriages to return home, and a merry drive we had, for our esquires sang in chorus the whole way. But I believe none had been so truly, so entirely happy, as Ulmer and myself. He had found an opportunity of openly declaring his attachment, and I, for my part, first knew what it was to be thoroughly in love.

My mother never sought my confidence: her mind was fully occupied by her household concerns. She never seemed to remember that a young daughter might have need of her guidance and her counsel. In fact, I was left entirely to follow my own pleasure, when I had fulfilled certain duties that were expected of me. One of

these was the boiling down about two hundred pounds of fine fresh butter, for winter consumption in the cooking of vegetables, and the frying all kinds of cakes, meat, and omelettes.

It is a dangerous operation, even above our close kitchen fireplaces, and is usually performed in enormous kettles over a fire in the open air, when it is necessary to ladle the liquid butter perpetually up and down, to prevent its boiling over. My grandmother and I were busily employed in this occupation, with each a great pan before us, at separate fires in the court-yard, on the morning after Ulmer had confessed his love, when I was suddenly startled by his approaching us. My grandmother coldly returned his salutation; and, though I blushed redder than the fire had already made me, I could scarcely answer his inquiries concerning my health after the fatigues of the previous day.

"I am going to the theatre this evening," he whispered at length; "do contrive to come."

I looked at my grandmother, to ascertain if she had heard his proposal; I looked at Ulmer, whilst he pressed me to comply with his wishes. It certainly was a most unlucky moment to choose for making love. I forgot my cauldron, the butter boiled over; in one moment the flames sprang up like a burning mountain, and with a scream I called to my grandmother to escape. But she had the presence of mind to prevent further mischief, by ladling away at her own kettle as indefatigably as ever. Ulmer dragged me back from the flames, which in another moment would have caught my dress; and, seizing a bucket of water that stood near, he was about to empty it on the blazing butter, when my grandmother screamed out, "No water, no water, or it will fly out on all sides! Take your coat, or anything else to smother the flames."

Ulmer probably did not admire this alternative, but, tearing down from a neighboring line an armful of my grandmother's winter quilted petticoats, which, with fifty pairs of knit worsted stockings, were hung out to take the air, he threw the whole into the middle of the flames. The fire was extinguished; but the screams of the old lady were more violent than ever. Poor Ulmer offered many apologies, till, perceiving they only made matters worse, he left me, with a malicious smile, to get out of my difficulties as well as I could. All idea of escaping to the theatre for that night was at an end.

I observed that, whenever Ulmer afterwards made his appearance in the house, my grandmother regarded him with a very unfriendly eye. She frequently, likewise, gave my mother hints about the precocity of girls brought up in foreign boarding schools. "It was different in her days," she said, "when girls staid at home, and learnt their duty, and nothing but their duty."

"Ah," answered my sweet mother, with a sigh, "it would have made me truly happy had I been taught music at least."

"And what good would it have done you?" inquired the old lady peevishly. "I am sure your husband wanted nothing but a pretty, obedient housekeeper, and an honorable, well-born mother for his children, when he married; so music would have been quite thrown away."

"It would have been a comfort to myself in many sad and solitary hours," she returned gently.

"And would have taken up time you might have employed much better," said my grandmother, sharply, "I am sure a good mistress of a family has enough to do, to wash and dress her children, and look after her maid, and keep her silver and all her glass and china in order, and attend to the cellar, and receive the interest from the peasants who have borrowed her husband's money, and keep the accounts, and see to the cooking, and the linen, and the beds, to say nothing of darning and knitting stockings, or of the great wash, which is a serious affair."

I soon learnt that, as my grandmother said, the great wash was indeed a very serious affair. Luckily, it happened only twice a year, for it occupied at least a fortnight, and threw the whole household into confusion. My father was the only one in the establishment who escaped without some share in the labor, but even he was not allowed to receive a visitor during the period it lasted. As there were often more than *two thousand* articles in the wash, three washerwomen and three ironing women were kept constantly busy. My grandmother, my mother, and myself labored as if our bread depended upon our getting up fine linen, whilst my little sister, to her great delight, staid at home from school, to hang up small articles to dry in the garret, which, in every Swiss house, is appropriated to this purpose.

Yet there can be no economy in such a practice; for, to say nothing of the large provision of clothes and linen necessary for six months' use, the vast consumption of the helpers on these occasions must likewise be taken into account. Every woman brings a huge bundle of her own clothes to wash at her employer's expense; they have spirits and bread during the night, as much as they please, and each woman has six meals and three bottles of wine a day. In addition to all this, they steal without mercy; and one old woman, in passing my father on the door step, happening to slip her foot, the basket hidden under her shawl came to the ground, and sundry bottles of wine, and soap, and candles, &c., rolled far and wide.

My father, who had long vowed vengeance against the great wash, was in a terrible rage; and, had it not been for my grandmother, would at once have put an end to the nuisance, as he always called it. But he had not courage to inflict such a stroke upon her in her old age, and he left matters to take their course, only keeping more than ever from home, and going more than usual to the wine houses. Young as I was, I could not help remarking that such is an inevitable consequence of a man's not finding his home agreeable or amusing. My mother, who had never been out of her native town, in spite of her gentle character and natural talents, was incapable of rendering it so. She did not know how to set about it, and could have found no assistance from her neighbors. In fact, the men find it irksome, when not seeking to make love, to be obliged to make themselves rgreeable in female society, and the women consider the presence of men a disagreeable restraint.

At first, after my return home, I tried to amuse my brother by music and singing, so as to keep him at home in an evening; and Ulmer came to

practise trios; and I taught my little sister to waltz with them; and even my poor mother, who was a delighted spectator, sometimes joined in a chorus or dance with her son. But though all seemed delighted, it did not last long. Albert's comrades laughed at him, when they heard he spent his evenings with his mother and sister, and dragged him off, night after night, to some coffee or beer house, till he gradually lost the habit of returning at all to his house, in his leisure hours, and his manners acquired a negligent rudeness, the consciousness of which made him shrink from entering all polished society. His absence likewise kept Ulmer much away; and as winter approached, I rarely saw him, except on Sunday evenings, in our Gesellschaft, or when by accident he joined me in my box when I went to the theatre with my friend Meena, whose company was thought sufficient protection. He never failed on these occasions to walk home with me, when his attendance was sanctioned by the presence of our maid Rosa and her luminous lantern.

But maids will make their observations; and, moreover, in our town, they are famous for announcing such observations as soon as possible to their acquaintance in general. Many a reputation depends on their good word. In fact, a solitary servant, who with us is commonly on very familiar terms with her mistress, and is too old to hope to marry, has little to amuse her but the affairs of the family where she serves, which it is her chief relaxation to recount to all the maids of the neighborhood, whom she meets when she goes to wash her salad or her linen, at the public fountain. The fountain, without exaggeration, may be called the maids' coffee-house, for there the affairs of the whole town are discussed without respect to persons, the most petty scandal is eagerly recounted and greedily devoured, the characters of all the masters and mistresses in the town decided, and their private weaknesses and real qualities better understood than by their most intimate friends of their own class. And poor Rosa, without thinking she was doing any harm, felt particularly proud in announcing to her most intimate friend that her young mistress had got a lover; her intimate friend announced it to the whole town; and the whole town, anxious to ascertain the truth of the report, offered their congratulations to my father and mother wherever they went. They both positively denied it, but nobody believed them; and my mother began to have serious suspicions of the state of the case, when the same story was repeated to her by my grandmother, who had heard it from Rosa, whilst they were knitting and chatting together during my mother's absence in her Gesellschaft.

She was very thoughtful for several days, but I only imagined she shared in my anxiety as to my appearance at our first winter ball. I had more than a dozen times admired my clear, white muslin dress, and the roses for my hair, and thought the time would never arrive for Ulmer to tell me how well I looked in them; when, the evening before this important assembly, as I sat working a pair of slippers as a new year's gift for my brother, my mother suddenly broke silence by asking me if any young man had yet offered to escort me to the ball?

"Yes, mother," I replied; "Ulmer is coming to fetch me."

I knew there was nothing wrong in this, for it was only in accordance with a universal custom, and yet I blushed deeply. "I feared so," was her soft reply, and then she again continued her knitting in silence.

"Mother," I ventured to say at length, "you don't seem to like Ulmer so well as formerly; yet no one speaks ill of him."

"I know nothing against him, dearest Lisa," she replied; "but your father does not like him for his daughter's husband, and he is very angry that all the town speaks of him as your lover; yet you have never told me a word of this!"

"My dear, dear mother, you never asked me anything till now," I returned, "and Ulmer thought, as we are so young, we had better let our attachment remain a secret till his studies and examinations are over."

"Yet everybody knows it except your parents," was the reply. "But, indeed, my child, I was wrong never to think of such a thing, when I knew you were so much together; for your father will never consent to your marrying a young man of a country family, and whose parents have nine other sons and daughters to divide their inheritance with him."

"But Ulmer is very clever, and will make a fortune," I ventured to observe.

"Perhaps so, when you are an old woman," she said; "but a physician without an inheritance must be a clever man indeed, to keep a wife and children as you have been brought up, not to speak of making a fortune, when only paid thirteen pence, or, at most, two shillibgs a visit."

"But Dr. Snell keeps his carringe, and has built a fine house," I timidly rejoined.

"Yes, my dear, because he is the first operator in the country, has married a rich wife, and is old enough to be Ulmer's father. But a young student is another affair, and the sooner you forget him the better."

"My dear kind mother, do not say so," I replied, bursting into tears; "we are both very young, let us at least hope."

"No, Lisa," she said, taking my hand tenderly in hers, "I would comfort you if I could, but there is no hope. Your father has a rich friend to whom he has long promised you, and he will never hear of any one else for your husband. But do not cry, dearest Lisa, I too had a first love, to whom I was obliged by family reasons to give up—and yet—you see—I have been very happy with your father."

I looked at my poor mother, and in spite of her faded cheek and lustreless eye, I felt, for the first time, that she had once had young feelings like my own. But they had been crushed; and the broken heart, which had been capable of the tenderest sympathies and the most devoted attachment, had been left to learn, by habit, to support with meekness a conventional marriage, unhallowed by a u ity of sentiment or one of tastes.

Her eyes were full of tears. Though her long attention to the petty cares of her household, without even the occasional refreshment of any nobler pursuit, had deadened both her thoughts and her feelings, she cauld not assist to sacrifice

her daughter as she had been sacrificed without self-reproach. Yet she knew it must be done, and she succeeded at length in persuading me of the folly of attempting to resist my father's will. I sent my brother to Ulmer, to tell him what had passed; to forbid his coming to escort me to the ball, or dancing with me on the following evening. Few women who have ceased to dance think of going to a ball in my native town, and mothers rarely accompany their daughters to such assemblies, to which a partner's escort, or that of a male relative, is sufficient. My father went with me that night; but still Ulmer found means once unobserved to approach me, and to exchange a few hurried words. It was for the last time.

I learnt, a month afterwards, that instead of pursuing the medical profession, he had been suddenly invited to join a relative, who had a large cotton manufactory in the neighborhood of Naples. I have heard once since, that he has grown suddenly rich; but it was only when it was too late for any change of his fortunes to influence mine.

Such was the termination of my first love!

AN ARAB FEAST.

The couscouss is a corn cake, the flour of which is rolled on a bolterlike powder. This cake, cooked by the vapours of meat, is basted the moment before it is served up, either with milk or with the bouillon of the mutton, for the Arabs never eat beef, unless forced by hunger to do so. Enormous dishes, hollowed out of a single block of the walnut-tree, receive the cake and the pyramid of boiled meat and vegetables that surmount it. Little wooden spoons are then distributed to the guests, and all plunge at once into the smoking mountain down to its centre, where the pasty is warmest and most saturated with the bouillon..... Meantime, other servants brought in porringers without number, filled with ragouts of a thousand sorts: eggs prepared with red pepper, fowls in onion sauce, pimentos powdered over with saffron, and so many other good things, that the French palate must have become somewhat Arabised to relish them.....A dozen Arabs soon came forward, carrying on long poles sheep roasted entire. Pulled on one side and pushed on the other, the sheep slipped from the poles, and fell, so being dished up, on a large cloth of blue cotton. An Arab, skilled in carving, then made large cuts in the animal with his knife, to facilitate the entrance of our hands into the interior; when every one tore out such bits as struck his fancy. To these roasts, worthy of the heroes of Homer, succeeded dishes of milk, sugar, and raisins, &c., pasties by thousands; and when these, which closed the feast, were removed, large ewers were brought to every guest, who, having washed his hands in these silver basins, smoked his pipe or his cigar, sipping the while *boiled* coffee, handed to him in little cups without handles, in silver stands, to protect his fingers from the heat.

MUSIC MEASURE.

Twenty-six gallons of wine, or thirty-four gallons of ale, or forty-two gallons of salmon, or two hundred and fifty-six pounds of soap: make one barrel. So we learn from the table of weights and measures in the very respectable old Tutor's Assistant. But it does not divulge how much music makes one barrel. Dry Measure, Corn Measure, Long Measure, and other measures, are duly tabulated. But there is not a single numeral indicative of Music Measure; yet Bellini, the original "Bones," the Polka-makers, Will you, or May you, or can you love me now as then—all are witnesses to the union of music measure and barrels. A thousand black-eyed Italians impress the fact on our unwilling ears every day. In fact music is the only beverage which we can quaff by the barrel without paying for it, or without feeling the worse for the draught.

One does not generally give a penny to Giacomo Alessandro for permission to analyse his grinding-organ or his organ-piano; yet there may be a penny worse laid out. Unless one be too unmusical to know *Una Voce* from Pop goes the Weasel, there is something attractive in all that concerns the production of musical sounds; and although there may possibly be no music in the soul of the man or boy, who grinds music out of a box by turning a handle, there must be much musical knowledge in him who conceived and put into shape the mechanism itself.

A musical-snuff-box, possessing a transparent cover, is a good subject on which to commence an examination. Musical box, let us rather call it; for he deserves to sneeze until further notice, who would choke music with snuff. Each of these tiny boxes, contains a horizontal brass barrel; and, into the surface of this barrel are stuck some hundreds of small pins. Within reach of these pins are numerous delicate little springs, all ranged side by side in one plane, and all susceptible of slight vibration or oscillation when touched. In this arrangement, the springs set the music going, the pins set the springs going, the barrel sets the pins going, the watch-spring sets the barrel going, and the key sets the watch-spring going for our purpose. As "the end justifies the means," we must begin at the end, and describe the music springs first. Any little slip of metal if firmly fixed at one end and left free everywhere else, will emit a musical sound if struck or bent and then suddenly relaxed. The more rapidly it vibrates, the higher is the pitch of the note which it yields; and, as a thick slip or a short slip vibrates more rapidly than one which is thinner or longer, the springs to produce the upper notes of the musical scale must be either thicker or shorter (or both) than those for the lower notes. Let no one attempt to count the number of these vibrations by the aid of his sharp eyes: he will be baffled; for that medium note which musicians call middle C or tenor C, is the result of two-hundred and fifty-six double vibrations in a second, and the highest musical notes is due to some thousands of these vibrations in a second. The springs in a musical box are numerous enough to give all the notes and half notes for several octaves; and by judicious filing in one

spot and loading in another, they are attuned to great nicety.

To make these springs discourse sweet music, they must be touched in the proper order and after proper intervals; and to do this, is the work of the pins stuck in the barrel. If they are arranged in a ring, directly round the barrel at one particular part of its length, they will strike the same spring repeatedly during the rotation of the barrels; but if arranged in a row from end to end of the barrel, parallel to the axis, they will strike many or all of the springs at one time. In the first we have the simplest element of melody, one note often repeated; in the other we have the simplest element of harmony, two or more notes sounded together; and it is for the artist to work up these two elements so as to produce a rich piece of music. The pins appear to be strewed over the surface of the barrel in utter confusion; but it is not so; according as few or many notes are sounded at once, according as the tune has many crotchets or many semiquavers, so are the pins sparsely or closely congregated. Every touch of every pin causes some one of the springs to vibrate, and in vibrating to emit its sound. Lucy Neil being a more sober personage than Jack Robinson, and telling her story more slowly, requires fewer pins, placed more widely apart, to work out her music.

There is a great deal of philosophy in the turning or revolving of the barrel: much ingenuity, much care, and a most potent influence on the harmonic effect thence resulting. We insert a tiny key into a tiny key-hole, wind up our musical box, and thereby coil up a spring. The spring in its impatient eagerness to unwind itself again, drags round a little ratchet-wheel, and this ratchet-wheel drags round another little wheel affixed to the end of the barrel, and this second little wheel drags round the barrel itself. Until the spring has fully recovered its former position of independence, it continues to pull away heartily; and as long as it pulls, so long will the barrel turn round, and so long will the pins on the barrel draw forth sweet music. Generally speaking matters are so arranged that a tune is played once through during one revolution of the barrel; insomuch that a continuance of the revolution produces a repetition of the tune. Were it not so, the pins for the end of the tune would be mingled up with those for the beginning, and all would be confusion. But most musical boxes play two tunes—some more; aud yet they have but one barrel each. This result is brought about in an exeeedingly ingenious way; and we pray that the goddess of Lucidity (whoever she may be) will assist us making clear that which is somewhat difficult to describe. If the box played but one tune, the pins would be arranged in equidistant rings round the barrel, all the pins in any one ring acting upon one particular spring; and there would be as many rings of pins as there are springs, each opposite to each. But when the box plays two tunes, there are intermediate rings of pins, forming another series alternating with the former. One set belong to one tune, and one to the other; one set act upon the springs, and at the same moment the other set, being opposite to the vacancies or spaces between the springs, do not touch them, and therefore elicit no sound. After having played (let us suppose) "Where the bee sucks," and being desirous then of a visit from Judy Callaghan, we must somehow or other put the one series out of gear, and bring the other series of pegs into action. This is effected by shifting the barrel a very minute distance longitudinally, so as to bring the hitherto idle rings of pins exactly opposite the springs; there is a small stud or button on the outside of the box, by means of which this shifting of the barrel is effected. Some musical boxes rise to the dignity of three, four, five, or even six tunes, by a much more complex arrangement of pins.

We are not in a position to understand Giacomo's smart little French polished crimson-silked organ piano, which he rests upon a stick, and out of which he grinds his bread and butter. Why the musical box grinds its own music, and leaves tne organ-piano to be ground by another, is simply because the former has a coiled spring, and the latter has none. The handle or winch which Giacomo turns so many hundred times in a day, is connected by cog-wheels to the barrel; and the barrel is thus made to revolve by manual power instead of by the tension of a watch-spring. The barrel of the organ-piano, like that of the musical box, is studded with pins all over the surface; these pins acting mediately or immediately, on a series of strings, to bring out their twanging music.

But the legitimate old-fashioned barrel-organ, of greater weight, bulk, and solidity of sound, is better worth a little analysis than the organ-piano. It has a large and interesting family of pipes; and every pipe pipes to its own tune. When the leader of the orchestra belonging to the Fantoccini, or the Acrobatic Brothers, plays his mouth-organ, he simply blows air into a number of little tubes, each of which yields a particular musical note, more or less acute in pitch as the tube is shorter or longer. So with the barrel-organ: the tubes want to be blown upon or into, and they are so blown accordingly. But who is the blower? Our black-eyed, swarthy-faced friend is a grinder, and a blower; for he carries a pair of bellows cunningly boxed up in his organ, and the same grinding which sets the barrel to work, works the bellows also. The manufacturer, bearing in mind that a church-organ has reed-pipes as well as open pipes, to give difference in *timbre* or quality of tone, has both kinds also in his grinding organ. It may not be that both kinds are in the same organ; but the flute-like tones of some, and the clarionet-like tones of others, will illustrate the fact. The barrel is studded, not merely with brass pins, but with brass staples; these, as the barrel rotates, act upon levers which open the pipes, and enable them to speak. If a mere pin act upon a lever, the pipe is open only for an instant, and we have a short staccato note: but if the longnr staple act upon a lever, the pipe is kept open until the staple has wholly passed, and a continuous note is produced. All this mechanism —the pipes, the reeds, the barrel, the pins, the staples, the bellows, the cog-wheels, are packed together very snugly, each doing its own work at the proper time without interfering with its neighbors.

At our elbow, at this present moment, is an olive-colored acquaintance, with a hat of indes-

cribable color and impossible shape; he comes at a particular hour, on a particular day of every week, and plays the same tunes in the same order; he alternates from the Hundreth Psalm to Gettin' up Stairs; and then goes to one of Balfe's Ballads, followed by a Waltz of Kœnig's, the Marseillaise Hymn, a Polka, and so back to the Hundredth Psalm. We know another organ, in which the Swiss Boy plays at bo-peep with the Lass o' Gowrie, a number of other companions. In all such cases we shall see the grinding organist, at the termination of each tune, busy himself with a little bit of mechanism at the side or end of the instrument; he is touching a stud or lever, which brings about a slight movement of the barrel, shifting it to such a distance that a different set of pins and staples may act upon the pipes.

Make room here for a cavalcade! Onward comes a little horse; behind the horse is a little carriage; upon the carriage is a big organ; and in immediate command over these are three Italians. The horse stops; a man mounts upon a stage, and turns a winch, not much smaller than that of a mangle; and there comes forth a volume of sound that can be heard half-a-mile off. Another man holds out a little saucer for a little money; and the third man looks about with his hands in his pockets. How they all live—the three men and the horse—out of the pence which they pick up, is a perfect marvel. The instrument has been brought from Pavia or Milan or Mantua, and has cost fully a hundred guineas. It is quite orchestral in its effects, imitating with tolerable success the tones of many musical instruments. The truth is, there are pipes of many different shapes, analogous to the various stops of a church organ: each shape (independent of size) giving the tones peculiar to some particular instrument. The barrel arrangements, for bringing into action so many pipes, are very intricate, and require careful workmanship to guark against frequent mishaps. These are the instruments which an honorable member of a certain august body has visited with crushing severity. Yet we cannot conceal a kindness for them. We have pleasant reminiscences of Nume Benefico, La Mia Delizia, the last movement in the Overture to William (we beg pardon—Guillaume) Tell, and the March in Le Prophète—as played in some of these ponderous organs. The harmonies are bold and rich; although in mere mechanical music there is, of course, no scope for feeling or passion.

If ever music by the barrel were really graced, it was in the days when the Apollonicon rolled forth its vast body of sound. This enormous instrumeut employed Messrs. Flight and Robson five years in its construction; and cost ten thousand pounds. It was an organ with a whole orchestra in its inside; played either by keys or by a revolving barrel. But there was provision for a grander display than this; there were five distinct key-boards, at which five performers could be seated, each having command over certain particular stops or powers in the instrument. It is, however, on the ground of its automatic or self-acting power, that the Apollonicon takes up a position as the big brother of the street organ. So vast was the number of pipes, that one barrel could not contain all the pins necessary for working them; there were three, somewhat under a yard in length each, studded in a very complex manner. Mechanism worked the bellows and rotated the barrels, and the barrels drew out the stops and opened the pipes. There were forty-five stops and nineteen hundred pipes; one pipe was twenty-four feet in length by two feet in diameter. So long and elaborate were the pieces of music which this instrument played automatically, that the barrels could only accommodate (so to speak) two at one time; but at intervals of a few years new barrels with new tunes were introduced, until the collection comprised Mozart's overtures to Figaro, to the Zauberflaute, and to La Clemenza di Tito, Cherrubini's overture to Anacreon, Weber's overture to Der Freischutz, Handel's introduction to the Dettingen Te Deum, and Haydn's military movements from his Twelfth Symphony. Not a note of the scores was omitted; and all the fortes and pianos, the crescendos and diminuendos, were given with precision and delicacy.

The Apollonicon is still in existence; but has arrived at the position of a superanuated veteran, no longer fitted for the deeds which won for it its former glory. The maladies of age have come upon it. It suffers from rheumatism in its keys and levers, and from asthma in its pipes and bellows; it is shaky and nervous; it is not its former self; and its guardians wisely deem it better that its voice shall not be heard at all, than that its decadence from former splendor should be made manifest. *Requiescat in pace!*

Music by the barrel, then, has been sold or given in many different forms, by many different persons, in many different places, and under many different circumstances. But who sells music by the yard?

In the Great Exhibition the reader may perchance remember a dusky-looking instrument, something in shape between a cabinet-pianoforte and a small church-organ. The exhibitor was wont to take a sheet of perforated card-board, insert one end of it between two rollers, and then turn a handle; a tune resulted, somewhat lugubrious, it is true, but still a tune, and evidently produced with the aid of this perforated card-board. The instrument is called the Autophon—not yet, that we are aware of, brought much into use, but certainly displaying considerable ingenuity, and founded on a principle which admits of very extensive application. The card-board is perforated by some kind of punch or punching machine; the holes (a quarter of an inch or so in diameter) appear irregular, but they are systematic in respect to the purpose for which they are intended. Each sheet is the symbolic representative of one tune, usually a psalm tune; and all the holes are cut with especial reference to that tune; they are in rank and file—ranks for the notes heard together in harmony, and files for the notes heard consecutively in the progress of the tune. When one end of such a sheet of card-board is placed between two rollers, and a handle turned, the card-board is drawn into the instrument; the perforations, as they arrive at particular spots, allow wind to pass into pipes in the instrument; whereas the unperforated part acts as a barrier across which the wind cannot penetrate—or at least the intermedate mechanism

is such, that this difference results from the manner in which the perforations are arranged.

This is a principle entirely different from that of the barrel-organ. In the latter, you can only play such tunes as are set or pinned upon the barrel; and either to substitute a new barrel, or to re-arrange the pins upon the old one, is a costly affair. But in the Autophon the power of change is illimitable. A few pence will pay for a sheet of the perforated cardboard; and indifferent good music is to be got at sixpence or eightpence a yard. We do not say that if you were to apply for a couple of feet of Adeste Fideles, or a yard and a quarter of the Sicilian Mariners' Hymn, that they would be sold to you precisely in those lengths; but it is quite true that an oblong strip of card-board, say about a yard in length, contains the perforations necessary for one tune; and there is not the slightest reason, mechanically, why ten thousand tunes should not be played on this identical grinding-organ; the only question being, whether the demand would be sufficient to pay the manufacturer for setting up the type, as it were, for each tune: this being once done, the charge for each single copy need not exceed a few pence. The musician will of course regard this as a very poor affair, and so it is when tested by the standard which he could employ; but it enables many to enjoy a humble kind of music at times and under circumstances when the services of a skilful player are unattainable. No skill is here required. The player has only to place the right sheet of card-board in its right place, and then grind away. In small chapels, a constant supply of tunes might be thus obtained, without necessitating the employment of a skilled organist. We are offering no opinion on the quality of the tones thus produced; we only speak of the mechanism which does really seem to be capable of supplying unlimited music at a very low figure. It bears some such relation to real music that photography bears to portrait-painting: not high art, but a cheap and convenient substitute.

The pianoforte can also produce music by the yard. The *piano-mécanique* by M. Debain of Paris, is a sort of cottage-piano, richly toned. It can be played on with keys, and no one need know that there is any peculiar *mécaniqne* about it at all. But the player may bring forward certain odd-looking yards of music, and transform himself at once from an intellectual player to a mere music-grinder. These yards of music are—not pieces of card-board, as in the case of the Autophon—but thin planks or boards, studded on the under surface with pins. Such board may be as little as six inches or as much as two feet long, according to the length of the piece of music to be played; or there must be several of them, if the music be an overture or any other elaborate composition. The player (we trust he will not deem us disrespectful if we designate him the grinder) places one of the studded boards on the top of the instrument, and proceeds to turn a handle. The board is drawn slowly onward; and the pins, projecting downwards from its under surface, press, as they pass, upon the tops of certain metallic points; these points are the extremities of small levers, and these levers act upon hammers which strike the strings. The pins in the studded board are arranged in definite order according to the tune to be played, pressing one, two, or more of the metallic points at once. and eliciting an equal number of tones at once, The player becomes a commander of Rossini or any other musical luminary at once. He puts *Una voce poco fa* into a box, and grinds it out again, bran new and uncurtailed. So nearly does this approach to our designation of music by the yard, that we find eight inches of the studded board is about equal to the contents of one ordinary page of music. Where the piece of music is of very great length, the grinder puts one board after another on the top of the instrument, and pieces them together as girls and boys do the slivers of wool in a worsted mill. If he do not place them exactly end to end there will be a hole in the ballad.

The inventor of this ingenious mechanism, reminds us, in his advertisement, that "Although music at the present day forms a portion of regular education, it is certain that the absorption of time in more serious pursuits, and the want of disposition for study is such, that in a hundred families we can scarcely find ten individuals who can play music. Among this number, some play only the pianoforte or the organ, but without being able to master the finer compositions." For such families, then, M. Debain tells us his *piano-mécanique* is intended; and he tells us also how much per yard, he will supply us with music when we have been supplied with the instrument itself. Thus, a plank of polka costs about four shillings; consequently, the overture to Semiramide or to La Gazza Ladra would cost very much more; but the grand overture would be just as easy for the grinder to play as the simple polka. There have not been many of these instruments brought to England; but one of them has gratified many thousand hearers. It has plenty of "power;" a pianoforte player can not increase his fingers and thumbs beyond the recognised number of ten; but this mechanism could play many more than ten notes at a time, and so far beats Thalberg or Moscheles.

We must observe, also, that it is not merely the pianoforte which is thus treated. The apparatus itself is called the *Autiphonel*, or at least one variety of it, so designated, is capable of being attached to organs, and thus becomes available for sacred music. And we must not forget that the mechanism may be so attached that, by a slight adjustment, it can be freed altogether from the pianoforte strings, and allow the instrument to be played by means of finger-keys in the ordinary way. The mechanism is sold alone; it is sold with the pianoforte which is to be played only by its means; it is sold with a pianoforte which has the double or alternative action; it is sold, in the autiphonel form, for attachment to organs; and lastly, the music boards alone are sold at nine shillings a yard.

When, therefore, the next compiler of a table of weights and measures sets about his labors, let him remember that among the commodities which are sold by the barrel or by the yard, he must include music.—*Household Words.*

A man who has no bills against him belongs to the order of no-bil-i-ty in more than one sense.

LAMENT OF THE IRISH MOTHER.

BY TINY.

Oh! why did you go when the flowers were springing,
And winter's wild tempests had vanished away,
When the swallow was come, and the sweet lark was singing,
From the morn to the eve of that beautiful day?
Oh! why did you go when the summer was coming,
And the heaven was blue as your own sunny eye;
When the bee on the blossom was drowsily humming—
Mavourneen! mavourneen! oh, why did you die?

My hot tears are falling in agony o'er you,
My heart was bound up in the life that is gone;
Oh! why did you go from the mother that bore you,
Achora, macushla! why leave me alone?
The primrose each hedgerow and dingle is studding;
The violet's breath is on each breeze's sigh,
And the woodbine you loved round your window is budding—
Oh! Maura, mavourneen! why, why did you die?

The harebell is missing your step on the mountain,
The sweetbrier droops for the hand that it loved,
And the hazel's pale tassels hang over the fountain
That springs in the copse where so often you roved.
The hawthorn's pearls fall as though they were weeping
Upon the low grave where your cold form doth lie,
And the soft dews of evening there longest lie sleeping—
Mavourneen! mavourneen! oh, why did you die?

The meadows are white with the low daisy's flower
And the long grass bends glistening like waves in the sun;
And from his green nest, in the ivy-grown tower,
The sweet robin sings till the long day is done.
On, on to the sea, the bright river is flowing,
There is not a stain on the vault of the sky;
But the flow'rs on your grave in the radiance are glowing—
Your eyes cannot see them. Oh! why did you die?

Mavourneen, I was not alone in my sorrow,
But he whom you loved has soon followed his bride;
His young heart *could* break with its grief, and to-morrow
They'll lay him to rest in the grave by your side.
My darling, my darling, the judgment alighted
Upon the young branches, the blooming and fair;
But the dry leafless stem which the lightning hath blighted
Stands lonely and dark in the sweet summer air.

When the bright silent stars through my window are beaming
I dream in my madness that you're at my side,
With your long golden curls on your white shoulders streaming,
And the smile that came warm from your loving heart's tide;
I hear your sweet voice fitful melodies singing;
I wake but to hear the low wind's whispered sigh,
And your vanishing tones through my silent home ringing,
As I cry in my anguish—oh! why did you die?

Achora, machree, you are ever before me—
I scarce see the heaven to which you are gone,
So dark are the clouds of despair which lie o'er me.
Oh, pray for me! pray at the mighty One's Throne!
Oh, plead that the chain of my bondage may sever,
That to thee and our Father my freed soul may fly,
Or the cry of my spirit for ever
Shall be—"Oh, mavourneen! why, why did you die?"

THE HONEYCOMB & BITTER GOURD.

In one of our border vales stood a little old tower, which peace had reduced from the war to the agricultural establishment, at the expense of its external looks, and to the increase of its internal comfort. There was a garden before, a wild heath behind; a wood grew on the left hand, on the right rose three hills, white over with sheep; and in the tower itself lived a pleasant old man, who enjoyed the world after his own fashion, and never murmured, except at snows, frosts, rains, storms, sore droughts, the fall in the price of lambs, and the decrease in the value of wool. Now, he was a poor man, and he was a rich man: poor, if wealth consists in hoards of gold and in bonds and bags, for of these he seemed to have little; and rich, if by a more natural interpretation, wealth may also consist in a well replenished house, corn in the stackyard, meal at the mill, flocks on the mountains, and hares in the vales. I shall call him, therefore, a rich man; but I have not yet described all his wealth.

He lost his wife when he was young, and her looks were preserved in his heart and in the faces of two fair daughters, who were arrived at womanhood, and had become the

subject of admiration to the young men, and the object of some little envy to the young women, whenever they went abroad. Now, they went abroad seldom; once a week to the parish church, once a month to some merry-making among their neighbors, and once a quarter to the hiring, and other fairs of the county town. They were very mild, and gentle, and thrifty. They could sing ballads without end, and songs without number; spin fine wool, churn rich butter, make sweet-milk cheese, bleach linen as white as the daisies on which it was watered, and make linsey-woolsey rivalling silk in its lustre and beauty. They had, besides, learned manners at a town boarding-school, and had polished their natural good sense as much as natural good sense needs to be polished. Thus they grew up together like twin cherries on a stalk, and had the same feelings, the same pursuits—I had nearly said the same loves. They were as like as two larks, externally; yet, in the nobler parts of human nature, in all that elevates the heart and soul, they were as different as the raven and the blackbird.

The younger, whose name was Ellen, was all condescension and respect to her father; she anticipated his wants, fondled him, sang to him, exercised her skill in making him pleasant dinners, and, under pretence of cordials, agreeable drinks. Wherever he went she was with him; listened to all he said, laughed when he laughed, quoted his remarks (and he made many shrewd ones), and wrought herself around him like the honeysuckle round the withering tree. The old man was charmed with her kindness, her prudent approbation, and her skilful flattery; and called her, in the affectionate language of a pastoral land, The Honeycomb.

Her sister, Ann, had a better heart, and less skill, or rather, she had no skill whatever, but did her duty to her father and her God, daily and duly; she put no restraint on her affections, and allowed nature to follow its own free will. She was remarkable for her plain sound sense, for the little quarter which she gave to levity, and for the sarcastic tact with which she dissected characters, and weighed motives. She was, indeed, no flatterer; perhaps too little so; and though beautiful, and conscious of her beauty, scarcely dressed up to her good looks, but gave nature a chance there too; and nature did its duty. When difficulties pressed and wisdom was wanted, her father sought refuge in her knowledge; but she scorned to soothe his vanity, or court, by petty stratagems, his good opinion. She had no wish but for his happiness; and no views on his pocket or his estate. It is no credit to man's nature, that it is gratified and captivated more by little attentions and flatteries than by acts of rational love and kindness. The old man loved his daughters; but the quiet serene affection of Ann was considered coldness, her sound advice was called forwardness, her absence from her father's side, even when busied for his interest, was imputed to carelessness; and when fits of perversity and impatience came on him, he called her the Bitter Gourd.

It soon became manifest to all, that old Hugh of the Tower, as he was called, had not bestowed these epithets lightly. Ellen became the favorite of her father; on her he lavished all his affection, and some of his wealth. She added a fine hat and feather to the exuberance of her hair, laid aside her wool hose and replaced them with silk, her gown of linsey-woolsey was exchanged for one of satin; over the whole she threw a lace veil, as white as snow; and many said she looked fair and lady-like, as she rode to kirk and market on her fine pony with a silver-mounted saddle. Her sister made no change in her dress; but her face was so beautiful, and her look was so modest, that all she wore became her, and went to increase her good looks. She seemed to take no notice of the splendid dresses of her sister; her father's partiality had no influence on her conduct; she was ever the same; always neat, attentive, and kind. The flighty and mercurial youth of the parish admired Ellen most; but far more loved Ann, and thought her more beautiful, in her plain dress, with her kind word and affectionate look to all, than her sister in her silks and feathers, tossing her head, and looking with her scornful eyes over the whole population.

Now, it happened that the charms of the two sisters inspired two suitors with affection which reached as far as wedlock, and that about the same time. It really looked like a preconcerted plan of hostility against the spinster state; for, on the same morn, and at the same hour, two young men came and separately requested an interview with old Hugh of the Tower. Now the old man had no small idea of his own importance; he seated himself firmly in his oaken chair; looked superbly knowing and shrewd, thinking the strangers were travellers employed in the purchase of wool; but their holiday dresses, close shaven chins, and well gartered legs, soon showed them to be wooers, rather than wool buyers.

"And which of the maidens come ye for, friend?" said the father to the foremost lover—a spruce, well put on, knowing sort of youth, something between the fop and the farmer, with a silver-headed whip in his hand, and top boots, splashed with hard riding. "Which of them?" said the wooer; "why, the Honeycomb, to be sure; my friend behind here seems to have a hankering for the Bitter Gourd." "Frankly and freely spoken, lad," said the father; "I like ye nothing the worse for that, however; and who may ye be, and what's your name, and what kind of down-sitting have ye for the Honeycomb, as ye call her?" "Why, I am a man that's my own

man," was the answer; "and I care not a pin for any man. I have flocks and herds, much money at interest, and a large floating capital; and am proprietor, beside, of Birkbog, a fair inheritance." "I know the place well," cried old Hugh, rubbing his hands; "a fair inheritance, truly! I knew your father before you; a close handed carle, with a soul as sharp as a scythe-stone, and a grip like a blacksmith's vice; you have some small matter of money, friend?" "A trifle, a trifle," said the lover, carelessly; "the gold the old one left me was of five kings' reigns, and puzzling to count, so I took the quart stoup to it, and measured it —only a trifle. So ye knew my father? Ah! poor old man, he had some small skill in holding the gear together; but he had no enlarged views—would have thought of a flying cow as soon as a floating capital. The old school! the old school!"

Satisfied with the opulence and parentage of one wooer, and charmed with the talismanic words, floating capital, old Hugh now turned to the other, a mild and modest looking young man, plainly and neatly dressed, who stood quiet and unembarrassed, with something like a smile now and then dawning on his lip as he listened to the conversation I have described. "And who may ye be," inquired the old man; "and what want ye with me? Ye have a tongue, I'll warrant, and a tongue's for speaking with—so make use on't." This was said in a tone hovering between jest and earnest; the lover answered mildly, "My friend here, with the floating capital, who measures his gold with a quart stoup, has told you that I am come for the Bitter Gourd." "Take her, man, take her," exclaimed her father, "take her, and sorrow go with her. She's no the lass I long took her for, but a slut with an advice giving face, a head that knows everything, and a tongue that never says pleasant things to her old father. But have ye a floating or a flying capital, and what do you measure your gold with, and where lies your land? I cannot give away my daughter Ann, bitter gourd though she be, to a landless loon—answer that, answer that." "I have neither floating nor flying capital," said the candidate for the Bitter Gourd, "nor have I gold to measure, nor land to describe; but I have a firm and a true heart, and two stout and skilful hands, and with God's blessing and the love of Ann, I cannot be beat." "But ye can be beat, man," exclaimed her father, "and shall be beat, man; and I could beat ye myself, man, for presuming to speak of my daughter, even the Bitter Gourd, and you, without foot or furrow of ground, or a pound in your pocket. Was ever the like heard tell of? What's your name?—a queer one, I'll warrant, if it be like the wearer." "It's a name little heard of," said the young man, looking down, "it is Lawson." "Lawson!" exclaimed the farmer, "what, aught to the pennyless Lawsons of Cuddierigg?" "And what an it be so?" replied the youth, coloring. "Never mind me, man; never mind me," said he of the Tower. "I shall call the lasses in, and hear what they say. Ellen! come hither. Ann! Bitter Gouard! what do they call thee? Here are lads for ye both—Honeycomb! Ellen!" They entered accordingly, Ellen tossing her head, and assuming a look of peculiar loftiness; and Ann, with ease, modesty and frankness. The appearance of the lovers seemed not to surprise them.

"I see how it is, I see how it is," exclaimed the old worthy; "it's a made up plot, a planned contrivance, the whole is settled: oh! that I had ever lived to witness this! I am old, and my head is gray. I have two daughters, fair and beautiful to behold. Fit marrows for lords and princes. Might be queens in a scarcity. Yet the one will wed the son and heir of old Haud-the-grip, of Birkbog, a sworn miser, and a thought dishonest, whose narrow won gold will get a wide spending, there's a proverb for that; and the other will marry a Lawson, one of the Lawsons, of Cuddierigg, a pennyless race, a pennyless race. O my two sweet fair daughters, beautiful daughters, beautiful to behold, and matches for dukes and princes, was ever the like heard of!"

Ellen threw her arms about her father's neck, knelt before him, bowed her head till her long tresses touched the floor, and with a voice as sweet as music, said, "O father, think better of me, and better of this young gentleman. He is rich, for I have seen his gold; he has fine flocks of sheep, I have seen them also; a fair estate, I have walked over it, foot and furrow; a well furnished house; I have examined it well, and seen how I looked in it; he has floating capital, too, thousands n thousands; and is well-made, well-looked, well connected, and well respected, and what more could woman have to be happy? Come forward, Birkbog, and let us receive our father's blessing."—Blessing!" said the old man, "and are ye married? O, my child, my fair haired Ellen!"—"Indeed, my dear papa," said Ellen, in her sweetest tones, "I knew you would like my choice, and so I even resolved to surprise ye with a new pleasure. We have brought a bridal present, too,—a horse saddled and bridled, for you to ride to kirk and market, and round about your daughter's lairdship." And she clasped him close and kissed him, and the old man's wrath melted into loving kindness. So he bleesed them both, seated them beside him, and looked very happy.

Ann now knelt in her turn, and said, "Father, I have known this young man some years; he is a dutiful son, skilful in husbandry, wise in the care of sheep, sober and sedate, He has of money what will plenish a house and stock a piece of ground; I have saved as much out of your gifts as will help us; and

what with that, and your good will, and God's aid, we will take our trial, for we love one another dearly." All this was said in a quiet, even, low tone of voice, and with a look of submission.—"Hout! tout! hussey," exclaimed her father, "let folly fall and cut the connexion. Think no more on't, think no more on't. Go, busk ye and trim ye, and put something handsome upon ye, to grace your sister and her husband. To marry a pennyless knave like that, was ever the like heard tell of! And you so wise and so advice-giving too! whom all men but me called Miss Prudence. Oh! Ann, Ann, well art thou called the Bitter Gourd, for bitter art thou to me."

Her lover now took speech in hand, and he spoke modestly and plainly. "I love your daughter, your daughter loves me; I love her for her good sense, her good feeling, her good conduct, and her good looks; and for these qualities I am willing to make her my wife. If she has flocks, if she has money, they depend upon her father alone; if they come, they are welcome; if they remain, they are also welcome. I can work for wealth as others have done before me." "I shall make all this nice and short, lad," said old Hugh; "ye wish to marry my daughter, ye are resolved on that?"—"I am," said the lover." "And ye wish to marry him, Ann! Bitter Gourd, what call they ye, that ye are fixed upon too?"—"I love him dearly," she said, with a calm and sorrowful look; "and loving him, I wish to wed him. I am sure my father will like him, when he knows him as well as I do."—"Then it is settled, said the old man, "and all I have to do is to bless ye and divide the gear."—"I want no gear," said Ann, composedly; what is my father's, is my father's, sister, will you never have done thwarting our and long may he live to enjoy his own."—"O, father!" said Honeycomb; "ye'll break his heart with your contradictions; he is wiser than all the children he has, and well may he have his own way, for he has been a kind father to us both."—Bless ye for that, Ellen, my love," said the old man, "ye were ay dutiful."

He went out for a little while, and returned with a small packet in each hand. "Ellen, my love, my dutiful child," he said, "I bless thee and thine. The old gray man has little gold; yet thou art no poor man's daughter. I have divided my gear according as love has been given to me. I give to thee and thine six thousand sheep, every one has a lamb by its side, and most have two; and I give to thee, besides, two hundred pieces of gold—go and be happy. As for thee, Ann, my daughter, whom men call the Bitter Gourd, as thou hast been to thy father, so wilt thou succeed in life; for God above sees our hearts and weighs our actions, and is wroth with children who are undutiful; there's a scripture for it, Ann—read the scripture. But touching this proposed buckling of thine, I shall soon settle that. To thee I give, as thy share of my gear, six score sheep, and six pieces of silver. There man, take her, take her; will ye have her now, man! I think my words have sobered ye; wherefore will ye no speak?"

The young man went kindly up, took Ann by the hand, and said, while the round bright tears in dozens were rolling down her cheeks, "Be calm, Ann; be calm; what signifies world's gear to affection such as ours; we will work for gold, and enjoy it the more the harder that we toil. I love you all the better for this. Come home with me to my mother. We shall be wedded to-morrow, and my feet will be all the lighter at our bridal, that ye are as poor as myself."—"Aye! away with him, Ann; away with him; I wish ye luck of your tocher and your disobedience. I have got one kind and affectionate child, and with her shall I spend my days." As old men are wilful, Hugh of the Tower experienced no visible relentings, but disposed of his gear, as has been described, between his two daughters.

"Man proposes and God disposes," said the preacher; and he spoke wisely, for events occur which confound the wisdom of man, and scatter to the winds of heaven his proudest speculations. The husband of Ann took the sheep and the silver, and uttered not one word of complaint. He was prudent and laborious; used his young strength wisely, made his bargains discreetly, and grew gradually rich, and increased in consequence. He loved his wife, and his wife loved him; they consulted each other's tempers and feelings; and without any of those stormy and feverish fits of love, of which we read so much and see so little, continued to live very happily. Men began to quote his sayings, and request his aid in valuations; the clergyman of the parish called in his knowledge to guide the temporal affairs of the church, yet the man was not puffed up, but bore himself meekly, and seemed insensible of his growing importance.

The young portioner of Birkbog, with the well-tochered wife and the floating capital, carried himself less mildly in the sight of men than his brother-in-law, whom he despised as much as a man with six thousand sheep despises one with six score. He bought a blood horse for himself, gayer dresses for his wife, furnished his house expensively, filled it with servants, had a richer supper and a softer bed, a fatter roast at the fire, and stronger drink in the bottle; and thinking Fortune had set her banner up for once and aye in his house, he grew rash in his speculations, and hazarded without fear the wealth of which he was master. He grew more boisterous, too, in his cups; more overbearing in his conduct; whilst his wife carried her head above her state, dressed beyond her condition, and, with her long silk dresses and waving feathers, seemed to say to her old companions of the

cottage, "Stand about and give my gown room!" All these appearances escaped not the inquisitive eyes of the good people of the district; and they whispered, as the dame of Birkbog swept by, "Pride will have a downfall." "Those who ride fast never ride long," and many other old saws and remnants of prudental wit, filled with meaning and the spirit of prophecy.

Our old worthy having, in the fulness of his joy, left his gray tower to the occupation of the owl and the bat, lived with his daughter Ellen. For a time his bed was soft, his meal was ample, his dress becoming, and his treatment kind. "Use lessens marvel," says our wise poet; and so it happened here. Young Birkbog was by nature selfish and imperious; he had seen, he imagined, in the payment of his wife's portion, the end of her father's wealth, and the bottom of his money-bags. There was nothing more to be hoped for, except that death, who sometimes penetrated into those pastoral recesses, when he had surfeited in large towns, should come and carry him away from the abated affection of his daughter, and the diminishing regard of his son. But death forgot him, and his son began to give more way to the natural insolence of his heart, and to take his temper out of all restraint. He assumed a stronger tone of command amongst his servants, laid down rules which disputed the wisdom of his father-in-law's long train of maxims, and plainly intimated his contempt for those oral rules of economy which old Hugh of the Tower considered as forming the keystone in the arch of domestic prosperity. "My son," thus remonstrated the old man, "be not too much elated; you have grown suddenly rich by fortunate speculation, and by a lucky use of your floating capital. You are of weight in the market; your words are considered wise, for wisdom grows as riches increase; and you are pointed out by sensible men to their sons as an example of what talents, well applied, will do. Be not puffed up, I say; nor speak loudly to old men, nor insolently to the young. Your prosperity will then be looked on without envy; and misfortunes, should they come, will be regarded with sorrow."

"All which is to say," said the son-in-law, "that I am a fool and a swaggerer. I'll tell ye what, old one, the wisdom of the year of grace, 1760, and the wisdom of the year of knowledge, 1800, are different things. The former knew nothing of the new vigour which chemical discoveries have imparted to the ground, nor of the miraculous influence which floating capital has upon the fortune of man. Go to—I can win more gold by the wind of my mouth, in a single hour, than one of the old school could gather together in a century. There is a new order of things. Floating capital is the ark which saves the world from sinking; so mind your prayers and be quiet."

Matters were predestined to come soon to a violent crisis. A neighbor came in, one of the wise youths of the year of knowledge 1800, with a turn for speculation and a veneration for floating capital. To this worthy the laird of Birkbog talked of old Hugh of the Tower, as if his senses were defunct, or rather as a person fit only to be treated as an unsightly piece of old furniture—one with whom it was unnecessary to be delicate or ceremonious. He spoke of the old man—Hugh did not like to be called old; he talked of the poor man—Hugh did not like to be called poor; he spoke of the wise old has been—Hugh thought him self wise still; and, to crown all his delinquencies, he kicked his favorite dog—a feeble cur and snappish, but loved for courage of old and faithfulness yet. The old man endured all this; but he endured it with a fixed determination of look. The Honeycomb came up and whispered, "What's the matter with my father? He has on the very look with which he gave Ann her six score sheep, and her six pieces of silver."—"I care little for his looks, my love," said the husband. "He *will* be wise, and he *will* be clever, and he *will* be master and more. When a cur loses its teeth, it is not worth keeping; and when an old man loses his gold, he is not worth caressing; and that's so like a proverb, that it may serve the purpose of one." Our old worthy rose soon after this, and went out, nobody knew whither; and it really looked as if nobody cared.

On the day after the old man's departure, one of the servants came breathless in, and cried, "Preserve us! the Tower will be burnt to the ground; there's a smoke o'er its summit as thick as a blanket;" and close at the servant's heels, came a messenger, who summoned the Honeycomb and her husband to the presence of old Hugh of the Tower. "Come fast," he added, "for something awful is about to happen."

Birkbog and his wife went and found the old man seated in his Tower, as pale as death, as motionless as a statue, and a bewildered light glimmering in his eye. His daughter Ann was kneeling beside him, his left arm was lying about her neck, and its trembling fingers were pressing her bosom. He signed all to come around; daughters, sons, domestics, and neighbors thronged in; and one woman held up her grandson, and said, "Look at him! that is the unwise old man, who gave all to one child, and left nothing to himself." A person stood beside him with paper, pen, and ink, and to this purpose the old man spoke: —"Write down what I say. I, Hugh Edomson, called Hugh of the Tower, with a spirit crushed by the cruelty of my youngest, and a heart almost burst with the kindness of my eldest daughter, yet sound in mind, make this my Will, to which all present are witnesses. To my faithful child Ann, whom I called a Bitter Gourd, but who has proved a Honey-

comb, I bequeath the Mains of Mossop, with ten thousand sheep, and this box with five hundred pieces of gold. I was thought poor, but behold I am rich; I was thought weak in mind, I shall be found strong in spirit. To my daughter Ellen, who was as the apple of mine eye, and who wound herself like a serpent round my heart to sting me and rob me—she whom I thought a Honeycomb, but who has proved a Bitter Gourd, I leave six silver coins and a father's ———." He sank down. The half formed word, which should have concluded the sentence, was lost in his expiring groan. No one's heart throbbed so sorely as that of Ann, and no one wept so loudly as Ellen. But whether the latter mourned for the death of her father, or the loss of the Mains of Mossop, was not distinctly known.

POOH-POOH.

Pooh-pooh is a surly old gentleman, not without his virtues. It is his delight to throw cold water on ardent projectors, and save people from deluding themselves with extravagant views of human improvement. There is the same kind of respectability about Pooh-pooh which makes Liberals glad when they can get a Conservative to head a requisition, or take the chair at a meeting. But Pooh-pooh is more remarkable for his bad side than his good one. Without hopes or faith in anything himself, he tends to discourage all hopeful effort in others. Had he his way, there would never be any brilliant or highly useful thing done. He would keep all down to a fixed level of routine, passable, but only just enough to escape censure. He wishes to make the course he takes appear as springing from a hatred of the extravagant; but it often comes mainly from a desire to avoid being troubled, or worse still, from a jealousy of the people who strive to be extra-good or great. He certainly is not quite the infallible sage he wishes to pass for.

The fact is there is not one of the important inventions and extensions of power of the last wonderful age, which has not had to struggle against the chilling philosophy of Mister Pooh-pooh. History is full of the instances in which he has condemned, as impracticable and absurd, proposals which have ultimately, in spite of him, borne the fairest fruit. Gas-lighting was referred to Sir Humphry Davy and Wollaston, as the two best men qualified to judge of its feasibility; but Mister Pooh-pooh was at their elbow, to insinuate all sorts of objections and difficulties, and they pronounced against an article of domestic utility which is now used, more or less, in nearly every house in every town and village in the kingdom. It was all that steam-navigation could do to get over Pooh-pooh's opposition. Even James Watt, who had in a manner made the steam-engine, gave way to the whispers of Pooh pooh regarding its use in vessels. Sir Joseph Bankes was applied to by some enthusiastic advocate of this application; when, under the inspiration of Pooh-pooh, who stood beside him, he said: "It is a pretty plan, sir; but there is just one little point overlooked—that the steam-engine requires a firm basis on which to work." He sent away the man, under the disgrace of his pity, and, we suppose, thought no more of the matter till he heard of steamers plying regularly on the Hudson and the Clyde, with or without the firm basis to work upon.

When Pooh-pooh first heard that some persons were so mad as to think of carriages being drawn by steam at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour, he was indignant, and set himself to prove, which he did entirely to his own satisfaction, that the carriges would not go at anything like that speed—if driven to it, the wheels would merely spin on their axles, and the carriages would stand stock-still. He was sincerely anxious that this should prove to be the case, and we may imagine his feelings when the plan was realised with the effect contemplated by its projectors. The same unsanguine gentleman gave a lecture at Newcastle in 1838, to prove, to the British Association that steamers could never cross the Atlantic. Some people wished, hoped, prayed that they might cross the Atlantic; he indulged in a calm but happy belief that they never would. Here, too, he underwent the mortification of defeat. Not long after that time, Mr. Rowland Hill started the idea of a universal Penny Postage. He showed many facts in favour of the feasibility of the scheme; and the public entered warmly into his views. But Pooh-pooh had long been on intimate terms with the post-office officials, and under his advice these gentlemen did all they could to prevent the public from being gratified. When the new plan was carried in spite of all opposition, Mister Pooh-Pooh felt of course that a very foolish thing had been done, and foretold its entire failure. It must have been with a sore heart that he has seen the number of letters multiplied sevenfold in ten or twelve years, the revenue not much diminished, and everybody besides himself pleased.

He is apt to be rather shabby afterwards about his false premises and prophecies. When the Crystal Palace was projected, and Pooh-pooh was consulted, he said it would never stand the winds, but quickly tumble down like a castle of cards. Afterwards, when this hope of his—for his inauspicious views are always founded upon hopes—was proved by the event to be fallacious, he explained the matter away: he had only said that, unless made of the requisite strength, it would fall! He does not like to be reminded of his false predictions, but it is seldom he has to suffer in that way, for, when a great and useful novelty has been successfully acomplished, the public generally

confines its thoughts to the honoured author, taking but little heed of Mister Pooh-pooh and his now vain prognostications—who, on his part, seldom then goes beyond a few quiet nibbles at the grandeur of the achievement.

Pooh-pooh has his favorite positions in this world. He likes above all things, to be in office. His defensive negative policy is seen there in its greatest force. Indeed, it scarcely has an existence elsewhere than in places of dignity and trust. From his being practically connected with things, he knows their difficulties, which dreamers out of office have no idea of; and thus it is that he feels himself entitled to speak so confidently against everything new that is proposed. Already burdened with a duty which perhaps occupies no less than four hours out of every twenty-four, he feels, with good reason, a horror of everything that proposes to bring new trouble into his department. Even a proposal to simplify his work he shrinks from, grudging the trouble of considering or discussing that from which he expects no success. Pooh-pooh, too, has generally some tolerable degree of scientific reputation; it is hard to say how acquired—sometimes, it is to be feared, only by looking wise and holding his tongue. There he is, however a kind of authority in such matters. Wo it is for any new project in mechanics, or any new idea in science, to be referred to him, and all the more so if it be a thing "in his line," for no mercy will it meet! In the literary world, the analogous situation for Pooh-pooh is that of the old-established critic. He sits in the editorial chair, apparently for the sole purpose of keeping down all the rising geniuses. Every new birth of poetic energy, every fresh upturn of philosophic thought, is visited with his determined hostility. He relishes most that which keeps nearest to his own temperate and unoffending mediocrity.

Pooh-pooh is less strong in a new country than an old. He hardly has a hold at all among the fearless bounding spirits of Australia. The go-ahead Yankees despise him. In England, he has least strength in large cities amongst the active mercantile classes. He is strongest in official circles, old-fashioned genteel towns, and torpid villages. But he has a certain strength everywhere, for he is a bit of human nature. We have no doubt that, even amongst the gold-diggers, he might occasionally be found shaking his head, and turning away with his characteristic contemptuous air from proposals of new "prospectings."

The external aspect of Mister Pooh-pooh is hard and repelling. He has a firm, well-set self-satisfied air, as much as to say: "Don't speak to me about that, sir." He has a number of phrases, which he uses so often, that they come to his tongue without any effort of his will; such as, "It will never do,"—"All that has been thought of before, but we know there is nothing in it,"—People are always meddling with things they know nothing about;" and so forth. We might call them pet phrases, if it could be imagined that Mister Pooh-pooh had a favour for anything; but this we well know he has not. There is great reason to suspect that, from the readiness of these phrases to come to his tongue, he has on several occasions committed himself to opposition where a few moments' thought would have sufficed to shew him that that course was dangerous to his reputation. It must be owned that, once he is committed, nothing can exceed the heroism with which he maintains his consistency throughout all the stages of the refutation which events administer to him.

We are afraid that it is beginning to be rather an unpleasant world for Mister Pooh-pooh. It goes too fast for him. So many of his hopelessnesses have been falsified by events that he must feel himself a little out of credit. Then his own constant sense of disappointment! To find novelty after novelty "getting on," as it were, in spite of his ominous head-shakings, must be a sad pain to his spirit, cool and congealed as it is. One day it is iron steamers—another day, rise of wages under free-trade. Great reliefs are given to misery, great positive additions made to national happiness, where he long ago assured the world no such things could be. It is too bad. I begin to feel almost sorry for poor Mister Pooh-pooh under these circumstances. It sets me upon recalling his virtues, which in his present unfortunate position, we are too apt to overlook—namely, his usefulness in saving us from rushing into all kinds of hasty ill-concocted plans, and patronising all kinds of plausible superficial pretenders. Depend upon it, Mister Pooh-pooh has his appointed place in the economy of a wise Providence; and, therefore, pestilent as he is sometimes with his leaden mind, I think we are called upon to administer only a qualified condemnation. The drag is but a clumsy part of the mechanism of a carriage, but it has sometimes the honour of being indispensable to the saving of all the rest from destruction.

FIRST USE OF GAS AS ARTIFICIAL LIGHT.

In the year 1792, Mr. Murdoch made use of gas in lighting his house and office at Redruth, in Cornwall, where he then resided. The mines at which he worked being distant some miles from his house, he was in the constant practice of filling a bladder with coal-gas, in the neck of which he fixed a metallic tube, with a small orifice, through which the gas issued; this being ignited served as a lantern to light his way for the considerable distance he had nightly to traverse. This mode of illumination being then generally unknown, it was thought by the common people that magical art alone could produce such an effect.—*Clegg's Treatise on Coal-gas.*

MISERRIMUS.

I wandered through the cloisters old,
And saw the great cathedral tower
Stand like a spectre grey and cold
Up in the frosty moonlight's power;

And the broad clock, whose wind-worn face,
Deep from the clustering ivy shone,
Struck slowly with its mighty mace,
Clear in the solemn starlight, "One."

Beneath the shadow of the pile
A solitary stone was sleeping;
No light from heaven came there to smile
Where damps and dews were coldly weeping.

Till as I looked, a moonbeam came
And stole around a buttress grey,
And with a finger steeped in flame
Traced out the letters as they lay.

The moss that had the tomb o'ergrown
A lo k of sorrow round them shed,
I stooped, and peered into the stone—
"Miserrimus" was all it said.

Ah, touching record of a life!
What uncompanionable woe!
What silent hours, what lonely strife
Seem shadowing where those letters glow.

"Miserrimus,"—I thought once more,
And with the thought the word grew bright,
Can he have touched the gleaming shore,
Where tears are changed to pearls of light.

And from the far triumphal sky,
A sound seemed sent upon the breeze,
Like ocean whisperings that die
At even, over scented seas.

A clash of lyres, and words of song,
Down sweeping through the starry spheres—
"His tribulation, and his wrong;
His heart's deep yearning, woes and fears.

"At death were merged in faith, and here
He drinks of love, and fills his soul."
The voice had ceased, a single tear
Down on the ancient tombstone stole.

"Short word, how much thy silence speaks,"
I said, and homeward went in thought;
While all the range of eastern peaks
The flushings of the morning caught.

THE BALLET-DANCER.

The last scene was played out, and the grim curtain of death fell for ever over the tragedy of Neil Preston's life. A bitter tragedy, indeed! Wife, fortune, health—all had gone by turns, until, of his former large possessions of happiness, only two fair girls were left, as the last frail argosies on his sea of fate; left him were they for to-day, to be themselves wrecked on the morrow, when death should have carried his soul out into infinity, and trampled his body beneath the church-yard sod. And so, with choking sobs and grieving prayers, Neil Preston commended them to the care of the universal Father, and died as a good man should—one loosening hand still clasped in the affections of earth, and one outstretched to the glories of the coming heaven.

The girls were both young; but Nelly was a mere child—a pretty romping little maid, some three years before her teens; while Mabel was already almost a woman at seventeen. The little one's tears were fastest, and her sobs the loudest at the loss of the kind playmate who had been always so glad to see her when she came back from her day-school; who used to call her his evening-star, and never met her without a smile and a kiss, however grave and silent he might be to others. But the tears soon dried on her rosy face, and her sobs soon changed to the light quick laughter of childhood: and the little heart which had swelled so large for its first great grief, soon danced blithely in her breast again, understanding nothing of the bitterness of orphanage. But Mabel, though she did not weep nor sob—at least not when others were by—sorrowed as few sorrow even by a father's grave, knowing that she had lost her only earthly friend and protector, and that her way of life must now open upon a dark and thorny path of solitude and distress. Painfully she shrank from the heavy responsibility of her condition, and keenly she felt how frail a barrier she was between her pretty Nell and misery. Her father had told her, and told her with the solemnity of a dying man, that in leaving the little one to her care, he knew he left her to one that would never fail her; and that, whether for shelter from the storms of winter or from the burning sun of summer, for support in times of misery or for protection in times of temptation, his beloved Mabel would be all that he himself could have been to their darling, their star, their idol child. And Mabel, understanding full well the extent of the confidence reposed in her, was the more careful to perform her appointed task faithfully, and therefore the more anxious as to the means of its right fulfilment.

Long hours did Mabel sit by that clay-cold figure, planning various schemes of work, from all of which, considerations of youth or incompetency turned her aside. Whatever she did, she must gain sufficient for Nelly's fit maintenance and education; and she could think of nothing that would give her enough whereby to live herself, and tenderly to foster her precious charge. She could not be a governess; her own education had been far too meagre and desultory, interrupted too, so early on account of her mother's long illness; the thing was therefore impossible—she must turn to something else. But to what else? Ah, that blank question rose up like a dim ghost before her, and by its very presence seemed to paralyse her energies. A young girl who cannot be a governess has few other professions left her. Governess, work-woman, shop-woman—these are nearly all the careers open to the middle class, until we come to the stage and its various branches. And from this small supply, Mabel must make her choice. Governess she could not be; shop-woman she would not be. Poor Mabel! Before she had done, this little

harmless pride was burned out of her. She used to look back on this aristocratic impulse as on a child's feeble fancy, and wonder how she could have been so weak, so wanting to her nobler self, to have cherished it for a moment. Needle-worker, then, must be her profession: a badly-paid one enough, but independent, and consequently more endurable—private, and consequently more respectable than many others. For Mabel set great store by the strictest forms of respectability, holding herself and her character in trust for her little one, undertaking bravely and following cordially any profession that would support her own life—which was Nelly's capital—under the condition of perfect blamelessness, according to the world's code.

"Really very well done," said Miss Priscilla Wentworth.

"A trifle puckered in the gusset," said Miss Silias Wentworth.

"Humph! pretty fair for a girl of the present day," said old Miss Wentworth gruffly; "but half of it is cats' eyes, too! Ah, girls! in my time young ladies *could* sew; they would not have dared to call such cobling as this fine work."

Now, the three Miss Wentworth's were three kind-hearted, precise, testy old maids; horribly conventional, but really benevolent when you got through the upper crust; ever at war with themselves, between educational principles and instinctive impulses; and therefore uncertain in their actions, and capricious in their dealings. They never passed a beggar without giving him something; but they never gave him a half-penny without taking it out in a lecture on political economy. They used to tell him of his sin in begging, and not going to the nice comfortable Union provided by the Queen, and all this in the harshest language and the shrillest voices imaginable; they threatened him with the police, and hinted big terrors of the lock-up; they told him that he ought to be put in the stocks—a wretch, to leave his wife and children, or an unfeeling monster, to drag about his poor wife and children, as the case might be; and then they pointed out their little villa, and told him he would find a dinner there. And all the while they had been anathematising him and his ways so bitterly, their eyes had been taking cognizance of the holes in his jacket, or the wounds of his shoeless feet, and they grumbled among themselves as to what old clothes they were possessed of and could spare for the poor fellow; and then they would walk away, growling pleasantly, satisfied with the duty they had rendered to the stern requirements of political economy, and vowing the man had had such a lecture he would never beg again.

They had known a little of Neil Preston in his better days, when he had burned a great blue and red lamp before his door, and had "Surgeon," &c., blazoned in great gold letters thereon; and they were glad to be kind, in their way, to his daughter. They were wise enough to know, that money earned is better than alms received; so they gave Mabel work and high wages, as intrinsically a more benevolent thing to do than making her presents: not that they were behindhand in that either, for many a pretty frock and bonnet the Miss Wentworth's gave the orphans, though unfortunately they always forgot their deep mourning, and gave them pink and blue instead of black. Still, the meaning was all the same; and Mabel was just as grateful as if she could have worn and looked smart in their ribbons and flounces, instead of being obliged to sell them all, at very small prices, for one black frock for pretty Nelly's dancing-lesson days.

But the Miss Wentworths, though kind, could not entirely support the sisters. They had a great deal of plain needle-work to give away among them certainly; but even the plain needle-work of three precise old maids must come to an end some time; at last, their new sets of collars and cuffs—and those more complicated matters still, which every one wears and no one names—were made, washed, ironed, and put away; and Mabel's occupation was gone—gone with the last half-dozen long jean pockets—the old-fashioned pockets—made for Miss Wentworth, who, as became a partisan of the good old times, disdained all modern inventions, from politics to millinery. Mabel must, then, look out for employment elsewhere; and after many disappointments, and no small trials both to her dignity and her resolution, she found a slop-selling shop that gave her shirts at three-halfpence, and other articles in proportion, as much. Compelled by poverty, Mabel entered herself on their list, trying to make the best of her condition, and to bear her evils hopefully, but failing sadly in her attempts at self-deception. She soon found that as much as the most diligent industry and unwearied self-sacrifice could do, was not enough to supply them both with daily bread; not to speak of the more expensive requirements of Nelly's schooling. Her failing health and wasting strength were not sufficient offerings before this great Juggernaut car of toil, to gain her the scanty goods for which they were so cheerfully offered up. Still, hitherto she had struggled on. Old savings now came in as grand helps; and being conscientious and diligent, she had not yet been fined for bad work or unpunctuality. She had secured all her earnings at anyrate, so far as she had gone, though she knew, by what she saw about her, that her turn would come soon, and that, by some device, she should find herself in the power of the overseer, and on the wrong side of the books. She had seen others mulcted of their wages unjustly—how could she then escape?

"Your work is spoiled," said the overseer at last, tossing her packet on the floor. "I can't receive it. You must take it back."

"It was a white flowered waistcoat he threw down on the dirty floor: an expensive thing to buy, and a cheap thing to sell—as Mabel would be obliged to sell it—to the Jews. "I am very sorry," stammered she, the blood rushing to her face, for she remembered now that the candle had "guttered" last night when she took it up stairs to hear Nelly say her prayers, and the waistcoat had been lying on the table—"I am very soory: where is it spoiled?"

The man sprawled a grimy thumb on a minute spot of grease by the armhole—a very small spot, undiscoverable by ordinary eyes, and which would have been hidden in the wearing. His unwashed hands left a broad dark mark, made purposely, as Mabel saw too well.

She gave a little indignant cry, and snatched the waistcoat from him.

"It was not so bad before! You have ruined it on purpose!" she said, looking him straight in the face, and speaking passionately.

He raised his hand to strike her, but a general murmur among the bystanders stopped him. Like all bullies, he was an arrant coward, and the meanest of popularity-hunters as well.

"You impudent wench!" he said; "if you give me another word of your sauce, I will turn you off altogether! Coming here with your impertinence and fine-lady airs, indeed, as if the earth was not good enough for you, because you were an apothecary's daughter! I have as great a mind as I ever had in my life to turn you out of the place, and never let you set foot in it again. Here, madam, take this waistcoat back, and bring no more of your airs and graces here. A pale-faced chit like you, sticking out against laws and masters! What next, indeed! You owe the house fifteen shillings, and that's letting you off easy, after your impudence, too. Take care how you pay it, for, by George, you shall smart for it, if you shirk. Will you take the waistcoat, I say? He seized her by the shoulder roughly, leaving the mark of his strong clench on her flesh. The girl winced, and a faint moan escaped her. There was a general cry, and a hurried movement among the women; but he turned round with an oath, and silenced them. No one knew whose turn would come next; and women. however true in heart, are too weak, in both purpose and strength, to stand by each other, long against a superior force. So Mabel had to bear her wrongs undefended.

She received no wages that day, but a large packet of work, with more yet to come, for which not one farthing would be paid until her terrible debt of fifteen shillings was wiped off. And she was threatened brutally, because she exclaimed against the injustice of this man's authority.

For the first time since her father's death, Mabel's courage sank. She sat down on a door step in a by-street, and burst into as bitter a flood of tears as ever scalded the eyes of grieving womanhood. In all her trials, she had been preserved from personal insult until now. She had been poor, and therefore she had known moments of anguish; she had been rejected in her search after employment, and therefore she had felt the bitterest pangs of disappointment, dread, and uncertainty; but she had ever been respected as a woman. No rude word or familiar look had wounded her proud modesty; in all that regarded her condition, she had been treated with no less respect than when in her father's house. But now this last sweet secret boast was gone from her. She had been outraged and insulted, and there was no one to avenge, as there had been no one to defend her.

While she sat there, weeping passionately, and for once in her life forgetting duty in feeling, some one spoke to her. Something in the sound of the voice—the tender manly voice that it was—made her look up. A man of middle age, with hair turning slightly gray about his square broad forehead, with a fine cheery look in his deep-blue eyes, and a pleasant smile about his handsome mouth—a man of strength and nerve on the one hand, and of courteous breeding on the other—stood before her, something in the military attitude, and with much of a paternal expression. "Why, how now, my child, what has happened?" he said kindly.

"Oh, nothing, nothing!" cried Mabel, hurriedly drying her eyes, and gathering up her work.

"Don't be frightened, my poor child, and don't run away from me yet; I may be able to be of use to you. Tell me who you are, or at least what has happened to you." He laid his hand on her arm, not with any familiarity, as such, but with an indescribable something in his eyes and his touch that Mabel felt she must per force confide in. She felt that distrust would have been affectation; the false modesty of the prude, which creates the evil it disclaims.

She told her story, then, simply, and without any expression of sorrow or regret. She merely related the facts, and left them to be translated according to her hearer's fancy. The stranger's face showed how that translation went. The flush of indignation, the tender smile of pity, the manly impulse of protection, all spoke by turns on his forehead and round his lips; and when Mabel ended, he drew out his purse, and placed in her hand two sovereigns, asking, at the same time, the address of the slop-shop where she had been so ill-treated. She shrank back.

"No, no!" she cried; "I cannot receive alms!" She let her hand drop, and the gold fell on the pavement. Hastily stooping to pick it up, the man stooping at the same moment, their hands met. He took hers in his, in both of his, and pressed it gently.

"You are right, my child," he said; "though to accept a gift from me would not be to receive alms. Still, as you do not know me, you cannot tell wherein I differ from other men; and you are therefore wise to treat me as you would treat other men—as I would ever advise you to treat them. I will not distress you by offering you unearned money again; but at least let me buy at my own price this unlucky waistcoat, which has brought you into so much trouble."

Mabel smiled and blushed. She saw through the delicacy of this feint; and oh, how did her poor heart, bruised as it was by the roughness of the late insult. seemed to expand like a flower in the sun beneath the gentleness, and tenderness, and delicacy of these few words! She unfolded her bundle, and produced the white-flowered waistcoat; tears in her eyes. smiles on her lips, and the burning blood flushing in her cheeks. The stranger made a pretence of looking at it critically; then forcing on her the two rejected sovereigns, he declared that it was worth much more, and that he would "keep it for his best."

"Will you tell me where you live?" he then asked.

Mabel hesitated; she looked troubled.

"You are right," he said kindly; "and I was wrong to ask the question. Still, I should have liked to have seen you again; but you are right, quite right, to refuse it. I don't wish to know where you live; it is better not. God bless you. Be a good girl, and all will come right."

"Good-by, sir," said Mabel simply, looking up into his face.

"How great and handsome he is!" she thought.

"What a lovely little face!" said he, half aloud, "and what a good expression! Ah, she is an honest girl, I am sure!" He shook hands with her, and walked slowly down the street. Mabel watched his manly figure striding in the sunshine, and a sharp swift pang came over her, to think that she had seen him for the last time perhaps!

"And yet I did right," she said, turning away. "What would my poor father have said, if I had made friends with a strange man in the streets, and brought him home to Nelly?"

But she remembered her adventure a long, long time, till the form and features of her unknown hero became idealised and glorified, and he gradually took the stature and divinity of a heroic myth in her life. She used to pray for him morning and evening, but at last it was rather as if she prayed *to* him; for by constantly thinking of him, he had become, to the dreams of her brooding fancy, like her guardian angel, ever present, great, and helpful.

When her savings and the two pounds from her unknown friend had gone, Mabel was completely at a loss. Slop-working at the prices paid to her was a mere waste of time; yet how to employ this time more profitably? What to do, so that Nell might remain at the school, where she was already one of the most promising scholars, and hold up her head with the best of them? Little did Nell think of the bitter toil and patient motherly care it took to keep her at school, and clothe her so prettily; little did she know now dearly she bought those approving smiles, when she brought home a favorable report; nor what deep trials were turned to blessings when, with all her heart full of love, and her lips red with kisses, she would sit by the side of her "darling Mabel," and tell her how far she had got in Fénélon and Cramer. It was better that she knew nothing. Mabel could work so much the more cheerily while her favourite was in the sunshine. Had Nelly sorrowed—Mabel would have drooped.

"What to do?" This was her question one day when her last shilling had disappeared in Nelly's quarter's school-bill. Tears were raining down her cheeks, as the thought of her desolate condition, and her inability to support the weight of responsibility laid on her, when some one knocked at the door, opening it without waiting for her answer. A woman, living in the same house, entered, "to borrow some coals." She saw that Mabel was crying; and seating herself by her, she asked: "What was the matter, and how she could comfort her?"

Mabel, after a few more questions put in that straightforward voice which goes direct to the heart, told her little history; in which there was nothing to tell but the old sad burden of poverty and helplessness. The woman listened to all with a careful contemplative air.

"You can do better than this," she said, after a pause. "Can you dance?"

"Yes," said Mabel; for, indeed, this was one of the few things she had brought away from school, where her lightness and activity had made her a great favourite with the old French dancing-master.

"Then come with me," said the woman.

"Where?—what to do?"

"To the——Theatre,"—Mabel started.—"Does this frighten you?"

"Yes; a great deal," She laughed—not scornfully, but as one who saw beyond and all around a subject, of which a fraction had disturbed the weak sight of another.

"Oh, never mind the name of a place, Mabel Preston. If you knew the world as well as I do, you would know that neither places nor professions were much. To a woman who respects herself, a theatre will be as safe as a throne. It is the heart carried into a thing, not the thing itself that degrades." Mabel was much struck with the remark. The woman seemed so strong and true, that somehow she felt weak and childish beside her. She looked into her resolute honest face. Plain as it was in feature, its expressions seemed quite beautiful to Mabel.

"You will be subject to impertinence and tyranny," added the woman; "but that all subordinates must bear. When you carry home your work, I daresay you hear many an oath from the overseer; and when you go on in the ballet, you will find many a hard word said to you by the ballet-master. If your petticoats are too short or too long, your stockings too pink or too white, if you are paler than usual or redder; anything, in short, will be made a matter of fault-finding when the ballet-master is in a bad humor. But show me the inferior position where you will not be subject to the same thing? Only don't fancy that because you are a ballet-dancer, you must necessarily be corrupt; for I tell you again, Mabel, the heart is a woman's safeguard of virtue, not her position. Good morning. Think of what I have said, and if I can be of use to you, tell me. You shall come with me, and I will take care of you. I am thirty-one, that is a respectable age enough!"

And so she left, smiling half sadly, and forgetting to take her coals. When she remembered them, it was rehearsal time.

Days passed, and Mabel still dwelt with pain and dread on the prospect of being a ballet-dancer. If her kind unknown, or if the Miss Wentworths knew of it, what would they say? She fought it off for a long time; until at last driven into a corner by increasing poverty, she went down to Jane Thornton's room, and saying "Yes, I will be a ballet-dancer!" sealed in her own mind her happiness and respectability for ever, but secured her sister's. Then Jane kissed her, and said "She was a wise girl, and would be glad of having made up her mind to it some day."

It did not take much teaching to bring Mabel to the level of the orhinary ballet-dancer; she was almost equal to her work at the outset. The manager was pleased with her beauty and sweet manners, the ballet-master with her diligence and conscientiousness; and the girls could not find fault with her, seeing that she left their admirers alone, and did not wish to attract even the humblest. She obtained a liberal salary, and things went on very well. She made arrangements for Nelly to be a weekly boarder at her school, so that she might not be left alone at night when she herself was at the theatre, and also to keep this new profession concealed from her; for she

could not get rid of the feeling of disgrace connected with it, though she had as yet found none of the disagreeables usual to young and pretty women behind the scenes. But Mabel was essentially a modest and pure-minded girl, and virtue has a divinity which even the worst men respect.

She was sent for to the Miss Wentworths. Their nephew, Capt. John Wentworth, lately home from the Indies, wanted a new set of shirts. Mabel Preston was to make them, and to be very handsomely paid.

"Well, Mabel, and how have you been getting on since we saw you?" asked old Miss Wentworth sharply. She was spreading a large slice of bread and butter with jam for her.

"Very well lately, ma'am," answered Mabel, turning rather red.

"What have you been doing, child?"

"Working, ma'am."

"What at, Mabel?" asked Miss Silias.

"Needle-work, ma'am."

"Who for, Mabel?" asked Miss Priscilla.

"A ready-made linen-warehouse, ma'am."

"Did they give you good wages, child?"

"Not very," said Mabel, beginning to quake as the catechism proceeded.

"Ugh! so I've heard," growled the old lady from behind her jam-pot. "Wretches!"

"What did they pay you, Mabel?" Miss Priscilla inquired. She was the inquiring mind of the family.

"Three-halfpence a shirt, fourpence for a dozen collars; and so on," answered Mabel.

There was a general burst of indignation.

"Why, how have you lived?" they all cried at once.

Mabel coloured deeper: she was silent. The three old ladies looked at one another. Horrible thoughts, misty and undefined, but terrible in their forebodings, crowded into those three maiden heads! "Mabel! Mabel! what have you been about?—why do you blush so?—where did you get your money?" they cried altogether.

Mabel saw they were rapidly condemning her. Miss Wentworth had left off spreading the jam, and Miss Silias had gone to the other side of the room. She looked up plaintively: "I am a ballet-dancer," she said modestly, and courtesied.

The three old ladies gave each a little scream.

"A ballet-dancer!" cried the eldest.

"With such short petticoats, Mabel? said Miss Silias reproachfully.

"Dancing in public on one toe!" exclaimed Miss Priscilla, holding up her hands. And then there was a dead silence, as if a thunderbolt had fallen. After a time they all left the room, and consulted among themselves secretly in a dark closet by the stairs; with much unfeigned sorrow, and many pathetic expressions, coming to the conclusion that it would be wrong to encourage such immorality, and that Mabel must be forbidden the house under all the penalties of the law. They were very sorry; but it must be so. It was a duty owing to society, and must be performed at all sacrifices of personal liking and natural inclination.

They went back to the parlour in procession.

"We are very sorry, Mabel Preston," began Miss Wentworth, speaking far less gruffly than she would have done if she had been praising her, for the poor old lady was really touched—"we are very sorry that you have so disgraced yourself as you have done. No modest woman could go on the stage. We thought better of you. We have done as much for you as we could; and I think if you had consulted our feelings" ——

"Yes, consulted our feelings," interrupted Miss Silias.

"And asked our advice," said Miss Priscilla, sharply.

"You would not have done such a wicked thing," continued old Miss Wentworth, considerably strengthened by these demonstrations. "However, it is too late to say anything about it. The thing is over and done. But you cannot expect *us* to countenance such proceedings. We are very sorry for you, but you must get work elsewhere. We cannot have our nephew, Captain John Wentworth's shirts, made by a ballet-dancer. It would be setting a young man far too bad an example." (Captain John was past forty, but still "our boy" in his old aunts' parlance.)

Mabel courtesied, and said nothiug. Her modest face and humble manner touched the ladies.

"Here," said Miss Wentworth, thrusting into her hand the bread and butter, "take this: we won't part in unkindness, at anyrate."

Mabel kissed the shrivelled hand of the good old soul, and then in all haste withdrew. She felt the choking tears swelling in her throat, and she did not wish them to be seen. "She did not want her reinstatement because she was weak and whining," she said to herself; while the maiden aunts spoke sorrowfully of her fall, and said among themselves, that if it had not been for their boy, they would not have dismissed her—but a young officer, and a ballet-dancer!

Mabel, shutting the little green gate of the pretty villa, met a hand on the latch at the same moment with her own. She started, and there, smiling into her eyes, was the brave, manly, noble face of her unknown friend.

"I am glad to see you again, sir," said Mabel hurriedly, before she had given herself time to think or to recollect herself.

"Thank you. Then you have not forgotten me?" he answered, with a gentle look and a pleasant smile.

"The poor never forget their benefactors," said Mabel.

"Pshaw! what a foolish expression!"

"It is a true one, sir."

"Well, well, don't call me a benefactor, if you please. I hate the word. And how has the world been using you these three months? It is just three months since I saw you last—did you know that?"

"Yes," said Mabel—this time rather below her breath.

"Well, how have you been getting on?"

"Badly at first, sir—better now."

"Better? Come, that's well! What are you doing?"

"Dancing at the ——— Theatre," said Mabel with a sudden flush; and she looked up full into his face, as if determined to be indifferent and unconscious. The look was caught and understood.

"A hazardous profession," he said gravely, but very kindly.

"A disgraceful one. I know it," she answered, a cloud of bitterness hurrying over her eyes.

"Disgraceful? No, no!"

"It is thought so."

"That depends on the individual. I for one don't think it disgraceful. Men of the world—I mean men who understand human nature—know that no profession of itself degrades any one. If you are an honest-hearted woman, ballet-dancing will not make you anything else."

"Women don't look at in this light," said Mabel.

"Well, what then? The whole world is not made up of women. There is something far higher than regard for prejudices, however respectable, or for ignorance, however innocent."

"Yet we live by the opinion of women," returned Mabel.

"Tell me what you are alluding to. You are not talking abstract philosophy, that is plain. What has happened to you?"

"My new profession," undertaken for my sister's sake, and entered into solely as a means of subsistence—as my only means of subsistence—has so damaged me in the eyes of the world, that I have lost my best friends by it."

"Tell me the particulars."

"The three old ladies at the villa"——

"Ha, ah!" said the stranger.

"They have been long kind to me. They were to give me some work to-day, for their nephew, a captain from India; and when they knew that I was on the stage—for they asked me what I was doing, and I could not tell a story—they forbade me the house, and took away the work. I cannot blame them. They are particular innocent old women, and of course it seemed very dreadful to them."

"And their nephew?"

"Oh, I don't know anything about him. I never saw him," she answered carelessly.

"Indeed!" muttered the stranger.

"He has had nothing to do with it."

"That I can swear to!" he said below his breath.

"But they seemed to think worse of it, because I was to have worked for him. They said it would set him such a bad example, if a ballet-dancer was allowed to do his work."

The stranger burst into a large manly laugh; then suddenly changing to the most gentle tenderness of manner, he began a long lecture on her sensitiveness, and the necessity there was, in her circumstances, of doing what she thought good, and being what she thought right, independent of every person in the world. And speaking thus, they arrived at the door of her lodgings: he had not finished his lecture, so he went in. Mabel felt as if she knew him so well now, that she did not oppose his entering. He was like her father, or an old friend.

The cleanliness, modesty, and propriety of that little room pleased him very much—it was all such an index of a pure heart untouched by a most dangerous calling; and as she sat in the full light, just opposite to him, and he could see her fresh fair face in every line, he thought he had never seen a more beautiful Madonna head than hers, and never met more sweet, pure, and innocent eyes. He was grieved at her position—not but that she would weather all its shoals and rocks bravely; still men do not like young girls to be even tried. There is something in the very fact of trial which wounds the manly nature, whose instinct is to protect. He was much interested in Mabel—he was sorry to leave her: she was something like a young sister to him—she was not nineteen, and he was forty-four—so he might well feel paternally towards her! He should like to take her under his care, and shelter her from all the ills of life. He was so pained for her, and interested in her, that he would come again soon to see her: his counsel might be of use to her, and his friendship might comfort her, and make her feel less lonely. He was quite old enough to come and see her with perfect propriety—he was old enough to be her father. And so, with all the gentleness of a brave man, he left her, after a very long visit, bearing with him her grateful thanks for his kindness, and modest hope to see him "when it should suit his convenience to call again; but he was not to give himself any trouble about it."

Again and again he came, sometimes staying hours on hours, sometimes tearing himself forcibly away after he had been there a few minutes. His manner took an undefinable tone of tenderness and respect; he ceased to treat her as a child, and paid her the subtle homage of an inferior. He left off calling her "Mabel," "my child," "poor girl," &c., and forbade her, almost angrily, to call him "sir;" but he did not tell her his name; that seemed to be a weighty secret, religiously guarded, to which not the smallest clue was given her. And she never sought, or wished to discover it. Her whole soul was wrapped up in her enthusiastic reverence and devotion for him; and whatever had been his will, she would have respected and fulfilled it.

This went on for months. He probed her character to its inmost depths; he taught her mind, and strengthened it in every way. By turns her teacher and her servant, their intimacy had a peculiar character of romance, to which his concealed name gave additional coloring. She did not know if he loved her, or if, in marrying her, he would, "as the world calls it," honor her; she did not know their mutual positions, nor had he ever given her a hint as to his "intentions." Many things seemed to tell her that he loved her; then, again, his cold, calm, fatherly words—his quiet descriptions of her future prospects—his matrimonial probabilities for her—all in the calmest tone of voice, made her blush at her own vanity, and say to herself: "He cannot love me!" Time went on, dragging Mabel's heart deeper into the torture into which this uncertainty had cast it, till at last her health and spirits both began to suffer; and one day when, sick and weary, she turned sadly from her life, and only longed to die, she shrank from her lover's presence, and, wholly overpowered, besought him passionately to leave her, and never see her more.

Then the barrier of silence was cast down; the rein of months was broken; and the love hitherto held in such strict check of speech and feeling, flung aside its former rules, and plunged headlong into the heart of its new life. Then Mabel knew who was her friend, and what had kept him silent—how his grave years seemed so ill to

accord with her fresh youth as to make her life a sacrifice if given up to him—and how he feared to ask her for that sacrifice, until thoroughly convinced that she loved him as he found she did—then, he who knelt at her feet, or pressed her to his heart alternately, who claimed to be her future husband, laying fortune and untarnished name in her lap, and only asking to share them with her, whispered the name she was to bear. Then Mabel, all her former troubles ended, found a new source of disquiet opened, as, hiding her face all trembling on his shoulder, she said: "But the Miss Wentworths, beloved, how will they receive me?"

"As my wife, Mabel, and as their niece!" And then he pressed his first kiss on her blushing brow, and silently asked of God to bless her.

He was so positive that his aunts would do all that was pleasing to him, and so hopeful of their love for her, that at last Mabel's forebodings were conquered, and she believed in the future with him. But they were wrong, for the old ladies would neither receive nor recognise her. It was years before they forgave her; not until poor little Nelly died, just as she was entering womanhood, and Mabel had a severe illness in consequence; their woman's hearts were touched then, and they wrote to her, and forgave her, though "she had been so ungrateful to them as to take in their nephew, Captain John, when he came from the Indies." But Mabel did not quarrel with the form; she was too happy to see the peace of the family restored, to care for the tenacious pride of the old ladies. She revenged herself by making them all love her like their own child, so that even Miss Priscilla thought her quite correct enough; and Miss Wentworth, on her death-bed, told Captain John, that he had been a very fortunate man in his wife, and that she hoped God would bless him only in proportion as he was a good husband to his dear Mabel.

And Mabel found that what Jane Thornton had said to her, when she came to borrow coals from her slop-working sister, was true. It is not the profession that degrades, but the heart. The most despised calling may be made honorable by the honor of its professors; nor will any manner of work whatsoever corrupt the nature which is intrinsically pure. The ballet-dancer may be as high-minded as the governess; the slop-worker as noble as the artist. It is the heart, the mind, the intention, carried into work which degrades or ennobles the character; for to the "pure all things are pure," and to the impure, all things are occasions of still further evil.

A Billion.—What a very great sum is a billion It is a million of milions. A million seems large enough—but a million of millions! how long do you suppose it would take you to count it? A mill which makes one hundred pins a minute, if kept to work night and day, would only make fifty-two millions five hundred and ninety-six pins a year, at that rate the mill must work twenty thousand years without stopping a single moment, in order to turn out a billion of pins. It is beyond our reach to conceive it—and yet when a billion of years shall have gone, eternity will seem to have just begun. How important, then, is the question, "Where shall I spend eternity?"

THE ADVENTURES OF THE LAST ABENCERRAGE.*

An involuntary cry escaped the lips of Bianca on perceiving Aben Hamet. "Cavaliers," cried she instantly, "behold the infidel of whom I have spoken to you so much. Tremble lest he carry off the victory: the Abencerrages were men like him, and nothing surpassed them in loyalty, courage and gallantry."

Don Carlos advanced towards Aben Hamet, "Senor Moor," said he, "my father and sister have taught me your name; your mien is distinguished for its courtesy. Charles V., my master, intends carrying a war into Tunis, and we shall meet, I trust, on the field of honour."

Aben Hamet placed his hand on his breast, sat down on the earth without answering a word, but remained with his eyes fixedly gazing on Bianca and Lautric. The latter admired with the curiosity of his country the superb robes, the brilliant arms and the haughty beauty of the Moor. Bianca alone appeared unembarrassed. Her soul was in her eyes; sincerity itself, she did not endeavour to conceal the secret of her heart. After some moments of silence, Aben Hamet arose, bowed to the daughter of the Duke de Santa Fé, and retired. Astounded by the demeanour of the Moor and the looks of Bianca, Lautric now saluted her, and departed with a suspicion which shortly changed itself into certainty. Don Carlos remained alone with his sister. "Bianca," said he, "explain yourself. Whence arises the trouble which the sight of yon infidel stranger caused you?"

"My brother," answered Bianca, "I love Aben Hamet, and would he but become a Christian, my hand should be his."

"What!" cried Don Carlos, "you love Aben Hamet. The daughter of the Bivars loves an infidel, a Moor, an enemy whose forefathers were hunted from these palaces?"

"Don Carlos," replied Bianca, "I love Aben Hamet, Aben Hamet loves me. For three long years he has renounced me, sooner than the religion of his fathers—nobility, honour and chivalry are in him. I will adore him to my last sigh."

Don Carlos was capable of appreciating the generous resolution of Aben Hamet, although he deplored the blindness of the infidel. "Unhappy Bianca," said he, "whither will this love lead thee? I had hoped that Lautric, my friend, would have become my brother?"

"Thou wert deceived, O my brother," answered Bianca, "I can never love your friend. As to

* Continued from page 30, vol. 3.—Concluded.

my sentiments for Aben Hamet, I have not breathed them to mortal ears. Keep thine oaths of chivalry as I shall keep mine of love. Know only, for thy consolation, that Bianca will never be the bride of an infidel."

"Our family will disappear from the earth for ever," said Don Carlos, sadly.

"'Tis for thee to revive it," said Bianca. "What skills it to have sons whose manhood you will not see, and who may degenerate from thy virtue, Don Carlos, I feel that we are the last of our race. We differ too much from the common herd to leave a progeny behind us. The Cid was our ancestor, he will be our posterity," and Bianca departed.

Don Carlos fled to the Abencerrage. "Moor!" cried he, "renounce all hopes of my sister or accept my challenge?"

"Art thou charged by thy sister to redemand the oaths she has sworn?"

"No," replied Don Carlos, "she loves you more than ever."

"O wondrous generosity, O brother worthy of such a sister," interrupted Aben Hamet. "The happiness of my life must I owe to thy race. O fortunate Aben Hamet! O happy day! I believed thy sister unfaithful for that French Cavalier."

"And was that thy misfortune, cursed infidel?" cried Don Carlos, forgetting himself with rage. "Lautric is my friend, but for thee he would have been my brother. Thou must answer to me straightway for the trouble thou hast caused in my family."

"Would that it might be so," answered Aben Hamet," with spirit, "but though born of a race which perhaps has combatted thine, I have never been dubbed Cavalier. Nor is there any one here present, who can confer on me the order which will permit thee to measure swords with me, without detriment to thy rank."

Don Carlos, struck by the reflection of the Moor, regarded him with a mixture of admiration and fury. All at once he cried, "I will dub thee Knight! Thou art worthy."

"Aben Hamet bent the knee before Don Carlos, who administered the accolade by striking him three times on the shoulder with the flat of his sword. Afterwards he girt round him the sword which the Abencerrage was perhaps about to plunge into his breast. Such was the ancient chivalry.

Both now mounted their steeds and rode out of Grenada to the fountain of the Pine, a spring long celebrated for duels between Moors and Christians. T'was here that Malik Alabes had fought with Ponce de Leon, and here the grand-master of Calatrava had slain the valiant Abayador. There still hung to the branches of the pine the remains of the arms of the Moorish Cavalier, and on the rugged bark might yet be traced the few remaining letters of a funereal inscription Don Carlos indicated with his hand the tomb of Abayador to the Abencerrage, "Imitate," cried he, "that glorious infidel and receive both baptism and death from my hand?"

"Death, perchance," answered Aben Hamet, "but baptism never. There is but one God and Allah is his prophet."

They soon took the field and dashed at one another with fury. Swords were their only weapons. Aben Hamet was less skilled in duelling than his antagonist, but the goodness of his weapon, tempered at Damascus, and the lightness of his Arab steed still gave him the advantage over his enemy, Dashing his courser at full speed after the Moorish fashion, with his large sharp stirrup, he gashed the right leg of Don Carlos' horse above the knee. The wounded animal fell, and Don Carlos dismounted by this fell stroke, advanced on Aben Hamet at sword-point. The latter leaped to the earth and received the Spaniard's attack with intrepidity. Twice he parried the Spaniard's blows who at last shivered his weapon on the Damascus steel. Twice over-come by misfortune, Don Carlos shed tears of rage, and cried to his enemy. "Strike, Moor, strike! Don Carlos unarmed defies thee, and all thine unbelieving race."

"Thou mightest have kllled me," answered the Abencerrage, "but I never dreamed of doing thee the slightest injury. I fought but to prove myself worthy of being thy brother and to prevent thy scorn."

At this instant a cloud of dust was seen in the distance, and Bianca and Lautric gallopped speedily to the Fountain of the Pine, and found the combat suspended.

"I am conquered," said Don Carlos. "This cavalier has granted me my life. Lautric, perhaps thou mightest be more fortunate."

"My wounds," answered Lautric, in a noble and generous voice, "permit me to refuse the combat with this noble and courteous cavalier. I do not wish," added he, reddening, "to know the object of your quarrel, or to penetrate a secret which would perchance carry death to my heart. My absence will soon renew peace between you, unless Bianca command me to rest at her feet."

"Chevalier," said Bianca, "you will live near my brother and will regard me as your sister.

Every heart here has tasted misery; from us you will learn how to support the evils of life."

Bianca wished to compel the three cavaliers to embrace, but all three refused. "I hate Aben Hamet," cried Don Carlos, "I envy him," said Lautric, "And I," said the Abencerrage, "I esteem Don Carlos, and mourn for Lautric; but I cannot like them."

"Let us meet often," said Bianca, "and sooner or later, friendship will follow esteem. Let the fatal event which has assembled us here remain for ever unknown to Grenada."

From that time forth Aben Hamet became a thousand times dearer to the daughter of the Duke de Santa Fé. Love adores valour. The Abencerrage lacked in nothing in her eyes since he was brave, and Don Carlos owed him his life. By the advice of Bianca, Aben Hamet abstained for several days from presenting himself at the palace, so as to allow the anger of Don Carlos to cool. A mixture of sweet and bitter feelings filled the soul of the Abencerrage. On the one hand the assurance of being loved with so much fidelity and ardour, was for him an immeasurable source of delight: on the other the certainty of never being happy in love without renouncing the religion of his fathers, overwhelmed his courage with dismay. Already long years had passed away without bringing any remedy for his malady. Was the rest of his life to pass thus?

One evening as he was plunged in the midst of the most serious yet tender reflections, he heard the bell sound for that Christian prayer which announces the close of day. It smote on his ear with a melancholy sound, and he bethought him to enter the temple of Bianca's God, and ask counsel from the master of nature.

He went out and soon arrived at the door of an ancient mosque, converted into a chapel by the faithful. With a heart steeped in sorrow, and awed by religion, he penetrated into the temple formerly dedicated to his God and country. The prayer was ended and there was no one in the church. A holy obscurity reigned across a multitude of columns resembling the trunks of forest trees planted in rows. The light architecture of the Arab was united here with the sombre gothic, and without losing anything of its elegance, had assumed a gravity more suitable to meditation. A few oil lamps barely lighted the high roof, whilst the altar of the sanctuary glittered in the light of many waxen candles, and sparkled with gold and precious stones.

The Spaniards make it their glory to despoil themselves of their riches to adorn the objects of their worship. And the altar of the living God, adorned with veils of lace, crowns of pearls and heaps of rubies, is adored by a half-naked people.

No sittings are seen amidst the vast enclosure. A pavement of marble which covers the dead, serves for great as well as small to prostrate themselves before the Lord. Aben Hamet advanced slowly and with awe up the deserted aisles which resounded only to the sound of his footsteps. His thoughts were divided between the recollections of the religion of his fathers which that ancient edifice brought back to his memory, and the sentiments which the religion of the Christians inspired in his heart. All at once he perceived at the foot of a column, a motionless figure, which he at first mistook for a statue or a tomb. On approaching nearer, he discovered a young cavalier on his knees, his head reverentially bent, and his two arms crossed on his breast. The cavalier made no movement at the sound of Aben Hamet's footsteps. No distraction, no sign of exterior life troubled his profound prayer. He appeared to be fixed in that attitude by enchantment. It was Lautric, "Ah," said the Abencerrange to himself, "this young and handsome Frenchman asks some signal favour of heaven. This warrior already celebrated for his courage, here lays bare his heart before the Sovereign of Heaven, like the most humble and obscure of men. Let me also invoke the God of Cavaliers and glory."

Aben Hamet was about to precipitate himself upon the marble when he perceived by the dim light of a lamp, some Arabic characters and a verse from the Koran which appeared upon a half fallen plaster tablet. Remorse entered his heart, and he hastened to quit an edifice where the thought of becoming a renegade to his religion and his country had first entered his heart.

The cemetery which surrounded this ancient mosque, was planted after the Moorish fashion with orange trees, cypresses and palms, and was watered by two clear fountains and surrounded by cloisters. Whilst passing under one of its porticoes, Aben Hamet perceived a woman about to enter the church. Although envelopped in a veil, the quick eye of the Abencerrage recognised the daughter of the Duke de Santa Fé. He stopped her and asked "Are you come to seek Lautric in this temple?"

"Out on these vulgar jealousies," said Bianca. "If I loved thee no longer, I would tell thee so. I should disdain to deceive you. I came here to pray for you, for you alone are now the object of my prayers. I forget the safety of my own soul for sake of thine. It was not necessary to intoxicate one with the poison of your

love, or it is necessary to serve the God whom I serve. You trouble my family. My brother hates you, and my father is overcome with chagrin because I refuse to choose a husband. Dost thou not see how my health is altered? Dost see that asylum of death? It is enchanting, and I shall sleep there soon if you hasten not to receive my faith at the foot of the Christian's altar. The struggles which I daily undergo are slowly undermining my life. The passion with which you have inspired me will not always sustain my frail existence. Remember, O Moor, that the flame which lights the torch is also that which consumes it."

Bianca entered the church leaving Aben Hamet overwhelmed at her last words.

It was finished. The proud Abencerrage was conquered and had determined to renounce the errors of his faith. Long time had he struggled but the fear of seeing Bianca die, weighed against every other sentiment in his heart. "After all," said he, "the God of the Christian is perhaps the true God, and he is God of noble souls since he is the God of Bianca, Carlos, and Lautric." With this determination, Aben Hamet waited impatiently for the morrow to make known his resolution to Bianca and to change a life of sorrow and tears for one of happiness and joy. He was unable to visit the palace of the Duke de Santa Fé until evening, when he learnt that Bianca had gone with her brother to the Generalife where Lautric intended giving a fête. Agitated by new suspicions, Aben Hamet flew on the traces of Bianca. Lautric, reddened on seeing the Abencerrage arrive. As to Don Carlos he received the Moor with a frigid politeness through which his esteem nevertheless appeared.

Lautric had caused the finest fruits of Spain and Africa to be served in one of the saloons of the Generalife. Around this saloon were hung portraits of princes, nobles and cavaliers, conquerors of the Moors. Pelasgo, the Cid, Gonzalvo de Cordova, and Ponce de Leon. The sword of the unhappy Boabdil el Chico, was suspended beneath these portraits. Aben Hamet concealed the grief which gnawed his heart, and only said, like the lion while looking at the pictures, we do not know how to paint.

The generous Lautric who saw the eyes of the Abencerrage turn in spite of himself towards the sword of Boabdil, said to him, "Cavalier Moro, had I foreseen that you would have done me the honour to have joined this fête, I would not have received you here. Swords are lost continually. I myself have seen the most valiant of Kings deliver his to his happy enemy."

"Ah," cried the Abencerrage, covering his face with a portion of his robe, "one might part with a sword like Francis the First, but like Boabdil, * * * * *"

Night came. Torches were brought. The conversation changed its course. They begged of Don Carlos to relate the discovery of Mexico. He told of this unknown world with the pompous eloquence of a Spaniard, of the misfortunes of Montezuma, the manners of the Americans, the prodigies of Castilian valour, and even the cruelties of his compatriots, which to him appeared to merit rather praise than blame. These recitals enchanted Aben Hamet, whose passion for the marvellous betrayed his Arab blood. In his turn he painted the glories of the Ottoman Empire, then newly raised on the ruins of Constantinople, though not without regretting the first empire of Mahomet, the happy time when the leader of the Crescent saw glitter around him Zobeide, the flower of beauty and strength of heart, Tourmente, and that generous Ganem, a slave for love. As to Lautric, he painted the gallant court of Francis the First, the arts springing from the breast of barbarism, the honour, loyalty, and chivalry, of ancient days united to the politeness of civilized ages, Gothic turrets adorned with Grecian architecture, and the French dames setting off their rich apparel by Athenian elegance.

After this conversation, Lautric, who wished to amuse the divinity of this fête, took a guitar, and sang the following romance, which he had composed to a mountain air of his native land:

SONG OF LAUTRIC.

Oh native land! to mem'ry dear,
Friends home and country, sunny sky,
For thee my heart, once light, now drear,
Beats with a love can never die.

Oh, sister! do'st remember yet
The happy days we spent of yore?
Our mother dear! O, vain regret!
Her snow-white locks we'll kiss no more!

Our pleasant home, beside the stream,
Which flowed with waves of silver light;
By sloping banks of verdure green,
Where oft we played, from morn till night.

Rememberest thou the tranquil lake,
O'er which the swallow fluttered gay;
Whilst zephyrs shook the tangled brake,
Red in the sunlight's dying ray?

Oh, home! shall I e'er see again
My hills, thy vales, thy fields, thy sky?
For thee my heart, though full of pain,
Beats with a love can never die.

Lautric in finishing the last couplet, dried with his glove a tear which the memory of the lovely land of France forced from him. The regrets of

the handsome prisoner were keenly felt by Aben Hamet, who deplored equally with him the loss of his country. Solicited in his turn to take the guitar, he excused himself, saying that he only knew one romance, and that one not over palatable to Christians.

"If it be the groans of the Infidels over our victory," sneered Don Carlos contemptuously, "you may sing. Tears are permitted to the vanquished."

"Yes," said Bianca, "and 'tis for that our fathers, formerly under the Moorish yoke, have left us so many plaintive ballads"—

Aben Hamet then sung this romance, which he had learned from a poet of the Abencerrage tribe:

THE SONG OF ABEN HAMET.

Don Juan of Castile with a prancing cavalcade,
Once saw o'er distant hills the towers of bright Grenade
Then sudden crossed he him, and by the rood he swore
That, in th' Alhambra halls, the Moor should reign no more.

Thou fairest town, he cried, thou art my joy and pride,
My heart is thine for aye, and thou shalt be my bride,
With priceless jewels I'll adorn thy halls, until
Thou shadow e'en the far-famed glories of Seville.

Thus wooed the King but the city scorned
By a Christian base to be so adorned;
The city scorned—but, O treachery vile!
Now Grenada basks in the Spaniard's smile!

Sons of the desert! gone is thy heritage;
The Spaniard sits now in the halls of Abencerrage;
Our daughters shall weep, and our sons shall hate;
Allah il Allah! 'twas thus written in fate!

Oh, home of my fathers! lovely Alhambra,
City of fountains bright, palace of Allah!
The base Christian reigns in the halls of the great;
Allah il Allah! 'twas written in fate!

The simplicity of these strains had touched even the heart of Don Carlos, despite the imprecations pronounced against the Christians. He wished to have declined singing, but, through courtesy to Lautric, he yielded to their entreaties. Aben Hamet handed the guitar to the brother of Bianca, who sang of the exploits of the Cid, his ancestor—

THE SONG OF DON CARLOS.

In his armour bright, the warrior dight
His sword girt on his thigh;
His proud steeds wait at the castle gate;
His parting now is nigh.

His heart beats high at his fair bride's sigh,
He takes his light guitar,
And to Ximene, his weeping dame,
Thus sung the bold Bivar.

In the first array of the battle fray,
Shall Rodrigo ever be!
And his war cry proud shall echo loud
For honor, love, and thee!

The turban'd Moor shall bend before
My falchion's flashing might:
And many a foe shall lay full low,
Crushed, quenched in endless night.

In after days, when the bard shall raise
The song in strains of war,
And the tale is told to young and old,
Of Rodrigo of Bivar.

By cottage small, in bower and hall,
Shall the minstrel sing again
How my battle cry rang loud and high,
For honor, love, and Spain!

Don Carlos had looked so proud whilst singing these verses, with his manly and sonorous voice, that he might well have been taken for the Cid himself. Lautric partook the warlike enthusiasm of his friend, but the Abencerrage turned pale at the name of Bivar.

"That Cavalier," said he, "whom the Christians termed 'The Flower of Chivalry' amongst us is called *cruel.* Had his generosity equalled his courage——"

"His generosity," interrupted Don Carlos with vivacity, "surpassed even his valor, and 'tis a Moor alone who could calumniate the hero to whom my family owes its origin."

"How say you?" said Aben Hamet springing from the seat on which he was half reclining. "Do you count the Cid amongst your ancestors?"

"His blood flows in my veins," answered Don Carlos, "and I recognize myself of that noble race by the hatred which burns in my heart against the enemies of my God."

"So then," said Aben Hamet regarding Bianca, "You are of the house of those Bivars who after the conquest of Grenada, invaded the hearths of the unhappy Abencerrages, and slew an old cavalier of that name who wished to defend the tombs of his ancestors from desecration."

"Moor," shouted Don Carlos inflamed with rage, "know that I permit no one to interrogate me. If I possess to-day the spoil of the Abencerrages, my ancestors acquired it at the price of their blood, and owe it only to their sword."

"Yet a word," said Aben Hamet, still more moved, "we were ignorant in our exile that the Bivars carried the title of Santa Fé, hence my error."

"It was on that Bivar the conqueror of the Abencerrages," answered Don Carlos, "that this title was conferred by Ferdinand the Catholic."

Aben Hamet hung his head on his breast. He stood up in the midst of the three, Bianca, Lautric and Don Carlos, who were astonished to see two torrents of tears flowing down either cheek to his girdle.

"Pardon," said he, "men I know ought not to

shed tears—moreover, mine will never again flow outwardly, although there remains enough to weep at. Listen to me?

"Bianca, my love for thee equals the force of the burning winds of Araby. Thou conqueredst me. I could not live without thee. Yesterday, the sight of this French cavalier at prayer, and thy words in the cemetery of the temple, resolved me to know thy God and to offer thee my faith."

A movement of joy on the part of Bianca, and of surprise on Don Carlos, interrupted Aben Hamet, Lautric concealed his visage between his hands.

The Moor divined his thoughts, and shaking his head with a bitter smile, said, "Cavalier, hope still remains for thee—and thou, O! Bianca, weep for ever over the last Abencerrage."

Bianca, Lautric, Carlos, all three raised their hands to heaven in astonishment, and cried, "The Last Abencerrage!"

Silence reigned around; fear, hope, hatred, love, astonishment, jealousy, agitated all hearts. Bianca soon fell on her knees—"God of goodness," cried she, "thou justifiest my choice. I could not love other than the descendant of heroes."

"Sister," cried Carlos, irritated, "remember you are here before Lautric."

"Don Carlos," said Aben Hamet, "suspend your rage, it remains for me to render you tranquillity." Then addressing himself to Bianca who had reseated herself:

"Houri of Heaven, Genie of love and beauty, Aben Hamet will be thy slave to his last sigh. Yet know the whole extent of my misfortunes. The old man immolated by thine ancestor in defending his home was my grandfather. Learn now a secret which I have hitherto hidden from hee, or rather which thou hast caused me to forget:—When I came first to visit this mournful land, my design above all was to seek out some descendant of the Bivars who should render me an account of the blood which his father had spilt."

"Well then," said Bianca in a desponding voice, yet sustained by the pride of a great soul, "what is thy resolution?"

"The only one worthy of thee," answered Aben Hamet, "to restore thee thine oaths, and to satisfy by my eternal absence and death, the enmity of our Gods, our countries and our families. If ever my image be effaced from thy heart, if time which destroys all things sweeps from thy memory the recollection of the Abencerrage—this French Knight—you owe this sacrifice to your brother."

Lautric rose with impetuosity, and cast himself into the arms of the Moor. "Aben Hamet," cried he, "think not to surpass me in generosity. I am a Frenchman. Bayard dubbed me knight. I have shed my blood for my King, and I will live as my godfather and king, without fear and without reproach. Remain among us and I supplicate to Don Carlos to bestow on thee the hand of his sister. Depart from Grenada, and never shall a word of my love trouble the mistress of thy heart. You shall not carry into your exile the mournful idea, that Lautric, insensible to thy virtue, sought to profit by thy misfortune," and the young Cavalier pressed the Moor to his breast with the warmth and vivacity of a Frenchman.

"Cavaliers," said Don Carlos, in his turn, "I did not expect less from your illustrious races. Aben Hamet, by what sign can I recognize thee for the last Abencerrage?"

"By my conduct," answered Aben Hamet. "I admire it," said Don Carlos, "but before explaining myself, shew me some sign of thy birth."

Aben Hamet drew from his breast the hereditary ring of the Abencerrages, which he carried suspended round his neck by a chain of gold.

At this sign Don Carlos tendered his hand to the unhappy Aben Hamet. "Senor Cavalier," said he, "I hold thee for a true son of Kings. Thou honorest me by thy intentions towards my family. I accept the combat which you came secretly to seek for. If I am vanquished, all my wealth formerly thine shall be faithfully remitted thee. If you renounce your intentions of combat, accept in your turn that which I offer thee. Become a Christian, and receive the hand of my sister, which Lautric has demanded for thee.

The trial was great, but not above the forces of Aben Hamet. If love in all its power spoke to the heart of the Abencerrage on the other hand, he thought only with horror of the idea of uniting the blood of the persecutors to the blood of the persecuted. He fancied he saw the shade of his murdered ancestor rising from the tomb and, reproaching him with this sacriligious alliance. Pierced to the heart, Aben Hamet cried, "was it necessary for me to meet here so many noble hearts, so many generous souls! better to appreciate my loss. Let Bianca speak, let her decide what I must do to be more worthy of her love."

"Return to the desert," cried Bianca, and fainted.

Aben Hamet postrated himself at the feet of the unconscious Bianca, imprinted one fervent kiss on her hand, and then went out without uttering a word. On the same night he left for Malaga, and then embarked in a vessel bound for

Oran. Near that town was camped the caravan which every three years leaves Morocco, crosses Africa, arrives in Egypt, and joins in Yemen the caravan of Mecca. Aben Hamet joined himself to the number of the pilgrims.

Bianca whose life was at first menaced, recovered slowly; Lautric, faithful to the promise which he had given to the Abencerrage, departed, and never did a word of his love or grief trouble the melancholy of the daughter of the Duke de Santa Fé. Each year Bianca went to wander o'er the mountains of Malaga at the period at which her lover had been accustomed to return from Africa. Seated on the rocks she watched the sea and the distant vessels, and then returned to Grenada, where she passed the remainder of her days in the Alhambra.

She neither complained nor wept, neither did she ever speak of Aben Hamet, and a stranger might have fancied her happy. She remained the only one of her family. Her father died of chagrin, and Don Carlos was killed in a duel in which Lautric served him as second. None ever knew the fate of Aben Hamet.

* * * * * *

On going out of the gates of Tunis by the road which leads to the ruins of Carthage there is a cemetery. Under a palm tree in a corner of that cemetery I was shown a tomb which is called "The Grave of the Last Abencerrage." There is nothing remarkable about it. The sepulchral slab is solid ,only according to a custom of the Moors a slight hollow has been scooped out of the middle of this stone with a chisel. The rain water drains into the bottom of this funeral cup, and serves in a burning clime to quench the thirst of the birds of heaven.

Translator's Note.—The foregoing beautiful tale of Chateaubriand has been rendered in English expressly for the Anglo-American Magazine.

M. E. R.

Toronto, July 1st, 1853.

FORGIVENESS.

My heart was heavy, for its trust had been
Abused, its kindness answered with foul wrong;
So turning gloomily from my fellow men,
One summer Sabbath day I strolled among
The green mounds of the village burial place;
Where, pondering how all human love and hate
Find one sad level—and how, soon or late,
Wronged and wrong-doer, each with meeken'd face
And cold hands folded over a still heart,
Pass the green threshold of our common grave,
Whither all footsteps end, whence none depart,
Awed for myself, and pitying my race,
Our common sorrow, like a mighty wave,
Swept all my pride away, and, trembling, I forgave.

TOM MOOREIANA.
No. II.

HOW TO PAY A COACH HIRE.

Lord John told us a good trick of Sheridan's upon Richardson. Sheridan had been driving out three or four hours in a hackney coach, when, seeing Richardson pass, he hailed him, and made him get in. He instantly contrived to introduce a topic upon which Richardson (who was the very soul of disputatiousness) always differed with him; and at last, affecting to be mortified at R.'s arguments, said, "You really are too bad; I cannot bear to listen to such things; I will not stay in the same coach with you;" and accordingly got down and left him, Richardson hallooing out triumphantly after him, "Ah, you're beat, you're beat;" nor was it till the heat of his victory had a little cooled that he found out he was left in the lurch to pay for Sheridan's three hours' coaching.

NON SEQUITURS.

In talking of people who had a sort of *non sequitur* head, there were two or three ridiculous instances mentioned. A man, who being asked did he understand German, answered, "No, but I have a cousin who plays the German flute." Another, going into a book-shop to ask if they had the "Whole Duty of Man," and receiving for answer, "No, sir, but we have Mrs. Glasse's Cookery," &c.

BYRON'S ESTIMATE OF QUEEN CAROLINE.

A letter from Lord Byron to day, in which there is the following epigram upon the braziers going up "in armour" with an address to the Queen:—

"The braziers, it seems, are preparing to pass
An address, and present it themselves all in brass:
A superfluous pageant, for, by the Lord Harry,
They'll find where they're going much more than they carry."

QUIZZING A BORE.

Sir A. C—— once telling long rhodomontade stories about America at Lord Barrymore's table, B. (winking at the rest of the company) asked him, "Did you ever meet any of the Chick-Chows, Sir Arthur?" "Oh, several; a very cruel race." "The Cherry-Chows?" "Oh, very much among them: they were particularly kind to our men." "And pray, did you know anything of the Totteroddy bow-wows?" This was too much for poor Sir A., who then, for the first time, perceived that Barrymore had been quizzing him.

THE CRESCENT IN ROME.

Delessert mentioned rather a comical trick of some English, who took an Ottoman flag with them to the ball of St. Peter's, and planted it over the Angel. The astonishment of the cardinals next morning at seeing the crescent floating over St. Peter's!

A GUESSER.

Lattin very amusing. Mentioned some Frenchman who said he had not read the "History of France," but had *guessed* it.

FIRE TREES.

It is said that the frozen Norwegians, on the first sight of roses, dared not touch what they conceived were trees budding with fire.

A COOL LANDLORD.

Dawson told a good story about the Irish landlord counting out the change of a guinea. "Twelve, 13, 14 (a shot heard); 'Bob, go and see who's that that's killed;' 15, 16, 17 (enter Bob), 'It's Kelly, sir.'—Poor Captain Kelly, a very good customer of mine; 18, 19, 20, there's your change, sir."

GEORGE IV. AND QUEEN CAROLINE.

Martial's well-known epigram, I am not surprised to find, has been applied to the quarrel between their majesties. I remember translating it thus, when I was a boy,

> "So like in their manners, so like in their life,
> An infamous husband and infamous wife;
> It is something most strange and surprising to me,
> That a couple so *like* should never *agree!*"

WORDSWORTH ON SCOTT.

Spoke of the Scottish novels. Is sure they are Scott's. The only doubt he ever had on the question did not arise from thinking them too good to be Scott's, but, on the contrary, from the infinite number of clumsy things in them; common-place contrivances, worthy only of the Minerva press, and such bad vulgar English as no gentleman of education ought to have written. When I mentioned the abundance of them, as being rather too great for one man to produce, he said, that great fertility was the characteristic of all novelists and story-tellers. Richardson could have gone on for ever; his "Sir Charles Grandison" was, originally, in thirty volumes. Instanced Charlotte Smith, Madame Cottin, &c. &c. Scott, since he was a child, accustomed to legends, and to the exercise of the story-telling faculty, sees nothing to stop him as long as he can hold a pen.

CANNING ON GRATTAN.

Talking of Grattan, he said that, for the last two years, his public exhibitions were a complete failure, and that you saw all the mechanism of his oratory without its life. It was like lifting the flap of a barrel-organ, and seeing the wheels. That this was unlucky, as it proved what an artificial style he had used. You saw the skeleton of his sentences without the flesh on them; and were induced to think that what you had considered flashes, were merely primings, kept ready for the occasion.

MOORE ON WORDSWORTH.

Wordsworth rather dull. I see he is a man to *hold forth;* one who does not understand the *give and take* of conversation.

AN ERUDITE CURE.

Mr. Rich said at dinner that a curé (I forget in what part of France) asked him once whether it was true that the English women wore rings in their noses? to which Mr. R. answered, that, "in the north of England, near China, it was possible they might, but certainly not about London."

AN AWKWARD BUSINESS.

It was mentioned that Luttrell said lately, with respect to the disaffection imputed to the army in England, "Gad, sir, when the extinguisher takes fire, it's an awkward business."

POPULARITY AND PILLS.

Saw this morning at the bottom of a pill-box, sent me from the apothecary's, these words, "May Hebe's choicest gift be thy lot, thou pride of Erin's Isle!" Glory on a pill-box!

WHY THE FRENCH PUN WELL.

The quickness of the French at punning arises, I think, very much from their being such bad spellers. Not having the fear of orthography before their eyes, they have at least one restraint less upon their fancy in this sort of excercise.

A CAUTIOUS MEDICO.

Lord John mentioned an old physician (I believe) of the old Marquis of Lansdowne, called Ingerhouz, who, when he was told that that old Frederic of Prussia was dead, asked anxiously, "Are you very sure dat he is dead?" "Quite sure." "On vhat authority?" "Saw it in the papers." "You are very, very sure?" "Perfectly so." "Vell, now he is really dead, I *vill* say he vas de greatest tyrant dat ever existed."

FRESH WIT.

I dined at Lord Blessington's. Lord B. mentioned a good story of an Irishman he knew, saying to a dandy who took up his glass to spy a shoulder of mutton, and declared he had never seen such a thing before, "Then, I suppose, sir, you have been chiefly in the *chop line.*"

ANXIETY OF A COMPOSER.

He mentioned a good story to prove how a musician's ear requires the extreme seventh to be resolved. Sebastian Bach, one morning getting out of bed for some purpose, ran his fingers over the keys of the pianoforte as he passed, but when he returned to bed found he could not sleep. It was in vain he tossed and turned about. At length he recollected that the last chord he struck was that of the seventh; he got up again, resolved it, and then went to bed and slept as comfortably as he could desire.

A CONSCIENCE-SMITTEN BARBER

Told a story of a young fellow at a Chelsea ball, who, upon the steward's asking him,

"What are you?" (meaning what o'clock it was by him), was so consciously alive to the intrusion which he had been guilty of, that he stammered out, "Why, sir, I confess I am a barber; but if you will have the goodness to say no more about it, I will instantly leave the room."

THIN LIPS.

Lawrence's idea that murderers have thin lips; has always found it so.

RANDOLPH.

Sat next Lord Limerick and Randolph, the famous American orator, a singular looking man, with a young-old face, and a short small body, mounted upon a pair of high crane legs and thighs, so that when he stood up, you did not know when he was to end, and a squeaking voice like a boy's just before breaking into manhood. His manner, too, strange and pedantic, but his powers of eloquence (Irving tells me) wonderful.

"ROMANTIC."

A troublesome gentleman, who has called several times, insisted upon seeing me; said his business was of a *romantic* nature, and the romance was his asking me to lend him money enough to keep him for a month; told me he was the author of the "Hermit in London," but begged me to keep his secret. Told him I had no money myself, but would try what a friend I was going to dine with would do for him; this merely to get rid of "the Hermit."

A JUDICIAL SARCASM.

Judge Fletcher once interrupted Tom Gold in an argument he was entering into about the jury's deciding on the fact, &c., when Gold, vexed at being stopped in his career, said, "My Lord, Lord Mansfield was remarkable for the patience with which he heard the Counsel that addressed him." "He never heard you, Mr. Gold," was Fletcher's reply, given with a weight of brogue, which added to the effect of the sarcasm.

TAR AND FEATHERS.

Talking of jokes, there is a good story of Lattin's, which I doubt if I have recorded. During the time of the emigrants in England, an old French lady came to him in some country town, begging for God's sake, he would interfere, as the mob was about to tar and feather a French nobleman. On Lattin's proceeding with much surprise to inquire into the matter, he found they were only going to *pitch a marquée.*

A SLIPPERY CUSTOMER.

Byron's story of the priest, saying to a fellow who always shirked his dues at Easter and Christmas, and who gave as an excuse for his last failure, that he had been very ill, and so near dying that Father Brennan had annointed him: "Annointed you, did he? faith, it showed he did not know you as well as I do, or he would have known you were slippery enough without it."

WANT OF PRACTICE.

By the bye, Shee told me a *bon-mot* of Rogers the other day. On somebody remarking that Payne Knight had got very deaf, "'Tis from want of practice," says R.; Knight being a very bad listener.

FRENCH BLUNDERS.

Told some good anecdotes about French translations from the English. In some work where it was said "the air was so clear, that we could distinctly see a *bell-wether* on the opposite hill, the translator made bell-weather, *le beau temps.* Price, on the Picturesque, says that a bald head is the only smooth thing possessing that quality, but that if we were to cover it over with flour, it would lose its picturesqueness immediately; in translating which, some Frenchman makes it, *une belle tête chauve couronnée de fleurs.*

CHEAP LIVING.

Jekyll more silent than he used to be, but very agreeable. In talking of cheap living, he mentioned a man who told him his eating cost him almost nothing, for on "Sunday," said he, "I always dine with my old friend ——, and then eat so much that it lasts until Wednesday, when I buy some tripe, which I hate like the very devil, and which accordingly makes me so sick that I cannot eat any more till Sunday again."

A LUCKY SCOTSMAN.

After breakfast had a good deal of conversation with Jekyll. Quoted those lines written upon John Allen Parke, by a man who never wrote any verses before or since:

"John Allen Parke
Came naked stark
From Scotland;
But now has clothes,
And lives with beaux
In England."

HISTRIONIC MISTAKES

Told of the actor saying by mistake,—

"How sharper than a serpent's *thanks* it is.
To have a *toothless* child:"

and old Parker who used always to say the "coisoned pup" instead of "poisoned cup;" and one night, when he spoke it right, the audience said, "No, no!" and called for the other reading.

A BATCH OF JOKES.

At breakfast Jekyll told of some one remarking on the inaccuracy of the inscription on Lord Kenyon's tomb, *Mors janua vita;* upon which Lord Ellenborough said, "Don't you know that *that* was by Kenyon's express desire, as he left it in his will, that they should not go to the expense of a dipthong?" He

mentioned Roger's story of an old gentleman when sleeping at the fire, being awakened by the clatter of the fire-irons all tumbling down; and saying, "What! going to bed without onr kiss," taking it for the children. Talked of Gen. Smith a celebrated Nabob, who said, as an excuse for his bad shooting, that he had "spoilt his hand by shooting peacocks with the Great Mogul." Lord L. told of the same having written to put off some friends whom he had invited to his country seat, saying, "I find my damned fellow of a steward has in the meantime sold the estate."

CAUSTIC "IDEA."

Dr. Currie once, upon being bored by a foolish Blue, to tell her the precise meaning of the word idea (which she said she had been reading about in some metaphysical work, but could not understand it,) answered, at last, angrily, "Idea, Madam, is the feminine of Idiot, and means a female fool."

A COSTLY SUNBEAM.

Called upon Lord Lansdowne; admired a pretty picture of a child by Sir J. Reynolds, of which he told me that, at the sale where he bought it, the day had been so dark and misty that people could hardly see the pictures, till just at one moment a sunbeam burst suddenly in and fell upon this, lighting it up so beautifully that the whole company broke, by one common consent, into a loud peal of clapping. This sunbeam, he added, cost him at least fifty pounds in the purchase of the picture.

HUDIBRES.

Lamb quoted an epitaph by Clio Rickman, in which, after several lines, in the usual jog-trot style of epitaph, he continued thus:

> "He well performed the husband's, father's part,
> And knew immortal Hudibras by heart."

FREE TRANSLATION.

Lord Bexley's motto, *Grata quies*, is by Canning translated, Great Quiz.

NO CEREMONY REQUIRED.

Quoted from "Tristram Shandy" an amusing passage; "'Brother, will you go with me to see some dead bodies?' 'I am ready, brother, to go see any body?' 'But these bodies have been dead three thousand years.' 'Then, I suppose, brother, we need not *shave.*'"

A UNIVERSAL PASSION.

Quoted this odd passage from an article of Sidney Smith's in the "Edinburgh Review:" "The same passion which peoples the parsonage with chubby children animates the Arminian, and burns in the breast of the Baptist."

A PATRIOTIC PAT

Story of an Irish fellow refusing to prosecute a man who had beaten him almost to death on St. Patrick's night, and saying that he let him off, "in honour of the night."

CLEVER PARODY.

Forgot to mention that Casey, during my journey, mentioned to me a parody of his on those two lines in the "Veiled Prophet"—

> "He knew no more of fear than one, who dwells
> Beneath the tropics, knows of icicles."

The following is his parody, which I bless my stars that none of my critics were lively enough to hit upon, for it would have stuck by me:

> "He knew no more of fear than one, who dwells
> On Scotia's mountains, knows of knee-buckles."

GALLANTRY IN THE RING.

Mrs. S. told some Irish stories. One, of a conversation she overheard between two fellows about Donnelly, the Irish champion: how a Miss Kelly, a young lady of fine behaviour, had followed him to the Curragh, to his great battle, and laid her gold watch and her coach and six that he would win; and that when Donnelly, at one time, was getting the worst of it, she exclaimed. "Oh, Donnelly, would you leave me to go back on foot, and not know the hour?" on which he rallied, and won.

A DUTCH COMPLIMENT.

Lord J. mentioned the conclusion of a letter from a Dutch commercial house, as follows:—"Sugars are falling more and more every day; not so the respect and esteem with which we are, &c. &c."

LAUREL AND BAY.

Lord L. mentioned an epigram, comparing some woman, who was in the habit of stealing plants, with Darwin; the two last were—

> "Decide the case, Judge Botany I pray;
> And his the laurel be, and hers the *Bay.*,'

IRISH "GENTLEMEN TENANTS."

The *gentlemen* are the most troublesome tenants, and the worst pay. —— The swaggering patriot, who holds considerable property from Lord K., cannot be made pay by love or law. Says it is most ungentlemanlike of Lord Kenmare to expect it. This reminds me of an epigram I heard the other day made upon him and O'Connell, when the one hesitated about fighting Sir C. Saxton on account of his sick daughter, and the other boggled at the same operation through the interference of his wife.

> "These heroes of Erin, abhorrent of slaughter,
> Improve on the Jewish command;
> One honours his wife, and the other his daughter,
> That their days may be long in the land."

A MODEST MILESIAN.

An Irishman, who called upon me some days ago to beg I would get some "genteel situation!' for him, has just written to me from Bristol to say that he came from Ireland expressly with the sole hope of my assisting him, and that he now has not money enough to pay his passage back again. Begged of Hughes to let his agent at Bristol pay the man's passage, and see him on board.

GHOST STORY.

In talking of ghost stories, Lord L. told of a party who were occupied in the same sort of conversation; that there was one tall pale-looking woman of the party, who listened and said nothing; but upon one of the company turning to her and asking whether *she* did not believe there was such a thing as a ghost, she answered, *Si j'y crois? oui, et même je l'ouis;* and instantly vanished.

A DEMON IN ORDERS.

Bowles told the ghost story from Giraldus Cambrensis. An archdeacon of extraordinary learning and talents, and who was a neighbour of Giraldus, and with whom he lived a good deal, when they were one day talking about the disappearance of the demons on the birth of Christ, said, "It is very true, and I remember on that occasion I *hid myself* in a well."

AN IRISH FRANK.

Story of the elector asking S. for a frank, and another doing the same immediately, saying, "I don't see why I'm not to have a frank as well as John Thompson." "What direction shall I put upon it?" said Sheridan. "The same as John Thompson's, to be sure."

A TRIFLE TOO MUCH.

Lord John mentioned that, when in Spain, an ecclesiastic he met told him of a poor Irishman who had lately been travelling there, to whom he had an opportunity of showing some kindness; but from the Irishman not knowing Spanish they were obliged to converse in Latin. On taking his leave, the grateful Hibernian knelt down and said to the Churchman, *Da mihi* beneficum *tuum.* "No, no," replied the other, "I have done as much as I could for you, but *that* is rather too much."

ABSURD CRITICISM.

In talking of the way in which any criticism or ridicule spoils one's enjoyment ever after of even one's most favourite passages, I mentioned a ludicrous association suggested to me about a passage in Haydn's "Creation," which always returns to me to disturb my delight at it. In that fine *morceau*, "God said Let there be light," there is between these words and the full major swell, into which the modulation bursts upon "and there was light," a single note of the violin, which somebody said was to express the "striking of the flint."

EDWARD IRVING.

Looked over J. Taylor's "Living and Dying" for a fine passage about the setting sun, which Mrs. Bowles says Irving has borrowed in one of his sermons. Could not find it; but discovered in Irving the extraordinary description of Paradise, in which he introduces an allusion to me; "Angels, not like those Three, sung by no holy mouth." His own Paradise, however, almost as naughty a one as either I or Mahomet could invent.

UP TO TRAP.

A pun of Lord H.'s upon some one who praised "Trapp's Virgil," "though he knows nothing of Virgil, yet he *understands Trap.*"

A MISANTHROPECAL MAXIM.

Lord John to-day mentioned that Sidney Smith told him he had an intention once of writing a book of maxims, but never got further than the following: "that generally towards the age of forty, women get tired of being virtuous, and men of being honest."

MONT BLANC.

On our return saw Mont Blanc, with its attendant mountains in the fullest glory, the rosy light shed on them by the setting sun, and their peaks rising so brightly behind the dark rocks in front, as if they belonged to some better world, or as if Astræa was just then leaving the glory of her last footsteps on their summits; nothing was ever so grand and beautiful.

A HATER OF "DESPOTISM."

In Paris a wise Englishman said to me; "If you knock a man down here you would be imprisoned for three days!" He seemed to think it a very hard case!

BYRON ON SHAKSPEARE.

This puts me in mind of Lord Byron saying to me the other day, "What do you think of Shakspeare, Moore? I think him a damned humbug." Not the first time I have heard him speak slightingly of Shakspeare.

MOORE'S SINGING.

Dined with the Fieldings: sung in the evening to him, her, Montgomery, and the governess,—all four weeping. This is the true tribute to my singing.

EPIGRAM BY THEODORE HOOK.

Next comes Mr. Winter collector of taxes;
And the people all give him whatever he *axes;*
In enforcing his dues he uses no flummery,
And though *Winter's* his name, his proceedings are *summary.*

"Sir," said a fierce lawyer, "do you, on your oath, swear that this is not your handwriting?" "I reckon not," was the cool reply. "Does it resemble your writing?" Yes, I think it don't." "Do you swear that it don't resemble your writing?" "I do!" "You take your oath that this writing does not resemble yours in a single letter?" "Y-e-a-s, Sir!" "Now, how do you know?" "'Cause I can't write!"

Mrs. Partington wants to know what sort of drums conundrums are. She thinks some are hard to beat.

The *New York Star* emits the following beam:—A correspondent entered an office and accused the compositor of not having punctuated his communication, when the typo earnestly replied—"I'm not a pointer—I'm a setter!"

F.C.L.

THE EDITOR'S SHANTY.

SEDERUNT XIV.

[*Major, Doctor and Laird.*]

MAJOR.—Well, doctor, have you thought over our experiments in table moving? Have you discovered any reasonable explanation for the phenomenon?

DOCTOR.—I have thought seriously over the matter, and cannot assign any cause that will bear criticism. It appears absurd that an inanimate body having no vital communication with the experimenter, should be influenced by immaterial will; indeed, I look upon the whole affair as a gigantic humbug.

LAIRD.—Humbug now? After your sitting hours wi' the Major an' me watching the revolutions of yon round table man! Did ye na' see it turn this way, and twist that, an' move about the room wherever ye wished it? Humbug! Nae humbug, unless ye were pushing it about yoursel'.

DOCTOR.—I give you my honor I rested my hands but lightly on the table, and exercised only my will; the muscles of my arms and hands were at rest, at least, I believe so; yet it is possible that an involuntary muscular power may have been exerted unconciously.

MAJOR.—Is it really possible, that we could so far deceive ourselves, as to use the muscles unknowingly, and so communicate a motion that has excited wonder in all experimenters?

DOCTOR.—I believe it possible, and if it is once proven that such may be the case, the table moving mania falls to the ground.

MAJOR.—But the involuntary muscular action of the hands on the table as a cause of motion, has, I think, been satisfactorily disproved. Take a case related in the Times: tissue paper was placed upon the table, the hands resting on the paper; notwithstanding, that the paper was moistened with the perspiration from the hands, it was not torn as it would have been had the slightest muscular effort been made. Again, at a "Table-moving" Conversazione held in the Athenæum, the following experiment was tried, at the instance of the chairman, the Rev. H. H. Jones, F. R. S. A. A table was ordered to be smeared with olive oil, upon which the experimenters were to rest their fingers. Six gentlemen occupied the seats around this table, and in twenty minutes it moved. The same experiment was tried upon a larger and heavier table, eight gentlemen operating, in forty-four minutes the table moved. I will mention another case given by the Paris Correspondent of the *London Globe.* "A hat was then placed on the table, and three experimentalists—one a gentleman of sixty, another a female of fifty-four, and the third a young man of thirty-four—formed the chain, placing their fingers very lightly indeed on the brim of the hat. In one minute the hat moved round, and the persons who had their hands on it were compelled to rise and follow the movement. The hat then moved towards the edge of the table, and was falling off, when the hands were taken off, and it was replaced on the table. The chain was formed again by the same persons, and their hands were again placed very lightly in the same position as before, but to their surprise, the hat did not move. Four minutes passed, during which the hat gave no sign of motion. At the end of that time one of the observers said, "The table is rising." This was the fact. The table rose again—the hat remaining quite motionless—on two legs, and in about two minutes the third leg was about eight inches from the floor, when the table with the hat upon it, lost its balance and tipped over. This ex-

periment was conclusive; but why had the hat remained motionless? The hat was of felt not silk, like most of the hats in use here. When it was first saturated it moved rapidly; but when the the fluid had become excessive, the felt acted as a conductor of the fluid to the table, and the table and hat became one body." These experiments, Doctor, I think, upset your theory about muscular action, which you have cribbed from M. Arago.

Doctor.—I am quite as well aware of Mr Arago's opinion of this science (*) as you are, Major, and do not assert that his idea is the correct one, for one reason, it is not yet proven. But, again, I do not think your cases conclusive, as we have not tried the oil and fat trick ourselves yet: besides, should the cases related by you, be true, confirmative experiments will soon settle the muscular action question. We must then look for some other cause.

Laird.—Ye need na' look far. I solemnly believe the motion to be spiritual, an' if ye wad only use your reason anent the matter, Doctor, ye wad see it was the speerits o' the departed obeying the will o' the present.

Doctor.—Ha, ha, ha, Laird. How in the mischief can you form any connection between the mind of living men and the souls of the departed, *requiescant in pace.* You will have great difficulty in convincing me that there is anything spiritual or supernatural in the affair. No, no, if it is to be explained at all, it is only on natural grounds.

Major.—I agree with you there, Doctor; and the only natural explanation that you can have, is that of animal magnetism.

Laird.—Animal feeddlesticks. It is speeritual I tell ye.

Doctor.—Well, Laird, explain your views, and, after you, we will let the Major have his turn.

Laird.—That table-moving is a speeritual phenomenon, there canna' be the smallest doubt, an' the way I have arrived at my conclusion is simple in the extreme. We are all sprung, as ye must allow, fra' ane great faither, Adam, who was endowed by his Creator, when perfected, wi' a soul. Eve, as we are told, was created out o' Adam, bone o' his bone, an' flesh o' his flesh, an' consequently received fra' Adam a portion o' his soul, for they twain were one. Now on the birth o' their weans, Cain and Abel, an' many eithers, we have na' heard tell of, a portion o' their soul was imparted to their offspring. The offspring o' Adam an' Eve, again in their turn gave up a fraction o' their portion to their children, an' so on to the present generation.

Major.—So then, Laird, you think that we have only an infinitesimal dose of soul in our composition?

Laird,—I think, Major Crabtree, an' it is noble thocht, a sublime idea, absolutely a wonderfu' fact, that a portion o' that soul, that made the heart o' our forefather Adam glad, an' caused him to bless his Creator and thank him for his mercies, at present animates my frame, an' occasions me to relate this great truth.

Doctor.—Go on Laird. Major, we must have no more interruptions.

Laird.—Well, if it is ane soul that has been distributed to the whole human species ye will naturally ask what has become o' the fractions that once animated the bodies o' the dead? These fractions, I believe, to have gane to the place o' departed speerits, but where that is we canna' tell; but it may be that they are hovering o'er this earth, having an interest in that portion, which, still unreleased, inhabits our bodies on this globe. Now, when all men are dead, this great soul returns entire to his Lord our master, having performed the appointed mission. Now what is mair likely than that the portion released, we will suppose it to be now the greater half, should seek to converse with that lesser half we yet possess, and to teach it a method of communication either by rappings or table-moving. As a proof o' what I say I will just read you an extract or twa fra' the first numder of *Putnam's Monthly.*—It is a letter fra' Mrs. Whitman, Providence, an' the Mr. Simmons mentioned of was once a United States Senator frae Rhode Island.

"Dear Sir,—I have had no conversation with Mr. Simmons on the subject of your note, until to day. I took an early opportunity of acquainting him with its contents, and this morning he called on me to say that he was perfectly willing to impart to you the particulars of his experience in relation to the mysterious writing *performed under his very eyes in broad daylight, by an invisible agent.* In the fall of 1850, several messages were telegraphed to Mrs. Simmons through the electric sounds, purporting to come from her stepson, James D. Simmons, who died some weeks before in California!

"The messages were calculated to stimulate curiosity and lead to an attentive observation of the phenomena. Mrs. S., having heard that messages in the hand-writing of deceased persons were sometimes written through the same medium, asked if her son would give her this evidence. She was informed (through the sounds), that the attempt should be made, and was directed to place a slip of paper in a certain drawer at the house of the medium, and to lay beside it her own pencil, which had been given her by the deceased. Weeks passed on, and, although frequent inquiries were made, no writing was found on the paper.

"Mrs. Simmons, happening to call at the house one day, accompanied by her husband, made the usual inquiry, and received the usual answer. The drawer had been opened not two hours before, and nothing was seen in it but the pencil lying on the blank paper. At the suggestion of Mrs. S., however, another investigation was made, and on the paper was now found a few penciled lines, resembling the hand-writing of the deceased, but

*Query? Can table-moving be called a science? P. D., senior.

not so closely as to satisfy the mother's doubts. Mrs. Simmons handed the paper to her husband. He thought there was a slight resemblance, but should probably not have remarked it, had the writing been casually presented to him. Had the *signature* been given him he should at once have decided on the resemblance. He proposed, if the spirit of his son were indeed present, as alphabetical communications, received through the sounds, affirmed him to be, that he should, *then* and *there*, affix his signature to the suspicious document.

"In order to facilitate the operation, Mrs S. placed the closed points of a pair of scissors in the hands of the medium, and dropped her pencil through one of the rings or bows, the paper being placed beneath. Her hand presently began to tremble, and it was with difficulty she could retain her hold of the scissors. Mr. Simmons then took them into his own hand, and again dropped his pencil through the ring. It could not readily be sustained in this position. After a few moments, however, it stood as if firmly poised and perfectly still. *It then began slowly to move. Mr. S. saw the letters traced beneath his eyes, the words James D. Simmons were distinctly and deliberately written, and the hand-writing was a fac-simile of his son's signature.* But what Mr. S. regards as the most astonishing part of this seeming miracle, is yet to be told.

"Bending down to scrutinize the writing more closely, he observed, just as the last word was finished, that the top of the pencil leaned to the right; he thought it was about to slip through the ring, but to his infinite astonishment, *he saw the point slide slowly back along the word 'Simmons,' till it rested over the letter i, where it deliberately imprinted a dot.* This was a punctilio utterly unthought of by him; he had not noticed the omission, and was therefore entirely unprepared for the amendment. He suggested the experiment, and hitherto it had kept pace only with his will or desire; but how will those who deny the agency of disembodied spirits in these marvels, ascribing all to the unassisted powers of the human will or to the blind action of electricity,—how will they dispose of this last significant and curious fact? The only peculiarity observeable in the writing, was, that the lines seemed sometimes slightly broken, as if the pencil had been lifted and then set down again.

"Another circumstance I am permitted to relate, which is not readily to be accounted for on any other theory than that of Spiritual agency. Mr. S., who had received no particulars of his son's death until several months after his decease, purporting to send for his remains, questioned the spirit as to the manner in which the body had been disposed of, and received a very minute and circumstantial account of the means which had been resorted to for its preservation, it being at the time unburied.

"Improbable as some of these statements seemed, they were, after an interval of four months, confirmed as literally true by a gentleman, then recently returned from California, who was with young Simmons at the period of his death. Intending soon to return to San Francisco, he called on Mr. Simmons to learn his wishes in relation to the final disposition of his son's remains.

"I took down the particulars in writing, by the permission of Mr. S., during his relation of the facts. I have many other narratives of a like character from persons of intelligence and veracity, but they could add nothing to the weight of that which I have just reported to you."

This letter, ye see, has vera little to do with table-moving. The following frae *Chambers' Edinburgh Journal* is mair to the point—

"Led by the style of conversation which prevailed in the company, I afterwards asked "If the views and feelings which I entertained regarding God were such as the spirits could approve?" to which an affirmative answer was given. I further enquired "If any spirits attended me in my ordinary course of life?"—Yes. The doctor explaining that everybody was attended by two, a good and a bad, and acted well or ill as the good or bad spirit was allowed to gain the ascendancy. To my inquiry "If my good spirit had in general the greatest influence over me?" an affirmative answer was returned by three loud thumps of the table on the floor. I inquired if the evil spirit had also some influence; when three gentler thumps were given. I then expressed a wish to see the table moved along the room, in the manner in which a lady of my acquaintance had lately seen it moved in America. The doctor having put the request, the table presently moved along in the direction of Julius, who had to rise in order to allow it way. As he moved back, with only the tips of his fingers laid upon it, it followed till it had gone about four feet from its former position, and of course was completely clear of the rest of the company. All this was well calculated to surprise for the moment; but although the dynamics of the case were at first a mystery to me, I became convinced afterwards, that, whether drawn along by the youth's fingers or not, it was possible to cause such a table to move under a very much slighter contact of the fingers than any one could have been prepared for; wherefore, I came to attach no consequence to this section of the alleged phenomena. Most undoubtedly I saw the table sliding along, clear of every contact but that of the young man's finger-ends. He then came round to the other side, and, merely touching it, caused it to follow him back to its original place. Finally, the doctor requested us all to resume our seats, and place our hands upon the table; after which, in a formal and reverential tone, he returned his thanks to the spirits for the communications they had vouchsafed to the company that evening."

Ye here see that the writer doesna' place much confidence in the table-moving phenomena; but listen to what he says a fortnight after—

"Since writing my article on this subject (Table-moving and spirit manifestations), an unexpected circumstance has taken place, which calls for a considerable modification of the views expressed in that paper. Greatly to my surprise, the alleged phenomena have, within the last few days, been exemplified in my own house, under my own care, without the presence of any professed medium. In concession to the generally

felt improbability of spiritual communications, and my own feelings of scepticism on that point, I will not say that spirits have been concerned in the case; but whatever be the agency, I am clear as to the *acta*, or things done. Under a light application of the hands of a few of my family and myself, a round table has moved both linearly and round—in the latter manner so rapidly at some moments, that I counted six revolutions in half a minute. With hands disposed in the same manner, we have received signals of various kinds in answers to questions, sometimes by tappings, but more frequently by lateral movements of the table on its feet, or by its tilting in a particular direction as requested. I can fully depend on the probity of the three or four members of the family circle who were associated with me in the experiments; but what places the matter beyond doubt is, that some of the responses involve matters known only to myself. I may add, that the same phenomena have been elicited, under my care, in another family, composed of persons to whom they were entirely a novelty. I am therefore left in no doubt as to the verity of the alleged facts, and, in justice to the professed Mediums, must withdraw my hypothesis, that they are first deceived by themselves, and then unintentionally deceive others."

Thus ye see that the mystery of table-moving is identified with spiritual manifestations, an', consequently, Doctor, if ye are at a loss for the motive power o' the tables, ye have only to gang to the speerits!

Doctor.—But, Laird, all that you have told us I do not admit as evidence. On the contrary, hear the following sensible remarks of the *Illustrated London News* on the "Mystery of the tables"—

"The matter-of-fact people of the nineteenth century have plunged all at once into the bottomless depths of spiritualism. The love of the marvellous is not to be eradicated by the schoolmaster. There are multitudes of hard-headed, business-like people, safely to be trusted in any matter of commerce or of money—people who can reason, and argue, and detect the flaws and the contradictions in statements and theories which they do not approve—who continually wear some pet absurdity of their own. They hug it like a garment, and refuse to shuffle it off till they can robe themselves in another absurdity not a whit better than the old one, except in the gloss of its novelty, and in the fashion of its cut. Something of the kind is always occurring to excite the laughter of those who smile, and the tears of those who weep, at the follies of humanity. Neither Democritus nor Heraclitus need lack disciples in our day. It is not only the ignorant and the vulgar, but the educated and refined who yield themselves up, the unsuspecting, if not the eager, victims of self-deception. In fact, it may be asserted that the lower classes—men and women who battle with the sternest realities of life—are less apt than the wealthier and more luxurious to seek excitement in the wonderful, and to feed their credulity with the incomprehensible. It has been so in all ages. The days of witchcraft had scarcely passed away when the idle and the fashionable listened with keen curiosity to the wonderful stories related in the "Sadducismus Triumphatus," and swallowed with open mouths the reports of the spirit-rappings at the house of M. Mompesson. About the same time (two hundred years ago) appeared Valentine Greatraks, with his sympathetic salve, which cured the most desperate hurts—not by application to the wound, but to the sword or pistol which caused it. Valentine Greatraks had thousands of believers; and to have doubted of the marvellous cures which he effected would have been to run the risk of being scouted from good society. The famous metallic tractors of Dr. Haygarth, introduced sixty or seventy years ago, were a nine days' wonder, and were thought to have revolutionized the science of medicine, until it was found that wooden tractors, painted to imitate metallic ones, were as good as the genuine articles, and that neither had any effect, except upon the hypochondriacal and the weak-minded. Mr. St. John Long, at a comparatively recent period, rubbed the backs of the wealthy, and was growing rich by the process, until an unforeseen, and, to him, unwelcome casualty brought him within the grasp of the law, and caused his fashionable theory and his extensive practice to explode amid popular disgust. The Cocklane Ghost, the spirit-rappings of Stockwell, and the dancing porridge-pots of Baldarroch, all had their day and their believers. We cite these cases at random, and might select hundreds of others that are familiar to those who have made the credulity of the multitude their study. There is nothing too absurd for the belief both of the ignorant and the educated. There is no system of miscalled philosophy, especially if it meddle with the business of the physician, that is too outrageous for encouragement, or too ridiculous for admiration.

"In an age which has been pre-eminently practical and material, dead superstitions start out of their graves, and squeak and jabber in our streets. The haunted house rears its head next door to the Mechanics' Institute; and in the same town in which a Faraday is lecturing upon the newly-discovered truths of science, a clever adventuress calls up ghosts for a fee, and pretends to reveal the ineffable secrets of another life. The old fables of witchcraft and demoniacal possession are surpassed by the modern marvels, which we are called upon to believe, under the penalty of being denounced as materialists and atheists. The extraordinary results obtained by science in our day have ceased to excite the same lively interest as of yore. Those who feed upon the highly-seasoned fare of the preternatural, are like the daughters of the horse-leech, and their cry is 'Give, give!' Even clairvoyance, opening, as it does, so vast a field of inquiry to those who consider how fearfully and wonderfully man is made, fails to unfold mysteries enough to satisfy the daring neophytes of the nineteenth century. Magnetism and electricity are great, they admit; but the human will, they assert, is greater. Electricity in Dover can rend the rocks at Calais; but the all-potent will of man—either travelling upon electricity or using it as a weapon—can leave this paltry world behind, and soar amid the planets and fixed stars, or, if it choose to stay upon the earth, can become as veritable a power as

any mechanical or physical force that was ever stirred into activity by the ingenuity of an Archimedes or a Watt. Not only can it accomplish such small facts as turning tables and hats, and making crockery dance upon shelves; but it can communicate with departed spirits, and call them from the inter-lunar spheres (which are no longer vacant in modern philosophy), to answer the most impertinent questions. Where shall we find any one so deaf to reason, so blind against proof, so callous to argument, so independent of demonstration, so utterly careless of evidence, as the marvel-monger? And the marvel-mongers are a numerous tribe. It does not astonish them to hear that the spirits of the mighty dead are at the beck and call of any of the gentler sex who chooses to establish herself as a "medium." It pleases them to think that Adam himself, the venerable father of the human race, will respond to a duly qualified practitioner in petticoats, and make his presence known by rapping upon a table. Although the spirits summoned by different 'media' contradict themselves; although one class of spirits anathematizes the Protestants, and another hurls the Roman Catholics to damnation; although one 'medium' called up Lemuel Gulliver as a veritable spirit, and another allowed her mahogany to be rapped by a spirit calling itself the Baron Manchausen; although the spirits that rap for Mrs. A. stigmatize as impostors the spirits that rap for Mrs. B.; although the spirits spell their responses, and sometimes make woful blunders in their orthography; and although the sum total of the spirit revelations as yet recorded amount to nonsense, or to nothing,—the spirit-rappings of our day have crowds of enthusiastic believers. Contradictions, meannesses, blasphemies, impossibilities—all are believed, all are gulped by a voracious credulity, that may sometimes be fatigued, but that never can be satisfied."

I will only add that these very sensible remarks I endorse with pleasure.

Major.—You appear to forget, Doctor, as well as the writer of the article you have just now read us, that although there may have been many delusions imposed on a credulous people in olden times; that also, there have been many examples of great truths rejected, and their expounders imprisoned, scorned, hooted, and reviled. I for my part, must assert, that I believe in table-moving; as for spiritual manifestations, I say nothing.

Laird.—Weel, then, gie us your ideas thereon.

Major.—I am hardly capable of forming a theory, but from all the experiments I have seen performed and taken part in, I have concluded that animal magnetism is the agent. I believe that all men as well as animals are endowed with a certain magnetic power which, under certain circumstances they are enabled to disengage so as to charge or electrify a foreign body. Certain reptiles, the *Raia Torpedo*, for instance, have the power of communicating a very sensible shock to the hand that touches it. This shock is given by the animal,—I will not say voluntarily, but by a species of instinct, or perhaps you would term it *reflex action*, Doctor, to warn off the foreign body in connection with it. Now, man I can easily conceive to be supplied with a quantity, less appreciable, of this same electricity or magnetism which is in him, under the control of his will. We will assume that such is the case. When we performed our experiment on this table we were all seated around it, our hands applied to its surface, and in contact with each other, so that a chain of communication was formed, between each of ourselves and the table. While so seated by an effort of our will, we each disengaged a portion of our animal magnetism which the table received, at the same time we were all willing the table to move in a particular direction. When the magnetism disengaged was sufficient to move the table, the table was moved by the magnetism, acted on, by our wills. In fact the magnetism discharged by us was still under our control, through the medium of our hands which formed the connecting rod or conductor. You saw that the table moved or rotated in any way or direction, that any one of us wished, and even tilted from the ground, resting only *on one leg*. That you, Doctor, should be sceptical after our experiments, I greatly wonder at; and that you, Laird, should talk such trash about the soul and spirits, is sufficient to render you ridiculous for ever in the eyes of the world. I will, in conclusion, read you a couple of experiments, tending, I think, to prove my theory. The following is from a French Journal:

"Yesterday afternoon our friend, M. Edward Boyer, Professor of Natural Philosophy and Chemistry, came to our office to satisfy our curiosity respecting the reported phenomena of the motion of a table under the influence of *electricity* A round walnut-tree table served for the experiment. Six gentlemen placed themselves round the table, and formed the *electrical chain*, with their hands placed flat on the edge, and each person in contact with the small finger of the right hand laid on the small finger of the left hand of his neighbor. A few minutes only elapsed, when a slight movement of the table revealed the commencement of the phenomenon. Two or three oscillations succeeded at short intervals. Shortly after the persons placed in contact felt tinglings in the fingers, and slight nervous contractions, and precipitate pulsations in the arterial veins. In about seven minutes the table was in movement. The rotation, at first slow, became so rapid as to occasion giddiness to some of the persons who formed the chain, and they were obliged to remove their hands. The table then stopped. The chain having again been formed, the circular movement became renewed in less than two minutes. The *magnetic fluid*, disengaged in abundance, manifested a series of extraordinary phenomena. Thus it was enough for M. Boyer to place his hands on the table in order to give it the most energetic impulsion. A young man of twenty years of age, of very great corpulence,

seated himself on the table without arresting the movement. It has been said, in other accounts, that the current is invariably established from the south to the north pole. This is an error. When once the chain is broken, it follows opposite directions: it goes from the left to the right, and from the right to the left alternately. The experiment made on a hat was also perfectly conclusive. In less than three minutes it began turning round very rapidly. The same was the case with a wicker basket."

The next extract is as follows:—

"The *Elsinore Airs* informs us that a lady in that town, who had taken part in a 'table-moving' sitting, was suddenly seized with a violent headache. Two other ladies, who had also assisted at the table, put their hands to her head, when she immediately fell into a *deep magnetic sleep*, from which no one could wake her. While in this state she answered all questions put to her, even as to absent persons and their employments."

I must add that these cases, if true, are most conclusive, and confirm my theory. I omitted also to mention that I have somewhere read that the magnet has been deflected by a strong effort of the will, and that the gold leaves of an electrometer have diverged on rapid passes of the hand made over that instrument.

Doctor.—You must not, my dear Major, believe everything you read; what you have just now stated I have never even heard of, so am unable to give you any positive answer; I must confess that I do not believe in either of the experiments. As for the cases you have read us, they, like all others, want confirmation. The authorities, you have quoted from, are apparently good, and it is hard to deny them; yet, is a man excusable, if he do not too quickly jump at conclusions? A physician, in particular, ought to be extremely cautious in receiving any new and strange doctrine, he ought to be the calm investigator, pursuing his enquiries in the same manner as a mathematician would work out a problem. No matter what results we may obtain from an experiment, we are not to receive those results as a necessary consequence, unless we can step by step prove them to be so. Now, the fact of laying our hands on a table and seeing that table move, does not prove that the motion is the result of either muscular action, animal magnetism, or spiritual agency. We must believe that the table is moved, for we have seen it, but we may reasonably doubt the cause until as clearly and satisfactorily explained to us, as the first problem in Euclid; and I, for one, will never receive any wild theory, the only support of which is, the idle fancies of some mad enthusiast.* I will read you an extract from a letter received by a medical friend on the subject:—

"The age in which we live is a very remarkable one, and well worthy of attentive study. Some would call it the age of *credulity*, the world readily grasping and running wild upon what appear to be the most extravagant absurdities—and yet more than any other this is the age of doubt. And for this simple reason, that those who begin by believing too much, end by believing nothing. Men are no longer content to take old established truths, as true. The most sacred mysteries, hitherto with faith received, though incomprehensible, because proceeding from a higher intelligence, are now examined, tried and rejected, because they are not found amenable to human understanding. Belief, faith, have well nigh vanished from the world. The 'Old' is dead, and an ignorant, self-sufficient world have dissected it, and finding not the subtle essence of life, which happily has escaped their rude anatomizing, they believe that it never lived. Men have no longer any steadfast unshaken belief, any bulwark unassailed by doubt to cling to in unhesitating confidence. The fortresses hitherto considered impregnable have been shaken to their foundations, generally through the cowardice, or imbecility of

*The Doctor evidently had not read Prof. Faraday's letter addressed to the Editor of the London *Times*, June 28, or he would have had no doubt as to the *motor* power in table-moving. We insert a few extracts for his edification. P. D.

"Sir,—I have recently been engaged in the investigation of table-turning. * * * Believing that the first cause assigned—namely a *quasi* involuntary muscular action for (the effect is with many subject to the wish or will)—was the true cause, the first point was to prevent the mind of the turner having an undue influence over the effects produced in relation to the nature of the substance employed. A bundle of plates, consisting of sand paper, millboard, glue, glass, plastic clay, tin-foil, card-board, gutta percha, vulcanized caoutchouc, wood and resinous cement, was therefore made up and tied together, and being placed on a table, under the hand of a turner did not prevent the transmission of the power; the table turned or moved exactly as if the bundle had been away, to the full satisfaction of all present. The experiment was repeated, with various substances and persons, and at various times, with constant success; and henceforth no objection could be taken to the use of these substances in the construction of apparatus. The next point was to determine the place and the source of motion—*i. e.*, whether the table moved the hand, or the hand moved the table; and, for this purpose indicators were constructed. One of these consisted of a light lever, having its fulcrum on the table, its short arm attached to a pin fixed on a cardboard, which could slip on the surface of the table, and its long arm projecting as an index of motion. It is evident that if the experimenter willed the table to move towards the left, and it did so move *before* the hands, placed at the time on the cardboard, then the index would move to the left also, the fulcrum going with the table. If the hands involuntarily moved towards the left *without* the table, the index would go towards the right; and, if neither table or hands moved, the index would itself remain immoveable. The result was, that when the parties saw the index, it remained very steady; when it was hidden from them, or they looked away from it, it wavered about, though they believed that they always pressed directly downwards; and, when the table did not move, there was still a resultant of hand-force in the direction in which it was wished the table should move, which, however, was exercised quite unwittingly by the party operating. This resultant it is which, in the course of the waiting time, while the fingers and hands become stiff, numb, and insensible by continued pressure, grows up to an amount sufficient to move the table or the substances pressed upon.

"Permit me to say, before concluding, that I have been greatly startled by the revelation which this purely physical subject has made of the condition of the public mind. * * * I think the system of education that could leave the mental condition of the public body in the state in which this subject has found it, must have been greatly deficient in some very important principle.

I am, Sir
Your very obdt. servant.
M. FARADAY."

their defenders; and now they 'waver like a wave of the sea, tost to and fro.' The true and the false are mingled inextricably. Old things have passed away, and the world is yet in pangs of travail with the new; and we who are born in this age with thinking minds, are looking on amazed: with hands able, and hearts longing to engage, we must rot in inactivity; for we find no longer anything sacred, under whose banner we can act. The old is annihilated, and the new is yet unborn; and we verily grope as it were in darkness, 'one clutching this phantom, another that.'"

I think that we may now suspend our discussion——,

LAIRD.—Na' sa fast, good Doctor; before ye suspend, just gie us your own theory. Ye hae na' yet committed yersel'; while the Major and I ha'e baith advanced our opinions, or perhaps ye agree wi' ane o' us.

DOCTOR.—I agree with either of you. Nonsence, Laird, far from it. I can not myself advance any decided opinion on the data already in my possession; indeed, I could not conscientiously do so, but I have no objection to adopt the words of a "Report on Table-moving," published in a late number of the *Medical Times and Gazette*, as my own.

The latter part of the experiment, namely, the rotation of the table—involves a fallacy, for the rapidity of its movement is in no degree owing to any inherent power of motion in itself, but is solely due to the force unconsciously exerted on it by the experimenters, and the velocity of the motion is entirely and directly proportionate to the amount of force expended upon it,in addition to the momentum it has already acquired in passing from a state of rest to one of motion. * * * * It must, however, be admitted, that the *first* movement of the table is not so easily explained, for the results of our own experiments and those of others fully deserving of confidence, have placed the fact beyond a doubt, that this movement of the table is performed without any *conscious* effort on the part of the experimenters. It remains, therefore, to be shown by what mechanism this effect is produced, and we shall have no difficulty in solving the problem by reference to physiological principles which are well known to the profession. The fact is, that the movement in question is due to the *involuntary* muscular action at the ends of the fingers, exerted upon the table. The *direction* of the movement is regulated, not by the *will*,but by the dominant *idea* in the mind, and the term *idea-motor* may very properly express the action in question. It is necessary, however, to explain more fully the class of effects to which the term *idea-motor* may be applied.

It is well known that the movements of the human body may be divided into *voluntary* and *involuntary*. The actions of walking, of playing musical instruments, &c., are instances of the first; those of circulation and digestion are examples of the second. But there is also a class of actions comprising the ordinary phenomena of motion, which are not certainly under the control of the *will*, but which, nevertheless, are directed by the emotions in the *ideas*. Thus, the somnambulist walks in obedience to some mental impulse, the will is dormant; and the person who dreams, often executes movements in which the will has no part, but which are excited by *ideas*, or emotions. Again, although the will has no control over the action of the heart and arteries, yet the *ideas* and *emotions* exercise a distinct influence upon these organs; and when attention is directed to their pulsations in nervous persons, the movements have been accelerated, or retarded, or have become intermittent. Now, in all these cases, the ideas or the emotions act upon and direct the movements without the intervention of the will. In the case of table-turning, the ideas are concentrated upon the expected movement, and the muscular apparatus of the fingers obeys, unconsciously to the experimenter, the dominant impression in the mind. It is found that a small table is moved more readily than a large one, and it is moved more easily upon an oil-cloth than upon a carpet; it is moved more easily by females than by males, because, in the former, the muscles are more mobile, *the will less strong*, the motions more acute, the ideas more vivid. It is said, that young persons succeed better than persons advanced in years,—a fact which may be readily explained on the same principles. * * * It is very certain, that each trial renders the 'table-mover' more ready at exhibiting the required phenomena, more under the dominion of ideas, and less under the dominion of rational will. Each trial, then, must weaken the intellectual powers, must make the experimenter less a man, and more an instinct-governed animal. The peculiar state of mind induced, is not, perhaps, either hysteria or insanity; but it is akin to both. And now, gentlemen, again I beg you to suspend further discussion on this subject; and, until either of you can advance some more sensible theory, than that you have already put forth, I think the matter had much better be dropped.

LAIRD.—Ye canna' get a better theory.

DOCTOR.—A truce, Laird, I would read you some extracts from Mrs. Stowe's "Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin," and my notes thereon; I know that neither you or the Major would ever take the trouble to wade through that voluminous work, consisting as it does of a mass of documents, which, no matter however well they may serve to illustrate the original and immortal "Uncle Tom," yet would fail to interest the most enthusiastic admirer of its celebrated authoress. I therefore propose to give you the cream, without the trou-

ble of separating it from the milk; and will, in addition, quote largely from other works, so that Mrs. Stowe's statements will not be given to you altogether unsupported.

LAIRD.—A varra guid move, Doctor; I thoct muckle o' *Uncle Tom*, but couldna read the *Key*, tho' I tried mony a time. Besides, as you read an' comment, we'll, in duty bound, be obleeged to listen to ye, which will save us a muckle deal o' trouble.

MAJOR.—I agree with the Laird, and whenever you get "ower" tiresome, we will just take a sleep till you conclude.

DOCTOR.—Well, then, I'll begin, but I warn you that it will take several *sederunts* before my task will be drawn to a conclusion, for I intend to enter into my subject fully.

LAIRD AND MAJOR.—Go on, Doctor, go on.

DOCTOR.—The first part of the *Key* is devoted to the characters that animated the novel, and these she proves to be fictitious, only as regards their names. For instance, in the first chapter of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, we encounted Haley, the negro trader, who, we are told by Mrs. Stowe, is the type of his class, which includes the kidnapper, negro-catcher, and whipper, &c.

Mrs. Stowe relates as follows, her first personal observation of this species of the human race:—

"Several years ago, while one morning employed in the duties of the nursery, a colored woman was announced. She was ushered into the nursery, and the author thought, on first survey, that a more surly, unpromising face she had never seen. The woman was thoroughly black, thick set, firmly built, and with strongly-marked African features. Those who have been accustomed to read the expressions of the African face know what a peculiar effect is produced by a lowering, desponding expression upon its dark features. It is like the shadow of a thunder cloud. Unlike her race generally, the woman did not smile when smiled upon, nor utter any pleasant remark in reply to such as were addressed to her. The youngest pet of the nursery, a boy about three years old, walked up, and laid his little hand on her knee, and seemed astonished not to meet the quick smile which the negro almost always has in reserve for the little child. The writer thought her very cross and disagreeable, and, after a few moments silence, asked, with perhaps a little impatience, "Do you want anything of me to-day?"

"Here are some papers," said the woman, pushing them towards her, "perhaps you would read them."

The first paper opened was a letter from a negro-trader in Kentucky, stating concisely that he had waited about as long as he could for her child; that he wanted to start for the South, and must get it off his hands; that, if she would send him two hundred dollars before the end of the week, she should have it; if not, that he would set it up at auction, at the court-house door, on Saturday. He added, also, that he might have got more than that for the child, but that he was willing to let her have it cheap.

"What sort of a man is this?" said the author to the woman, when she had done reading the letter.

"Dunno, ma'am: great Christian, I know,—member of the Methodist church, anyhow."

The expression of sullen irony with which this was said was a thing to be remembered.

"And how old is this child?" said the author to her.

The woman looked at the little boy who had been standing at her knee, with an expressive glance, and said, "She will be three years old this summer."

"On further enquiry into the history of the woman, it appeared that she had been set free by the will of her owner; that the child was legally entitled to freedom, but had been seized on by the heirs of the estate. She was poor and friendless, without money to maintain a suit, and the heirs, of course, threw the child into the hands of the trader. The necessary sum, it may be added, was all raised in the small neighborhood which then surrounded the Lane Theological Seminary, and the child was redeemed."

The following letter is given as a specimen of the correspondence which occasionally passes between these gentlemen, whose vocation so admirably promotes and extends the institution of slavery. Mrs. Stowe has extracted it from the *National Era*, a Philadelphia newspaper, it is stated to be "a copy taken verbatim from the original, found among the papers of the person to whom it was addressed, at the time of his arrest and conviction, for passing a variety of counterfeit bank-notes."

Poolsville, Montgomery Co., Md., March 24, 1851.

DEAR SIR,—I arrived home in safety with Louisa, John having been rescued from me, out of a two-story window, at twelve o'clock at night. I offered a reward of fifty dollars, and have him here safe in jail. The persons who took him brought him to Fredericktown jail. I wish you to write to no person in this state but myself. Kephart and myself are determined to go the whole hog for any negro you can find, and you must give me the earliest information, as soon as you do find any. Enclosed you will receive a handbill, and I can make a good bargain, if you can find them. I will in all cases, as soon as a negro runs off, send you a handbill immediately, so that you may be on the look-out. Please tell the constable to go on with the sale of John's property; and, when the money is made, I will send on an order to you for it. Please attend to this for me; likewise write to me, and inform me of any negro you think has run away,—no matter where you think he has come from, nor how far,—and I will try and find out his master. Let me know where you think he is from, with all particular marks, and if I don't find his master, *Joe's dead!*

Write to me about the crooked-fingered negro, and let me know which hand and which finger, color, &c.; likewise any mark the fellow has who says he got away from the negro-buyer, with his

height and color, or any other you think has run off.

Give my respects to your partner, and be sure you write to no person but myself. If any person writes to you, you can inform me of it, and I will try to *buy* from them. I think you can make money, if we do business together; for I have plenty of money, if you can find plenty of negroes. Let me know if Daniel is still where he was, and if you have heard anything of Francis since I left you. Accept for yourself my regard and esteem.

REUBEN B. CARLLEY.

JOHN C. SAUNDERS.

The fellow named Kephart in the foregoing letter, is described as a "tall, sallow man, of about fifty," with a "cruel look, a power of will, and a quickness of muscular action, which render him a terror in his vocation," viz., a policeman, whose duty is to take up negroes who are out after hours in the streets. For this offence the unfortunate wretches are subject to a punishment not exceeding thirty nine lashes! Men, women, and children, all the same. Kephart stated in the "Rescue Trials," held in Boston during the years '51 and '52, that he was paid fifty cents a head for taking them up, and fifty *extra* when he was employed to whip them. This worthy does not confine his flogging to these cases, but will do a similar job for hire. This is called "private flogging," and men and women, and even children, as the case may be, come under his lash. In fact, he says that "he never refuses a good job in that line." However, the Mr. Haley of "Uncle Tom" was a trader, not a policeman; as a sample of *commercial* correspondence, witness the following:

Halifax, N. S., Nov. 16, 1839.

DEAR SIR,—I have shipped in the brig Addison—prices are below:

No. 1.	Caroline Ennis,	$650,00
" 2.	Silvy Holland,	625,00
" 3.	Silvy Booth,	487,50
" 4.	Maria Bullock,	475,00
" 5.	Emmeline Pollock,	475,00
" 6.	Delia Averit,	475,00

The two girls that cost $650 and $625 were bought before I shipped my first. I have a great many negroes offered to me, but I will not pay the prices they ask, for I know they will come down. I have no opposition in market. I will wait until I hear from you before I buy, and then I can judge what I must buy. Goodwin will send you the bill of lading for my negroes, as he shipped them with his own. Write often, as the times are critical, and it depends on the prices you get, to govern me in buying. Yours, &c.,

G. W. BARNES.

Mr. Theophilus Freeman, New Orleans.

In "Chambers' Miscellany," Tract 27, we find the following account of the "Transfer of Negroes to the Planting States," a transaction strictly mercantile, and one which is often of great moment to those engaged therein. A market has to be made, the prices canvassed and the supply entered into as keenly as if flour was the commodity, not blood.

"The transfer of negroes from the places where they are reared, is usually effected by a class of dealers, who receive and execute commissions, or purchase negroes on speculation, and keep them in premises for exhibition and sale. Washington, in Columbia, which is the seat, and under the special sway of the general government of the United States, forms a convenient entrepôt for this kind of commerce. In this city there are numerous warehouses for the reception of slaves; and hither resort all the slave-owners in the neighborhood who have stock to dispose of, attracted by such advertisements as the following:

CASH FOR NEGROES.—We will, at all times, give the highest prices, in cash, for likely young negroes of both sexes, from ten to thirty years of age. J. W. NEAL & Co., Washington.

CASH FOR FIVE HUNDRED NEGROES, including both sexes, from ten to twenty-five years of age. Persons having likely servants to dispose of will find it their interest to give us a call, as we will give higher prices in cash than any other purchaser who is now or may hereafter come into the market. FRANKLIN & AMFIELD, Alexandria.

"There are three modes of conveying gangs of negroes to the place of their final destination—by sea, by a river passage down the Ohio and Mississippi, and by a march overland. The first of these has been very generally adopted as being the least expensive; vessels being freighted at Richmond, Norfolk, and Baltimore, for the purpose of taking the cargoes of negroes coastwise to New Orleans or to intermediate ports. This species of conveyance, however, is not without danger. On a late occasion the negroes on board one of these coasting slavers broke into rebellion, vanquished the officers, and carried the vessel into an English port, where they were immediately free. The passage down the great central rivers of North America is generally adopted by slave-traders along their banks; that is, in Kentucky, Tennessee, and the north-west of Virginia. Till lately, the negroes used to be carried down the Ohio and Mississippi in large clumsy floats, or boats made to stand a single trip. Now, however, the steamers, which are constantly plying up and down the river, are used for the purpose of conveying negroes from the interior to New Orleans; and at certain seasons of the year the traveller on a pleasure trip down the Mississippi is sure to have the company of a large number of negroes from Kentucky, who lie stretched along the deck, inhaling the steam from the engine, and affording abundant amusement to the tobacco chewing portion of the passengers, who will make a negro's woolly head, or his eye, or his half-open mouth a mark at which to squirt their abominable saliva. Sometimes, in these passages down the river, the poor negroes plunge overboard and drown themselves. The overland land journey is the mode of conveying slaves adopted by traders at a distance both from the sea and the river. The journey is always performed on foot by the negroes; the chained gangs which they form, when three or four hundred of them are marched along together, are called *coffles;* and the white commandant gets the expressive name of *soul-driver*."

From "Travels in the Slave States of North America," made by G. W. Featherstonhaugh, F.R.S., in 1834-35, and published in New York in 1844, we find the following account of passing a coffle over New River:—

"In the early gray of the morning, we came up with a singular spectacle, the most striking one of the kind I have ever witnessed. It was a camp of negro slave-drivers, just packing up to start, they had about three hundred slaves with them, who had bivouaced the preceding night *in chains* in the woods, these, they were conducting to Natchez upon the Mississippi River, to work upon the sugar plantations in Louisiana. * * * * The female slaves were, some of them, sitting on logs of wood, whilst others were standing, and a great many little black children were warming themselves at the fires of the bivouac. In front of them all, and prepared for the march, stood, in double files, about two hundred male slaves, *manacled and chained to each other*. I had never seen so revolting a sight before! Black men in fetters, torn from the lands where they were born, from the ties they had formed, and from the comparatively easy condition which agricultural labour affords, and driven by white men, with liberty and equality in their mouths, to a distant and unhealthy country, to perish in the sugar-mills of Louisiana, where the duration of life for a sugar-mill slave does not exceed seven years! To make this spectacle still more disgusting and hideous, some of the principal white slave-drivers, who were tolerably well dressed, and had broad-trimmed white hats on, *with black crape round them*, were standing near, laughing and smoking cigars.

"Whether these sentimental speculators were, or were not—in accordance with the language of the American Declaration of Independence—in mourning "from a decent respect for the opinions of mankind," or for their own callous inhuman lives, I could not but be struck with the monstrous absurdity of such fellows putting on any symbol of sorrow whilst engaged in the exercise of such a horrid trade; so wishing them in my heart all manner of evil to endure, as long as there was a bit of crape to be obtained, we drove on, and having forded the river in a flat-bottomed boat, drew up on the road, where I persuaded the driver to wait until we had witnessed the crossing of the river by the "gang," as it was called.

"It was an interesting, but a melancholy spectacle, to see them effect the passage of the river; first, a man on horseback selected a shallow place in the ford for the male slaves; then followed a waggon and four horses, attended by another man on horseback. The other waggons contained the children and some that were lame, whilst the scows, or flat-boats, crossed the women and some of the people belonging to the caravan. There was much method and vigilance observed, for this was one of the situations where the gangs, always watchful to obtain their liberty—often show a disposition to mutiny, knowing if one or two of them could wrench their manacles off, they could soon free the rest, and either disperse themselves or overpower and slay their sordid keepers, and fly to the Free States.* The slave-drivers aware of this disposition in the unfortunate negroes, endeavour to mitigate their discontent by feeding them well on the march, and by encouraging them to sing 'Old Virginia neber tire,' to the banjo."

* Free States! Alas, this refuge is now denied the oppressed black. Canada alone affords them an asylum. —P. D.

Mr. Paulding in his "Letters from the South" gives a somewhat similar account of a slave-gang on march, from which we make the following extract:—

"First, a little cart drawn by one horse, in which five or six half-naked black children were tumbled like pigs together. The cart had no covering, and they seemed to have been actually broiled to sleep. Behind the cart marched three black women, with head, neck, and breasts uncovered, and without shoes or stockings; next came three men, bare-headed, half-naked, and chained together with an ox-chain. Last of all came a white man on horseback, carrying pistols in his belt, and who, as we passed him, had the impudence to look us in the face without blushing."

Negro-traders are of every variety from the rich, gentlemanly, even *educated* wholesale purchaser to the low, brutal trapper who is as devoid of decency as he is of humanity. These men, Mrs. Stowe remarks, are "exceedingly sensitive with regard to what they consider the injustice of the world in excluding them from good society, simply because they undertake to supply a demand in the community which the bar, the press and the pulpit, all pronounce to be a proper one. * * * If there is an ill-used class of men in the world, it is certainly the slave-traders; for, if there is no harm in the institution of slavery,—if it is a divinely-appointed and honourable one, like civil government and the family state, and like other species of property relation,—then there is no earthly reason why a man may not as innocently be a slave-trader as any other kind of trader."

Now, I think I have dwelt long enough on the negroe-traders, of which Mr. Haley is Mrs. Stowe's example; and, I fear me much, but I have made my lecture longer than Mrs. Stowe's chapter, however, in future I will be more concise, that is, if you will allow me to continue, at our next meeting this *key*, which is intended to unlock the *Key of Uncle Tom's Cabin.*

[*Enter Mrs. Grundy.*]

Mrs. Grundy.—Gentlemen, gentlemen!—Supper is ready. Did you not hear me call you at least half an hour ago?

Major.—(*Looking at his watch.*) Why it is later than I had any idea. I had intended to have introduced the proposed esplanade and the necessity of setting aside some place where the youths of the city might bathe, or the establishment of public baths; however, I hope we may be able to take up this subject at our next meeting. I intended also to have introduced the clock-maker. Have you seen his last?

Doctor.—You mean, I presume, Sam Slick's Wise Saws? I discussed it last night by way

of zest to a lobster salad, and I can assure you that it is quite equal to the former essays of the most genuine humourist which British North America can boast of. The volume abounds with quiet wit, and the fun, if not quite so broad as what we meet with in the preceding efforts of the ermined son of Momus, is not a whit less sterling. No one can say with truth, of the venerable Judge, that:—

"Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage!"

LAIRD.—Sam was aye a choice pet o' mine, and I am blythe that he has na' fallen into the bog o' dotage! Can you conveniently gie us a flower frae the posie?

DOCTOR.—The following sketch of before and after marriage, is in the clock-maker's happiest vein:—

"Boys and galls fall in love. The boy is all attention and devotion, and the gall is all smiles, and airs, and graces, and pretty little winnin' ways, and they bill and coo, and get married because they hope! Well, what do they hope? Oh, they hope they will love all the days of their lives, and they hope their lives will be ever so long just to love each other; it's such a sweet thing to love. Well, they hope a great deal more, I guess. The boy hopes arter he's married, his wife will smile as sweet as ever and twice as often, and be just as neat and twice as neater, her hair lookin' like part of the head, so tight, and bright, and glossy, and parted on the top like a little path in the forest. Poor fellow, he aint spoony at all. Is he? And he hopes that her temper will be as gentle and as meek and as mild as ever; in fact, no temper at all—all amiability—an angel in petticoats. Well, she hopes every minute he has to spare, he will fly to her on the wings of love—legs aint fast enough, and runnin' might hurt his lungs, but fly to her—and never leave her, but bill and coo forever, and will let her will be his law; sartainly wont want her to wait on him, but for him to tend on her, the devoted criter, like a heavenly ministering white he-nigger. Well, don't they hope they may get all this? And do they? Jist go into any house you like, and the last two shall be these has-been lovers. His dress is untidy and he smokes a short black pipe (he didn't even smoke a cigar before he was married), and the ashes gets on his waistcoat; but who cares? it's only his wife to see it—and he kinder guesses, he sees wrinkles, where he never saw 'em afore, on her stocking ancles; and her shoes are a little, just a little down in the heel; and she comes down to breakfast with her hair and dress lookin' as if it was a little neater, it would be a little more better. He sits up late with old friends, und lets her go to bed alone; and she cries! the little angel! but it's only because she has a headache. The dashing young gentleman has got awful stingy too, lately. He sais house-keepin' costs too much, raps out an ugly word now and then, she never heerd afore; but she hopes—what does the poor dupe hope? Why, she hopes he aint swearin'; but it sounds amazin' like it—that's a fact!"

But really we must now to supper. [*Exeunt.*

AFTER-SUPPER SEDERUNT.

DOCTOR.—As we have not succeeded in procuring type, I can give you no diagram this month, but I have prepared a few remarks, with three enigmas for the amusement of our readers. I intend to follow the plan adopted by English journals, and give no solution to these enigmas, unless particularly requested to do so. I have also prepared my musical chit chat, and you will find a rather grave song—words and music by ——. [*Doctor reads.*]

CHESS INTELLIGENCE.

CHESS SOCIETY IN ST. PETERSBURG.

It was only within the last few months that a Chess Society or Club was formed in the capital of the Russian Empire. In Russia, no societies or institutions, no matter for what object, can be formed without the special permission from the Government, and this permission has hitherto been rigorously withheld in almost every case where application has been made. It is gratifying, however, to find that at last the Emperor has been pleased to permit the organization of a chess club entitled "Societé des Amateurs d'Echecs de St. Petersbourg." This club numbers in its ranks some of the first nobility of the empire, and is governed by three directors, the Baron de Meyendorff, Lieutenant-General de Kluepfell, le Comte General Korecheloff Besborodko, and a perpetual secretary, viz., M. C. F. de Jaenisch (Conseillor de la Cour Imperiale, &c.).

One of the first and most important measures taken into the consideration of this society is the anomalies and absurdities which at present disfigure and render ridiculous the laws of chess. At a meeting of the members, it was resolved that their secretary (M. C. F. de Jaenisch) be requested to draw up a new code of laws for their society. "Profoundly versed in all that relates to the practice and theory of chess, and conversant—almost above all other men—with its history and literature, Mr. Jaenisch, there can be little doubt, will produce a digest of the chess laws calculated to win the sanction, and become the guide, not only of his own countrymen but of chess-players throughout the world.

CHESS AT SEA.

A game of chess was played by signals between the ships *Barham* and *Wellesley*, on their last homeward voyage from Calcutta to London. This is interesting, as being probably the first game ever conducted under similar circumstances.

CHESS AT PRESENT.

It has been remarked, that, although chess-players and clubs have abundantly increased throughout the world during the last quarter of a century, yet we see nothing at all approaching the excellence of play of former years.

DEATH OF M. KIESERITZKY.

We regret to announce the death of M. Kieseritzky, a gentleman long holding a distinguished position in the chess world.

CHESS ENIGMAS.

No. 1. *By N. M. T.*

WHITE.—K at Q B 4th; R at Q Kt sq.; Kt at K R 5th; P's at Q 2nd, and Q B 5th.

Black.—K at K 5th; P at Q Kt 5th.

White to play and mate in five moves.

No. 2. *By W. H. C.*

White.—K at Q R 7th; Q at Q B 7th; R at K sq.; Kt at K B 3d; P at K Kt 2nd.

Black.—K at K Kt 5th; Q at Q 6th; B at Q Kt 7th; Kt's at K sq. and Q B 7th; Ps at K R 4th; K Kt 6th; K. B 5th and Q 5th.

White to play and mate in four moves.

No. 3. *By* ——, *Esq.*

White.—K at Q B 2nd; Q at Q R 5th; Kt at K 7th; Ps at K 4th and Q B 6th.

Black.—K at Q B 5th.

White to play and mate in three moves.

Now, Mrs. Grundy, your gatherings; and, O Laird, your facts.

Laird.—Here they are, and scrimp indeed I maun mak them, for, as usual, you've left me nae room. However, here goes (*reads:*)

MULCHING.

This process, although known and practised for many years by a few cultivators, has become extensively adopted only at a very late period. It seems peculiarly adapted to our hot and dry summers, and operates chiefly in preserving the moisture of the surface, and in preventing the growth of weeds. The moisture at the surface of the earth from rains and dews is quickly dissipated under a hot sun; and if this surface is allowed to become covered with a dense growth of living grass and weeds, these pump out of the soil and throw off into the air a much larger quantity of moisture than is evaporated by a bare surface of earth only. But if this surface is covered with a few inches of old straw, hay or leaves, the moisture is retained in the soil, and the growth of weeds prevented. As a general rule, we have found it most advantageous to leave the surface bare and keep the soil well mellowed till near midsummer, and then to apply the mulching. For a covering of litter, while it promotes the humidity, also prevents the heating of the soil, and in this way may retard early growth if applied too soon. There are exceptions, however; one in the case of large, deeply-rooted trees not affected by nor needing mulching, and the other where small plants, which are removed in summer, need the careful and constant retention of the moisture of the earth. We have succeeded, with scarcely one failure in fifty, in transplanting the strawberry in the drouth and heat of summer, by simply giving the surface a mulching of two inches of barn manure, and on which the watering was poured when necessary. Indeed, there is nothing that better prevents the ill-effects of baking by surface watering, than a covering of this sort of a moderate depth. Mulching will, however, promote moisture in the soil, even when neither artificial nor natural watering is given, simply by arresting such as rises upwards through the earth. In one instance a striking illustration of this effect was furnished during a very long season of drouth, which injured and threatened to destroy a row of newly transplanted apple trees. Their leaves had already begun to turn yellow, and growth had ceased, but on coating the ground about them with a crop of mown weeds, a change was soon effected, and in three weeks the leaves had returned to their deep green hue, and in some instances growth had recommenced. But on no kind of tree is mulching more necessary than on newly transplanted cherry trees. Thousands of these are lost every season, after they have commenced growing, by the drying heat of midsummer, and the evil is sometimes increased by superficial watering. A deep mulching will generally prove a complete remedy if seasonably applied.

Some interesting facts on this subject were stated, and valuable suggestions made at one of the conversational meetings of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society. S. Walker remarked that he had used tan, sawdust, litter, leaves, &c., but he believed short, newly mown grass one of the best things,—he had mulched a great deal with it, and found it laid close to the soil. He also recommended the succulent weeds of the garden or roadside. He found tan and sawdust to be useful merely by retaining the moisture. D. Haggerston had found sedge from salt marshes best, particularly if cut short; a good watering upon it made it lay close to the ground. He found it excellent for strawberries. He had also found tree leaves excellent, if they had partly decayed, so as not likely to be blown away. Old hot-bed materials made of leaves and manure had proved particularly fine. Several spoke of the ill effects of too deep a mulching, but we think the more ommon error is in spreading the covering of the soil too thinly.

Mulching is a very easy and cheap practice, and the season is now at hand when our readers may prove by varying experiments the best mode of performance.

TO CLEAN CHESS OUT OF SEED WHEAT.

We announce the following to every wheat-grower who believes that wheat will turn to chess. The simple fact that the writer (and many others have done the same thing,) has eradicated chess from his farm, is sufficient to show the fallacy of the popular belief that "chess is only degenerated wheat." We have given great attention to this matter for more than twenty years, and we have never been able to find an instance of the conversion of wheat to chess; and the result of these investigations has convinced us that no such instance of transmutation did ever occur. We have often alluded to it, because we believe the point one of *great practical importance;* for so long as a man believes in the doctrine of transmutation, he will not take the pains necessary to extirpate chess from his grounds.

Messrs Editors,—I have thought of sending you something like the following, for the last twenty years and over, but always put it off. To clean all the chess out, take the riddles out of the fanning mill, leaving the screen in—take off the rod that shakes the riddles and screen; pour the wheat slowly into the hopper with a basket or a half-bushel; turn the mill a little quicker than for ordinary cleaning, and every grain of chess will be blown out, unless when three chess seeds stick together, which is sometimes the case with the top seeds.

If every farmer will clean his seed wheat in this way, I will warrant that wheat will never turn to

chess after the land is once clear of it; but the difficulty will be to get the farmer to try it. It is too simple to be believed. I have seen some men who stand high as agriculturists, whom I could not make believe it, until I went to their barns and showed them that it could be done, and that effectually. This fact itself is worth much to wheat farmers, if they will only try it. Two men will clean from 10 to 15 bushels per hour. If the wheat is light, say weighing from 50 to 55 lbs. per bushel, considerable wheat will blow away with the chess; but with such wheat as we raise here, weighing from 60 to 64 lbs. per bushel, little if any of the wheat will be blown out. In some cases it is better to raise the hind end of the fanning mill about two inches from the floor; more wind can be given, and not blow away the wheat. Every man that tries this will find it answer, and every reader of your paper should tell his neighbor that don't read.

I have not raised a wine-glassful of chess in more than twenty years; Before that I had lots of it, and was sure wheat turned to chess.

A very extensive wheat raiser has agreed to come this fall, and make a part of one of my fields grow chess without sowing it, for which I have agreed to give him the remainder of my crop. He may destroy the wheat, but chess he cannot make it.

OUR COUNTRY CHURCHES.

In a village the first object that attracts attention is the church, and from it the general impression of the place is formed. There is, to a great degree, a just pride felt in the village church. It is, by common consent, allowed to be the expression of ideas of taste, and the type of an affection which should be the deepest and holiest in our natures. It is a public recognition of the great truth, "there is a God," a public promise to worship Him and keep his commandments, a public testimonial for the Great Supreme and a public invitation to the world to unite in worship and praise. The law of taste requires that the outward form of the church should, so far as practicable, embody these ideas. That there is a language in the contour of a building, is as true as that there is expression in the form and features of the human face; and an artist's power can speak his meaning in blocks of stone, and make them convey the thoughts of the reverential mind, and the feelings of the devotional heart. The pleasant countenance of one person assures the stranger of a kind heart and a sympathetic nature; while the cold and forbidding look of another, sends a chill through the veins. We often see that virtue and benevolence are written in the features of one man, and that vice and avarice lurk in the wrinkles of another's face. The same habit of observation directed to the expression of buildings, would enable one to distinguish at once their characteristics, and to judge correctly of their appropriateness.

But no very great practice is necessary to perceive that the churches in the country do not impress the mind with the ideas we have mentioned. There is too frequently no element of beauty in them. Hastily constructed in no style of architecture, as cheaply finished as conscience would allow, with no tasteful surroundings, they stand in open spaces, seemingly deserted, while their frail, tottering spires point mournfully to the sky. We are persuaded that ignorance of any better mode of building, rather than intentional neglect, lies at the bottom of this deplorable condition of our country churches. They have been imitated to a great extent from the rude models which our early church edifices furnished, and rural taste has never come in to suggest her always beautiful decorations nor has American architecture supplied us with designs true to the idea of a House of Worship. We ask for nothing classic, nothing elaborate, nothing lavishly expensive, but we wish to see edifices appropriate, simple and beautiful. Some deviation from right lines and clumsy steeples, some adaptation to the location, and above all, some trees and shrubbery to give a rural effect are particularly desirable. Why not have a lawn, well kept, surround the church, the shade of our forest trees overhang it, and vines and ivy embower it? Every hour spent in decorating the grounds about the church will deepen the affection for it, while if its forbidding appearance be once changed into one winning and pleasant, the lessons which fall from its pulpit would touch many hearts now insensible to the beauties and truths of goodness and piety.

LAIRD.—Noo Mrs. Grundy, (*Mrs. Grundy reads*:—)

DESCRIPTION OF PLATE.—Dress of buff *taffetas:* this dress has a double skirt woven *à dispostion:* the body, three-quarters high, opens in front to the waist; the piece forming the *revers* is woven to correspond with the skirts: sleeves of pagoda form. *Mantelette* of embroidered muslin, with deep frill of the same. *Capôte* of white silk; the *fanchon* of blond: low at each side above the curtain are bunches of small roses, and the trimming of the interior is roses and blond.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

Scarfs and *mantelettes* in satin, *taffetas*, &c., are now much worn: the styles are various. The *scarf mantille*, will be in great favour. The favourite trimming is broad black lace.

In dresses for morning and the *promenade*, the *caraco* and *basquine* bodies, opening in front to the waist, are still in favour; many are worn with small capes *à revers*. Sleeves opening in the front of the arm, and either slashed or shewing the under sleeve, are very stylish, and becoming great favourites. Muslin bodies will be worn, with silk and poplin skirts, by young ladies, for home costume. Flounces will be in favour for all light materials, as well as the thinner kind of silks, such as *taffetas*, &c.

Bonnets are worn open, and very much trimmed in the interior.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

At an evening *fête* given in honor of a recent marriage in high life, several ladies wore dresses of white organdy muslin. Nearly all were made with three jupes looped up with bouquets of wild flowers, sprays of white lilac, or small bunches of green or unripe wheat-ears, attached to the dress by bows of gauze ribbon with long flowing ends. Bouquets or small wreaths of the same flowers as those employed in trimming the dress, were worn in the hair. One of the prettiest dresses worn on

the occasion was composed of plain white tulle; the skirt trimmed with twelve scalloped flounces, finished at the edge by a narrow row of straw guipure, of an open work pattern, and as light and pliant as lace. Three bouquets ornamented the skirt, one on one side and two on the other. These bouquets all consisted of lilies of the valley with foliage, the whole formed of straw. In the hair a wreath of the same flowers was worn just above the neck at the back of the head. The wreath was terminated on each side by sprays of straw, lillies of the valley drooping over the neck and shoulders. These flowers, by candle-light, glitter like gold beads.

We may mention a new style of bridal wreath which has met with many admirers. A few buds of orange blossom placed in the centre of small pendent bouquets of white rose-buds, form the only link of resemblance between this and bridal wreaths formerly worn. The remainder of the wreath is made up of small flowers composed of feather, and light foliage of all tints formed of crape.

One of the new bonnets most remarkable for variety and elegance is composed of bouillonnés of white tarletane, lilac ribbon being passed under each bouillonné. The trimming consisted of a bouquet placed on one side of the bonnet. The bouquet is composed of drooping sprays of the small blue flowers called the Periwinkle, and the foliage is formed of crape. A Leghorn bonnet, we have seen, is very prettily trimmed with a small wreath of the hazel with its clusters of white flowers, nuts, and foliage, correctly imitated from nature. On one side the wreath is terminated by a tuft or bouquet, and on the other by a flexible, drooping spray.

Among the articles just imported from Paris may be named a scarf of black tulle, ornamented with a series of large spots or circles of black velvet, alternating with ruches of violet color gauze. The scarf is edged with two deep frills or flounces of rich Chantilly lace.

CANADIAN FLOWER GATHERER.

BY MRS. TRAILL, AUTHORESS OF "FOREST GLEANINGS," OAKLAND, RICE LAKE, C. W.

ADANTIUM CAPILLAIRE.—*Maiden Hair Fern.*—Early in the month of May, may be observed by those who suffer their eyes to be occupied by what is going on among the lowly plants and herbs that spring up in their path, a most charming fern, known by the familiar names of Maiden's hair and Fairy fern, from its elegant lightness. It is one of the most graceful of all that graceful tribe of plants; its botanical name is *Adantium* or Maiden's Hair; it grows in wild swampy and tangled thickets; it may be seen by the roadside, but mostly does it love the rich, black, spongy mould on the banks of creeks, and there you must often have noticed it. At first the leaf comes up curiously curled, having the appearance of a brown hairy caterpillar. A few warm hours of sunshine or soft rain makes the leaf unroll, and the tender leaflets expand. In three or four days what a change has been effected? The thick covering of brown hair has disappeared—no trace of its infant dress remaining visible on the whole plant. The stem becomes smooth, and black, and elastic, like fine whalebone, supporting its exquisite foliage on foot-stalks of hair-like lightness, diverging in a semicircular form, and displaying fronds of the tenderest, most vivid green. Many other ferns retain the hairy covering, which forms a fringe of russet brown along the foot-stalks; and one in particular, that may often be seen in green-houses, is so clothed at its roots with this hair as to obtain from it the name of hare foot fern.

This elegant species, the *capillaire*, preserves its color well in drying, and will bear the pressure of a moderately heated iron, if laid between many folds of soft paper. It may be then pasted down on a sheet of thick white paper by the application of a camel's hair brush dipped in common flour paste. Great care and neatness is required in this work, not to apply *too much* moisture, and with a bit of fine rag to press down the leaf or leaves in the natural form of the plant; it must not be twisted or distorted into any stiff figure, as much of the merit of the work depends on preserving the exact appearance of the plant. Many kinds of flowers can also be preserved in the same way by carefully disposing the petals and leaflets between sheets of blotting paper, and submitting them to considerable pressure. A box filled with stones is a good press, but a screw linen press is best if it can be had. Specimens thus preserved, when dry enough, should be pasted down and the stalks secured by a slip of common adhesive plaster placed across in one or two places very neatly. The botanical and common name may be written in one corner, or a list with figures appended as reference kept with the specimens. The ferns are easier to preserve than flowers; therefore I would recommend them to young beginners.

PODOPHYLLUM PELTATUM.—*Mandrake or May Apple.*—This was the first indigenous fruit that I saw in Canada; it attracted my attention on my first journey through the woods. I noticed, growing by the side of the road at the edge of the forest, a plant with two large palmate leaves, between the axils of which hung a yellow oblong fruit, about the size of a *Magnum Bonum* plum. The man who drove the horses told me it was good to eat, and alighted and plucked it for me, advising me to throw away the thick outer skin. The fruit was over ripe, and there was a rank flavor that I didn't quite relish. I have since become better acquainted with the plant, and as there are many things about it deserving of notice, I will give a description of it for the information of those persons who have had less time to study it.

The roots of the May Apple are used by the Indians as a cathartic; they are reticulated. It is curious to see a bed of them laid open, and to observe the way in which they interlace each other like an extensive net-work. They are white, about the thickness of a finger, spreading horizontally beneath the surface of the soil. From every articulation a bud sprouts up, forming the leaf stem. The single leaves produce no fruit,—most probably they are the first year's growth; possibly it is from the second year's shoot that the fruit-bearing stem rises. I have often wondered if the May Apple has attracted the attention of the horticulturists. Could the fruit be improved by artificial culture?

INVOCATION TO PRAYER!

WRITTEN FOR THE "ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE,"

BY * * *

LARGHETTO.

Spir - it of Prayer may every morn lead us frail

p

er - ring things of clay, To break the

mf

yoke so long we've borne, And

flee from wrath to life a - way.

And ever, as that hour draws nigh,
When dust to dust returns again,
Lead us to seek beyond the sky,
The joys unmarked by earthly stain.

Oh come! and dwell within this heart,
And on it let thy spirit shine,
Teaching "to know that better part"
Prepared for us by love divine.

Renew our strength, our sins blot out,
Of earthly thoughts expunge each trace,
From us remove each lingering doubt,
And lead us to celestial grace.

MUSIC OF THE MONTH.

DURING the past month, Alfred Jaell, assisted by Camilla Urso, has given two concerts. Jaell's mastery over his instrument is so well known throughout the country, that we should have thought that the announcement of a concert by him, would have filled the St. Lawrence Hall, and we were sorry to observe that, whether from the hot weather, or the season, the room was not more than three parts full.

Of Camilla Urso, we are at a loss to speak, words fail to describe the attractions of this interesting child, she must be heard and seen to be understood. Her performance we can designate by no other epithet than wonderful. Her execution, precision and delicacy, evince a master mind, and elicited as much applause as has ever been awarded to a violinist of maturer age in this country.

The pleasure derived from her playing was heightened by a modest bearing, tempered with self-possession, far beyond her years. Those who did not hear and see her, have lost a treat which the chances of musical life may never again afford them.

ROYAL LYCEUM: NORMA.

Thanks to Mr. Nickinson, Torontonians have been gratified with a sketch of an Italian Opera. A very good sketch it was, and one from which they could realise all the beauties of the composer.

The Theatre is so small that Devries voice was a little too loud, and the prompter was perhaps too audible, but these are minor imperfections. Coletti as Oroveso, both sang and acted remarkably well, and the chorusses were much better than those six years ago at the Astor Place Opera House. The Ochestra was very fair, but rather too loud, and it would be as well for them, if they return, to keep in mind the size of the house. We shall not attempt to criticise, that an Entire Opera has been performed in Toronto is a great fact, and one worthy of a corner in a note-book. We saw it mentioned a short time ago in a daily journal that twenty years since, the opera was for the first time introduced into Scotland. We remember the circumstance well, and we remember that the company was not as good as that which has just visited Toronto. Donzelli was a better tenor than Forté, but De Merie the prima donna, was not as finished a singer as Devries, and the Orchestra and Chorusses were certainly inferior.

The Italian Opera but a few years since, was unknown in New York. We again assert, then, that a prodigious stride has been made, and we would earnestly advise the Torontonians to fill up the subscription lists as speedily as possible, so as to induce the company to return. There are eighteen Operas on their list, which will afford a rich treat. A word now to the audience: Frequent applauding may evince much good nature, but at the same time it has the sure effect of making artists careless, as it must convince them that the applauders do not really know what or why they are applauding. Frequent interruptions are particularly inadmissible in an Opera, and we were as much amused at the first chorus girl being applauded, instead of Norma, as we were disgusted with the interruption in the midst of the "*Deh! con te.*" Nothing is admissable in Opera either as applause or encore except, at rare intervals, when some celebrated covatina or duet has been really well given, and when it will be a gratification to both artist and audience, to have an enthnsiastic encore.

EXETER HALL.

Miss Greenfield (the Black Swan) gave a concert in the large room of the Hall on Wednesday evening, aided by several eminent *artistes.* From the great reputation heralded before her, much might have been anticipated; but after hearing the lady, all preconceived charm must have been wofully broken. Her first attempt, *The Cradle Song*, by Wallace, was marked throughout by an utter want of intonation, partly arising probably from nervousness; but the impression left on the audience was that her singing flat was for the most part a natural failure. In all her songs Miss Greenfield was equally unsuccessful, and *Home, Sweet Home* (which was not marked down in the programme) was never to our knowledge worse vocalized.

BOOKS FOR THE MONTH.

T. MACLEAR.

A Second Book in Latin, containing Syntax and Reading Lessons in Prose, forming a sufficient Latin Reader, with Initiative Exercises and a Vocabulary. By John McLintock, D.D. New York: Harper and Brothers, 1853.

Some time ago we noticed Dr. McLintock's first books in Latin and Greek. The volume before us is designed to form a sequel to the former, and so far as syntax and reading exercises are concerned, this book is admirably suited to the purpose for which it is designed. The reading embodies extensive and well selected extracts from Cæsar and Cicero. The learned author and compiler has made free use in his selections of "Klaiber's Lateinische Christomathie," of "Kroft's Christomathia Ciceroniona," of "Meiring's Memorirbuch," a new Latin book published by Taylor and Wolton, London, and Dr. Allen's Eclogæ Ciceronionæ.

This school book has already been very extensively used in the American academies and colleges, and from Dr. McLintock's reputation as a compiler of School-books, we have no doubt the publication will become more and more popular. In the present age of literary progress, we believe such books are admirably fitted to facilitate and foster the growing taste for philological studies on this continent; and we have much pleasure in recommending the adoption of the learned Dr. McLintock's school-books in our Canadian schools and academies.

The Boyhood of Great Men, intended as an Example for Youth. Harper & Brothers, 1853.

This little volume of 385 pages has just made its appearance, and its intention is appropriately defined in its little pages. Our youth require some incentive to awaken and foster their literary ambition. This is the book, of all others, which will accomplish the object.

Embodied in these pages we have a sample of the boyhood of men who have shone in every department of science and literature. Here we have poets, novelists, historians, critics, statesmen, lawyers, astronomers, mathematicians, naturalists, chemists, sailors, soldiers, painters, sculptors, and divines—the whole arranged in nineteen chapters, with a brief sketch of the early biography of each.

Home Pictures. By Mrs. Mary Andrews Denison. Harper & Brothers, New York, 1852.

In this neat little volume, dedicated to the husband of the authoress—who is a clergyman—we have many beautiful and apt descriptions of the scenes of domestic bliss. The contents of this engaging volume appeared some time ago in the pages of a literary paper, while the authoress was the assistant editor of "The Olive Branch," of Boston, Massachusetts. They are now collected under the writer's own revision, and placed before the world in the present, a more permanent form; and from the glowing, descriptive style of the authoress, we are inclined to think they will furnish a source of most profitable and iunterestig family reading.

Harper & Brother, New York.

Among the most recent issues by the Harpers, we have *Discoveries among the Ruins of Nineveh* by Austin H. Layard, M.P., one large octavo of nearly 600 pages, with magnificently executed engravings and charts.

The managers of the British Museum, as our readers are aware, recently sent this distinguished explorator and scholar out to prosecute his researches in Assyria—his former volume having been so popular, and its results having contributed in such an eminent degree to enrich the literature of our day, by the reviving and deciphering of many of the hieroglyphics of ancient times and eastern countries.

Major Robinson and Rev. Dr. Hincks, rector of Killaleagh, have aided the learned and adventurous explorator in deciphering many of the most obscurre and hitherto unintelligible symbols which have been discovered in these researches. The book just issued has made no ordinary noise in the mother country. Being at once an epitomized journal of his travels, and a grand repertory of ancient learning, the work will be read with a great degree of interest by every one who has the least inclination to acquaint himself with the ancient literature, manners, and customs of the East.

But there is yet a higher purpose which Mr. Layard's work will serve. It throws an immense amount o light on the ancient Jewish Scriptures—in so far as it exhibits that many of the manners and customs, which obtained among the eastern nations, were adopted by the Jewish people—worked into their domestic and social polity, and are alluded to in the sacred volume of Inspired Writ.

Civil Wars in France in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries: a History of France principally during that period. By Leopold Rankè, author of the History of the Popes of Rome during the above period. Harper and Brothers. Translated by M. A. Gorvey.

The learned author of the "History of the Popes of Rome," no doubt in collecting and compiling the material out of which he elaborated that great work, had a good deal of refuse, and out of it he has given us a most interesting and truly valuable History of France during the same period. Whilst Rankè has written the book, no doubt with a view in some degree of economizing his material, he has done an essential service to the literature of France.

The great advantage of this work is simply this—The author is a German, aud he looks at France during the period of which he writes, not from any narrow national point, but he looks at this country in her relations to and dependence on, other countries—indebted to England for her monarchy, to Germany for her attempts at reformation, to Italy for her arts, and to the whole world for the elements of strife and discontent which have so long rent her asunder. But again—The period of which Rankè writes embraces distinguished persons, who do nct belong to France only but to the whole world—e.g., Francis I., Catherine de Medicis, the two Guises, the great Bourbon Henry IV., Mary de Medicis, Mazarin, and Louis XIV.; so that any foreigner,

whether German, Italian, or British might with all becoming propriety undertake the writing of a history of the period to which Rankè has bent the energies of his mind. The book is well written, somewhat heavy at times, but much more free from those obscure and clumsy characteristics which have been justly complained of in his History of the Popes of Rome.

Lamartine's Restoration of Monarchy in France. Volume IV.

Harper and Brothers have completed their edition of Lamartine's great work on the Restoration of Monarchy. This book is one of Lamartine's very best. No man in France was so capable of furnishing the world with a book on this subject as Lamartine. Having lived to see no less than some ten revolutions in that tumultuous and unsettled country, and having been engaged for nearly half a century either in the capacity of a journalist or a politician, or both, he has possessed himself of all the material required for such a work. Many of the principles which, as a politician, he propounds, he has been advocating for years in his place in the senate-house, and many of the facts he has been recording as a journalist; so that he writes, not as a man who is subject to the toil of plodding through authorities and ransacking journals and Parliamentary documents, but of the immense laboratory of his own memory and experience, he pens the ample material which, arranged in a most orderly and logical manner, and written in a most racy and fascinating manner, affords the reader one of the finest specimens of historical literature on record. The stirring events of his own time, of whieh he can truly say "*Magna pars fui*," have thrown an enthusiasm and a charm about this work, which renders it as attractive to the reader of taste as the most thrilling tale of ancient or modern romance.

Complete Works of S. T. Coleridge, Vol. VI.

Harper and Brothers have issued the sixth volume of their new and magnificent edition of Coleridge. This volume embraces his views of Church and State, in two parts, and his Table-talk. Both topics are of profound interest. The former is important, because it embraces a subject against which, on this side of the Atlantic, there is a strong prejudice. The latter is equally so, because it teaches the valuable leason, that our chit-chat and gossip in this country is often a ruin of time and a prostitution of intellect. What a privilege to the mind given to reflection, to be thrown into contact with men and minds, that muse and converse on themes higher than the low grovelling gossip of the ale-house, or the gabble and slander of addle-headed *elderly young ladies*, who cannot speak or think well of anybody! The evil is tolerable in this class of our gossipping community, but when it is found among our sage and hoary-headed *men of mind*, it becomes the most intolerable and despicable thing imaginable! Let any one read Coleridge's and Johnson's Table-talk, and learn from the domestic conversation of such men that, irrespective of the moral view of the subject, men's minds were made for higher purposes than to be eternally thinking evil of one another, and their mouths for better ends than to be incessantly speaking evil of each other.

We must own it, right or wrong, whether from weakness or from a strong tendency to hero-worship, we do admire S. T. Coleridge; and we have no sympathy with the malignant detractors who denounce the man, the author, the Christian, who from conscientious and clear conviction exchanged his Socinian views for the orthodoxy of English Episcopacy.

W. D. Dodd.—"*The Friend of Moses*," by W. F. Hamilton, D.D. Mobile, Ala.

This volume embracing twelve lectures by one of our ablest American Divines, has recently been republished in Great Britain, under the patronage of some of the leading Theologians of the empire. The learned author has laid the Christian world under a debt of gratitude to him by the undertaking. The talent and learning which he has brought to bear on some of the leading and popular objections to the Pentateuch—do honor alike to his head and heart.

In the 12th lecture, which treats of the "Unity of the races of men." He has not only given a triumphant refutation to some of the apologists for modern slavery, but he has taken a most impregnable position in favor of the liberty of the coloured man. In this he has set our Southern Theologions an example worthy of universal imitation. Dr. Hamilton has spent the past year in travelling in the East, and prosecuting researches of a most important nature in Syria, Palestine and Germany. We sincerely wish his life may be spared to enrich still further our Theological Literature by his efficient and masterly labours.

During the year. Dodd has issued among others, the following volumes to which we shall call attention more at large in forthcoming numbers: "The Society of Friends," by Mrs. Greer. "Love affairs in our village twenty years ago," by Mrs. Caustic. "The Foulard Family," by Mrs. Cornside. "The World's Laconics," by Wm. Sprague, D.D. "The Path of Life," by Henry A. Rowland. "The Old and the New," by Wm. Goodell, "Open Communion," by S, W. Whitney, A.M. "Justification by Faith," by Rev. Jonathan F. Stearns, D.D. "Light in a Dark Alley," by Henry A. Rowland. "The Young Ladies Guide," by Harvey Newcombe. "The Gospel Harmony," by Walter King, A.M.

The above catalogue embodies some most valuable works, which shall have our attention in our next issue, as they arrived late.

Butler & Co., have also republished several of the works of Professor J. R. Young, which as text books for University, College and School study, have no rivals: Elements of Geometry with notes, a complete system in eight books, constructed after the French model of Lagrange and others who do not adhere so strictly as English Mathematicians to the Euclidian method. —Elementary treaties on Algebra, from the latest British Edition, revised by the Professor himself. —Elements of Plane and Spherical Trigonometry, with additions from the discoveries of T. S. Dakies, F.R.S.E., T.Y,, S.S., &c. &c., a new and splendid Edition with tables.—The Elements of Mechanics, comprehending Statics and Dynamics, with mechanical problems.

THE

ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

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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 IX.

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Causes of General Dearborn's and other failures considered further.

We concluded our last chapter with the observation that "we could find no grounds for sympathy with General Dearborn," and farther consideration of the subject induces us to bring forward additional reasons in support of that assertion.

We have already shown that General Dearborn was, (if we may so express it) his own master, and almost unfettered by instructions, during the entire autumn of 1812. He had ample time, with adequate means to prepare an army of five or six thousand strong, whom, if it had been only to keep them healthy, it would have been better to put in motion. The English Generals had many greater difficulties to contend with, in defending Canada, than the Americans to conquer it. Buonaparte's career in Italy, and Wellington's in Spain, began with, and overcame, much greater disadvantages, and so it ever will be, a true General must struggle against prejudices and hindrances, inflicted by his own constituents, and look on them as things to be overcome, and harder of achievement than the mere subduing the troops opposed to him. The American commanders were not men of this stamp, and, in consequence, the exfoliation of Generals during the first campaign was excessive, and allowing all indulgence for the novelty of their position, and perhaps the difficulty of sustaining themselves, it was right not only that they should be superseded, but it was also just that they should be censured. The campaign of 1812 ended in a total eclipse of American military pretensions, without leaving one lingering gleam of hope, and the commander-in-chief's inactivity, tantamount to miscarriage, afflicted the friends of the war with the conviction that they were doomed to defeat.

Some of Ingersol's conclusions on this subject are so remarkable as to claim notice, for the extreme ingenuity evinced in finding out good reasons for being beaten, and in showing that Americans were not vanquished by the prowess of their adversaries, but that, "encountering on the threshold of Canada only such insignificant obstacles as Voyageurs, traders, travellers and Indians, animated with but a faint spirit of resistance to invasion," they were conquered by the inactivity and poltroonery of their commanders alone. The same writer adds, "A man of talent leading our armies to Montreal, as might have been done in 1812, would have probably, brought the war to an end that year. England was completely surprised and unprepared for it. Such a General at Detroit, Niagara or Champlain as would have driven the English beyond Montreal, might have produced immediate peace. Hull and Dearborn, and executive inefficiency were answerable for prolonging the war, the vigorous and successful commencement of which might have creditably closed it soon

after it had begun. The feeling of haughty power did not then stimulate Great Britain, which followed the downfall of Napoleon. The time for war was fortunate for us, our chance of success was good, had either the Government or its agents in command made the most of the opportunity."

Ingersol winds up his lamentation by observing that Dearborn "discouraged *probably by militia disaffection*, (when he should with his regular forces have established himself at Isle aux Noix for the winter, at least threatening Montreal, if not making good his way there, and holding it, and such success would have rallied thousands to his standard), fell back after a failure—the climax of our military degradation."

These remarks are doubtless very satisfactory to subjects of the United States, but we question whether they will be found equally convincing by those who have enquired into the feelings which animated the Colonists at that time, or, from study of history, are enabled to judge of the determined resistance which a body of men, united in heart and hand can offer to an invading force. We, however, entered so fully, in a previous chapter, on this subject, that we think it unnecessary to dwell at greater length on it, or to do more than remind the reader that the failure of the attempts at invasion "were mainly brought about through the gallant resistance of the very colony which was regarded by its invaders as likely to prove an easy conquest, in consequence of the disloyalty vainly imagined to lurk in its heart." Ingersol justly observes, "England was completely unprepared for the war," but we deny the conclusion he arrives at from that circumstance, "that the conquest of Canada was therefore an easy one," and American failures only attributable to the want of capacity in the commanders. We contend that every incident of the war goes to disprove this, the numerical superiority of the Americans in point of numbers, was on all occasions so great as fully to compensate for any alleged inferiority of commanders. The solution of the question is to be found in the justice of their cause. This it was which nerved Canadian arms, and enabled them to overcome an invading force so immeasurably superior.

Demonstrations on St. Lawrence.

With the exception of a few hastily planned movements at Prescott, Ogdensburg and Elizabethtown (now Brockville,) no event of importance occurred during the first three months of 1813. There are, however, a few circumstances connected with these demonstrations with which the reader should not be left unacquainted, as one of them in particular was made the peg on which to hang the usual amount of misrepresentation to be found in most American despatches.

The River St. Lawrence affords, in its frozen state, during the early part of the year, an easy and safe mode of transit from the American to the Canadian shores, and advantage was taken of this by Capt. Forsythe, who commanded a detachment of United States riflemen at Ogdensburgh, to despatch marauding parties across who did not confine their operations to the destruction of public property, but exercised considerable severity towards the unarmed inhabitants.

A nocturnal predatory expedition, which has been thought worthy of being ranked amongst the "brilliant achievements" of American valour, took place on the 6th February. General Armstrong in his "notices of the war" says, "Forsythe, with two companies of rifle corps in sleighs, ascended the St. Lawrence from Ogdensburg to Elizabethtown on the Canada shore, surprised the British guard, made fifty-two prisoners, (among whom were the Major, three Captains and two Lieutenants), liberated sixteen deserters, and made prize of one hundred and forty muskets and a considerable quantity of ammunition without losing a man of his party." This statement, officially made, was of course highly gratifying and consolatory to the American public; in James' version, however, the affair assumes a different aspect. "After wounding a militia sentry, the houses in the village, the gaol not omitted, were ransacked and the male inhab. itants to the number of fifty-two were carried off. Several of these, as in the United States, held commissions in the militia." This circumstance, according to James, was a fortunate one, and "the American public was, a few days afterwards, officially told of the capture, in a very gallant manner, of a British guard consisting of fifty-two

men, including two Majors, three Captains, and two Lieutenants (*of militia not added.*) One circumstance, connected with this affair, will place it in its proper light. Major McDonnell of the Glengarry fencibles was despatched with a flag of truce to remonstrate with the American commander about "the depredations committed by the parties under his command." This remonstrance, James adds, was met with "insolence, taunts and boastings" and a challenge to the British officers to meet the Americans on the ice. This challenge could not then be complied with, as Sir George Prevost declined to sanction the proceedings, assigning as his reason, "that he did not wish, by any offensive acts of the sort, to keep alive a spirit of hostility."

This predatory attack was, however, ere long, punished by the attack on Ogdensburgh, which was made on the 22nd, under the command of Major McDonnell, and resulted in the capture of a quantity of ordnance, marine and commercial stores, together with four officers and seventy privates. Two barracks, two armed schooners, and two gun boats were also destroyed. This attack was made under a heavy fire from the American batteries, at the cost of eight killed and fifty-two wounded.

Major McDonnell's dispatch* clearly shows the actual strength of the party under his command, yet, Mr. Thomson, in his sketches of the war, does not scruple to fix the British force at two columns "of six hundred men each," and to represent (without condescending to particulars) Forsythe's party as very inferior in point of numbers, omitting any mention of the prisoners, guns, stores and, destruction of barracks. We must here correct James, who says, "still the total silence of all the other American historians entitles Mr. Thomson to some credit for the account he has given of the attack on Ogdensburg." We deny that Mr. Thomson is entitled to any credit, even on this score, as General Armstrong in his notices has "the British commander retaliated, (for the Elizabeth affair,) by a visit on the 22nd to Ogdensburg, drove Forsythe out of the place, killing and wounding about twenty of his men, and capturing a quantity of provisions and stores, with six pieces of artillery." We doubt further whether Mr. Thomson would have alluded to the affair at all, had it not been so direct a sequence to the attack on Elizabethtown, to which he has attached so much importance. We may, perhaps, be unjust in denying even this credit to Mr. Thomson, but his whole work proves that, wherever he could, he has never hesitated to double the

* *From Major Macdonnell, to Sir G. Prevost.*

Prescott, February 23, 1813.

Sir,—I have the honour to acquaint you, for the information of his excellency the commander of the forces, that, in consequence of the commands of his excellency to retaliate, under favorable circumstances, upon the enemy, for his late wanton aggressions on this frontier, I this morning, about 7 o'clock, crossed the river St. Lawrence upon the ice, and attacked and carried, after a little more than an hour's action, his position in and near the opposite town of Ogdensburg, taking eleven pieces of cannon, and all his ordnance, marine, commissariat, and quarter-master-general's stores, four officers and 70 prisoners, and burning two armed schooners, and two large gun-boats, and both his barracks.

My force consisted of about 480 regulars and militia, and was divided into two columns: the right commanded by Captain Jenkins, of the Glengary light infantry fencibles, was composed of his own flank company, and about 70 militia; and, from the state of the ice, and the enemy's position in the old French fort, was directed to check his left, and interrupt his retreat, whilst I moved on with the left column, consisting of 120 of the king's regiment, 40 of the royal Newfoundland corps and about 200 militia, towards his position in the town, where he had posted his heavy field artillery. The depth of the snow in some degree retarded the advance of both columns, and exposed them, particularly the right, to a heavy cross fire from the batteries of the enemy, for a longer period than I had expected; but pushing on rapidly after the batteries began to open upon us, the left column soon gained the right bank of the river, under the direct fire of his artillery and line of musketry, posted on an eminence near the shore; moving on rapidly my advance, consisting of the royal Newfoundland and some select militia, I turned his right with the detachment of the king's regiment, and after a few discharges from his artillery, took them with the bayonet, and drove his infantry through the town; some escaping across the Black river into the fort, but the majority fled to the woods, or sought refuge in the houses, from whence they kept such a galling fire, that it was necessary to dislodge them with our field-pieces, which now came up from the bank of the river, where they had stuck, on landing, in the deep snow.

Having gained the high ground on the brink of the Black river, opposite the fort, I prepared to carry it by storm; but the men being quite exhausted, I procured time for them to recover breath, by sending in a summons, requiring an unconditional surrender. During these transactions, Captain Jenkins had gallantly led on his column, and had been exposed to a heavy fire of seven guns,

British, and represent the Americans as "whipping their enemies" under the most adverse circumstances that the creative mind of an American historian could conjure up.

Having disposed of these affairs we shall proceed to examine, before entering on the naval part of the history, into the position of both parties, their relative strength, and the plans formed by the American Government.

During the first quarter of the year 1813, the government at Washington had made the most strenuous efforts to prepare for opening, with vigor, the campaign. Ample reinforcements and supplies had been forwarded. To begin: we find, according to Armstrong, "that within district No. 9, commanded by General Dearborn, there were over thirteen thousand men of all arms. On the Niagara three thousand three hundred regulars, and three thousand volunteers and militia; at Sackett's Harbour, two hundred regulars, and two thousand militia; on Lake Champlain, three thousand regulars, and two thousand militia. In the West, although we are without the data which would enable us to give so detailed a statement of General Harrison's force, yet we are informed that while Proctor, after defeating and capturing Winchester, was hastening back to Malden, to escape the attacks of Harrison, this last mentioned officer, under similar apprehensions of his adversary, after setting fire to his stores, baggage and defences at the Rapids, retreated hastily to Portage River. The delusion, however,† under which this movement was made was not of long duration, and shortly afterwards, General Harrison announced to his government that "a few days would enable him to resume and defend the position he had left, against anything Proctor could bring against it, and advancing with a force of about two thousand men,‡ on the eastern bank of the Miami, he began a fortified camp to cover his intended operations. Here, for the present, we will leave him with General Proctor watching him with five hundred and twenty regulars, four hundred and fifty militia and about twelve hundred Indians. We have already shown that the whole force along the Niagara frontier, thirty-six miles in length, exclusive of that stationed at Fort George, and which may be

American Force.

Proctor's Force.

Sheaffe's Force.

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which he bravely attempted to take with the bayonet, though covered with 200 of the enemy's best troops: advancing as rapidly as the deep snow, and the exhausted state (in consequence) of his men, would admit, he ordered a charge, and had not proceeded many paces, when his left arm was broken to pieces by a grape shot; but still undauntedly running on with his men, he almost immediately afterwards was deprived of the use of his right arm, by a discharge of a case-shot; still heroically disregarding all personal consideration, he nobly ran on, cheering his men, to the assault, till, exhausted by pain and loss of blood, he became unable to move; his company gallantly continued the charge under Lieutenant M'Auley; but the reserve of the militia not being able to keep up with them, they were compelled, by the great superiority of the enemy, to give way, leaving a few on a commanding position, and a few of the most advanced, in the enemy's possession, nearly about the time that I gained the height above mentioned. The enemy hesitating to surrender, I instantly carried his eastern battery, and by it silenced another, which now opened again; and ordering on the advance the detachment of the King's, and the Highland company of militia, under Captain Eustace, of the King's regiment, he gallantly rushed into the fort; but the enemy retreating by the opposite entrance, escaped into the woods, which I should have effectually prevented, if my Indian warriors had returned sooner from a detached service, on which they had that morning been employed.

I cannot close this statement without expressing my admiration of the gallantry and self-devotion of Captain Jenkins, who had lost one arm, and is in danger of losing the other. I must also report the intrepidity of Captain Lefevre, of the Newfoundland regiment, who had the immediate charge of the militia under Colonel Fraser; of Captain Eustace, and the other officers of the King's regiment; and particularly of Lieutenant Ridge, of that corps, who very gallantly led on the advance; and of Lieutenant M' Auley, and ensign M'Donnell, of the Glengarry regiment; as also Lieutenant Gangueben, of the royal engineers; and of Ensign M'Kay, of the Glengarry light-infantry; and of Ensign Kerr, of the militia, each of whom had charge of a field-peice; and of Lieutenant Impey, of the militia, who has lost a leg. I was also well supported by Colonel Fraser and the other officers and men of the militia, who emulated the conspicuous bravery of all the troops of the line. I inclose a list of killed and wounded. The enemy had 500 men under arms, and must have sustained a considerable loss.

I have the honor to be, &c.

G. MACDONNELL,

Major, Glengarry light infantry, Lieutenant-Colonel, commanding in the Eastern District of Upper Canada.

Sir G. Prevost. &c.

†Armstrong—page 121.
‡Ibid.

stated at fourteen hundred and forty regulars, and two hundred and sixty militia, amounted to but three hundred and sixty regulars, and two hundred and forty militia, in all twenty-three hundred men.

Army in Lower Canada.

It is not so easy to get at the strength of the force at the disposal of Sir Geo. Prevost, but we can gather from "Veritas,"—who, in his anxiety to criminate Sir George, is not likely to have *understated* his means, whether for offence or defence—that it did not exceed three thousand regulars and militia at the outside.

The total numbers on both sides compared.

These numbers show fifteen thousand five hundred Americans to six thousand three hundred British and twelve hundred Indians.

Comparative naval strength.

A glance at the state of affairs on Lake Ontario does not give a more satisfactory result, as we find a powerful American force, the united tonnage of which amounted to over nineteen hundred tons, besides boats, lying at Sackett's harbor. This fleet, mounting eighty-six heavy cannon, was in readiness to co-operate in the movements contemplated by the Cabinet at Washington. At this very time our vessels on Lake Ontario were lying unmanned and unfurnished in Kingston harbor and elsewhere, waiting for the arrival of seamen to enable them to be prepared for service!

Plan of campaign.

Having shown the strength, we will now proceed to the plan of campaign proposed by General Dearborn and Commodore Chauncey, and, after some deliberation, agreed to by the American Government as certain of ultimate success. According to this plan, it was proposed that three simultaneous demonstrations should be made. At the west Harrison was to attack and drive back Proctor, compelling the surrender of Malden and the evacuation of the Michigan territory; Com. Chauncey and the fleet, with an army under Gen. Pike, were first to attack York, and from thence to proceed to the investment of Fort George by land and water; a third force was to cross over from Buffalo, and, carrying the forts at Erie and Chippewa, to join that already assembled at Fort George. Canada West having been thus swept, the whole force was to proceed eastward to Kingston, to co-operate with General Dearborn in the reduction, first of that place, and afterwards of Quebec. This was a very well laid combination, and had Canadians been the disaffected body imagined by Americans, would in all probability have succeeded. As they, however, obstinately refused to believe themselves as enslaved and wronged as Hull and Smith represented, it did not realize all that had been expected.

Arrival of Sir James Yeo.

About this time Sir James Yeo arrived to assume the naval command. This officer had formerly commanded the Southampton frigate, and immediately on his arrival he commenced with great energy the work of fitting, manning, and preparing for actual service. Before, however, entering with him on his labors, we must retrace our steps, and resume the narrative of naval events, which we closed with the capture of the Java by the Constitution. We must also remind the reader that, in the fifth chapter of this work, an act of great barbarity on the part of Captain Porter, of the Essex, towards a British seaman, was, on the authority of Mr. James, exposed. An account of this proceeding reaching Sir James Yeo, some natural expressions of indignation at the act, and of contempt for the perpetrator, escaped him; and as these sentiments were uttered in the hearing of several American prisoners then on board the Southampton, they were soon made public, with appropriate emendations. Sir James Yeo's remarks were made to convey a challenge to Captain Porter, and this officer had now an opportunity of thrusting himself into more creditable notice than the inhuman tarring and feathering of poor John Ewing was calculated to gain for him. A formal acceptance by Captain Porter of this (we may call it pretended, as James declares there is no authority whatever for the sending) challenge afterwards went the round of the American papers. We have introduced this anecdote, as it is necessary for us, before resuming our narrative, at the date where we broke off, to accompany Capt. Porter on his first cruise in the Essex. The successful issue of this adventurous expedition did not fail to create

great sensation throughout the United States, and we might expose ourselves to the charge of a *suppressio veri*, did we omit aught that might be supposed to bear on the subject.

We have, besides, an additional inducement to accompany Captain Porter, as we may be enabled to correct a few statements which, inadvertently of course, have been suffered to creep into his record.

The Essex had been prevented from forming part of Commodore Rodger's squadron, as she could not be fitted up in time, but on the 3rd July she sailed from New York, and on the 11th fell in with seven transports bound from Barbadoes, to Quebec, under the convoy of the Minerva, twelve pounder, thirty-two gun frigate. The Essex succeeded in cutting off the rear most vessel with nearly two hundred soldiers on board, and Captain Hawkins wore in pursuit but, finding after a while, that by continuing in chase, he must run the risk of separating from, and perhaps losing the remaining six vessels of his convoy, he resumed his course.

James observes on this "Captain Porter was discreet, as well as shrewd enough to chuckle at this; and disarming and paroling the soldiers, and ransoming the vessel, he allowed the latter to proceed with the intelligence of the outrage she had suffered. He of course obtained from his prize, the name of the convoying frigate, whose protection had been of so much service, and by the first opportunity wrote an official account of his exploit, concluding with the, as applied to a British ship, galling words "we endeavored to bring the frigate to action, but did not succeed." Unfortunately for Captain Porter's declaration of inferiority, in point of sailing, of the Essex, this vessel was afterwards captured, and her sailing qualities so fully ascertained as to leave no doubt but that Captain Porter, had he really desired to bring the Minerva to action, could easily have come alongside of her. That no such thought, however, entered Captain Porter's head will be clear to all, as we proceed in our analysis of that Officer's claim to wear the laurel. A dispatch to the Navy Department, dated "At sea, August 17th," contains the next claim preferred by Captain Porter, "I have the honor to inform you that on the 13th his Britanic Majesty's sloop of war, Alert, Captain T. L. R. Langharne, ran down on our weather quarter, gave three cheers, and commenced an action (if so trifling a skirmish deserves the name), and after eight minutes' firing, struck her colours, with seven feet of water in her hold, much cut to pieces, and with three men wounded. * * * * The Essex has not received the slightest injury. The Alert was out for the purpose of taking the Hornet."

Some credit is due for the modesty of this despatch, but when we state what the Alert really was, it will be seen that even Captain David Porter could scarcely have made more of the transaction. In the year 1804, twelve colliers were purchased by the British Government, and one of these, the Oxford, became the Alert sloop of war fitted with eighteen pound carronades, the highest calibre she could bear. By the end of the year 1811, ten of these choice vessels had either been broken up or converted into peaceable harbour ships. Two still remained, and, as if possessing in reality the qualities which their names implied, the Avenger and Alert were dispatched to the North American station a short time previous to the war. Had the Alert been rigged with two masts, Capt. Porter would only have had the glory of taking a small gun brig, but the unfortunate mizen mast classed her amongst vessels which were a full match for any two such craft. Captain Porter disarmed his prize and sent her, as a cartel, with the prisoners, eighty-six in number, to St. John's, Newfoundland, where Captain Langharne and his crew were tried for the loss of the ship. When we consider the verdict of the Court, however, we may be inclined to admire Captain Langharne's bravery, we cannot but condemn him somewhat for provoking, with such a crew, so unequal a contest. It was proved at the trial that the crew went aft to request the Captain to strike his colors, and the finding of the Court was "the honorable acquittal of Captain Langharne, the master and purser," while the first lieutenant was dismissed the service, and the marked disapprobation of the Court was expressed to the remaining officers and crew. On her return to the States, being found unfit for a cruiser, the Alert was first laid up in ordinary, and, after some time, then fitted up as a store ship; her creeping pace, however, betrayed her collier origin, and she was finally

sent to New York, to be exhibited to the citizens as one of the national trophies of war.

Capt. Porter's next despatch must have carried with it a pleasing conviction that maritime supremacy had ceased to be "England's undoubted right" and must have inspired American sailors with a most contemptible opinion of their opponent's courage. We give the despatch entire.

"On the afternoon of the 30th August, I discovered one of the enemy's frigates standing forward, as under a press of sail, apparently with an intention of speaking us, stood for him under easy sail with the ship prepared for action, and, apprehensive that he might not find me during the night, I hoisted a light. At 9, he made a signal cousisting of two flashes and a blue light, apparently about four miles distant from us. I continued to stand on for the point where they were seen until midnight, when not getting sight of the enemy, I concluded it would be best to heave to for him until daylight, presuming that he had done the same, or that he would at least have kept in our neigbourhood; but to my great surprise and the mortification of my officers and crew (whose zeal on every occasion excites my admiration,) we discovered in the morning that the bird had flown. From her fleetness which enabled her to disappear so soon, *I think it not unlikely that it was the Acasta of fifty gnns and three hundred and fifty men sent out with the Ringdove of twenty-two guns to cruise for the Essex.*"

Ships usually carry logbooks, in which are entered every day's proceedings, with the latitude and longitude; a reference to these, unfortunately for the correctness of Capt. Porter's assumption, shows that, on the day mentioned, the Acasta was in lat. 43° north, and long. 63° 16' west. The Essex being in 36° north and 62° west. The Ringdove (only of eighteen guns by the way) was on that day at anchor in the harbour of the island of St. Thomas. The ship that Capt. Porter fell in with, was the Ratler, eighteen gun sloop, Capt. Alexander Gordon, who knowing that it would be folly to engage in so unequal a contest, very wisely avoided an engagement.

On the 4th of September Capt. Porter was really gratified with a sight of a ship of war, as on that day, having in convoy the merchant ship Minerva, he fell in with (to use his own words) TWO ships of war. These two ships of war were the British thirty-eight gun frigate Shannon and the merchant ship Planter, recaptured from the Americans. The Essex, keeping the Minerva close astern of her, bore down as if to meet the Shannon, then in chase, but having closed to within ten miles, Capt. Porter's better judgment prevailed, and leaving the poor merchant ship to her fate, the Essex hauled to the wind and crowded all sail to get away. The Minerva was taken possession of and burnt, in hopes that the Essex might see the flames and clear down to avenge the indignity, but with no effect. This running away was the last exploit performed by Capt. Porter, who anchored, three days afterwards, in the Delaware, "crowned with glory."

Hornet and Peacock.

We left, it may be remembered, the Hornet sloop of war off St. Salvador. where, with the Constitution, Capt. Lawrence had been blockading the Bonne Citoyenne, and whence she was chased by the Montague, seventy-four. After escaping from the line of battle ship, the Hornet stood to the westward, captured an English brig with some seven thousand pounds in specie on board, and then directed her course to the coast of Surinam and Demerara. While cruising on this station, the Hornet when beating off the entrance to the Demerara river, discovered a sail bearing down on her, which proved to be the British brig sloop, Peacock. The engagement commenced a little after five, and ten minutes before six, the Peacock, being in a sinking state from the heavy fire of the Hornet, hoisted an ensign, union down, from her fore rigging, as a signal of distress. Shortly afterwards her main mast went by the board. Every attempt was now made to save the crew, but all would not do, and a few minutes afterwards the Peacock went down in five and a half fathom water with thirteen of her men, four of whom only escaped by crawling into the fore rigging. An American Lieutenant, midshipman, and three men with difficulty saved themselves by jumping, as the brig went down, into boats lying on the booms. Some of the men saved themselves in the stern boat, and, notwithstanding it was much damaged by shot, they arrived in safety at Demerara.

Of her hundred and ten men, the Peacock

lost her gallant commander and seven men, besides three officers and twenty-seven men wounded. The Americans state their loss at two killed and three wounded, out of a crew of one hundred and seventeen.

We give the comparative force of the combatants, before introducing James' remarks on the action.

Comparative force of the ships.

	Peacock.	Hornet.
Broadside guns	9	10
No. of lbs.	192	297
Crew	110	162
Size	386	460

The accuracy of this table has been proved, yet American writers have declared that the Hornet gained a victory over a "*superior British force.*" Now for James.—"If, in their encounter of British frigates the Americans were so lucky as to meet them with crippled masts, deteriorated powder, unskilful gunners, or worthless crews, they were not less fortunate in the brigs they fell in with. There was the Frolic, with her main-yard gone and topmasts sprung; and here is the Peacock, with twenty-four instead of thirty-two pound carrronades, the establishment of her class, and with a crew that, owing to the nature of their employment ever since the brig had been commissioned, in August, 1807. must have almost forgotten that they belonged to a man-of-war. The Peacock had long been the admiration of her numerous visitors, for *the tasteful arrangement* of her deck, and had obtained, in consequence, *the name of the yacht. The breechings of the carronades* were lined with *white canvass*, the shot-lockers shifted from their usual places, and nothing could exceed in *brilliancy, the polish upon the traversing bars and elevating screws.*" These remarks are deservedly severe, both on the commander of the Peacock and the authorities whose duty it was to know that the Peacock was fitted in a manner suitable to her class. The brig was new, built of oak, and able to bear thirty-two pounders, and there could then have been no other cause for the change, but that the smaller guns took up less room, and gave a lighter appearance to the deck. It appears extraordinary that the British Government, after so many disasters, and the lapse of eight months from the declaration of war, should not have become alive to the importance of sending proper vessels to sea. The Peacock, Frolic and brigs of her class were mere shells, when compared with such ships as the Hornet and the Wasp, whose scantling was nearly as stout as a British twelve pounder frigate, but still they were entitled to be ranked in a certain class, and an extract from Lawrence's* official letter will show that he did not hesitate to claim for himself a very sufficient amount of credit. Captain Lawrence could have afforded to have dispensed with this, as we readily admit that he was really a gallant and truly brave officer; after all, we can hardly wonder at his becoming inoculated with the national disorder, especially as it was the policy of a government that has never yet been convinced of the inutility, even in a profit and loss point of view, of making a misstatement. The wreck of the Peacock was visible for a long time after the action, and this was a fortunate circumstance, as it gave an opportunity of ascertaining her relative positions and that of the Espiègle. This was necessary, as Captain Lawrence's statement makes the Espiègle "six miles in shore of me," and adds, "and could plainly see the

*"At the time I brought the Peacock to action, the Espiègle, (the brig mentioned as being at an anchor) mounting sixteen two and thirty pound carronades, and two long nines, lay about six miles in shore of me, and could plainly see the whole of the action. Apprehensive she would beat out to the assistance of her consort, such exertions were used by my officers and crew, in repairing damages, &c., that by nine o'clock our boats were stowed, a new set of sails bent, and the ship completely ready for action. At two, A.M., got under way and stood by the wind to the northward and westward under easy sail. On mustering next morning, found we had two hundred and seventy-seven souls on board (including the crew of the American brig, Hunter, of Portland, taken a few days before by the Peacock) and as we had been on two-thirds allowance of provisions for some time, and had but 3,400 gallons of water on board, I reduced the allowance to three pints a man, and determined to make the best of my way to the United States.

The Peacock was deservedly styled one of the finest vessels of her class in the British navy. I should judge her to be about the tonnage of the Hornet. Her beam was greater by five inches, but her extreme length not so great by four feet. She mounted sixteen four and twenty pound carronades, two long nines, one twelve pound carronade on her top-gallant forecastle as a shifting gun, and one four or six pounder, and two swivels mounted aft. I find by her quarter-bill that her crew consisted of one hundred and thirty-four men, four of whom were absent in a prize."

whole of the action." It has been proved that the actual distance between the vessels was twenty-four miles. Lieutenant Wright, senior, of the Peacock, has declared that the Espiègle "was not visible from the look-outs stationed at the Peacock's mast-heads, for some time previous to the commencement of the action," and if further information be wanted, it is to be found in the ignorance, of Captain Taylor, of the action, until informed of it the day after, by the Governor of Demerara. When the authorities awoke from their lethargy, some time afterwards, and began to examine somewhat into the real condition of ships, their efficiency of equipment, and their state of discipline, this same Captain Taylor was found guilty by a Court-Martial of having "neglected to exercise the ship's company at the great guns." It was therefore, perhaps, fortunate that the disordered state of her rigging prevented Capt. Taylor from engaging the Hornet. It was hard, at the same time, on Captain Taylor, that he should be punished for negligence, which was common to two-thirds of the navy, and to which the Admiralty, by their instructions, and their sparing allowance of powder and shot for practice at the guns, were in some degree instrumental.

The Chesapeake and the Shannon.

Captatn Philip Broke, of the Shannon frigate, was amongst that class of British officers, who mourned the imbecility of a Government, which saw the capture of vessel after vessel by the Americans, and yet could not be persuaded but that diplomacy and procrastination would convert small and inefficient, into large and well equipped vessels. This officer was determined to prove what an English thirty-eight could effect, when the ship and crew were properly fitted for battle.

On the 21st March, 1813, the Shannon, in company with the Tenedos, same force, sailed from Halifax, and reconnoitred, on the 2nd of April, Boston Harbour, where they discovered the President and Congress, the latter quite, the former nearly ready for sea. According to James, the two British commanders determined to intercept and bring to action the two American vessels. It is rather hard to say how it happened, but, nevertheless, happen it did, that the American vessels got to sea about the 1st of May, unperceived, leaving only the Chesapeake and Constitution in harbour. The Constitution was undergoing serious repair; the Chesapeake was expected to be ready for sea in a few days; Captain Lawrence therefore (as two frigates were not required to watch one,) despatched the Tenedos to sea with instructions to Captain Parkes not to join him before the 14th June, by which time Captain Broke trusted that his desire of meeting an enemy's vessel of equal force would be accomplished. While cruising off the harbour the Shannon captured several vessels, but destroyed them all that he might not weaken his crew. James states that "he sacrificed twenty-five sail of prizes to keep the Shannon in a state to meet one or the other of the American frigates." Our note* will show the comparative force of the two frigates. Captain Broke, on the 1st June, having received as yet no answer to the ver-

*On her main deck, the Shannon was armed the same as every other British frigate of her class, and her established guns on the quarter-deck and forecastle were 16 carronades, 32-pounders, and four long 9-pounders, total 48 guns. But Captain Broke had since mounted a 12-pounder boat carronade through a port purposely made on the starboard side of the quarter-deck, and a brass long 6-pounder, used generally as an exercise gun, through a similar port on the larboard side; besides which there were two 12-pounder carronades, mounted as standing stern-chasers through the quarter-deck stern-ports. For these last four guns, one 32-pounder carronade would have been more than an equivalent. However, as a 6-pounder counts as well as a 32-pounder, the Shannon certainly mounted 52 carriage-guns. The ship had also, to be in that respect upon a par with the American frigates, one swivel in the fore, and another in the main top.

The armament of the Chesapeake, we have already on more than one occasion described: she had at this time, as afterwards found on board of her, 28 long 18-pounders on the main deck, and 20 carronades, 32-pounders, and one long shifting 18-pounder, on the quarter-deck and forecastle, total 49 guns; exclusively of a 12-pounder boat-carronade, belonging to which there was a very simple and well-contrived elevating carriage for firing at the tops, but it is doubtful if the gun was used. Five guns, four 32-pounder carronades and one long 18-pounder, had, it was understood, been landed at Boston. Some have alleged, that this was done by Captain Lawrence, that he might not have a numerical superiority over his antagonists of the British 38-gun class: others say, and we incline to be of that opinion, that the reduction was ordered by the American government, to ease the ship, whose hull had already begun to hog, or to arch in the centre."

bal challenges which he had sent in, despatched by a Captain Slocum the following letter to Captain Lawrence, late captain of the Hornet, and now commanding the Chesapeake:—

"As the Chesapeake appears now ready for sea, I request you will do me the favour to meet the Shannon with her, ship to ship, to try the fortune of our respective flags." (Here follows the description of the Shannon's force.) "I entreat you, sir, not to imagine that I am urged by mere personal vanity to the wish of my meeting the Chesapeake, or that I depend only upon your personal ambition for your acceding to this invitation. We have both nobler motives. You will feel it as a compliment if I say that the result of our meeting may be the most grateful service I can render to my country; and I doubt not that you, equally confident of success, will feel convinced that it is only by repeated triumphs in *even combats* that your little navy can hope to console your country, for the loss of that trade it can no longer protect. Favour me with a speedy reply. We are short of provisions and water, and cannot stay long here."

This letter did not reach Captain Lawrence in time to influence his proceedings, as it appears that he had already received permission from Commodore Bainbridge to capture or drive away a British ship that had repeatedly lain to off the port, and, in view of all the citizens, had used every endeavor to provoke the Chesapeake to come out and engage her. Captain Broke's anxiety as to the reply to his challenge induced him to mount the rigging himself and while at the mast-head he perceived that, ere Capt. Slocum's boat reached the shore, the American frigate was under way, attended by numerous sailing pleasure-boats, and a large (schooner) gun-boat, with Commodores Bainbridge and Hull, besides several other American naval officers, on board. The Chesapeake got under weigh at half-past twelve, and at one rounded the light-house under all sail. The Shannon now filled and stood away from the land. At twenty minutes to four the Chesapeake hauled up and fired a gun, as James has it, "either in defiance, or perhaps to induce the Shannon to stop, so as to afford the gun-boat and pleasure seeking spectators the gratification of witnessing how speedily an American could 'whip' a British frigate." The Shannon now hauled up and lay to. At half-past five the Chesapeake steered straight for the Shannon's starboard quarter, with a large white flag at the fore, on which was inscribed, as if to paralyze the efforts of the Shannon's sailors, the words "Sailors rights and free trade."

At ten minutes to six the Shannon fired the first gun, and between the period of its discharge and Captain Broke's boarding eleven minutes elapsed. In four minutes more the Chesapeake's flag was hauled down, and the vessel was completely his. Below* will be

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*The following is the damage and loss of men sustained by the respective combatants. Five shots passed through the Shannon; one, only, below the main deck. Of several round shot that struck her, the greater part lodged in the side, ranged in a line just above the copper. A bar-shot entered a little below the water-mark, leaving a foot or 18 inches of one end sticking out. Until her shot holes were stopped, the Shannon made a good deal of water upon the larboard tack; but, upon the other, not more than usual. Her fore and main masts were slightly injured by shot; and her bowsprit (previously sprung) and mizenmast were badly wounded. No other spar was damaged. Her shrouds on the starboard side were cut almost to pieces; but, from her perfect state aloft, the Shannon, at a moderate distance, appeared to have suffered very little in the action.

Out of a crew, including eight recaptured seamen and 22 Irish labourers two days only in the ship, of 306 men and 24 boys, the Shannon lost, besides her first Lieutenant, her purser (George Aldham), captain's clerk (John Dunn), 13 seamen, four marines, three supernumeraries, and one boy killed, her Captain (severely), boatswain (William Stevens, mortally), one midshipman (John Samwell, mortally), and 56 seamen, marines, and supernumeraries wounded; total, 24 killed and 59 wounded.

Out of a crew of at least 381 men and five boys or lads, the Chesapeake, as acknowledged by her surviving commanding officer, lost her fourth Lieutenant (Edward I. Ballard), master (William A. White), one Lieutenant of marines (James Broom), three midshipmen, and 41 petty officers, seamen, and marines killed, her gallant commander and first Lieutenant (both mortally), her second and third Lieutenants (George Budd and William L. Cox), acting chaplain (Samuel Livermore), five midshipmen, her boatswain (mortally), and 95 petty officers, seamen, and marines wounded; total 47 killed and 99 wounded, 14 of the latter mortally. This is according to the American official account; but, it must be added, that the total that reported themselves, including several slightly wounded, to the Shannon's surgeon, three days after the action, were 115; and the Chesapeake's surgeon wrote from Halifax, that he estimated the whole number of killed and wounded, at from 160 to 170.

found the English account and the American despatch, but a glance at the comparative force of the combatants will show that the superiority of force, though but trifling, was still on the side of the Chesapeake :—

	SHANNON.	CHESAPEAKE.
Broadside guns,	25	25
Weight of metal, lbs.	538	590
Number of crew,	306	376
Tonnage,	1066	1135

The capture of this vessel made public some of the extraordinary means of attack and defence adopted by the Americans in their naval engagements with the British. Among the Chesapeake's round and grape (Vide James, page 206) were found double-headed shot in abundance; also bars of wrought iron, about a foot long, connected by links and folded together, so as, when discharged, to form an extended length of six feet. Other bars, of twice the length, and in number from three to six, were connected at the end by a ring; these, as they flew from the gun, expanded at four points. The object of this novel artil-

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Of the Chesapeake's guns we have already given a full account: it only remains to point out, that the ship had three spare ports of a side on the forecastle, through which to fight her shifting long 18-pounder and 12-pounder boat-carronade. The former is admitted to have been used in that way; but, as there is some doubt whether the carronade was used, we shall reject it from the broadside force. This leaves 25 guns, precisely the number mounted by the Shannon on her broadside. The accuracy of Captain Broke's statement of his ship's force is, indeed, worthy of remark: he even slightly overrated it, because he represented all of his guns of a side on the upper deck, except the boat-gun, as 32-pounder carronades, when the number were long nines.

As a matter of course, a court of inquiry was held, to investigate the circumstances under which the Chesapeake had been captured. Commodore Bainbridge was the president of the court; and the following is the first article of the very "lengthy" report published on the subject: "The court are unanimously of opinion, that the Chesapeake was gallantly carried into action by her late brave commander; and no doubt rests with the court, from comparison of the injury respectively sustained by the frigates, that the fire of the Chesapeake was much superior to that of the Shannon. The Shannon, being much cut in her spars and rigging, and receiving many shot in and below the water line, was reduced almost to a sinking condition, after only a few minutes cannonading from the Chesapeake; whilst the Chesapeake was comparatively uninjured. And the court have no doubt, if the Chesapeake had not accidentally fallen on board the Shannon, and the Shannon's anchor got foul in the after quarter-port of the Chesapeake, the Shannon must have very soon surrendered or sunk." Some very singular admissions of misconduct in the officers and crew follow; and then the report proceeds as follows: "From this view of the engagement and a careful examination of the evidence, the court are unanimously of opinion, that the capture of the late United States' frigate Chesapeake was occasioned, by the following causes: the almost unexampled early fall of Captain Lawrence, and all the principal officers; the bugleman's desertion of his quarters, and inability to sound his horn; for the court are of opinion, if the horn had been sounded when first ordered, the men being then at their quarters, the boarders would have promptly repaired to the spar deck, probably have prevented the enemy from boarding, certainly have repelled them, and might have returned the boarding with success; and the failure of the boarders on both decks, to rally on the spar deck, after the enemy had boarded, which might have been done successfully, it is believed, from the cautious manner in which the enemy came on board."

It was certainly very "cautious" in Captain Broke, to lead 20 men on board an enemy's ship, supposed to be manned with a complement of 400; and which, at the very moment, had at least 270 men without a wound about them. The court of inquiry makes, also, a fine story of the firing down the hatchway. Not a word is there of the "magnanimous conquered foe" having fired from below, in the first instance, and killed a British marine. Captain Broke will long have cause to remember the treatment he experienced from this "magnanimous conquered foe." So far, indeed, from the conduct of the British being "a most unwarrantable abuse of power after success," Lieutenant Cox of the Chesapeake, in the hearing of several English gentlemen, subsequently admitted, that he owed his life to the forbearance of one of the Shannon's marines. When the American officers arrived on board the Shannon, and some of them were finding out reasons for being "taken so unaccountably," their first lieutenant, Mr. Ludlow, candidly acknowledged, that the Shannon had beaten them heartily and fairly.

Sir—The unfortunate death of Captain. James Lawrence and Lieutenant. C Ludlow, has rendered it my duty to inform you of the capture of the late U. States frigate Chesapeake.

On Tuesday, June 1, at 8 A. M. we unmoored ship and at meridian got under way from President's Roads, with a light wind from the southward and westward, and proceeded on a cruise. A ship was then in sight in the offing which had the appearance of a ship of war, and which, from information received from pilot boats and craft, we believed to be the British frigate Shannon. We made sail in chase and cleared ship for action. At half past four P.M. she hove to, with her head to the southward and eastward. At 5 P. M. took in the royals and top-gallant-sails and at half past five hauled the courses up. About 15 minutes before 6 P. M. the action commenced within pistol shot. The first broadside did great execution on both sides, damaged our rigging, killed among others Mr. White, the sailing master, and wounded

lery was to dismantle the shrouds. The cannister shot, when opened, were found to contain in the centre angular and jagged pieces of iron and copper, broken bolts and nails. The musket cartridges, as we noticed before, each contained three buck shot, and rifle barreled pieces were amongst the small arms. Formidable preparations these!

Remarks on the action.

The four victories gained by the Americans had exalted the national vanity to such a pitch that the disagreeable task of recording a defeat was somewhat puzzling to the caterers to public taste. It would not at all answer to "tell the story as it happened," consequently the various reasons assigned for the Chesapeake's mishap are not a little amusing. One officer says,† "had there been an officer on the quarter deck with twenty men the result of the action must have been different." Another, "it was with difficulty the Shannon was kept afloat the night after the action, the Chesapeake on the contrary, received scarcely any damage from the shot of his opponent. The English officers do not hesitate to say, they could not have withstood the fire of the Chesapeake ten minutes longer." In one place the public were informed that "the Chesapeake was greatly the inferior of her enemy in every respect, save the valor of her officers." In another, that "the officers and crew were strangers to each other, while the Shannon had a picked crew and was a MUCH STRONGER vessel than the Chesapeake, and had greatly the odds in guns and men." The American purser declares that the Chesapeake "had the advantage, and that had Capt. Lawrence lived the Shannon must have been ours." Even Commander Bainbridge found in this engagement "the best evidence of the superiority of American over British frigates and demonstrated, much to his own satisfaction doubtless, from its result, that Americans must always conquer when they had an equal chance." We presume the Commodore alludes to the equal force and tonnage of the Guerière, Macedonian and Java. The Commodore was decidedly of opinion that "it is surely an evidence of our decided superiority that an American thirty-six gun frigate, five hours out of port, with an *undisciplined crew*, (we have merely the Commodore's *ipse dixit* for this assumption,) should put an English thirty-eight gun frigate, the best of her kind, in a *sinking state in fifteen minutes*." The Commodore winds up with the declaration that the British victory "was certainly to be placed to the amount of good fortune on their side." These statements will suffice to shew the nature of the information supplied to the American public and how sedulously careful the journals and naval officers were not to awaken them from the dream of fancied invincibility. The atrocious calumnies invented and circulated throughout the Union, in reference to the treatment of prisoners are not worth the confuting, and do credit to American ideality. One startling fact must not be

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Captain Lawrence. In about 12 minutes after the commencement of the action, we fell on board of the enemy, and immediately after one of our arm-chests on the quarter-deck was blown up by a hand grenade thrown from the enemy's ship. In a few minutes one of the captain's aids came on the gun deck to inform me that the boarders were called. I immediately called the boarders away and proceeded to the spar deck, where I found that the enemy had succeeded in boarding us and had gained possession of our quarter deck. I immediately gave orders to haul on board the fore tack, for the purpose of shooting the ship clear of the other, and then made an attempt to regain the quarter deck, I again made an effort to collect the boarders, but in the mean time the enemy had gained complete possession of the ship. On my being carried down to the cock-pit, I there found Captain. Lawrence and Lieutenant. Ludlow both mortally wounded; the former had been carried below previously to the ship's being boarded; the latter was wounded in attempting to repel the boarders. Among those who fell early in the action was Mr. Edward J. Ballard, the 4th Lieutenant, and Lieutenant James Broom of marines.

I herein enclose to you a return of the killed and wounded, by which you will perceive that every officer, upon whom the charge of the ship would devolve, was either killed or wounded previously to her capture. The enemy report the loss of Mr. Watt, their first Lieutenant; the purser; the captain's clerk, and 23 seamen killed; and Captain Broke, a midshipman, and 56 seamen wounded.

The Shannon had, in addition to her full complement, an officer and 16 men belonging to the Belle Poule, and a part of the crew belonging to the Tenedos.

I have the honour to be, with very great respect, &c.

GEORGE BUDD.

The Hon. William Jones,
Secretary of the Navy, Washington.

†Niles Weekly Register, page 374.

omitted, before closing the account, THE CREW of the Chesapeake, *Proh pudor!* consisted, within about a twelfth part of NATIVE AMERICANS. Thus was the spell, cast by the incapacity of the Admiralty, over the British Navy, broken, and a salutary lesson taught to Americans, that they were not yet equal, much less superior, to British seamen.

Want of discipline on board the Chesapeake.

One of the most favorite causes assigned for the loss of the Chesapeake was the rawness and want of discipline of the crew. A few facts connected with the manning of American ships in general, and of this vessel in particular, will serve to clear up this point. In order to fill up deficiencies, houses of rendezvous were opened, and as soon as a man declared himself a candidate, he received a dollar, and accompanied an officer to the ship. There he was examined as to his knowledge of seamanship, age, muscular strength, &c. by a board of officers, consisting of the surgeon master and others. If approved, the man signed the articles, and remained where he was; if rejected he returned to shore with a dollar in his pocket. So fastidious were the committees of inspection, that out of five boats loaded with men that would go off during the day, three would come back not eligible. The features of the engagements, we have already narrated, would haᴧe borne a very different aspect, could British ships have been manned in a similar manner. In reference to the crew of the Chesapeake in particular, we find in a letter from the secretary at war to Captain Evans (the former commander) instructions to complete the Chesapeake's armament, enumerating the classes at four hundred and forty-three. We also ascertain that the Chesapeake was remanned in April, 1813, and that the greater part of the crew re-entered. In addition to this, several of the Chesapeake's petty officers, after their arrival at Melville prison, confessed that thirty or forty hands, *principally* from the Constitution, came on board, whose names, in the hurry and confusion, were not entered in the Purser's books. As a proof of the stoutness of the crew, it may be mentioned that the puncheon of handcuffs, *provided for the Shannon's crew*, and found on the half-deck, with the head ready knocked out, when put on the wrists of the Chesapeake's crew, were found to be too small, and general complaints were made when it was found necessary to apply them, in consequence of an apparent inclination of the prisoners to mutiny. The bes reply to the assertion that the Shannon was in a sinking state is the statement that she arrived at Halifax with her prize early on the 6th.

Naval events on Canadian lakes.

At the beginning of the war, Ontario was the only lake on which floated a British armed vessel. The small fleet consisted of the Royal George, a ship of three hundred and fifty tons, mounting twenty guns, a brig of fourteen guns, and two or three smaller armed vessels, all under the command of Commodore Earle. We have already had occasion to touch on this Officer's incompetency or, as James terms it, "dastardly behaviour," we therefore allude to the failure in the plan for the destruction of the Oneida, merely to remark on James's sneer at Earle as "a Canadian, we will not call him a British Commander," as very uncalled for. We readily grant Earle's incompetency or want of courage, but we deny that this arose from his being a Canadian. General Brock was a Guernsey man yet he was generally considered an abler general than his chief, who was not a Colonist. We enter a protest against any similar impertinence on the part of any historian. Canada is in feeling an integral part of Britain, and the loyalty and bravery of the Canadian Militia throughout the war, entitle them to be classed as equal to any British subject, in every attribute of a man.

The American force on the lake at the commencement of the war, was a single brig of sixteen gnns, and yet from the neglect or iudifference of the British commanders (Sir George Prevost and Commodore Earle), by the end of the year, the Americans were masters of the lake and had afloat six fine schooners mounting forty-eight guns, besides the Madison a fine ship of six hundred tons, pierced for twenty-four guns. In the meantime, the British were building two vessels, one at York, an unprotected port at one side of the lake, the other at Kingston, on the opposite shore.

The American Government had the good sense to despatch a competent person, with between four and five hundred prime sailors from the seaboard, to assume the direction of

their naval affairs. This force was divided amongst the vessels, and, of course, assisted most materially in teaching the more undisciplined part of the crews their duty, and the Commodore was soon enabled to chase every British vessel into port, and thus become master of Lake Ontario. Between October 1812 and April 1813, Commodore Chauncey directed his attention and energies to prepare a fleet to co-operate with General Dearborn, in the combined attack we have already mentioned as in preparation, and by the 25th April, with a fleet of ten vessels, he announced his readiness for action. We will, however, leave him for the present, prepared for sea, and return to Colonel Proctor, whom we left in the west, watching General Harrison's movements.

After a brief glance at the operations in this quarter, we will proceed to take up in order the attack on York, that on Niagara, and follow, also, the fate of Sir George Prevost's expedition against Sackett's harbour. By this arrangement the reader will have placed before him, nearly in order of date, the various movements, military and naval, of the first six months of 1813, and will be enabled to judge of the formidable difficulties against which the British commander had to contend.

Expedition to the Miami, and attack on the American defences.

After Gen. Winchester's defeat, and when sufficient time had been afforded to General Harrison to enable him to recover from his panic, he directed his attention to the construction of works, to serve as a sort of *point d'appui*. Gen. Proctor, anxious to frustrate his intentions, and desirous of striking a decisive blow in this quarter, prepared for an expedition to accomplish these designs.

He embarked, therefore, on the 23d April, at Amherstburg with five hundred and twenty regulars, four hundred and sixty militia, and about fifteen hundred Indians, accompanied by two gun-boats and some artillery. The season was wet, and, as is usually the case at this period, the heavy roads presented very formidable obstacles to the transportation of heavy artillery. By the first of May, however, his preparations were concluded, and a heavy fire was opened on the enemy's works. As to the effect of this fire there is a great discrepance in the various accounts. James, in describing it, relates: "No effect was produced, beyond killing one, and wounding seven of General Harrison's men." Major Richardson, who was present, says: "It was impossible to have artillery better served; every ball that was fired sunk into the roof of the magazine, scattering the earth to a considerable distance, and burying many of the workmen in its bed, from whence we could distinctly perceive the survivors dragging forth the bodies of their slaughtered comrades."

Whatever the precise amount of loss experienced by the Americans, at all events General Harrison was desirous of ending it, and of dislodging a troublesome enemy, whose presence interfered most materially with his plans. He was the more inclined to this step as a reinforcement of twelve hundred Kentuckians under General Clay had just arrived. This body was ordered by Gen. Harrison to attack the British redoubts on one side of the river, while he should make a sortie from the fort on the other.

General Harrison's plan was a good one, had it been well carried out, and he had certainly troops enough to have executed any design he might have formed. The overwhelming force under General Clay easily succeeded in forcing the British line on one side, but advancing too far, and failing in forming a junction with the sallying party under Col. Miller, which had by this time carried the battery, they were attacked by Gen. Proctor, and nearly all captured or killed. Col. Miller's party were then in turn attacked by Proctor, and the battery retaken: the Americans making good their retreat to Fort Meigs. Ingersol observes, "thus another reverse was the result of rash confidence and discipline, and the insensibility of inexperienced troops to the vital importance of implicit obedience; perhaps, too, on this, as on many other occasions, to the want of that energetic control by a commander, without which even discipline and obedience fail." Ingersol's concluding remark on this affair is too curious to be omitted. "HITHERTO WAR HAD BEEN CONFINED TO THE SORRY ENDEAVOUR TO DEFEND THE COUNTRY FROM INVASION, WHILE ITS NUMERICAL AND PHYSICAL POWER, IF WELL DIRECTED, WAS ABLE TO HAVE MADE ITSELF FELT IN LARGE CONQUESTS OF EXTENSIVE FOREIGN TERRITORIES."

There is something particularly absurd in this sentence: from the very commencement of the war, a series of aggressive demonstrations had been made by the Americans. Elizabeth, Queenston, Erie and Amherstburg had been successively the point of attack; the main object of these movements had been the occupation of the rich peninsula which forms the western portion of Upper Canada, Gen. Harrison's present works were in furtherance of a combined attack to be made for the acquisition of this coveted territory; yet forsooth we are told that hitherto with Americans the war had been defensive. This very war, denounced in Congress as an unjust attempt to acquire territory which the Union neither wanted, nor had the means to hold; against the prosecution of which, the Eastern States had made so determined a stand as to refuse the quota of militia required from them. The repeated failures of this war we now find put forth as the struggle of a brave, but undisciplined militia, to repel invasion!!

The facts of the war should have prevented Ingersol from setting up so very ridiculous and untenable a position.

The defeat of the Americans was very complete, but Richardson shows that scenes far less satisfactory now occurred. Major R. writes, "the victory obtained at the Miami was such as to reflect credit on every branch of the service; but the satisfaction arising from the conviction was deeply embittered by an act of cruelty, which, as the writer of an impartial memoir, it becomes my painful duty to record. In the heat of the action a strong corps of the enemy, who had thrown down their arms, and surrendered themselves prisoners of war, were immediately despatched, under an escort of fifty men, for the purpose of being embarked in the gun-boats, where it was presumed they would be safe from the attacks of the Indians. This measure, however, although dictated by the purest humanity, and apparently offering the most probable means of security, proved one of fatal import to several of the prisoners. On gaining our encampment, then entirely deserted by the troops, they were assailed by a few cowardly and treacherous Indians, who had borne no share in the action, yet who now, guided by the savage instinct of their nature, forced the British guard, and selecting their victims, commenced the work of blood. In vain did the harrassed and indignant escort attempt to save them from the fury of their destroyers; the phrenzy of these wretches knew no bounds, and an old and excellent soldier of the name of Russell, of the 41st, was shot through the heart while endeavoring to wrest a victim from the grasp of his assailant. Forty of these unhappy men had already fallen beneath the steel of the infuriated party, when Tecumseh, apprised of what was doing, rode up at full speed, and raising his tomahawk, threatened to destroy the first man who resisted his injunction to desist. Even on those lawless people, to whom the language of coercion had hitherto been unknown, the threats and tone of the exasperated chieftain produced an instantaneous effect, and they retired at once humiliated and confounded."

"Never did Tecumseh shine more truly himself than on this occasion; and nought of the savage could be distinguished save the color and the garb. Ever merciful and magnanimous as he was ardent and courageous, the voice of the suppliant seldom reached him in vain; and although war was his idol, the element in which he lived, his heart was formed to glow with all the nobler and more generous impulses of the warrior; nor was his high character less esteemed by ourselves than reverenced by the various tribes over which, in his quality of brother to the Prophet, he invariably presided. In any other country, and governing any other men, Tecumseh would have been a hero; at the head of this uncivilized and untractable people he was a savage; but a savage such as Civilization herself might not blush to acknowledge for her child. Constantly opposed to the encroachments of the Americans for a series of years previous to their rupture with England, he had combated their armies on the banks of the Wabash with success, and given their leaders proof of a skill and judgment in defence of his native soil which would not have disgraced the earlier stages of military science in Europe. General Harrison himself, a commander with whom he had often disputed the palm of victory, with the generous candor of the soldier, subsequently ascribed to him virtues as a man, and abilities

as a warrior, commanding at once the attention and admiration of his enemies."

"The survivors of this melancholy catastrophe were immediately conveyed on board the gun boats moored in the river; and every precaution having been taken to prevent a renewal of the scene, the escorting party proceeded to the interment of the victims, to whom the rites of sepulture were afforded even before those of our own men who had fallen in the action. Colonel Dudley, second in command of General Clay's division, was among the number of the slain."

Every one must deplore this transaction, and regret that proper measures had not been adopted to insure protection to the captives; most unhappily, too, it afforded an opportunity to American writers to indulge still more freely in the strain of bitter invective already so common, and they were now enabled to color with some shadow of truth, the numerous appeals made against the British for acting in concert with the Indians. We do not pretend to palliate this inhuman massacre; but still, it must be borne in mind that the Indians far outnumbered their allies, and that they were smarting under the sense of a long series of injuries inflicted on them by the Americans. They had never experienced mercy at the hand of their enemies, the lesson of moderation and mercy had never been taught them, and at this precise time, a reward had been offered by American officials for every Indian scalp. In place of so unjustly condemning the British as participators and instigators in such cruel scenes, Americans should have asked, have we not had meted to us the cup of tribulation and misery so unsparingly measured out by ourselves to our red brethren.

General Proctor deserted by the Indians and part of the Militia.

After the action General Proctor ascertained the impossibility of restraining the Indians from pursuing their established custom of returning home to secure the booty they had acquired. A great part of the militia also represented the absolute necessity that existed for them to return to their homes so as to take advantage of the short Canadian season for preparing their crops. General Proctor, therefore, found himself compelled to embark his guns and stores, raise the siege of Fort Meigs, and return to Amherstburg. We will begin our next chapter with the account of this embarkation to be found in General Proctor's letters to Sir G. Prevost.

Col. Proctor's embarkation return of the force, of all ranks and services, including Commissariat officers, &c., on this expedition, gives five hundred and twenty two regulars, and four hundred aud sixty-one militia. His loss of killed, wounded and missing was estimated at one hundred and one.

THOUGHTS ON TACT.

Tact is the essence of worldly experience drawn out by sharp discrimination and rapidly exercised judgment. It is a high polish produced on the surface of a man's character by constant friction with the world. It has the glibbest of tongues, the sharpest of eyes, the quickest of comprehensions. It is never confounded, never at a stand still, never idle. It acts while others think, performs while others plan, has finished before others begin. It is always prepared for emergencies, and is never daunted by difficulties. For this reason, it puts off creditors with an air that pleases them nearly as well as payment, and breaks promises so gracefully that they are almost as much honoured in the breach as in the observance. It is the readiest of ready-reckoners, for its mistakes are so cleverly glossed over that they are seldom detected; its errors are made to appear like correctness—its lies seem truer than truth. Tact does everything promptly, and nothing out of place. It seizes the exact minute when to pay visits and when to take leave; when to condole; when to congratulate, when to laugh; when to weep; when to jest, and when to moralize; when to be angry, when to be cool. The jest-books relate that Tact and Truth once appeared on the stage as rivals. Tact was a charlatan, who imitated the squeaking of a pig so admirably that hundreds of auditors were wont to applaud him. Truth, in the humble guise of a rustic, afterwards came forward and produced a similar noise, but was hissed and pelted. Before leaving the stage, the countryman drew forth from under his vest a live young pig, from whose throat had issued the real sounds which the critics had so violently pronounced a bad imitation.

"Capital punishment," as the boy said when the school mistress seated him with the girls.

A word spoken pleasantly is a large spot of sunshine on the sad heart—and who has not seen its effects? A smile is like the bursting out of the sun from behind a cloud to him who thinks he has no friend in the world.

"How is it," asks a celebrated writer, "that the greatest crime and the grearest glory should be the shedding of human blood?"

CITIES OF CANADA.

MONTREAL.

In this number we present to the notice of our readers the city of Montreal, which was founded in 1642, on the site of an Indian Village called *Hochelaga*, by M. de Maisonneuve; and for many years was known as the *Ville Marie* having been consecrated to the Virgin, as its patroness and protectress.

While yet the beautiful slope whereon the numerous and elegant buildings now stand, was covered with dense primeval forest, and partially with congregated huts of the aboriginal owners of the soil, the famous adventurer Jacques Cartier, in 1535, landed at this place, and wishing to obtain a more favourable view of the country than the intercepting woods would permit, determined upon ascending with his comrades the picturesque mountain at its rear. The summit being gained, the sublimity, grandeur, and beauty of the prospect before him, so charmed his imagination, that he gave to that part of the mountain which afforded him this pleasure, the name of Mont Royal, in honor of his master the King of France.

Montreal is situated on an Island of the same name bounded on either side by the rivers St. Lawrence and Ottawa, the former being the one which flows in front of the city.

The soil of the Island is of the most fertile character, producing vegetables and fruits of every description. We may particularize the apples which, we believe are unrivalled in flavour and variety by those of any other locality in the Province.

From its yearly increasing population and harbour revenues, as well as the many public buildings and princely mansions which it displays, we must conclude that Montreal has not neglected the many natural advantages it possesses. However, it has not escaped the calamitous vicissitudes incident to all rapidly rising cities where the over-population induces a temporary or hasty construction of houses, of cheap material, viz. wood, suited to the limited wants of laborers and mechanics. The consequence of a vast aggregate of such inflammable piles, has been repeated occurrences of devastating fires, which have included in their sweep numerous costly edifices. A succession of these events so ruinous in their results and threatening the utter anihilation of the town, led to the formation of a prohibitory law, by the Municipal authorities, against the future erection of wooden buildings. And since last year, when the most appalling scene of fire which the inhabitants of hat city were ever made to witness, happened, the houses now in course of erection, replacing those that were destroyed, are all built of stone or brick with fire-proof covering.

But turning from these sad interruptions to the progress of the city, let us dwell for a moment on its mercantile relations and the advantages, as to situation, in a mercantile point of view, it enjoys. Montreal has had to contend with many difficulties. The greatest, perhaps, was its inaccessibility from the sea-board and Western Canada, though now these have in a great degree been obviated by the dredging of Lake St. Peter, and the formation of the St. Lawrence canals. Another obstacle to its advancement is the length of the winter season, during which period the river is obstructed with ice; this art can only remedy by the formation of Rail-ways; and to the credit of the inhabitants of this city, be it said that they have not been backward in promoting works of this character. Already are they in connection with Portland, Boston and New York, on the coast; and with Western Canada, though not immediately, by means of the American Railways running West. Soon, and very soon we expeet to see a Canadian road, connecting this first of Canadian Cities with all its sister cities and the larger and more important towns and villages. Another matter which is of great interest to the citizens af Montreal is its union with the South shore of the St. Lawrence by a bridge. This is a work that has yet to be constructed, and one of paramount importance to the city of which we treat. Some pretend to say that if this project be not carried out, a city rivalling Montreal in greatness and wealth will spring up on the opposite shore.

That this might be the case we will not deny, but that it should ever so happen, we can hardly imagine; for the Montrealers are too shrewd and energetic a class, ever to permit this event. However, Montreal alone will not benefit by this work; indirectly the two Canadas will profit thereby, for it will form a continuous outlet at all times and seasons for her exports, as well as a means of obtaining her imports.

In the summer season the port of Montreal is crowded with shipping, from nearly all parts of the world, which are accommodated at magnificent quays stretching from the Montreal basin of the Lachine canal to the Bonsecour Market, a distance of about two miles. These quays or wharves are of cut-stone, filled in with earth and macadamized, forming, perhaps, the finest range of piers on the Continent.

The most striking object on approaching this city is the Cathedral of *Notre Dame*, the largest

church we believe in America. The following short account is copied from a Montreal Guide-book:—"The corner-stone of this magnificent edifice, which is built in the perpendicular gothic style of the middle ages, was laid on the 3d. September, 1824, and it was opened for public worship in July, 1829. The length of the church is 255 feet 6 inches, and its breadth 134 feet 6 inches. The height of the principal towers is 220 feet, and of the others 115 feet each, and the great window at the high altar is 64 feet in height, by 32 in breadth. The total number of pews is 1244, capable of seating between six and seven thousand persons.

In the North-east tower is a fine chime of bells, and in the North-west tower is placed the largest bell in America, being one cast expressly for this church, which weighs 29,400 lbs. Opposite to Notre Dame and separated from it by a neatly ornamented square (the *Place D'Armes*) is the Montreal Bank, an elegant cut-stone building of the Corinthian order. To the East and adjoining stands the City Bank, the architecture of which is in the Grecian style.

On reference to our plate the reader will perceive in that building which partly conceals *Notre Dame* from his view St. Patrick's Church; a large and imposing Gothic structure, capable of seating comfortably about 5000 persons. To the left of Notre Name is seen the spire of Christ's Church Cathedral, a plain cut-stone building of the Doric order. This church contains an exquisitely toned organ, acknowledged by judges to be the best on the Continent. Still further to the left and slightly on the fore-ground is that of the Presbyterian Free Church, a neat and well finished edifice. Again on the left is the Dome of the Bonsecour Market, situated on St. Paul and Water streets. This building, though not highly ornamented, is still a magnificent pile in the Grecian Doric order of architecture. Herein are the Municipal Council Rooms, Chief Police Station, &c., there is also a fine public hall in the East wing which is used occasionally for lectures, assemblies, and concerts.

In addition to these, there are many buildings not clearly or easily made out in our plate which presents a view of Montreal from the Mountain. McGill College is not included in the scope of our picture, but is beautifully situated to the West of Sherbrooke street near the base of the Mountain. This College owes its origin to the late Honorable James McGill, who bequeathed ten thousand pounds and the Burnside estate for its endowment. It has the power of conferring degrees and attached to it is the Montreal General Hospital on Dorcester street. This hospital is a large, handsome, and carefully conducted institution, reflecting great credit on the management and is a means of conferring vast benefits on the poor.

St. Patrick's Hospital is a new building, formerly the Baptist College, and is at present managed by the nuns of the *Hotel Dieu*. These benevolent ladies also extend their services to the Hotel Dieu Hospital, situated in St. Joseph street. The cleanliness and comfort enjoyed by the inmates of these charitable establishments strike every visitor with admiration.

The principal Wesleyan Church is in Great St. James street. It is styled "one of the greatest ornaments of the City," and is in the Florid Gothic Style of the 14th century. The arrangement within has been made with judgment, ornate though plain, and has served somewhat as a model for that of Richmond Street Chapel in this city. There are places of worship for the various denominations in the city—among the finest of which is St. Andrew's, Presbyterian church.

The principal charitable societies of the City are the Nunneries, the Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum, the Protestant and Roman Catholic Magdelen Asylums, the Ladies' Benevolent Society, the Asylum for Aged and Infirm Women, besides several minor hospitals, infirmaries and dispensaries for the sick and destitute. The Nunneries are three in number, first in point of age, the Hotel Dieu Nunnery, founded in 1644 for the reception of the suffering poor; second, the Black Nunnery, or the *Congregation de Notre Dame* Nunnery, founded in 1659 and devoted to the care and education of young ladies; and third, the Grey Nunnery for Foundlings and Lunatics.

The squares and promenades of the City must be briefly noticed. The Champ de Mars is the favorite resort of the citizens and strangers of a summer evening, when the bands of the different regiments stationed in the garrison perform for the amusement of the public. The *Place D' Armes* we have already mentioned, but it may be as well to add that a fountain has been lately placed in this square. *Jacques Cartier* square, opposite the new Court House, now in the course of being built, extends from Notre Dame Street to the river, and in it stands the Nelson Monument. Dalhousie square is small and might be improved were it planted in trees. Richmond, Phillip's, Beaver Hall, and Jacques Cartier, are the remaining public squares which adorn the City.

Lying out in the stream nearly opposite the Bonsecour Market is St. Helen's Island, used as a depositary for military and ammunitions stores, and as a defence to the City. In the distance

curtaining the horizon are the Mountains of Belle-isle and Chambly. What mars in a great degree the beauty of the City is the narrowness of the majority of its streets; a fault we are glad to see remedied in the newer portions of the town. St. Paul's Little St. James', and several others are so narrow that careful driving is necessary to avoid collision, when only two vehicles pass each other; added to this, the pedestrian in passing through these streets, should the weather unfortunately be wet, is sure to be plentifully bespattered with mud. However, McGill, Great St. James, and Craig streets, with many more in the outskirts of the town are wide and airy, and only require a proper material for paving, which we understand is easily obtained near Montreal, to obviate the horrid nuisance of dust which thickens the heated atmosphere of these streets whenever an otherwise refreshing breeze cools the summer air.

The Island of Montreal affords many points of attraction to the visitor. During winter, the gayest season of the year with Lower Canadians, Montreal and its vicinity, present an aspect so completely changed from what it was in the season of July or August, that the tourist in seeing it at these two different periods would scarcely be able to recognize the identity of the place. In summer, the almost tropical luxuriance of vegetation, and the beautiful far-stretched scenery, viewed from the elevated situations in the neighbourhood of the Montreal Mountains, delight the immagination of the poet or the refined traveller. The Arctic Winter, when the sombre remnants of the past summer lie hid beneath the dazzling mantle of accumulated snows, the eye is no longer delighted with the varying hues of its recent landscape, but has in exchange the sight of jovial and exhilarated competitors of carriole races, and snow-shoe pedestrians. It is now the hard working farmer can relax the labors of the previous season and enjoy his comfortably robed sleigh with his family visiting his friends, hitherto separated from him by the necessities of his avocation; and the laborer of the town, too, may after his day's hard work get a *lift* from some good natured driver who may happen to be alone in his vehicle. Again, in moon-lit evenings when the crystal flakes of the pure snow glitter beneath the rays of the pale moon-beam, and seem as if they were multiplied reflections of the starry orbs which surround her own sphere—civilians, military, married and unmarried, each attended by some fair friend, spend the greater part of the night sliding down a hill in a species of sleigh called by the Indians *Toboggan*.

For the accomodation of strangers, Montreal is well supplied with spacious and comfortable hotels. We forbear instancing any of these lest we appear invidious.

In concluding this notice we give an extract from a Journal written in 1535 of a visit of Jacques Cartier and companions to Montreal. Our only authority for the correctness of our extract is that of an old Canadian Newspaper.

"The said town is quite round, and enclosed with a palisade of three ranges of wood, in the form of a pyramid, the middle one as a perpendicular tie,—then tiers of wood laid lengthwise, well joined and bedded, after their fashion, and of the height of about two spears' length—and there is only one gate of entrance, which is fastened with bars, and over above which, and in many places of the said palisade, there are kinds of galleries with ladders ascending to them, which are stored with rocks, and stones for the defence of the same.

"There are in this town about fifty houses, of about fifty paces in length each, and from twelve to fifteen paces in width, all made of wood, covered and garnished with great skins of the bark of the said wood, as large as tables, well sewed together, artificially, according to their mode; and within the same there are several areas and chambers. In the middle of these houses there is a great hall, where they make their fire and live in common, and then retire into their chamber, the men with their wives and children. And in the same manner they have garrets in the upper parts of their houses, where they put their grain, of which they make bread, which they call "Caraconi."

"The said people live altogether by cultivating the ground and fishing, for they set no value on the goods of this world, because they have no knowledge of them, and they don't stir out of their own country—not being wanderers like those of Canada (the district of Quebec) and Saguenay —notwithstanding that the Canadians are their subjects as well as eight or nine other nations residing on the said river."

Thus endeth the chapter.

WALES.

Singular Inscription.—In Llangollen church-yard, the resting-place of the celebrated Lady Eleanor Butler and Miss Ponsonby, there is the following singular inscription on a tomb:—

"Our life is but a winter's day,
Some only breakfast, and away;
Others to dinner stay, and are well fed;
The oldest man but sups, and goes to bed,
Large is his debt who lingers out the day;
Who goes the soonest has the least to pay."

THE CHRONICLES OF DREEPDAILY.
No. XV.

SETTING FORTH THE UPSHOT OF THE INCOMPREHENSIBLE SALE BY AUCTION.

The last will and testament of the defunct Mungo McMurrich had been read with becoming solemnity, by that legal luminary of Peterhead, Quirk McQuibble, and, as fully anticipated, I had thereby been proclaimed the universal heir and assignee of my revered grand-uncle. The sulky synod of disappointed cousins and nephews had broken up, casting, as they withdrew, many a bitter and malignant look at your humble servant, and invoking anathemas upon their own heads for having been foolish enough to go to the expense of mourning, and to lose a day by attending the funeral. I verily believe that if the kindred of Mungo had had the fixing of his destiny at that moment, a blacker portion than inevitably would have been his, could not, by possibility, fall to the lot of a denizen of earth!

By this time darkness had set in, and having locked and bolted the outer door of that grim and lonesome dwelling, I lighted a candle, and proceeded to the small inner chamber harbouring the fortune which I had succeeded to. It was a wild night! The wind, as if partaking in the chagrin of my kindred, howled and shrieked around the yielding walls of the crazy mansion, and outside of a clattering window, was seated a red-eyed owl which ever and anon emitted an eldritch whoop. If I had been a disciple of that ancient heathen philosopher Pythagoras, I would have been disposed to opine that the warlock-looking fowl contained the soul of McMurrich, and that it was begrudging that any one should overhaul the treasures, toilsomely gathered, and guarded so long with jealous care!

Having set the light down upon a little side table, I took the key of the mysterious cabinet from my pouch, and proceeded to open the brass garnished door. How my heart beat! I could distinctly hear it thumping against my heaving breast. My hand shook like an aspen leaf, and I drew my breath as heavily as if I had been under the thraldom of some grievous, and over-mastering ailment!

After pausing a season, I at length mustered courage sufficient for the momentous undertaking —and shutting my eyes, lest I should be dazzled and overwhelmed by too sudden a view of the wealth which it contained, I threw open the ark, and discovered. Gracious Providence! I feel the sickening stun of that epoch at the present day. I discovered neither silver nor gold, nor plate nor jewels, nor bonds, nor bank notes, but a parcel of auld books! They presented an appearance so mouldy, and smoke dried, and worm eaten, that any tobaconist, in the full enjoyment of his seven senses, would have turned up his nose at the lot, if the same had boen tendered to him at a farthing per pound for snuff paper!

At that crushing and most horrible moment I felt as if death itself would have been a crowning blessing. The blood left my scunnering heart, and a hideous buzzing sound rushed about my ears, like the noise of the falling stones, of the multitudinous castles I had been building for so long, in the unstable air! To sum up, in one short sorrowful word, I was a beggar!

[Here Mr. Ballingall was constrained to intermit his narration, till he had recruited his exhausted spirits with some of the cordial usually employed in such cases. I am not ashamed to record that I followed the example thus set me. Hard and unfeeling, indeed, would have been my nature, had the recital of my relative's begunk, not necessitated me to have recourse to a restorative! After a short pause, the Bailie thus continued to ply the shuttle of his discourse.]

Ill news, as the old proverb hath it, is no cripple, and it was not long before I had the character in Peterhead of being a broken and ruined dyvor. When I adventured to show my sheepish visage on the street, all my former intimates shunned my presence as if I had been afflicted with a pestilence. Alas! I was indeed the victim of one of the sorest plagues which can afflict the sons of Adam, and one which is ever attended with the direst *mortification!* People buttoned up their pockets at my advent, lest the consumption which rioted in my shrunken purse, should communicate its blighting influence to themselves!

Nor was this the worst of the matter. Term time was fast coming on, and a year's rent was due for the tenement which I occupied. The tax gatherer began to give me sundry broad and peremptory hints, touching tribute due to Cæsar. And the butcher and baker, together with a host of other equally pleasant visitors, were regular attenders at my morning levees. To crown all, my late obsequious friend Mr. Quirk McQuibble, conveyed an insinuation by letter, that before long he would, in all probability, have occasion to give me some practical information touching the manner in which the law of Scotland dealt with those notorious, and abominable criminals—insolvent debtors!

The learned gentleman did not lose much time in commencing his course of instructions. One

clear and frosty forenoon I was favoured with a visit from Obadiah Skirl, who combined the duties of Sheriff's officer, appraiser, and auctioneer in the Burgh of Peterhead. This official was so much smitten with the appearance of my small stock of furniture, and other chattels, that, by way of remembrance, doubtless, he jotted down the name of each individual article in his tablets. As a matter of course the muster roll embraced the hateful, and mendacious cabinet, my entire right and title in which, I would have made over with cordial bitterness to Mahoun, if that personage had covenanted te remove it, forthwith out of my disgusted sight!

Mr. Skirl, however, did not trouble his head about the books, which, as was to be expected, he regarded with the most supreme contempt. "It's na use," remarked Obadiah, "burdening the inventory with such feckless and fashionless trash, so ye may just keep them, my man, to yoursell'! They will be a nest egg for ye to begin business wi' as a second hand bookseller, and wha kens what cleckin' may yet come frae the same? Lauldic Buchan who made his fortune in that line, commenced the world wi naething but the history o' John Cheap the Chapman, and a Pilgrim's Progress wanting a' the leaves from and after the demolishment o' Doubting Castle!"

The time fixed for the sale drew on apace, and I was sitting one night chewing the cud of reflection, which you may safely swear was not overly sweet, and meditating what I should do when turned out of house and home. I may here mention that my family and connections had given me plain intimation, that from them I was to look for nothing in the shape of alimentary sustentation. Even my father shook his head when I craved relief at his hands, informing me that I was old enough to push my own fortune, and that if was not his fault I had not acquired an inkling of the tailoring craft.

Whilst musing, as aforesaid, a loud rap came to the door, and, upon my giving the necessary permission, a tall man, wrapped up in a capacious blue cloak, strode into the room. He wore a travelling cap of fur, together with a shawl tied around his throat, for it was the winter season, and without stint or intermission he smoked a Dutch pipe, the bowl whereof was fashioned after the similitude of a grinning face.

In a tone, somewhat of the sharpest, I enquired at the stranger what his business might be. To speak the plain and honest truth, I jealoused that he was one of the law gentry, who of late, had taken such a marked interest in my fortunes and affairs. Soon did I discover that I had been mistaken in this conjecture, and indeed, if it had not been for the clouds of smoke that encircled his visage like a mist, I might have seen that he was too honest-looking to belong to the privateering tribe, I had unwittingly classed him with.

In reply to my interrogatory, the new comer inquired for Mr. Mungo McMurrich, with whom, it seems, he had been in the habit of having occasional transactions, and he appeared to be a good deal surprised when I told him that my venerable relative had gone to his final audit. It turned out that he had called for the purpose of paying a small sum of money which he had been owing to my grand-uncle; and when I explained how matters stood, and produced the thriftless will, he made no objections to hand over the amount to me on my receipt. This welcome and unlooked-for windfall having gladdened my heart, I could not do less than proffer such hospitality as my means afforded to the great unknown before; I put him in possession of the outs and ins of my history. He listened to the recital with more attention than I could have reasonably expected, seeing it differed so little from the every-day story of the disappointments of life. When I had concluded my narrative he asked permission to examine the cabinet, which, with its contents, still remained *in statu quo*. To this proposition, of course, I had not the shadow of an objection to offer, so, lighting another candle, I led him to the chamber, and left him to make his explorations at leisure. By way of apology for not remaining with him, I pleaded a bad cold —though, to speak the naked truth, I detested the place, the sight of it sending a chill to my heart by reminding me of the dismal dispersion of my fondly cherished hopes.

Regaining my place at the convivial board I engaged myself in counting the cash which had, as it were, dropped from heaven into my hand, when I was suddenly aroused by exclamations of wonderment and delight prooeeding from my visitor. Thinking that, perchance, he had discovered some secret pose, which I had hitherto overlooked, I lost no time in rejoining him, my pulse, meanwhile, beating more rapidly than it had done since the day of the funeral.

He was standing beside a pile of the ill-favored volumes which he had heaped upon the table—two or three more were in his hands, and half a dozen, at the most moderate computation, below each elbow, Never did I behold a man in such a perfect ecstacy of wonder and delectation. His eyes gloated over the foul reeky pages, as if he had been the Great Mogul examining the points

of a newly captured Circassian beauty! He smacked his lips with more appetite and unction than he did when discussing my modicum of mountain dew! And the water ran in torrents over the sides of his mouth similar to what I have witnessed in a sharp-set epicure at a Town Council dinner, when the virgin charms of a saddle of blackfaced five-year-old mutton were first exposed to his ken!

But his admiration, whatever might be the cause thereof, was not altogether of a silent description. Ever and anon he would break forth into expressions which were perfect Greek and Hebrew to me. "As I live!" he would cry, "a genuine Caxton! the index complete, and containing the immortal tail-piece of the dancing Phœnix!" "By the thunderbolt of Jove, an undoubted Wynken de Worde! which beats his Grace of Roxburgh's all to pigs and whistles!" "What! as I am a bibliopole and a sinner, here is the veritable *editio princeps* of the Boke of Chess! Oh, what would Heber, or Beckford, or Kirkpatrick Sharp give to be here! A *rara avis!* A gem of gems!" And so on he went for a good stricken hour, leaving me staring at the creature in a downright whirl of perplexity, as to whether he was a madman, or merely under the exhilarating influence of my Ferintosh!

After a season, when he had made a careful survey of the entire collection of trash, he seemed to become aware of my presence, and grasping me by the two hands, begged to congratulate me upon being the highly favored owner of such costly and unique treasures! "If you will be guided by my advice and directions," he added, "you will yet be a richer man than you ever dreamt of in your most sanguine moments!"

At this speech, which for downright absurdity, exceeded even the jocosities of George Buchanan, the haverel of King James—I could contain myself no longer. Bursting forth into a loud and long-continued fit of laughter, I cried out, "Well, well, this beats everything I heard tell of! I mean no offence, honest man, by the remark, but of a surety I think that my spirits are more overproof than I had the slightest suspicion of, for never did I see mortal man so sorely vanquished and overcome with three poor tumblers before! Treasures, indeed! I suppose that you will next be calling cockle-shells diamonds, and promoting haddies e'en into fair pearls of price! However, as touching the filthy auld books that you seem to set such a store on, you have my full permission to cut and carve on them as you please! Make a kirk and a mill of them, if it so please you, and Andrew Ballingall will never call you to account for your proceedings!"

Though my gentleman seemed somewhat nettled at my jeering mirth, he merely asked me for the loan of pen, paper, and ink, muttering, at the same time, something between his teeth, which sounded like "pearls" and "swine." Convinced as I was that the creature lacked at least twopence of the shilling, I humored him in his request, and, so soon as he received the writing materials, he commenced to make a memorandum of the name and date of each individual volume and tract.

"Now," quoth he, when he had finished his idiotical like-task—"Now, sir, will you solemnly promise to follow my counsel? Credit me you will not find yourself the worse for so doing. Though you are, indubitably a stupid colt, (here I made a low bow, as in duty bound!) I would fain do a kindness to the grand-nephew of my old, and much esteemed friend!" "In all that's reasonable," I replied—"I will oblige you, provided, always, that I am not called upon to read any of these fusty, heathenish, incomprehensible trash, which you seem to admire so much." Here my visitor broke in upon me somewhat sharply. "Make yourself easy on that score," he said, "Friend Andrew. I would as soon think of asking you to square the circle, or write a second Paradise Lost! All I have to request is, that you will not part with any of the volumes in this cabinet, till I see you again, which will be before long? Do you promise me this?" "Blythly," quo I, "that's a promise easy to be kept. The inhabitants of Peterhead have mair sense than to take a gift of the trashy lot—and they are certain to be constant housekeepers with me, as the minister said of his old daughter, black-bearded Meg!" "Hang you, and black-bearded Meg, in the bargain," exclaimed the stranger; and without saying another word he clapped his hat upon his head, lighted his Dutch pipe, and passed on his way.

The conclusion I drew from the whole matter was, that the body was but slenderly fnrnished in the upper story of his tabernacle, and I soon forgot both him and his visit in a more important consideration, viz: where I should first commence my trade as a beggar, which, to all human appearance seemed to be my inevitable and predestinated doom.

On the night preceding the day appointed by the fiat of law, for the vendition of my effects, I chanced to be be standing at the front of Fraser's Inn, the leading hostel in Peterhead. All of a sudden I was aroused from a cogitation into which

I had fallen, by the sound of a horn, and presently the Royal Mail Coach———drove up to the door, crowded with passengers inside and out. Being in no humour to mix among the throng, I was moving off, with my bonnet pulled over my eyes, when my attention was arrested by the peculiar appearance of the new-comers. They were, for the most part, men well up in years, sporting broadish brimmed hats, large eyed spectacles, and garments cut after an ancient fashion. The quality of their clothes bespoke that the wearers were well to do in the world, and certain deposits upon their noses and cravats demonstrated that they patronised the dealers in black rappee and Prince's mixture. They seemed all to belong to one fraternity, and yet it was noticed by many that each looked coldly at his neighbour as if he could willingly have dispensed with his presence. By-and-bye other arrivals of a similar kind took place, some in gigs, some in shandredans; and others on horseback, and shanks naiggy, till at length the inn was filled even to overflowing, and Simon Salver the rheumatic head waiter, was seen hirpling about the town, trying to secure beds for the overplus.

It can readily be fancied that innumerable were the conjectures as to the intent and meaning of this visitation, the lieges gathering in groups on the causeway, and canvassing the affair, as if it had been a question of life and death. Some said that they were a gang of resurrectionaries seeking corpses for the Aberdeen College. Mr. McQuibble's notion was that they were a band of lunatics who had broken out of a bedlam after murdering their keepers And Gideon Guffa, the town natural, gave it as his verdict that the pilgrims were a congregation of kirkless preachers on the look-out for employment, like Irish shearers; a speech which got the fool the weight of the minister's blackthorn stick over the head, for his disrespect of the cloth. His reverence suffered dearly, however, for his zeal, inasmuch as an Aberdeen philanthropic newspaper got word of the transaction, and there was little else heard of for months after, in that patriotic journal, but the "HORRIBLE CASE OF CLERICAL OPPRESSION AT PETERHEAD!"

In the meantime the public authorities were not slumbering at their posts. The drum was sent through the town summoning a *pro re nata* meeting of the Council; and Bailee Gawpus, after a speech of two hours duration, in which he remarked that the present mysterious visitation had doubtless an intimate connection with the alarming spread of Popery and the rights of man, concluded by moving that a number of special constables should be sworn in to protect the loyal inhabitants of Peterhead from the assaults of Jesuits and republicans. A motion which was carried "unanimously and with acclamation," as may be seen by the minutes of the sederunt.

Everything passed off peaceably, and at the appointed time Obadiah Skirl took his stance upon a table in the largest room of my luckless house. Before long the chamber was filled by a crowd, including the bewildering band of strangers who took their seats with looks as sour and grave, as if they had been a synod of superannuated undertakers. Each of them produced a printed paper from his pocket which looked like a list or catalogue, and having pulled their hats firmly on their heads, they began mending their pencils as if preparing to take notes of the proceedings.

The auction commenced. Mr. Skirl exerted himself to set off the articles to the best advantage, and his oratory and eloquence were such that he constrained people to believe that the commonest fir chairs and tables were constructed of the finest rose-wood, and the most costly mahogany. He had indeed a tongue which might have enticed a bird from a tree, and convinced an astronomer that green cheese formed the component of the moon!

But all the powers of Obadiah Skirl were thrown away upon the strangers, who seemed to regard the proceedings with the utmost contempt, never opening their mouths to give a single bode. At length the last article was set up, which was the unlucky cabinet, my Pandora's box. This, after a smart competition was knocked down at five and twenty shillings, the buyer carrying it away on his back after tumbling out its useless contents; and Obadiah wiping the sweat from his brow, and thanking the company for their attendance, declared the sale concluded.

This announcement seemed to come like a clap of thunder upon the old broad-brimmed, snuff consuming vagrants. They looked at Mr. Skirl and then at one another, as if they had gotten a series of slaps on the face; and muttering something about "infamous hoax," and "precious take in," seemed as if about to proceed to some marrow chilling extremity, when the door was suddenly thrown open, and, to my astonishment, the man with the blue cloak, and the Dutch pipe, strode into the room. He seemed, by the jaups of mud which covered him from top to toe, as if he had just come off a long and hasty journey; and so sorely fagged and forfochen was he, that he had to sit down for five minutes, before he could gather sufficient breath to speak.

The sight of this apparition evidently created

a marvellous stir amongst our unknown visitors. They hitched, and coughed, and fidgetted, like so many old women, at the conclusion of the twenty-ninth division of a doctrinal discourse. They bowed and nodded to him as if to a prized and well known acquaintance, and several exclaimed in tones of triumph and satisfaction: "All is right after all!"

In the meantime, the personage who had occasioned all this excitement and stir, was occupied in arranging the doited old books in order upon the table, before which he stood. He blew the dust off them as carefully as if they had been new Bibles, and polished up their faded backs with the cuff of his coat. This done, he cleared his throat—took out a massive silver snuff-box from his vest pocket—lifting up an ugly wee pamphlet in a dingy parchment cover, began a discourse about its virtues and properties, which was past the comprehension both of the minister and the master of the grammar school. If you would believe his story, the match or marrow of that mouldy abominaŋion, was not to be found in the four quarters of the globe, and though I would hardly have touched it with a pair of tongs, he held it up with the veneration which an idolater would bestow upon his most venerated image. Obadiah Skirl listened to this fanfaronade with the most profound contempt, a feeling which was participated in by the rational portion of the company, and when the speaker concluded by asking what would be bidden for the lot, a titter of derision ran through the great majority of the audience. I trow, however, their laughter was changed into dumb wonder and amazement before the world was many minutes older!

For a space no one seemed inclined to break silence, but at length old Jeremiah Suds the barber, offered a penny for the affair, urging as an excuse for the seeming extravagance of his bode, that the boards would serve to sharpen his razors upon. Every one opined that the lot would be thankfully knocked down to him, without a moment's delay, lest he should take the rue and draw back, when lo and behold! up started one of the snuffiest and grim looking of the strangers and squeaked out "ten guineas!" Another and a third followed in double quick time, and finally, after a keen competition, it was disposed of for no less than sixty sterling pounds!

Here was a prodigy past all created comprehension. Some of the onlookers actually screamed aloud with intolerable surprise, and Jeremiah Suds stood looking as helpless and confounded as if he had received a blow from the mysterious auctioneer's hammer. It was impossible for any one to reason or speculate upon what was so hopelessly incomprehensible, and as for myself, I did not know whether I was sitting or standing. My brain whirled around like a top or peerie, and I felt mindless and powerless as a new born infant.

When the general consternation had to a certain extent abated, another small volume, more ugly and uninviting than the first, was put up for competition, which produced nearly as high a sum as its predecessor; and at the termination of the sale, I fonnd myself one of the richest inhabitants of the burgh town of Peterhead.

I may mention here, once for all, that the demented buyers paid for their fools bargains on the nail, either in hard cash, or in cheques upon the Bank of Scotland, which were all duly hnooured. My benefactor, who declined to accept of any remuneration for his trouble, placed the proceeds in my hands, and departed as he came, leaving me no trace by which I could expiscate or discover to whom I had been indebted for my astounding and miraculous good fortune.

Quirk McQuibble had always a keen eye to business, and never neglected to glean grist for his professional mill. The marvellous upshot of the sale confirmed him in the idea he had originally formed, that the unfathomable purchasers were a crew of absconding lunatics. Following out this theory, he singled out one of the fraternity, who, he judged by the amount of his transactions at the vendition, was the richest among them, and had him apprehended just as he was stepping into a chaise, on his return to England, as he declared.

I went up the stairs with the rest, to the room of the Inn where they conveyed the captive, and truly I never saw a human being in such a desperate and delirious-like state. He was a little man, somewhat below the middle size, but making up in bulk, what he lacked in altitude, and seemed to take a special pride in his hair, which was of a yellowish colour, and hung about his cheeks in long swirling curls. It was some time before he could be made to comprehend the cause of his capture, but when the truth gradually broke in upon him, he was neither to hand nor bind, He called Quibble a monster—a man stealer—an authopophogus, and a score of other horrid and incomprehensible names;—and the conclusion that every one who saw him came to was, that he was as mad as any March hare!

Mr. McQuibble having admonished him to compose his spirits, and keep peaceable and orderly, cleared the chamber, locked up the patient, and

put the key in his pocket. But losh! what a stramash the creature got up when he found himself alone? He first ran to the windows, and finding them nailed down, he broke every pane to smash in half a minute, waving and yelling to the mob in the street, like a crazed bull of Bashan. When this would not do, he ran back to the door, and kicked at it with his heels in such a paroxysm of fury and desperation, that he drove out two of the pannels, and the very hinges began to give way. This was carrying the joke too far, so Quirk, attended by a score of concnrrents (as in legal phrase he termed his followers) armed with pitchforks, pokers, and such like war-like weapons—-re-entered the room, and having strapped him down upon the bed, instructed Jeremiah Strap to shave his head. If the lunatic was mad before, he became ten-fold worse on hearing this sentence. Foaming at the mouth he declared that he was engaged to be married the ensuing week, and swore he would part with life sooner than with his precious curls! Of course no one minded what a crazy creature said, and in five minutes his poll was as bare as a stucco image, The operation seemed to produce the desired result, for when the unfortunate being heheld his hair strewed about the carpet like a collection of dandelions he said never another word, but lay sobbing and moaning as if he had lost all heart and hope!

The lawyer then proceeded to draw up a description of the unhappy man's person, and an account of the circumstances under which he had been apprehended, adding that his friends would get delivery of him on paying the necessary charges. This advertisement was inserted in a host of newspapers, but did not promise to bear any fruit, at the expiring of a fortnight, no claimant appeared, and as, Mr. McQuirk, becoming tired of the job, transferred his patient to the poor's house, when he was lodged in the same cell with Ezra Pirn, a weaver, who had lost his wits by an overly indulgence in whisky, politics, and polemics. When a month had elapsed, however, a member of Parliament arrived in Peterhead from London, who insisted upon seeing the lunatic. Mr. McQuibble accompanied him to the place of confinement, magnifying by the road, the trouble and expense which he had incurred in the transaction. But now he changed his tune, when the senator, wno instantly recognised the supposed madman, declared that he was not only one of the greatest antiquarians of the day, but likewise librarian to his sacred majesty—and that consequently the crime of detaining him amounted to little, if any thing, short if high treason.

How the matter was settled I cannot precisely say. It was rumoured that Mr. McQuibble had to pay a solatium of better than five hundred pounds, besides the breakage at the Inn, and other incidental charges. Be this as it may, the liberated captive departed the same evening with his deliverer, in a coach and four, his naked head hung wrapped up in flannel to keep out the cold, more by token that such a commodity as a ready-made wig, was not to be had within the bounds of the burgh for love or money!

THE GOLDEN GATE.

A Lady stood at the golden gate,
  At the golden gate shut close and lorn;
The little spring-birds chirped merry and sweet,
The little spring-flowers sprang up at her feet;
She smiled back a spring-smile, gay and young—
''Twill open, open to me ere long!
Wait,' said the lady—'wait, wait:
  There never was night that had no morn.'

The lady sat at the golden gate;
  The May had withered from off the thorn;
Warm July roses crushed cheek to cheek
In a rapturous stillness, faint and weak;
And a languid love-air filled the breeze,
And birds ceased singing in nest hung-trees:
'Wait,' said the lady—'wait, wait:
  There never was night that had no morn.'

The lady knelt at the golden gate,
  The dumb, closed gate—forlorn, forlorn;
The sun laid on her his burning hand,
The reapers' song came over the land,
And the same round moon that lighted the sheaves,
Shewed at her feet dead, drifted leaves:
'Alas!' sighed the lady. 'Yet, wait, wait:
  There never was night that had no morn.'

The lady crouched at the golden gate,
  With steadfast watch—but so lorn, so lorn!
The earth lay whitening in one shroud,
The winds in the woods howled long and loud;
Till the frosty stars shot arrowy rays,
And fixed for ever her death-strong gaze.
A soul rose singing: 'No more I wait:
  On earth was night—in heaven is morn.'

Two feelings are common to all high or affectionate natures,—extreme susceptibility to opinion, and extreme bitterness at its injustice.

Knowledge unemployed, may preserve us from vice; but knowledge beneficently employed is virtue.

None but God and the poor know what the poor do for each other.

A man of true genius can no more divest himself of freedom of opinion than of the features of his face.

It is astonishing how much easier it is to do evil than bear to be told of the evil we have done.

True bravery is as far removed from recklessness as it is from timidity.

THE COTTAGE AND THE HALL.

CHAPTER I.

Imagine to yourself, reader, a large comfortable room, furnished with all the elegance of modern taste, though in itself bearing the stamp of another age; the walls of pannelled oak, and the antique slope of its large bow window, giving the idea of times, when the former were perhaps adorned with armour, and the latter, the favorite seat of one or more of the fair and stately dames, whose portraits remained to deck the Hall. There was another window of more recent construction opening to the ground, and leading to a conservatory filled with choice exotics, from which a tempting glimpse of the beautiful gardens and park beyond was presented. The apartment itself was lined with cases well furnished with volumes of every size and variety: as far as concerned their exterior, and the subjects of which they treated, it was indeed the library of one of those good old country-houses, which are ever to be met with in the pleasant village nooks of merry England.

The group at present occupying it, consists of a lady of middle age, preserving however sufficient remnants of the charms which had once distinguished her, to give to her countenance that interesting attraction, which though it can no longer vie with the noontide radiance of youth, possesses all the softness of a summer twilight. In the young girl seated next her you would at once recognize her daughter, so striking is the resemblance between them; but you must acknowledge that however pretty the mother may have been, she is greatly eclipsed by the splendor of her daughters beauty. The dark hair contrasted well with a skin of dazzling whiteness, and the soft expression of her hazel eyes, in which however may be discerned an occasional twinkle of laughter-loving mirth, in full keeping with the smile dimpling the prettiest mouth imaginable, and displaying the pearly row of teeth beneath, and then, her figure so tall and commanding, yet so graceful in its every movement; and, withal, such unaffected forgetfulness of any attempt to captivate. Could you see her as I do, reader, you would pronounce her irresistible.

But it is time for us to turn to the third and last figure of the group, and what a contrast have we here! Seated on the very edge of her chair, her small prim figure drawn up to its full height, her whole aspect enough to send a cold shiver through your frame on this lovely April morning, (in December it would turn you to an icicle,) is a lady of *a certain age*, with thin sharp features' and restless piercing eyes; Miss Sedley, the old maid and gossip, (for I believe every village has such,) of Willow-bank, and by listening to the ensuing conversation, you will gain some insight into her character, and other facts of more importance to this story.

"So the family have come at last to 'The Cottage,'" she observed with some eagerness, "they arrived last night, I cannot say that I have seen any of them yet, though I think as I passed this morning—I happened to require something at the Bakers, and so went that way—I caught a glimpse of a cap at one of the upper windows, which might have been Mrs. Montague's; though to be sure it might have been one of the maids, as I could not see very clearly; but I hear there are two daughters grown up, and they are very poor they say, in fact must be, for when Roger Jenkins sent to offer himself instantly, in order to secure the place, he was told they did not want a man: and I rather think they have but one woman whom they brought with them. It is said she is the widow of a Captain in the navy, and has nothing but her pension."

How much longer Miss Sedley would have run on in this strain, I cannot take it upon myself to determine, but Mrs. Perceval, who particularly disapproved of all gossip, quietly remarked, that "considering the very short time this family had occupied 'The Cottage,' the people of the village seemed well informed on the subject of their affairs." Though rather disconcerted for the moment, Miss Sedley soon returned to the attack.

"I am quite undecided whether to visit these new comers," said she, drawing herself up, if possible, an inch higher, "you know Mrs. Perceval, it is so difficult to act in these cases, they may be very respectable or they may be *nobodies.* To be sure one could not call till they have made their appearance at church, and before then we may learn something more definite about their position in society."

"For myself," said Mrs. Perceval, "I shall take an early opportunity of making Mrs. Montague's acquaintance, as an old and valued friend of mine, who knows the family well, informs me that they are most agreeable people, and likely to prove a great acquisition to our village."

"Oh, in that case, I can do no better than follow your example," and Miss Sedley, whose object all along had been to find out whether the Percevals would notice "these Montague's," soon after took her leave, as we will, dear reader, in order that we may obtain, what she is so very anxious for, *the first peep at the strangers.*

CHAPTER II.

Mrs. Montague, whose arrival had so excited the little old maid, was, as she had been informed, the widow of a Captain Edward Montague, R.N. She had lost her husband but two years previously, and in addition to her profound sorrow at so irreparable a bereavement, found herself involved in much pecuniary difficulty. Capt. Montague, though he had inherited a considerable fortune, had by that thoughtless generosity, sometimes so prominent in a sailor's character, lavished it with a too unsparing hand; and his afflicted family found that its remains were in a great measure swallowed up, in satisfying the demands of his numerous creditors. Still, that they were so, afforded them no great uneasiness, so much were they relieved to find, after the final settlement, that no blot could rest upon the memory of so beloved a husband and father. By a life of complete retirement, and the strictest economy, they continued to reside in their old house, until the expiration of the lease, and then having secured a pretty cottage in Willowbank, the rent of which was more within the limits of their means, they arrived there to furnish conversation for Miss Sedley and her friends, when the village was in her opinion exceedingly dull. Mrs. Montague was a quiet, lady-like woman, devoted to her children, of whom she was not a little proud, and in truth with much reason. Ellen, the eldest, was just twenty and was very lovely, there was something in the secret thoughtful gaze of her deep blue eyes, which seemed at once to penetrate to the heart, and the whole countenance of her face was even classically beautiful, every feature perfect; but the expression was rather melanchuly, perhaps for so young a girl, excepting when anything excited her unusually, then the countenance lit up, as it were, in a manner which was almost startling, and quite heavenly. Kate presented an almost complete contrast to her sister, a roguish little gipsy of sixteen, with hair that matched the raven's wing, dark eyes full of fun and merriment, and a figure which promised to be tall and commanding. But though these sisters were dissimilar in appearance and even disposition, they were, as we shall see, linked together by the tenderest affection. We have said enough, and will leave them in future, to speak for themselves.

"Nelly," said Kate, about a fortnight after their arrival when they were getting pretty well settled in their new abode, "would it not be delightful to take a long ramble in those woods we noticed yesterday; let me see whether I can persuade mamma to join us."

She had but little difficulty in doing so, and all three were seen equipped and on their way. Primroses were just beginning to peep out from behind their fresh green leaves, and the purple hued violets, made the hedges gay with the profusion of their blossoms. As the two girls stopped to gather a wild bouquet, they breathed a sigh as the thought would rise of their dear early home, but there is something in the fresh beauty of young spring, with its bursting leaves, glorious sunshine, and sweet flowers, which makes all rejoice, and soon restored them to cheerfulness. They had advanced some distance into the road, when they perceived two ladies approaching in the opposite direction, the elder of whom accosted them to their surprise, and introducing herself as Mrs. Perceval, said she felt they would pardon her want of etiquette, as she and her daughter were on their way to "the Cottage," having preferred the wood road as shorter and more agreeable.

"Then you must permit me to return with you," said Mrs. Montague, "that you and Miss Perceval may rest after so long a walk."

This arrangement, after some apology on the part of the ladies of the Hall, having been agreed to, Ellen and Kate conversed freely with their new acquaintance on many subjects; the views, neighbourhood, and society of Willow-bank, being of course among the chief, and thus much of the stiffness of a first morning visit, that most formal of all formal things, was avoided, and when after awhile the Percevals rose to take their leave, they parted mutually pleased. In due time the call was returned and an invitation to the Hall followed, when all the Montagues were introduced to several county families and all the Willow-bank society; their position as "*visitable*," being thus established, they were soon quite beset with calls and tea parties. Marion and Ellen discovered, too, that their voices were exactly adapted for duets, and of course they could do no better than practice them together, so that in a short time an intimacy sprung up between the two girls, which promised to lead to the formation of a steady friendship. Besides singing together they formed a plan for reading Italian, Marion having visited Italy, whilst Ellen had never quitted her native land. But it is fitting that we should make the reader a little better acquainted with the family at the Hall.

CHAPTER III.

The Percevals had for centuries occupied the position of "Squires," in the little village of Willow-bank; and though somewhat shorn of the importance which distinguished them in the good old times, yet do the country gentlemen of England,

in many cases, boast of a more illustrious descent, than many a titled noble in the land, can lay just claim to. The present possessor of the estate was a man of great merit, and some wealth, having by his marriage with the heiress of an old Indian Nabob acquired a considerable increase of property. Their union had been one of affection and happiness, and blest with three children, two sons and a daughter. Walter the eldest born, was at the time we write of, at home, having just finished his last term at Oxford, which he had done with great éclat, but the constant study and confinement had, it was feared, weakened a constitution naturally delicate, and perfect relaxation of mind was considered absolutely necessary to his recovery. Frank, the second son, was a lieutenant in the navy, daily expected home after three years' service in China; and with Marion, the only daughter, the reader is already on terms of friendly intercourse.

Walter did not sing, but he often made one of the party when, on some lovely fine morning, the three girls took their work, and some delightful book, to any quiet, pleasant nook, where they could thoroughly enjoy themselves, without fear of interruption, and there, seated on the greensward, many a happy hour did they pass, listening to his manly voice as he read: or in gay and sparkling conversation. One day, they were thus employed, and in Walter's absence, Marion was giving them one of Tasso's most exquisite passages, when she suddenly ceased, and throwing down the volume, exclaimed "I cannot read, I could not tell you what it is all about, only I know it all by heart."

"Why, Marion," said Ellen, laughing heartily, "You look like a spoilt child! What *is* the matter?"

"Only that I have a presentiment that Frank will be here to-night, and I can think of nothing else. Oh! if you only knew him, Nelly!" And once launched upon the topics of her favourite brother's praises, there was nothing for it but to listen quietly; so Ellen looked sympathizing and interested.

"But I must not say too much, lest I should raise your expectations to a very exalted pitch, and poor, dear Frank will be the sufferer," added Marion, when quite out of breath; "besides you will see him soon, I hope, and can judge for yourselves."

"I do for your sake wish it may be soon, though I cannot help at times a most selfish regret that our pleasant reading and singing mornings, will cease," and as Ellen spoke, a slight shade passed over her fair face, which Marion hastened to remove.

"I have often told you, Nelly, that Frank has a most delightful voice, and almost a passion for music, so his coming will, far from interrupting our practising, form an additional motive for its continuance."

"Ah! you will not care for it then," upon which Marion playfully boxed her ears, calling her a "jealous, naughty girl," and they soon afterwards separated. Two days after this, just as the sisters were preparing to set out for the hall, a note was put into Ellen's hands; it was from Marion, who, almost wild with joy, wrote to tell them that her brother had arrived in England, and might be expected by every coach. Abandoning their intention, Ellen penned a few hasty lines of warm congratulation, and looking at Kate a little ruefully, exclaimed, "Well, at any rate, I shall have plenty of time to finish the chain before mamma's birthday, now. Suppose we go and see Mrs. Bruce." Mrs. Bruce was the rector's wife, and a most delightful person; her husband, a zealous, high-minded clergyman, devoted to the care of his parish. With both, the Montagues were already on intimate terms. And Marion! how did the day pass with her? Oh! who, that has watched hour by hour for the coming of some loved one, need be told her feelings, when the last mail passed through, and yet Frank came not. She was forced unwillingly to assent to her father's remark, that he could not possibly be there before to-morrow. To-morrow how often longed and wished for, alas! to be but a repetition of the misery of to-day. But, for the inmate of the hall, not excluding the servants, most of whom had known "Master Frank" from infancy. The morning dawned with brighter promise, and Marion, who could not rest, rose nearly with the sun, and dressing herself simply, yet elegantly, for what sister does not wish to appear to advantage in the eyes of a long absent brother? was soon pacing the avenue. It was not long before her quick ear caught the sound of the guard's horn, as the heavily laden coach rumbled through the village; quick as thought she flew to the iron gates, her heart beating almost to suffocation. Nearer it came, and nearer, she could see it now, and it had, yes it *had stopped!* Another minute and she was clasped in the arms of her darling Frank. "My own Marion, why, how grown! how beautiful! I could not have thought you would be so improved." He looked so proudly on her, with such deep tenderness in his fine eyes, that his sister thought she might well return the compliment. And in truth, they were

a noble pair, so much alike. Frank Perceval could not be called, strictly speaking, handsome; the eyes which were large and dark, were the only beautiful feature in his face, but there was something so frank and manly in his bearing, so much honest truth in his open countenance, that one could hardly wish for more. The news of "Master Frank's" arrival, had spread over the house before five minutes had elapsed, the servants thronged to meet him, and for each he had a kind word, and a friendly shake of the hand; but breaking from them, he was soon knocking for admittance at his mother's dressing-room, calling for his father, for Walter, for everybody. At length they were all seated round the breakfast-table, and a series of eager questionings ensued; no one knowing which spoke most, and sometimes all speaking at once. "By-the-bye," said Frank, taking advantage of a pause, "I have asked Ashton to come down. Of course you know he is Sir Herbert, now; he lost his father about a year after we sailed."

"O yes, we saw it in the papers," replied Mr. Perceval, did you not tell me of it, Marion?" Thus appealed to, his daughter looked up, but her "Yes,I believe so, papa," was a little hurried, and happening to catch her brother's eyes fixed meaningly upon her, the roses in her cheeks assumed a brighter hue.

"Ashton is just the same fellow as ever," added Frank, which means to say the very best I have ever known; he is a landed proprietor now, however, with a clear rental of nearly £5,000 a year; so, I suppose, will cut the service, and settle down into a hum-drum country squire."

"Very much obliged for the compliment; are we not, Walter?" laughingly observed Mr. Perceval, rising from table, which example was generally followed.

CHAPTER IV.

"Why, Marion," said her brother about a week after his return, "you can talk of nothing but the *Montagues;* who are these friends of yours, and where do they live." I have been here, let me see, ever since Thursday, and have never caught a glimpse of them except in church, though that was quite enough to make me wish for a nearer view!"

Marion had been talking certainly very fast to Mrs. Perceval, of the little gift she had prepared for Mrs. Montague, whose birthday it was. "In that case, Frank, I shall be happy to gratify you. I intend walking to see them presently, and it will be a good opportunity to introduce you." "And," said Mrs. Perceval, "you can ask them to spend the evening with us, and Frank can prosecute the acquaintance."

The arrangement meeting with that gentleman's entire approval, they were soon on their way, Marion taking with her besides the screens she had painted, one of the most beautiful of bouquets. On their arrival at the cottage, they found the three ladies on the pretty lawn in front; the girls busied with their flower beds, and Frank thought they both looked very charming, in their large straw hats, and simple mourning dresses.

"Oh, Marion, how very kind," was Ellen's eager salutation, as soon as she perceived her friends approach, "I did not expect you to-day."

"But Mrs. Montague did, I am sure, dear Nelly, she did not think I could forget her birthday;" and with a grace which was all her own, she now presented her gift.

"What lovely flowers! Oh how very pretty!" was the general exclamation. "Really, dear Marion, I do not know how to thank you," began Mrs.Montague, but she was not suffered to proceed.

"I have not yet introduced my brother; Mrs. Montague, Mr. Frank Perceval," and the usual forms having been got through, they adjourned to the drawing-room, where with a mother's pride, their hostess displayed her beautiful chair, and Kate's surprise, a knitted Shetland shawl.

"Why, Nelly dear, how you must have worked! I never thought you would have finished it." she remarked.

"I have not had *you* to make me lazy," was the complimentary rejoinder.

"So that after all, Mrs. Montague may thank *me*, for her chair," observed Frank drily.

A general laugh followed this, and then they chatted on till the Perceval's rose to take their leave; Marion first delivering her mother's message.

"And by the bye, we can now get up some trios, so Nelly bring your music: you have some pretty glees, I know."

"Oh, Miss Montague will not expect me to enchant her ear with any dulcet tones, I hope," said Frank. "I assure you," he continued, "I have not sung for months. However, I promise to do my best."

"No one can do more, fratello mio," said Mairanne; "but we really must go now. Au revoir."

When the inmates of the cottage made their appearance at the Percevals that evening, they found the party there had been unexpectedly augmented by the arrival of Sir Herbert Ashton, to whom allusion has been already made. His appearance at Willow-bank was warmly hailed by

the elder Percivals, while the blush, mantling in their daughter's cheek, told more than the few words with which she returned his eager greeting. The impression which was left on the minds of both, when they had before met, had never been quite effaced; but as a poor Lieutenant, Mr. Ashton had felt it his duty to restrict his attentions within the limits of what was simply called for, from a guest in her father's house. With what intentions he had now returned he could not himself have told; perhaps he had resolved to be guided by circumstances! However, there he was, with his manly intelligent face luminous as a sunbeam, in laughing conversation with Miss Sedley, who had "dropped into tea," (having seen a post chaise drive to the hall, which intensely excited her curiosity), trying to persuade her, that while in China, their principal food had been birds' nests and rats!

"Ah, I never heard anything so shocking! Miss Montague, Miss Perceval, do listen to this!" and she repeated the assertion to these two young ladies, who were sitting near.

"Of course you do not doubt it, Miss Sedly," said Frank, attracted by that respectable spinster's exclamation. "Why," added he, with a very grave face, "I assure you that you would enjoy them excessively. His Imperial Majesty, the Emperor of all the Chinas, is as much enraged if his rat preserves are trespassed on, as he was when we stormed Pekin, and he wrote off an express to the moon to send down fire upon us, and burn up all our fleet. He was kind enough, however, to give Sir Herbert and myself a day's shooting, and some capital birds' nest soup at dinner afterwards. I assure you, it surpassed the richest turtle. Almost as good as that we got on board the C——; eh, Ashton?"

At this allusion to a standing joke in the service, both gentlemen laughed heartily; and the entrance of a servant, with tea and coffee, turned the current of conversation. This was succeeded by music, in which Ellen joined Frank Perceval.

Notwithstanding his modest appreciatiou of his own talents, he was a great proficient. The instant she seated herself at the instrument, Walter as usual, drew near. "Oh, do give us 'Auld Robin Gray,' Miss Montague," said he, beseechingly, and her sweet rich voice soon filled the room, as she sang that most beautiful of ballads, in a manner that thrilled to every heart.

Frank was entranced—he could not speak his admiration—perhaps he preferred *looking* it. Walter would not let Ellen leave the piano, till she had repeated the last verse. She thought him very fond of music for one so grave; his manner was so kind and gentle, she always complied with his wishes. Marion sang but little that night, she and Sir Herbert were trying to discover the clue to some Chinese puzzles Frank had brought her. Mr. Perceval was occupied in the library; the two mammas were chatting on the sofa, and poor Kate was pounced on by Miss Sedley, as the only unoccupied person to whom she could give an account of Mrs. Paphim's last dinner party.

"What a pretty sketch this is," suddenly observed her unwilling listener, taking up a drawing which lay on a table near. "I must ask what it is;" and she escaped to the piano.

"That," said Walter, to whom she appealed for information, "is Roger Prigelley's cottage. Have you ever been there? it is a famous picnic place, and such a lovely spot."

"To be sure," chimed in Frank eagerly, why should not *we* get up a pic-nic; what do you say Miss Montague?"

"I should like it of all things," replied Ellen, laughingly.

"Well then we will settle it at once," and Frank walked up to the sofa in a very business like manner. "It is all arranged," he said in a tone only audible to the trio around the piano, when he rejoined them ten minutes later, "but if we let *her* into the secret," he continued glancing meaningly in the direction where the old maid sat, she will drop in to breakfast every morning for a week." It was now time for the guests to depart, and the three gentlemen prepared to escort them. Poor Frank! pity him, he took a moonlight walk with Miss Sedley.

CHAPTER IV.

Two mornings after Frank Perceval's introduction to the Montague's, he entered the breakfast room in "tip-top spirits," as he himself expressed it, and proposed that the excursion to Roger Prigelley's should take place that day; the weather being delightful, and as far as he could see, there being no just cause or impediment why it should not.

"Well, but Frank," said Marion, "how are we to get there?"

"Why, I think," remarked Walter, "my mother and Mrs. Montague can occupy the pony carriage, and the rest of the party can ride. We have mounted the two young ladies before, you know."

"A capital arrangement, and as I consider this my pic-nic, I shall ride over to the cottage as soon as we have finished breakfast," said Frank, ringing to order his horse. He met with no

obstacles to his plan at the cottage, where all assembled soon after eleven.

Ellen's steed was a pretty chestnut, gentle as a lamb, though spirited withal, and a little timid: but she had often before managed him with perfect ease. Kate was less showily mounted, and as Mrs. Montague stepped into the phaeton, waiting to receive her, she repeatedly charged her eldest daughter to be careful not to excite her horse in any way.

"Oh! never fear, mamma," cried Ellen, gaily. "Benbow and I are old friends, and I never mistrust a friend.

"There, Benbow, show yourself worthy of that pretty speech," said Walter, as they rode off together. The road lay through pleasant, shady lanes, and the six equestrians soon left the carriage far behind; chatting merrily at times, at others enjoying a brisk canter. But Marion and Sir Herbert soon appeared to tire of such accelerated movements, for when Kate on no longer hearing the sound of their horses looked back, they were not even visible. At this moment Walter was with her, Frank and Ellen in front, and Kate was listening eagerly to her companions description of Morton Abbey, as he told her how picturesque it looked, standing on a bold projecting crag of rock, so near the edge, that from the sea it appeared toppling almost to its fall; and then led back her thoughts to other days when hooded monks abode within its walls, and at its iron gate the way-worn pilgrim came, to seek the rest and refreshment never sought in vain, when they saw, Oh horror! a boy jump up from the bank where he was lying, and in wanton sport, run up to Ellen,s horse with a scream, striking its hinder legs with a huge stick. Kate uttered a piercing cry, as she saw the startled animal bound madly forward, almost unseating her sister, whom a turn in the road soon hid from her sight. Frank's first impulse was to follow, but quick as lightning, came the recollection, that by so doing he would but excite the horse still more. Rapidly did he review all the dangers to which its rider was exposed, and, "Gracious Heaven, the precipice," he exclaimed aloud, "And she knows nought of it." The lane in which he then was, extended about half a mile further, and was terminated by an abrupt turn to the left, leading to the Abbey. If the animal should take this path, all might be well; but if, as was far more probable, he continued in a direct line at such headlong speed, nothing could save him from dashing over the the precipice, and appaling thought! carrying his rider with him! But by getting into a field to the right, he hoped to shorten the distance, by avoiding the windings of the lane, as to reach the end before Ellen, and stop her ere it was too late. All this had been but the thought of an instant; the next he had cleared the gate leading to the meadow, and was dashing madly over the turf. On reaching the further extremity, he threw himself from his horse, which he secured to a tree, and bounding over the stile again found himself in the lane. Another minute and he saw her coming, and his quick eye detected, that though still unmanageable, her horse's speed was visibly relaxed. Placing himself in the middle of the road, Frank prepared to seize the bridle as she passed. As he neared the young sailor, the animal swerved to the right, checking his speed as he did so. Before he had time to recover himself, Frank sprang to his head, and holding the bridle firmly in his iron grasp, succeeded in stopping his wild career. Poor Ellen! no sooner was the sense of danger over, than the strength which had supported her gave way, and a burst of tears releaved her over-tasked nerves. Throwing his right arm round her slender waist, Frank bore her to a grassy bank, and rightly judging, that to allow her tears free course would minister most to her relief, left her to secure Benbow, who trembling in every limb, showed no desire to resume his race. On returning to Ellen's side, he found her already more composed. She held out her hand, which he warmly pressed within his own, and thanked him simply, but earnestly, for his prompt assistance. "Indeed," she said, while her beautiful eyes were raised to his, with an expression he never forgot, "I cannot think without a shudder, of what might have been, had not you——"

"Then, do not think of it at all, dear Miss Montague, if you did but know the relief, the happiness, I feel in seeing you thus in safety."

"Oh, poor Kate," exclaimed Ellen, "she must have been terribly alarmed."

"Oh, I had forgotten! I will ride back and meet them."

A few minutes' fasttrotting brought him in sight of the terrified girl and Walter, who had feared to leave her side, though most anxious to do so. Taking off his cap he waved it triumphantly above his head, and the hearty cheer with which the action was accompanied, put an end to the fearful suspense they had endured, and told that all was well. Kate could not speak, but her eyes were raised to heaven, and Walter's murmured "Thank God," told how great had been his fears.

"Mind, not one word to mamma," was Ellen's injunction, after the first hurried greeting was past.

"But, dearest, you will not ride again, surely?"

"Indeed I shall, Kate; poor Benbow! it was no fault of his, and if mamma knows of this, she will never let me mount on his back again."

Dissuasion was useless, and Frank replaced her in the saddle.

"But you must let me make you my captive," he observed, "which is after all but a fair retaliation!" This was said lightly, as he possessed himself of the leading rein, but there was a meaning in his large dark eyes, which restored the colour to her pallid cheek. They were delighted with the picturesque beauty of the Abbey, but Ellen shuddered as she was shown the peril she escaped. Marion and Sir Herbert now rejoined them, and were informed of their adventure, which was still the subject of discussion when the carriage drove up. What a happy party they formed, when they had reached Roger Prigelley's cottage, and seated themselves in its pretty summer-house: and how proud was the good old man, as he heard them praise its beauty, and that of the roses clustering around it. He and his wife displayed with honest exultation, the silver spoons and cups and plates, which had been the property of their stout yeomen forefathers, in the days of good queen Bess, and quaint and strange did they appear to modern eyes. After dinner, such a scrambling, merry dinner, in regular prime style, they wandered about gathering wild roses and woodbine, which abounded in the neighboring wood. Ellen's nerves were still a little shaken, which rendered the support of Frank's arm necessary; at least he told her so; and Walter was often at her other side with his usual kind attentions. The summons to return home came all too soon for every member of that happy party; and, when after a pleasant ride, the sisters found themselves once more in their little drawing room, they both agreed, that Willow bank was, after all, a very delightful residence!

To be Continued.

BARTIMEUS.

BY THE REV. R. J. MACGEORGE.

"Oh lone and lorn my lot!
To me the sun-beam is a joy unknown;
In vain earth's lap with rarest flowers are strewn—
I crush, but see them not."

"The human face and form,
So glorious as they tell, are all to me
A strange and unimagined mystery,
Dark as the midnight storm."

"Winter's sharp blast I prove,
But cannot gaze upon the mantle white
With which the widow'd earth she doth bedight,
In rough, but honest love."

Sudden a mighty throng,
Tumultuous, passed that beggar's muddy lair,
And listlessly he asked in his despair,
Why thus they pressed along?

A friendly voice replied,
"Jesus, the man of Nazareth is here!"
The words with strange power fell upon his ear,
And eagerly he cried:

"Jesus! our David's son,
Have mercy on me for Jehovah's sake;
Pity, Emmanuel—pity do thou take—
'Mid thousands I'm alone!"

The multitude cried—"Cease!
The Master will not pause for such as thou;
Nobler by far his purposes, we trow;
Silence, thou blind one—peace!"

But bold with misery,
He heeded not the taunt of selfish pride;
More eagerly and earnestly he cried,
"Have mercy Christ on me!"

The ever-open ear
Heard—and heard not unmoved that quivering voice:
"Come hither!" Hundreds now exclaimed—"Rejoice;
He calls; be of good cheer!"

How rare—how passing sweet
Sounded the words of hope; he cast away
His garment, lest its folds his course might stay,
And fell at Jesus' feet.

"What would'st thou?" Wondrous bright
The beggar's visage glowed—he felt right sure
That voice so God-like, straight would speak his cure—
"Lord, that I may have sight!"

He never knew suspense:
"Receive thy sight, thou dark one, for thy faith!"
And lo! convulsively he draws his breath,
Entranced with his new sense!

Did Bartimeus seek
Once more his ancient nook of beggary?
Oh no!—he felt that he could gaze for aye
On Jesus' face so meek.

Love would not let him stay—
His darken'd soul was lighten'd with his eyes;
And from that hour the Lord whom he did prize,
He followed on his way.

THE SPIRIT-CALLERS OF BERLIN.

In my college-days, which were passed at the University of Berlin, I had a class-fellow, whom, for the present, we will call Heinrich, as that was his Christian name. His father was a Prussian nobleman, his mother, a French lady of equal rank, whose family had fled from the first Revolution; and by both parents he was connected with some of the best houses in Paris and Berlin. Moreover, Heinrich was an only son, and the heir of large estates in Silesia. Handsome, lively, and clever, all that fortune and parental fondness could do to spoil him had been tried from his infancy with wonderfully small success. Heinrich was a little vain, and a little self-sufficient; but he was an honorable young man, a gay, kindly companion, and a rather promising student. My class-fellow was in high request at the university. His wit and spirit made him equally eligible as the leader in a frolic, or the second in a duel: such occurrences did take place at times among us—though student-life is somewhat better regulated in the well-policed city of Berlin than in most of our university towns—and Heinrich always came off handsomely; but some remarked that the young man's strength was not so great as his courage; his mind did not readily recover its balance after any shock; and he had inherited a delicate constitution, with a fair and fine complexion, from his father. Heinrich had a cousin Rupert, who was some years older, the son of a baron, and a major in the Prussian army. His resemblance to my class-fellow was remarkable; but he was of larger proportions, and of a stronger type. Not less clever or social than his cousin, Rupert was far less liked, for his gaiety was dissipation, and his wit, sarcasm. I do not believe it was jealousy of Rupert's influence that made me think him an unsafe companion for Heinrich; the latter and I were intimate acquaintances, but could not be called friends. Out of college, we did not move in the same circle—I was not a baron's son—but the dashing major spent at least one half of his time on leave of absence at the house of Heinrich's father, a great mansion in Friedrichstadt. Within its walls, every mode of killing time, from quadrilles to card-tables, was in continual practice. Berlin at large talked of its Wednesday receptions and Saturday balls, at which Rupert shone conspicuous in ladies' sight; though he was also occasionally found in the café, the theatre, and, it was said, more questionable quarters. Too sensible not to perceive the moral deficiencies of his character, Heinrich did not esteem his cousin; but in common with most of their acquaintances, he half admired, and was half amused by Rupert, quoted his satirical sayings, and laughed over his city adventures.

It was my second season at college, and expected to be a gay winter in Berlin, as a royal marriage was on the tapis; but at one of its first balls Rupert led a pretty *fraulein* out to dance from beside a general's plain daughter, and next morning received orders to join his regiment in Breslau without delay. Before his departure could be fairly discussed in the realm of fashion, a more extraordinary subject demanded its attention. In a street behind the church of St. Nicholas, believed to have been built in the time of Albert the Bear, and sacred to the residence of wealthy Jews and Poles, two women, who came from nobody knew where, established themselves in a house which formed part of a Benedictine convent, suppressed in the seventeenth century as a hold of witchcraft.

The rest of the building had been long ago burned down by an accidental fire, and a Jew's warehouse erected on its site. The dwelling had held many tenants since then, but tradition reported them all to have been unlucky. The last occupant was a Bohemian mirror-maker, named Gortz, whose glasses, false or true, were said to have no rivals, even in Paris, although he worked in a primitive solitary fashion, and hanged himself one night in his own shop; whether from overmuch brandy, or unregarded love, the neighbors were not certain. After that, the price of his mirrors rose immensely. He had left none in the shop, and some secret in mirror-making was believed to have died with him.

The house had been deserted for thirteen years when the new inhabitants came. The landlord said they had named the Russian ambassador for reference. The neighbors remarked that they brought but one old servant, and little luggage; but rumour soon began to tell strange things of them. First, it was said they were wonderful fortune-tellers; then, that they cured diseases by some unknown drops; and at length it was whispered, that they practised the long-lost art of the classic necyomanteia, which summoned back departed spirits to commune with the living. I have often remarked, that some forms of quackery flourish best in the upper, and some in the lower strata of society. In general, this seems to depend on their nature. Anybody's pill or balsam will be profitable among the working-classes; while more spiritual pretensions, especially if mysterious enough, are quite as certain to succeed with their superiors. Casualties, which enter so largely into all human affairs, must be reckoned on, too, in such cases. That street, though antiquated and narrow—though far from the court-quarter, and devoted to Poles and Jews, belonged to a once fashionable neighborhood, and fag-ends of fashion were still about it. People went there to hire costumes for mask-balls, to buy unlicensed books, and to obtain amazing bargains of French goods that never passed the custom-house. China of any age, and all

manner of curiosities, could be bought there. Rare drugs were sold in the same shops, with no questions asked; and a Polish astrologer was among its residents. I know not how far these conveniences contributed to spread the new artists' fame among the rank and fashion of Berlin; but little else was talked of in their private circles, and the tales that oozed out had a strange mixture of the terrible and the ludicrous in them. For instance, it was said that the spirit invoked did not always attend; one not called for occasionally came in its room: neither were the apparitions always distinct, though many swore to having seen their departed friends. Sometimes a column of gray smoke, sometimes a long and shapeless shadow, and sometimes a moving skeleton, appeared; but revelations were generally made which left no doubt on the hearer's mind. Thus an old baroness, who had been twice a widow, and three times at the hymeneal altar, was unexpectedly reminded by her first husband of matters concerning which the world, and himself in particular, were believed to be ignorant; the head of a noble family was admonished by a companion of his wild youth, to restore 10,000 thalers won by false cards; and a foreign ambassador was told of intercepted letters, and a minister ruined in consequence, by a secretary who had died in his service seventeen years before.

A craving curiosity regarding the world to which they are hastening as surely as the grains flow from the sand-glass, is natural to men everywhere; but I cannot help thinking, that a vein of native superstition runs through our German mind—at least we love to dabble in the mysterious. Nothing else could account for the numbers of Berlin's *beau monde* who visited the old house in Margravestrauss, behind the church of St. Nicholas. Gradually, the subject extended to families round their hearths, and literary circles at their æsthetic conversaziones. Everybody was interested, and the greater part frightened—but people like that. Mourners went there to see their lost once more, and doubting minds to inquire into the secrets of the grave. I heard of a cabinet-maker who went to question his old master regarding the components of a certain varnish; and of a servant-maid, who sought her grandmother's advice which of two lovers she should choose for a husband. There are in every population masses of minds too shallow to receive a serious impression from anything. Hundreds of this description said they had seen Brother Karl or Sister Martha, who advised them to attend church regularly, and lead honest lives, with commands to pay certain debts, and advices how to invest their savings. Whether deceived or not, these good people would have been as much impressed by Friday's market; but on others little removed from them, strange effects were produced. A gay widow in Louisenstadt, whose jointure was large, and mind somewhat light, after a visit—paid for what purpose I never learned—retired with all her riches, to the Carmelite convent, becoming at once a Catholic and the strictest nun in that establishment; but the story which amazed all Berlin was that of the old landgrave Smessel, a rich man and a confirmed miser. On some information obtained from his grandfather, whom he consulted regarding a bag of groschens the latter had buried in East Prussia at the time of the Cossack invasion, Smessel sent for his only living relative, a sober, trusty clerk in the Berlin post-office, and made him a present of 5000 thalers in the Prussian Bank. The clerk's good fortune was a subject of general satisfaction. His habitual civility and consideration for the public, made Ernest Smessel much more popular than government officers are want to be among us, and with the post-office authorities he stood in high confidence from the prudent, punctual services of almost twenty years. Ernest was not young, but he had never married; neither had his aunt, who brought him up on her own slender portion, for his mother had died early, and his father, an ensign in the Prussian army, had fallen, with his colours in his hand, at the battle of Leipsic. Frau Adelaide, as they called her, was his mother's sister. The story went, that she was the last descendant of one of the noblest families in Strasbourg—that her ancestors had owned castles and lordships on the Lower Rhine; but all were lost long ago through war and wasteful heirs, except some old farm-houses and fields, which Frau Adelaide had disposed of for a small annuity, to the convent of St. Therese in her native town, where it was said she had been educated. Both aunt and nephew attended the Lutheran church in which my family worshipped. I remember him as a staid respectable man, who looked as if all within had grown old before the time; and her as a tall lady always in black, and the stiff but stately carriage peculiar to our old-fashioned nobility. They lived, in sober comfort, in one of the retired but respectable streets of Berlin Proper. The landgrave's present made no perceptible addition to their style or equipments. More wonderful still, it did not break old Smessel's heart; neither did he want the thalers back, as some anticipated, but, from the day of that donation, the landgrave kept an untiring watch on his relative's expenditure.

Meantime, the spirits continued to be called for, and marvellous stories multiplied. Strange to say, although all this occurred in Prussia, the police did not interfere—perhaps the government thought ghosts might help to keep people out of politics; but the clergy from most of their pulpits denounced the invokers as agents of Satan. Nobody but the old *fraus* minded that; yet it proved the signal for noble and plebeian, sage and simple in Berlin, to

range themselves in two opposing parties, one of whom believed in the old house and its inhabitants, to the uttermost, while the other questioned, reasoned, and tried to laugh them down.

I was young then, and warm on the latter side, for the division extended to the university. Heinrich was, if possible, more ardent than I; he argued, wagered, and asserted that it was imposture. Somehow no one cared to fight on the subject, or my class-fellow might have had some duels on his hands; but the zeal with which both disputed the question at our debating society, naturally drew Heinrich and me more closely together. Most of the members had become converts, but our principal antagonist was a lank laborious student from the Polish, or rather Russian frontier, named Petermann, and remarkable for nothing at college but the cold-blooded tenacity with which he stuck to his point. Petermann said the dead might return, and those people might know how to call them; and from that position neither reason nor ridicule could drive him.

One evening, as our society was breaking up after a stormy debate, in which every soul had lost his temper but Petermann, I heard him say to Heinrich, with one of his frosty smiles; "It is a wonder, mynheer, that you don't test the thing by asking them to call up one of your noble friends or relations; there must be some of them dead."

"There are," said Heinrich haughtily. "But I consider it beneath a gentleman to countenance imposture so far."

"You could bring home the proof though," cried Petermann after him, as he bade me good-night, and walked quietly away.

Our next meeting-night was Monday; but for days I observed that there was something on Heinrich's mind; and as I sat in my own room on Friday evening, reading Humboldt's first lecture, some one tapped at the door, and in stepped my class-fellow, dressed like a common artisan, with a rough bundle under his arm.

"Hermann," said he, "I want you to go with me; here is your masquerade costume."

"Where, Heinrich?" said I.

"To the old house in Margravestrauss," he answered. "I believe it was Petermann who made me think of it first; but I have got a famous test for the spirit-callers. In this trim, nobody will recognise us. I shall play the heart-stricken mourner; you will be my comforter. We are both house-carpenters of course, and our errand will be to see the spirit of Rupert, my hard-hearted brother, who rose to be a major in the French war, but disowned me, and died of a rapid decline. How my cousin, the living Rupert, will laugh when he hears the story! and shan't we have sport publishing it at the society's next meeting? That will open the believers' eyes!"

I thought the jest a capital one, as well as Heinrich. In a few minutes the dress was on, and we were on our way. Heinrich having provided himself with a small, but very accurate likeness of Rupert from his mother's drawing-room, and some ten thalers, which were generally known to be requisites. It was midwinter, and a clear keen frost made the pavement of Berlin—by the way not the best in the world—ring under our feet like iron. The clock of St. Nicholas chimed eight as we reached the Margravestrauss. They kept old-fashioned German hours in that neighborhood. Shop and warehouse were long closed, and there was not a passenger to be seen. The old house seemed in utter darkness; but at our first summons, the door was opened by the servant, taper in hand. She was a stout, middle-sized woman, with dark-gray hair, and a look approaching stupidity in its staidness. There was, moreover, about her something that reminded one, I know not how, of a solid square.

On saying we came to consult her ladies—such was the formula—she ushered us through a corridor into a back-parlor with three doors and the commonest of furniture, except a magnificent lamp which burned on the table. We had scarcely time to take these notes, when the spirit-callers entered at different doors. They were on the wrong side of forty—how far I cannot tell; but the gray had made considerable progress, and there was no attempt at disguise. Each had the remains of beauty, but of a different order. The one had been an extreme blonde, and the other an ultra brunette. There was certainly no relationship in their faces; but both were tall spare women whose attire, though neither odd nor old-fashioned, was of dingy colors, and carelessly put on; and whose look was at once haggard and singular, as if life had not gone with them after a common or easy fashion. I am thus particular in appearances, because they were stamped on my memory by after-events. The ladies received us with grave politeness, and my friend unfolded his tale. I never thought that Heinrich could tell a falsehood so well; but when he had finished, the dark lady inquired: "Are you quite sure your brother is dead?"

"Certain," said Henrich with a well-affected sob. "I saw the curé who consoled his last moments, and have worn crape for him."

"And is your courage sufficient to meet a departed spirit, young man?"

"O yes," said Heinrich; "I think I could stand it."

"Then I can call to-day, for my planet has power; but there are some points on which it is necessary to warn you;" and like a perfect mistress of her subject, the lady proceeded with a long instructive discourse, of which I only recollect that it treated familiarly of departed spirits, their comings and goings; of occult laws and magnetic sympathies; of

herbs, amulets, and the lost knowledge of the ancients, which herself and partner had discovered through fasts, vigils, and planetary influence. In short, every assumption, old and new, was jumbled up in that oration. It had, moreover, the sound of a daily service, and wound up their benevolent anxiety to serve the less gifted of mankind. I noticed, however, that the lady spoke most excellent German, and was particularly accurate in historical names and dates. At the conclusion, she took Rupert's picture from my companion's hand; while the other, who had listened with apparent attention to every word, took a clasped book, not unlike a missal, from her pocket, and sat down to read by the lamp.

"One of us always reads prayers while the other is engaged in this work," said the dark lady. "Follow me."

Trying to look as like frightened carpenters as possible, Heinrich and I followed through a door on the right, which closed seemingly of itself behind us, and we stood in a great gallery in which there was no light but the wintry moon shining through a high and narrow window. In its gleam stood something like a small Roman altar, with a funeral urn and antique vase upon it.

"Now," said our conductress, "some spirits can come only before, and some after midnight. I know not to which order your brother belongs; but whatever you may hear or see, keep silence on your peril till I bid you speak." Saying this, she took the vase and poured some liquid into the urn. It had a strong odour, but one unknown to me, though I had served two seasons in the college laboratory; and almost the same moment, with a low crackling noise, a steady blue flame shot up, which illuminated the gallery for some distance. Its length, however, seemed interminable, the further end being lost in darkness. I felt certain there was no such space within the house. Our conductress placed Rupert's picture before the flame, bowed three times to the altar, and repeated, in a loud distinct voice, some words which sounded like a mixture of Latin and some old Eastern tongue. As she ceased, we heard an indescribable sound like a moaning under the floor, and then both plainly saw coming to us out of the darkness Heinrich's cousin, Rupert, in the uniform of his regiment, and looking so like life, that I could have sworn it was he. Bold as Heinrich had been, I felt his hand, which was clasped in mine, tremble as our conductress, with a look of malicious triumph which actually appalled me, said, "Speak to your brother now in the name of the old faith."

Heinrich did try to speak, but he could not; and before I could summon words, the shadow, stopping half-way from us, said, in a thin hollow voice, but I observed its lips never moved: "Why do you trouble the dead? Haven't you heard that I was shot three days ago by Captain Muller, after winning his last thaler at the hazard-table? Go home, and lead a better life than I have done!" and it vanished utterly, as the flame on the altar flickered and went out.

In silence the lady opened the door, and in silence we left the parlour. Heinrich emptied his purse into the hand of the servant at the outer door—for the spirit-callers did not take money themselves—and we were past the old church before either spoke a word.

"It is very strange, Hermann," said Heinrich at last. "I wish we had not gone."

I wished the same heartily. A real terror had come over us both, and we talked seriously of how the thing might have been managed, trying to convince each other that it was a cheat; neither, however, was satisfied with his own arguments; and with a dreary feeling of having done something wrong and dangerous, we parted agreeing to say nothing about it. Next morning, as I was stepping out to college, Heinrich's valet, Keiser, almost ran against me, and with a wild, frightened look, handing me an open letter, said: "Read that sir. The baron received it this morning. My master has been in a shocking fit ever since. There are two doctors with him, but he would not rest till I took the letter to you."

The brief epistle made me stagger where I stood. It was from the colonel of Rupert's regiment, informing Heinrich's father, in stiff military terms, that his nephew had been assassinated on the evening of Tuesday, by Captain Muller, a desperate gamester, who coolly waited for the major, and shot him at the door of the gaming-house, in retaliation for his ill-luck at play. The letter bore a post office mark, which indicated that it had been mis-sent to Baden; thus the intelligence was delayed, and Heinrich and I were ignorant of what had happened. In our intended frolic, we had actually broken the quiet of the dead, and talked with one from beyond the grave. My first impulse, on rallying from the shock, was, I know not why, to go and see Heinrich. I found the great house in consternation; but a stiff message from the baroness, informed me that her son could not be seen, as his physician had ordered absolute quiet. By subsequent inquiries, I learned that, in a sort of delirium which succeeded the convulsive fit into which the reading of that letter had thrown him, Heinrich had uttered some wild words concerning the previous night's adventure. I think his family never fully ascertained the story; but an intimation from the Berlin police, doubtless owing to the baron's influence, made the spirit-callers withdraw quietly on following night; and I know that Heinrich's relations ever after had a special dislike to me.

My class-fellow I never saw again; perhaps his mind never recovered from that shock. The baroness travelled with him through Switzerland, France and Italy, for change of

scene; but those who saw him at Rome and Paris, said he walked and spoke like one in a dream. Nothing would satisfy him but retirement at the family-seat at Silesia, and there he died of a rapid consumption in the following autumn. The few fragments of the story that servants had sent abroad, were hushed up long before. It was remarked, that whoever concerned himself much about them, was sure to come somehow under the notice of the secret police. They seemed to take no note of me, but the events I have related made my college-days dull, and youth sober I pursued my studies, however, and graduated with some honor. Petermann took his degree on the same day; but all the while we remained at college, I observed he rather avoided me, and once I saw him talking earnestly with Keiser at the corner of the street. The fellow had left his master three weeks after he brought that letter to me, and obtained service at the Russian Embassy. Peterman's degree was not fairly in his pocket, till he received a medical appointment in the same household; while I, at the recommendation of our college president, was selected from many candidates as travelling physician to a noble pair grievously afflicted with wealth, idleness, and imagination. In their service, years passed, and I made the tour of Europe; residing from one to six months at every considerable town; but through all the capital cities I traced, rather indeed, by accident than inquiry, the wonderful women of the old house in Margravestrauss. In Rome, they had appeared in the character of miracle-workers; in Paris, they had told fortunes; at Vienna, they had been physicians; and the same occupation, together with the manufacture of extraordinary drugs, was renewed at St. Petersburg, where, however they utterly disappeared soon after the Emperor Alexander's death. No clue to their previous history could I ever obtain, but that such a pair had once been novices at the convent of St. Therese at Strasbourg, being placed there by the notable Madame Von Krudener on her travels. Tales of their marvellous powers in all the capacities mentioned, met me, and, for aught I know, are yet to be heard in those great cities; but none seemed so well proved and established as that of my own experience.

I had been eight years in the service of my noble patrons, when it pleased them to take up their abode in the oldest and most dingy quarter of Strasbourg; and, returning alone from the theatre one night, my eye was caught by a tobacconist's sign. Being just then in want of the German's indispensable, I stepped in; the dame behind the counter had a face known to my memory; it was the old house-servant. She knew me, too, and we gazed at each other for a minute. There was an impulse to say something in her look, but at that moment a soldier entered, who saluted her familiarly by the name of Gretchen, and inquired if she knew what had become of old Petermann's nephew who used to live over the way.

"He went home to his friends in Prussia," said the woman coolly; "then to college; and turned out a great doctor after that in St. Petersburg."

"Is he there now?" inquired the soldier.

"How should I know where great people go?" and she smiled as Petermann used to do.

I left the shop with my cigars, but an odd impulse drew me often to that neighbourhood —and whenever I passed, the woman was sure to look anxiously out, and then draw back, as if not yet determined that she had something to say to me. I couldn't get over that thought and made two or three errands to the shop, but all in vain—the woman pretended not to recognise me. On the last occasion, it was very late, and I had reached the end of the street; there wasn't a soul in it but myself, when, without a sound of steps that I could hear, a hand was laid on my shoulder, and the woman's face thrust over. "Doctor," said she, in a husky whisper, "I can't go to sleep this night without telling you it wasn't a ghost that you and the young baron saw that night in the Margravestrauss, but a shadow made with a picture in the Bohemian's glasses. It was I that spoke through a tube the nuns left in the floor. We knew you were coming. Take this home with you; I have kept it eleven years, and more," she said, thrusting a crumpled paper into my hand; and before I could speak, the bang of her shop-door, closed up for the night, sounded through the street.

I read the paper in my own bedroom. It was, as nearly as I can recollect, a true copy of the colonel's letter to Heinrich's father; but there was no mark of mis-sending on it, and though in the same character, it was not like ordinary writing. It was long and late before I fell asleep, but my servant awoke me early in the morning with the report that the countess was in hysterics from the sight of a fire which she saw on her return from the mayor's ball, consuming the house of a poor woman who kept a tobacco-shop; and had perished in the flames. The woman was Gretchen, and the only additional light ever thrown on that strange transaction was what a police-officer, to whom I rendered some medical service, told me at Berlin, regarding Smessel. Some years before my return, he had died suddenly, and Frau Adelaide fell into helpless imbecility. The house of course came under police superintendence; and in an out-of-the way closet, there was found copies of innumerable letters, seals of every variety, and a curious and most complete copying-machine.

The rogue is so much in the habit of cheating, that he packs the cards even when playing at Patience with himself.

THE HOME OF TASTE.

"Give him a home—a home of taste."—Elliot.

My Margaret, our lowly home shall be a home of taste,
A sunny spot to nestle in amid the "streeted waste;"
Though round our door no cool green grass, no cheerful garden grows,
The window-sill shall blossom with geraniums and the rose.

Our parlour wall all up and down, for moral and delight,
We'll hang with pleasant pictures—of landscapes green and bright—
Of portraits of the wise and good, the deathless sons of man,
And, to teach us love for all that live, the good Samaritan.

Of Burns, too, and his Highland maid, much loved, lamented Mary,
And by its side that aged pair whose love no time could vary;
For love up-welling, pure and deep, from youth to sober age,
Shall be a light and blessedness through all our pilgrimage.

A goodly book-case we will store with learning's precious gold,
A hallowed temple to enshrine the mighty minds of old;
With a plaster cast of Milton decked, and one of Shakspere, too;
And when my work is done, my love, I'll sit and read to you.

Some thrilling tale of olden time,—love true in evil day,—
Some lofty song of holiest bard, some gentle minstrel's lay,
Or wondrous revelation of science deep and high,
Or Christian theme, that we may learn in peace to live and die.

And we'll not forget your music, love, the songs so sad and sweet,
You sang to me with a tearful eye in your father's calm retreat;
That simple music of the heart, we'll sing it o'er again,
And link our days together still with its enchanting chain.

Will not our life be happy, love? Oh yes, for we will seek
The spirit of the Spotless One—the beautiful, the meek—
All pure desires and high resolves, all lofty thoughts and true,
And that which duty bids be done, our ready hands shall do.

Will not our life be happy, love? Oh yes, for we will bow
Together at the throne of Him "from whom all blessings flow,"
And deep in his eternity—beyond the change of time—
And deep within our inmost soul, possess a peace sublime.

CANVASS TOWN.

I am the youngest son of a landed proprietor in Essex, and although I have done nothing in Australia of which I need really to be ashamed, the conventional habits and old-established feelings of the mother country are still strong enough in me to cause me to give a fictitious name with the following brief narrative. I will, therefore, call myself Westbrook. As I write I am in the midst of dilemma and distress, so what I have to say must necessarily be fragmentary.

I had a University education, and was *senior optime;* but before I had determined on my future course of life, it was settled for me by my falling desperately in love with the daughter of a baronet in our neighborhood. I married her. We ran away; and, as she was the youngest daughter, and I the youngest son, our parents found our conduct a good reason for cutting us both off with the smallest possible pittance. But we loved, and were happy, and spent nearly every guinea of our meagre inheritance in a prolonged wedding tour. After this I went to work in earnest; and, in the course of a few years, I got the position of managing clerk in a mercantile house in Liverpool, with a salary of three hundred and fifty pounds a year, and the promise of a rise of fifty pounds every year during the next five years; after which I should have been taken into the firm as a junior partner.

You will easily believe what I am about to say, simply because so many others have committed precisely the same kind of folly, and left a good reality for a chance; and, in a lottery sixteen thousand miles off. The gold-fever of Port Philip broke out in Liverpool, and I fell a victim to it. I resigned my post, with all its prospects—certainties, I may say,—and set sail for Australia Felix. What felicity!—but I need not anticipate, as I shall make a short cut to the consequences.

I invested one hundred pounds in a speculation in hams; one hundred pounds in boots and shoes; and two hundred pounds in agricultural and mining tools, in which I felt I could not be wrong. After paying all my debts with the passage-money, and outfit, &c., of myself, my wife, and our three children, as cabin passengers, I found myself in possession of three hundred and fifteen pounds, a sum in addition to my ventures, which I believed to be ample, far more than necessary for "a start" in the golden region of Australia.

I pass over the voyage. A thousand things should be said of the bad victualling, ventilation, and general management of the ship, but I must leave them to others. We arrived in Hobson's Bay, Port Philip, on a hot summer's day, in November, 1852.

Hearing from the pilot that lodgings were very difficult to be procured in the town, I

resolved to be first of all our passengers in the field; and accordingly took my wife and children ashore in the first boat that came alongside. The boatman charged most extortionately, and then the rascal put us all ashore at William's Town, which we naturally supposed to be Melbourne. On discovering our mistake, we had again to induce another boatman to consent to rob us by an exorbitant charge for putting us on board the steamboat for Melbourne.

After several arbitrary delays alongside vessels, we reached Melbourne, were landed on a wharf which was overwhelmed with a confusion of men and things and carts and horses, and began our wanderings over the town in search of lodgings. All were crowded, expensive, and the great majority filthy and offensive to the last degree. I could have got into one of the first-class boarding houses; but they would not receive a lady, nor children. We were nearly exhausted. Luckily we had brought none of our things ashore but two night-bags., or we must have thrown them away.

The sun now sank, and I began to grow uneasy, as I heard all sorts of accounts of the streets in Melbourne at night. But, while I was trying to console myself with the idea that we had at least a good hour's more day-light before us, the sky rapidly darkened, and in ten minutes more the evening became night. Being now in despair, we entered a lodging-house—then another, then another, and so on, offering at last to sleep anywhere if they would take us in. At last one of them consented. It was by no means one of the lowest lodging-houses, as I afterwards learnt, but it was bad enough for the worst; excepting only that our throats were not in danger of being cut. It was only short of that.

It was shocking. The bedroom we were shown into was filthy, very small, and with a very little window which had not been opened to admit fresh air for a week at least. The blankets were hideously dirty, displaying ostentatiously large dark blotches of grease, and net-works of dirty splashes, like foul mockeries of a map of the moon. There were two beds of this description; the room would not have held a third. In this place we had some tea, and bread and butter, with fried meat—such stuff! Just as we were about to take possession of our wretched beds, in walked a man, with his wife carrying a child, followed by the landlady, who announced them as the occupants of the other bed!

I began a vigorous remonstrance, but was instantly stopped by the reminder, that we had begged to be taken in, and had agreed to anything; and if we did not like it we might instantly depart. Our heads fell on our breasts in sick submission.

The night we passed defies description; partly because so much of it is unfit to relate. The man was drunk and offensive; the woman an unseemly slave, and insolent. The child cried all night. Besides this, sleep was impossible for the fleas, bugs, musquitoes, and a lively sort of beetle, continually running over our hands and necks, and trying to get down the back. In the morning every part of every one of us was covered with large red swellings, or small red punctures. Not one inch of us had been spared. Our faces, as we looked at each other, were painful to behold. As for me, I could scarcely lift my eylids, so swollen with bites upon bites. My wife once lovely, and far from bad looking even after all our harassing, was about the most unsightly woman I had ever seen; my eldest daughter, eight years of age, was a speckled blight; my second girl was a squinting ideal; our poor little boy, a moon calf. None of us knew our own hands. My wife's under lip was a tomato. I could have cried like a child, with a mixture of grief, rage, and self-reproach. She bore it admirably.

I paid four shillings each for our tea, four shillings each for our bed—floor inclusive—and four shillings each for our breakfast; at which there was plenty of fried beef-steak, but so tough that we could not eat a morsel. We hurried out of this respectable den (I admit that there were hundreds much worse,) and, meeting one of the passengers who came out with us in the same ship, he told us that he had pitched his tent on the South Yarra encampment among a great number of tents; and that he had slept very comfortably after the confinement of a cabin on so long a voyage. He said the encampment was called Canvass Town.

Not knowing where to leave my wife and children, I took them all on board again, to accomplish which occupied the whole morning, with vexatious delays, and no one able, or choosing to take the least trouble to give the least information—to say nothing of the renewed extortions. We packed up everything. I was anxious to get my goods out of the hold, so as to dispose of the "speculation." After several days the hams were got up on deck. Some of them had been spoiled by the heat of the tropics, and had to be thrown overboard; some had been damaged by the bilge water in the hold, or by the seas we had shipped in rounding the Cape; some had been gnawed in holes by the rats, and a good many had been stolen. The bale of boots and shoes next appeared, all grey and green with mouldiness, but recoverable I was told. Being unable to wait for the agricultural and mining tools, which had been stowed at the bottom of the hold, we left the ship in a boat for Liardet's Beach; having ascertained that there was a small encampment there, and that this was the readiest way to get to Canvass Town. We heard that drays were always waiting on the

beach, or close at hand, to take passengers' luggage wherever they wished.

We accordingly engaged a boat to take ourselves and our baggage. The boatman agreed to do it for three pounds, the distance being barely a mile and a half; but before we had been ten minutes in the boat, he and his mate discovered that we had so many more packages, than they had expected, that he demanded five pounds. I resisted, and tendered him the three pounds, which he took doggedly. They landed us on the beach, close to the sea, where they bundled out all our things. I inquired if the tide was coming in? The owner of the boat said he thought it was. They refused to remove my baggage any higher up. They said they done all they had agreed for. I saw no carts, nor drays, on the beach. There were several near the wooden boat-pier, but when I ran off to them I found they were all engaged. The boat had pushed off, and I had to call the men back, and offer to pay them for helping me to move our goods. They stipulated for for three pounds more to remove everything high up, quite out of reach of the tide. There was nothing for it, so I agreed, and it was done. I told them them they had made a good day's work out of me. The principal man said, "Nonsense—this is nothing! I shall soon be away from this. Why should I waste my time here, while there's a fortune a-staring me in the face, up at the Diggings? Good day's work be hanged!"

Here we remained looking in vain for a dray. Whenever one drove up in front of the public-house near the wooden pier, I ran off to it; but found it was engaged. The sun went down. It was dark soon afterwards and there we were, sitting forlorn upon our baggage with every prospect of passing the night there. Under pretence of a last look for a dray, I walked to some distance with my pistols; which I now loaded in case of our being attacked by maurauders.

While we were thus sitting, two men, and a young woman approached us carrying bundles. They were passengers by another ship, and had been put ashore like ourselves, and left to right themselves as they could. They had got a small tent, which they proposed to set up at once, in a rough style, and good-naturedly offered to allow us to creep under it. The tent was hung up between two trees, with our baggage in front; and, beyond this, the beach and the sea. We unpacked a part of our bedding—partook thankfully of some very dirty cold plum-pudding—and, being thoroughly fatigued, we all slept soundly till day-light. I had intended to lie awake all night, as a watch; but I dropped off, and never once awoke.

In the morning I confessed to my wife that I had not sent my money to the bank, as she had supposed, but that I had it all about me. We agreed that I should instantly set off to Melbourne, and lodge it in one of the banks. I started accordingly. Many new arrivals, draymen, sailors and horsemen were going the same way; so I had plenty of company, and the distance was only two miles. I passed Canvass Town on the way. There were no tents between this and the large bridge over the Yarra, leading direct into the town. I walked briskly forward. At this juncture three men came up to me; and with horrible imprecations, demanded my money. I was utterly confounded. The bridge was not two hundred yards off, with people passing over it! The next moment I was knocked down from behind—tumbled over a bank into the dust—and rolled in it, till neary suffocated. When I recovered myself, a sailor-boy and a new arrival were helping me to rise. I was bleeding from a wound in the back of my head. Every bank-note and every sovereign I had was gone. A dray on its way to the beach, took me back to the tent. My wife dressed my head, for no surgeon could be found. We heard in the afternoon that the police were galloping after the robbers; or rather galloping about to inquire which way they made off.

The people who owned the tent were obliged to strike it before the evening; and as my wife feared I could not safely be moved for a day or two, she bought a tarpaulin for six pairs of boots, and fastened it up between two trees. The weather, however, suddenly became so very cold, and the wind and dust were so distressing, that we agreed next day to go into a room in a cottage just finished, which one of the bricklayers proposed to us. We were to pay three of the best of the hams per week; and for two pair of shoes a man agreed to carry our baggage there. The distance turned out to be about eighty yards.

Our baggage being got in, it was discovered that the cottage had only one room. Other luggage was then brought in, belonging to the bricklayer and his wife, and deposited on the floor. Before night, more baggage came in, and with it a Higlander and his family! Three married people, and seven children were thus arranged to sleep in the same small room. My wife and I immediately insisted on our baggage being taken back to the trees; or, at any rate, placed outside; but a shower of rain now fell, which presently increased to a deluge, and we were compelled to submit to our fate. The Highlander and his wife never said a word in support of my objections, that I know of; for what they did say they spoke in Gaelic. The bricklayer smoked an hour before he went to sleep. He said these things were nothing when you were used to them, with other vulgar remarks.

My wife went out soon after sunrise; and, by seven o'clock, brought a man with a dray to the door, and had everything placed in it,

myself included, and we went straight to Canvass Town. She had agreed to purchase a tent already set up, from some people who were going to the Ovens. She had given her gold watch for it. It was not a bad tent. By these means I was got under shelter before the heat of the day began. The heat was terrible for some hours; after which the wind changed and the air became exceedingly cool, with more rain at night, which ran in a stream all round the trenches ontside the tent.

The quiet of a few days restored me surprisingly. The rapidity of events had almost made us forget our ruinous loss. As for the villains, they had safely eluded the police. It became all the more necessary that I should do something. I began to look about me. Of course, my first walk was round Canvass Town.

Canvass Town, as the name implies, is a town of tents; it is on the southern side of the Yarra, and about a quarter of a mile distant from Melbourne. At the time I write there are between six and seven hundred tents—perhaps more—and the population amounts to five or six thousand souls. The tents are arranged in rows more or less regular, and with a squalid pleasantry some of them have been called after well-known streets in England, Regent Street, Bond Street, Liverpool Street; while many of the tents have assumed ostentatious titles of distinction. We have the London Coffee Rooms, the European Dining Rooms, the Great Britain Stores, the Isle of Wight Tent, the Golden Lion Stores (such a lion!), the National Dining Rooms and Lodging Tent, Dover Cliff, Eldorado, the Coffee and Tea Cake Depot. There are tailors, butchers, bakers, shoemakers, ironmongers, blacksmiths, hardware and crockery-stalls, tinmen. Almost every tent exhibits slops, books, cabin furniture or utensils, with other articles of which the owners have no need here. Nearly every second tent also sells ginger-beer, or lemonade. There are two physicians' tents; who of course are at the same time surgeons, dentists, corn-cutters, and apothecaries. Young gentlemen of family and education drive water-carts about the "streets," and sell wood (felled, and brought from a mile or two off in the bush); and oh, ye classic groves, where the trees have fresh green leaves, of which there are no signs here in summer, how many university men does this strange collection of tents, with all their gipsy-life appurtenances, contain? There are several besides myself; and some ladies also, besides my wife. It took me some days to learn these particulars; but how many days would it take to ascertain the amount of disappointment, privation and misery which these frail walls conceal from view?

Within the canvas enclosures of a few feet are contained the perplexed energies, the blighted hopes and despondency of many a newly arrived family. Some have tried the Diggings and failed, their utter ruin following in most cases as a matter of course, unless they possess bodily strength and health, and are ready to do the humblest work. This they may generally obtain, and contrive to live. Even tenting upon a piece of waste land is not gratuitous. We had to pay half a crown to the government for the first week, and five shillings for every week afterwards. There is a tent on the grouud where a commissioner's clerk, sits all day, to grant permits and to receive rents.

I have hardly the heart to revert to my speculations, and still less to relate what my present position is, now that I have been nine weeks in Canvass Town. The hams that remained, and the boots and shoes—so many of each having been bartered in exchange for immediate necessaries—did not produce a fourth part of what I had rationally expected, and which regular dealers easily obtained. They were sold by auction, and I afterwards found some of the auctioneers had an understanding with certain dealers, and knocked down goods to them at a very early stage of the proceeding. On one occasion, the refusal to recognise a higher bidder was so palpable, that, if I had been a descendant of the Telamonian Ajax, I should have been tempted to assault Mr. Auctioneer severely. As for my agricultural and mining tools, they were all a sheer mistake; gold-digging tools being abundant in Melbourne; as indeed was all common ironmongery. With respect to agriculture, as there were no labourers to be had, implements were useless. I sold most of them at their value as old iron.

At length, we were reduced to selling our clothes and other articles, like the rest of the unfortunates around us. This was effected at first by my going to a strip of waste ground near the wharf, which was called Rag Fair. I was even obliged to consent, on one or two occasions, when I was uuwell from the exposure to the heat, to allow my wife to go there and to take her stand behind an open box, with the contents spread out on the ground in front and around it, waiting for purchasers. Strange and sad work for a baronet's daughter! Had any evil witch hinted at such a thing when I saw her dancing in her father's ball-room, or on that moonlight night when, like a sylph, she met me at the bottom of the lawn of her father's garden, and promised—I must not think of all this, or I shall go mad.

We were disposing of our things by these means to a good advantage, and I was just getting a glimmering idea of turning it into a trade to support us, when the benevolent and inexplicable hand of the local government was protruded in the form of sundry policemen, who drove us all away from Rag Fair, and informed us that what we were doing was

no longer allowed. It was alleged that Jews and other small shopkeepers from the town came there. A piece of ground had, however, been allotted instead by the government for this purpose, at a rent of one pound per week. Of this many of the "Jews and other small shopkeepers from the town" immediately availed themselves; but as for us poor people from Canvass Town, we were obliged to retire to our tents, and to exhibit our little stock as a traffic among each other.

I ought not to omit to state, that the government here intended to make some provision for the necessities of new arrivals, who had no place to lay their heads; and, accordingly, a range of wooden shed-like houses has been erected on the South Yarra for this humane and considerate purpose, but (out comes the needy hand again of our paternal authorities!) at a rent of two pounds five shillings for ten days—after which you and your family are turned out. The immigrants, however, declined, for the most part, this hospitable arrangement for turning a penny;" and, moving a few yards higher up, pitched tent after tent, till they rose to the humble dignity of Canvass Town. In vengeance, I suppose, for this successful evasion, the five shillings a week was laid on; and as many of the people had placed old boards and pieces of light plank and paling round the bottom, or at the sides of their tents to keep out the weather, an order came one day that they were all to pull down their wood-work, and use no more boards, the "permit" being only for tents. To this order we have paid no sort of attention, and do not intend to do so. If our poor abodes are to be destroyed, somebody must be sent to destroy them, as we certainly shall not do it ourselves; and, whether these five or six thousand people will passively stand by while it is done, remains to be seen.

I have delayed to the last to mention it, not being, in fact, quite determined whether I would do so; but what I have already told of ourselves here, renders it no such very great effort for me to say that I have been working on the roads. Fearing that we should come to want, I was most anxious to get some employment before reduced to absolute necessity, and I tried in vain to get some engagement as a classical tutor, or a teacher of any kind, in the towu. After this, I tried the merchants, and was very nearly getting engaged as a clerk; but somehow or other (chiefly because no one had time to listen), it never came to anything. As to seeing a Melbourne merchant for a minute's conversation, you may call three or four times a day for a week in succession, and never get more than a glimpse of him. At last, seeing nothing else, I engaged myself as a common labourer on the roads, the wages being ten shilliugs a day. This would have done very well; but unfortunately I had no training in this way. The pain I suffered in the back and shoulders was so extreme, and the exhaustion every night so great—not to speak of the dreadful effort it required to rise at five o'clock next morning and dress myself—that, after a week, I was compelled to give it up. I now sell lemonade and lemon-kali, at a little stand at the corner of Elizabeth Street, near the Post Office, with a few cakes in a basket, and a glass full of acidulated drops and bull's eyes for the rising generation. My wife gets work from one of the milliners in Collins' Street, East.

I always come home to dinner, and now and then we laugh over some little adventure I have met with in my illustrious vocation. When the wind and dust make cooking outside a tent next to impossible, I get a cup of coffee and a chop at the London Coffee Rooms; and on one occasion I went to the National Dining and Lodging Tent, where they profess to have a boiled, or baked joint every day at one o'clock, with potatoes and coffee, all for the small charge of eighteenpence. The dining department seemed to be managed by a dirty girl of sixteen, and a remarkably dirty little Irish boy, of about twelve, was a waiter. The tent was rather large, in comparison with the average, but it was uncommonly full of furniture; especially of beds and bedding. The whole surface was occupied with wooden stretchers, on which lay a confusion of odiously dirty and torn blankets and coverlets; some of a dull yellow, hammy colour; some mottled, and some of a shade approaching to pale black, while over all of them lay a fine bloom of dust. At one end of the tent was the dining-table, covered also with a blanket for a table-cloth; which, besides being a fellow one to those on the beds (and perhaps doing double duty) had the additional advantage of being bestrewn and besmutched with potato parings, islands of stale mustard, grease, gravy, grime, and grit of cooking ashes, broad plains and continents of coffee and tea, which had been spilled, and smears of wet brown sugar. Knives, forks, and spoons, some without handles, were all equally filthy. The plates, however, were rather clean, and the meat good, though impracticably tough. The dinner table was the same size as the stretchers; and, with its dirty blanket table-cloth, was perfectly in harmony with the beds that surrounded it so closely. None of the beds were made—all in the same confusion as when left in the morning by their respective occupants—and three persons were still lying in bed; one of them rather drunk, and soliloquising occasionally. Two more beds had been fitted up like berths, or bunks, in a cabin, which were exactly at the back of the dinner-table; so that those who sat on that side had their elbows always in the berths behind; and over these two had been built four more, which placed the uppermost ones so near the roof of the tent that the lodger's nose must inevitably touch it as he lay. How

the lodger got up there, I did not see: but I suppose he clambered from berth to berth till he attained the summit of his wishes. The brown sugar was very dark, sandy, stony, wet, and conglomerated, and the coffee was the colour of muddy water, after it had been stirred. I half shut-to my eyes, and made an excellent dinner. After a man has worked on the roads, he finds a good deal of his fine edge gone. As Hudibras says, on being knocked down,

> "I am not now in fortune's power;—
> He who is down can fall no lower."

This tent life at Canvass Town is certainly a very strange one. If it were really pastoral—not even to hint at Arcadia—or simply a life in the green fields, there is something in human nature, however highly civilised, that has continually made people of the highest education and refinement feel a longing fancy to get rid of stringent conventionalities, and to return for a time to a primitive state of existence. Kings and their courts have often indulged in this, and all our pic-nics are small indications of the same tendency. But this will never do in a tent or grotto in Australia. It is the last sort of thing—particularly for ladies. Besides the want of grass and green leaves—except in the winter and rainy spring seasons—and the conseqnent want of shade, even among the trees, there is the Plague of Dust; and old Egypt had few that were worse. The climax of this plague is of course when the hot wind sets in; but the ordinary wind, with its long dust-storms, is quite enough to destroy everything we associate with the pastoral and romantic. At Canvass Town it is felt as quite a curse. There is no excluding it. You can keep out rain, even the heaviest, but dust finds its way through the smallest crevices, covers everything, is always between your teeth, and insinuates itself under every part of your dress. My wife has to wash the children from head to foot in strong soapsuds (we have to do the same with ourselves) every night, and if we were all to do so twice a day besides, it would be no more than we all need. Yet, the children do not play about very much: as we send them to an infant school recently started in one of the tents by a barrister of superior attainments. We buy our fire-wood of the young gentleman who deals in that article and brings it from the bush, as he has a horse and dray for that purpose; but our supply of water I get myself from the Yarra, in two water-cans every morning before breakfast, and the last thing at night, by which we save fourpence a day.

The general appearance of this unique Town if not very easy to describe. It has too many tents to be at all like a gipsy encampment, and the utter want of all uniformity in the tents renders it quite as unlike an Arab settlement, or military encampment. The nearest thing of all to it is that of a prodigiously extensive fair; all tents and small booths, but without shows, music, games, visitors, or anything pleasant. It has no gilt, and very little gingerbread. Luxury, of the most cheap and childish kind, has no place here: even comfort, partly for want of money, but more on account of dust, is impossible. Finally, there is a mixture of the highly educated with the totally uneducated, the refined with the semi-brutal (many a convict with his bull-dog being among us), all dressing as roughly, and faring precisely alike.

Close to every tent is a round or oval hole for the fire, to be protected from the wind; with the addition of an old saucepan lid, or a sheet of tin from the lining of a case of goods. Over the hole a piece of bent or curled up iron hoop is placed to sustain the pot, pan, or kettle. The front of each tent presents a conglomerate specimen of all its owners worldly possessions. The whole surface of the encampment is strewn with the rubbish and refuse of those who are gone; some immigrants only staying a week. Cast-away coats, trowsers, shoes, boots, bonnets, hats, bottles—whole or broken, but mostly broken—by hundreds; broken articles of furniture, cooking utensils, all grimed with dust, if not battered or half buried in the ground. A Jew assured me the other day, that if he could but have found such a treasure in England, he could with ease have made a thousand a-year.

There are several sects of religion here; and, on Sunday, the air is filled with the voices of the praying and singing of these different persuasions, all going on at the same time at different parts of the ground, and all in some degree audible to an impartial listener in his own tent. There are new tents of water-proof canvass, "best twice-boiled navy brown," number one canvass, number two, three, four, down to brown holland, and bleached or unbleached calico. There are blue tents, bed-tick tents, and water-covered waggons. There are squares, and rounds, and triangles, and wedges- and pyramids; frameworks of rough branches, and tents like tall sugar-loaves or extinguishers, and others of the squab mole-hill form, and many of no definite form; being in some instances double and treble (one tent opening inside into another; and, in other instances, having been blown all away by the winds; or set up badly, or with rotten cordage. Here and there you see patch-work tents, made up of all sorts of odds and ends of bedding, clothing, blankets, sheets, aprons, petticoats, and counterpanes; or old sails, and pieces of tarpauling, matting, packing stuff, and old bits of board with the tin lining of a case of goods; old bits of linen of all colours filling up the intervals. Sometimes, also, you come upon a very melancholy one which makes you pause—a so-called tent, of six feet long, rising from a slant to three feet high in the middle, so small and low, indeed, that the

wretched occupant (with, perhaps, a wife) must crawl in beneath it like a dog, and lie there till he crawls out again. It is like a squalid *tumulus.* Such as these are made of any old bits of clothing or covering stuck up by sticks cut in the bush. There are but few so wretched as this.

The appearence of this place by night, when nearly every tent shines, more or less, with its candle, lamp, or lantern, is very peculiar, and on the whole sombre and melancholy, the light through the canvass being subdued to a funereal gleam. Singing is heard at rare intervals, with sounds of music from various quarters; but it is generally all over by nine o'clock; and, by half-past, lights out, and the encampment is silent. Tents are continually left without any protection, such a thing as a robbery of a tent being unknown. This is surprising, considering the mixture here, and how close we are to Melbourne, where there are plenty of thieves. I suppose the latter are too high-minded for us poor people.

Deaths and funerals are more than usually melancholy sights in Canvass Town. The dead are often utterly friendless. One day a tent where a man and his wife and child resided, was closed for two or three days, the tent being laced up, and they never appearing. On looking in, all three were seen lying dead among some dry rushes—of want, slow fever, broken hearts—nobody knew anything about them. It is quite as gloomy when there are one or two relations or friends. The nearest relations carry the body; the rest, if any, follow. Sometimes you see the husband and wife carrying the little body of a child enfolded in something—with, I believe, only canvass underneath, for coffin and shroud. Once I saw a husband, alone, slowly carrying the dead body of his wife, with a little child following—the one mourner.

Great efforts were made in this colony some short time since, to induce people to come to Australia—the Home Government still sending out ship-loads. Now, we have come too numerously on a sudden. We did not come to oblige the colonists; but to reach the gold fields, and therefore we should not expect any marked hospitality. Still we ought not to be made to feel that we have landed on the most inhospitable shore on the face of the civilised globe. Yet such is Melbourne, colonised by people speaking our own language, and professing our own religion—in fact, our own countrymen; and many hundreds, nay thousands, will say the same besides the unfortunate denizens of Canvass Town.

The stupid great man, like a clown, only gets up to tumble down.

Preferring the study of men to books is choosing milk in preference to cream.

Christianity is the good man's text; his life the sermon preached from it.

CAT'S MOUNT.

Not every May morning of 1853 breathed forth such a balmy atmosphere as that on which I started on a pilgrimage to the Mont des Cats, or Mont des Chats, as it is sometimes erroneously called. The Catti, or Cats, were a people of ancient Germany, some of whose blood may be supposed still to flow in the veins of the Kittons of England and the Catons of Sutherland; and it owes its somewhat ambiguous name not to having been, at any epoch, the headquarters of a herd of cats, but to the circumstance of being the nest of a warlike clan of human beings. The Mount itself, though Flemish to the backbone, stands just within the limits of France. From that direction I had to approach it. Sweeping down the coasts of Cassel, a few miles south of St. Omer, you skirt the side of a wooded hill. Your road continues to be an unyielding pavement, and the necessity of the arrangement is plain. On the vast alluvial tracts which follow, you have soil and subsoil without a pebble. The squared stone, therefore, which is brought from a distance, is much too valuable to be broken up and macadamised, but is laid down in the shape of a permanently paved road. Once on the plain, the scene becomes, monotonously rich — teeming with abundance, but otherwise offering little to strike either the eye or the imagination. At every step, the country and the people are less and less French. Flemish inscriptions over the door announce the existence of very *goode dranken.* Little roadside chapels of brick face you at the most obvious corners; whilst others of wood, not bigger than bird-cages, and containing only a Virgin and Child, are fastened to the wayside trees. Every person you meet on the road salutes you; and you are thought a pig if you do not return the greeting. To be the first to salute is inculcated in some of the popular catechisms as a religious duty, under the form of an act of humility. Donkeys covered with warm sheepskin saddles trot backwards and forwards, ridden by men and women, who indifferently and universally are mounted sidewise. The national sports of Flanders are represented by an enormously high mast or pole, surmounted at the top with iron branches, on the tips of which little wooden birds are fixed; to be shot at and bagged at holiday times. The national drink is indicated by hopgrounds filled with poles of extraordinary altitude; and, if you only look at the staple of the soil that is laid bare on the sides of the ditches, you will see that it has within it the elements wherewith to make the "bine" mount to the top. The national taste in domestic pets is already but too frequently revealed by blinded chaffinches chaunting their blinded but brief melody, in spite of the narrowness of the wretched prison in which they exist, and sing with their

eyes put out. At the door of the next public house which we pass, there lies a savage dog, fastened with a leash; and by his side a formidable-looking carbine leans against the wall. Both the brute and the gun are weapons of offence which belong to the *douanier*, or frontier customs-guard, who is refreshing himself with a pint of beer to sharpen his scent after tramping smugglers. A few furlongs further we meet a man with a haggard face, an uncertain eye, and a shabby blouse, which, in respect to the thinness of his figure, would seem to denote an unusual development of chest. Or is it tobacco which pads his bosom, and which he yesterday picked up in Belgium? Beware, my friend—for so I will call you, though I should not care to meet you alone here in the dark. 'Tis not I who will whistle a signal of your approach; but mind how you step for the next half hour. Because, if the carbine do not check your speed, the dog, let slip, most certainly will. More hop grounds and meadows, and we are at Steenewoorde.

From Steenewoorde to the Mont des Cats let no one venture in a carriage. The distance, about three miles English, must be performed either on horseback, donkeyback, or foot; for the road over the pebble-less alluvial soil is nothing but a stream of slime, which might issue from the nastiest of mud volcanoes. After a few days' soaking wet, the passage would be impracticable, were it not for a sort of footpath at the side, formed by a series of rough-squared stepping-stones, that are let into the earth about the same distance they would be, to help a passenger across a brook. Although by no means easy walking, the stepping-stone path still carries you onwards, now and then joined by like thoroughfares branching off to the right and the left. More hop-grounds, flax-fields, and meadows teeming with cheese and cream; then rows of handsome elms and copses from which the nightingales are singing so loudly and so multitudinously, as to pour a sort of intoxication over the senses. They suggest, by their tones, an irresistible craving to stretch out one's arms after some unknown good. At last we reach the picturesque and ill-reputed village of Godewarerswelde. There is no fear now, as during the first revolution, of encountering troops of well-armed brigands, who, after murdering soldiers and customs men, have put on their uniform, and protect the dwellers on each side of the frontier, exactly as the wolf protects the sheep; still, on the borderland, caution is advisable, and it is pleasanter to walk with a trusty guide or companion, or even to join a *douanier* on his cruise after errant and flitting scamps, than to wander along in single blessedness. Your passport, or other satisfactory documents in your pocket, may happen to be serviceable, should any doubt by chance arise touching your own presentibility.

The foot of the Mount is soon attained, and an easy climb suffices to reach the top. What a glorious prospect! Lovelier even than that from Cassel itself; one of those scenes to which you return delighted, after Alps and Appenines have tired you to death. But view-hunting is not our main purpose to-day. Something more serious stands full in view. In spite of the cheerful noontide and the luxuriant landscape—perhaps in consequence of them—half a word now spoken *à-propos* would fill my foolish eyes with tears. At the northern extremity of the Mount des Cats stands the plain but extensive building of brick' simply roofed with tiles and slate, to which my slow but decided steps are directed, even were there danger to be feared from those walls. To visit *that* in an idle mood, would betray an utter want of thought and feeling.

For, think what a convent of Trappists is! A home sheltering eight-and-forty men as completely dead to worldly things, as they can be without actual suicide. Their profession there is a suicide of the heart, which in some cases may perhaps have prevented a suicide of the body. Many people, on hearing a narrative of fact, will ask, "how can such things be?" There, in that corner, is the entrance door, with the little barred wicket in the centre. Overhead is legibly inscribed the motto, *Ecce elongavi fugiens, et mansi in solitudine;* "Behold, I have fled far away, and have remained in solitude." By the side of the door hangs a slight bell-chain, whose handle is an iron cross. I have carelessly taken the cross in my gloved left hand. It is not thus, but with both hands, and firmly, that a sincere noviciate must be entered upon.

The wicket opens, and a monk's face appears. On stating that I wish to visit the convent, the door itself turns on its hinges. In reply to my bow of salutation, the cowl is thrown back from the close-cropped head; and a feeble, half-dead, smothered voice which issues from the lips of the porter monk informs me that, if I will return in an hour, my request shall be granted, with the permission of the superior.

On the summit of the Mont des Cats an hour on a fine morning is easily whiled away. One of my passing fancies is to guess what sort of impression the unremitting bursts of nightingale's song must make upon the listening monks. Or do they not listen? Do they stop, perforce, their ears to these spring-tide accents of joy and love? Probably. They have swallowed their bitter draught, refusing to taste all else that is offered to them. They have set off on a path, whose only termination is death. All by the wayside to them is nothing.

And yet, but for this unusual and oppressive presence, there lies within the range of vision enough to delight the eye and interest the heart. Lovely Belgium, rich Hainault,

with mill-crowned heights and inexhaustibly fertile plains! There is enough even to cloy the sight, were it possible for such things to weary us. And, as for towns to dot the landscape, there lies Poperingues, the metropolis of hops; there Ypres and Courtrai, and Menin, and Cassel, once a promontory; but mere names are an unknown language (in spite of the authority of epic poets) to those who cannot form to themselves in some way the image of the reality.

The hour's delay is at hand. This time the cross is boldly clutched with the right hand. Four beggars, women and boys, are standing at the door! which is soon opened, after an inspection at the wicket. To two of the beggars the porter gives morsels of food; probably cheese, slightly wrapped in paper. Their smallness suggests that they must be remnants of personal self-denial, rather than doles from the convent itself. The pittance is so thankfully received, that, having four sous in my pocket, I extract them and distribute to each beggar one. The last woman kisses the palm of her hand before receiving hers, and utters the Flemish word for thanks. I am admitted into a little low porch, in which stands a green garden-seat. The door is locked on the world outside, and I am shown into a small waiting parlor furnished with four chairs, a table, a glass-case of rosaries, crosses, and medals, apparently for sale, and a lithograph or two of holy men departed. Three priestly hats and three walking canes hint that the superior is receiving a visit. I am left alone for a few minutes, when the porter returns with the announcement that my request is granted. If I require refreshment before returning, that shall be prepared while I am looking over the establishment.

We begin to enter the heart of the building by passing through two doors that are opened with a key hanging from a strap attached to the monk's leathern girdle. My guide is one of the five or six who, out of all those eight-and-forty men, are allowed the sweet solace of speech, and that only so far as the duties of his office demand. Of the other Trappists who may talk, the Superior has unlimited discretion: the agent, who buys and sells, and transacts business, has also considerable liberty. The supposition is not correct that the body conventual of Trappists are forbidden by their vows even to utter a syllable. They may all address the Superior on proper occasion. When at work they may say a needful word to the servant or the farmer, or even whisper into the ear of a brother; but all conversation amongst themselves, or anything approaching to it, is equally contrary to the spirit, and the rule of the order. The porter, turning towards me as we entered the passage, said—in a voice which had hardly a tone, "that if I had anything further to mention, I had better do so now, as within the house silence must be observed. Afterwards, in the courts and in the garden, we could again resume our chat."

While proceeding a door opened into the passage, and a monk with a wooden leg coming out, bowed to me without turning in my direction, but with a smile and a half glance of his eye; and immediately went on his way. On entering a room at the end of the passage (which had to be unlocked,) the occupant bowed with the same half side-glance, and continued his occupation of folding linen vestments exactly as if no one were present. I left. He responded to my parting bow without looking or even turning aside, and the door was fastened again upon him. He had himself unlocked it again for a moment; and therefore, though locked in, he was not confined there. The next apartment was what, in any other establishment, would be styled a drawing-room. A bench ran round it against the wall, and along its whole course there were shelves containing a few volumes, which were, without any doubt, books of devotion. At the upper end were raised seats for the Abbot and the Prior. Of cushion, carpet, or other means of ease, not the slightest shadow was perceptible. The dining-room, or refectory, was arranged with equal simplicity. At the upper end the same dignitaries were located upon a slightly elevated dais; while, around, plain wooden tables, uncovered by a cloth stood before seats like those in the drawing-room. The place of each monk was marked by a mug, a pot, and a water-jug, fashioned of coarse glazed earthenware; and, upon the napkin containing a wooden spoon and fork with a clasp-knife, lay a wooden label bearing the conventual name of the owner.

Every Trappist, on taking his vows, ceases to be known by his worldly style and title. He becomes Father or Brother Aloysius, Hilarion, or Benedictus, according as he chooses his patron saint; dropping for ever afterwards the names given to him by his father and mother. A register of noviciates and professions is kept, so that all trace of a man is not entirely lost; but, without making a reference to it, there is no means of guessing who any individual monk may be.

In summer, the Trappists eat two meals a day, in consequence of doing extra work. In winter, they have but one meal and a half. Meat is forbidden, except in case of illness; fish, eggs, butter, and poultry are utterly interdicted viands. Their diet consists of bread, cheese, vegetables, and fruits, which they cultivate in their own garden. Cherries, pears, strawberries, and currants are produced in abundance. Their drink is water, and a pint of good light beer at each meal, or two pints a day. None of the Trappists whom I saw appeared the worse or the weaker for this abstemious regimen. During meals, one of the

community reads aloud some edifying book from a pulpit in the dining-room.

The dormitory is up stairs. It is a large airy apartment, fitted up with a series of wooden cabins in the centre, leaving a passage all round. Over each cabin is ticketed the adopted name of the occupant, and the entrance to each is veiled by a screen of canvas, which is drawn aside in the day-time for ventilation's sake. Each bed-place contains simply a mattress, a blanket, and a coverlid; sheets are not thought necessary. The monks retire to rest without undressing, and sleep exactly as they are attired in the day, in order, I was told, to be able to rise more quickly at the proper hour of waking. They go to bed at eight o'clock, and get up ordinarily at two in the morning; on Sundays at one, and on *fete* days at midnight; to perform the prescribed religious exercises. To make up for this scanty allowance of slumber, they are allowed, during summer and while working hard, an hour's repose in the middle of the day. A large bell and a powerful rattle hanging close to the dormity are evidently used to give the signal when the moment for rising arrives. Their dress consists of a coarse brown cassock, with a pointed hood, an under-garment, breeches, cloth stockings, and strong shoes. In these habiliments they are buried after death, without being laid in any coffin; that posthumous luxury being considered an unnecessary vanity; the hood is merely drawn over the face, and the earth is then shovelled in over the body. Whatever may have been the discipline of other convents in former times, it is not true here and now that every day each Trappist monk digs a portion of his own grave. The cemetery is in the garden, and has ample room for fifty graves at the foot of an artificial mound, or Cavalry, on the top of which rises a lofty crucifix bearing a wooden image of the suffering Jesus. The inscription at the head of each grave is painted on a wooden tablet fixed to a wooden cross, the effect for instance that Brother Gregorius, converted (not born) on such a day, died on such a day; and that is all.

The garden is beautifully cultivated and a model of neatness. It is surrounded with a mixed hedge of holly and hawthorn, which seems intended to serve more as a screen against boisterons winds, than for any purpose of concealment. The monks make no secret of their pursuits and labours; but each goes on with his allotted task, quite unconscious of observation; like Robinson Crusoe at work upon his island. There is a bee-house in the garden, tolerably well stocked with hives; a little honey now and then being among the permitted luxuries.

The rule of silence within the house, and also, I confess, a certain oppressive feeling, prevented anything like a flow of talk; but in the course of our rounds I learnt that there are no Englishmen, Italians, or Germans in the convent. The majority of the inmates are Flemish; the others, French. There seemed to be no remembrance of the rumoured retreat hither of Ambrogetti, the opera singer, and no disposition to conceal the fact, if it had really occurred. As there are ten or a dozen other Trappist convents in France, the famous personator of Don Giovanni may have betaken himself to one of those. There are monks here who can neither read nor write; but very few—not more than two or three; and, as the number the establishment will accomodate is now nearly complete, the Superior is unusually particular about the novices whom he admits. Desertion, after the profession is fully made, has occurred, but very rarely indeed. There is no law or force to compel a man to stay against his wishes. Nothing but his conscience binds him there And, as a year of probation (sometimes two) elapses before he takes the vows, a candidate has sufficient time to know his own mind. When this was stated, I thought the delay sufficient: but, upon consideration, it clearly is not. A twelvemonth is not long enough for a man of strong feelings to recover from the impulses of disappointed love, thwarted ambition, wounded pride, excessive remorse, or temporary religious melancholy, which may perhaps have had its roots in bodily and transient causes. A deliverance from the sway of the impelling motive followed by a return to an ordinary state of mind, and the subsequent regret, when all was over, at having taken such a dreary and irrevocable step, must be terrible torture to those who suffer it. Escape would not be easy for an individual clad in so remarkable a dress, without money to aid his flight, and surrounded by a population to whose strong religious feelings such an act of apostacy would be particularly repulsive. It would be hard also to learn exactly what measures of restraint the Superior might think fit to exercise towards any member of the society who might be justly suspected of meditating evasion. But the face of not one Trappist whom I saw bore the slightest mark of discontent. Several were strong, young, good-looking men; and I could not help contemplating with awe the fearful nature of the thirty or forty years which they still might have before them to live.

Farm buildings are attached to the monastery of the Mont des Cats. There are stables, cowhouses, granaries; all which the monks manage themselves. No women are ever admitted; they milk their own cows and make their own butter, consuming the permitted portion of the produce, and selling the remainder, when it does not happen to be required for the entertainment of strangers. There is a blacksmith's forge, a brewery where they brew their own beer, and a carpenter's

shop in which all sorts of useful things are made. A courtyard is well stocked with cocks and hens, although their produce is forbidden food. I was surprised to see a pair of peafowl strutting before the eyes of the silent ascetics. It was almost with worldly glee and complacency that my Trappist guide told me to remark what a magnificent show the most beautiful of birds was making with his erected tail.

On application made and permission granted, strangers (females of course excepted) are not only allowed to enter the convent, but are boarded and lodged there for several days, much in the style of Mont St. Bernard, if they choose to remain and conform to stated rules. Their diet is not restricted to that of the monks. An artist might find it worth his while to linger on the Mont des Cats for a week or so. No charge is made for the entertainment; but, on departing, every one leaves what he thinks a just payment according to his means, for the time he has stayed there and the articles which he and his have consumed; for he may bring horses if he choose.

After seeing the things to which I was taken, without requesting to be introduced to more, I was finally conducted to the strangers' eating-room, a small apartment very like the parlour. A wholesome repast was soon before me, consisting of a *soupe maigre* of sorrel and bread (it was Friday,) cheese, an excellent omelette, haricots stewed in milk, good brown bread, butter, and a large decanter of beer; the same which serves the monks for their beverage, and which does no little credit to their brewer. The monk who waited upon me was one of the few permitted to speak. He was a young man not more than thirty, with a pleasant open countenance; though disfigured by the small pox and discoloured teeth. He blushed as he uttered his salutation of "Monsieur!" but in an instant we were perfectly at ease. He had fully taken the vows of his order; but his manner was cheerful, and no sign of unhappiness was apparent. Among other things, on my mentioning the struggles people have to go through with in the world, and the benefit which they often may and do derive from them; he replied that they too in the convent had to struggle in their way, and that the grace of God was all-sufficient.

There are two points in respect to which I had been prejudiced against the Trappists. I had been told, in the first place, that they reeked with dirt; yet, that everything at the Mont des Cats was clean, except the Trappists themselves. It might have been remembered that personal uncleanliness would only be a consistent habit in those who devote themselves to a life of mortification. Visitors have no right to complain, seeing that their presence is not invited, but simply tolerated. But, of the Trappists whom I saw myself, I should say that they were neither clean nor dirty. Many common soldiers and workmen, if inspected, would probably suffer by comparison with them. I dare say they do not often wash, but that does not prevent them from wiping now and then; like the charming actress who, to preserve the delicate symmetry of her feet, would never allow water to touch them, but only had them scraped a little now and then. Their inner garment is changed once a fortnight, and none of their stockings had a dirty look.

Secondly, I had heard that the great majority of the Trappists bore on their countenance the mark of stupidity; that there were not more than three or four of the number who could be taken to be clever men. But here I must think that outside show had been misinterpreted. The monks have the air of men possessed with a fixed idea. But a fixed idea is no proof of stupidity. Some of the important events in the world's history have been brought about by men with fixed ideas; although not, it must be owned, by ideas fixed unchangeably within the four walls of a monastery. The demeanour of the Trappists is that of persons who wish to avoid all communication—that is their rule, their insanity. The silent members never look you in the face. They rather turn their head aside. They treat any intruding visitor just as if he did not exist. While I was in the dormitory, a young monk chanced to pass through it. His face and gait could not have been more impassive had the apartment been perfectly empty. In the court, two monks were sawing a tree. The lower one had his back turned towards me; but the top-sawyer —a fine strong man who stood full erect before my view—regarded me no more than a withered leaf which the wind might drift beneath his feet in the deepest glade of a lonely forest. Another, measuring a piece of timber, was equally absorbed in his own proper business. The same also in the blacksmith's shop. The monk there (who was aided by a boy from the village) continued his work with exactly the same air as if no stranger had entered the door. Coldness and abstraction assumed in obedience to a supposed duty, have been mistaken for weakness of intellect. Upon occasion, this cutting mode of behaviour is pushed to an incredible extreme. A monk now living on the Mont des Cats was once working in a wood close by: his father had watched for him, and came to the spot to look once more upon the son who was lost to his affections. But his salutation was left unnoticed. The monk, gazing upon empty air, continued his occupation, and remained obstinately unconscious of the presence of his parent. After another vain attempt, the father gave it up and departed weeping bitterly. The father is now dead, But if, as is possible, the son had been driven

to take the vows in consequence of any harsh over-exertion of paternal authority, how severe must have been the final punishment!

The Trappists derive their name from the Abbey of La Trappe, which is situated four leagues from Mortagne, in Perche, on the southern borders of Normandy. It was founded by one of the Counts of Perche in the year one thousand one hundred and forty, during the pontificate of Innocent the Second and the reign of Louis the Seventh. La Trappe was at first celebrated for the holiness of its early devotees, but they fell away sadly from their strict profession. The abbey was several times plundered by the English during the terrible wars of the time. The monks had the courage to remain for a while; but the continuance of the peril compelled them to leave. On the conclusion of peace they returned to their monastery, but with the relaxed ideas which they had acquired in the world. In one thousand six hundred and sixty-two the Abbé de Rancé, converted—after the sudden death of Madame de Montbazon, of whom he was the favored lover—introduced the most austere reforms into the monastery of La Trappe. The lives of De Rancé written by his partizans and by gross flatterers of Louis the Fourteenth are such unsatisfactory reading, that no dependance can be placed upon them. He died in one thousand seven hundred, at the age of seventy-four; after having abdicated his charge, and wishing to resume it. His whole career is full of inconsistencies. He translated Anacreon, and then became the instrument of enforcing the most austere discipline.

And who are the men who voluntarily join the Trappists of the Mont des Cats and elsewhere? "Hither retreat," say the Encyclopedie, "those who have committed secret crimes, remorse for which torments their hearts; those who are troubled with melancholy and religious vapours; those who have forgotten that God is the most merciful of fathers, and who only behold in him the most cruel of tyrants; those who reduce to nothing the sufferings, the death, and the passion of Jesus Christ; and who only regard religion in its most fearful and terrible point of view." A friend stated to me that many here are devout-minded Flamands, who have been crossed in love, or thwarted in something which they think necessary to their happiness, and who then, in the bitterness of their wounded feelings, cast themselves into the convent for life. Others, who feel within themselves something discordant with, and anomalistic to, the every-day world. The problem is not very easy to solve, and no one solution will apply to all cases. So we will refrain from discussing the difficult question propounded by the youth:

"What is life, and which the way?"

"To be, or not to be, a Trappist?" was of course one of the grave interrogatories:

"To which the hoary sage replied,
'Come, my lad, and drink some beer.'"

BEAUTY AND ITS WEAPONS.

Chief among the absurdities uttered about woman, is that charging her with a peculiar and inordinate love of dress. We have as many coxcombs as we have coquettes. The latter may be charming; the former are always absurd. There is no incongruity in costume, no frivolity in fashion, no vulgar gaudiness of tinsel, no glaring extravagance of figure, no finicking measures of detail, which perpetrated by woman, have not found more than a counterpart in the habiliments of men. Even if it were true that woman has a greater love of dress than man, there is one defence for her. Old Anacreon says,—"Nature has given to woman the empire of beauty:" is it not quite natural that she should seek for weapons to preserve her empire? Happy is it when she employs them with taste and discretion.

None but the envious despise the gifts of loveliness. As there are different styles of beauty, so different styles of dress will be more or less becoming; and as a necessary sequence, a woman's natural and very legitimate desire to appear to the best advantage will lead her to seek such an attire as will enhance her natural charms. We would not believe any woman who proclaimed an indifference to her personal appearance. We should either consider her very affected or very selfish. Love of approbation, when not in excess, is a desirable organ, and the absence of Gall and Spurzheim's. "No. XI." is about the least desirable deficiency in the phrenological development of the fair sex. There is no man, moreover, who will uniformly deny to woman the right to invest herself with all becoming and suitable adornments. Whatever philosophers may cynically say or write in their studios against the vanity of woman's apparel, they recant at once when they come into her presence. There is much to be said on the score of consistency, as to time, place, and station; but the term of a "well-dressed woman" comprehends these details of propriety; for no woman is "well-dressed" who commits herself to incongruities. Indeed, the dress of the fair sex is a pretty good index of the mind, and every grotesque indulgence meets with its adequate reward, from their own sisterhood if not from men. There may be exceptions to the rule of judging by the outer garments. "There are such things as female pirates, who hang out false lights to entrap unwary mariners," says an animated writer; "it is only to be hoped that sooner or later they may catch a Tartar on their coasts: for of all the various denominations of swindlers

who practise on the goodness or the weakness of mankind, that woman is the basest who is a dresser during courtship and a dowdy after marriage."

We do not intend even to suggest how long a time a lady may occupy in the mysteries of the toilet, but there are a great many unmannerly men who, because they can put themselves into their uncouth garb in a few minutes, fancy that women can do the same: as if it took no more time to prepare a divinity than a scarecrow. Just let them look back a few centuries to the time occupied by a Roman lady, and they will henceforth wait most patiently in the drawing-room while Araminta Maria dons her most becoming robes.

Mistress Agrippina would rise at ten or eleven o'clock, and repair at once to the bath. Having indulged for some time in that luxury, she would be carefully rubbed with pumice-stone. Then was she delivered over to the mysterious manipulations of the *cosmetes*, slaves who possessed certain scents for preserving the skin and complexion—the Rowlands of those times. Before leaving this temple of Hygeia, a kind of cataplasm, invented by the empress Poppœa, was applied to her face to preserve it from the air. This mask was worn day and night, and only removed on the reception of visitors, or when she went into the streets. Now commenced the toilet. The cataplasm having been removed, a slave sponged her face with asses' milk. Then another slave produced a potent ointment of the ashes of snails and large ants, burnt and bruised, mixed with onions, honey in which the bees had been smothered, and the fat of a pullet: this compound was to impart a freshness to the skin. A third slave appeared with the fat of a swan, wherewith to remove any wrinkles which might have ventured to appear. The next operation was to efface any red spots: this was done with a piece of woollen cloth steeped in oil of roses, while war was waged with the freckles with a little ball made of the scrapings of a sheepskin, mixed with honey of Corsica and powder of frankincense. The depilatory business followed, and with a pair of pincers a slave was for some time occupied in mercilessly removing every superfluous hair from the face of her mistress. By the slave of the dental department, the teeth were rubbed with powdered pumice-stone or marble-dust, and if any were lost they were replaced, and fastened with gold. The lips now demanded attention, and to prevent any roughness on these tender corals they were rubbed with the inside of a sheepskin covered with gall-nut ointment, or which was more esteemed, with the "ashes of a burnt mouse mixed with fennel-root." Another class of slaves now arrived to color the eyelashes, eyebrows, and hair, according to the age and taste of the lady. In great families this office was committed to the care of Grecian women, and when these could not be procured, they employed the natives of other countries, to whom they gave Grecian names.

The operations of the toilet ended, a slave spread a pomade on the lips of her mistress, to heighten their bloom and freshness, the completed charm being made apparent by the arrival of a slave with a round mirror, which, in the absence of glass, was formed of a composition of several metals, set round with precious stones, and held by a handle of mother o' pearl.

Thou grumbling husband! rejoice that thou livedst not in these days, and that the toilet of Araminta Maria is reduced to the greatest simplicity, and conducted in the least possible time.

In the description of a Roman lady's toilet, we find mention of a mirror formed of polished metals. Specimens of these in bronze are still preserved, but some were probably formed of polished gold, as, according to Pliny, those of silver were so common as to be used only at the toilets of slaves. Of whatever they were formed, however, their size was frequently equal to our cheval-glasses; and it is mentioned by Seneca, that their cost was so great as to exceed the sum given by the Roman senate as a dowry to the daughter of Scipio. It was not until the time of the Crusades that a radical change in the mirror took place. The Saracens within the walls of Sidon effected the first improvement by tinning the back of the glass as we now silver it. The Crusaders on returning from the Holy Land brought these new mirrors to Europe, when Venice took possession of the precious discovery, and for several centuries it was one of the sources of her wealth. In 1673, several Venetian artists arrived in England, and made their abode in Lambeth. France became jealous of being left out of this branch of commerce, and in 1690 a company was formed there whose achievements soon rivalled those of Venice; and now, while the most dainty lady of the court may view herself from head to foot in her splendid "Pysche," and the poor village girl will purchase from the travelling pedlar the little glass which will show but one half of her features at a time, the simple children of nature buy with avidity the mirrors of civilized life, and these accessories of beauty become an easy means of exchange and a pledge of union even with the savage tribes.

Jewels are another weapon for which beauty is famous. So prodigiously were jewels in favor with the Roman ladies, that the elder Pliny says he saw Lollia Paulina wearing ornaments valued at £322,916 sterling. It has been said, Agnes Sorel was the first woman in France who wore a diamond necklace. The diamonds were so rough and badly set as to

cause much inconvenience to the neck of the fair Agnes, who used to call the necklace her "iron collar."

Catherine de Medici and Diana of Poitiers introduced the use of pearls, and for some time displaced the diamond rage; but Marie Stuart having brought some superb diamonds into France, the ladies soon reassumed them. At the coronation of Mary de Medici, while diamonds were worn freely on the robes, they were interspersed with pearls. It was the custom of that time to entwine strings of pearls in the hair, which fell in knots over the shoulders. Soon afterwards, ornaments of steel, glass, and beads, became the reigning favorites, driving diamonds from the field, and nearly obtaining a victory over the pearls.

Under Louis XIV. the great love for diamonds revived. Robes were embroidered with them, and besides necklaces, aigrettes, and bracelets, they were employed to ornament the stomachers, shoulders, waistbands, and skirts of the dress. This fashion continued till the approach of the French Revolution, when sentimental ornaments had their turn. Necklaces and bracelets of hair were attestations of the conquests which beauty had made, weapons to use against those it hoped to obtain, or reminiscences and memorials of the dear ones who, in those troublous times, had been consigned to a bloody or premature grave.

We wonder how many ways of "flirting" a fan have been discovered up to the present moment; something like a thousand were advertised a few years back to be taught by a lady, in six lessons. The fans of the present day bear no comparison for beauty with those in use among the ancients. The most beautiful, among the orientals, were composed of very thin plates of wood, upon which were fastened the feathers of the rarest birds. From the shores of Asia the use of fans was adopted by the Greeks, and it soon passed from them to the Romans. The most esteemed fans were made of peacocks' feathers, disposed in rows, and fastened at the extremity of a handle richly ornamented with rings of gold. In the boudoirs of Rome, ladies were fanned by the gentleman who came to pay them homage; but on other occasions, female slaves were the fanners: and especially while the Roman lady indulged in her afternoon sleep, several slaves were employed in keeping her cool. In this country, fans were first used by ladies to hide their faces in church; and now their various uses are better known among our ladies than even among the Romans, with whom the fan, at the theatre especially, was frequently thrown aside for cool crystal balls, which were gracefully thrown from one hand to another, imparting a refreshing coolness. A slave carried these balls in a silk bag filled with rose leaves, and placed in a little fillagree basket. Sometimes these crystal balls were cast towards a favored lover, and such a gift was considered of inestimable value when still retaining the warmth of the lady's hand.

The Parasol is another desperate weapon of beauty. The use of the parasol is derived from very ancient times, though its form has altered but little. Upon some of the pictures discovered at Herculaneum there are parasols very similar to those now in use. A sort of pipe of a blue color supports at its extremity four branches of the same hue. Upon these is fixed the covering, the interior of which is of a deeper blue than the supporters. The border is of red, ornamented with festoons of azure. The rest of the covering is adorned with quadrangular figures of blue and white, and with yellow arabesques, the whole terminating with a blue flower on the point, which with us is of ivory or silver. Ostensibly, the parasol is to preserve the face from the influence of the sun. How it *is* used we need not say. Many a disappointment does it produce when dropped to conceal the face *en passant;* while its partial fall, just leaving the lips to view, only increases one's desire to see the countenance so mysteriously shaded.

We have recapitulated some of the outer weapons of beauty. We need not dilate on the inherent weapons: the eye, the cheek, the lip, the undulating figure, the silken tresses, the lovely qualities of the mind. The power of these weapons is acknowledged in every moment of our lives. As Disraeli observes, "It is at the foot of woman we lay the laurels that, without her smile, would never have been gained: it is her image that strings the lyre of the poet, that animates the voice in the blaze of eloquent faction, and guides the brain in the august toils of stately councils. Whatever may be the lot of man—however unfortunate, however oppressed—if he only love and be loved, he must strike a balance in favor of existence; for love can illumine the dark roof of poverty, and can lighten the fetters of the slave."

GIRLS PLAYING.

There is hardly another sight in the world so pretty as that of a company of young girls—almost women grown—at play, and so giving themselves up to their airy impulse that their tiptoes barely touch the ground. Girls are so incomparably wilder and more effervescent than boys, more untameable, and regardless of rule and limit, with an evershifting variety, breaking continually into new modes of fun, yet with a harmonious propriety through all. Their steps, their voices, appear free as the wind, but keep consonance with a strain of music inaudible to us. Young men and boys, on the other hand, play according to recognised law, old traditionary games permitting no caprices of fancy, but with scope enough for the outbreak of savage instincts; for, young or old, in play or in earnest, man is prone to be a brute.—*Polly Anne.*

OUT OF THE TAVERN.

The following is a translation of a German ballad on a tipsy man, which has been set to music, and is often sung in Germany; it is rather droll in the original, and perhaps has not lost all its humour in being *oversect*, as they call it, into English:—

Out of the tavern I've just stepped to-night:
Street! you are caught in a very bad plight;
Right hand and left hand are both out of place—
Street! you are drunk, 'tis a very clear case.

Moon! 'tis a very queer figure you cut,
One eye is staring while t'other is shut;—
Tipsy, I see, and you're greatly to blame,
Old as you are,'tis a horrible shame!

Then the street lamps, what a scandalous sight!
None of them soberly standing upright;
Rocking and staggering,—why, on my word,
Each of the lamps is as drunk as a lord.

All is confusion; now, is'nt it odd?
I am the only thing sober abroad;
Sure it were rash with this crew to remain,—
Better go into the tavern again.

FOREST GLEANINGS.

No. X.

"A few leaves gathered by the wayside."

BUSH WEDDING AND WOOING.

Wedding and wooing in Canada are not always conducted in the sober, matter of fact way, that they usually are in the old country among the lower order, especially where the parties are among the excitable sons and daughters of the Emerald Isle, who often contrive to give a good deal of éclat to affairs of this kind. From a number of curious facts that I have been made acquainted with, I will select a few for the entertainment of my reader. First on the list stands a bridal with something of romance in it. In short, an Irish Lochinvar. It is nearly twenty years ago since the event of the story I am about to tell, took place in the township of ——. An avaricious old settler whom I shall call Mat Doolan, had a pretty smart daughter named Ellen, who was attached to a young man, the son of a neighbouring farmer, and as long as no better suiter offered, old Mat suffered the young couple to keep company as lovers, but as ill luck would have it, the wife of an old man in the neighbourhood died, leaving her spouse, a cross grained, miserly old creature, at liberty to take to himself a third, for I believe that the old wretch had starved to death with scanty fare and hard work two honest wives.

Now old Jim Delany had a log house, sheep and cows, oxen and horse, a barn full of wheat and stacks of hay, the produce of a good lot of bush land. The father of the dear Ellen thought this a famous chance not to be overlooked. The widower was at a loss what to do with his cows and poultry and the wool of his sheep, now the old wife was gone. Mat was invited to the wake, and before the funeral was well over, the widower and the crafty old fox had made a bargain for the fair Ellen's hand, as to the small matter of the heart, that was of no consequence, and as a matter of course would be won when she was endowed with all old Jim Delany's worldly goods.

Great was the consternation of the affianced, when her father with the greatest coolness told her that she was to be married in the short space of a month from that date. She was very indignant, as well she might be, that the matter should have been settled without her consent, but her father gave her to understand that it was useless to rebel and that the best thing she could do would be to put a good face on the occasion. As to her former lover, he would soon get another sweetheart, as to marrying for love that was all stuff.

When Ellen found that it was useless to remonstrate, she dried her tears and said that if it must be so, it must, but told her father that she must have money to buy wedding clothes, as she was in want of every article of wearing appearel and should not like to come to the old man directly for money to buy clothes. The father was so well satisfied with her dutiful acquiescence in his scheme, that he gave her an order on one of the stores in the town to buy anything she required, not limiting her as to the exact outlay, but recommending economy in her purchases.

Ellen got all the things she wanted, and contrived to make out a very handsome outfit.

The important day at length arrived, the guests arrived from all quarters—old men and young ones, wives, widows, and maidens—a goodly party. The season was early spring, the roads were in a bad state—half mud, half ice—too bad for a sleigh; so the wedding party arranged to go, some on horseback, and others in lumber waggons and ox-carts.

The breakfast was plentiful; the bride showed no reluctance, but appeared in excellent spirits, bore all the joke and compliments with a good grace, and finally set off at the head of the equestrians, declaring she would have a race to the church with one of the bridemaids. Just as they reached the concession line near which the old sweetheart lived, who should ride out of the

clearing ahead of the cavalcade, but the gentleman himself, dressed in a new suit, as smart as could be! It had all been arranged beforehand. The bride, at a signal from her lover, gave the reins and a slashing cut to her poney, which dashed forward in good style, leaving the bridal cortége far in the rear. Away they went, stopping for no obstacle—clearing root, stone, and stream; nothing checked them. "They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

The wild shouts and yells of the bride's astonished companions only seemed to give greater spirit to the race. Gallantly the young man led the way, and fearlessly his fair partner kept her seat. At the church they were joined by some chosen friends of the bridegroom—the parson was ready—the license, duly attested, was forthcoming—and the discomforted father of the bride and the mortified husband, that was to have been, had the vexation of meeting the happy couple coming out of the church gates as they went in! The laugh went against the two old men, who had been fairly outwitted by a young girl of seventeen. The young folks declared it was fine fun, and the old ones said Ellen was a lass of spirit and deserved a young husband; and one old farmer was so well pleased that he invited the young couple to eat their wedding dinner at his house, and so ended the runaway wedding.

Of all pride, there is no pride like Irish pride, and an Irishman will bring all his native shrewdness and talent to bear him out in the support of his darling principle, trying to convince you that he is richer, and grander, and a better man than he really is. The Irishman calls it pride; but, in fact, it is nothing but vanity carried to an absurd excess. As an instance, I will relate as nearly as I am able, an amusing story told with singular humor by an Irish clergyman, who greatly enjoyed the joke, though he was the sufferer by it in the end. It was Diamond cut Diamond, and no mistake. So now for the story of

HOW THE PARSON OUTWITTED THE BRIDEGROOM AND HOW THE BRIDEGROOM OUTWITTED THE PARSON.

A young fellow, whom I shall call Rody Calaghan, contrived to get in my debt to the amount of some eight dollars. The rogue wheedled me into lending him the money when I happened to be in an unfortunately good humor, and from that time never a copper could I get from him in payment. In despair, I gave the eight dollars up in my own mind as one of my bad debts, of which I had more than enough, and I ceased to think at all about Master Rody; when one day, who should ride up to me as I was going to church but Rody Calaghan! Surely, thinks I, but the rogue is going to pay me that which he owes me. His errand, however, was on a matter matrimonial. He was going to be married on the following day, and his call was simply to ask if it would be convenient for me to go out into the country to the bride's father's house to marry him and his betrothed—the license was all ready, and no impediment to his happiness. I was in a hurry, and said, "Yes, yes." I would be there at the hour named. I was punctual to the time, as I always like to be on such occasions; but just as I was preparing to enter the room where all the bride's family and friends were assembled together, Rody drew me on one side, and said,

"Och, Parson, but ye're the kind man ye are, and I'll be thinkin' it's yerself will do me the good turn just at this partickler time."

Thinks I to myself, it's to borrow money of me, Master Rody, that you are coming the blarney over me so strongly. But no, as if guessing my thoughts, he let me see a handful of dollar notes as if by accident, which he had cajoled some friend out of, I suppose.

"Ye see, yer Riverence, what it is. I don't want to look small potatoes before *them*," and he pointed significantly to the party within the room, "and so I shall just put down six dollars on the book as a wedding fee to yerself."

"Oh, very well," says I, "I understand—that's all right Rody, and I am glad to see you so honestly inclined."

"But Parson, dear," says he, again in a great hurry, "you know its only a make-believe, jist to make them think that I am as well off as she is, and cut a bit of a shine before them all for prides' sake, and so you'll be so good as to give me back the dollars when no one is looking on—sly like."

"And so that's it, is it Rody Calaghan," says I, "and what's to become of my dues and the money you owe me?"

"Sure thin your Riverence won't be thinking of the dirty rags jist at this saison," he added in a coaxing tone, laying his hand on my sleeve, "yer honor knows that you would not do the thing shabby and they looking on all the while." I laughed to myself, and thought I would play the knave a trick for his blarney and roguery.

The ceremony was over, and the bride and the brides-maid all kissed round as a finale, when out steps Rody from the throng and comes forward with a most self-important air, and lugging out a large leathern purse, took from it notes to the amount of six dollars, counting them out one by one with great exactness, holding them up sepa-

rately to the light as if to ascertain that they were good ones, and bidding me count them twice over that there might be no mistake. I thought of Gil Blas and the six reals that he so ostentatiously dropped into the mendicant's hat one by one, but I entered into the humour of the thing, and paid some compliments to the bride, saying that my friend Rody seemed to value her very highly if one might judge by the price he had paid for her, while Rody affected to think on the contrary that he had been very shabby in paying so little for so great a prize, throwing a peculiar expression of intelligence into his cunning grey eyes which he expected me to understand, as in fact I most perfectly did. I carefully pocketted the whole of the six dollars, taking no notice of the agonized look with which Rody watched my proceedings. At last he could endure the suspense no longer, and beckoning me aside said, "Now your Riverence will you be pleased jist to hand over them six dollars again as we agreed?"

"*As you proposed*," I said, very coolly; "I shall lend myself to no such rogue's trick, you owe me two dollars and the marriage fee yet, so there is an end of the matter." Rody looked confounded, but said not a word. Just before I left the house, he came up with his bride and several of his own folks and said, "Yer Riverence must do us the favor of giving us your company to a hot supper at our own house this evening." I demurred, but, however, curiosity got the better, and I promised to look in at eight o'clock, and rode home.

A famous feast there was; roast, boiled, and fried; pies, cakes, and tarts of all imaginable sorts and sizes, and at the head of the table a most uncommon fine roast goose swimming in gravy. I had the fellow of it fattening in a pen in my own yard, or I thought I had. I had bought it of Rody's own mother.

"Sure and its no wonder the craythur should be like its own brother," said Rody, as he heaped my plate and wished me a good appetite.

The first news that I heard in the morning was that my fat goose had disappeared. I need hardly say that I had supped off him at the wedding feast. If it had not been so well cooked, I would have sent the rogue to the penitentiary for three months.

This last speech of course was only said for fun, but the truth was that the parson was too kind hearted to distress the newly wedded bride and her family, by a public exposure of Rody's delinquency.

DEATH OF JOAN OF ARC.

"TEN thousand men," says M. Michelet himself, "ten thousand men wept;" and of these ten thousand the majority were political enemies knitted together by cords of superstition. What else was it but her constancy, united with her angelic gentleness, that drove the fanatic English soldier—who had sworn to throw a faggot on her scaffold, as *his* tribute of abhorrence, that *did* so, that fulfilled his vow—suddenly to turn away a penitent for life, saying everywhere that he had seen a dove rising upon wings to heaven from the ashes where she had stood? What else drove the executioner to kneel at every shrine for pardon for *his* share in the tragedy? And, if all this were insufficient, then I cite the closing act of her life as valid on her behalf, were all other testimonies against her. The executioner had been directed to apply his torch from below. He did so. The fiery smoke rose upwards in billowing volumes. A Dominican monk was then standing almost at her side. Wrapt up in his sublime office, he saw not the danger, but still persisted in his prayers. Even then, when the last enemy was racing up the fiery stairs to seize her, even at that moment did this noblest of girls think only for *him*, the one friend that would not forsake her, and not for herself: bidding him with her last breath to care for his own preservation, but to leave *her* to God. That girl, whose latest breath ascended into this sublime expression of self-oblivion, did not utter the word *recant* either with her lips or in her heart. No; she did not, though one should rise from the dead to swear it.

* * * * * * *

Bishop of Beauvais! thy victim died in fire upon a scaffold, thou upon a down bed. But for the departing minutes of life, both are oftentimes alike. At the farewell crisis, when the gates of death are opening, and flesh is resting from its struggles, oftentimes the tortured and the torturer have the same truce from carnal torment; both sink together into sleep; together both, sometimes, kindle into dreams. When the mortal mists were gathering fast upon you two, Bishop and Shepherd-girl—when the pavilions of life were closing up their shadowy curtains about you, let us try, through the gigantic gloom, to decipher the dying features of your separate visions.

The shepherd-girl that had delivered France—she, from her dungeon, she, from her baiting at the stake, she, from her duel with fire—as she entered her last dream, saw Domrémy, saw the fountain of Domrémy, saw the pomp of forests in which her childhood had wandered. That Easter festival, which man had denied to her languishing heart—that resurrection of spring-time, which the darkness of dungeons had intercepted from *her*, hungering after the glorious liberty of forests—were by God given back into her hands, as jewels that had been stolen from her by robbers. With those, perhaps (for the minutes of dreams can stretch into ages,) was given back to her by God the bliss of childhood. By special privilege, for *her* might be created, in this farewell dream, a second childhood, innocent as the first; but not, like *that*, sad with the gloom of a fearful mission in the rear. The mission had now been

fulfilled. The storm was weathered, the skirts even of that mighty storm were drawing off. The blood, that she was to reckon for, had been exacted; the tears, that she was to shed in secret, had been paid to the last. The hatred to herself in all eyes had been faced steadily, had been suffered, had been survived. And in her last fight upon the scaffold, she had triumphed gloriously; victoriously she had tasted the stings of death. For all except this comfort from her farewell dream, she had died—died amidst the tears of ten thousand enemies—died amidst the drums and trumpets of armies—died amidst peals redoubling upon peals, volleys upon volleys, from the saluting clarions of martyrs.

Bishop of Beauvais! because the guilt-burthened man is in dreams haunted and waylaid by the most frightful of his crimes, and because upon that fluctuating mirror—rising (like the mocking mirrors of *mirage* in Arabian deserts) from the fens of death—most of all are reflected the sweet countenances which the man has laid in ruins; therefore I know, Bishop, that you also, entering your final dream, saw Domrémy. That fountain, of which the witnesses spoke so much, showed itself to your eyes in pure morning dews; but neither dews, nor the holy dawn, could cleanse away the bright spots of innocent blood upon its surface. By the fountain, Bishop, you saw a woman seated, that hid her face. But as *you* draw near, the woman raises her wasted features. Would Domrémy know them again for the features of her child? Ah, but *you* know them, Bishop, well! Oh, mercy! what a groan was *that* which the servants, waiting outside the Bishop's dream at his bedside, heard from his laboring heart, as at this moment he turned away from the fountain and the woman, seeking rest in the forests afar off. Yet not *so* to escape the woman, whom once again he must behold before he dies. In the forests, in which he prays for pity, will he find a respite? What a tumult, what a gathering of feet is there! In glades, where only wild deer should run, armies and nations are assembling; and, towering in the fluctuating crowd, are phantoms that belong to departed hours. There is the great English prince, regent of France. There is my lord of Winchester, the princely cardinal, that died and made no sign. There is the Bishop of Beauvais, clinging to the shelter of thickets. What building is that which hands so rapid are raising? Is it a martyr's scaffold? Will they burn the child of Domrémy a second time? No: it is a tribunal that rises to the clouds: and two nations stand around it, waiting for a trial. Shall my lord of Beauvais sit again upon the judgment-seat, and again number the hours for the innocent? Ah! no: he is the prisoner at the bar. Already all is waiting: the mighty audience is gathered, the Court is hurrying to their seats, the witnesses are arrayed, the trumpets are sounding, the judge is going to take his place. Oh! but this is sudden. My lord, have you no counsel? "Counsel I have none: in heaven above, or on earth beneath, counsellor there is none now that would take a brief from *me:* all are silent." Is it, indeed, come to this? Alas! the time is short, the tumult is wondrous, the crowd stretches away into infinity, but yet I will search in it for somebody to take your brief: I know of somebody that will be your counsel. Who is this that cometh from Domrémy? Who is she that cometh in bloody coronation robes from Rheims? Who is she that cometh with blackened flesh from walking the furnaces of Rouen? This is she, the shepherd girl, counsellor that had none for herself, whom I choose, Bishop, for yours. She it is, I engage, that shall take my lord's brief. She it is, Bishop, that would plead for you: yes Bishop, SHE—when Heaven and Earth are silent.

AN ORIGINAL SKETCH IN A HOMELY FRAME.

BY ELIZA COOK.

GEORGE CLAYTON was as good-tempered and well-conducted a young man,—taking the worldly average of temper and morals,—as one would meet with among a thousand. He had served a respectable apprenticeship as a cabinet-maker to an old-established firm, and at the age of twenty-five, found himself foreman of the workshop, and in a condition to "marry and settle in life." George had been born of the humblest of the middle classes, left an orphan at fourteen, and had been put out in the world by the united means of a few kind-hearted relatives, who wisely thought that pity and Christian-like sympathy would be much more valuable if rendered practical, by giving the lad a little moral looking after, and a trade.—and George well repaid them. He grew into a sober and industrious man. and managed to save a hundred pounds during the four years he was courting Emma Serle, a very nice-looking, fine-hearted girl, the sister of one of his shopmates, and who seemed to possess all the qualities most desirable in the wife of an artizan. They seemed well suited to each other, but George had a failing, it was that of being somewhat over-bearing and exacting where he could control; and Emma had a spot in her disc, it was in being apt to become silent and reserved if any mortifying incident jostled against her spirit; but there seemed every probability of their forming a very contented couple; and when George stood at the altar one fine July morning, in his blue surtout, with Emma beside him, in her neat grey silk, the clergyman had a private opinion that they were a remarkably good-looking pair. A pleasant little dinner at the bride's father's and a ramble in the suburbs, filled up the sunshiny hours, and that day two months we saw them snugly ensconced in a pretty four-roomed house, in the neighbourhood of Camden Town. Cleanliness and comfort pervaded the little domicile, with Emma as the sole presiding spirit, blending in her own proper person, cook, housemaid, and page. Everything went on smoothly for some few months; her whole attention was given to George, for she loved him truly

and fondly. Emma was perfectly happy, but as the long winter nights came on, and George sometimes stayed at his Mechanics' Institute, or had a chat with a friend until ten o'clock, why Emma began to find it a little dull; and as her husband had intreated that she would form no gossiping intimacy with her neighbours, sewing, scrubbing, and washing became somewhat monotonous.

George belonged to an amateur musical society, and when he did come home soon, generally sat down to practice a quartette part on the violin; unfortunately, his wife had no great love for music, but she bore his scraping and squeaking bravely, and even managed to appear delighted with his efforts, though she would often have preferred a game at cribbage, or a walk, or a little reading; however, she never interfered with his will and pleasure, and George fiddled away to his heart's content. It so happened, that Emma's brother Harry dropped in two or three times when his sister was alone, and found her rather mopy; and the next time he came, he brought under his arm a very pretty spaniel. "Here, Emma," said he, "you are a good deal by yourself, and I thought this little fellow would serve to amuse you, and be a sort of company when George is out; I know how fond you are of dogs, and I'm sure you'll soon like this one." Emma was, of course, pleased and gratified with the gift, and gave her brother an extra kiss as payment for Tiney. Sure enough the evening did pass much more cheerfully, though she had only a stupid, little, long-eared "bow-wow" to talk to, and she sat, with glistening eyes, expecting George, being sure that he would be as pleased with Tiney as she was.

When the young husband came home, he was received with the accustomed kind words and comfortable meal, and due presentation of Tiney; but George frowned on the little animal with a look of supreme contempt, and angrily said, "What do you want with that beast; haven't you got enough to employ you without a dog? you had better give it back to Harry to-morrow,—I won't have it here." These few words turned poor Emma's heart into an icicle; and, if we might reveal the secret thoughts that flashed across her brain, we should tell of a momentary impression that George was unkind and somewhat tyrannical, but she smothered her feelings, and said nothing. Tiney was kept for a day or two, but when George saw Emma caress it, or give it food, he betrayed symptoms of ridiculous and pettish jealousy which rendered her unhappy, and, at last, Tiney was given back to Harry. "Well," said her brother, as he took the animal, "I did not think that George was so selfish; you are all day long by yourself, and he goes to his club, and 'Mechanics' three or four times a week, and does everything he likes, and yet he won't let you have a little dog to keep you company. I think he's very unkind, Emma, but you mustn't mind it."

Emma did mind it though, and had a "good cry" by herself, not that she cared so much about the relic of King Charles, as about George's selfishness in denying her such an innocent indulgence; and it is hardly to be wondered at, that when he returned home that night, and sat down to his music, Emma went up stairs, and commenced needlework in the bedroom. She had no taste for music, and if George would not tolerate her little spaniel, why should she be plagued with his scraping. Days went on, and matters did not mend. George saw he had pained his young wife, but he was too proud to "give way," and rather in dictatorial supremacy, adopted a sort of cold distance toward her. Emma was human as well as he, and though expected by all moral and practical teaching to submit to George's authority with amiable patience and dove-like docility, we must confess that she felt his "rule" rather unnecessarily exacting; and while she remembered how often he stayed out of an evening to gratify his own wish, and how he kept rabbits in the garden, and how he spent his money in "chopping and changing" of fiddles,—why, then a sense of injustice arose in her bosom, and she positively began to agree with her brother, that George was somewhat selfish;—and George *was* selfish; he possessed the distinguishing characteristic which marks many men, a love of sway in his home, even in the smallest matters, and he thought his manly prerogative invaded if his word or will met with the slightest resistance. He was deeply attached to his wife, but his wife must have no interest in anything but himself. She was to wait for him, and wait on him; she was not to gossip with Mrs. Simpson next door, though he kept up a considerable talk with his fellow workmen all day long. She must give up a long-promised visit to Windsor on her birthday, because George had an invitation to a "club dinner at Hampstead;" in short, she was to be a "perfect" woman, and he above all the little weaknesses which mark our frail nature, whilst he was to be indulged in any fancy that chose to come uppermost. George certainly *was* a little selfish, and had now made the first serious false step on his domestic boards.

Emma was less attentive to his comforts, and less particular in studying his will, than she had hitherto been, and George resented the neglect smartly. Small quarrels arose, and happiness seemed taking flight from the little dwelling. George stayed out oftener, and Emma found it more dull than ever; at last, he continually saw traces of tears on her face when he returned, and his conscience began to get uneasy. He was good at heart, and when Harry asked him one day "why he

left Emma so much by herself?" he grew rather red in the face, and changed the subject as soon as possible. But the question clung to him; he began to think that he had not been quite as considerate of Emma's pleasures as a husband ought to have been, and, in fact, he was rather ashamed of Harry's remarks on his sister's very recluse life. It so happened that George was engaged that night at a debating society, but he suddenly thought he would not go, and, turning to his brother-in-law, said, "Have you got that little spaniel yet that you gave Emma?" "Yes," replied Harry, "my wife and young'un dote on him; but I wish you had let Emma keep him, for I think she fretted at your unkindness in sending it back; you know she is a capital girl, and makes a good wife, and you might have let her have a bit of a dog, just to keep her company when you were out." "Well," said George, "do me a favor, Harry, and let me give Tiney back to her."

Harry was truly glad, for he was aware of his brother-in-law's besetting sin, and the spaniel was carefully tucked under George's arm, when he left the shop. "Here, Emma," said he, as he entered his neat parlor, "I have brought back Tiney, and you must take care of him for my sake; I'm not going to the club, but if you'll put on your bonnet we'll have a walk, and buy him a collar." Poor Emma never looked at the dog, but flung her arms about George's neck, and kissed bim, while great big tears were rolling down her cheeks. "Oh, George," she exclaimed, "and will you indeed let me keep him without being jealous or angry? I did think it very unkind of you to be so cross about a trifle, and I know I have not been so good as I ought to be ever since, but now I feel quite happy, and you are my own dear George again." The young couple went out for their walk, and George began to find that he lost nothing by conferring a little attention upon Emma, for her extra cheerfulness became contagious, and he was happier than he had been for a month. On their return they met Harry and his wife, and while the two women went on, Harry took the opportunity of telling his shopmate "a bit of his mind." "I tell you what, George," said he, "you'll find it won't do to expect a wife to think of nothing else than cooking and stitching; and to stop at home for ever; they want some amusement, and some change as well as we do, and I don't think it's right of us to go out to our clubs so often and leave them at home sitting up for us; it isn't fair, and we can't expect 'em to be so mighty good tempered when we do come home; and I say it was very stupid of you not to let Emma keep Tiney; women that love dogs, and birds, and dumb things, are always fonder of their husbands and children than other women. You've got your fiddle and your rabbits, you know, and why shouldn't Emma have that bit of a dog? Take my word for it, George, that a man is a great fool when he acts like a selfish master instead of a kind husband." George slightly winced under this rough truth; but certain it is, that he laid the counsel up and acted upon it.

Some three years pass on since these humble incidents occurred, and what do we see? There is big George dancing little George after the most approved headlong fashion; and there is Emma holding up Tiney for little George's express delectation, while the popular nursery theme of "Catch'er, catch'er, catch'er," is a signal for Tiney's silken ears to be clutched at most unceremoniously by the juvenile gentleman. And now we see the quartette on Hampstead Heath, in the summer twilight, where the duodecimo Clayton makes a dozen consecutive somersets over as many pebbles while in full pursuit of Tiney's tail.

"Why, dear me, George," said Emma, suddenly, "this is the day you always went to the bean feast." "I know it is," replies he; "but it always cost me a good bit of money, and I always had a headache the next day, so I think I'm quite as well off there with you and my boy. His young wife gives him a look which does him more good than a pot of ale would. "Thanks to Tiney and your brother Harry," continues George, "I am not so selfish in my pleasures as I used to be; I had a sort of notion when I was first married, that *you* were to do everything *I* wanted, and I'm not quite so sure that I had a notion about caring for your wishes; but when I sent Tiney away, and found you crying upstairs of a night, I began to talk to myself, and thought I had not been quite so kind as I ought to have been; and then Harry said something to me, and so, you see, I've been a better fellow ever since; now, haven't I, Emma?" There is no occasion to record Emma's reply.

Years have now rolled on; we could now point to George Clayton as chief and wealthy agent to great building contractors, and to a descendant of Tiney, who claims especial favor in his household. Emma is as fond of George as ever, and has never neglected him, though he permitted her to keep a little spaniel, and took her out for a holiday ramble when he might have been at a bean feast.

There are seven young Claytons flourisning "fast and fair,"—boys and girls—but we observe that George never permits that masculine domination to exist which deforms the social justice, and ultimate moral and mental happiness of so many families; he permits his daughters to wait upon his sons, but he is equally watchful that his sons should wait upon the daughters. We overheard him the other day talking to his eldest boy, just turned eighteen, "George," said he, "if ever you marry, be sure you dont expect *too much* of your wife; I should never have been as

rich and happy as I am if I had been a 'selfish master' instead of a 'kind husband.'" These "simple annals" are founded on fact, not imagination; and let every young, aye and old married man learn something from them.

PETER POSTLETHWAITE:

THE MAN WHO HAD "A WAY OF HIS OWN."

In the middle of the last century,—before dwellers in far-off provincial places had learnt to imitate fine fashions which London imports from Paris, and when people chose their garments for capability of biding wear and tear, and not for show,—there lived in the market-place of Sticklewick-in Craven, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, a notable fabricator of leathern inexpressibles, named Peter Postlethwaite. Peter was no slop-seller. There was simply one pair of the very useful and indispensable article he manufactured hung out over his shop-door by way of sign, but not for sale. Peter worked to order, and not otherwise: and in the acceptance of orders he was not resembled by any stitcher of buckskin within fifty miles of Sticklewick.

"I have a way of my own," Peter used to say; but it would not be easy to say what his way was. The rich were among his customers; yet, it is very certain, Peter did not prefer them. Courtesy he invariably showed when declining the orders of the rich; but no courtesy on their part could persuade him to oblige them against his disinclination. As for threatening him with displeasure, or a withdrawal of custom, nobody ever tried such methods with Peter Postlethwaite: it was known they would not avail with him.

Squire Fulltilt, lord of the neighbouring manor, called at Peter's shop-door one morning in spring, just as he had called two seasons before, with a very winning look.

"Good morning, Peter," he began; "I hope you will oblige me for this next season. I like your make and fit better than any other tailor's. Besides, your seams never burst; and, you know, that's a great matter to me, for I stick at nothing,—hedge, ditch, or gate, and am always first in at the death."

"I know it, squire; and I honour ye for your bold riding," replied Peter, with a peculiar humour about the mouth, which the squire did not perceive; "but I cannot have the honour of serving you this season, squire."

"You can't Peter! why, you have not obliged me for two seasons past. What the deuce is the reason why you refuse me this time?"

"I should not be able to serve ye on this side Christmas, squire; and I could not think of being so unhandsome to ye as to keep ye waiting for eight months."

"Then why, man, don't you act sensibly, like other tailors, and hire journeymen, since you have more orders than you can fulfil yourself?"

"Ah, squire! I'm afraid their seams would burst."

The squire still did not perceive the droll twitch about the corners of Peter's mouth.

"Come, come," he urged, "do try to oblige me this time. Put somebody off."

"Thank ye, squire: but I never do that," Peter said.

"You don't! and why not? Tom Lookfair will oblige me in that way any time."

"That may be his way; but I have a way of my own," Peter replied, with a shake of his head.

The squire turned from the shop-door hastily, thrust the hook of his whip into his mouth, and walked off angrily, not giving Peter "Good day!" but murmuring, "Confound this way of his own!"

Now, all the simple Sticklewickers had a strong regard for Peter; but neither did they understand this "way of his own." It was a mystery they often tallked over; but none of them could interpret it. There was a current report—and it was held to be as credible as it was wonderful—that the parson of the parish had tried to comprehend Peter's "way." That he had gone to be measured for a pair of leathern nether habiliments himself on the very day that Squire Fulltilt had indignantly told him of Peter Postlethwaite's refusal, and again had failed to comprehend Peter's "way."

This current report enhanced the public estimate of Peter's profundity of mind, by the words it attributed to him in his conversation with the good parson, which remarkable conversation ran thus:—

"Good day, Mr. Postlethwaite," began the vicar, looking through his spectacles over the half-door, as the tailor sat at work; "I want you to measure me for an article in your way, if you please."

Peter opened the little half-door in a trice, welcoming his visitor with a polite bow, but proceeding to put questions which somewhat surprised the vicar:—

"Highly honoured, reverend sir, by your visit, and by the offer of your patronage; but since this is the first offer, may I ask why you make it?"

"Why I make it!" repeated the vicar, in astonishment, staring first through his spectacles at Peter, and then over them.

"Yes, sir; no offence, your reverence; but, why do you make me the offer of your patronage?"

Bless me, Mr. Postlethwaite, what a strange question: why, because I want the breeches to wear, to be sure!"

"Did your reverence ever wear a pair made of leather before?"

"No—never—before," answered the good parson, slowly; "but what of that?"

"Pray, sir, may I ask if your reverence is purposing to join Squire Fulltilt's hounds the next season?"

"No, Mr. Postlethwaite; certainly not. I think I have something better to do——"

"I think so too, sir, and I am glad to hear you say so," observed Peter, interrupting the parson, and immediately proceeding busily to handle the measuring-strip. "Thank you, sir," he said, when he had taken the parson's measure; "you shall have them home by the end of next week, sir."

"Next week," repeated the vicar, in a marked tone, and looking full at Peter in such a manner as he imagined would perplex and confound the workman in buckskin; "if you can serve me by the end of next week, how was it that you told Squire Fulltilt you could not oblige him for eight months to come! I answered your questions: wlll you answer mine?

"Your reverence," replied Peter, "I have a way of my own."

"Why—yes—Mr. Postlethwaite," rejoined the parson, doubtfully, "so they tell me you always say; but I cannot understand your way. Pray may I ask——"

"Pardon me, reverend sir," interrupted Peter, with a very polite obeisance, "I honor and respect you as an excellent Protestant clergyman: I say, Protestant. But you know, sir, to insist on auricular confession is—Popish!"

"I beg pardon—I beg pardon, Mr. Postlethwaite. Good day—good day!" said the parson, hurrying away from Peter's shop to the vicarage, where he rehearsed the dialogue to his intelligent spouse three times during the evening, and was as often told that he deserved his rebuff for his busy meddling.

"My dear, I can't forget it," said the parson, rising the third time from his arm-chair.

"My dear, I hope you never will forget it," observed his affectionate comforter.

"If the man had given me any civil and respectful reason for declining to answer my questions, I would not have cared; but to insinuate that I wished to put rank Popery into practice,—it was impertinent! Upon my word, I have a good mind to go and countermand the order!"

"I hope you will not do anything so foolish. You should not have given him an order for an article that you will never want. But, to go now and countermand it—why, the man would raise the laughter of the whole parish against you!"

"I fear he would. You are right, my dear," granted the vicar, re-seating himself in the arm-chair, with the resolution to be quiet. "Bless me!" he exclaimed, after musing uneasily some minutes, "why, yesterday, was St. Mark's Eve!"

"And what of that?" asked the lady, in surprise at her husband's new excitement.

"What of that! Don't you remember that they say Postlethwaite always watches through St. Mark's Eve in the church-porch?"

"Watches in the church-porch! For what?"

"For the—the—visions, you know, my dear; visions of all the people in the parish who are to be brought into the church this year as corpses, and of all the couples who are to enter it to be married."

The lady burst into a fit of laughter. "So, I suppose you have jumped to the conclusion that Peter Postlethwaite has had a vision of Squire Fulltilt's corpse in the church-porch, and therefore has refused to oblige him!" said the lady.

The good parson, after a round of visits the next morning among his parishioners, returned to the vicarage in a very determined state of mind.

"My dear, I must, and will," he commenced, the moment he entered the parlour, "I must and will go again to this strange man, Postlethwaite, and either obtain a satisfactory answer from him about this 'way of his own,' as he calls it, or countermand my order, and have no more to do with him. The whole parish is in a buzz to-day with the reports of the visions he has had in the church-porch on the night before last—St. Mark's Eve, you know. And if he be an impudent imposter, playing on the weakness of his neighbours,—which I shrewdly suspect to be the fact, he deserves to be punished."

"Then, since you 'must and will' go, as you say," said the lady quietly; "let me beg that you will not commit yourself by letting the man suspect that you believe him guilty of the folly people attribute to him."

"Well, my dear, I will be discreet," promised the earnest vicar; "but I must and will have the truth out of him."

At the end of the steeet leading from the parsonage the vicar slackened the hasty pace with which he had set out,—for there was Peter Postlethwaite, talking to a poor man in very shabby nether garments.

"You must patch 'em for me once more," the parson heard the poor man say.

"I can't. They'll not 'bide patching again," was the sharp answer that Peter returned. "Come and be measured for a new pair," he added.

"I can't afford a new pair," objected the poor man.

"Nonsense! come and be measured, I say," pronounced Peter, decisively,—and off he went.

The parson marked that the poor man looked after Peter with a smile. The next moment the man touched his hat to the vicar, who had half a wish to ask him a few questions about Peter, but suppressed it,—for another man was speaking to the tailor. The vicar

could not hear this man's first words; but saw Peter give a very formidable shake of the head. Again the man seemed to entreat Peter.

"No," Peter answered loudly, "and—beware!"

"Mercy on me! Ha' ye seen my shadow in the porch?" gasped the man looking afrighted.

Peter left the man answerless, stalked away, and regained his shop. A minute after, the vicar stood at the half-door, and looked over it.

"Mr. Postlethwaite, can I have a word with you?" said the vicar.

"Twenty, sir, if you please," answered Peter; and quickly opened the door, to let in the good parson.

"I have an important question to ask you; and, though I do not come to play the Popish inquisitor with you, I conjure you to answer it, as you value the health of your soul—your welfare here and hereafter!"

The vicar pronounced these words so solemnly, that Peter looked serious, and then requested his reverend visitor, very respectfully, to walk into an inner apartment, that they might talk without interruption. Once seated in a room which, though small, was better stored with books than any room in Sticklewick, except his own study, the parson felt extreme difficulty in commencing the "case of conscience." Lo! and behold! there were the multitudinous volumes of Archbishop Tillotson on Peter's shelves; and there were golden tongued Jeremy Tailor, and majestic Hooker, and the witty and instructive Bishop Hall, and many other great divines of the Church of England. Peter must be not only a true churchman, but a very sensible man, the parson reflected, if minds like these were his companions. The parson was quite taken aback. He had not entertained the least shadow of imagination that Peter was a person of really intellectual habits, although it now rushed upon his recollection that he had often thought Peter's manner, with all its eccentricity marked the man of thought.

Peter sat and waited respectfullly; but the vicar's eyes still wandered over the book-shelves. But he must say something, and so he made an effort; and after a few prefatory words commending the sound teaching of some of the great authors on the shelves, he struck a severe blow, by way of inuendo, at the heinous criminality of those who, despite their enlightenment from such teaching, live immoral lives, and resort to unhallowed practices. Postlethwaite assented most respectfully to the truth of the vicar's observations; but sat with provoking unconsciousness that they were meant for any party there present. The good parson now held himself conscientiously bound to be plain, and to strike home. What were the exact words he used, the vicar could never remember in after years: he could only certify that he poured forth a volume of objurgations about Peter's "way of his own;" and the watching in the church-porch on St. Mark's Eve; and the refusal of Squire Fulltilt; and of the ragged poor man in the street, with a "beware;" and the favour shown by Peter to the other poor man; and a score of scandalous reports about Peter's visions; and that Peter sat and received the torrent with such a look of amused wonder as was indescribable. The good parson's memory as to what Peter replied was more perfect. Peter set out with a question.

"Pray, sir," he asked, "has any one told you that I said I had watched in the church-porch at St. Mark's Eve, either in this year, or any former year?"

"No, Mr. Postlethwaite; not exactly that," answered the vicar; "though everybody in Sticklewick talks of it as an undoubted fact. But you seem a very different man from what I took you to be by report, and I feel that I ought to beg your pardon for having credited, even in the smallest degree, a report so prejudicial to you, as well as so absurd."

"You shall not ask my pardon, reverend sir," said Peter, with a kindly dignity which surprised the vicar. "I know that impressions are often made on our minds by the gossiping industry with which scores around us assert their convictions. I reverence your office, and I love you for your personal benevolence; and, in order to relieve you of any remaining uneasy impression, I will now endeavour to satisfy you as to this 'way of my own.'"

"Thank you, Mr. Postlethwaite, thank you!" said the vicar, eagerly; for, notwithstanding that his estimate of Peter's true character was rapidly changing, he felt very fidgety for the full explanation.

"Very early in life, sir, I became a diligent reader," commenced Peter: "this habit, together with a disappointment of a tender nature,—which, I trust, you will excuse me if I do not further allude to,—gave me a dislike to the company of inns and such like places of resort; and, perhaps I ought to say, to the ordinary conversation of men—though I really am not soured against my species. I only dislike the selfishness and other vice by which I see so many are enthralled and degraded. And I dislike vice as much in the high as in the low. I consider that the rich, who are only the permitted stewards of wealth, under providence, are vicious when they waste their riches on low and useless pleasures, such as keeping packs of hounds, and pursuing fox-hunting as the chief end of existence. Being a free Englishman who possesses the skill to earn a good livelihood, I exercise what I conceive to be my right to refuse to work for Squire Fulltilt."

"It is your right, certainly, if you choose to

exercise it, Mr. Postlewhaite," interjected the parson, "but, don't you think you are carrying your right to an extreme?"

"It may be so, reverend sir," yielded Peter; "but it is 'my way;' and I am telling you what my 'way' is, at the risk of your deeming it whimsical. Take no offence, sir, when I say that I should still more resolutely have refused to take your order if you had confessed that you intended to violate the excellent pastoral character which has distinguished you ever since you became our vicar, by joining the squire's hunting parties."

"There I think you would have done right," avowed the good parson. "I do not like to speak uncharitably of any of my brethren of the cloth, being too sensible that I have my own imperfections; but I regard the dissipated habits of some clergymen that I could name as very condemnable."

"I am happy that your reverence approves my 'way' in some degree," Peter went on: "and now let me briefly explain my conduct towards the two labouring men I met in the street. The poor man to whom I spoke encouragingly has a very large family, and, of course, it holds him down in the world. Yet he is honest, sober, and industrious. I can afford to trust him for the new article he so much needs. And even if some unforeseen calamity should overtake him, and I should never get the money—why, I have neither chick nor child to provide for: the loss would not ruin me; and I should have pleasure in reflecting that I had benefited a deserving poor man."

"Mr. Postlethwaite, your 'way' is very creditable to you," burst in the sensitive clergyman.

"The other poor man is an habitual drunkard," continued Peter, without seeming to hear the vicar; "he earns more than the sober poor man; but he wastes nearly all he gets. Now, I hold that I am not bound to work for the encouragement of drunkenness, any more than I am for supplying the demands of people who keep up packs of useless hounds. I have trusted that drunken man twice, and he has been three years in my debt. I have reasoned with him, and rebuked him, for his vices; but he does not change. To-day, I finally denied him; and I told him that if he did not reform, he would soon be laid in the churchyard beside his father, who drank himself to death; and the last word I said to him, as you heard sir, was 'beware.'"

"Just so: and then he made that peculiar observation."

"Such peculiar observations he and others have often made, your reverence," resumed Peter, anxious to come to an end; "and I know that the report is circulated, from year to year, that I watch in the church-porch at St. Mark's Eve. How such a notion ever arose I cannot tell. Perhaps it may first have arisen from people's knowledge that I am fond of books and am thus unlike my plain neighbours; and that I am often seen crossing the churchyard at unusual hours, early and late, my solitary walks for thinking lying in that direction. Students and solitaries, your reverence knows, have in nearly all ages and countries been accused of 'unhallowed practices.'"

"I ought to have had more sense than to accuse you of them, Mr. Postlethwaite," confessed the vicar, catching the meaning of the droll twitch about Peter's mouth; "but I cannot forbear to ask you one more question: since you have known for so long a time that this absurd report was in circulation respecting you, why did you not do all in your power to banish such superstitious notions from among the people?"

"Perhaps I am blameable," acknowledged Peter, "in having taken a little sly pleasure in letting folks talk such nonsense, and laughing at them in my sleeve. The cynical philosophy is not the most humane, I own. But,"—and the tailor stopped, and looked with a gentle smile at the parson, lest the edge of the rejoinder he was about to utter should be felt too keenly,—"but, you know, sir, my calling is to make nether garments in buckskin: it is your's to correct men's hearts and heads. To whom, then, does it belong so strictly as to yourself in this parish to do all in your power to banish superstitious notions from among the people?"

"My good friend," replied the honest parson, rising and taking Peter's hand, "you give me the rebuke I most justly deserve. I will endeavour to perform that part—that important part of my duty, for the future. I thank you for having so patiently borne with me, and explained this 'way of your own. And whenever any of my parishioners speak of your 'way' again in my hearing, I shall' tell them that I wish every man's 'way' was as good as Peter Postlethwaite's."—*Eliza Cook's Journal.*

We should look carefully into the conduct and abilities of our schoolmasters; it is hardly safe to give the acorn, the seed of what will be England's glory, to the keeping of the hogs.

Did we not see it, we would not believe that any man could be conceited because a horse runs fast.

When Vice is united to Fortune she changes her name.

Genius may be sometimes arrogant, but nothing is so diffident as Knowledge.

Virtue is not more exempt than Vice from the ills of Fate, but it contains within itself always an energy to resist them, sometimes an anodyne to soothe.

If we seize too rapidly, we may have to drop as hastily.

PROGRESS OF THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

So rapid has been the extension of electro-telegraphic communication throughout the world, that we might almost fancy the subtle agent had something to do with its own propagation. Gunpowder took a century or two to make the tour of Europe and prove its superiority to bows and arrows; and steam-engines panted and puffed for many a year before the world thought it worth while to turn them to account. How different the progress of the electric telegraph! It was in 1837 that Wheatstone took out his first patent, and its first application in this country was made on the short railway from London to Blackwall.

Now, as appears by the Electric Telegraph Company's Report, we have nearly 6000 miles of telegraph, comprising more than 21,000 miles of wire—almost enough to stretch round the globe; and for the dispatch-service, there are 150 stations besides those in London. From the central office behind the Bank of England, communications are established with all parts of the kingdom, along the lines of railway, and messages may be sent at any hour of the day or night. The railway business alone keeps the telegraph clerks pretty actively employed; and when to this are added the messages from government and the general public, some idea may be formed of the amount of work to be done. During the elections of 1852, the state of the poll at every hour was transmitted to head-quarters. More than 10,000 such messages were sent in that short but eventful period. Sporting gentlemen all over the kingdom are now informed of the result of a race soon after the winning-horse has come to the post. The state of the weather is flashed to London every day from numerous localities for publication in a morning paper; and whenever desirable, the information can be obtained from twenty of the furthest off stations in the country within half an hour. A fashionable dame at the West End having set her heart on a villa in the sunny environs of Florence, her lord hired it for her by a telegraphic message. On the top of the office in the Strand, a time-ball indicates one o'clock to the whole neighborhood simultaneously with the ball on the observatory at Greenwich, and a clock erected on a pillar in the street opposite tells Greenwich time by the same apparatus. It is under consideration to establish a similar contrivance at different parts of the coast, so as to enable the masters of vessels to get the true time while on their way to port; and in foggy weather, the electric spark is to fire a cannon precisely at one o'clock, instead of dropping a ball. Soon we shall have to report, that the difference of longitude between the observatories of Greenwich and Paris has been determined by telegraph. The difference as at present known is nine minutes, twenty seconds and a half: should it be confirmed, it will say something for the accuracy of past observations.

The prospect of profit appears so good, that the United Kingdom Electric Telegraph Company are going to work in earnest. Their wires will be laid under-ground in pipes, following generally the turnpike-roads; and they propose to lease the exclusive use of a wire to any one desiring it. Seeing that one house alone, in London, pays £1000 a year for telegraphic messages, there is good reason to believe that a wire may be rented with benefit to both parties. The company have engaged the services of Mr. Wheatstone, and intend to send shilling messages, and have thus possessed themselves of two elements of success—ability and cheapness. Already an underground telegraph is laid on the old turnpike-road from London to Dover, and it is by this that those brief but important paragraphs of news from the continent which appear in the morning papers are transmitted. Not only are the railway stations of the metropolis connected with each other by underground wires, but the Post-office, Admiralty, and other government offices, the chief station of police, the Houses of Parliament, and some of the leading clubs, are also interwired. The authorities can now send orders, quick as thought, to detain a mail-packet, to despatch a frigate from any of the outports, or expedite equipments at the dock-yards. Gentleman sitting at dinner in the Reform Club in Pall Mall, have instantaneous notice every quarter of an hour of what is going on in "the House," so as to enable them to know whether they may take another glass of wine before "going down," or not.

Most of this progress has been accomplished since 1850, as also the laying down of the under-sea communications. It was in August 1850, that the possibility of sending a message through the Straits of Dover was demonstrated, as though to stimulate ingenuity, for the wire was broken by an unfortunate accident, and the work delayed for many months. The experiment was repeated towards the close of 1851 with entire success, which has not been once interrupted. Future historians will perhaps be struck by the fact, that the first news sent by the wire was of the famous *coup d'état* of the 2d December. If it was then remarked that England had lost her insular position, what shall be said now, when we have a second wire running to Middlekirk, near Ostend, and a third from Orfordness to Scheveningen on the Dutch coast, 119 miles in length? The latter wire was worthily inaugurated on the 14th June last, by the flashing across of the king of Holland's opening speech to his Chambers. Then there are two wires across the Irish Channel; and a third is

talked of, to run from the Mull of Cantyre to Fairhead. Ireland, too, is less insulated than before. By means of these under-sea wires, we can now communicate with most parts of the continent. The Dutch line gives us the shortest route to Copenhagen; and now that wires are sunk across the Great and Little Belts, we can hold telegraphic talk with the Danish capital. Through the Belgian wire, we reach Prussia, thence to Cracow and Warsaw, and on to St. Petersburg; or we may diverge the course of the message to Vienna, and have it forwarded to Trieste, 325 miles further, where it will overtake the Indian mail. The Czar is stretching wires from St Petersburg to Moscow, and to his ports on the Baltic and Black Seas; and before long, when he wants to quarrel with the Sultan, he will be able to do so with less delay than at present. The Turk, on his part, is thinking he would like to have a telegraph; and should he realise his wishes, Muscovite and Moslem may intercommunicate with equal celerity. Perth on the Tay may now, if she will, hold a "crack" with Pesth on the Danube; and Manchester ask Marseilles for the earliest quotations on Egyptian cotton.

At first, most of the German wires were laid underground, but in many places those stretched on posts have been substituted, as more generally serviceable. They are no longer confined to the railways, but are carried to such routes as are most suitable; and soon the miles of telegraph will outnumber those of railways. Austria has about 4000 miles of telegraph, and the other parts of Germany about as many. The wires are penetrating the valleys of Switzerland, and creeping up the slopes of the Alps: Spain has found out their use, but to a very limited extent: Italy has a few score miles; and in Piedmont, Mons. Borelli, the engineer, has done wonders with them. While waiting the completion of the railway between Turin and Genoa, it was thought desirable to connect the two cities by telegraph; and to effect this, the wires are carried over precipitous steeps, stretched across valleys nearly a mile in width, and buried in some places, where no other mode was possible. The way in which the difficulties of the ground are overcome is said to excel anything similar in Europe.

The Italian wires are to be connected with Corsica and Sardinia by lines sunk in the dividing channels; and from the southernmost cape of Sardinia they will be carried to Africa, striking the mainland a few miles west of Tunis, from which point it will not be difficult to reach Algeria, Egypt, and ultimately India. One stage, from the Nile to the Red Sea, will ere long be complete; and in India itself preparations are being made for the construction of 3000 miles of telegraph.

The establishment of the electric telegraph in France has been slower than in other countries; but there are now lines which radiate from Paris to Bordeaux, Marseilles, Lyons, Toulouse, Havre, Dieppe, Calais, and Strasbourg; and by the close of the present year, the chief towns of each department will be connected with the Ministry of the Interior. The government is master of all the lines; by way of Strasbourg they now reach Germany independently of Belgium; and in that city the French office and the Baden offices are side by side. Besides their own private despatches, no secret messages are sent, except certain diplomatic matters, and the news brought by the Indian mail to Marseilles. The latter is at once flashed onwards to London. Paris time is adopted on the lines all over France.

The vast extent of the United States has caused a greater extension of the telegraph than in any other country; it is now but little short of 30,000 miles, including Canada. There are two direct lines from Philadelphia to New Orleans. Projects are talked of, one of them sanctioned by Congress, for lines from Natchez, on the Mississippi, to San Francisco, a distance of 3000 miles; and from Vera Cruz to Acapulco, and from Missouri to Oregon, with a post of cavalry at every twenty miles to guard the wires, and ride with despatches. Another is to annex Cuba by means of a wire sunk across the channel which separates that island from Florida: it will need to be strong to resist the action of the Gulf-stream, which there flows with great rapidity. In New York and Boston all the fire-stations are connected by telegraph, and alarms are made known with a promptitude that averts much mischief. Private telegraphs, too, are greatly used in the large trading towns.

Much has been said by projectors about an under-sea telegraph to America; but it is a question whether in such a distance the currents generated in the wire by natural causes would not prove fatal to the transmission of an impulse from one extremity to the other. Some physicists believe that the experiment would not succeed from Galway to Newfoundland, which is not more than half the breadth of the Atlantic; and they state the practicable route to be by crossing Behring's Strait; or to run a wire from the Shetlands to the Faroes and Iceland, thence to Greenland, and on to Labrador and Nova Scotia. This task, however, remains for future enterprise, and will some day form an important chapter in the history of the electric telegraph.

There is a great difference between seeking to raise a laugh from everything, and seeking in everything what justly may be laughed at.

He who gives a trifle meanly is meaner than the trifle.

Frankness is the stoicism of true friendship.

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 pillow 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 SOUTHCOTEAN SECT.

This singular sect, whose head quarters were at Ashton-under-Line, near Manchester, are distinguished by their professing to believe in the forthcoming second appearance of Christ on earth; (the long-expected arrival of Shiloh having not taken place according to the prediction of the celebrated female whose name they bear;) by their adopting uniformity of dress; by their men wearing large bushy beards, or paying a fine to their church for exemption; by their having a chapel, the timber of which is said to be cedar from Lebanon; by their having a powerful military band to accompany their devotional singing; by the professed belief that their prophets (men who occupy their pulpits) can hold personal conference with the Deity; by the stated expectation that they shall ride to Jerusalem on white asses to commence the millennium; and by a thousand other singularities.

Their code of laws, which are in the form of a series of resolutions, are curiously written. The words would be English if the skeleton were filled up; but only one or more of the first letters are used; and we must leave our readers to decipher the record if they can, not choosing to act the part of interpreters ourselves further than giving a clue to the whole. It will be observed that the first ten parts are written in the order of the commandments. In the 12th there is a resolution not to smoke or chew tobacco, or take snuff; in the 21st—5, there is a statement of the days on which meat or fish may be eaten; and in the 20th—7, there is a determination of not writing a second letter to a female if the first be not answered "between and the new moon." The sect often call themselves Israelites, and their code is entitled the Seal of the Covenant. It is probably the office of the prophets to expound the whole of these apparently-cabalistic sentences; and the backslider who has allowed us to copy it, as a specimen of the literature of the age, has not explained to us more than a few passages of it, one of which we have omitted, for particular reasons.

THE SEA— OF THE COV——.

I.

1. I w ha n ot G b th w liv.
2. An I w se th t ke th ne Cov w th ha ma wi tho o Isr.
3. I m wi bre th com I w n hi i.

II.

1. I w n ma t lik o a thi th th ha cre o cau to gr.
2. N ha th i m pos.
3. N tra, o g ga b th.

III.

1. I w n ta th na i v.

IV.

1. I w rem t sab t ke i h.
2. I w n la o t sev d, Sat. i I ha ju me t k it wit.
3. N re ne, wor bo.
4. N s off o a jou wh w hin m fr mee wi th peo Isr.
5. I w n tra du t ho fr sev o Sat eve t eig o Sun mor, ex to t mee o m h.
6. M ani sh n la af s o'cl o h ha o th, unl i b t, con m t me wi t peo.
7. Fr sev t eig o'cl o Sat eve a Sun mor I w n kin o st a fir, o sn a can o al m ser t d i.
8. I I b a ser, I m d nec thi o t Sab, exc in t h fr sev, t eig, eve a mor.
9. Whi I ha t Se o t Cov, I w e n ani foo o unl bre f te da bef t mar a te aft; ev thi ye twe da bef, a twe aft.
10. I w ea n ani fo o Sat, n Sun, n ne mo.
11. N cor m chi o ser wh ar ab t ag o sev yea o te da.
12. Wh I ap bef th I wi b cle a i m be clo, a ha a n cot up m.
13. I wn div a thi th i re, sa, o do a th tim, to t wor o unc.
14. I I can att at a t mee, I w n kr t Sab ho wi t wor o t unc.
15. I thr sic o acc I can I m ser at t mee, nei eve n mor, I w ca hi o he t g to t Com o Sun mor to he t wo.
16. I I d n att t mee nei eve n mor I w se a tic sig m rea.
17. I w h m ho cle bef t su s o Fri, i I b ab.
18. I we ke ev ne moo ho unt th.
19. I w n lab i t ho fr sev to eig exc t La o t lan bi me;
20. B w app bef th i t San o bra San i m be clo, a m hea ano w mo pre oin o oi, to pre m f t cha fro mor t imm.
21. I I b abs, I we pre t Se o t Cov bef th i m rig han. o i I b sic i be, or o t wat, I w pre i bef th.
22. I w n beg a wor o jou th w pre m app bef th.
23. O t d o t ne moo n o sha rid w m i m car w a n sea. ex chi und t ag o fou wh par ar sea.

V.

1. I w hon m fat and mot acc t t l.

VI.

1. wn ki.

VII.

1. I w n co adu.
2. I w no unc t nak o eit ma o wo wi a e int.

VIII.

1. I w n ste.

IX.

1. I w n be fa wit.
2. I wn ta a fa oat.
3. I w n li.
4. I w n rai ag th th a jo i to cov.
5. I w n sa t a beg I no t sp o I ca gi y an th (i I hi) bu sa, I w n re y.
6. I w n sa t a bor I ha not (i I h) i I n li t le, I w sa, I wh le t yo.

X.

1. I wn cov a thi th i n m ow.

XI.

1. I w re th ev mon.

XII.

1. I w n smo, o ch tob, o ta sn.

XIII

1. I w n emp a doc exc f acc, o a t poi o dea.

XIV.

1. I wn g dru.

XV.

1. I w n ha fal ha app.
2. I wn ha m hat cu sh th th in,
3. N le on pa lo th ano.
4. I w n cu m bea.
5. N dro ha wil t thr i ou o sh.

XVI.

1. I w n ha uns ani.
2. N o ha cu o pl fro th, n th fl e cu, i I ha n par of t wo.
3. I w ke t gee goo.
4. An hav "Hol to t Kin," on t fro pa o t bri, if I ha no par o t wor.
5. I I ha a hor n m col, I w n ke it if on o m bre wan it.
6. I w h a ju wei a a ju mea.
7. I w n adu.
8. I w n ha an ear ves o ves o gl, o sto, th is bro, sni, or cra, so tha it w n hol its fu qua o wat.
9. I w n mak a thi o bon, exc t bon o t wha; bu t too o t ele, a t hor of bea I ma use.

XVIII.

1. I w ha m hou sea eve thr yea, whi i a t mar o t sea;
2. An giv a acc o t val o m pro, to t hou o Isr, if I hav an.

XIX.

1. I w end to p a m ju deb.
2. I w set w m ser eve si da, whi is Fri, i I ha ju me, a at lea ev ne mo.
3. I w pa fo a sea i t San.
4. I w pa fo m clo whe I ord, if I ha it i m pow, bu i no i m pow, I w pa o ha I ord i, an t ot ha w I re i.
5. I w n pu mo t in bu int Isr Ba.

XX.

1. I w n jo a com, o ma lea w t wor, o vot o int.
2. I w n rec t kin co as a sol, o hi; i b lot I w rel mys i I b ab o ho i m st.
3. I w n mar a unb, o wa wo wh i n in t Cov t tur me fro th la.
4. I w n g t la wi m bro or sis; i th cas ha no be bro bef t Num Tw eld.
5. I w n cou b by let.
6. If I rec a let fro a fem a I acc it, I w sho it t m mot, if sh b joi i th Cov, a i we agr, I w ret a et to th fem bet a t ne moo. I I d n acc it, I w b it bef t su se upo m, a d no dec it.
7. I I se a let t a fem, a d n rec a ans bet a t ne mo, I w n wr a se ti.

XXI.

1. I w e not w t bl wit it.
2. N an thi b wh is cle: t bea th div t hoo a she tcu; t bir th fee n o de car; t fis th ha fin a sca.
3. I w n eat a me th beg t im, b gi o se it t th str.
4. I w n bak an dou th beg t b so, th w int fe unl bre.
5. Fiv do, Mon, Tue, Wed, Thu, an Fri, I m ea fle, he or fru; bu I w n eat t fa whi cle to t ent o a ki o be, o fow bu t fa wh gro to t car I m eat. Sat t sev da, an Sun, and ne moon, I m ea fis, her or fru.
6. I m us spi in pud, pie, o dou, o sau fo pud, o cur win o me wi the.

XXII.

1. I w n tou an auc thi th i de wi t blo wit it.
2. I I ge a dis w is inf, I w n h i.
3. I w h m li w wit t thi da, Tue, if I ha lin to cha o,
4. I w n wa lin, o w a ta i I ca g a fem t d i.
5. I w n ha m lin, woo, o ski wa i uri, o us i a m.

XXIII.

1. I w n v a v.

XXIV.

1. I wi n ea wi m ser.

XXV.

1. I w n sa th to t wor.

XXVI.

1. I w gi t m br a sis t n n a t.

XXVII.

1. I w ke m clo an wat acc to t sudia, to t bes o m kno.

XXVIII.

1. I w n we ab tw thi o clo, whi ar coa an wai, exc i b f tra.
2. I w we n col bu acc t m tri.
3. I w we dre sto; bu o t ne moo an sab I w we whi sto o sil o lin.
4. I w we a str h o t n mo o sab.
5. I w wea al th orn whi I sha b com; if I b unc I wi del th u to t Com I bel; if th b no a Com the, I wi se th to t Com-roo a Ash.
6. I I li w a fa of unb a am lik t di, I wi cau th t ta bib i the ri ha an pro m in the nam o m Go t del u m clo an al orn, whi a n m ow, to t ho o Isr.

XXIX.

1. I w b s t t I a p u b t c o G.
2. I w obe the sum o t Com.
3. I w n ke a thi ba fro m mas o mis th i con t th com, i th b joi it Cov.
4. I w n hi an thi fro m wi if sh wal i th com.
5. I w br u m chi a ser to t ag o fo-te th fe; I w se th la bef the.
6. I m wi b a unb, I w cor m ch fr inf to t ag of fo-te b t wh. Be u i I b a wik, I wh a a hou-ke th i jo in Cov; an co t ma fr te t fo-te.

7. I wn stro o pu an bu acc to t La.

XXX.

1. I w h m ch bap an cir o t ei da, i it ha be i t wom te mon a li fo lif, i m wi b in t Cov.

2. If I an m wi bot b un, an s br for a chi, i can b num i t ho o Isr.

3. I I b sh ou o n joi i t Cov, m offs als ar sh ou und fo-tee yea of ag.

4. I I bre t La wit for da o t mar o t se I sha n re a Lit Bo or a Se.

XXXI.

1. I w se th t rel th wor ev he mo.

2. I w se m Go t le t Heb Lan a hi so.

Benj——,
Of the hou— of Jos———,
Of the Fam—— of Asr.———
Of the Tri— of Jos——.

No. 144,000.

THE BARBER OF GOTTINGEN.

One night about ten o'clock, as the Barber of Gottingen College was preparing to go to rest, after having scraped the chins of upwards of a dozen of students, the door of his shop opened briskly, and a short, burly, thickset man made his appearance. He seemed to be about fifty years of age. In stature he did not rise above five feet, but this was amply compensated by a paunch which would have done honor to a burgomaster. His face, his legs, and, in truth, his whole frame gave equal tokens of *en bon point;* and spoke in eloquent terms of good living and freedom from care. This worthy personage had on a broad-brimmed glazed hat, a brown frock-coat, and brown small-clothes, with copper buckles at the knees. His hair, which was curly, and as black as pitch, descended behind and at each side, underneath the rim of his hat. His whiskers were thick and bushy; and his beard appeared to be of at least four days' growth.

The salutation which he made on entering the *sanctum sanctorum* of the Barber, was more remarkable for freedom than for politeness. He pushed the door roughly aside, and strutted into the middle of the room, placing his hands jockeywise into his coat-pockets, and whistling aloud.

"Can you shave me, I say?" was his first address to the astonished tonsor.

"Sir?" said the latter, with a stare of surprise, as he turned round and encountered the eye of this new arrival.

"I say, can you shave me?" thundered out the latter with increased loudness.

The barber was a tall, meagre, spindle-shanked figure of a man, somewhat up in years, and not remarkable for an extraordinary share of courage. He had, however, too high an opinion of himself—being no less than peruke-maker to the professors of Gottingen—to stand tamely by, and be bearded in his own house. His indignation got the better of a feeling of dread, which, in spite of himself, began to creep over him; and he heard the demand of his visitor with rather an unusual share of resolution.

"You ask me if I can shave you, Sir," said he, ceasing from the operation of strapping a razor in which he was engaged; "I can shave any man that ever wore a beard; and I see no reason why you should be more difficult to shave than other people, unless, peradventure, your chin is stuck over with bristles like a hedgehog, or some such animal."

"Well, then, why don't you shave me?" returned the other, throwing himself upon a chair, pitching his hat carelessly to one side, and stretching out his short plump legs as far as they would go. "Come along, my old boy; now I am ready for you." So saying, he unloosed his neckcloth, laid it down, and grasped and rubbed his neck and chin with both hands with an appearance of peculiar satisfaction. But the College Barber was in no mood of mind to relish such freedoms. He stuck his Dutch spectacles upon the tip of his long skinny nose, projected forward his peering chin in a sarcastic, sneering manner, and eyed the stranger with a look anything but favorable. At last he broke silence—

"I said, Sir, that I could shave any man; but——"

"But what?" said the other, aroused by the gravity of his tone, and turning round upon him.

"But it is not my pleasure to shave *you.*" And he commenced strapping his razor as before, without taking any farther notice of his neighbor. The latter seemed astounded at what he heard. He, in fact, doubted the evidence of his ears, and gazed upon the barber with a look of curious astonishment. His curiosity, however, soon gave way to anger; and this was indicated by a most portentous heaving about the chest, and an increased flushing of his rubicund face. His cheeks were at length blown out and distended with genuine rage, till they acquired something of the rotundity aud proportions of a good large pumpkin.

"Not shave *me!*" ejaculated he, emptying his lungs and cheeks at once of the volume of air accumulated within them. The rushing out of this hurricane of wrath was tremendous. The barber trembled from top to toe when he heard it, but he uttered not a word.

"Not shave *me!*" He was silent as before.

"Not shave *me!*" repeated the little man a third time, louder than ever, and started from his seat with a bound perfectly remarkable for his corpulency. The shaver got alarmed, and well he might; for the other stood fronting him—his arms a-kimbo—his eyes flashing fire, and all his attitudes indicative of some hostility. The strap was dropped,

and the razor quietly deposited upon the mantle-piece.

"Do you mean to do me an injury in my own house?" said the barber, with all the courage he could muster.

"Donner and blitzen! Who talks of injuring you? I wish you to scrape my beard. Is there anything extraordinary in that?"

"I can shave no man after ten o'clock," replied the barber. "Besides, my business is solely confined to the professors and students of the university. I am strictly forbidden to operate on the face or head of any other person, by the most learned Doctor Dedimus Dunderhead and the Senatus Academicus."

"Doctor Dedimus Dunderhead!" observed the other with a contemptuous sneer. "And who may he be?"

"He is the Provost of the University, and Professor of Moral Philosophy thereunto," answered the barber, not a little scandalized at hearing that learned man spoken of in such terms.

"Ay—and a pretty dunderhead fellow he must be to give any such orders. However, I am not going to waste my time here all night. All that I have got to tell you is this, that if you won't shave me I shall shave you." And suiting the action to the word, he reached up his hand, got hold of the barber by the nose, and placed him, by sheer force, upon the chair which he himself had just left. The suddenness of this action deprived the other for a moment of his senses. He sat gazing, with a mixture of rage and amazement, at the author of the audacious deed; nor was it till he felt the brush, loaded with cold soap suds, thumping upon his cheeks, and heard the stranger laughing aloud, that he reflected upon his situation. His first impulse was to start up, but he was instantly pushed down by the brawny arm of the little man. He then turned his head from side to side to avoid the assaults, but this did not mend the matter: his face was reached by the brush, and brow, nose, cheeks, and ears bespattered with the saponaceous effusion. Nor when he attempted to bawl out were his efforts more successful: the indefatigable operator filled his mouth with lather, and laid on with greater energy than ever. With one hand, grasping him by the throat, and the other armed with the shaving-brush, the fat man continued at his occupation, laughing heartily, and enjoying, with the most turbulent mirth, the scene before him. At last the barber managed, with great difficulty, to get out some words, and cried strenuously for mercy, promising, by heaven and earth, to shave his oppressor when and where he thought proper, whatever Doctor Dedimus Dunderhead and the Senatus Academicus might say to the contrary.

This declaration procured him a release. He rose up trembling from the grasp of the stranger, and having his face more thoroughly bedizened with his own peculiar liquid than any face, handsome or ugly, which ever came under his hands. His first care was to free it of those ignominious marks of good will by means of a towel, while the author of this outrage threw himself upon the chair, almost convulsed with laughter.

As the astonished shaver prepared his utensils for the operation about to be performed, though in a different manner, upon his opponent, he had some leisure to recover from the shock into which he was thrown. Indignation was still a prominent feeling in his mind, but this was subordinate to other emotions; and the dread of his sufferings being repeated, together with the appearance of the stranger, who had now resumed his seat and was whistling impatiently, made him hasten his preparations with unusual speed. Having arranged everthing, that is to say, having prepared a razor, mixed up a quantity of foaming lather, and stuck a towel under the chin of his customer, he was about to commence, when the latter thundered out, "*avaunt!*" The barber gave way like a scared poacher, retreated some steps, and gazed at the other with ill-suppressed alarm.

"Perhaps you mean to cut my throat?" said the stranger, in a loud voice.

"My business is to shave beards, and not to cut throats," rejoined the affrighted shaver, with all humility.

"Very like—very like; but I don't choose to take you at your word: so have a care. If you cut my throat, I will blow your brains out, that's all." And placing his hand in one of the large pockets of his frock coat, he brought out a horseman's pistol, cocked it deliberately, and placed it on a chair which stood beside him. "Now proceed," continued he, "and rememher, if you so much as scratch a pimple on my chin, or leave a single hair unshorn, I shall send a bullet through your numskull."

The appearance of this terrible weapon augmented, as may well be supposed, the barber's alarm. His hand shook like an aspen leaf, and he kept laying on the suds ten times longer than he ever did on any former occasion. He was terrified to lay his razor on the chin of so dangerous a subject, and resolved to keep brushing to the very last moment, rather than run.. the risk of having a pistol discharged at his head. The delay, indeed, was useful to him, as it gave his hand time to recover its wonted steadiness. Nor did the stranger take it ill; on the contrary, his good humour appeared to return with the agreeable titillation of the shaving-brush; and he whistled aloud, thereby blowing the soap from his lips upon the barber's face, with a look of apparent satisfaction.

Half an hour had now passed away since the latter commenced laying on the soap, and he was still employed at this preliminary operation. The fat man relished it mightily;

and, far from complaining of its tediousness, kept whistling away, and humming snatches of old songs, to the no small annoyance of the operator, who found the utmost difficulty in making the brush move smoothly over features so diversified in motion and expression. Notwithstanding all this gaiety, however, the shaver did not like his new acquaintance. There was something odd about him; and, even though there had been nothing remarkable, he could not, at once, forget the egregious insult offered to his own person only a short time before. Instead, therefore, of laughing at his strange sallies of broad humour, he felt his heart burning with a wrath which nothing but genuine fear prevented from bursting forth. The whistling and singing of the stranger only produced disgust; his witticisms drew forth nothing but a grin, every moment his outrageous mirth became more intolerable. His whole aim seemed to be to stultify and ridicule the unfortunate barber, who continued to apply the brush with a feeling of agony which dyed his pale cheeks to a dingy hue, and lengthened his gaunt physiognomy fully a couple of inches.

It will be asked, why did he not get through with his operation, and rid himself of so troublesome a customer? This, as we have said, proceeded from his dread of applying the razor to the chin of so irritable a personage. But time quiets all things, and his dread, at last, wore off. His hand became steadier, and he thought he might now venture to finish a business, commenced under such extraordinary auspices. His attempt was in vain. No sooner had he ceased applying the soap, and was in the act of moving off for his razor, when the loud voice of his customer fell, like thunder, upon his ear, "Brush away, my old boy—nothing like it." And he continued humming these words for a quarter of an hour longer, during which time the barber was compelled to soap his chin without the least interval of repose. It was now eleven, as was indicated by the striking of the College clock.

Three-quarters of an hour had he scrubbed away at the chin of this strange character, and, as yet, he saw no more chance of his labor terminating than when he began. The same toilsome, never-ending task was still before him, and he was kept working at it as by some supernatural agency. It was in vain for him to get into a passion; the fat man laughed in his face. It was in vain to attempt a cessation of his labor; the eternal "Brush away," from the mouth of his tormentor, kept him at the work. Still more vain was it for him to refuse; he remembered the punishment inflicted upon him for such an act, and had, moreover, an eye to the pistol hard by, by means of which, doubtless, its owner would have enforced compliance.

Never was any human being so completely wretched. He felt as if within the charmed ring of some enchanter, from whose precincts it was impossible to escape. He had no power of his own. His will was useless; every movement of his body was in direct opposition to its dictates. What could he do? If he stopped one moment, that cursed sound of "Brush away," was thundered into his ears. If he moved for his razor, he was brought back by the same invoking spell. If he refused to shave, he ran the risk of being shaved himself. Nay, even though he had the razor in his hand, what security had he that he might not scratch the chin of such a talkative and unsteady being, and thereby get as a reward a pistol bullet through his brain? Such was the deplorable condition of the barber of Gottingen University.

"Brush away," cried the sentorian voice of the stranger, as he plunged his fingers among his immense mass of black curly hair, and showed, while he laughed, a mouth which might well nigh have swallowed the full moon.

"I can brush no longer," said the barber, dropping his hands with absolute fatigue. "I have brushed for more than an hour to no purpose, and am exhausted beyond endurance."

"Exhausted, say you, my old boy? I shall cure you of that. Here, swallow a little of this glorious stuff—the Elixir Diaboli of Doctor Faustus." So saying, he drew a bottle of red liquid from his pocket, uncorked it in an instant, and, before the barber was aware, forced one-half of it down his throat. "Now brush away," continued he, "nothing like it."

Confounded by the suddenness of this action, the operator had no time to reflect. Again did he begin his eternal labor; again was the brush loaded with the supply of suds, and laid on as before. Inspired by what he had swallowed, he felt new vigour to diffuse itself throughout his body. His arms forgetting their fatigue, worked with refreshed energy, while the fat man continued to bawl out "Brush away," and laughed and grinned alternately in his face.

But, although his body was strengthened, let it not be supposed that the least glimmer of satisfaction was communicated to his mind. On the contrary, he became every moment more overwhelmed with amazement and wretchedness. Body and mind seemed to have dissolved their natural connexions. The former was a mere puppet over which the latter had no control. The unhappy man felt his misery. He knew the utter absurdity of his conduct—he knew that he was acting the part of an idiot—a madman—a laughing-stock. Yet with all this knowledge he could not check himself in his nonsensical career; but, as if by some infernal influence, he continued to lather the face of his obstreperous customer,

notwithstanding all that inclination and common sense could say to the contrary.

We have said that the College clock struck eleven. Another half-hour passed by, and midnight was approaching. The apartment in which this strange scene was carried on began to get obscure, from the untrimmed lamp, and fading glow of the fire. A dim twilight from these sources lit it up, aided by the rays of the young moon peering through a small window, which opened into the College court. Every moment the place was becoming darker; and, at last, the barber's blocks, capped in their corresponding wigs, and ranged at intervals along the wall, were so obscure, that they might have been mistaken for the heads of so many human beings stuck upon poles: nothing but their dark outlines were discernible. On the expiring embers of the fire stood the kettle, still singing audibly, and pouring forth streams of vapour from the spout.

This scene of gloom was no impediment to the operations of the barber. He still continued his incessant toil, and the strange man as unceasingly his vociferations. "Brush away, my old boy," came perpetually from his lips, and was succeeded invariably by a long-drawn despairing sigh from the bosom of the shaver. The darkness at length became so great, that the latter could, with difficulty, perceive his own brush and soap-box. The lamp flickered some score of times like a dying meteor, and then went out; while nothing remained of the fire but a few red embers which communicated a local glow of warmth, but scarcely emitted the slightest ray of light. The room was illuminated solely by the faint beams of the moon, and was so dark that nothing but the outlines of the largest objects, such as the chairs and tables, were visible. The blocks, long ere this time, had hid themselves in darkness.

As the gloom became deeper, the barber's terror increased. His hand could scarcely hold the brush, with which he worked at random, like a blind man—sometimes hitting, and sometimes missing, the physiognomy of the stranger. But though the darkness thickened around, though the College clock had struck the twelfth hour, the latter showed no signs of exhaustion. His eternal cry continued the same. "Brush away, brush away, brush away,"—that incessant sound rung like a knell of misery in the ears of the wretched shaver. He even thought that he heard the accursed notes taken up by every object around: his blocks—his kettle, seemed instinct with sound. They all re-echoed it; the former with low and sepulchral notes from their wooden sconces; the latter with a hissing sound like that of a serpent endowed with speech.

Another half hour now passed by, and at length the horrid and unearthly tones of the fat man became less loud. He seemed to drop asleep, and his "Brush away" was repeated at longer intervals, and in a deep hollow voice. It never ceased, however, but was uttered with much less rapidity than at first. He began to snore; and, between each, a long deeply-drawn "Br-u-sh a-way" was heard to proceed from his bosom, as from the bottom of a tomb: the blocks and the kettle also murmured the tones with kindred slowness. In all this there was something inexpressibly frightful; and a cloud passing before the moon, and thereby leaving the chamber in profound darkness, the barber found himself overwhelmed with unutterable dread.

There was not a soul present but himself and his fearful companion. His house opened into the College church-yard, which was a dismal place, surrounded by high walls, and regularly locked in each evening. Every circumstance, therefore, contributed to render his situation more appalling. There was no one at hand to relieve him in his distress: no one to hear him should he invoke their aid. There was even no way of escape should he be so fortunate as to get out: the lofty wall of the cemetery rendered that a hopeless undertaking.

Meanwhile, he continued to ply at his endless task. The least pause brought on increased exclamations from the stranger. While he lathered him with rapidity, he was comparatively silent; but on any occasional pause from fatigue, the cries became redoubled in loudness and rapidity. Times without number was he obliged to shift the brush from one hand to the other from actual exhaustion. It was in vain: there seemed to be no termination to his efforts. If he relaxed a moment he was sure to be recalled by the incessant "Brush away" of the mysterious man.

Such intolerable misery could not endure. Human nature, in the person of the barber, was taxed to its utmost efforts, and refused to do more. The anguish he sustained gave him courage, and, stepping aside all at once, he made to the door, intending to effect his escape. Alas! scarcely had he advanced a yard towards the threshold, than a "Brush away," louder than any he had yet heard, fell upon him like a thunderbolt, and froze the spirit within him. He returned to his task, and commenced brushing the beard of the fat man as before. The cries of this personage now became more loud than they had been for the last half hour. His slumbers seemed to be broken, and he resumed, with unabated vigour, his old system of singing and whistling, and laughing fearfully.

"Brush away," continued he with his intolerable laugh. "An't fatigued I hope, my old boy? Will you have another taste of my elixir, eh?"

"We are more in need of lights than of

elixirs," ejaculated the barber, with an effort which it cost him all his skill to accomplish.

"Brush away, then, and we shall not want lights. There's a brace of them for you. Did you ever see anything finer, old boy?"

The barber started back a fathom with amazement; and well he might, for in the midst of the darkness he beheld two horrid luminous eyes glaring upon him. They were those of the fat man, and seemed lighted up with that hideous spectral glow which is to be seen floating in cemeteries and other places of corruption. The unnatural glare made his whole head visible. His face, so far as the soap permitted its tint to be seen, was flushed to the color of deep crimson. His dark hair appeared converted into sable snakes; and when he laughed, the whole inside of his mouth and throat resembled red-hot iron, and looked like the entrance to a furnace within its entrails. Nor was the breath which emanated from this source endurable: it was hot, suffocating, and sulphureous, as if concocted in the bottom of hell. Such a hideous spectacle was more than the barber could endure. It gave speed to his feet; and, dashing down his brush and soap-box, he rushed out at the door, in an agony of desperation.

Away he ran through the church-yard, into which, as we have said, his door opened. Nothing was capable of impeding his progress. He leaped over hillocks, tomb-stones, ditches, and everything that stood in his way. Never was terror so thoroughly implanted in the heart of a human being. He had not been half a minute out, however, when his ears were saluted with one of the stranger's horrible laughs, and with his still more horrible "brush away." In another moment he heard footsteps coming after him, which made him accelerate his speed. It was to no purpose; the steps behind gained upon him, and, on looking back, he beheld, to his horror, the fat man—his face covered with soap-suds,—the towel tucked under his chin, his hat off, and the horseman's pistol in his hand. He laughed, and roared out "Brush away," as he pursued the wretched shaver with a speed miraculous for a man of his unwieldy size. The moon, which shone brightly at this time, rendered every object tolerably distinct.

Pushed to desperation, the barber turned his footsteps to the tower of the steeple, the door of which stood wide open. He entered, and attempted to close it behind him. It was too late; the other was close at his heels, and forced himself in. There was no time to be lost. Our fugitive mounted the stair of the tower, and ascended with the rapidity of lightning There was a door nine stories up, which opened on an outside terrace upon the top. Could he only gain this, all would be well, as he could lock the door outwardly, and exclude his pursuer from coming farther. His exertions to achieve this were tremendous, but without much success, for, about a yard behind him, he heard the steps and unnatural laugh, and "brush away" of the stranger. He even saw the light of his phosphorescent eyes glaring upon the dark stair of the tower, as he came behind him. Every effort was in vain. The barber mounted the topmost step and pushed through the door: the fat man did the same.

They were now on the terrace—above them rose the church spire to a hundred and thirty feet; below them yawned a gulf of as many more. The first salutation of the stranger to his companion was a hideous laugh, followed by "Brush away! nothing like shaving!" The barber, meanwhile, stood as far removed from him as he could—the monument of pale despair. His teeth chattered, his knees knocked together, and he knelt down with the agony of terror.

"Ha, ha!" exclaimed his tormentor; "what dost thou think now, old boy? Brush away; come, give me a scrubbing till six in the morning—only five hours more—nothing like a little wholesome exercise." He concluded with one of his intolerable laughs.

"Brush away," continued he, holding his sides, and laughing at the mortal fear of the barber. "Out with thy lather-box and thy brush, man; where are they, old beard-scraper?"

"I have thrown them away," muttered the terrified shaver.

"Thrown them away! Donner and blitzen, then I have a good mind to throw thee away also! A toss from the tower would be mighty pretty to look at in such a fine moonlight morning."

So saying, he took hold of the barber by the nose as he knelt for mercy, lifted him up with perfect ease, and held him at arm's length over the terrace. The poor man's alarm at being poised by the beak over such a tremendous gulf may be better conceived than described. He kicked, and threw out his long arms to and fro, like a spider on the rack. He roared aloud for mercy, as well as his pinched nose would admit of—promised to shave his honor to the last moment of his life—mentioned the destitute condition in which his wife and family would be left by his death, and made use of every tender argument to soften the heart. It was in vain—the fat man was not to be moved, for, in the midst of one of the most eloquent appeals, he opened his thumb and forefinger by which the barber was held. The nose slipped down from between them, and its owner—body and soul, tumbled headlong through the abyss of space, a descent of one hundred and thirty feet. Down, down,—down he went, whirling round about like a shuttlecock, sometimes his feet being upwards, sometimes his head. During these multiplied circumgyrations, he

had occasional glimpses of his adversary above him. There he beheld him leaning over the terrace with his soapy face and the towel before him, holding his sides, and laughing with inconceivable vigour—while every now and then he could hear the hated "Brush away," coming from his lips. But the most dreadful of all the scenes which greeted him, was the glare of his ghastly eyes, which shot down spectral glances, and seemed like sepulchral lights to illumine him on his descent. Dreadful were the feelings of the barber as he approached the ground. His frame shuddered convulsively—his breath came fast—he felt almost suffocated, and drew himself into the smallest possible dimensions, like a snail within its shell.

The fatal moment came at last when he was to be dashed in pieces, but, contrary to the laws of gravitation, the nearer he approached the earth the more slow his descent became. At last, it was so gentle, that he seemed to be sustained in air. Some good angel had caught him in his fall, and, instead of being shivered to atoms, he was borne as on the wings of light and music, to the ground. On turning round he felt some gentle one reposing beside him. It was his wife. Worthy couple! they were snug in bed together; and the barber found to his inexpressible satisfaction, that he had been dreaming.—*A Modern Pythagorean.*

Deep Sea Soundings.—The Royal Society was lately entertained by Capt. Denham, R.N., of H.B.M. ship Herald, with an account of his experiences in deep sea soundings. The expedition under Capt. D. was particularly directed to observe soundings, and it was very successful. The deepest was obtained on a calm day, Oct. 30, 1852, in the passage from Rio Janiero to the Cape of Good Hope. The sounding-line, one-tenth of an inch in diameter, was furnished by Commodore McKeever, U.S.N., commanding the frigate Congress. The plummet weighed nine pounds, and was eleven inches long by one-seventh of an inch diameter. When the depth of 7,706 fathoms was reached, the plummet touched bottom. Captain Denham states that Lieutenant Hutcheson and himself drew up the plummet fifty fathoms, but it indicated the same depth after each experiment. The velocity of the line was as follows:

	Hours.	Minuies.	Seconds.
The first 1.000 fathoms in	0	27	15
1.000 to 2.000 " - - -	0	39	49
2.000 to 3.000 " - - -	0	48	10
3 000 to 4.000 " - - -	1	13	39
4,000 to 5.000 " - - -	1	26	06
5,000 to 6.000 " - - -	1	45	55
6.000 to 7,000 " - - -	1	49	15
7,000 to 8,000 " - - -	1	14	15
Total, - - - - -	9	24	45

The whole time taken by the plummet in descending to this amazing depth of 7,706 fathoms, or 7.7 geographical miles of 60 to a degree, was 9 hours 24 minutes and 45 seconds. The highest summits of the Himalaya are little more than 28,960 feet, or 4.7 geographical miles above the sea.

GOOD LAC.

To avoid all personality, let it be supposed that the city on the Ganges named in the succeeding narrative is Dashapore, and that I had to do there with the house of Blankman, Asterisk, and Co.; although I had not much to do with them. They are the proprietors of a large lac factory, which they permitted me to visit, and I am about to relate what I saw and thought of it; that is all. It should be understood, however, that there is a mystery connected with the manufacture of shell, seed, and stick-lac, and that there may be secrets in the business that I wot not of. There are two great factories in Dashapore. Within one of them no foot of stranger is allowed to tread: it refused access even to Lord Auckland when he was Governor-General. The other, that of Blankman and Co., excludes all traders; but courteously allows the works to be seen by any members of the civil or military service, or by travellers from Europe. That one I have seen and will describe; but I can make no startling revelations, and have looked the subject up in no Encyclopædias. I simply took fresh eyes to a new sight and am able to tell nothing more than what I, as a stranger, saw. I must premise, however, that lac is the product of a very small female insect, deposited round the branches of certain Eastern trees; and is manufactured for two purposes;—as stick-lac and seed-lac it becomes a red dye; as shell lac it is a resin of which the best sealing-wax is made.

Setting out from a neighboring station, and having only two days' leave, it was of no use for me to flinch from the rain, which came down as it is apt to come during the monsoon when it is very much the sort of rain one gets acquainted with in the most rainy parts of Ireland. Splashing away down the road behind a fine Australian horse, yoked in a buggy, passing the bungalows of the civilians and catching a glimpse now and then of the sacred river, which looked very dropsical—it had been swelling for some weeks—I set out, therefore on my expedition. The road, by the time I got to Dashapore, was a small Ganges through which the Australian tramped spattering the water up over his ears. Hindoos who had money to earn, were abroad in the streets under umbrellas, and the west end of the town being paved with stone, one might, with shut eyes, dream of a rattle on the stones of London. That was possible with shut eyes only. Even in London, one would scarcely meet with such a sight as the one-ponied native gig, containing, beside the driver, one fat and one lean native, each with a scarlet turban and a crimson umbrella. You might in London meet an Oriental woman wrapped in a dirty sheet, and carrying a platter, for the contributions of by-standers, but you would not see on her platter a brass cup of water, three or

four gay flowers, two or three bright colored powders, and a few grains of rice; or ever suppose that she was carrying them as a morning offering to the gods Mahadêo and Gunesh. Such a woman I passed, who, as I came near, duly turned her face to the wall, but made a wonderful display of leg. You would not in London see an armourer at work in his shop sharpening a sword, or architecture that reminds you much of the Arabian Nights, gilded mosques, temples elaborately carved; or goats, with their backs curled and their hair staring, quietly standing under shelter half-way up steep staircases that lead from dwellings and project into the narrow street. A smell as of a giant sealing his gigantic letters with gigantic sticks of wax, informed me when the factory was near. I drove into the yard of it, and halting at the door of a bungalow, accosted a gentleman whom I found seated in the verandah, warmly attired in a flannel jacket and jack-boots.

My friend, a member of the firm, had not yet come to business. Would I wait? it was asked, I would, and did. We offered together, (I and the gentleman in flannel,) a burnt sacrifice of tobacco, over which he confidendentially made known to me that he felt desperately seedy, having recently recovered from a fever. That he should have had a fever I thought not surprising, when I learnt that he never went out of "the compound," and saw in that enclosure there were more weeds than were likely to be wholesome. My friend of the firm presently arrived, and talked mysteriously with a bright-eyed and bright-turbaned native, who had gold armlets gleaming through the sleeves of his fine muslin dress. We then set forth on our survey.

The factory is made up of long storied buildings, scattered about without apparent order. We went into one of them. It was a store-room that contained some hundreds of thousands pounds weight of twigs encrusted with a gummy substance. "What have we here?" I asked; and was told that there I had the raw material Stick-Lac, just as it was gathered and brought in from the jungles of Central India, distant between two and five hundred miles away from Dashapore. Two porters passed us, carrying an open sack of twigs slung by a pole between them; my friend Asterisk selected a good specimen out of the sack, snapped it across, and bade me pay attention to the fracture. Of course there was wood in the middle; round about the wood there was a circle of blackish-looking seeds—not really seeds, I supposed, but they resembled them; outside was an enclosing crust of resin. "That," said my friend. "is animal resin, formed by the little insects, the lac-cochineals, who produce for us our raw material out in the jungle. The blackish seeds that are not seeds, are little bags of matter which have been formed on the stomachs of the insects, and are left by them after their death as food for their larvæ; the outer coat of resin being designed for the shelter also of those larvæ. We pass both bags and resin through this factory, and get out of them food and shelter for ourselves, and for a good many men also, our workpeople and others." It occurred to me that there must be some tact required in gathering the twigs at the right season; and, having hinted so much, I had my discernment flattered by the information that it requires a practised skill to gather the stick-lac at a critical period; which is of short duration, that is to say, after the bags have been deposited, and before the larvæ have begun to eat them.

"This," said my friend, "is the first stage of manufacture." He led me to an oriental group of women, who were grinding encrusted twigs in hand-mills, two women grinding at each mill. They all talked in a discordant chorus; and their children—their own larvæ—were all there, crawling about them.

We then went to the dye-works, an inner square, edged on all sides with a verandah. Two sides of the square, under the verandah, were occupied by rows of stone vessels sunk into the ground, behind which rows there ran a narrow canal formed of masonry, perhaps a foot wide and a foot in depth. In each of the stone vessels there was a man playing the part of pestle to its mortar. Each man with his face to the wall grasped at a bamboo railing fixed above, and went through, in his own mortar, a system of wonderful contortions. Under the feet of each man in each stone receptacle there lay a portion of the ground and sifted raw material there immersed in water. All the living pestles were at work beating the dye out of the stick-lac—where it had been stored up chiefly in the blackish seeds, for I must beg leave to call them seeds—into the water. When the stick-lac had been in this way made to yield as much of the dye as could be got from it, all that remained of raw material at the bottom of each stone trough was taken out and carried to another part of the factory, where it was again washed by another set of men till it would yield to water not another stain of redness. Then the residue was treated finally by a process, which I suppose to be one of the factory secrets, for I was not asked to see it. By that process it is purified; decayed and rotten portions would be got rid of; something chemical, I dare say, would be done to it; it would finally be dried, and so become seed-lac.

We followed that in our imagination, and remained in person by the vats, wherein the Hindoo-pestles were so industriously kicking up their heels. Each pestle, at the proper time, turned the liquor charged with dye into the canal behind it, along which it flowed to a third side of the square, where it passed over a new series of vats, in each of which it deposited, as a fine flocculent powder, some of the dye matter. This had not been dissolved, but

only suspended in the water, somewhat as earth is suspended in a muddy puddle. The fecula deposited in this way would, in the next place be collected and placed in cloths under screw presses. In these we saw the produce of some former work-days squeezed to dryness. After pressing it was next cut into cakes, each two and a half inches square, and stamped with the house stamp. Another drying and a cleaning process finally prepared those cakes for market.

"And if the question be not impertinent," I said, "may I ask who are your chief customers; I mean what other trades depend on yours, and create the demand for this lac-dye?"

"Why," said my friend, "we are at the bottom of the pomp of war. The red coats of the British soldiers, meaning common soldiers, are all coloured with the inferior sorts of lac-dye. As for the officers, whose cloth is a good deal more brilliant, they are painted up with cochineal from Mexico. But the best lac-dye is not at all behind cochineal in brilliancy. Next to soldiers' red coats, I think the chief demand for lac-dye is created by the extensive use of it in sealing wax."

While engaged in making these few observations, I had been troubled much by the fetid nature of the smell about us, and had narrowly escaped tnmbling into vats flush with the pavement, and full to the brim with their dark lake-coloured liquor. Not sorry to change the scene, I followed my friend into another range of single-storied buildings, and passed from an intensely moist into an intensely dry air. Did Blankman, Asterisk, and Company intend to celebrate that evening a feast of sausages? The large room contained a great number of fire-places, all built of mud, and all with their mouths full of glowing charcoal. Before each fire there was a woman cook, turning a white sausage some ten feet long, and a man who at first sight seemed to be basting it. I turned to my friend, and asked what might be the meaning of those cooks, and what sausages they turned before the fire. "They are seedlac sausages," he said. "Seedlac, seasoned with a very minute quantity of fine ground orpiment added in solution, has been tied into those bags, and as they turn before the fire, a gummy juice oozes as you see lazily through the pores of the cloth. The man cook, as you now see, is not basting, but scraping off this juice, and when he has enough upon his spatula, dabs it down before the boy who has charge of the cylinder beside him." For indeed I should have said at first that before each fire, and engaged upon each sausage, there were not only a man and woman, but there was also a boy. The boy had charge of a hollow earthen cylinder, about two feet long and five inches thick, having hot water inside it, and being outside very smooth and highly burnished. As the dab of melted matter bubbled on the top of his cylinder, which was so fixed that it sloped towards him, he with a palm leaf deftly coaxed it, and flattened it upon his great Italian iron; and having done that, presently displayed to us a flat cake of a bright orange colour, twenty inches square and very thin—not more than a twentieth of an inch thick. "I know what that is," I observed, "for I have seen it often, although never in so large a sheet.' "Yes," said my friend Asterisk, "that is shellac, but it is generally broken into little pieces by the time it reaches the consumer. You shall take a whole piece with you for the honour of the shop."

And so I left the shop, in which I had seen employed a thousand men, women, and boys; the premises themselves covering a space of not less than five acres. There are, as I before said, two of the large lac-factories in Dashapore, and there are also several small ones. Together they turn out about forty thousand pounds' weight of the first class dye, and about sixteen thousand of inferior and native manufacture. The whole amount of lac dye exported from Calcutta in one year borders upon four millions of pounds, and the quantity of shell, stick, seed and cake lac that is sent from the same port in the same time exceeds four millions of pounds. That last fact is a flower of statistics, dug out of a heavy book.

THE BOATMAN OF MONTEREAU.

BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

The annals of modern French domestic history are full of examples of devotion. Nearly all those who have carried off the Montyon prize—the prize of virtue—deserve a page in history, but few more than Mathieu Boisdoux, the young boatman of Montereau, upon whose biography having happened, we have thought it worthy of the widest publicity. Mathieu Boisdoux was born in a town called Montereau, and got his living as a boatman on the rivers Seine and Yonne. Sober, industrious, and unwearied in his assiduity for labour, he supported with his earnings his aged mother and the orphan children of his brother. At an early age he devoted himself specially to saving the lives of those in sudden danger. He had, at eighteen, the good fortune to drag from the flames an old man and a young girl, and the sentiments thus awakened in his bosom were, he has since declared, so exquisite, that he determined never to lose an opportunity of serving his fellow-creatures in the same way. In the course of the following five years he was present on so many occasions at fires, at upsetting of boats, and had saved so many lives, that men ceased to count them, when an accident occurred which raised his reputation to the highest point.

An inundation took place which covered the plain round the town, while several quarters of

Montereau were inundated. The inhabitants, flying to the neighbouring heights, communicated only by boats. Three men had gone to examine what ravages had happened to their property from the flood, and weary and sick at what they had seen, re-entered their boat and pushed off with their feet. They instantly saw that they were without oars or pole, but it was too late to remedy the omission. The stream carried them away towards the bridge, which was nearly submerged in water, and against which their frail vessel was sure to be crushed. They uttered one cry of despair and anguish, which afar off was heard by Mathieu Boisdoux, who was on the shore. He stood one moment irresolute. Should he fetch his boat?

"No," he exclaimed, "I should be too late. *Par ma foi*, I will swim, and trust to Providence."

In he plunged into the water, despite its raging force and the sharp cold, striking out for the boat, which he could scarcely see, being guided only by the cries of the unfortunate wretches about to perish. They were far ahead of him. But he made superhuman exertions, and presently the boat was all but within his reach. But what shall he now do? He takes council only of his intelligence and his indominable courage. With one arm, thrust forth like a bar of iron, he checked the boat, and swung it round, thus catching the painter in his teeth; he then again began to swim, this time for shore. The task was all but vain. The torrent sped on with terrible velocity, the bridge was within a hundred yards, and they were carried down upon it to encounter certain death if they reached it. They would be sucked under the arch. A crowd hurried down to the water's edge; some ventured on the bridge with poles, but not a boat was at hand in the confusion. Suddenly a terrible sigh was heard from every bosom. Boisdoux, despite his strength, courage, and agility, was evidently being carried away by the torrent. Some cried to him to save himself, for that his life could not be spared.

Still he plunged upwards.

His aim was to work for shore as much away from the bridge as possible. Men stood ready with ropes. They saw that the heroic boatman was almost fainting. The boat, flat-bottomed and heavy, was a perfect millstone to drag with his mouth. Presently a loud shout of joy and triumph proclaimed his victory, as he sank insensible in the arms of the *maire* of the town, who embraced him before the whole crowd, and proclaimed him once again the saviour of three men's lives.

The reputation of Mathieu Boisdoux was now at its height. He had two medals and a small annual pension from the municipality of his native city. He was able to support his mother and his nephews and nieces in comfort. And yet Mathieu Boisdoux was not happy, so imperfect is human nature. For some time he was noticed to be sombre and sad. His character and conduct easily denoted that his mind was elevated above his station. The poor boatman had a heart and a soul that would have done honour to any position in the social scale. One part of his duty was to take passengers from the shore to the old *coche* or passage-boat of Auxerre. This aged vessel, the very conveyance that first took to Paris that student of Brienne, destined, as Napoleon, to have such influence on the fortunes of the world, still periodically performed the journey from Auxerre to Paris by the Yonne and Seine. It was a queer old boat, with a long cabin and little side windows, capable, at a pinch, of conveying some thirty passengers.

The *coche* was owned, and had been from time immemorial, by one Bertrand, a man of substance and property, who still, however, himself directed the operations of the boat, and, in fact, almost lived on board. He was one of those individuals who work all their lives to leave a fortune to others. Now M. Bertrand had a daughter, Euphrasie, who sat in the little *bureau* at the stern, and there took all moneys for passengers and parcels. Mathieu, in the exercise of his business, was much thrown in contact with Euphrasie. He often brought her passengers, parcels, letters, and even once or twice went to Paris in the boat. Being on intimate terms with old Bertrand, he soon became intimate with the daughter, and then loved her. Nor did Euphrasie show any distaste for Mathieu. He was a fine, handsome fellow, and then his decorations made him somebody. But then there was the father, who was rich, avaricious, and who judged a man only by what he had in his breeches-pocket.

Still, Mathieu and Euphrasie avoided for a while all thought about difficulties. They felt the first influence of a passion which is second only to ambition, because that is generally more lasting. For the world they would not have troubled their first delicious dream. But they had continued opportunities of meeting, and at last, naturally enough, these opportunities ended in an explanation. Mathieu Boisdoux declared himself the girl's suitor, and Euphrasie Bertrand agreed that if he could win her father's consent, she would be his.

It was on the 1st of November, 1840, and the *coche* from Auxerre was late. Night had come on, and still the boat had not arrived. Boisdoux was at the water-stairs on the look-out. He knew that the *coche* would put up for the night and not proceed, and had intimated as much to such passengers as were about to venture by this antique conveyance to Paris. Presently a dark mass was seen moving along the waters, and then the old boat came slowly up to the anchorage.

"Two hours behind time, Maitre Bertrand!" exclaimed Boisdoux. "How is this?"

"*Pardieu!* my friend," said the old man; "the wind is contrary, and I never knew the old *coche* hurry itself, even for his majesty the emperor, when I had the honour of bringing him upon his first voyage to Paris."

"The wind has been rough and cold indeed," replied Mathieu; "but still the old *coche* is not often so lazy."

"Lazy or not, I'm hungry," said the old man, "and so is Euphrasie, so let's leave the *coche* in charge of Jérôme, and come on shore."

"*Bon soir, mam'selle,*" exclaimed Boisdoux, heartily.

"*Bon soir*, Mathieu," cried the fresh voice of the young girl; and next minute she had hold of his arm, and they were on their way to sup at the old house still sadly known as the *Coche d'Auxerre.*

Boisdoux, as he was often wont, supped with them. Usually he was a merry and pleasant companion, but this night he was dull. Both noticed it, and Bertrand rallied him on his taciturnity. Mathieu, however, made no reply until Euphrasie had departed, and then he appeared to rouse himself up to an act of courage beyond any of those he had yet ventured on.

"So you wonder why I am dull?" he asked.

"Yes, *passembleu*, I do. What can make a youth like you dull? Are you not free from the conscription? Have you not a respectable *état?* Are you not decorated with two medals, and looked upon with unusual respect? Would not any man be proud to call you a friend?"

"Monsieur Bertrand, would any man be proud to call me son?"

"Hem! That depends! You are but a workman, and perhaps a *bourgeois* might."

"Would you, Bertrand? I love your daughter: I have looked forward for six months with earnest hope to the hour when I might aspire to ask her hand——"

"What is the world come to!" exclaimed the old man, sarcastically. "Why, Mathieu, you must be mad. I have six thousand francs a year to leave my daughter, and do you think I would let her marry a workman, however good, however respected?"

"I thought as much," said the young man, sadly; "and yet, having Euphrasie's leave, I could not but try. I thought that as you yourself were a workman originally, you might hope that I——"

"Might save yourself fifty years of hard work and economy by marrying a girl with a good fortune. Mathieu Boisdoux, you are a very clever fellow, but the old man is not to be caught. Let us be good friends as ever, but my daughter, *c'est trop fort.*"

Boisdoux made no reply. He was choking, so he rose quietly and went away, and the old man never saw him again.

It was a week later, on the 7th November, 1840, and a dark, stormy, and terrible night. Much rain had fallen, and the river was swollen; there was scarcely enough space left for any boat to go under the arches of the bridge of Montereau. It was a night for home and home comforts, for a warm fire, and blazing lights, and a cozy supper, and a pleasant chat with pleasant people. In the streets there was no temptation. So the lights burned in vain, the shops lit up uselessly, not a soul was to be seen without. The rain fell heavily, and yet was driven along the streets in a slanting direction, falling on the rough, coarse pavement, and forming everywhere little puddles. The gutters were diminutive rivers, that rushed madly along to plunge in the great stream.

And yet the lights from the river-side windows flashed pleasantly, and fell here and there on the tossed waters, along which glided now and then a boat, that soon gained moorings. And then a rattle of chains, a bustle of oars, proclaimed the eagerness of those, who had manned them, to depart; and then all was silent. The crew rapidly disappeared into some of the streets of the town, again as deserted as ever.

There was one man, however, who braved the pitiless storm, at the northern extremity of the bridge. He wore a tarpaulin coat and cap, and stood leaning against an iron pillar. His attitude was one of deep attention. He was listening for the very first cry of alarm which should denote that on that night there was danger, and some fellow-creature to be saved. One or two who peeped out at windows and doors, and saw his dark shadow by the light of the lamp above his head, would shudder and re-enter their houses, saying:—

"It's Boisdoux. God send his courage be not needed to night!"

It was, indeed, Boisdoux, at his accustomed post. It was his habit to pass the night apart near the river on such nights, when his intrepidity and skill might suddenly be called for. Rarely had he been out in such a storm. The wind blew in fitful and terrible gusts, and Boisdoux almost wondered that no wailing cry summoned him to him to his duty.

Suddenly he started. The *coche* was in sight. On it came at a rapid pace, evidently half-mastered by the storm. It was in the middle of the river, and Boisdoux saw that it was about to turn for shore. But just as the bow began to swerve round, the old passage-boat quivered, and plunged headlong towards the bridge, against which it struck with terrific violence. A cry, the terror-struck, despairing cry of three-and-twenty perishing souls, rose wildly to the heavens. Boisdoux saw that the *coche* was upset, and that its two ends were pressed by the force of the stream

against the two sides of an arch. The man acted calmly. He flung off all his clothes but his trowsers and shirt,—for, as he said in his subsequent examination, "I knew there would be work for me that night,"—and then vaulted over the bridge into the stream. A moment stunned by the fall, he next instant was clambering on to the *coche*. He found that the whole stern was under water, and the common room only above the surface. It was so dark, that Boisdoux could scarcely tell how to act.

"We are all lost!" cried a wailing voice; "who will save us?"

"I, Boisdoux," replied the heroic boatman.

A faint cry of satisfaction came from a small cabin window. He rushed to it. It was too narrow for him to pass. Still, breaking it with his hands, he tried to force himself in, for this way only could he hope to save any of the passengers. Using his great strength with all his wonted energy, he at last tore away a narrow strip of plank, and plunged into the cabin,—death in his heart, for he heard scarcely a sound. He felt near his hand, in the dark abyss, a woman. She breathed, and he at once forced her through the window, followed, laid her in a safe place, and re-entered the cabin. Another woman rewarded his efforts, and then a man. A fourth time he entered the close and now mephitic cabin, half full of water.

"Speak!—is there one here more whom I can aid?" he said, in an agonized tone. He was thinking of Euphrasie.

No sound came.

"Speak, in the name of Ged!" he exclaimed, "for I am choking."

But no reply came. All was silent as death.

"Not one muttered!" Boisdoux, feeling about and clasping a man in his arms. "Can I save one more? Help!"

Boisdoux made a desperate effort to reach the window, for he felt himself fainting from fatigue and the close vapours of the cabin. He saw by flashing lights that help had come. Next minute he was dragged forth by one of the police of the town, who, with hundreds of the inhabitants, were now on the scene of the terrible disaster. The first form that caught the eye of the young man was that of Euphrasie, whose life he had saved without knowing it.

Her father had perished.

The boat was dragged ashore after being righted, but too late to save any others. Of the passengers and crew, twenty had perished. Boisdoux had saved three,—his beloved, and a brother and sister, who at the first shock had cowered together.

This time all France applauded the heroism of the boatman of Montereau: the press gave columns to the narrative,—even the sedate *Moniteur;* the king sent him the cross of the Legion of Honour, never more worthily earned; the Montyon prize was awarded him; men from all parts sent him tokens of their admiration; and best of all, when two years had elapsed, Euphrasie gave him her hand. The boatman retired from his ordinary labours, but, with the consent of his wife, he still devotes his whole mind to the noble task he had allotted unto himself; and if ever she feels dread or alarm, she sends him forth eagerly when, in a low and hushed voice, he breathes the name of the *Coche d'Auxerre.*

The above narrative is familiar to all who dwell on the Seine and the Yonne. Perhaps the trumpet-tongued voice of history never recorded deeds of valour more worthy of record.

His undaunted courage, at all events, deserve a good and noble purpose.

LINES BY WALLIN, THE SWEDISH POET:

WRITTEN A FEW HOURS BEFORE HIS DEATH.

Repose, O weary soul, in peace repose:
Let thy last thoughts and cherished hopes ascend
To that eternal home, where, in the end,
A great light shall make clear what no man knows.
Repose, my soul, repose!

Lie, weary arms, crossed meekly on my breast—
Crossed meekly for a prayer in that dread hour:
For now I strive to speak, and lack the power;
Strength leaves me, and I draw near to my rest.
Lie, crossed upon my breast.

Sleep, weary soul! Lo thou hast struggled sore;
But now behold the hour of peace is near—
One loving thought for those who linger here,
And then lie down and sleep, and strive no more.
Lo, thou hast struggled sore!

PRESIDENT TAYLOR.

General Taylor simply made one of the congregation, undistinguishable and unremarked. There was something grander in this than in mere regal display, in so far as solid power, without show, impresses the mind much more strongly than show without solid power. Nothing could well be more original than the personal appearance of the late president of the United States, to whom his countrymen gave the soubriquet of 'Rough and Ready.' He was dressed in a suit of plain clothes; his blue coat of any thing but the last Bond-street cut. The weather being cold, he wore coloured worsted gloves, which were something too long. His straight hair fell smoothly on his forehead; while his face, browned under many a sun—his temples furrowed with many a thought, gave token of the deeds he had performed, and of the anxieties he had suffered in his country's cause. He had a pleasing expression in his eye; and now humbly standing in the presence of his Maker, surrounded by his fellow-citizens, all within seemed tranquil and serene.

THE FUNERAL PASTY.

The peasantry of Estremadura, to whose life and learning centuries have brought little change, still delight in their traditional story of Josas the muleteer, who lived 300 years ago, and was the best onion-roaster in the province. Josas was at San-Martinho, a small and ancient village lying deep among the hills beyond the Portuguese frontier. His father, who was more than suspected of being a Moor, had sought refuge there from the Spanish Inquisition; but after his death, which occurred when Josas was but thirteen, his mother, having repented of all her sins and married a true Catholic, would have nothing to do with Josas; fortunately, however, there was one that would. Old Senaro, the best muleteer and the crossest man in San Martinho, adopted him in lieu of an only son who had gone as a soldier to India and never came back. Under his tuition, Josas learned to drive mules, to roast onions, and at length (but the old man said he had no hand in that) to fall desperately in love with the vintner's daughter, Rosinda, whose equal for pride and beauty was not in the province.

This misfortune fell on Josas before he was eighteen. Afflictions of this kind come early in Estremadura. The youth's personal attractions were not numerous. It was popularly believed there was not a rat's dinner on Josas's lathy frame; and the sun and wind had so dealt on his long loose hair and brown visage, that no man could distinguish their color from the dust of the Sierra. Nevertheless, having a stock of accomplishments not to be despised in San Martinho, Josas had hopes. He could dance with any youth in the village, sing with any muleteer on the mountains, and talk down the priest himself—never stopping for stories. With this artillery he besieged Rosinda as the mules and Senaro permitted. His throat grew hoarse with shouting love-songs all night under her window; his conscience groaned under a weight of fibs; half his earnings were spent in her father's wine-shop—the rest offered at her shrine in the shape of scarlet handkerchiefs and green ribbons. But the vintner's daughter had more wealthy suitors; besides, it was her glory to be cruel; and at the end of two years' hard service, Josas found himself exactly at the same height in his lady's favor as when his suit began.

He had so often assured her he would die, without executing the threat, that it now fell powerless on Rosinda's ear; and his despair on the last exhibition of her scorn might have gone beyond ordinary limits, if it had not been diverted by a series of more substantial troubles. First, his best mule—which Josas thought could walk up a church steeple—fell over the rocks, and broke its neck one morning; then the remaining two strayed away from their pasture; and in helping him to seek them through the burning noon and the chilly night, poor Senaro caught a fever, and died. Josas missed the old man, though his temper was bad. He could always escape the cudgel by a run; and being now left muleless and friendless, the youth resolved to leave the proud Rosinda and his native village. Who knew but he might find his mules, or better fortune, beyond the mountains? Accordingly, having filled his wallet with the largest and best onions in Senaro's garden, a few handfuls of garlic, a piece of goats' cheese, and a flask of the vintner's wine, he took leave of his neighbors, his friends, and his fair enslaver, and set forth from San Martinho with the good wishes of young and old.

Josas shaped his course eastward, and soon entered the Spanish portion of the province. All the country was known to him by many a journey. The shepherds gave him shelter in their huts among the hills; the swineherds in the woods shared their meals with him; but nobody could see his mules, nor could he see any chance of a master. At length, in the noon of a sultry day, his path descended to the rich and cultivated lands that lie along the banks of the Vega. Laden vines and olives covered the slopes; corn waved on the lower grounds; castles and villages rose on all sides as far as his eye could reach; and close by the river, like a white walled town, half shaded by a chesnut grove, stood the great and wealthy convent of St. Yuste. Josas knew that convent was far too rich and grand to entertain poor travellers like himself—moreover, it was reported that the old king of Spain had become a monk within it's walls; but hoping for a shade wherein to rest and roast his onions, the muleteer took his way among the chesnuts.

The old trees grew thick, and were full of wood-pigeons; what a dinner Josas could have made on some of them, but for the fear of sacrilege! Roasted onions were safer than that; and having found a convenient spot in the heart of the wood, where the grass was dry and the withered boughs abundant, Josas collected a heap, kindled a fire with his flint and steel, and laid in the onions with all due precaution. He had scarcely seated himself on the mossy root of an old tree, and pulled out his cheese, when a rustling sound, which had been going forward at no great distance, was followed by a deep groan, and "Alas! alas!" repeated in good Castilian, of which, thanks to the mules, Josas had some knowledge. Cautiously the muleteer rose, and peeping through the screen of leaves which separated him from the speaker, saw leaning against the trunk of a huge chesnut, a tall gray-haired man with a roll of papers in his hand. His bones were as bare as Josas's own; his lace-band velvet hat and doublet had an old-fashioned look, as if time had gone wearily

with both them and their master—yet there was the true hidalgo air about him, and something of the soldier too.

"No wonder he groans with all that to read," thought Josas, in whose simple mind reading was indissolubly bound up with masses, prayers, and penitential psalms.

"Alas! alas!" once more broke forth the stranger, turning over the papers in great perplexity—"what shall I do with this? O that his Majesty could write better Latin!"

"Maybe he is hungry," said Josas to himself, as the smell of his own now roasted onions reached him. If the muleteer had one virtue more shining than another, it was that of hospitality; and having heard of even grandees being sometimes in the above-mentioned state, he coughed to raise his courage, poked his head through the leaves, and said: "God save you, signor! do you like roasted onions?"

"Where are they?" said the stranger, looking up with avidity.

"Here," said Josas, "in my fire. I have goats' cheese too, and a famous flask of wine. Noble signor, come and help me with my dinner."

The noble signor made no delay. The onions were dislodged from the ashes with a stick broken into the form of tongs, the cheese and wine produced; and Josas never before imagined that a true hidalgo could make such a meal. To do him justice, he lost no time in talking till the cheese and onions were fairly finished, and the wine-flask almost empty; then there came to his eye a twinkle, and to his tongue a suppleness, which the best-born Castilian will experience in such circumstances

"Friend," said he, "your wine is good, and your onions excellent. I may say, there will be no burden on my conscience, though this whole day is a solemn fast with us all, on account of his Majesty's funeral, which he is to celebrate to-morrow."

"Celebrate his own funeral!" said Josas; "can kings do that?"

"Thou art simple, friend," replied the stranger with a smile, the first Josas had seen on his face. "I speak of my master, the most puissant Charles, sometime Emperor of Germany, lord of the Low Country, and King of Spain and the Indies, who has lately become a brother of the order of St. Jerome in yonder convent," and he pointed to the white walls of St. Yuste. "I am his secretary; my name is Don Gulielmo de la Male; with my assistance his majesty is writing the history of his own life. (Here he glanced at the papers, and gave a half groan.) You don't understand Latin, young man?"

"Not I," said the muleteer.

"But you can roast onions," continued Don Gulielmo, "and you carry magnificent wine. Give me another draught. I will make your fortune—you shall be appointed chief cook to his majesty. Do you know anything of dressing partridges?"

"O yes," cried Josas; "old Senaro taught me to cook them, feathers and all, under the wood-ashes. They were good in the harvest-time."

"Your fortune's secure, young man," said the don confidently, putting the flask into his hand: it was quite empty now. "Come to-morrow to the chapel of St. Yuste: you will see a splendid business; and depend on me for getting you the place. Mercy on me! there's the bell for nones;" and Don Gulielmo dashed through the wood like a hunted deer, as the boom of the convent bell proclaimed its noonday service.

Josas wished the hidalgo had not found the wine so good, and had left him a little; but the promise of his fortune being made, comforted the muleteer, and he sat meditating on his future position when appointed chief-cook to the puissant Charles. "I understand the roasting of onions anyway," thought Josas; "as to the partridges, I'm not so sure about them, but doubtless there will be somebody else in the kitchen; they will do the work, while I pocket the wages, grow a gentleman, and marry Rosinda. She cannot refuse the chief-cook of an emperor!"

With a vision of the reverence which all San Martinho, including the vintner and his daughter, would render him, Josas's head dropped back against the chesnut, and he fell fast asleep. Fortunately no adder came that way, and there wasn't a wolf in the neighbourhood; but when the western sun was sending his red rays through the foliage, old Balthazar, who had watched the wood-pigeons and hewed fuel for the brothers of St. Jerome more than thirty years, woke up the traveller with a sturdy shake, admonishing him that the dews fell heavily beside the Vega, and that there was less risk of ague or fever in his hut. Josas accepted the rough-and-ready invitation, and the woodman led the way to his dwelling. It was a log-built cabin, the roof and walls covered with a great vine, and standing in a grassy dell of the woodland. There were two olive-trees behind, and a barley-field in front. There old Balthazar and his daughter Antonia lived content and busy, with their great dog Simmo, their two cows, and a herd of half-wild hogs they kept for the convent. Prudent Spaniards, under Balthazar's circumstances, in those half-Moorish days, would have hesitated at taking home a stranger, but the woodman and his daughter were too humble and honest for the extreme proprieties. Antonia helped to till the barley-field and gather the olives, managed the cows, looked after the monks' hogs, and sat spinning at the cottage-door as they approached—a strapping damsel, in her russet kirtle and close fillet, very unlike Rosinda. Her father's guest was kindly welcomed, though his capacity, as exhibited on

the barley-loaf and bacon of their supper, somewhat astonished her. Travellers were scarce in that quarter; and it was a great opportunity for the woodman and his daughter to tell their news, since Josas had none: how the convent-chapel was to be hung with black, and illuminated with 400 tapers, while the emperor's funeral-service was performed for the good of his soul; and lords and knights were coming from leagues round to see it on the morrow. Josas was about to open the budget of his hopes, and Don Gulielmo's promises—for he perceived they regarded him as a rustic who knew nothing of high life—when Simmo, which lay before the crackling fire, opened his jaws with a long and friendly bark, as the woodman's latch was lifted, and a youth wearing a monk's hood and frock, but looking marvellously like a man-at-arms, stepped in.

"Whither so late, Jago?" said Balthazar. "I thought the convent-gate was always closed at vespers?"

"So it is," said the youth. "But I have been sent to inquire after a stranger with whom Don de la Male talked to-day in the woods."

"I am he," said Josas, rising with no little pride.

The youth looked amazed, but instantly recovering himself, said in a respectful tone: "Then, signor, it is the don's command that you repair with me to his presence."

Bidding the astonished woodman and his daughter a patronising good-night, the muleteer followed his guide in judicious silence through a winding woodpath, an outward postern, and a covered-way which admitted them to the kitchen-garden of the convent. It was reckoned the best in Spain; and by a walk bordered with garlic, whose scent made his teeth water, Josas was conducted to the back-door of that wing which Charles V., sometime emperor of Germany, &c., had chosen as his retreat from the pomps and vanities of the world. At the back-door he found Don Gulielmo, looking as if the vintner's wine had left him nothing but its lees.

"Welcome, honest youth," said the secretary, like a man endeavouring to reassure himself by talking. "I have spoken to his majesty, and he desires to see you. You can manage partridges: remember you told me so. For the Virgin's sake," he continued into Josas's ear, "do your best, or you and I shall be ruined!"

Mentally resolving to avoid the calamity if possible, though wishing himself back in San Martinho, the muleteer followed Don Gulielmo across a hall, up a stone stair, and through five rooms hung with black and tenantless, to a still more gloomy chamber, where three grave gentlemen stood each at a corner of a statebed, on which, propped up with innumerable pillows, sat one whom Josas would have called a stout old signor, attired in a monk's gown lined with ermine, with a richly-illuminated psalter in his left hand; while the right, shapeless with the gout, and wrapped in Indian handkerchiefs, rested on a cushion of embroidered velvet. It was Charles V.. with his physician Matheoso, his confessor Borja, and his chamberlain Don Quixada. The chamber was lighted only by a great open window opposite the bed, and looking down into the choir, where the monks and the rest of the royal household still remained, though vespers were over, practising a certain chant which was to form part of the grand service next day.

Charles reigned at Yuste as he had never done in Germany, Spain, and the Indies. There were no Protestant princes there to dispute his will, no Luther to defy, no Francis I. to rival him. The abbot said, his example in devotion and good eating edified the whole convent. Signors from every corner in Spain vied with each other in sending him choice delicacies, which he relished in spite of the gout and Dr. Matheoso; attending, nevertheless, to both prayers and fasting, obliging his household—all but those of noble birth—to wear the monastic garb, aad keeping the entire convent, for at least a month, busy in preparations for a funeral-service in honour of himself. On the eve of this solemnity, a calamity more serious than gout or physician had overtaken the mighty Charles. His chief-cook had fallen sick that week, and his second thought proper to run away—some said from home-sickness—that very morning, an hour after the arrival of a basket of partridges, fattened by an Andalusian grandee on dough made of ground almonds, and intended for a pasty at the commemoration supper which was to succeed the emperor's funeral, with its foregoing herbs and fasting.

Three couriers had been despatched to as many cities in search of somebody capable of cooking such partridges; but the fear that none of them would return in time troubled the imperial mind and household, till hope was rekindled by Don de la Male. The secretary was a noble by birth and a scholar by learning, but no one had ever seen him talk to his imperial master with such confidential familiarity as after nones that day; and the result was, a command privately given when vespers came on, with no sign of a returning courier, to seek out the cook he had met with in the wood.

"Ha, Brother Pedro!" cried Charles, stopping his chant, "that screech would mar the music of angels. Is this the young man?" he continued, as Don Gulielmo took his place at the fourth corner; and Josas, obedient to his signal, approached, bowing every step. The muleteer knew not on how many of Europe's battle-fields and council-halls that glance had fallen; but it grew keenly earnest as, measur-

ing him from head to foot, the conqueror of Pavia said: "Young man, you know something of partridges, and had, as we hear, a noble teacher. The illustrious rank and lineage of Don Senaro have escaped our memory, which indeed grows weak through years and sickness; but doubtless he was skilful in the table. Tell us, on your conscience, did he boil with Valencia wine or Canary?"

"Valencia," said Josas, who rather preferred that liquor.

"Did he sprinkle with saffron or garlic?"

"Both," said Josas.

"Good!" said the emperor: "he was an instructor. Young man, we will intrust to you our choice partridges. To morrow, after the solemnities, let them appear at our table in a pasty compounded in your master's best style. The office of our chief-cook depends on that pasty. Brethren, let us proceed with the chant."

The canons of cookery at that period were somewhat different from those now in repute, and modern aspirants would not be benefitted by a minute detail of the partridge pasty as given by Don Gulielmo to his protêgé, when the almond-fed birds had been delivered by the chamberlain into Josas's custody with the ceremonies deemed proper on such occasions, and the rest of the establishment had retired to be ready for mass still earlier than usual. Suffice it, therefore, that the process began with a boiling of Valencia wine, and terminated with a sprinkling of garlic and saffron. All the intervening particulars were known to Don Gulielmo, for, next to a lamprey-pie it was the emperor's favourite dish; and the secretary knew that he was compromised. As for Josas, things had gone so swimmingly, that although he did not yet believe in the illustrious lineage of old Senaro, his faith in himself was almost perfect. After a sound sleep and a considerable breakfast, our muleteer fell to the partridges with good courage about noon next day, being left sole occupant of the imperial kitchen. How the funeral solemnities proceeded, together with the display of riches, relics, and good company made by the convent on that occasion, may be learned from the chroniclers of the period. Our business is with Josas in the kitchen. It contained many conveniences unknown to his early instructor; he lamented Senaro over the flour, wine and spices so liberally placed at his disposal, and chiefly over a mass of cow-heel. suet, and great onions, which stood stewing by the fire for the scullion's supper.

When high mass commenced, Josas had set the partridges to boil in the Valencia, reserving about a pint for his own consolation, which, having discussed, together with a dish of the said stew, it occurred to him that he might take a little rest on one of the kitchen benches. The wine was strong, the day was warm, and the music came sweet and solemn from the chapel—an intervening court had been left open by imperial forethought, that the cook might be edified, and doubtless Josas was; but when the first dirge floated over plain and woodland, Antonia who sat spinning at her father's door, because somebody must keep the hogs, was startled by his appearance with hair erect and terror-stricken face, then, exclaiming: "I'm ruined! Don Gulielmo and I are both ruined!"

"What has ruined you?" said Antonia, looking up from her wheel as if she thought that consummation impossible.

"I fell asleep, and the partridges are burned to a cinder?" cried Josas. "Will you hide me?"

"I can't commit sacrilege," said Antonia with a glance at the wood-pigeon: "but there is something here,"—and she darted into the cottage.

Josas followed her instinctively. In the corner sat a brooding hen. How near her maternal hopes were to their accomplishment the muleteer never learned; but wringing the neck of the unlucky fowl, Antonia thrust it under his skirts, saying: "Run as fast as you can, boil that in wine, and send it up in a pasty: great people never know what they are eating."

With the last words, she pushed him out, and Josas ran back to the kitchen.

A pasty was sent up to the emperor's supper that evening after his funeral—a pasty which henceforth became a handmark in the imperial life. Don Gulielmo gloried in his cook. The physician in attendance on his sovereign inhaled complacently the rich flavour of almonds which the birds retained; and Charles declared, with his usual deliberation, that more tastefully-boned, or better hashed partridges he had never eaten—only they appeared to him a little rare.

The humility with which Josas heard that flattering judgment when announced to him in due form by the chamberlain's page, astonished the brothers of St. Jérôme; but they were still more surprised when, on the arrival of the three couriers with an equal number of cooks, he craved on bended knee to be excused from further attendance in the imperial kitchen. As among the new-comers, there was one master of lamprey-pies, the muleteer's *congé* was graciously granted, with a present of fifty crowns.

Dr. Matheoso said that was the only pasty he ever knew to agree with his majesty, and Balthazar never found out what became of his single hen; as for Josas, it cost him three days of meditation how he should dispose of himself and the crowns—the latter being his chief puzzle; but at length for reasons which neither the vintner, his daughter, nor all San Martinho could ever divine, a wedding was celebrated at the woodman's cottage, and he settled down to watch the hogs and pigeons.

The duplicate of that imperial funeral was performed within the next six months by the abbott and monks of St. Yuste. Antonia continued to spin for years after at the cottage-door, but her husband never cared to roast even an onion, and on no terms could he be brought to talk of partridges or look at a pasty.

WOOD ENGRAVINGS.

Wood engraving may be divided into two classes,—those engraved for effect, and intended for extremely rapid printing, and those of a minute and carefully finished kind, the printing of which is a comparatively slow process, and gives room for a display of artistic skill little inferior to that of the engraver himself. The first class is generally that employed in illustrated newspapers and similar periodicals, where, owing to the number of impressions required, and the necessarily limited time that can be allowed for throwing them off, fast printing-machines and soft easily-working ink are employed, either of which would be fatal to a fine cut. The other class is that employed in book-work, more or less fine, which is printed at cylinder machines of a moderate speed, or where great care and neatness is required, at the hand-press. Whichever way the cut is printed, the operation of preparing it for giving correct impressions or "making it ready," is the same, only that with very fine cuts it is of course performed with more care. The necessity of attending to this preliminary process of "making ready" arises from the circumstance that some parts of the block ought to receive a heavier pressure than others, when impressions of it are being taken. A soft, fine piece of blanket being used between the cylinder—or the platten, as the case may be—and the cut, it is evident that the cut will to a certain extent sink into this soft material, and that therefore the edges will receive a very heavy pressure compared to the middle of the block. This is just the reverse of what ought to be, for with almost all engravings it is requisite that the centre of the block should receive the heaviest pressure, and that the edges should be as light and fine as possible. Besides this, in all cuts there are places with very fine open lines, which it is necessary should have the lightest possible pressure, as, for instance, the background of any landscape or other subject, the lines and markings in the face of a portrait, the light shading of female drapery, &c. In order, then, to suit this requirement, the pressman having first brought up the block to a proper height and level with the types among which it is to be printed, by placing slips of card or paper below it, proceeds to "overlay" it on the surface. This is done by placing, exactly above where the cut is to be printed, a number of folds of paper, and cutting away more or less of them over the light or soft effects of the block, according to the faintness of impression required in those parts; the dark shades are left with the whole thickness of a very considerable number of folds above them; which of course has the effect of bringing down on these particular spots the heavy pressure they require. This is a work of very much nicety, and requires great taste, and an almost artistic knowledge of what the effect of a cut should be. Though the artist may have drawn the design with the utmost care, and the engraver exhausted his skill and taste upon it, if this part of the process be not well performed, the care of the one and the skill of the other are thrown away, and the cut will infallibly be spoiled, and present when printed a blotched and unnatural appearance. If it is a landscape, the fine lines of the sky will be transformed into black bars, the soft shading of the clouds into the harsh marking on blocks of stone, and the deep shading of the foreground will appear of a mouse-colour; while if it is a portrait, the smooth features of youth will be metamorphosed into the deep furrows of age, the winning smile into the grin of a demon, and the lines of the flowing drapery will present the appearance of basket-work, or a bundle of rods. Indeed, the immense difference between a cut well printed, and the same cut badly printed, will scarcely be believed, except by those who had opportunities of seeing it. It is so remarkable that it may without exaggeration be said that the effect of the impression of a cut depends as much on the printer as on any of the other artists employed in the production of it.

To obviate the great labour of "making ready" cuts, a method called "lowering" was introduced into the practice of wood-engraving a number of years ago. This consisted in having the block, previous to the drawing being put upon it, lowered or scraped considerably down round the edges, and in all those parts where lightness of effect was requisite. The great objection to this plan was, that it was so troublesome in its use, and uncertain in its results. The drawing had first to be sketched on the block, in order to guide the engraver as to the parts that were to be lowered or scraped down; the scraping of course obliterated the sketch, and it had all to be gone over again and re-drawn by the artist. Besides, when the cut which had been thus prepared came to be printed, it was often found that in many places it was either not low enough, or too low, so that the result could not be depended on, and it has been consequently, we believe, except in very fine and carefully prepared engravings, abandoned. This, we think, is much to be regretted, for there can be no doubt that the lowering of the block is the process right in principle,

and which, if it is not, ought to be, right in practice. It is evident that the lighter parts of a wood-engraving, while being printed, should receive less pressure of the inking roller, and consequently a smaller share of ink than the dark parts. In cuts, where the surface is of a uniform height, this clearly cannot be attended to,—the light lines are in fact as heavily smeared by the roller passing over them as the darkest shades; whereas, in blocks where the light parts are lowered, not only is the pressure less in these places, but they also, from lying lower than the rest of the block, receive a less share of ink, and give, consequently, a much clearer impression. It is much to be desired that some spirited engraver would take up the matter, and try to devise some method of producing cuts which could not by possibility be spoiled, as is generally the case at present, through either the ignorance or carelessness of the printer. We feel convinced that it is perfectly practicable, and the great superiority of such cuts over those now produced could not fail, when their excellencies became known, to add much to the credit and profit of the artist who could produce them with speed and certainty.

THE DAY AFTER THE BATTLE.

All was now hushed in the stillness of a long line of graves. No one who has not seen it can imagine how touching it is to observe, strewed on these fragments of what the brave men wore or carried when they fell. Among the straw of the trodden-down corn, which still covered the field, lay caps, shoes, pieces of uniforms and shirts, tufts, cockades, feathers, ornamental horsehair, red and black, and what most struck us, great quantities of letters, and leaves of books. The latter were all too much defaced by rain and mud to make it worth our while to lift any of them. In one letter we could just make out the words so affecting in the circumstances, "My dear husband." We brought away some leaves of a German hymn-book; and probably, had we had time, might have found something curious in a department in which the peasants seemed not at all to have anticipated us. We noticed a characteristic distinction. While the debris on the allied ground showed leaves of Bibles and Prayer-Books, we saw numbers of playing-cards on the French. The author picked up the *livrette* or account book, much defaced with blood, of a French soldier, lately a conscript.—*Simpson's* "*Paris after Waterloo.*"

Those who receive cringingly, will give superciliously.

He who laughs at cruelty sets his heel on the neck of Religion.

Trust not those who when alone in your room will turn over your papers.

PRETTY MARY.

BY JOHN MERWYL.

On a beautiful autumnal day of the year 17—, several wayfarers met at a little Inn, in a small town of Franconia, not far distant from the borders of the Rhine. The French Revolution had already begun, but was not yet at its climax of terror. The pernicious effects, however, of its example and spirit had spread over Germany, making it more unsettled and unsafe than it was previously, and thus rendering travelling a matter of no small risk to those whose fortunes and positions debarred them from a numerous attendance, and the comfort of their own carriages. Public conveyances in those days there were none, or such as were of a description not to be lightly chosen or trusted. The usual mode of transporting oneself from one place to another was on horseback, and glad were those whom business called from their own fireside, to find companions on their lonesome journey, willingly associating with such chance acquaintances as they met on their way, that seemed trustworthy enough to be allowed to share the perils of the long dreary roads of Germany, and of the unfrequent and lonely inns they were so often obliged to put up with.

In the low, scantily-furnished, dirty *stube* of that already mentioned might be easily distinguished, among the boors crowding the room, two travellers of the sort we have already alluded to, indulging in the substantial comforts of a hearty meal. They sat at the upper end of a long table, on which were deposited sundry pots of beer, infallible accompaniments to the pipes which constitute the solace of a German's relaxation. It was evident, by the style of their conversation, that, although thrown together by accident, they had made much progress on the road to friendship, having already entered upon the chapter of confidences. Either drawn on by secret sympathy, or by the pleasure most people find in talking about themselves, and enlarging on their own affairs, certain it is they talked more loudly, and carelessly, than prudence warranted, considering place and time; unless, indeed, they fancied the thick smoke sent forth from many pipes, forming so dense an atmosphere around them, might no less dull the ear than it clouded the sight. Be that as it may, any curious listener might easily have become aware that the tall, corpulent, old gentleman, whose large stomach and ruddy cheeks proved his devotedness to good cheer, and who handled his large ivory-headed whip with such an air of self-importance, was no other than the respectable steward of the Count of Rantzau, and that, having collected his master's rents on the large estates he possessed in the vicinity, he was carrying in his portmanteau this import-

ant sum to his lord, who then dwelt in a somewhat distant residence-town. The florid, rosy youth, opposite to him, with sentimental blue eyes and puffy cheeks, was a youg bookseller of N——, who had but lately married the divinity of his college years. He had been called from her side by an important and painful circumstance—his only brother, likewise a bookseller in a Rhenian town, being on the eve of bankruptcy—and he was hurrying to him with a large sum, the produce not only of his own little property, but what he had been able to collect among numerous friends and relations; by which timely help he hoped, he said, to save his brother and perhaps enable him to repair all his losses. These sums, were likewise, contained in a portmanteau, a circumstance which explained why these gentlemen preferred sitting on them, rough and uneasy as the seats might be, rather than trust them to the vigilance of their own eyes.

"Since we have such dangerous charges under our care," said the elder gentleman to his neighbor, "were it not better to become companions on the road until we reach the point where our ways must part? The times are bad, and the people not better; and in number, you know, there is security."

"I am by no means anxious," said the bookseller, "for my horse is good and fleet, and I would trust to him for my safety were danger at hand; but it will, nevertheless, be a great pleasure to me to have such agreeable society as will, I doubt not, dissipate the weariness of the journey—my Dorothea will be glad, I am sure, to know I have fallen in with such respectable company."

The thought might, at the same time, cross the young man's mind how much it would facilitate his flight, in case of an attack, should the robbers meet with such a piece of resistance as the heavy, well-fed steward might prove; so true is it that love of self is never for an instant absent from man's breast.

"My horse may not seem very bright, or young," said the steward, "indeed how should it?—the Count of Rantzau affords me no better beasts than those, which, unworthy any longer of his own stables, he turns out to grass; but knowing what occasion I might have for his services, I have tried, for some time past, what high feeding would do for my *Klepper*."

"Gentlemen," said a discordant, harsh voice, that seemed to start from their elbows, and which first proved to them their effusions had not been without listeners, a fact somewhat disconcerting, "I am quite of your opinion; the more the merrier, and the safer too. As I am journeying, I believe, along the same road: I readily propose myself as an addition to your number."

The Germans now looked more closely at the speaker, whose strong accent, although he spoke German fluently, betrayed, no less than his manners and person, his outlandish origin. He was, indeed, a singular looking personage. At first glance one would immediately have set him down as a hunchback; but on closer inspection, it was found that this impression was merely produced by the great disproportion between his large, ill-shaped head, square shoulders, long swinging arms, and his singularly short and attenuated under limbs. His countenance was no less striking than his person, and certainly nature had not bestowed it upon him as a compensation. It bore a mixture of the ludicrous and the fierce; and, although he contrived to shade his face as much as possible, with his large, three-cornered hat, he could not neutralise the effect of his sharp, eager black eyes, that shone through the hazy atmosphere with fatiguing brilliancy and restlessness. His complexion was of the darkest tint, and almost made the honest Germans suspect him of being a Zingaro; although his large mouth, hooked nose, and pointed chin, strongly reminded them of an Italian *Punchinello*. His voice was as discordant as his features; and there was a fidgetiness in his whole bearing, which, evidently, nothing but the deep interest he took in his neighbours' conversation could control. His apparel was so worn and threadbare as to add to the distrust so unfavourable an exterior was likely to produce; and doubtless, the stewart would at once have negatived his proposal, but for two things, which, after a somewhat protracted deliberation, his mind managed to encompass. The first was, the stranger was not without his own treasures, or, at least, what might be supposed to contain such—namely, two preposterously large saddle-bags, and another singularly elongated package, on which his eyes ever and anon rested with great complacency. Secondly, the old man thought that if there were any danger in the man's company, he could not avoid it, even by a refusal. Slowly, therefore, and not without evident reluctance, he assented—a reluctance, however, which the stranger by no means seemed willing to notice. True, he was more chary of his affairs than the Germans had been, and contented himself with informing them that he was an Italian by birth, and anxiously awaited by a partner (but in what business he did not say) in the very town where the Count of Rantzau dwelt, and whither the old steward and his well-stuffed portmanteau were journeying. The conversation soon flagged, for the Germans did not feel comfortable with their new acquaintance, whose vivacity, besides, lay more in gestures than words; the boors were growing noisy and disputacious over their beer, the room stifling, and the travellers tired; so they prudently resolved to seek their rest early, that they might rise by times, having a long day's work before them.

Their host now gave them the news that there was but one room free in the house, in which, however, there being many beds, they could all three be easily accommodated. To this the travellers made no sort of objection; indeed, they were too much accustomed to such difficulties on the road not to make light of them; and after having seen to the comforts of their brutes, they withdrew together to their apartment.

The Germans soon found it more difficult to sleep than they had anticipated. The little foreigner, far from being inclined to seek his bed, went prying about into every corner of the room, looked out at the windows, and opened the doors, as if it were for the mere purpose of shutting them again, walked to and fro with a hasty step, and contrived to knock about, or move every piece of furniture in the chamber. Nor, when he at last condescended to lie down, did his restlessness cease; his bed creaked in accompaniment to the rustling of his curtains, which he seemed to take a particular delight in pulling backwards and forwards. A mischievious child could not have been a more tiresome or inconvenient companion to the sleepy Germans than their vivacious little acquaintance.

In consequence of their troubled slumbers, the sun was high when they awoke the next morning. The Italian had already left the apartment, and our two friends had no time to lose if they would avoid being too late on the road. They began to hope their doubtful companion, displeased at their dilatoriness, had left them behind; but they were soon undeceived by finding him quietly established at the long table of the public room, where they had supped the previous evening, and on which the hostess was now depositing a comfortable morning repast. On contemplating the meagre fare of the Italian, but too much in harmony with the state of his habiliments, the Germans were prompted by their good nature to offer him a share of their own breakfast, which he joyfully accepted; they bore him, doubtless, no small grudge for his wakefulness of the preceding night, but they contented themselves with the determination of banishing him from their room for the future, and otherwise treated him as cordially as before.

They proceeded with very few halts through the whole of a long, weary day, emerging from woods merely to enter forests, with little or no variety of view, and were but seldom cheered by the sound or sight of human habitation; for villages in those parts were rare and far between. When the young bookseller had sufficiently expatiated on the excellencies of his Dorothea, on the poetry of their past love, and their bright hopes for the future, and when he had made his friends admire the tobacco bag, wrought in pearls by her fair hand, expressly for his present trip, he had nothing more to say; and the old steward had not sufficient breath to speak and ride at the same time, so that the journey would have been dull indeed but for their associate the Italian. He now talked as glibly and as unceasingly as might have been expected from the vivacity of his temperament. Contrary to most men, he did not entertain his listeners about himself, and his immediate concerns; but having travelled much, as it appeared, he had no end of the most diverting anecdotes to tell. The castle of the noble, the palace of the prince, or the common hostelry of the town, seemeed equally familiar to him, and he laid the scenes of his stories with equal pleasure in either. He added greatly to the charm of these recitals by the inconceivable rapidity of articulation and gesture, the quaint grimaces, and broken German with which the whole was delivered. So ludicrous was the light he threw on all things, and so comical his own individuality, that he kept his companions in a perpetual roar of laughter; what alone prevented that confidence to establish itself between them, which is generally the result of merriment, was that ever and anon the Italian (and, as it seemed, more from habit than design) assumed in his manners something lofty and mysterious, which contrasted so strangely with the light strain of the moment, that it inspired the Germans with strange doubts and fears; and the idea of the supernatural more than once crossed their simple minds.

Time sped swiftly in this manner, and their surprise, as well as their concern, was not small, when they suddenly became aware how rapidly the sun was sinking behind the curtain of dark firs that yet surrounded them. They knew, by experience, that, however fine an autumual day, in their country, it closed in suddenly and with chill; and they now dreaded lest darkness and the cold night air would overtake them in the forest. The pull had been a long one for the horses of the Germans, which were evidently getting more and more fatigued, and lagged in proportion as the desire of their masters increased to hurry them forward. But it was not thus with the skeleton charger of the Italian. Although his make was such as to facilitate greatly the study of comparative anatomy, had his master chosen to devote himself to it, and it seemed likely his provender did not greatly swell the saddle bags hanging over his shoulders—though his action was as wild and uncouth as his form, yet his courage seemed to augment with the necessity for it. With a long, tearing trot, nostrils snuffing the air, and eyes as luminous and strange as his rider's, he seemed created expressly for his use; and as he gradually gained upon his companions, the whole apparition gliding through the dark firs, had something in it, to them, truly fantastic. The Germans, on

their side, spurred on their beasts so unsparingly—for they by no means relished the notion of being left behind in the forest—that they succeeded in joining him just at the point where a clearing had been made, and emerging into better light, they saw him quietly surveying the prospect from the top of the saddle, where he sat perched somewhat after the fashion of an ape. He was evidently waiting for them.

"I think," said he, as soon they came within hearing, "it is time to decide on our plans for the evening, for it is rapidly advancing."

"You are right," said the old steward, who, panting and breathless, had his own reasons, however, for not suffering any one else to take the lead on this occasion. "Look there to the right; a little nearer to the next wood than that we have just left; do you not see a large farm-like building? It is an inn; and though one of a somewhat inferior order, no doubt we shall find very tolerable accommodation for the night."

"It is a lonely-looking place," said the foreigner, after examining it a moment in silence, "and all inns are not safe as times go."

"It seems to be in a very dilapidated state," added the bookseller. "I am afraid we shall get but very poor fare."

"And," continued the Italian, his eye quickly glancing over the whole prospect, and finding nowhere the trace of human industry or habitation, except the miserable dwelling which the old steward had pointed out to his attention, "I cannot help thinking it would be safer to continue our journey a few miles further, than to put up at a place of so very uninviting and suspicious an appearance."

"If our beasts were not so jaded, I should partly be of your opinion," said the bookseller.

"Nonsense!" interrupted the old German. "It is not the first time I have passed here. I know the inn well, and the people who keep it,—the woman of the house I have, indeed, been acquainted with for many a long year. Poor, pretty Mary!" he added musingly.

"Then you think the place quite safe?" said his young companion. "If it were not for that, I should be myself of opinion to take our chance in the next wood."

"Ay," said the Italian; "though if there be danger in the house, there would be danger in the forest; but we might easily, by leaving the open road, give them the change on our movements."

"Yes," said the steward, "and pass the night uselessly in the open air. Come, gentlemen, I tell you I know the house and the people well, and take all the responsibility upon myself;" and, spurring his horse forward, he was reluctantly followed by his two companions.

After having ridden on silently for more time than they could have supposed necessary to clear the space between the place where they had stood and the lonely house, they pulled up at the very moment when a woman and a child attracted by noise of the horses' hoofs, appeared at the threshold. This, of course, put an end to further discussion; but the travellers saw at a glance, that the building, though large, was in bad repair, and denoted either great misery or neglect.

"Ah! it is you, pretty Mary?" said the old steward, greeting cordially the squalid female

This exclamation caused the other two to gaze with more curiosity at the woman who stood before them;—there was little, however, to justify the epithet "pretty," so generously granted her by her old acquaintance. Poverty, ill-health, and their invariable concomitant, filth, seemed to have done their worst for her. Her sharp, thin features, pallid yet sallow complexion, and wasted figure, not much improved by the dirty habiliments hanging loosely around it, did not even betray the past existence of those charms to which their companion so confidently alluded. Her eyes, alone—laage, black, and lustrous—might have been a redeeming point in her face, had not the dark, heavy shades which ill-health, or other causes, had drawn beneath them, and the bold yet repulsive expression they imparted to her whole countenance, diminished their beauty. The child was a faithful copy of herself; and it was evident, whatever the influence which had blasted the parent tree, it had likewise wasted the bud before its opening.

"You come, doubtless," said she, "to rest here this night? Will you please to alight, gentlemen." And, without calling any other assistance, she offered, herself, to hold their horses, by which attention, however, her old friend the steward was the only one willing to profit. She tried to throw a bold coquetry in her manners, evidently more the effect of habit than her present humour, and which would even have impaired loveliness, had she possessed any share of it. She now invited her guests to enter the public room, bidding the child to show them the way whilst she prepared to lead the horses round to the stables.

"It is strange," muttered the Italian, as he gazed after her, "strange that there are no ostlers, or help of any kind to be seen."

"Poor girl!" muttered the steward aloud; "her husband has not, it seems, grown more laborious or kind with time. I dare say it is like of old, she has all the fag and he all the profit."

The boy pointed to a low door to the left, the lock of which was too high for him to reach; the travellers opened it, and entered a large room of very unpromising appearance. The small, ill-shaped window-panes were too deeply encrusted with filth to allow a sight of

what there might be without; the benches and tables, of the coarsest description, were broken, and so indented with knives, and here and there so evidently burnt by the unsnuffed candles of careless night-watchers, that there could be little doubt left on the minds of the lookers on, but the room must often have been the scene of drunken brawls and shameless revelry. Each man involuntarily drew his treasures nearer to him, and felt chilled by the want of comfort and regularity visible everywhere about them. The hostess had hardly entered the room when her eye was attracted by the objects her guests were so cautiously guarding.

"You are heavily laden, sir," she said, addressing the elder traveller. "The Count of Rantzau will not be sorry when he sees the contents of your portmanteau. Every penny of it due by this time, I'll warrant you."

"Very likely, pretty Mary," answered the steward, without an attempt at evasion; "but let us not busy ourselves about my master's affairs; let us rather speak of your own, my good girl. You looked fagged and ill, and seem to have all the work yourself—your husband, doubtless, is as lazy and drunken as ever?"

The woman looked displeased, and cut short the colloquy by the usual inquiries about what they would want for supper; but the travellers soon perceived these questions were merely for form's sake, and that they would be obliged to put up with whatever their hostess had in the house, which was not much.

"We scarcely expect travellers so late in the season, particularly on week days, and are, therefore, but ill-provided," said the hostess; "we have no meat in the house; but if a good beer soup, quite warm, sausages, and *saur kraut* and *melchpies*, will content you, I will soon prepare your supper."

"Well, if you have nothing better, serve us that, and quickly," replied the steward, who had taken upon himself the office of spokesman on all such occasions.

"I thought so," sighed the bookseller; "our fare will not be over bright."

"It is a somewhat out-of-the-way place to expect much," answered Mary's friend apologetically, considering himself obliged in conscience to make the best of everything, since it was he who had enticed his friends to put up with such wretched accommodation; a feeling which enabled him to conceal his own chargin, when, after intolerable delays, the promised supper appeared, and proved uneatable. It was served up by the hostess herself, who tried, but in vain, to reanimate the spirits of her guests. Her jests fell coldly on the ear of the disappointed and hungry steward, and her affectation of girlish coquetry was unheeded by the young German, who felt inconceivably repulsed by her whole appearance, almost shuddering when his eye accidentally met hers. The Italian's vivacity had quite forsaken him since he had entered the house, but his eye was constantly resting on Mary's, who by no means shrank from its keen penetrating expression. He had before supper, as usual, been prowling about the premises, and, after having satisfied his appetite with dry bread and a cake of chocolate, which he drew from his pocket, he again became restless. Regardless of the hostess's presence, he rose, and crossing deliberately the apartment, was about to open a door, evidently leading to a room beyond; but scarcely was his hand upon the lock, when a gruff voice from within warned him away; he came back, silently and crest-fallen, to the table.

"That's Peter Stieber by the voice," said the steward, looking at the woman. "Ay, pretty Mary, you might have done better, indeed; but you have had your own way, and I am not the only one who has been sorry for you."

"I am satisfisd with my fate," she answered, looking with distrust towards the door of the room whence the voice proceeded.—"Come, gentlemen, do you wish to retire?"

"Do not forget to ask her for two rooms," whispered the bookseller to the steward, for he felt an unconquerable reluctance to speak to the woman himself; "remember last night."

"True," said the other with a sapient nod of the head, "I had nearly forgotten;" and, whilst he was explaining his wishes to "pretty Mary," as he continued to call her, the Italian silently crept out of the room; so that the party was obliged to wait for his return before being lighted up stairs.

When he came in again, his companions immediately communicated to him the determination they had taken during his absence, and that he must be content with occupying a separate chamber. A smile passed over the stranger's countenance.

"At any rate, you will permit, I suppose," said he, "that our rooms communicate?"

(*To be continued.*)

"Feller-citizens," said a candidate for Congress recently, somewhere out west—"Feller-citizens, you are well aware that I never went to school but three times in my life, and that was to a night school. Two nights the master did not come, and the other night *I had'nt any candle.*"

Nobody likes nobody; but everybody is pleased to think himself somebody. And every body is somebody; but when anybody thinks himself to be somebody, he generally thinks everybody else to be nobody.

The artist who would build a work to last, must go to Nature for his corner-stones.

THE POET'S MISSION.

BY MARIE J. EWEN.

WHAT is the poet's noblest work? To sing
Of Nature's glories, light, and birds and flowers,
Of star-gemmed eyes, of fair bright skies?—To swing
A perfumed censer o'er this earth of ours;
To wreathe the world with beauty's magic zone?
Not this—not this alone?

To catch the spirit-murmurs of the sea,
The low, sweet whisper of the forest airs;
To pour them forth in one wild melody,
A grander, softer chant by far than theirs,
All feeling linked to music's trancing tone?
Not this—not this alone!

More high and noble still I deem to be
The Poet's work; with his rapt soul, clear eyes,
His "thoughts that wander through eternity;"
His proud aspirings, world-wide sympathies,
His burden and his woe, his raptures, tears—
His doubtings and his fears.

'Tis his to bear a message from high Heaven,
To flash God's sunlight o'er the minds of men;
To sheathe in burning words fair thoughts, God-given,
'Till Earth awake to beauty—truth again;
To point with Faith's firm finger to the skies:
"Henceforth, thou sleeper, rise!"

To scatter seeds of precious worth; to shout
In high appeal against the powers of wrong;
To tinge with golden light the clouds of doubt;
To "raise the weak, to animate the strong;"
To seal all souls with Love's pure signet-kiss:
The Poet's work is this!

IBIS-SHOOTING IN THE SWAMPS OF LOUISIANA.

THE ibis (*tantalus*) is one of the most curious and interesting of American birds; it is a creature of the warm climates, and is not found in either the northern or middle States—the tropics, and the countries contiguous to them, are its range. Louisiana, from its low elevation, possesses almost a tropical climate; and the ibis, of several varieties, is to be met with in considerable numbers.

There are few sorts of game I have not followed with horse, hound, or gun; and, among other sports, I have gone ibis-shooting; it was not so much for the sport, however, as that I wished to obtain some specimens for mounting. An adventure befel me in one of these excursions that may interest the reader. The southern part of the state of Louisiana is one vast labyrinth of swamps, bayous, and lagoons. These bayous are sluggish streams that glide sleepily along, sometimes running one way and sometimes the very opposite, according to the season. Many of them are outlets of the great Mississippi, which begins to shed off its waters more than 300 miles from its mouth. These bayous are deep, sometimes narrow, sometimes wide, with islets in their midst. They and their contiguous swamps are the great habitation of the alligator and the fresh-water shark—the gar. Numerous species of water and wading fowl fly over them, and plunge through their dark tide. Here you may see the red flamingo, the egret, the trumpeter swan, the blue heron, the wild goose, the crane, the snake bird, the pelican, and the ibis; you may likewise see the osprey, and the white-headed eagle robbing him of his prey. These swamps and bayous produce abundantly fish, reptile, and insect, and are, consequently, the favorite resort of hundreds of birds which prey upon these creatures. In some places, the bayous form a complete net-work over the country, which you may traverse with a small boat in almost any direction; indeed, this is the means by which many settlements communicate with each other. As you approach southwards towards the Gulf, you get clear of the timber; and within some fifty miles of the sea, there is not a tree to be seen.

It was near the edge of this open country I went Ibis-shooting. I had set out from a small French or Creole settlement, with no other company than my gun; even without a dog, as my favorite spaniel had the day before been bitten by an alligator while swimming across a bayou. I went, of course, in a boat, a light skiff, such as is commonly used by the inhabitants of the country.

Occasionally using the paddles, I allowed myself to float some four or five miles down the main bayou; but as the birds I was in search of did not appear, I struck into a "branch," and skulled myself up stream. This carried me through a solitary region, with marshes stretching as far as the eye could see, covered with tall reeds. There was no habitation, nor aught that betokened the presence of man. It was just possible that I was the first human being that had ever found a motive for propelling a boat through the dark waters of this solitary stream. As I advanced, I fell in with my game; and I succeeded in bagging several, both of the great wood-ibis and the white species. I also shot a fine white-headed eagle (*falco leucocephalus*) which came soaring over my boat, unconscious of danger. But the bird which I most wanted seemed that which could not be obtained. I wanted the scarlet ibis.

I think I had rowed some three miles up stream, and was about to take in my oars and leave my boat to float back again, when I perceived that, a little further up, the bayou widened. Curiosity prompted me to continue; and after pulling a few hundred strokes further, I found myself at the end of an oblong lake, a mile or so in length. It was deep,

dark, marshy around the shores, and full of alligators. I saw their ugly forms and long serrated backs, as they floated about in all parts of it, hungrily hunting for fish and eating one another; but all this was nothing new, for I had witnessed similar scenes during the whole of my excursion. What drew my attention most, was a small islet near the middle of the lake, upon one end of which stood a row of upright forms of a bright scarlet color; these red creatures were the very objects I was in search of. They might be flamingoes; I could not tell at that distance. So much the better, if I could only succeed in getting a shot at them; but these creatures are even more wary than the ibis; and as the islet was low, and altogether without cover, it was not likely they would allow me to come within range; nevertheless, I was determined to make the attempt. I rowed up the lake, occasionally turning my head to see if the game had taken the alarm. The sun was hot and dazzling; and as the bright scarlet was magnified by refraction I fancied for a long time they were flamingoes. This fancy was dissipated as I drew near. The outlines of the bills, like the blade of a sabre, convinced me they were the ibis; besides, I now saw that they were only about three feet in height, while the flamingoes stood five. There were a dozen of them in all. These were balancing themselves, as is their usual habit, on one leg, apparently asleep, or *buried in deep thought.* They were on the upper extremity of the islet, while I was approaching it from below. It was not above sixty yards across; and could I only reach the point nearest me, I knew my gun would throw shot to kill at that distance. I feared the stroke of the sculls would start them, and I pulled slowly and cautiously. Perhaps the great heat—for it was as hot a day as I can remember—had rendered them torpid or lazy. Whether or not, they sat still until the cut-water of my skiff touched the bank of the islet. I drew my gun up cautiously, took aim, and fired both barrels almost simultaneously. When the smoke cleared out of my eyes, I saw that all the birds had flown off except one, that lay stretched out by the edge of the water. Gun in hand, I leaped out of the boat, and ran across the islet to bag my game. This occupied but a few minutes; and I was turning to go back to the skiff, when, to my consternation, I saw it out upon the lake, and rapidly floating downwards! In my haste I had left it unfastened, and the bayou current had carried it off. It was still but a hundred yards off, but it might as well have been a hundred miles, for at that time I could not swim a stroke.

My first impulse was to rush down to the lake, and after the boat; this impulse was checked on arriving at the water's edge, which I saw at a glance was fathoms in depth. Quick reflection told me that the boat was gone—irrecoverably gone!

I did not at first comprehend the full peril of my situation; nor will you. I was on an islet, in a lake, only half a mile from its shores it is true,—alone, and without a boat; but what of that? Many a man had been so before, with not an idea of danger. These were first thoughts, natural enough; but they rapidly gave place to others of a far different character. When I gazed after my boat, now beyond recovery—when I looked around, and saw that the lake lay in the middle of an interminable swamp, the shores of which, even could I have reached them, did not seem to promise me footing—when I reflected that, being unable to swim, I could not reach them —that upon the islet there was neither tree, or log, nor bush; not a stick out of which I might make a raft—I say, when I reflected upon all these things, there arose in my mind a feeling of well-defined and absolute horror.

It is true I was only in a lake, a mile or so in width; but so far as the peril and helplessness of my situation were concerned, I might as well have been upon a rock in the middle of the Atlantic. I knew that there was no settlement within miles—miles of pathless swamp. I knew that no one could either see or hear me—no one was at all likely to come near the lake; indeed, I felt satisfied that my faithless boat was the first keel that had ever cut its waters. The very tameness of the birds wheeling round my head was evidence of this. I felt satisfied, too, that without some one to help me, I should never go out from that lake: I must die on the islet, or drown in attempting to leave it.

These reflections rolled rapidly over my startled soul. The facts were clear, the hypothesis definite, the sequence certain; there was no ambiguity, no suppositious hinge upon which I could hang a hope; no, not one. I could not even expect that I should be missed and sought for: there was no one to search for me. The simple *habitans* of the village I had left knew me not—I was a stranger among them: they only knew me as a stranger, and fancied me a strange individual; one who made lonely excursions, and brought home bunches of weeds, with birds, insects, and reptiles, which they had never before seen, although gathered at their own doors. My absence, besides, would be nothing new to them, even though it lasted for days: I had often been absent before, a week at a time. There was no hope of my being missed.

I have said that these reflections came and passed quickly. In less than a minute, my affrighted soul was in full possession of them, and almost yielded itself to despair. I shouted, but rather involuntarily than with any hope that I should be heard; I shouted loudly and fiercely: my answer—the echoes of my own

voice, the shriek of the osprey, and the maniac laugh of the white-headed eagle.

I ceased to shout, threw my gun to the earth, and tottered down beside it. I have been in a gloomy prison, in the hands of a vengeful guerilla banditti, with carbines cocked to blow out my brains. No one will call that a pleasant situation—nor was it so to me. I have been lost upon the wide prairie—the land-sea—without bush, break, or star to guide me—that was worse. There you look around! you see nothing; you hear nothing: you are alone with God, and you tremble in his presence; your senses swim; your brain reels; you are afraid of yourself; you are afraid of your own mind. Deserted by everything else, you dread lest it, too, may forsake you. There is horror in this—it is very horrible—it is hard to bear; but I have borne it all, and would bear it again twenty times over rather than endure once more the first hour I spent on that lonely islet in that lonely lake. Your prison may be dark and silent, but you feel that you are not utterly alone; beings like yourself are near, though they be your jailers. Lost on the prairie, you are alone; but you are free. In the islet, I felt that I was alone; that I was not free: in the islet, I experienced the feelings of the prairie and the prison combined.

I lay in a state of stupor—almost unconscious; how long I knew not, but many hours I am certain: I knew this by the sun—it was going down when I awoke, if I may so term the recovery of my stricken senses. I was aroused by a strange circumstance: I was surrounded by dark objects of hideous shape and hue—reptiles they were. They had been before my eyes for some time, but I had not seen them. I had only a sort of dreamy consciousness of their presence; but I heard them at length: my ear was in better tune, and the strange noises they uttered reached my intellect. It sounded like the blowing of great bellows, with now and then a note harsher and louder, like the roaring of a bull. This startled me, and I looked up and bent my eyes upon the objects: they were forms of the *crocodilidæ*, the giant-lizards—they were alligators.

Huge ones they were, many of them; and many were they in number—a hundred at least were crawling around me. Their long gaunt jaws and channeled snouts projected forward so as almost to touch my body; and their eyes usually leaden, seemed now to glare.

Impelled by this new danger, I sprang to my feet, when, recognising the upright form of man, the reptiles scuttled off, and plunging hurriedly into the lake, hid their hideous bodies under the water.

The incident in some measure revived me. I saw that I was not alone: there was company even in the crocodiles. I gradually became more myself; and began to reflect with some degree of coolness on the circumstances that surrounded me. My eyes wandered over the islet; every inch of it came under my glance; every object upon it was scrutinised—the moulted feathers of the wild fowl, the pieces of mud, the fresh-water mussels (*unios*) strewed upon its beach—all were examined. Still the barren answer—no means of escape.

The islet was but the head of a sand-bar, formed by the eddy—perhaps gathered together within the year. It was bare of herbage, with the exception of a few tufts of grass. There was neither tree nor bush upon it—not a stick. A raft indeed! There was not wood enough to make a raft that would have floated a frog. The idea of a raft was but briefly entertained; such a thought had certainly crossed my mind, but a single glance round the islet dispelled it before it had taken shape. I paced my prison from end to end; from side to side I walked it over. I tried the water's depth; on all sides I sounded it, wading recklessly in; everywhere it deepened rapidly as I advanced. Three lengths of myself from the islets edge, and I was up to my neck. The huge reptiles swam around, snorting and blowing; they were bolder in this element. I could not have waded safely ashore, even had the water been shallow. To swim it—no—even though I swam like a duck, they would have closed upon and quartered me before I could have made a dozen strokes. Horrified by their demonstrations, I hurried back upon dry ground, and paced the islet with dripping garments.

I continued walking until night, which gathered around me dark and dismal. With night came new voices—the hideous voices of the nocturnal swamp: the qua-qua of the night-heron, the screech of the swamp-owl, the bittern, the el-l-uk of the great water-toad, the tinkling of the bull frog, and the chirp of the savanna-cricket—all fell upon my ear. Sounds still harsher and more hideous were heard around me—the plashing of the alligator and the roaring of his voice; these reminded me that I must not go to sleep. To sleep! I durst not have slept for a single instant. Even when I lay for a few minutes motionless. the dark reptiles came crawling round me—so close that I could put forth my hand and touch them.

At intervals, I sprang to my feet, shouted, swept my gun around, and chased them back to the water, into which they betook themselves with a sullen plunge, but with little semblance of fear. At each fresh demonstration on my part they shewed less alarm, until I could no longer drive them either with shouts or threatening gestures. They only retreated a few feet, forming an irregular circle round me. Thus hemmed in, I became frightened in turn. I loaded my gun and fired; I killed none. They are impervious to a bullet, except in the eye, or under the forearm. It was too dark to

aim at these parts; and my shots glanced harmlessly from the pyramidal scales of their bodies. The loud report, however, and the blaze frightened them, and they fled to return again after a long interval. I was asleep when they returned; I had gone to sleep in spite of my efforts to keep awake. I was startled by the touch of something cold; and half-stifled by a strong musky odour that filled the air. I threw out my arms; my fingers rested upon an object slippery and clammy: it was one of those monsters—one of gigantic size. He had crawled close alongside me, and was preparing to make his attack; as I saw that he was bent in the form of a bow, and I knew that these creatures assume that attitude when about to strike their victim. I was just in time to spring aside, and avoid the stroke of his powerful tail, that the next moment swept the ground where I had lain. Again I fired, and he with the rest once more retreated to the lake.

All thoughts of going to sleep were at an end. Not that I felt wakeful; on the contrary, wearied with my day's exertion—for I had had a long pull under a hot tropical sun—I could have lain down upon the earth, in the mud, anywhere, and slept in an instant. Nothing but the dread certainty of my peril kept me awake. Once again before morning, I was compelled to battle with the hideous reptiles, and chase them away with a shot from my gun.

Morning came at length, but with it no change in my perilous position. The light only shewed me my island prison, but revealed no way of escape from it. Indeed, the change could not be called for the better, for the fervid rays of an almost vertical sun burned down upon me until my skin blistered. I was already speckled by the bites of a thousand swampflies and musquitoes, that all night long had preyed upon me. There was not a cloud in the heavens to shade me; and the sunbeams smote the surface of the dead bayou with a double intensity. Towards evening, I began to hunger; no wonder at that: I had not eaten since leaving the village settlement. To assuage thirst, I drank the water of the lake, turbid and slimy as it was. I drank it in large quantities, for it was hot, and only moistened my palate without quenching the craving of my appetite. Of water there was enough; I had more to fear from want of food.

What could I eat? The ibis. But how to cook it? There was nothing wherewith to make a fire—not a stick. No matter for that. Cooking is a modern invention, a luxury for pampered palates. I divested the ibis of its brilliant plumage, and ate it raw. I spoiled my specimen, but at the time there was little thought of that: there was not much of the naturalist left in me. I anathemised the hour that I had ever imbibed such a taste; I wished Audubon, and Buffon, and Cuvier, up to their necks in a swamp. The ibis did not weigh above three pounds, bones and all. It served me for a second meal, a breakfast; but at this *déjeuner sans fourchette* I picked the bones.

What next? starve? No, not yet. In the battles I had had with the alligators during the second night one of them had received a shot which proved mortal. The hideous carcass of the reptile lay dead upon the beach. I need not starve; I could eat that. Such were my reflections. I must hunger, though, before I could bring myself to touch the musky morsel. Two more days' fasting conquered my squeamishness. I drew out my knife, cut a steak from the alligator's tail, and ate it—not the one I had first killed, but a second; the other was now putrid, rapidly decomposing under the hot sun; its odour filled the islet.

The stench had now grown intolerable. There was not a breath of wind stirring, otherwise I might have shunned by keeping to windward. The whole atmosphere of the islet, as well as a large circle around it, was impregnated with the fearful effluvium. I could bear it no longer. With the aid of my gun, I pushed the half-decomposed carcass into the lake; perhaps the current might carry it away. It did; I had the gratification to see it float off. This circumstance led me into a train of reflections. Why did the body of the alligator float: It was swollen—inflated with gases. Ha!

An idea shot suddenly through my mind, one of those brilliant ideas—the children of necessity. I thought of the floating alligator, of its intestines, what if I inflated them? Yes, yes! buoys and bladders, floats and life-preservers! that was the thought. I would open the alligators, make a buoy of their intestines, and that would bear me from the islet!

I did not lose a moment's time: I was full of energy: hope had given me new life. My gun was loaded—a huge crocodile that swam near the shore received the shot in his eye. I dragged him on the beach; with my knife I laid open his entrails. Few they were, but enough for my purpose. A plume-quill from the wing of the ibis served me for a blowpipe. I saw the bladder-like skin expand, until I was surrounded by objects like great sausages. These were tied together, and fastened to my body, and then, with a plunge, I entered the waters of the lake, and floated downward. I had tied on my life-preservers in such a way that I sat in the water in an upright position, holding my gun with both hands. This I intended to have used as a club in case I should be attacked by the alligators; but I had chosen the hot hour of noon, when these creatures lie in a half-torpid state, and to my joy I was not molested. Half an hour's drifting with the current carried me to the end of the lake, and I found myself at the debouchure of the bayou. Here, to my great delight, I saw my boat in the swamp, where it had been caught and held fast by the

sedges. A few minutes more, and I had swung myself over the gunwale, and was sculling with eager strokes down the smooth waters of the bayou.—*Chambers's Edinburgh Jour.*

FIRESIDE PHILOSOPHY.

DOES THE DEW FALL?

There are few of you, dear young readers, we will venture to say, who have not admired the beauty of the drops of dew, as they have glistened in the bright rays of the morning sun. How light and cheerful they look, as they hang like rows of pearls on the points of the grass, and along the edges of the leaves! And when you have been up thus early for a walk in the fields, the consciousness that you have not wasted your hours in bed has contributed, together with the freshness of the morning air, to put you into excellent spirits, and to make you fit to admire the beauties of nature. You walk on with a light step and a cheerful heart and everything looks smiling around you; for

"Bright every dewy hawthorn shines,
Sweet every herb is growing,
To him whose willing heart inclines
The way that he is going."

Perhaps you have wondered where the dew can have come from, and how it is formed, and who has formed it; perhaps, too, thought, with the people of ancient times, that those delicate particles of dew which you see so abundant, after a fine, clear, starlight night, must have descended from the skies; though you may not, like them imagine that they are shed upon the earth from the bright moon and stars.

It was, indeed, long believed that dew, like the rain, descended from the sky. And, doubtless, this belief was natural enough; for it was observed that the dew was formed in the greatest abundance when the sky was bright and cloudless; and was never formed at all unless the night was tolerably clear. Thus it became evident that there was some connection between the state of the sky and the quantity of the dew; though the nature of this connection was not understood. We cannot wonder, then, that men should believe that the dew fell from the sky when no clouds were in the way to prevent it; and that they could conceive no other way to account for the dew, if they did not admit that it had come down from above. Yet this belief continued to prevail after the formation of dew had been truly explained; and, even at the present day, there are perhaps few people who have quite got rid of the old opinion. For this reason we will explain to you, as clearly as we can, where it is that the dew comes from.

The first experiments that were made in order to find out where the dew comes from, seemed quite to overthrow the ancient belief; but they led people into another mistake, for they appeared to prove that it ascended from the earth. It was found that, when plates of metal were placed out in the open air, and raised at some distance from the ground, their under surfaces were alone covered with dew. In addition to this, it had been noticed that the leaves of the trees had often plenty on the under side, and little or none on the upper. So too, when a number of plates of glass were exposed, placed at different heights above the ground, it was found that the under side of the plate was covered with dew soon after the evening had set in, then the top of the same, afterwards the under side of the second, and so on to the uppermost. From these experiments, it was thought that the gentle dew arose out of the earth, like the vapour which the sun's warmth causes to rise from the moist ground in the daytime, but, though these observations were all correctly made, it was afterwards proved that the opinion founded upon them was erroneous.

Before we can explain the origin of dew, you must first understand that the air which surrounds us contains at all times a considerable quantity of moisture. Without this, it would be totally unfit for us to breathe; and in hot weather would become so burning and pestilential that animal life could not exist. This moisture is dissolved in the air, just as salt is in the water of the sea; and is contained in it everywhere, but in larger quantity near the surface of the earth than higher up; because near the earth the air is denser, and is, on this account, able to contain a greater quantity of moisture.

Now, if you want a proof that the air contains moisture, you may have it very easily. Take a decanter of very cold water from a very cold well or spring, and let it be stoppered down; when you have made sure that it is perfectly dry on the outside, carry it into a warm room, and, after it has stood upon the table a short time, you will see moisture gathering about the outside of the neck. This will go on increasing, till the water within becomes as warm as the air in the room, and then the moisture will gradually disappear. This is nothing else than dew, artificially produced, and is occasioned by the moisture suspended in the warm air of the room being deposited upon the cold glass.

Now, it is found that the warmer the air is, the more moisture it is able to take up; so that, ona

warm summer's day, when the air becomes greatly heated, and when the sun causes a large quantity of moisture to rise out of the earth, there is always much more contained in the air than there could be on a cold day. So, too, the air in a warm room occupied by people always abounds in moisture; and hence it very soon shows itself upon the cool surface of the decanter. When any circumstance causes the air to be cooled down so much that it is no longer able to contain all the moisture that was before suspended on it, that moisture must fall in the shape of water; just as the vaporous clouds become converted into rain, when they meet with a cold current of air. It rests upon any cool surface that may be near.

You may easily have a very good illustration of the settling down, or the precipitation, as it is called, of a dissolved substance, when the fluid in which it is dissolved becomes less able to support it. Take, for instance, some common alum, and dissolve in a small quantity of hot water as much as it will contain; now, as the water cools, it is not able to hold so much of the salt in solution; so part of it again becomes solid, and sinks to the bottom in the form of crystals. Indeed, those of you who are familiar with experiments in chemistry will know that very often, when solutions of salt are cooled, the whole becomes suddenly converted into a mass of beautiful crystals. It is by a process similar to this that the moisture which is dissolved in the air becomes changed into dew on the cold ground, or on the grass, or the windows.

You well know that the warm rays of the bright sun make the ground hot in the daytime; so hot, that you can scarcely bear to put your hands upon it in the days of summer. Thus you may be sure that the sun in the daytime warms the earth very much more than it does the air, so that the moisture can never become dew upon the ground while the sun is still up in the sky. But no sooner has the sun gone down, than the ground begins to cool; it sends forth heat into the air aloft, and rapidly cools down, till it becomes much colder than the air itself. This is called radiation; and the earth is said to radiated its heat into the sky.

Now, you will know, by the fact of snow lying all the year round upon the tops of high mountains that the air is always much colder high up in the sky, than it is near the earth. But the heat that is radiated from the earth warms first the lowest portion of the air, and this, thereby becoming lighter, rises, and then the cold air from above rushes down, and cools still more the earth and lower air. After the ground and the things upon it have become cooler than the air, and the lower air itself has become cooled down by the cold currents which descend from the upper regions, the dew begins to form, and is deposited upon the cold grass, and leaves, and ground.

Now, after the earth has become colder than the atmosphere above it, it naturally tends to cool the air that is close to it; and the cold currents rushing down also assist in cooling the air near the earth. Thus it is that moisture is always formed into dew first near the ground; and then the air gradually becomes cool higher and higher up, and more and more moisture continues to settle. This explains how it was that the plates of glass, we spoke of before, first had dew settled upon those nearest the ground, and then the dew appeared gradually to rise and cover the higher plates; and it also explains another phenomenon, which you have very likely often observed, viz., the rising of the mist after the setting of the sun, which seems to form along the ground in meadows and has the appearance of rising out of the ground, as it gradually forms higher up in the air, but which is no other than the moisture of the air becoming visible, and beginning to settle, as it is cooled.

We see, then, that the dew neither falls from the sky, nor rises out of the ground. It descends not from the broad expanse of heaven, nor is it the offspring of the rising morn, though such has been the language of the poets. Thus Tasso sings:

> "Aurora smiling from her tranquil sphere,
> O'er vale and mountain sheds forth dew and light."

Such is the charming imagery of the poet; but the plain truth is this, that the dew is derived from the moisture accumulated in the air during the day, and which the coolness of night causes to collect into those extremely minute and beautiful drops which cling to whatever is exposed to them.

But you will very likely begin to wonder why it is that we do not always find dew upon the grass after a warm day; and how it comes to pass that there is sure to be most dew when the night is clear. The reason is, that clouds prevent the cooling down of the air. The clouds themselves radiate the heat which they receive from the earth back again to it; and thus the heat is confined within the space between them and the ground, so that the air cannot be sufficiently cooled down for dew to appear. But a few clouds, or even a single one, will have the effect of preventing the escape of heat into the open sky above, and thus of lessening the amount of dew. Even the thinnest cambric handkerchief, spread near the ground beneath it, by which you will at once understand

how it is that the gardener is able to protect his tender plants from the cold of the night, by covering them with a thin light matting. A strong wind, too, by keeping the air in constant motion, effectually prevents the heat from passing off, and thus diminishes the amount of dew.

It is only when the night is calm;

"When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene,"

that the dew appears in the greatest abundance. It is then that the heat which is radiated from the earth can be readily dispersed into the immeasured depths of space; and, if the air is at the same time loaded with moisture, then everything is covered with the glittering dew, which contributes to make the fields appear so fresh and green in the early morning.

You have no doubt observed that the dew does not lie equally on all kinds of substances. If, for instance, you have noticed how it lies upon a gate, you have always seen much less upon the iron-work, such as the screws and hinges, than upon the wood-work. There will also be much more on glass than on any metal; for it is found that bad conductors of heat have always more dew on them than good conductors. The reason of this is, that whatever prevents heat from accumulating serves to keep up the cold, and of course the colder the body, the more dew is deposited upon it. By using very delicate (that is, very fine) instruments, the grass is found to be colder at night than the garden mould, and the garden mould cooler than the firm gravel path. So, too, the surface of snow is always very cold; and that of wool or swan's-down laid on the snow is still colder. These soft loose substances are therefore very good for experimenting on the quantity of dew falling; and they can easily be weighed before and after the experiment.

On a cold and frosty morning, you may see the dew formed on the inside of your bedroom windows; for the moisture contained in the warm air of the room is deposited upon the glass panes, which have been cooled by the air without. And, if your window has a close shutter, there will be more dew, because the shutter prevents the heated air of the room from warming the inside of the panes, and thus, by keeping them cooler, allows the greater accumulation of dew.

You will now understand why it is so dangerous to be out late in the evening, and especially after midnight. Then the dew is forming, and the air is so damp and chilly, that you are almost sure to take cold; for nothing is worse than that cold, chilling dampness which pervades the air when the dew is forming. On a cloudy night there is far less danger; for the air is then warmer and drier, and dew is not deposited. Dew is, however, always more abundant when a clear and bright morning succeeds to a misty evening, and when dry weather follows rain; so that at such times it is not prudent to venture out until the sun begins to rise, and to warm the air with its morning beams. But, at the first touch of the sun's rays, the air, warmed thereby, begins again to absorb the moisture that was forming into dew; and soon the glistening dewdrop is no longer seen upon the grass.

WHAT IS MAN?

A DREAM.

BY A CANADIAN PYTHAGOREAN.

Some people have great faith in dreams, believing implicitly in the visions of the night: and at morning dawn seek a solution to the riddle their brain has conjured up. I am one of these. At the breakfast-table I invariably relate at length the fancies of the previous night, asking for an interpretation, and am intensely delighted if the opinions of my family coincide with my own. I would extend my family circle, and ask you, reader, the meaning of the following dream:

I thought I was borne gently through the air, on one of those large light-coloured clouds, that skirt the horizon on a summer's eve, its edges tipped with a golden fringe,—the rays of the setting sun. Suddenly appeared before me, as I reclined on my soft and airy couch, a being, such as I had never seen in any dream. His height was variable, at one time appearing gigantic, at another like unto a dwarf. On his touching the cloud on which I rested, it became transparent, and I saw the earth, as if from a fixed point in the heavens, revolving beneath me. Trees, rivers, forests, lakes, villages, towns and cities, in succession passed beneath me. I could even distinguish the inhabitants of the world, and felt surprised that the being called man (it did not occur to me that I belonged to the human race) could so perfectly change the face of nature, he is but a mite in comparison to the world, but the whole surface of the earth feels his presence.

Involuntarily, I exclaimed, "What is Man?" The earth ceased to move, and I hovered o'er a grave yard. On a newly made grave, I saw an infant playing, and in the grave I saw the mother; and, afar off, appeared the husband in the prime of life, bowed down with his mighty grief.

The pictorial answer to my exclamation must

have been unsatisfactory for again I repeated the words, but this time with a melancholy accent.

"What is man?" The earth vanished! all was darkness. I felt some one seize my hand and lead me forward, he was doubtless my aerial visitor. We were in a species of vault, for our footsteps echoed after us, hollowly, as they fell on the stone pavement. The air, too, was damp, and smelt foul. In silence we continued our way for about a hundred yards, (I counted my steps,) when turning suddenly to the right we entered a large and gloomy looking apartment, circular in form and lighted by many lamps suspended against the wall. In the centre of the room stood a table upwards of three feet in height, of about seven long, and nearly three wide. Something lay there, but what it was, I could not tell, for a large white sheet enveloped it and the table on which it rested. All this I took notice of before I turned to my guide, who was a grave, yet curious looking old man. I did not wonder, or even suppose, that he was the same I had seen before. My dream "had changed."

"My dear sir," said the old man taking off his hat, revealing his few straggling grey locks that in vain attempted to conceal his head, now nearly bald. "My dear sir, I shall be enabled to shew you the experiments, I spoke to you about; this evening," and he lay aside his cloak appearing in a tight-fitting suit of black.

"The experiments!" for I did precisely remember to what he referred.

"The experiments!" he exclaimed, advancing quickly towards me, and scanning my face closely, "was it not you that I told—*no*, I see I am mistaken, but I will tell *you*."

I was impressed by his manner. "Look here," he continued, "look at this face." Turning down the sheet from off the body lying on the table, I saw the features of her who reposed in her grave whilst her child played above. I shuddered.

"I have been long engaged," said the anatomist, for such he was, "in investigating the passions of man and their connection with the body. Love and Hatred you may see depicted in the countenance of the same individual at different times, and I have sought the several nerves that, acting on the muscles, produce these appearances. For a long time I supposed the agent to be a species of fluid resembling electricity called into existence by the heart of the being; but I was wrong. The passions have a seperate and individual existence in the body. At death these beings do not depart, nor do they die. They are immortal, and should the evil beings or passions preponderate, they tyrannize over the good and render the soul miserable. During life man appears to have the power of cultivating and nourishing the good, but if he neglect their care, the bad seem to have a self-producing power, and will make the good their slaves."

"I will shew you some of these here," he said, handing me a microscope; "you see the good beings I spoke to you of? they are most beautiful little creatures; see their beautiful faces and figures; look at their splendid attire, a red scarf across their breasts, and a breast-plate of pure transparent crystal; this shows that their actions are as pure and free from stain as their breastplate; they are all armed with a sword. Yet they are not all alike, yonder is one called Conscience, his principal weapon is a spear, whose diamond point rivals the needle in sharpness. Conscience employs himself in goading or spurring on the good to their duty; how often do we speak of the 'stings of Conscience, little do we think how literal our remark is."

"Honor is a curious being; he has his heart outside his body, and is most careful to keep it pure and undefiled, you can comprehend now a man having a 'stain on his Honor.'"

"Charity, that tiny spirit capable of such great actions, reclines on her box of wonderful ointment, which I have not yet analyzed, but its effects when judiciously applied are astonishing. However, it is hardly worth while describing these fellows individually. You can see at a glance Patience, and Mercy, Generosity, Truth and Devotion, also Faith, Humility and Modesty, with many others. Let us regard their antagonists the evil passions."

He reversed the microscope through which I was looking.

"You now see the children of the devil, they are black in heart and ugly in feature, they have cloven hoofs, which shows their origin. Their arms are various, but perhaps the most curious, are those of Deceit and Revenge. Deceit's is a veil, which, when he casts it about himself, renders his outward appearance as fair and pleasant as any of the good, he is thus enabled to mingle with them undiscovered, and to cause more mischief than almost any of the others. Revenge is strong, inasmuch as he never sleeps."

"All this," I said, noting that he paused, "I see, but——" the whole faded, and I again reclined on my cloud-couch, with a being like an angel resting beside me.

"You have seen strange things," whispered

the form, "do you believe them? Listen to a tale.

KING CHEEKAZZIM.

King Cheekazzim, "good old King Cheekazzim," he was usually styled, was one of the noblest and most virtuous kings that ever ascended the throne of Savia, since Serone the founder of the kingdom.

The kingdom of Savia was situated in the East, but the exact locality is at present undetermined, notwithstanding the diligent researches of numerous learned doctors, who have devoted their attention to this question, and as it is not likely that their labours will ever be crowned with success, I will not trouble you with any of their opinions; this much, only, have they admitted, namely, that Savia was so called after Savinia, who is supposed to have been one of the daughters of Solomon, and was the wife of Serone, the first king of the Savinians.

King Cheekazzim had an only son, who on arriving at manhood was seated on his father's throne by the father, who resigned his office in nearly the following words:—

"My son, take this shield, of polished steel, and let thy honor be as unsullied as its pure bright face. This lance, preserve it; may it never be stained in hasty quarrels, or with the blood of cowards. This sword, well has it served me, its edge is keen and true, the metal is well tempered, be you like it. My sceptre, it has ever been wielded in the cause of virtue and truth, disgrace it not. And lastly, O my son! This crown. Kneel,—Arise King Cheekazzim! Officers, soldiers and citizens assembled; behold your king!"

"Long live the King Cheekazzim. Long live our noble king!"

"And now," continued the old King as the shouts subsided, "may the Great King preserve thee. These instructions read. Farewell my son, farewell." The aged monarch handed him a roll of parchment which the young lad took and retired from his father's presence. King Cheekazzim immediately afterwards left the court for his beautiful country palace, where at a distance he might enjoy his son's fame, and spend the remainder of his life in tranquility.

The young King entered on his onerous duties with a zealousness that surprised his court, that every day in his royal robes he administered to the affairs of state, and when the fatigues of the day were over, he took his accustomed siesta. Indeed, he had been so occupied that he forgot to read his fathers last bequest, the roll of parchment, on awakening he remembered his negligence, and drawing it forth, read with intense interest its contents. It consisted of most sober, wise, and just commands, recommending him to consult daily the great work, containing the words of life, to attend without fail morning prayers, and never to omit the prayers at sunset. He was to be a model, and an example for his people, and never to be guilty of any act that, though excusable in him, might merit condemnation in one of his subjects. "Never," urged the document, "never be imprudent, for imprudence merits censure, and how can you censure others, deserving censure yourself?

When King Cheekazzim had finished, the parchment dropped from his hands, and he exclaimed, "Oh my father! may I be enabled to obey thee!"

"King Cheekazzim," whispered a hoarse hollow voice, that appeared to issue from the parchment.

"Who speaks," said the king?

"'Tis I, Zoddajh, the Genie of your family," and the king saw the paper kindle into a flame, which filled the room with a blaze of light. It vanished and before him stood the form of a man, gigantic in size, "'Tis I, Zoddajh, the Genie of your family," spoke the form, in a voice that seemed to the ear of the child-king as the rolling of thunder.

"What would you, O most mighty Zoddajh?" asked the king.

"Know, king Cheekazzim, that I am the guardian of your family and throne, till now I have never revealed myself to mortal, and why? I am the special guardian of the reigning member of your family, and had to act in secret, whilst he who reigned was married. Know, young king, you are the first that has ever ascended this throne without a Queen since the days of Senone. To you I reveal myself to be your slave and counsellor, visible to none but you, and ever at your call. Speak! what am I to do?"

"Nay I, know not for what to ask."

"Then" said the Genie, "listen to me. It is thus that you shall command me when you require my assistance, take your fathers roll of parchment which you will find at your feet when I disappear, burn it, and collecting carefully the ashes, place them in this phial. When time to bathe before evening prayers, anoint yourself with its contents and then to prayer. On the morrow, by placing any part of your body in contact with a lighted taper, for a space, I'll appear, —your slave."

"What!" exclaimed the King; would you have me to burn my father's last command?"

"Here," replied Zoddajh, taking a roll from his breast," is a parchment similar, burn the one at your feet; remember my instructions." Slowly

the Genie dissolved into an aromatic cloud, which when dissipated revealed the parchment at the feet of the King, after many doubts and much hesitation, he determined to follow the commands of the Genie.

An hour before sunset the King retired to his closet, and to his astonishment found the phial full of a red liquid though it was empty when he placed in it the ashes of his father's parchment. He bathed, and anointing himself with the oily fluid, hastened to prayers. The wonderful events of the day were forgotten in the exercise of his religious duties; and humbly and devoutly did he return thanks for past benefits, soliciting a continuance of the divine mercy. After prayers his thoughts again reverted to the Genie, but he determined not to test the truth of the experiment he was trying until the morrow. He slept but little that night and arose at dawn. It was now, that approaching his hand to the lamp, that remained continually burning in his apartment, he was seized with doubts, several times he withdrew his hand, being fearful lest he should be burnt; at last he held his hand steadily in the flame. His hand appeared to burn, but painlessly, and the flame ascending assumed the form of a man.

"Wherefore am I called?" asked the Genie.

Wherefore? Why I merely wished to make a trial of your charm."

"Thou hast succeeded,' said Zoddajh in a terrible tone and threatening gesture, "but beware of calling me for naught; take heed lest you summon me in vain."

"Pardon."

"Know you not the danger of idle supplications? Have you not in your youth been taught the use of prayer, and the benefits arising therefrom? Do you not know that they are petitions offered up unto the Great King for good objects to be attained, or thanks for favours already granted? Have you not also been informed that prayers uttered in a thoughtless manner are sinful and unacknowledged, the evil thereof reverting to the head of the petitioner? In ancient times," continued Zoddajh, "a favourite officer of a great and glorious King demanded of his master a favour. It was granted. Mark you, a good king is ever ready to listen to the entreaties of his subjects, and to grant their requests. However, this officer laughed and informed his master, that he did but jest, he wanted nothing, but would only try his goodness.

"Ye shades attend! The blind earth-worm grovelling in the mire, jesting with the sunbeam—the rays and light of which are in a manner necessary to his existence! The king was angered, and spake in anger. "What! dost thou trifle with me? Fool! hast thou forgotten that every idle word thy lips utter, must be accounted for by thy spirit?" The officer was cast into prison. But further: a widow, poor and afflicted with many cares, prostrated herself at the feet of this same king. "O king, I pray thee, hear me." "Speak," he replied. "Yestere'en a soldier of your guard, entering my house on a pretence, robbed me. I demand justice." "Point him out, and he shall restore thee fourfold, and shall be punished by the tormentors. You, my good woman, I have heard of, your deeds of charity, your fortitude under afflictions, and your husband's death in my service; my palace is large, enter you in, care will be taken of you; 'tis fit that the good and faithful be rewarded." You see here, O king Cheekazzim, the reward of an idle request, and the prayer of her in necessity and tribulation. Never speak thoughtlessly, nor act idly. Idleness is ever an evil. Never act lightly or foolishly, to while away an hour. Time is invaluable. 'Tis as easy to engage yourself in something that will prove of benefit to yourself or your people, as to waste it to the injury of both."

"Good Genie, may your words take root in my heart, and bear fruit in my lips."

"I hope so, and now, since you have summoned me by fire and your body, I will be ever present with you, though invisible; yet whenever you need me, I'll appear on your breathing upon this ring. Take it, and guard it jealously; should you lose it, the charm is broken and destroyed." King Cheekazzim placed the ring on his finger; he looked up—the Genie had gone.

Many days passed on, and many times did the youthful king summon to his aid the Genie of his family. Great was his fame, great was his wisdom and justice. His subjects loved them, he endeared himself to them by may acts of liberality and kindness, he set an example to them by his virtuous habits, and was rewarded by their devotion.

Zarenna, the principal city in his kingdom, and the one in which he usually resided, lay beautifully situated between two lofty mountains. The plains at their base were covered with flowers, which peeping above the long grass with which they were surrounded, nodded to and fro, moved by the gentle breeze; and many trees, producing fruits delicious and abundant, stood every here and there. The city itself appeared composed of palaces and temples; and through the city ran a stream, leaping from stone to stone, from fall to

fall, 'till lost in the far distance. Yet, within the city walls, it sometimes swelled into a small lake, covered with aquatic birds and flowers of various kinds, and again it narrowed so much, as to allow the trees on either side to meet and interlace their boughs, and so form an arch above the stream. Now, on a summer's day, might be seen groups of children, scattered along its banks, sporting together; anon, an aged man, feeble and infirm, moves slowly by, musing, perhaps, on life, and comparing it to the stream whirling past him. The children with the respect due to age are silent and stand apart, while he passes by; and, as onwards he walks, he sees a sheltered bay, the water passing slowly and quietly through it.

"E'en so is life," he says, "some there are that thus calmly live and peacefully die. Ah! How happy must they be, that are thus blessed; whose lot is cast, whose life is passed, as unruffled as thy bosom, and who, like this stream, move onward steadily to attain the great object of their creation; the stream, the broad sea, the mighty ocean; man——?" he paused and trembled.

He had now come to a portion of the river which was shallow; its surface broken by numerous rocks and shoals, and at last dashed and scattered into spray by a succession of falls; below it was hidden by fallen rocks, but again appeared at a short distance as still and motionless as before.

"Here," said the old man, "here let me gaze on this. How many unfortunate mortals are there whose life closely resembles this picture; broken and troubled; full of dangers and trials; one hurried bubble, soon broken and lost forever. And here is a deep pit, the waters enter, they know not where; so it is with man. Who knows what takes place in this its course, 'till we meet it flowing on again, the same as ever and ever flowing. From childhood I have known this stream, 'twas ever thus. May it not be taken as an emblem of eternity? and may we not believe that man passes through such an unknown passage? We see him enter it in death. He knows Eternity after Death."

Years passed, and Cheekazzim was about to marry a beautiful princess. On the eve of his marriage the Genie Zoddajh appeared to him uncalled. "To-morrow you marry, and I leave you; keep that ring on your finger in remembrance of me, and when in trouble think on me."

"But——,"

"I know what you would say," interrupted the Genie; "you cannot fail to be happy if you keep in mind all I have taught you, or to be prosperous if you remember my counsels; Farewell." The Genie appeared to dwindle into vapour, when he thought he heard a voice call from it, "Prince Cheekazzim." "Prince," he said, "why I am king." But again "Prince Cheekazzim" was uttered in stern accents, and the voice was that of his father; and, lo! his father's form issued from the cloud in which the Genie had disappeared.

"Shade——" he commenced, when the shade seizing him by the shoulder said,

"My son, you have overslept yourself. 'Tis time for evening prayer."

"Ha! my father, you are not dead, nor am I king."

"Alas! my son. Have you already thought of being king? Do'st thou wish it?"

"Nay father, you know I wish it not; but my dream was so vivid, that I for a moment thought it real. Happy am I that I am still a prince, and happy for your people that you are yet a king."

"Come, my son, to prayers."

The angel form by my side ceased to speak and vanished like the Genie in his tale, into the cloud on which I rested. The cloud became again transparent, and I saw the earth making its revolutions beneath me, but on its surface I saw no men. It was peopled with beings like unto those the anatomist shewed me, and they were warring with each other. I could recognize them all, and felt interested in their movements. It presently appeared that the good spirits triumphed, for the evil ones retreated and vanished. It was then, that bursting into a loud chorus, they sang,

"Come, brother Feelings, virtuous sprites,
Ever thus maintain our rights:
Check each evil Thought and Feeling,
Be just and upright in our dealing
With the world and each other.
Ever kind and virtuous be,
And we will gain the victory."

They ceased their song, and one with a banner, cried, "To prayers!"

The cloud on which I rested, melted and fell. Now beneath me is a bleak and barren spot, covered with rocks; I shall inevitably be dashed to pieces. Quickly I approach the earth, and the air whistles round me as I cleave the space. Another minute and I am lost. I struggle, and striving to spring upwards,—wake.

I awakened to receive the first kiss of the morning sun, who shot his rays across my face, through the half-closed shutters of my bed-room window. The shout, "To prayers!" still rang in my ears, and starting from my bed, I obeyed the mandate.

THE EDITOR'S SHANTY.

SEDERUNT XV.

DOCTOR.—Pray Laird, what is that dainty little volume which you have got so carefully stowed away in the vast profound of your waistcoat pocket?

LAIRD.—Oh, just a collection o' poems, which Lippencott, Grambo & Co. o' Philadelphia hae just published. It is mony a blessed day since I hae seen sic a tastefully prented buik.

MAJOR.—And pray who may be the "maker," whose rhymes have so touched your unsophisticated affections?

LAIRD.—Dinna rin awa' wi' the harrows man, in sic a hurry! In the first place the author disna' deal in rhyme, at least to ony extent, but in blank verse; and secondly as I have na' perused the affair, my affections are still unshackled as the north wind racing and roaring frae Ben Nevis to Ben Lomond.

MAJOR.—With the characteristic caution, or rather, I should say costiveness of your countrymen, you have eluded giving me a direct answer to my inquiry. Once more I beg to be indoctrinated touching the name of the Philadelphian bard.

LAIRD.—'Deed Major, it's no in my power to slocken the drowth o' your curiosity. The title page merely says that the poems are composed by *Meditatus*.

MAJOR.—Pray Laird, if it be a fair question what did the volume cost you?

LAIRD.—Only twa shillings and sax pence. It is na dear, especially when ye consider that it is bound in claith and lettered on the back wi' goud!

MAJOR.—Estimating the paper as being worth two-pence for shaving purposes, you have only lost two and fourpence by this transaction.

LAIRD.—What div' ye mean?

MAJOR.—Simply what I say! Except as an auxiliary to the razor, the production of *Meditatus* is as useless as a frying pan minus a bottom, or a gouty Alderman on a tight rope!

DOCTOR.—You have read the work then?

MAJOR.—Enough of it at least to make me marvel exceedingly that our cannie chum Bonnie Braes should have been seduced to invest four Yorkers in such a thriftless bargain!

LAIRD.—Allow me to explain! Ever since the appearance o' that inspired laddy Smith's glorious collection, I hae been keeping a gleg ee upon every new publication in the poetical line. It would be a grand thing to earn the credit o' bringing a fresh Milton or Wordsworth to light!

MAJOR.—True for you, oh most golden-hearted of agriculturists, but unfortunately, in the present instance, you have culled a paddock stool, instead of a blushing retiring flower!

LAIRD.—That's a bitter verdict, Crabtree, and some proof will be required before we can cry amen thereto.

MAJOR.—Why every page presents sins sufficient to convict the unfortunate author of being an unredeemed and unadulterated chucklehead, who should never be permitted to handle paper, pens, and ink. For example take the first six lines of the opening *poem* (*!*) entitled "THE STARTING PLACE."

"I stand upon a rock, beneath I see,
  Like waves dashed at its base, the troubled world,
Within a small white space they surge and boil,
  But their spent roar breaks not the still calm here,
Beyond the ocean stretcheth—smooth,—unspecked,
  As doth an angel's sight Eternity!

LAIRD.—Ye were right, Major! I hae been shamefully cheated out of my half-dollar, and if Maclear does na tak back the fusionless gear, he's no' the honest man I esteemed him to be!

DOCTOR.—What does the twaddler mean by asserting that Eternity presents a "smooth, unspecked" appearance to an angel?

LAIRD.—Wha' can tell the meaning of a silly object's maunderings? Why if *Meditatus* had read his Bible wi' ordinary attention, he never could have uttered such a self-contradictory sentiment.

MAJOR.—Pray go on, good Laird, I love to hear you open out upon such a theme!

LAIRD.—Rax me the jug then, because what wi' the heat of the afternoon, and seven saut herrings that I had to breakfast, I feel as if, like the guid fairy in Mother Bunch, that I could spit naething except sax-pences!

MAJOR.—Your thirst being quenched, *perge.*

LAIRD.—Hoo often hae I warned you never to speak Greek to me! Nae body, noo a days quotes the dead languages in common writing or conversation, except some scheming pedant wha wants to make the lang lugged mass believe, that he is wiser than his neighbours!

MAJOR.—Well then, in simple Anglo-Saxon, allow me to ask your opinion regarding *Meditatus*' notion of Eternity?

LAIRD.—Why the idiot describes it as if the

annals thereof presented naething except an endless succession o' blank pages! According to his tale, Eternity is like a boundless Dutch canal, whose sluggish waters are never kissed by the passing breeze!

MAJOR.—*Per*-Hem, I mean proceed!

LAIRD.—Eternity *smooth* and *unspecked*, indeed! Let me ask *Meditatus* whether *Hell* is not a component of Eternity? Would he speak of the sting of the immortal worm as *smooth*, would he characterise as *unspecked* that fathomless lake the surface of which is dotted with the sentient wrecks of reprobate humanity? Na' na'! the idea o' perdition is teeming,—hotching, I was a'maist ganging to say, wi' restless energy, and unwinking power; no the less power, because it is sensual and devilish!

DOCTOR.—I rise merely for information—to use the slang of polemical conventions—but would the expressions of *Meditatus* not be correct if they were limited to a happy Eternity?

LAIRD.—I really wonder to hear ye ask sic a ridiculous question! Do the glimpses which Revelation gives us o' HEAVEN, warrant the use of the terms which I am denouncing? Did *Meditatus* ever study the magnificent and mysterious visions o' Saint John, which he saw frae the wild rugged crags o' Patmos? Did he never, wi' the ear of fancy, hear the blasts o' the angelic trumpet which shook the celestial arches—if I may use sic an expression—each flourish followed by signs and portents, grand beyond the power o' finite imagination to grasp or realize? Tak' the book oot o' my sight, Doctor, or I'll be tempted to pitch it oot o' the window, which would be a thriftless speculation when a' was done!

DOCTOR. — I'll tell you what to do Laird. Return *Meditatus* to our bibliopolic friend, accompanied by the fourth part of a dollar, and receive by way of excambion a copy of another work put forth by the aforesaid Lippencott, Grambo & Co. entitled "*Summer Stories of the South.*"

LAIRD.—Wha' wrote it?

DOCTOR.—T. Addison Richards, a name hitherto unknown to fame, but which, in all probability is destined to attain a respectable altitude on the ladder of fame. The stories present well-constructed plots, and are written in correct English, which, let me tell you, is no small modicum of commendation in these latter days when slip slop so pestilently abounds. Mr. Richards evidently takes Washington Irving as his model, the only *native* model, in my humble opinion, which a writer of republican America can safely adopt!

LAIRD.—I am no' disposed to question the correctness of your criticism, but just as ye were speaking I turned up a passage in Mr. Richards's book, which is very far to the north of good taste, as honest auld Bailie Nicol Jarvie would say.

MAJOR.—Pray read it. As the Doctor so unmercifully used his dissecting knife upon your *Meditatus*, you are quite entitled to pay him off by taking some of the shine out of his *Richards*!

LAIRD.— Here's the backsliding to which I refer.

"Oh, what a glorious conception was the Travellers' Club. Our president and secretary were the oldest members of the society, and residents of the city, having attained the requisite qualification,—for the privilege of "settling down," where cars and steamboats *cease from troubling*, and the traveller is *at rest*!"

DOCTOR.—Well, what is so peculiarly out of joint in these words?

LAIRD.—I am sorry to hear you ask sic a question, Sangrado! Is there nae harm in making a ribbald jest o' the word o' God? Between the twa covers o' the Bible there is not a mair touching or poetical sentence than that which your client, T. Addison Richards, has thought proper to hash up into a flippant mess for the amusement of the witless and the profane!

MAJOR.—Give me your hand, honest old valet of mother earth! "Blessings on your frosty pow" for protesting against one of the most revolting iniquities of our age! You can hardly unfold a newspaper without having your eye pained by a Merry Andrew misapplication of sacred writ! Would that the witlings who thus transgress could have grace and judgment sufficient to understand that genuine wit and profanity can never walk hand in hand. Even an infidel, if possessed of taste, would shrink from placing a cap and bells upon a volume so pregnant with sublimity as the record of the Christians' faith! Why such a one would refrain from pasting a meritricious carricature upon one of the magnificent columns of the heathen temple of Elephanta! A feeling of incongruity, to speak of no higher motive, would keep back his hand from such an act!

DOCTOR.—I cry *peccavi*, for not having sooner twigged the Laird's meaning, and emphatically endorse the sentiment of the poet, that,—

"Fools rush in where angels fear to tread!"

[*Enter Mrs. Grundy.*]

MAJOR.—Welcome, thrice welcome back to the Shanty! I presume you have just returned from Niagara? You enjoyed your trip I hope?

MRS. GRUNDY.—Exceedingly! I trust that all things went smoothly during my absence? The servants received minute directions from me as to the management of affairs, but still I fear that * *

Major.—Pray give a truce to your anxieties my good lady! The simple fact is that like yourself, I have been a truant from our *dulce domum*.

Mrs. Grundy.—Indeed! I had no idea that you meditated a peregrination, or I should have paid some attention to your wardrobe. Pray what quarter of the globe have you been visiting?

Major.—The truth is that our mutual friends the Laird and the Doctor persuaded me to accompany them on a pilgrimage to Orillia, a part of the Province which had hitherto been a *terra incognita* to me.

Laird.—Greek again! The old man is plainly getting into his dotage. I must carry a Lexicon in my pouch, if I would hope to keep pace wi' him!

Mrs. Grundy.—I should like to hear how you got on. When did you leave?

Major.—On Monday morning, by the Northern railroad. After a very agreeable trip, we were transferred from the cars to the steamer *Morning*, and ere sunset the thriving town of Barrie received our august persons.

Mrs. Grundy.—What kind of a place is Barrie?

Doctor.—It is very prettily situated at the head of Kempenfeldt Bay, and gives promise of being a most important town. Two newspapers emanate from its bounds, the *Herald* and the *Northern Advance*—there is no lack of stores and hotels—and the back-ground is crowned by that invariable concomitant of civilization—a prison!

Mrs. Grundy.—Pardon me for interrupting you, but in my humble opinion the ideas of civilization and a jail are somewhat incongruous and contradictory!

Doctor.—Not a bit of it my good madam! Did you never hear the story of the honest Frenchman who recorded the fact of his falling in with a gibbet in the course of a tour which he had been making. "By this token," said the worthy traveller, "I knew that I had reached a Christian territory!"

Mrs. Grundy.—And what was your course from Barrie?

Laird.—After spending the night in a change house, where we could na' get a wink o' sleep on account of a bickering between twa drunk men, touching the wife o' ane of them, and the landlord who was the most drunk of the three, we re-embarked in the *Morning*, and after a pleasant sail, landed at Orillia, and took up our quarters wi' Mr. Garrat of the Northern Hotel.

Mrs. Grundy.—I trust that you found him a more acceptable host than the one of Barrie?

Major.—He is a *brick*, Mrs. Grundy, in the fullest acceptation of that most comprehensive, most classical and expressive word! To the utmost of his resources he strives to make his guests comfortable, and never seems so happy as when contributing to their gratification.

Doctor.—What a lovely locality that of Orillia is! Situated upon Lake Couchiching the village commands a view of one of our most picturesque inland seas; interspersed with richly wooded islands,—and abounding with piscatorial treasures, rich enough to extract water from the mouth of a disciple of Epicurus!

Laird.—Dinna say anither word aboot the fish, Sangrado! It is an ill deed to tantalise a puir body wi' the vision o' luxuries which can only be compassed on the spot! I have na' had such a treat as I enjoyed at Orillia since the day that I breakfasted at Inverary upon fresh herrings, which were living when put into the pot to boil!

Mrs. Grundy.—How did you amuse yourselves at Orillia?

Major.—On Wednesday morning we engaged a party of Chippewa Indians, denizens of the village of Rama, on the opposite side of the lake, and set out on angling expedition. Each of us had a canoe to himself, navigated by a brace of *red men*; and, as *Inns* are not be met with in the unsophisticated regions for which we were bound, we took good care that the *progmatical* part of the arrangements should not be neglected.

Mrs. Grundy.—I should much like to hear the details of your adventures. The narration, I should think, would be as interesting as a description in one of Cooper's novels.

Major.—Why, my dear Mrs. Grundy, though the expedition was full of enjoyment, the particulars thereof would hardly repay you for the trouble of listening to the same. Our Indians demonstrated themselves to be a very worthy, painstaking set of people; their only shortcoming being an occasional departure from strict veracity when their own interests and comfort were at stake.

Mrs. Grundy.—I do not quite follow you, Major.

Major.—Why, for instance, when we proposed a trip to a specific point, the Chippewas would frequently assert that the distance was four times as great as it really was, and all to save themselves from paddling a few additional miles!

Laird.—I wish you could hae seen us, Mrs. Grundy, on the night when we *camped out*, at the head o' Couchiching Lake, near the saw mill o' Mr. Saint George.

Mrs. Grundy.—Camped out! Do you mean to tell me that there was no roof under which you could lay your weary heads?

Laird.—That is my meaning, indubitably! If

we hadna' erected some poles, and covered the same wi' canvas, which we brought in our canoes, we must e'en have made the clouds our curtains, and *Macfarlane's booit* our night lamp!

Mrs. Grundy.—Macfarlane's booit! What do you mean?

Laird.—Beg your pardon, madam! I forgot that you were a Southern. I mean the moon! It is an auld Scottish name for the celestial patroness o' lunatics!

Major.—Verily I think that we were all a parcel of lunatics to expose ourself to such inconveniences, as we experienced then and there, and all for the sake of abducting a few luckless black bass from their native element! Look at my hands, dear Mrs. Grundy, how they are bitten with black flies and mosquitos. I say nothing of my nose from which the sun hath

"————pealed the flesh,
As you peel a fig when the fruit is fresh!"

Laird.—Hoot awa, man! Folk wad think that you were made o' sugar, and liable to melt under the gentlest summer shower! In my humble opinion, the draw-backs ye ha'e enumerated, were mair than counterbalanced by the racy twang o' the gipsy-like life we led. Let me ask you, did ever ham and eggs taste sae sweet as the mess thereof we discussed at the head o' Lake Couchiching, by the light o' the brushwood fire kindled for the occasion? Od, I think that I feel the appetizing smell playing about my palate yet!

Doctor.—Here I must call a halt! Mrs. Grundy is tired with her trip, and doubtless will be anxious to see whether there is anything to be had for her supper!

Laird.—Ah, Doctor! Doctor! I see you will be the same old sneck-drawer to the end o' the chapter. For one word that ye speak for worthy Mrs. Grundy, you speak twa' for yourself! But never mind. I have muckle to say touching Orillia, and the prospects and capabilities thereof, upon all which I shall crave liberty to enlarge at our next diet, or sederunt; but Major, what was ye gawn to say about the Toronto Esplanade at our last meetin', when Mrs. Grundy telt us the supper was ready? I see the newspapers are makin' a great fuss about it now.—One day we hae a lang report from Mr. Cumberland to the Northern Railway Directors, anither day a letter fra the City Surveyor about it, on anither it is announced that Gzowski & Co. or the Grand Trunk contractors, are gawn to mak' the thing at once: did ye hear onything mair about it?

Major.—I was then going to draw your attention to a long letter which appeared in the May number of the *Canadian Journal*, prior to any of those you have just mentioned, the author of which signs himself "a member of the Canadian Institute," and advocates strongly the importance of making provision for public walks, baths, wash-houses, &c. and sets forth a new plan for the Esplanade, by which the Railways can be brought into the very heart of the city without the necessity of level crossings. I thought at the time that the plan, although probably too costly and on too grand a scale, was a feasible one, and deserving of more attention than it seems to have received; since then I am glad to see that the chief engineer of the Northern Railway has taken it up, and strongly recommended its adoption, with slight modifications.

Laird.—Before we gang ony farther, I wud like to ken the correct meaning o' "level crossings" for there were nae railroads when I was at schule maist saxty years syne, and I'm rather particularly concerned in this matter—ane o' my friends has a water lot near Yonge Street.

Major.—When one railway crosses another on the same horizontal plane, or where a railway crosses a street or road in a similar manner, that is to say without *either* being bridged, it is termed a "level crossing," and they are the cause of a great many accidents.

Doctor.—You will recollect Laird of that serious collision only a few months ago near Detroit, when one passenger train ran into another on a "level crossing',' to the great destruction of life and property—"level crossings" have always been a source of danger, and should at any cost be avoided, if possible, in crowded thoroughfares.

Laird.—I understand it noo: indeed I thocht it was that, yet I aye like to mak' sure, but I dinna see why they needna gang slower through a town, there's nae use to *biss* through as if the deil was at their heels.

Doctor.—Yes my good Laird, but there are innumerable chances of danger however slow the trains may travel, the locomotives themselves have been known to become unmanageable and run away—horses are apt to get frightened—women and children may be overtaken while crossing the tracks, or old gentlemen like yourself and the major who do not hear quite so well as in your younger years may make even as narrow escapes as *he* did at Waterloo.

Laird.—Toot man, I can hear your whussle half a mile awa, I'm no sae deaf as a' that, and may be there are some aulder and deafer than me (joking.) I'll tell ye doctor, gin there be as muckle danger as ye say, gentleman in your

profession should keep a *calm sough*, a broken leg noo and then would aye be mair grist to yer mill. I think we'd better cry quits noo, as we're gettin' aff the thread, and I'm anxious to hear about this plan o' the Major's. It's strange I didna see the letter he spoke of.

Major.—Indeed Laird, it is altogether my fault; I lent the Journal for May to a friend who only returned it a few days ago, but here it is, and although the letter is rather long, it refers to various other matters which we may discuss at another time; with your permission I will read the whole.

Doctor and Laird.—Do, go on, go on.

Major.—There was a lithographed plan which accompanied the letter, and you will have some trouble to understand the letter without it, however, here goes:

(*Major reads letters.*) *To the Editor of the Canadian Journal.*

The water frontage of Toronto, extending over a length of from two to three miles, and up to the present time almost unoccupied, is now about to be used for Railway purposes. Adjoining thereto, and extending about three-fourths of a mile along the south side of Front Street, immediately to the east of the Old Fort, a tract of land averaging in width about one hundred feet, was some years ago reserved for the public as a promenade or pleasure ground, which reserve is also being appropriated by the Railway Companies for their own use.

Much has lately been written, and far more has been said, regarding the occupation of the water frontage by the Railway Companies, and the appropriation by them of the above mentioned reserve—one party advocates the conversion of every foot of ground now lying waste into "track," "brick and mortar"—another party, with more concern for the healthful recreation of future generations than the convenience of the present, insists on these reserves for pleasure grounds being retained for the purpose they were orininally intended to serve. But the qnestion is not whether the portion of ground referred to should or should not be used in the manner proposed; for the Railway Companies are empowered by their charters "to enter into and use these lands or such parts of them as may be necessary for the making and maintaining of their works," and the fact that the use, intended to be made of these lands, may probably be *most* conducive to the public weal, is a mere accidental or extraneous circumstance; the lands would not be so used unless it was believed by these Companies to be conducive to their own interests.

All must admit, however, that the interests of the public and of the Railway Companies are *one* in the most important particulars, and that every facility should be afforded them in endeavouring to establish their works at the most suitable points; but if in so doing it be found expedient that these public grounds should be peaceably surrendered for the purposes of business—the life and soul of all commercial cities—it ought not to be forgotten that posterity has some claim on the representatives of the public at the present day, and surely some effort should be made, before it is too late, to provide breathing space for those who come after us. The great demand for building space, the rapid filling up of that which is vacant, and its consequent increasing value, will in a very few years, make it next to impossible to open up groudds such as are provided for the adornment of older cities, and considered not only beneficial, but necessary for the recreation, amusement, and instruction of the masses. It will, indeed, be a reproach, if within the limits of the City of Toronto, comprising an area of six square miles, and which half a century ago, was just emerging from the wilderness, a few acres be not set apart and held inviolate for these purposes.

Again, without one general plan subscribed to by all parties concerned, it is not quite clear how the location of the various Railway Termini can be otherwise than fraught with litigation, inconvenience, and even difficulties of an engineering character;—the first has already commenced, but the last is in store for the future, and will, doubtless, along with the first, increase in a ratio proportionate to the number of Railways from time to time constructed. In proof of which, we have only to observe what is now taking place, and what may probably follow. The Directors of the first Railway constructed take possession of the most eligible part of the water frontage, make wharves, erect buildings, and lay down tracks leading thereto; the second Railway secures space sufficient for its Terminus, but in reaching it, has to pass through the grounds of the first; the third Railway, with some tronble and much expense, procures length and breadth for its wharfs and buildings, but in approaching thereto has to cross the tracks and cut up the arrangements of the first and second; and so also with the fourth and fifth Railways constructed to the water frontage, either forced to pass along the public streets to the only available positions left, or crossing and re-crossing the tracks previously laid, and interfering with the terminal arrangements of other Railways.

The disadvantages of such a course of proceeding may be summed up in a few words:—Making and unmaking works of a costly character (reckless expenditure:) crossing and re-crossing of the tracks of the various Railways, (increased chances of collision;) innumerable level crossings, (danger to foot passengers and horse-vehicles;) Termini improperly connected with each other, (inconvenience to travellers;) and destruction of pleasure ground reserve without giving an equivalent in kind, (probably expedient, but not desirable;) all of which may be obviated by adopting in good time a plan of arrangements on a scale commensurate with the prospective business of the City; and although many years may elapse before its entire completion, yet each part could be made in accordance therewith, and in such a way as to form a portion of a grand whole.

The accompanying plan, briefly described underneath, will show how easily extensive arrangements could *now* be made without interfering with existing structures, while delay of even a few

months would, to say the least, make the carrying out of any general plan a matter of some difficulty. It is unnecessary to trouble you at present with the financial portion of the scheme, or the manner in which the private holders of water lots could be fairly dealt with, since this is a matter for careful consideration and legislative enactment. That the plan proposed, embracing a space of from 250 to 300 acres, devoted chiefly to Railway terminal purposes, and shipping, will be considered by some persons far too extensive or even utopian, is not unlikely; but knowing the lavish expenditure and embarassment which too restricted arrangements have caused in other places, and seeing the almost magical advancement which the city is now making, I venture to say, that without some comprehensive scheme, more money will eventually be sunk, directly and indirectly, than might be required to carry out, step by step to completion, any plan however extensive or however costly.

It is proposed to set apart a strip of land throughout the entire length of the city, of a width sufficient to accommodate nine Railway tracks to be level with the wharfs, to be crossed only by bridges, and to be used solely as a Railway approach and for Railway connections.

Front Street to be converted into a Terrace above the level of, and separated from the "Railway approach" by a retaining wall and parapet, to be 120 feet wide, and planted with rows of trees throughout its whole length.

The entire area south of the Front Street Terrace to be on the wharfage level, and reached by slopes from the bridges. The bridges may be of iron, of a simply ornamental character.

The space to be set apart for each of the Termini to be determined by the Government, the Corporation, and the agents of the Companies.

Each Railway to have its own particular tracks on the Approach, with sidings to the various Termini for the purpose of forming connections.

The number and size of the "slips," and the detail generally of each Terminus being governed by the requirements of the Companies, to be designed and carried out by them in accordance therewith, it being only requisite that the piers do not extend beyond certain defined limits.

It is also proposed to reserve certain portions (to be under the surveillance of the City Corporation) for the landing of steamboats unconnected with the Railroads, for private forwarders, for baths and wash-houses, or for general public service; the places allotted for this purpose on the plan, are situated at the foot of York and Yonge Streets, and at the rear of the St. Lawrence Hall, and are named respectively the "Niagara," the "City," and the "St. Lawrence Basins."

No localities are better adapted for extensive arrangements of this character, and at no future time will it be possible to carry out any general plan at so little cost, since few erections of any consequence now exist, and none need at present be interfered with. All the Railways would have free intercourse with each other, without a single level crossing. And a grand terrace, perfectly straight for upwards of two miles, planted with trees, like the "Paseo" of Havana, would be more than an equivalent for the pleasure ground reserve taken from the public for other purposes. From this terrace the fresh breezes from the lake might be enjoyed—the arrival and departure of shipping, and the marshalling and moving of trains viewed by the young and the old without fear of danger.

While contemplating improvements on so grand a scale, the selection of a site to be dedicated to a great Public Building should not be lost sight of,—I refer to one of which even now the want is felt, viz: "The Canadian Museum," for the formation of which the Canadian Institute is making strenuous exertions,—and also a permanent home for that Society. The very best situation would doubtless be on the vacant space at the intersection of Yonge Street, with the Grand Terrace, (where the Custom House and Soap Factory now stand) or south of the Railway tracks facing the bridge from Yonge Street, as shown on the plan. There can be no good reason why the building shoud not be sufficiently extensive to include a Merchant's Hall and Exchange under the same roof, or offices for Telegraph Companies, Brokers, &c., in its basement—or why it should not be as ornamental and imposing as its central position would require, or the purpose of its erection demand.

It is unnecessary to advocate farther the adoption of some general plan acceptable to all concerned, and suitable to the wants and wishes of the public, for the advantages must be evident and manifold. There would doubtless be considerable difficulty in bringing to a satisfactory issue, a matter involving so many different interests,—but by the union of the City Authorities with the various Chartered Companies and the appointment of a Board of Directors from among each to carry out a plan suited to their common interests the most beneficial results would be produced, and, instead of each acting independently of the other, and adopting various and conflicting regulations, a bond of union would be thoroughly cemented between them and plans might be matured and carried out, on a scale so extensive and so perfect as would be one of the greatest—the very greatest characteristic of Toronto.

Doctor.—I quite agree with the writer in many respects. It will indeed be a great reproach to Toronto if space be not left for a few parks, and public walks. She has now, exclusive of the proposed Esplanade and Terrace, only one "lung" for the airing 40,000 human beings, with almost a certainty of that number reaching 100,000 in ten years. I refer to the College Avenue, a strip of land about half a mile long, by 130 feet wide, and if that be insufficient now for the recreation of the inhabitants, what will it be in 10 years hence with such an increase? And again, the all important subject of Public Baths, ought to receive the very gravest consideration; the City Fathers instead of promoting health and cleanliness, by encouraging bathing in the summer months, have an ordinance to prevent any one from using the lake in daylight for the purpose of ablution; and I am told that several little boys have been punished for unwittingly breaking this

City Law. My ideas on this subject, however, I propose deferring until a future meeting.

LAIRD.—Ony body will admit that the arguments in favor o' Public Walks are guid, an' that it's better to hae nae "level crossings" if ye can arrange so as no to hae them. Yet, if I understand yer plan, Major, I dinna think it 'll work weel—look at the number o' bridges required to cross the railways, and the trouble it wad be to climb up a slope as high as the tap o' a locomotive, just to come down the ither side again; and a the gudes frae the wharves wad hae to be drawn up to the bridges an' doon again to the street in the same way. I rather think the carters would gie up wark a' thegither.

MAJOR.—Ah Laird! I see you are labouring under a mistake, you have forgot that Front Street is already about as high as the bridges would require to be, and that slopes would be wanted only from the wharves upwards, similar to to the present roads from the wharves up to the level of Front Street; for a full understanding of this, hear the following extracts from Mr. Cumberland's practical report:

"The general level of Front street is from 18 to 14 feet above the level of the wharf lines, or in other words from 23 to 19 feet above the mean water line; but the gradients of Front Street might be very materially improved, so as to give a more uniform level, and in places an increased height above the wharf and water lines. It will be remembered, too, that this bank is broken not only in regard to height but projection from the line of Front street, and my suggestions contemplate true allignment as well as improved levels.

"Assuming then the southern boundary of the Esplanade to be true in allignment throughout the frontage of the city, and at a regular height (of 16 -6) above the railway and wharf grades, I propose to build on that boundary a retaining wall, having its coping fenced by an iron railing (as at the Montreal wharves) with a general railway track at its base, of width sufficient for the number of lines considered necessary, which for the present purpose I assume at five.

This general railway track being thus 16 -6 below the level of Front street, and the Esplanade would be bridged over in one span opposite each of the intersecting streets from the north, whereby direct and safe communication would be preserved from the city to the wharves and water frontage.

"The southern limit of the railway track on the lower level would be fenced throughout its length; and to the south of this again, and parallel with it, a common road would be constructed to facilitate communication on the wharf level.

"It is, I believe, well understood that the Esplanade as originally designed, and, indeed, as contemplated even under the Act of last Session, was intended to be built on the wharf or lower level, on a line nearly parallel to Front street, and equidistant, or nearly so, from it and the frontage of the wharves, or what is commonly known as 'the windmill line;' thus severing the water-lots at or about the centre of their projecting length by what would be neither more nor less than a street although dignified by a higher name. Such a proposition could not have been made in view of railway service, and yet I believe it has been seriously proposed to make it subservient to railway traffic. Such a use of an 'Esplanade,' and such a location of the railways would, I submit, be unwise in the last degree. The Esplanade (either as an Esplanade or a street) would be ruined, and the railway service obstructed, whilst further, the city would be cut off from its frontage on the bay, except under the permanent hazard and embarrassment of crossing (say) five lines of railway on a level. When we remember that these lines will be worked under different management, and at all hours, we may appreciate the danger, difficulty, and obstruction to the lake trade of the city, resulting from such an arrangement. Nor can it be intended to devote the Esplanade solely to railway tracks; a common road must be provided upon it or in its immediate vicinity, whereby the further disadvantage of parallel and abutting lines of railway and common road on the same level will ensue, increasing the danger and inconvenience.

"I accordingly conclude that such an arrangement will, on reflection, be abandoned, for I am convinced that common sense, as well as professional opinion, will condemn it as a system to be justified only by positive necessity, in this case by no means apparent. On the contrary, the natural levels, (fortunate and valuable to a degree if availed of) point directly to the construction of a retaining wall and a perfect system of bridging over the railways for the city streets; by which appliances, whilst all the common road communications with the water may be kept up free and unobstructed, the railway tracks may be safely and conveniently admitted from both extremities into the very centre of the city, to be diverted (at intervals and wherever the trade may demand) by curves and sidings on to the edge or frontage of every wharf.

"Thus we see that (apart from questions of cost or property) the purposes of the railway companies, the forwarders, and the city will be conveniently secured; of the Railway companies because their lines will be free from obstruction by level crossings, whilst their tracks may connect with every wharf in the city; of the forwarders and citizens generally, for the same reasons, viz., ample and *safe* connections between the common highways, the railways and the water; and of the citizens *especially*, because, beyond all this, an enclosed avenue may be provided, 66 feet wide throughout the entire frontage of the city, overlooking the Bay and Lake Ontario, and connecting with the proposed Park on the Garrison Common.

"That such works properly executed in detail, would result in a water frontage uniting great beauty with very ample commercial facilities, can scarcely be doubted; and in no locality with which I am acquainted do the provisions of nature as well as original plan of location, so clearly denote a system.

"The magnitude of the work may possibly startle those not prepared to appreciate the prospective value of the water frontage *served* but not *obstructed* by railway connections. On consideration, however, I think its cost may not be an insuperable obstacle. The present opportunity is such as rarely occurs in any city, and certainly will never again occur in this. We have the following public bodies all interested in the question. But none as I am informed, as yet committed to any particular scheme: 1st. The Corporation in regard to the Esplanade, its property in water frontage, the city railway service the preservation of its street communications, and the provision of public walks and gardens. 2nd. The Harbor Commissioners, who contemplate a public or city wharf. 3rd. The Railway Companies, viz., The Grand Trunk (including the Guelph and Sarnia,) the Northern, and the Hamilton and Toronto, none as yet committed to any particular location of depots, and all of whom must of course secure adequate right of way *somewhere.* And lastly, the owners of water lots, who, standing pledged to some expenditure on the Esplanade, would find their interests promoted by this system.

"If then it can be shown that by one general and harmonious scheme, all the provisions contemplated by these bodies can be secured, we have at once an expenditure predicated on the different purposes as a fund applicable to the united works now proposed. The amount involved, its equitable distribution, and the settlement with owners and lessees on the frontage in regard to their rights and privileges, (which, however, in most cases would be improved in value,) are all matters of detail which cannot be safely estimated or fairly stated without due enquiry and very mature consideration. It is apart from my present purpose to do more than submit to you the outline of a scheme intended to provide permanently for these important public services; and I apprehend that such a proposition, as may most conveniently unite all in one comprehensive work, will recommend itself so strongly to public favor as to overcome any financial obstacle not altogether insurmountable.

"The trade of the City will hereafter to a great degree depend for its success upon the facilities afforded it by the Railway and Harbor services. If an error be now made in these, permanent embarrassment will result; and these considerations are the more important, because the Harbor frontage of this city is comprised within a fixed limit incapable of extension, whilst the difficulties of Railway introduction will increase daily with the growth in population and the value of real estate."

Major.—After these two documents, we come to the last that has appeared on this subject—a letter from Mr. Thomas, City Surveyor. I feel rather fatigued Doctor, perhaps you will read the extract marked. We may not have time to draw a proper comparison between the several plans this evening, but the subject will be open for discussion at our next sederunt. You will see that the leading feature of Mr. Thomas' plan is to build a Street or Esplanade over the Railway tracks on stone piers and brick arches extending the whole length from Simcoe to Parliament Streets, with flights of stone steps leading up thereto at intervals. I can scarcely yet venture an opinion, but it seems to be rather an extravagent idea of the value of space to put one street over another on arches when the same object can be attained at much less cost by taking in 60 or 70 feet more of the Bay.

Doctor reads.

I purpose therefore, to make Front street from Simcoe street to Parliament street a business street, and of such a width as not to destroy the Custom House, or the valuable wholesale and other stores already built, and now in course of erection on the South side of Front street to the Esplanade securing the frontage of these valuable water lots. I would then leave from Front street a depth of from 100 to 150 feet for the building lots, whereon to erect, as may be required the Railway Stations, the proposed large Hotel, Wholesale Stores and Goods Warehouses, with other principal frontages to the Railroad on the wharfage level on the South; also to an Esplanade on the South front, constructed on piers and arches over the lines of Railway 66 feet in width, on the Front street level, with an open space of 20 feet area for light and ventilation to the lower story of the buildings in front of the tracks. The buildings would have their North frontage on Front street, passengers would enter the respective Stations, as the goods would be received on Front street. Passengers may also enter the Stations from the Esplanade, by bridging over the areas, and a flight of stone steps would be made to the lower level from each line of street. The goods would be sent down to the trains from Front street, through the warehouses, and brought up and delivered on that level, so that but little cartage would be required in comparison across the Esplanade and down the inclines to the wharfage level, except to and from the boats, &c. The Esplanade to commence over the Railroad and with the building frontages, at Simcoe street, or as far to the westward as may be thought desirable, and the Government land improved to the westward of it, planted with trees, continuing the Esplanade in front to the bay, on the north side of the Railroad a bank or slope to connect with the west park.

The Esplanade, by this arrangement, across the most central part of the City, would be in the proper place, on the Front Street level, with the Railroad cars running underneath, having arched openings on the north side of the railroad to the buildings, and on the south side to the wharfage, being in appearance like a continued station. The locomotives passing under the arched covering through the central part of the city, would be less liable to cause damage from their fire sparks, and would make much less noise. The passengers would be protected from heat and dust in summer, and the trains from snow accumulations in winter; easily accessible on both sides for receiving or discharging goods, whether by water or land. The buildings being erected with handsome stone

frontages to the Esplanade and Bay, would give the City a magnificent appearance, with the arched frontage of the Esplanade as a basement to the whole. Trees may be planted for shade opposite the piers on the lower level, which would form an avenue for the raised Esplanade along the entire distance, which might be limited at the outset from Simcoe Street, where that street would enter it at right angles, to George Street, on the East, which would enter it in a similar manner. From that part, East and West, the railroad may be open, with buildings to the north side at the East to Parliament Street, twenty feet north from the line—and I am of opinion that West of Simcoe Street, a good open fence on the top of a grassed slope would be thought most desirable for the enclosure. The raised Esplanade over the railroad to have the five lines of rails, if so many are required, with five arches, in brickwork, turned over them, continuous on stone piers, backed up with brick work and coated on the top with asphalt and gravelled, with side walks and carriage drive, the whole sixty-six feet wide in the clear of parapets on each side, with bridged entrances to it from the north side. The rain-water would be carried off by cast-iron pipes, to make it secure from leakage.

Laird.—Ah Doctor, I canna say I like yere plan either; nane o' them are equal to the ane I had mony a chat about wi' my auld friend Sir R. Bonnycastle, now dead poor man, an' wi Mr. Howard the architect. Keep awa yere new fangled plans frae me,—what wi' yere bridges, an' brick arches, an' trees planting, and level crossings an 'so on, its enough to dumfounder a body. Na na, gentlemen, the auld plan is a plan ye can understand, its a simple one, and the simplest way is often found to be the best way.

Doctor.—I confess I feel quite taken aback not having thought of the subject before,—one requires to have a thorough knowledge of all the plans, and to study them carefully, before giving an opinion as to their merits. It appears to me, however, that there are many good things in all of them, which, if combined together, might form even a better plan than any one of them.

Laird.—Ye mean to mak a' kind o' "Gregory's Mixture," or a "Dover Powder" out o' them, do ye,—O Doctor, Doctor, "the Cadger has aye mind o' Creels,"——

Major (*who has been for some time reading.*)—Truce to more palaver about railways for the night. Have you read *Yusef—a Crusade in the East*, by J. Ross Brown? If not, I advise you to purchase it forthwith from our friend Maclear. At first I was averse to take up the book, but in skimming over the preface I have put it into my pocket, and have spent many pleasant hours over it.

Laird.—But a preface is only put to a buik to catch the eye o' some light skimmer as ye are.

Major.—Not always; however, the preface in this case promises nothing. The author merely alludes to himself, and mentions the difficulties under which he accomplished his crusade. When a boy he had a longing for the East, and started from Washington with fifteen dollars in his pocket, and got as far as New York, from thence he shipped in a whaler for the Indian Ocean, and, after some years spent in a roving life, returned to Washington. He here worked four years at Treasury reports, &c.—the East still in the distance. He now made another start, and accepted office in the revenue service, and found himself after many adventures in California. However, he got back to Washington, and made a third and successful attempt. He thus sums up: "I got there at last, having thus visited the four continents, and travelled by sea and land a distance of a hundred thousand miles, or more than four times round the globe, on the scanty earnings of my own head and hands." "Let him who thirsts for knowledge go out upon the broad face of the earth, and he will find that it is not out of books alone that he can get it; let him make use of the eyes that God has given him, and he will see more in the world's unwritten revelations than the mind of man hath conceived."

Doctor.—Very true; Mr. Brown is a sound sensible man.

Major.—He is a sensible writer, and has produced a work that is pleasant to read, not only for its subject matter, but for its free, easy, gentle style. He is at times fond of satire, and ridicules in a pleasing manner the glowing and poetic accounts given of the Holy Land by other writers. I will read you an extract at random:—

"In my rambles about Jerusalem I passed, on several occasions, through the quarter of the Lepers. Apart from the interest attached to this unfortunate class of beings (arising from the frequent allusion made to them in the Scriptures), there is much in their appearance and mode of life to attract attention and enlist the sympathy of the stranger. Dirt and disease go revoltingly together here; gaunt famine stalks through the streets; a constant moan of suffering swells on the dead air, and sin broods darkly over the ruin it has wrought in that gloomy and ill-fated spot. Wasted forms sit in doorways; faces covered with white scales and sightless eyes are turned upward; skeleton arms, distorted and fetid with the ravages of leprosy, are outstretched from the foul moving mass; and a low howl is heard, the howl of the stricken for alms; 'Alms, O stranger, for the love of God! alms to feed the inexorable destroyer! alms to prolong this dreary and hopeless misery! Look upon it, stranger; you who walk forth in all your pride and strength, and breathe the fresh air of heaven; you who have never known what it is to be shunned by

your fellow-men as a thing unclean and accursed; you who deem yourself unblest with all the blessings that God has given you upon earth; look upon it and learn that there is a misery beyond all that you have conceived in your gloomiest hours—a misery that can still be endured: learn that even the leper—with death gnawing at his vitals and unceasing tortures in his blood, cast out from the society of his fellow-men, forbidden to touch in friendship or affection the hand of the untainted—still struggles for life, and deems each hour precious that keeps him from the grave."

I might give you many more selections I have marked as worthy of a corner in my commonplace book, but this is sufficient for my present purpose. I have another book to call your attention to, one that has been out for several months and one that I am afraid many in search of a *something* to pass a leisure hour would be apt to overlook. It is a novel by Caroline Lee Hentz, and entitled *Helen and Arthur or Miss Thusa's Spinning-wheel.* It is a well written tale and interesting; the design a great and good one, but its execution hardly comes up to my expectations. The failure, if it can be called, is rather the result of the difficulty of the design than inability on the part of the author to accomplish it. She handles her characters skilfully, and many of her descriptive parts are good, altogether the narrative is well calculated to please and instruct children. The following passage is true of many children:

"Never had a child a more exquisite perception of the beautiful, and as at night she delineated to herself the most awful and appalling images that imagination can conceive, by day she beheld forms more lovely than ever visited the Poet's dream. She could see angels cradled on the glowing bosom of the sunset clouds, angels braiding the rainbow of the sky. Light to her was peopled with angels, as darkness with phantoms. The brilliant winged butterflies were the angels of the flowers—the gales that fanned her cheeks, the invisible angels of the trees. If Helen had lived in a world all of sunshine, she would have been the happiest being in the world. Moonlight, too, she loved—it seemed like a dream of the sun. But it was only in the presence of others that she loved it. She feared to be alone in it—it was so still and holy, and then it made such deep shadows where it did not shine! Yes! Helen would have been happy in a world of sunshine—but we are born for the shadows as well as the sunbeam, and they who cannot walk unfearing through the gloom, as well as the sightless, are ill-fitted for the prilgrimage of life."

Mrs. Grundy.—Gentlemen, supper is ready.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

After-Supper Sederunt.

Laird.—Mrs. Grundy, ye ken weel how to please an auld man; thae cruds were maist refreshing; the thermometer o' my wame stood at aughty when I went ben, and the noo it's doun to forty. Major, here are my "facts." Doctor, your bellows is in better order than mine, tak and read them for me. (*Doctor reads.*)

ROOT CROPS AND STRAW FOR CATTLE.

Robert Baker an eminent English Agriculturist, gives the following as a summary of his pr ctice in feeding roots in connection with other food, and which he has found to be very successful. Our readers may derive some valuable hints from it. The advantages of mixed food over feeding single substances to cattle are well known:—

"The mangold wurzels, or Swede turnips, are plucked (not sliced) with a machine constructed by myself, of which many are now in use in this district. This consists of a revolving cylinder, into which hooks are inserted, acting against a row of knives to facilitate the operation, and which *plucks* the roots of Swede or other turnips, and mangold wurzel, into small pieces from the size of an egg downwards, thus avoiding the sharp edges produced by turnip slicers, and preventing the choking of the animals, as well as facilitating the readily mixing them with the cut chaff. The latter is cut into 1½ inch lengths, in the proportion of one part of hay to three parts of straw, and is moistened by an application of linseed meal that has been previously steeped forty-eight hours in cold water, in the proportion of 1½ lbs. to 2 lbs. for each bullock, to which is added 4 lbs. of barley-meal, sprinkled in the chaff. The morning meal is prepared the evening previous, by mixing one bushel of the plucked roots with about two bushels of cut chaff, prepared as above; and in the morning the evening meal is prepared in the same way. If it is found the bullocks will eat more, it can be increased by adding chaff only, or with a further admixture of the roots. The advantage of this mode of feeding, will, upon experiment being made, become at once apparent. The bullocks will thrive faster, and will never be relaxed, as is too frequently the case when fed upon the roots by themselves, and the quantity of the latter per diem may be exactly apportioned. They will also eat the chaff cut from straw without hay, if found desirable. But when fed upon the roots alone, they will not rest satisfied until they have had their fill, and then will refuse chaff cut from straw altogether. The stomach of ruminating animals is larger than that of other animals, and requires to be filled before they will lie down to rest; and the large quantity of roots they will consume (if allowed to feed without restriction) becomes absolutely injurious to them, while 50 per cent. more will be consumed with less benefit to the animals.

"If oil-cake is bruised and steeped in the same way, it will be found more beneficial than when given alone, and the whole of the nutritive properties will become extracted, as will at once be perceived by the difference of the manure; but the latter, of course, will at the same time not be so valuable.

"With store stock one bushel of roots with cut chaff is sufficient, and one or more pounds of linseed meal per diem may, if required, be added; but if an attempt be made to keep them upon one bushel of roots, given separately, they will

pine after more, and remain constantly restless and dissatisfied. The vegetable food may also be 'marshalled to meet the jaws,' and an exact calculation made of the extent of time they may be required to last."

A few remarks on the culture of mangel wurzel will be found note-worthy by some of our farmers, especially those residing in the neighbourhood of large towns:—

"For the benefit of the readers of your journal, I beg to inform them that Mr. Charles Bagley, of Fulham, a market gardener of the first magnitude, within the last five years has grown, and weighed publicly, when topped, tailed, and well cleaned, upwards of 80 tons of mangel wurzel per acre, and sold it to the London cow-keepers at 27s. per ton. I understand he grew about seven acres of the said mangel. He lays 100 tons of manure per acre, per year; and he plants upon the land that is for mangels, after Michaelmas, cabbages, in rows one foot asunder, being 43,560 cabbages upon an acre. Early in the spring, every other row of cabbages, containing 21,780 upon an acre, is taken away, and they are sold in bunches as greens, and a row of mangel wurzel is planted in the place, by the side of 21,780 cabbages upon an acre, being then a row of cabbages and a row of mangel adjoining the cabbages. The cabbages stand until they are fit for market; they are then taken away to make room for the mangel, being one root of mangel in two square feet, alias 24 inches by 12 inches, or 288 square inches for each mangel wurzel. Of course a market gardener of such great discernment would not let a plant be wanting to make up a full crop; at that rate and management there is not a foot of ground lost, very unlike the crops of many farmers.

"This market gardener occupies about 80 acres of land, a great part his own property. I have known him in what they call the gathering season, pay £100 a week for labour; and I have seen, not in the busiest time, 50 men labourers leave the gardens to go to dinner, and also with them 25 women, making together 75 people, employed on 80 acres; and I have seen them return again after dinner. I have known this persevering market gardener to have two crops in a year, besides a crop of mangel. The first early row of cabbages beieg taken away, a row of lettuce is planted where they stood, and the mangel wurzel is planted after the last row of cabbages is taken away, getting three crops in one year. There being 21,780 plants of mangel in an acre, to produce 80 tons per acre, the plants ought to average 8¼ lbs. each, which amounts to a little over 80 tons per acre.

PRESERVATION OF TREES ON TOWN PLATS.

BY T. M.

In all parts of the country are springing up towns that grow with great rapidity. Some of these are destined to rival the Atlantic cities in population and importance; many others wlll become second class towns of note, while a still greater proportion, though destined to an humbler rank, have still an equal interest with their more fortunate neighbors in attaining and preserving a character for pleasantness and beauty.

The sites of many of these towns are beautiful beyond description. Nature has spent centuries in growing and perfecting for their adornment the most graceful and the most magnificent forest trees. She has diversified the surface with hill, and plain, and dell; she has sent sparkling rivulets among the woods, and festooned the trees with the ivy and the grape. The oak, and the elm, and the maple, mingle their diverse beauties together, while modestly beneath their shade are to be found the less ambitious but scarcely less indispensible trees that are needed to complete the picture.

Unfortunately the founders of new towns are apt to be people who fail to appreciate sufficiently such beauties. They are men whose thoughts are bent upon speculation, and who find their highest and almost only enjoyment in the rapid acquisition of wealth. They call around them to build their houses, dig their canals, and construct their railroads, a population principally of needy emigrants, transient persons, who go to and fro with the demand for labor, and who, having no permanent interest in the place, are only anxious while they remain in it, to use as little as possible of their dollar a day in current expenses. Among such a population, a tree is of no value, except as it may be turned into lumber or firewood. Robbery of the woods is universally esteemed fair plunder, and while the one steals from the forest its best timber, another is cutting his fuel from the remainder, with an equal disregard of titles and of division lines.

In most Canadian towns there are yet clumps of trees that have not been sacrificed, and among these are to be occasionally found the sugar and the scarlet-flowering maple, while the graceful elm is scarcely ever out of sight. The buck-eye is also frequent; the honey-locust throws out its long thorny branches on all sides; the aspen is to be seen in the neighoorhood of the stately ash; and now and then a mulberry, with the black walnut, the butternut, the plane, and the linden, complete the picture. No; not complete it, for the hickories are all about us — rugged and sturdy, but full of unpolished beauty, and deserving all the better care in their preservation where they have planted themselves, because of the impossibility of transplanting them. The buttonwood, the tulip tree, and the willow, are also to be found in particular localities, and the glossy-leaved thorn, the dogwood, the cherry, the balm of Gilead, and the sassafras in others. The red cedar, that once grew along the banks of the rivers, has unfortunately been already exterminated, and the lovers of rural beauty mourn its departure as that of a cherished friend. But the list already given is sufficient to show how profusely and variously the ornaments of nature still adorn this neighbrhood.

It seems a matter of surprise that such advantages fail to be appreciated; but it is very commonly the case that the forest trees are all cut away before the inhabitants take a thought about shade trees.

In the towns which, though injured, are not yet so badly defaced—and there are many such—it is

to be hoped that a different policy will prevail. Proprietors ought to guard their trees with far more vigilance than they would their money, because they are far less quickly replaced. Town authorities ought sedulously to protect avenue trees, not only as a means of rendering their place pleasant to its inhabitants, but also because the beauty of the town is a part of its wealth, and has an extensive influence in attracting capital and valuable citizens to it. If he who plants trees is a public benefactor, how much more so is he who preserves those already grown, and which, for a long time, will be far more valuable than any which he might plant?

It is to be hoped that this subject will attract more attention than it has hitherto received, and that our new towns, while so rapidly attaining strength, will preserve, in some degree, that comeliness which nature designed for them.

Now, Mrs. Grundy, we want your "gatherings;" but I warn you to make them short; there is no room, and I have been obliged to give up my page of musical chit-chat to make way for Chess Intelligence.

Mrs. Grundy.—Doctor, you always serve me in this shabby way. While at Niagara, I collected a host of receipts from some Indians I met, and I intended to have given instructions for bead and quill work, but I suppose I must submit. (*Mrs. Grundy reads.*)

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

Silks of chequered patterns are, at present, extremely fashionable, and nearly all the newest silks of this description have the squares large and formed of three different shades of the same color. A dress composed of white and green chequered silk has just been made up. The pattern comprises four or five different tones of green. This dress has been made for a very young lady, and is intended for a showy style of out-door costume. The corsage has a basque trimmed round with a fluted quilling of ribbon of different shades of green. The corsage is very open and is edged, like the basque, with a quilling of ribbon. A bow and long ends of ribbon is fixed at the waist in front of the corsage. Within the corsage is worn a chemisette of organdy muslin and formed in small folds or plaits. This habit-shirt is finished at the throat by a ruche of Mechlin lace. With this dress there is intended to be worn a white muslin mantelet profusely ornamented with needlework and trimmed with a double frill or flounce of the same, scalloped at the edge. The bonnet, of white gauze lisse, has the brim formed of three bouillonées, each separated by a cordon of small flowers of different colors. Under the brim, a cordon of the same flowers is placed in the *aureole* style, terminating in bouquets on each side.

Another dress of chequered silk has been prepared for a very elegant walking costume, the details of which we may here describe:—Dress of chequered silk, the pattern large, and the colors pink, fawn, and white. A small mantelet of black glacé entirely covered with rich embroidery in black silk. This mantelet was edged with a fall of black lace, half a yard deep. The front of the bonnet was of exceedingly fine Leghorn, and the crown and bavolet of pink ribbon, ornamented with a design of black cut velvet. A bow with long ends of the same ribbon was fixed on one side of the bonnet, and on the opposite side there was a large moss-rose. The under-trimming consisted of loops of black and pink ribbon on one side, and on the other small tufts of rosebuds. A parasol of white moire lined with pink and trimmed with guipure, completed this very *distingué* costume.

Several of the new evening dresses intended for the country are composed of white and colored tarletane or organdy; and they are ornamented with bouquets or wreaths of flowers. These dresses usually have the skirts trimmed with three, five, or seven flounces. Many tarletane dresses have full corsages, in the style which the French dressmakers call *à la vièrge*. The fullness is gathered at the waist on narrow bands. A ceinture with long flowing ends should be worn with this style of corsage. The top is edged round with a ruche of tulle illusion, the same trimming being repeated round the bottom of the short sleeves. This corsage is not new, but very pretty and becoming. The coiffure best suited for dresses of the kind just described is a combination of flowers and ribbon. None can be prettier than two bouquets of pink and white roses attached with long ends of ribbon. A wreath of flowers, having long sprays drooping towards the back of the neck and shoulders, may also be worn.

The most fashionable morning or déshabille costume consists either of a dress of the old favorite *peignoir* form, open in front, or one composed of a skirt trimmed with flounces and a jacket corsage. The latter is preferred to the *peignoir*, and many dresses composed of muslin, are very elegant, though plain. Dresses of jaconet muslin, made in this form, have the jacket trimmed with ruches or frills of the same simply hemmed.

DESCRIPTION OF PLATE—COSTUME FOR HOME.

Dress of light purple silk; the body high at the back is low and square in the front, *à la Marquise;* the waist is of a moderate length and is slightly pointed; the body does not close in the front, but is laced across and finished by a bow in the centre: A small cape *à revers* terminating in a point in front, gives a finish to this body; the edges are festooned and trimmed with a narrow fringe: the small double jacket is cut separate from the body; the edges are festooned and trimmed to correspond with the *revers*. The sleeves are open to the bend of the arm in front, they are finished by a narrow festooned *revers*, and are lined with white silk. The skirt is long and very full; a narrow bias piece, the bottom edge festooned and trimmed with fringe, is set on full, at a distance from the waist of about one fourth of the whole length of the skirt, and has the appearance of a narrow heading to a very deep flounce. Cap of *valenciennes* lace trimmed with satin ribbon.

Doctor.—And now for my song—the words by a Canadian backwoodsman, the music by a Toronto lady. (*Doctor sings, and sederunt closes amid great applause.*)

SIMPLE THOUGHTS.

A Ballad.

MUSIC, BY A LADY OF TORONTO; WORDS, BY F. WRIGHT, ESQ., SPENCERVILLE.

Fine.

Many a trifl - ing in - ci - dent Rest - ing on the mood or will,

Oft hath prov'd an in - stru - ment Of bless - ed good or fear - full ill:

From the spi - der on the wall, Man may good in - struc - tion take;

And at re - so - lu - tion's - call, Stronger every ef - fort make.

An apple falling from the tree
  Woke a Newton's thought profound,
And the drifting wood at sea
  Proved a Colon's reason' sound:
Human wisdom naught can teach us,
  Learning, Science, Skill, combined
Try their wits in vain to reach us
  While we're to our errors blind.

CHESS.

An apology is again necessary for not being able to give a problem this month, although the type are supposed to be on their way, yet they have not reached us. However, we give a few more enigmas and the report of a game played in the Berlin Chess Club:—

ENIGMAS.

No. 4. By H. B., aged 13 years.

WHITE.—K at K B sq.; R at Q 4th; B's at K Kt 6th, and K B 2d; P at K R 2d.

BLACK.—K at K Kt 5th; B at K B 5th; P's at K R 6th; K Kt 4th, and K B 3d.

White to play and mate in four moves.

No. 5. By Mr Annet.

WHITE.—K at his 4th; Q at K 6th; R's at K Kt sq. and Q 5th; P's at Q Kt 2d and Q R 3d.

BLACK.—K at Q B 5th; Q at K R 3d; R at Q Kt 3d; B at K 6th; P's at K B 5th: Q Kt 4th and Q R 5th.

White to compel Black to mate in three moves.

*No. 6. By * * **

WHITE.—K at K R sq.; Q at K 2d; B at K B 6th; Kt at Q 3d; P at Q R 3d.

BLACK.—K at Q Kt 6th; R at Q Kt 7th; B at Q R 5th; Kt at Q B 5th.

White to play and mate in three moves.

CONSULTATION GAME, PLAYED IN THE BERLIN CHESS CLUB, BY HERR MULLER AGAINST HERR WOLF AND V. D. GOLTZ.

WHITE (Herr M.)	BLACK (The Allies.)
1. Q P two	K B P two
2. Q B P two	K Kt to B 3rd
3. Q Kt to B 3rd	K P one
4. Q B to K Kt 5th	Q P one
5. K P one	K B to K 2nd
6. B takes Kt	B takes B
7. K B P two	Q Kt P one
8. K B to K 2nd	Q R P one
9. K B to his 3rd	Q R to his 2nd
10. K Kt to K 2nd	Q Kt to Q 2nd (*a*)
11. Q to her R 5th	Q R P one (*b*)
12. Q Kt to his 5th	Q R to his 3rd
13. Castles.	Castles
14. K R to Q sq (*c*)	K Kt P two (*d*)
15. K Kt P two	B to K Kt 2nd
16. Q to her B 2nd	P takes K Kt P
17. B to K 4th	K R P one
18. P takes K Kt P	Q takes P
19. Kt to K B 4th	Kt to K B 3rd (*e*)
20. Q Kt takes Q B P (*f*)	Q R to his 2nd
21. Q Kt to his 5th	Q R to Q 2nd
22. B to Q B 6th	Q R to Q sq
23. Q to K Kt 6th	Q takes Q (*g*)
24. Kt takes Q	K R to B 2nd
25. P to K 4th (*h*)	K to his R 2nd
26. Kt to K B 4th	Kt to K sq
27. Kt to K R 6th	Kt to Q B 2nd
28. Kt takes K B (*i*)	K takes Kt
29. Kt to Q B 3d	Kt to Q R 3d (*k*)
30. Q R P one (*l*)	B to Q Kt 2d
31. B takes B (*m*)	R takes B
32. K R to Q 2nd	R to Q B sq (*n*)
33. Kt to Q Kt 5th (*o*)	R to Q 2d
34. Q Kt P one	Q R P one
35. P takes P.	R takes P
36. K R to K Kt 2d	K R P one
37. K R P one	R takes Q R P (*p*)
38. P takes P	P to K R 5th
39. R to Q B sq	R to Q R 4th
40. K R to Q Kt 2d	K P one (*q*)
41. Q R to Q B 6th	P takes P
42. K tks P at Q 4th (*r*)	R takes Q R P
43. Kt to K B 5th (ch)	K to Kt 3d
44. K R takes Q Kt P	R to Q R 5th (*s*)
45. Kt takes Q P	Kt to Q Kt 5th
46. Q R to Q B 8th	R to Q R 3d
47. R takes R	Kt takes R
48. K P one	R to K 2d
49. R to K 8th	R takes R
50. Kt takes R	Kt to Q B 4th
51. K to R 2d	K to Kt 4th
52. K to R 3d	Kt to K 3d
53. Kt to K B 6th	Kt to K B 5th (ch)
54. K to R 2d	Kt to K Kt 3d

And the game was resigned as drawn.

(*a*) B to Q 2nd would have been a better move.

(*b*) The only play to save the Rook.

(*c*) White's object was to occupy the centre of the board with his two Rooks, but it would have been better to play the Q R to B sq before this move.

(*d*) Black is so confined, that he can only develop his game by an attack on this side.

(*e*) White has nothing to apprehend from this attack, as Black's Q R and Q B cannot be brought into action.

(*f*) With the view of exchanging Queens, and not to win the King's Pawn and Rook for the Kt. by the taking K P next move: this would cause him the immediate loss of the game.

(*g*) The best move.

(*h*) Black is now in a very confined position: he must strive to prevent the advance of his adversary's centre Pawns, and most particularly avoid exchanging both Rooks.

(*i*) White takes this Bishop, as, so posted, it might become dangerous.

(*k*) Q B to Q R 3rd, would also have been a good move.

(*l*) Better than Q Kt to R 4th, in which case Black would have been able to break up his centre Pawns if White took Q Kt P.

(*m*) K B to R 4th would perhaps have been still better, in order to bring it afterwards into play at Q B 2nd.

(*n*) The only correct move.

(*o*) If White had played Q Kt P one, Black would have played K P one. Q Kt might also have played with advantage to Q B sq.

(*p*) A bad move, by which Q B occupies the open file of the Q B 2nd.

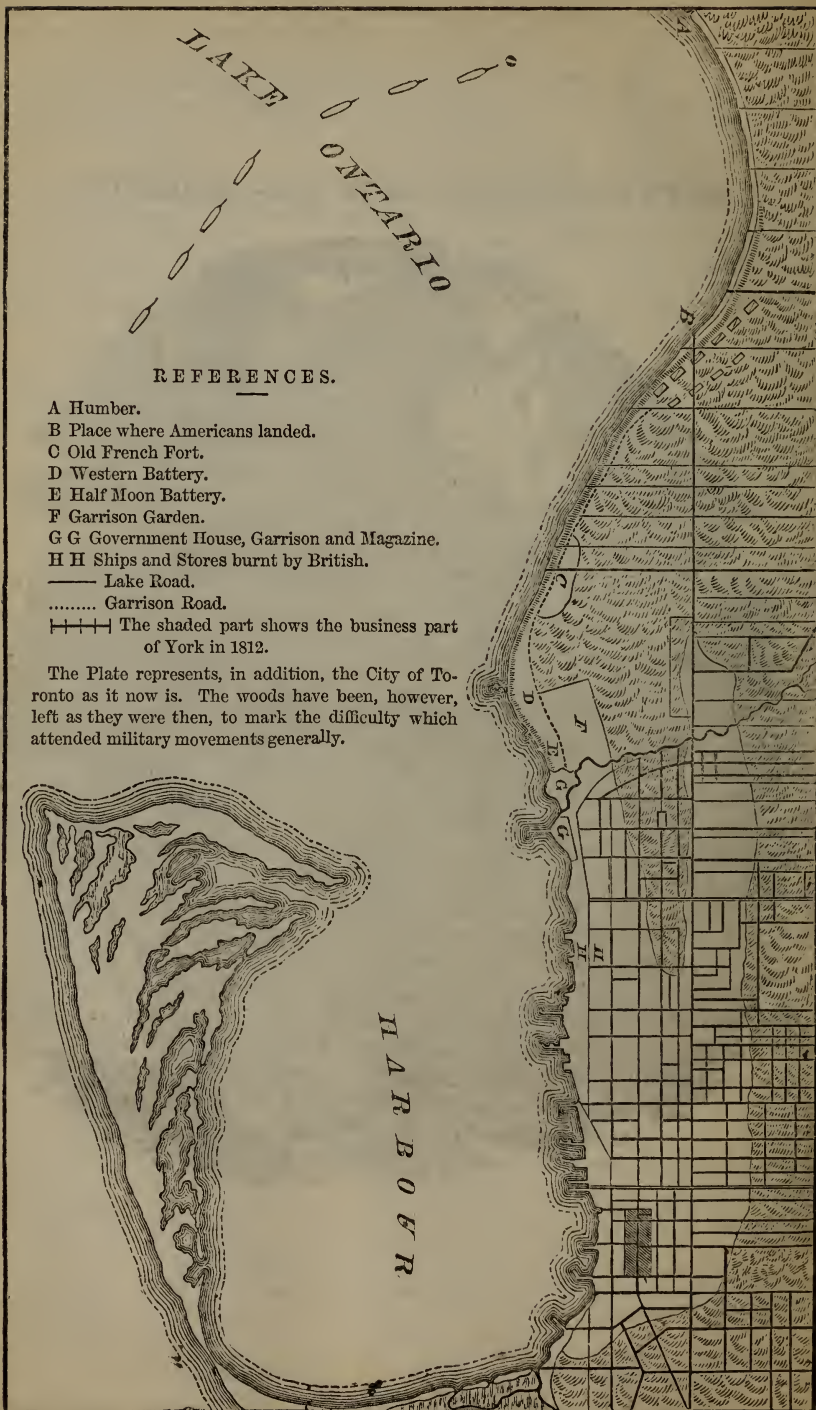
(*q*) The only chance of drawing the game.

(*r*) Kt takes P at Q 6th would have been stronger, but Black might still have rendered the advanced P troublesome.

(*s*) Black, who only strives to win the White Pawn for his Knight, which is quite inactive, saves the game by it. If White took the Kt he could not, after losing his Pawns, expect to win with two Rooks and a Kt against two Rooks.

BROCK'S MONUMENT, AS IT WAS—QUEENSTON.

CITY AND BAY OF TORONTO (YORK IN 1812).



THE

ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

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HISTORY OF THE WAR BETWEEN GREAT BRITAIN AND THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,

DURING THE YEARS 1812, 1813, AND 1814.

CHAPTER X.

Fort Meigs.

INGERSOL, in his historical sketch, touches but slightly on this affair, and appears indeed, to introduce it, only for the purpose of depreciating the regulars and militia. "Fort Meigs was beseiged by Proctor and Tecumseh, with SEVERAL THOUSAND ENGLISH AND INDIANS,* who, after many days bombardment, were compelled to retire. Indians, even under so valiant a leader as Tecumseh, are of little use in besieging a fortified place; and, WITHOUT THE INDIANS, the ENGLISH SOLDIERS SELDOM PERFORMED MUCH."

General Proctor's modest despatch will shew exactly what was effected.

Upper Canada, Sandwich, May 14th, 1813.

SIR,—From the circumstances of the war, I have judged it expedient to make a direct report to your Excellency of the operations and present state in this district.

In the expectation of being able to reach the enemy, who had taken post near the foot of the Rapids of the Miami, before the reinforcement and supplies could arrive, for which he only waited to commence active operations against us, I determined to attack him without delay, and with every means in my power; but from the necessary preparations and some untoward circumstances, it was not in my power to reach him within three weeks of the period I had proposed, and at which time he might have been captured or destroyed.

From the incessant and heavy rains we experienced, and during which our batteries were constructed, it was not until the morning of the 1st inst., the fifth day after our arrival at the mouth of the river, twelve miles from the enemy, that our batteries could be opened.

The enemy, who occupied several acres of commanding ground, strongly defended by block-houses, and the batteries well furnished with ordnance, had, during our approach, so completely entrenched and covered himself, as to render unavailing every effort of our artillery, though well served, and in batteries most judiciously placed and constructed, under the able direction of Captain Dixon, of the Royal Engineers, of whose ability and unwearied zeal, shown particularly on this occasion, I cannot speak too highly.

Though the attack has not answered fully the purpose intended, I have the satisfaction to inform your Excellency of the fortunate result of an attack of the enemy, aided by a sally of most of their garrison, made on the morning of the 5th inst., by a reinforcement which descended the river a considerable distance in a very short time, consisting of two corps, Dudley's and Rosswell's, amounting to thirteen hundred men, under the command of Brigadier-General Green Clay. The attack was very sudden, on both sides of the river.

* We gave, in our last chapter, the exact number of regulars, Militia and Indians

The enemy were for a few minutes in possession of our batteries, and took some prisoners. After a severe contest, though not of long continuance, the enemy gave way, and except the body of those who sallied from the fort, must have been mostly killed or taken.

In this decisive affair, the officers and men of the 41st Regiment, who charged and routed the enemy near the batteries, well maintained the great reputation of the corps. Where all deserve praise, it is difficult to distinguish. Capt. Muir, an old officer, who has seen much service, had the good fortune to be in the immediate command of these brave men. Besides my obligations to Captain Chambers, for his unwearied exertions preparatory to, and on the expedition, as Deputy-Assistant Quarter-Master-General, I have to notice his gallant conduct in attacking the enemy near the batteries at the point of the bayonet; a service in which he was well supported by Lieuts. Bullock and Clements of the 41st regiment, and Lieut. Le Breton of the Royal Newfoundland regiment. The courage and activity displayed through the whole scene of action by the Indian chiefs and warriors contributed largely to our success. I have not been able to ascertain the amount of the prisoners in possession of the Indians. I have sent off, according to agreement, near five hundred prisoners to the river Huron, near Sandusky.

I have proposed an exchange, which is referred to the American Government.

I could not ascertain the amount of the enemy's loss in killed, from the extent of the scene of action, and mostly in the woods. I conceive his loss, in killed and wounded, to have been between one thousand and one thousand two hundred men.

These unfortunate people were not volunteers, and complete Kentucky's quota. If the enemy had been permitted to receive his reinforcements and supplies undisturbed, I should have had at this critical juncture to contend with him for Detroit, or perhaps on this shore.

I had not the option of retaining my position on the Miami. Half of the militia had left us. I received a deputation from the chiefs, counselling me to return, as they could not prevent their people, as was their custom after any battle of consequence, returning to their villages with their wounded, their prisoners, and plunder, of which they had taken a considerable quantity in the boats of the enemy.

Before the ordnance could be withdrawn from the batteries, I was left with Tecumseh, and less than twenty chiefs and warriors, a circumstance which strongly proves that, *under present circumstances at least, our Indian force is not a disposable one, or permanent, though occasionally a most powerful aid.* I have, however, brought off all the ordnance; and, indeed, have not left anything behind; part of the ordnance was embarked under the fire of the enemy.

The service on which we were employed has been, though short, a very severe one; and too much praise cannot be given to both officers and men, for the cheerfulness with which, on every occasion, they met the service. To Lieut.-Colonel Warburton I feel many obligations, for the aid he zealously afforded me on every occasion. From my Brigade Major, Lieut. McLean, I received the same zealous assistance as on former occasions. To Captain Mockler, Royal Newfoundland Regt., who acted as my Aide-de-Camp, I am much indebted for the assistance afforded me.

Lieutenant Le Breton, of the Newfoundland Regiment, assistant engineer, by his unwearied exertions, rendered essential service, as did Lieutenant Gardiner, of the 41st Regiment, from his science in artillery. The Royal Artillery, in the laborious duties they performed, displayed their usual unwearied zeal, and were well assisted by the Royal Newfoundland (under Lieutenant Garden) as additional gunners. The laborious duties which the Marines, under Commodore Hall, were called upon to perform, have been most cheerfully met, and the most essential service performed.

I have the honor to send an embarkation return of the force that served under my command at the Miami, exclusive of the Indians, who may be stated at twelve hundred.

I also enclose a return of our killed, wounded, and prisoners, who have, however, been exchanged.

I have taken upon me to give the rank of Major to the six Captains of the line, as militia were employed on the same service with them; some of them are old officers; all of them deserving; any mark of your Excellency's appro-

bation of them would be extremely grateful to me.

I beg leave to mention the four volunteers of the 41st regiment, Wilkinson, Richardson, Laing, and Proctor, as worthy of promotion.

I have the honor to be, &c.

Henry Proctor,
Brig.-Gen. Comg.

I beg to acknowledge the indefatigable exertions of the Commissariat.

(Signed,) Henry Proctor.

To His Excellency Lieut.-Gen.
Sir G. Prevost, Bart., &c.

Slaughter of captives.

It will be perceived, by his dispatch, that General Proctor does not attach quite so much importance to the Indian force as Ingersol would fain make out. He and other American writers have always made this arm of the "allied force" a convenient excuse for any mistakes or failures, and we have, accordingly, already shewn that to the dread inspired by this force was "Hull's deplorable surrender" ascribed, while, in another instance, "to the vile use made by Proctor, with Elliot's aid, of the terror of the savages," all the disasters at the River Raisin were attributed.

The Elliot here spoken of has been frankly acknowledged by Thomson, in his sketches of the war, to have been "an American by birth, a native of Maryland." "*The thrilling tales of cruelty and bloodshed*," so liberally interwoven into their narratives by most of the American chroniclers of these times, exhibit so much of the character of romance, that it were idle to attempt the refutation of the many and curious fictions; we may, however, remark, *en passant*, that whilst we do not admit that cruelty was ever practiced, where the British could interfere, in the present instance the individual most obnoxious to censure was acknowledged to have been one of themselves. We close this part of our subject, by also reminding the readers of these "thrilling tales," that in General Winchester's official despatch, (*as he wrote it*) he expressed himself "*highly gratified* with the attention which had been paid to him, his officers, and the *prisoners generally*, by the British."

A signal proof of American disingenuousness is to be found in the suppression, or rather garbling of this document, and we can only account for this proceeding (the expunging from the despatch of that part of it we have just quoted) as ascribing it to the necessity which existed, that the war should, at all hazards, be rendered popular, and that it was, therefore, found expedient to keep alive the spirit of animosity which they had by this time partially succeeded in arousing, and which it had been their aim to establish, by circulating tales calculated to kindle a feeling of revenge throughout the length and breadth of the Union. It will be accordingly found that those tales are the most highly seasoned which were produced by the Government organs.

Descent upon York.

We left Commodore Chauncey with a large fleet at Sackett's Harbor, ready to co-operate in the meditated combined attack on Canada. It had been at one time proposed that this attack should have been commenced by a movement on Kingston, and that the two brigades wintering on Lake Champlain, and amounting to twenty-five hundred men, should be placed in sleighs, and transported under the command of General Pike, by the most eligible route, and with the greatest possible rapidity to Kingston; where (being joined by such force as could be brought from Sackett's Harbor) they should, by surprise or assault, carry that post, destroy the shipping wintering there, and subsequently be governed by circumstances, in either retaining the position or in withdrawing from it. This plan was, however, abandoned, probably from reports of the increased strength of the British, and the one detailed in our last chapter, substituted. The two letters from General Armstrong, Secretary at War, lay open the whole plan of operations, and prove most conclusively how well-informed the American commanders were of Sir George Prevost's weakness at that time, although misled afterwards by the false reports which ultimately led to the change in plans.

(*First Letter.*)

February 10*th.*

"I have the President's orders to communicate to you, as expeditiously as possible, the outline of campaign which you will immediately institute and pursue against Upper Canada:—

1st. 4000 troops will be assembled at Sackett's Harbor.

2d. 3000 will be brought together at Buffalo and its vicinity.

3d. The former of these corps will be embarked and transported under convoy of the fleet to Kingston, where they will be landed. Kingston, its garrison, and the British ships wintering in the harbor of that place will be its first object. Its second object will be York, (the capital of Upper Canada) the stores collected, and the two frigates building there. Its third object, Forts George and Erie, and their dependencies. In the attainment of this last there will be a co-operation between the two corps. The composition of these will be as follows:

1st.	Bloomfield's Brigade............	1,436
2d.	Chandler's do.	1,044
3d.	Philadelphia detachment........	400
4th.	Baltimore do.	300
5th.	Carlisle do.	200
6th.	Greenbush do.	400
7th.	Sackett's Harbor do.	250
8th.	Several corps at Buffalo under the command of General Porter, and the recruits belonging thereto..	3,000
	Total......	7,030

The time for executing the enterprise will be governed by the opening of Lake Ontario, which usually takes place about the 1st of April.

The Adjutant-General has orders to put the more southern detachments in march as expeditiously as possible. The two brigades on Lake Champlain you will move so as to give them full time to reach their place of destination by the 25th of March. The route by Elizabeth will, I think, be the shortest and best. They will be replaced by some new raised regiments from the east.

You will put into your movements as much privacy as may be compatible with their execution. They may be masked by reports that Sackett's Harbor is in danger, and that their principal effort will be made on the Niagara, in co-operation with General Harrison. As the route to Sackett's Harbor and to Niagara is for a considerable distance the same, it may be well to intimate, even in orders, that the latter is the destination of the two brigades now at Lake Champlain."

(*Second Letter.*)

Februarg 24th.

"Before I left New York, and, till very recently, since my arrival here, I was informed through various channels, that a winter or spring attack upon Kingston was not practicable, on account of the snow which generally lies to the depth of two, and sometimes of three feet, over all that northern region during those seasons. Hence it is that in the plan recently communicated, it was thought safest and best to make the attack by a combination of naval and military means, and to approach our object, not by directly crossing the St. Lawrence on the ice, but by setting out from Sackett's Harbor, in concert with, and under convoy of the fleet. Later information differs from that on which this plan was founded; and the fortunate issue of Major Forsyth's last expedition shews, that small enterprises, at least, may be successfully excecuted at the present season. The advices, given in your letter of the 14th instant, have a bearing also on the same point, and to the same effect. If the enemy be really weak at Kingston, and approachable by land and ice, Pike, (who will be a brigadier in a day or two,) may be put into motion from Lake Champlain by the Chateaugay route, (in sleighs) and, with the two brigades, cross the St. Lawrence where it may be thought best, destroy the armed ships, and seize and hold Kingston, until you can join him with the other corps destined for the future objects of the expedition; and, if pressed by Prevost before such junction can be effected, he may withdraw himself to Sackett's Harbor, or other place of security, on our side of the line. This would be much the shorter road to the object, and perhaps the safer one, as the St. Lawrence is now every where well bridged, and offers no obstruction to either attack or retreat. Such a movement, will, no doubt, be soon known to Prevost, and cannot but disquiet him. The dilemma it presents will be serious. Either he must give up his western posts, or, to save them, he must carry himself in force, and promptly, to Upper Canada. In the latter case he will be embarrassed for subsistence. His convoys of provision will be open to our attacks, on a line of nearly one hundred miles, and his position at Montreal much weakened. Another decided advantage will be, to let us into the

secret of his real strength. If he be able to make heavy detachments to cover, or to recover Kingston, and to protect his supplies, and after all maintain himself at Montreal and on Lake Champlain, he is stronger than I imagined, or than any well-authenticated reports make him to be.

With regard to our magazines, my belief is, that we have nothing to fear; because, as stated above, Prevost's attention must be given to the western posts, and to our movements against them. He will not dare to advance southwardly, while a heavy corps is operating on his flank, and menacing his line of communication. But on the other supposition, they (the magazines) may be easily secured; 1st, by taking them to Willsborough; or, 2d, to Burlington; or, 3d, by a militia call, to protect them where they are. Orders are given for the march of the eastern volunteers, excepting Ulmer's regiment, and two companies of axe-men, sent to open the route to the Chaudière.

The southern detachment will be much stronger than I had supposed. That from Philadelphia will amount to nearly one thousand effectives."

Although we are enabled from these letters to make out what was the original plan, we are left without much information as to the real reason why it was abandoned. Even Armstrong, although Secretary at War, and commenting on this particular enterprise at considerable length, is comparatively silent on this point, we may, therefore, with some degree of confidence, ascribe it to General Dearborn's and Commodore Chauncey's representations, influenced doubtless by private information gained through their spies.

Be this matter, however, as it may, on the 25th April, 1813, Commodore Chauncey's fleet sailed from Sackett's Harbor for York, having on board General Dearborn, as General-in-chief, and a considerable force. It is not easy to get at the exact number of troops sent on this enterprise, nor to ascertain the *materiel* of which it was composed. General Dearborn does not enumerate them, and most American historians have taken the number mentioned by Chauncey, who says that "he took on board the General and suite, and about seventeen hundred men." Ingersol reduces, on what authority we are ignorant, this number to sixteen hundred, but an Albany paper, says James, actually states the number at "about five thousand." This is an evident exaggeration, but we think we may safely put the numbers down, after comparing the various accounts, including the crews of the armed vessels, at between two thousand five hundred and three thonsand men.

This force reached its destination on the 27th, and preparations were immediately made for landing the troops. York seems at this time to have been in an almost defenceless condition, and a very reprehensible apathy appears to have prevailed. James represents that "the guns upon the batteries, being without trunnions, were mounted upon wooden sticks, with iron hoops, and, therefore, became of very little use. Others of the guns belonged to the ship that was building, and lay on the ground, partly covered with snow and frozen mud," James also mentions that the accidental circumstance of the Duke of Gloucester brig being in the port, undergoing some repairs, enabled the garrison to mount, on temporary field works, a few six-pounders. Still the defences were of the most insignificant character, and we are at a loss to account for the undertaking the building of vessels in a place so open to, and unprepared for, an attack.

Their various positions having been taken up by the armed vessels destined to cover the landing, and take part in the attack on the batteries, the debarkation of the troops began about eight o'clock in the morning, and Forsyth with his rifle corps were the first who attempted to make good a landing.

The spot at which the landing was intended to have been made was close to the site of an old Erench fort, and will be found on reference to the plan at the head of the chapter; the boats were, however, carried by a strong breeze and heavy sea, considerably to leeward of the intended point, and nearly half a mile to the westward the landing was effected. Armstrong says this spot was "thickly covered with brushwood, and already occupied by British and Indian marksmen." Had the spot been occupied as thus represented, the chances are, when we consider with what difficulty they overcame a mere handful of men, that the Americans would never have landed on that day; in reality it was occupied by Major Givens, with about five-and-twenty Indians,

and a company (about sixty) of Glengarry Fencibles. Armstrong adds; "in the contest that followed, Forsyth lost some men, but no credit." We grant the former, as the defence made by the handful of men, then on the ground, was so determined that Forsyth would have found it difficult to effect a landing had he not been speedily reinforced by Major King and a battalion of infantry. The landing of the main body under General Pike now enabled the enemy to advance more boldly, and to drive back the British, (whose numbers had been in the meantime increased by the arrival of some two hundred and twenty militia, and fifty of the Newfoundland regiment,) from one position to another. The stand made at some of these positions was very gallant, as two companies of the 8th regiment (about two hundred strong) had now joined. James says, "the whole of the American troops, at this time on shore, amounted, by their own accounts, to upwards of one thousand. These were met by two hundred and ten men of the 8th, and Newfoundland, regiments, and about two hundred and twenty militia, who made a formidable charge upon the American column, and partially compelled it to retire." Reinforced, however, by the fresh troops that were continually being landed, the Americans rallied and compelled the British to retire, partially covered in their retreat by the batteries which, insignificant as they were, had still done good service, by partially occupying the attention of the enemy's vessels, which had by this time, from their light draught of water, approached within gun-shot. The companies of the 8th regiment suffered materially from their ignorance of the roads, the grenadiers being nearly annihilated, and this was the more to be regretted, as their gallantry was without any beneficial results, the main landing having been effected before their arrival. General Sheaffe appears to have laid his plans very badly; by early dawn the alarm of the enemies' approach was given; yet so confused does every movement appear to have been, that we find only a few Indians and a handful of militia on the spot to oppose a landing, while the two companies of the 8th were left to find their way through woods and cover without proper direction or guides. We find, in addition, Adjutant Gen. Shaw, with a body of men and a brass six-pounder, taking up a position on the line of Dundas street, where he remained, taking no part in the action. We do not blame Adjutant Gen. Shaw for this, as we presume he had his orders, but we question the judgment which placed him in such a position, as it was not probable that the Americans would advance by that route, leaving in the rear, a force which, small as it was, had kept them in check for six hours. On the retreat of the British, a movement effected through the woods, the Americans advanced and carried, without much resistance, the first defence: advancing towards the second, and observing the fire cease suddenly, Pike concluded, and not unreasonably, that it was for the purpose of making proposals for a surrender, and unfortunately halted his troops while yet at a distance of two hundred yards from the main battery. We say, unfortunately, as, had they advanced, the major part of them must have perished in the explosion which took place on the firing of the magazine, which had been just blown up by Sergeant Marshall to prevent the enemy gaining possession of a large quantity of powder deposited there. Ingersol styles the blowing up of the magazine "a vile stratagem;" and Thomson accuses General Sheaffe of treacherously ordering the train to be laid, and of artfully placing several cart loads of stones to increase the effect. This is quite incorrect, as we do not think Sheaffe clever enough to have suggested such a plan; besides, Marshall distinctly stated that had he known General Sheaffe wished it, or had it occurred to himself, he could easily have blown up the enemy by giving ten minutes more port fire. Had he done so, the destruction of the whole column would have been the natural consequence. A vast amount of nonsense, relative to this affair, has been penned by American historians, who do not seem to reflect that this was an invading force, and that the mine has always been a legitimate mode either of attack or defence. In the present instance, the only object in blowing up the magazine was to prevent General Pike getting possession of the powder; it was, therefore, blown up, and very clumsily too, it was done, as several of the British troops were killed or wounded by the explosion. We heartily agree with James, "that even had the whole column been destroyed, the Americans would but

have met their deserts;" and if disposed to commiserate the poor soldiers, at least, we wish, with him, "that their places had been filled by the American President, and the ninety-eight members of the Legislature who voted for the war." The explosion, partial as were its effects, killed and wounded more than two hundred Americans, spreading its mischief far and wide, and creating in the remainder much temporary alarm and confusion. The stones and rubbish were thrown as far as the decks of the vessels near the shore, and, according to Ingersol, "the water shocked as with an earthquake."

General Pike was literally stoned to death, his breast and sides were crushed, and he lingered in great agony till he expired. Gen. Pike was a native of New Jersey, and is represented to have been a gallant and thorough-bred soldier, and one of the best commanders the Americans had. His death was a glorious one. Through motives of humanity he halted to prevent unnecessary effusion of blood, and paltry as was the victory gained with such overwhelming odds, still he had the satisfaction of knowing that he had gained a victory, such as it was. Thompson and Ingersol are very eloquent onhis death; "carried on board the Commodore's ship, General Pike was laid on a mattress, and asking for the British captured flag to be laid under his head, in a few hours he nobly breathed his last upon it, without a sigh."

All honor we are ready to pay to the brave man who dies a sacrifice for his country, but considering the immense superiority of numbers, by which, after a long and desperate struggle, the feat of supplanting the flag was achieved, the officiousness of the American historians has conferred more of ridicule than of honor upon the last moments of their hero.

General Sheaffe was careful to avail himself of the temporary panic into which the enemy had been thrown, and collecting what regular force he could, and leaving to their own resources the civil authorities and embodied militia, he made a hasty retreat in the direction of Kingston, destroying, as he passed along, two ships on the stocks, and a magazine of military and naval stores in the harbour. The defence of the town being no longer practicable, a surrender necessarily followed, by which it was stipulated, that the militia and others attached to the British military and naval service, *who had been captured*, should be paroled; that private property of every kind should be respected, and that all public stores should be given up to the captors. We have italicised the words "who had been captured," as the Americans got possession of the militia rolls and included amongst the list of prisoners on parole, many who had never laid down their arms, and whom it was never contemplated to include in the list. We give Sheaffe's dispatch, with his list of killed and wounded:

Kingston, May 5th, 1813.

Sir,—I did myself the honor of writing to your Excellency, on my route from York, to communicate the mortifying intelligence that the enemy had obtained possession of that place on the 27th of April. I shall now give your Excellency a further detail of that event.

In the evening of the 26th, information was received that many vessels had been seen to the eastward. Very early the next morning, they were discovered lying-to, not far from the harbor; after some time had elapsed, they made sail, and to the number of sixteen, of various descriptions, anchored off the shore, some distance to the westward. Boats full of troops were immediately seen assembling near the commodore's ship, under cover of whose fire, and that of other vessels, and aided by the wind, they soon effected a landing, in spite of a spirited opposition from Major Givens and about forty Indians. A company of Glengarry light infantry, which had been ordered to support them, had, by some mistake (not in the smallest degree imputable to its commander,) been led in another direction, and came late into action. The other troops, consisting of two companies of the 8th (or King's regiment), and about a company of the royal Newfoundland regiment, with some militia, encountered the enemy in a thick wood. Captain M'Neal, of the King's regiment, was killed, while gallantly leading his company, which suffered severely. The troops at length fell back; they rallied several times, but could not maintain the contest against the greatly superior and increasing numbers of the enemy. They retired under cover of our batteries, which were engaged with some of the enemy's vessels that had moved nigher to the harbour. By some unfortunate accident the magazine at the western battery blew up, and killed and wounded a considerable number of men, and crippled the battery. It became too evident that our numbers and means of defence were inadequate to the task of maintaining possession of

York against the vast superiority of force brought against it. The troops were withdrawn towards the town, and were finally ordered to retreat on the road to Kingston ; the powder magazine was blown up, and the new ship and naval stores destroyed. Lieutenant-Colonel Chewett and Major Allen of the militia, residents in the town, were instructed to treat with the American commanders for terms; a statement of those agreed on with Major-General Dearborn and Commodore Chauncey, is transmitted to your Excellency, with returns of the killed and wounded, &c. The accounts of the number of the enemy vary from eighteen hundred and ninety to three thousand. We had about six hundred, including militia and dock-yardmen. The quality of these troops was of so superior a description, and their general disposition so good, that, under less unfavourable circumstances, I should have felt confident of success, in spite of the disparity of numbers. As it was, the contest, which commenced between six and seven o'clock, was maintained for nearly eight hours.

When we had proceeded some miles from York, we met the light infantry of the King's rement, on its route for Fort George; it retired with us and covered the retreat, which was effected without molestation from the enemy.

I have the honor to be, &c.,
R. H. Sheaffe, Major-General.

His Excellency Sir George Prevost, &c.

Return of killed, wounded, prisoners, and missing, of the troops engaged at York, under the command of Sir Roger Hall Sheaffe, on the 27th ultimo:—

Kingston, May 10th, 1813.

Total—One captain, one sergeant-major, four serjeants, one drummer, fifty-two rank and file, three gunners, killed: one ensign, two serjeants, one drummer, thirty rank and file, wounded; one lieutenant, four serjeants, one drummer, thirty-six rank and file, one driver, wounded and prisoners; six rank and file, one bombardier, three gunners, prisoners; six rank and file, one gunner, missing.

Names of officers killed and wounded.

Killed—8th (or King's regiment) — Captain M'Neal, volunteer D. Maclean, clerk of the House of Assembly.

Wounded—Royal Newfoundland Regiment—Lieutenant D. Keven, prisoner.

Glengarry Light Infantry—Ensign Robins, slightly.

General Staff—Captain Loring, 104th regiment, slightly.

Incorporated Militia—Capt. Jarvis, volunteer, —— Hartney, barrack-master.

Richard Leonard,
Acting deputy-assistant-adjutant-general.

Edwd. Baynes,
Adjutant-general, North America.

Terms of capitulation entered into on the 27th April, 1813, *for the surrender of the town of York, in Upper Canada, to the army and navy of the United States, under the command of Major-General Dearborn and Commodore Chauncey:*

That the troops, regular and militia, at this post, and the naval officers and seamen, shall be surrendered prisoners of war. The troops, regular and militia, to ground their arms immediately on parade, and the naval officers and seamen be immediately surrendered.

That all public stores, naval and military, shall be immediately given up to the commanding officers of the army and navy of the United States—that all private property shall be guaranteed to the citizens of the town of York.

That all papers belonging to the civil officers shall be retained by them—that such surgeons as may be procured to attend the wounded of the British regulars and Canadian militia shall not be considered prisoners of war.

That one lieutenant-colonel, one major, thirteen captains, nine lieutenants, eleven ensigns, one quarter-master, one deputy adjutant-general of the militia, namely—

Lieut.-Col. Chewett,
Major Allen.

CAPTAINS.

John Wilson,
John Button,
Peter Robinson,
Reuben Richardson,
John Arnold,
James Fenwick,
James Mustard,
Duncan Cameron,
David Thompson,
John Robinson,
Samuel Ridout,
Thomas Hamilton,
John Burn,
William Jarvis.

QUARTER-MASTER.

Charles Baynes.

LIEUTENANTS.

John H. Shultz,
George Mustard,
Barnet Vanderburch,
Robert Stanton,
George Ridout,
Wm. Jarvis,
Edward M'Mahon,
John Wilson,
Ely Playter.

ENSIGNS.

Andrew Thompson,
Alfred Senally,
Donald M'Arthur,
William Smith,
Andrew Mercer,
James Chewett,
George Kink,
Edward Thompson,
Charles Denison,
George Denison,
Darcey Boulton.

Nineteen serjeants, four corporals, and two hundred and four rank and file.

Of the field train department, Wm. Dunbar; of the provincial navy, Captain Frs. Govereaux, Lieutenant Green, Midshipmen John Ridout, Louis Baupré, Clerk, James Langsdon, one boatswain, fifteen naval artificers; of His Majesty's regular troops, Lieutenant De Keven, one serjeant-major; and of the royal artillery, one bombardier and three gunners, shall be surrendered prisoners of war, and accounted for in the exchange of prisoners between the United States and Great Britain.

(Signed) G. E. MITCHELL, Lieut.-Col. 3rd A. U. S.
SAMUEL S. CONNOR, Major and A. D. C. to Maj.-Gen. Dearborn.
WILLIAM KING, Major. 15th U. S. Infantry.
JESSE D. ELLIOTT, Lieut. U. S. Navy.
W. CHEWETT, Lieut.-Col. Com. 3rd Regt. York Militia.
W. ALLEN, Major 3rd Regt. York Militia.
F. GAURREAU, Lieut. M. Dpt.

According to the capitulation the total of prisoners amounted to two hundred and ninety-three, yet some American accounts swelled this number, one, to seven hundred and fifty, another, to nine hundred and thirty. These assertions, too, were made in the face of Gen. Dearborn's official letter, in whichi t will have been seen he does not, including Indians, rate the British force at more than eight hundred. Small as this force was, had it not been for the unfortunate (as we deem it) halt of the 8th on their way from Kingston to Fort George, the Americans would have had a still smaller force to contend with. Sir George Prevost and General Sheaffe deserve great censure for this affair of York—the one for allowing military and naval stores to be deposited, and a comparatively large sloop of war to be built, in an exposed situation—the other for gross negligence in not ordering the fortifications to be put in order, and neglecting to take proper measures for concentrating his troops and ensuring something like order and regularity. General Sheaffe was shortly afterwards superseded in the command, in Upper Canada, by Major General De Rottenburg, and, returning toMontreal, he took the command of the troops in that district.

The Americans gained possession of a great quantity of naval stores, of which the destruction had been neglected. The greatest loss, however, was that of the ships—one of which had been nearly planked. Fortunately the brig Prince Regent had left the harbor some three days before the attack, thereby escaping capture. The stores taken at York, writes Ingersol, " by another mistake, were burnt at Sackett's Harbour," so that the Americans had not even this to boast of as a recompense for the loss of so many men. James evidently seems disposed to accuse the Americans of dealing harshly with the town, and states that "they set fire, not only to the public buildings, civil as well as military, but to a tavern some distance from York; and were proceeding upon the same charitable errand to Hatt's Mills, had they not been deterred by information of Indians being in the neighbourhood." Christie is, however, silent on this point, and we are induced from the circumstance, as well as from information gained from the actors in the scene to consider James' statement as rather highly coloured. Ingersol does not rank the advantage that occurred by the capture of York, at a very high rate, "with the exception," he says, " of the English General's musical snuff box, which was an object of much interest to some of our officers, and a scalp which Major Forsyth found suspended over the speaker's chair, we gained but barren honor by the capture of York, of which no permanent possession was taken."

Touching the scalp here mentioned, Ingersol pretends to give an official letter from Commodore Chauncey to the Hon. William Jones, Secretary of the Navy, in which the Commodore is made to write:

SIR,—I have the honor to present you, by the hands of Lieut. Dudley, the British standard taken at York, on the 27th April last, accompanied by the mace, *over which hung a human scalp.*

" This atrocious ornament," continues Ingersol, " was sent to the Secretary of War, General Armstrong, who refused to receive or suffer it to remain in his cabinet." Armstrong in relation to this affair, writes, " our trophies were fewer but better taken care of. One human scalp, a prize made, as we understand, by the *Commodore*, was offered, but not accepted, as a *decoration* to the walls of the war office." It will be observed that Armstrong does not say how, or where, Commodore Chauncey acquired this valuable trophy, but from the expertness of the backwoodsmen in scalping, (we have already given one or two instances of this,) it is not at all unlikely, but that the scalp in question was that of an unfortunate Indian who was shot while in a tree, by the Americans, in their advance on the town, on the other hand, it may be gathered from Armstrong's words, that Chauncey himself took the scalp,which he afterwards offered as a prize to decorate the walls of the war office. Ingersol devotes six and a half pages to this

one scalp, raking up all the horrors of the revolutionary war, and proving most distinctly how safe he, in common with other American writers, were to make up a case of cruelty, even by implication, against the British.

Errors of the Commanders.

Sheaffe was superseded, as it is supposed, for his blunders in the defence of York, and certainly not without cause, as he appears on the occasion to have acted without judgment or any fixed plan. Numerous as his mistakes were, they still sink into insignificance, when we compare them with those of the American commanders, who failed in two great points, the capture of the frigate, and the prevention of Sheaffe's escape. Had General Dearborn been on the field, instead of being in safety three miles from the shore, on Pike's death, he might have prevented the escape of Sheaffe with the main body of the regulars; as it was, Col. Pierce, who succeeded to the command, was totally without orders, and knew not what to do. This would have been most important, for situated as Great Britain, at that time, was, she could have ill afforded to send more men to this country, and, scanty as were the means of defence, the capture of Sheaffe's force, small as it was, would have been a fatal blow. General Armstrong, in his letter to Dearborn, dwells particularly on this point, and writes, "I am assured that the regular force in both the Canadas has at no time since the declaration of war, exceeded three thousand men; and at the present time, by casualties, this force has been reduced *at least* one-fifth. Taking then this fact for granted, we cannot doubt but that in all cases in which a British commander is constrained to act defensively, his policy will be that adopted by Sheaffe, to prefer the preservation of his troops to that of his post, and thus carrying off the kernel, leave us only the shell. In your late affair, it appears to me that had the descent been made between the town and the barracks, things would have turned out better. On that plan, the two batteries you had to encounter, would have been left out of the combat, and Sheaffe, instead of retreating to Kingston, must have retreated to Fort George." General Armstrong's ignorance of the nature of the ground has led him to make some remarks not quite deserved: nor did he make allowances for the strong east wind; yet there is very little doubt but that, had General Dearborn been a man of energy, much more might have been effected. A still more glaring instance of want of judgment occurred, however, in the next movement we have to touch upon; the descent upon Fort George, at the mouth of the Niagara River.

Descent upon Fort George.

One object of the expedition against York; the capture of the stores, having been accomplished, the troops were re-embarked, in the hope that they would be able to proceed to the second and more important movement, without loss of time. Baffled, however, by light and adverse winds, it was not till the sixth day (8th of May) after leaving York, that they arrived off Fort George. It now cost General Dearborn three weeks to dispatch his wounded to Sackett's Harbor, and bring thence reinforcements; as Ingersol says, "a month of precious time was consumed before the attack on Fort George, and then again the commander-in-chief remained on board a vessel; while his army, six thousand strong, attacked and carried the place."

The British force on the Niagara line amounted, at that time, to about eighteen hundred regulars, and five hundred militia. The regular force consisted of the 49th Regt. and of detachments from the 8th, 41st, Glengarry and Newfoundland corps, with a small body of artillery, the whole commanded by Brigadier General Vincent. Eight companies of the 49th, five companies of the 8th, three companies of the Glengarry, two of the Newfoundland regiment, and a portion of the artillery, were stationed at Fort George, "amounting," says James, "to less than one thousand rank and file." About three hundred militia and some fifty Indians were also stationed at this post. We have seen on Armstrong's authority, that the Americans numbered, with the reinforcements drawn from Sackett's Harbor, six thousand men. A sufficient superiority (six to one) having been secured, the American general considered himself prepared for the attack on the post, before which he had spent three weeks, and on the 27th May, the batteries on the American side of the Niagara being ready for action, and

means necessary for transportation provided, the combatants began their movement in boats, along the lake shore, to Two-mile Creek, the point designated for a general landing.

When Hull's surrender had put the British in possession of the artillery they so much required, five of the twenty-four pounders had been brought from Detroit, four of which had been mounted at Fort George, and the fifth on a battery, *en barbette*, about half a mile below Newark, now Niagara. A fire from some field pieces had been opened on the American boats, when proceeding, on the 26th, to the rendezvous. This had provoked a return from Fort Niagara, by which the block houses, some scattered dwellings near the fort, and the fort itself were considerably damaged. On the morning of the 27th a heavy cannonade was again commenced from fort Niagara to cover the attacking party, and "in addition," (says James,) "two schooners, by the use of their sweeps, had reached their stations at the mouth of the river, in order to silence the twenty-four pounder and the nine-pounder, also planted *en barbette* close to Newark. Another schooner stationed herself to the northward of the light house, and so close to the shore as to enfilade the first named battery, and cross the fire of the remaining two schooners." The remaining five schooners anchored so as to cover the landing of the troops. The frigate Madison, Oneida brig, and a schooner, took up also advantageous positions. The united broadside of these vessels was fifty-one guns, many of them thirty-two and eighteen-pounders. Against this formidable array what had the British?—a weak position entirely exposed to a cross fire of shot and shells, and a scarcity of powder—incredible as this last assertion may appear, we are, nevertheless, borne out in making it by James, who asserts, in speaking of the events of the 26th, that "the guns at Fort George were compelled, owing to a scarcity of powder, to remain silent, while Commodore Chauncey, on that evening, was sounding the shore within half gunshot." The Americans, in speaking of this circumstance, and looking at the impunity with which Fort Niagara kept up, almost unanswered, its fire, may well boast that they received comparatively little injury from the British cannon. It would excite astonishment that James should chronicle so extraordinary a circumstance as the want of powder in the principal British fort in Western Canada, had we not so recently seen that a frigate was built, and a quantity of provisions and stores deposited in so exposed and indefensible a position as York. Whoever was the culpable party, whether Sir George Prevost or General Sheaffe, there is very little doubt but that to this circumstance may be attributed much of the impunity with which the Americans made their preliminary movements on this occasion. The British force was posted as advantageously as circumstances would admit by General Vincent, and they made a most gallant resistance, being overpowered only by the numerical strength of the assailants, and the fire from the American shipping, which committed dreadful havoc, and rendered their efforts to oppose the landing of so immeasurably superior a force altogether ineffectual. Three times, under cover of the heavy fire from the fort and the shipping, the Americans attempted to land, and were repulsed, by the persevering courage of their opponents; and it was only at last, when considerably reduced in numbers, that General Vincent, who saw the inutility of persevering in so unequal a contest, retired, blowing up, before his retreat, the small quantity of powder which yet remained in the magazine at Fort George.

The heavy fire had rendered the fort altogether untenable; General Vincent had, therefore, no alternative left but to retreat in the direction of Queenston, first despatching orders to Col. Bishopp at Fort Erie, and to Major Ormsby at Chippewa, to evacuate their respective posts, and to move with as little delay as possible, by Lundy's Lane, to the Beaver-dam. In the retreat about fifty of the regulars unfortunately were made prisoners. The remainder, both regular and militia, made an undisturbed retreat, and were joined at the place of rendezvous, by the garrisons of Fort Erie and Chippewa. In General Vincent's dispatch* full particulars of this action will be

*_From Brigadier-General Vincent to Sir George Prevost._

FORTY-MILE CREEK, May 28, 1813.

SIR,—I have the honor to inform your Excellency, that yesterday morning, about day-break, the enemy again opened his batteries upon Fort George: the fire not being immediately returned,

found, we must not, however, omit to notice one exaggeration contained in it, relative to the American struggle. We allude to the passage "His whole force is stated to amount to nearly ten thousand men." This, in all probability, unintentional overstatement was quite unnecessary, as General Vincent made a very gallant resistance, and, when he was overpowered by numbers, he made a very able retreat—collecting by the next morning nearly sixteen hundred men, with a position, Burlington heights, to fall back on, which, according to Dearborn, while it remained in the power of the British, rendered the successful occupation by the Americans of the Western peninsula impracticable. As at York, Gen. Vincent again saved the kernel, and left, as the fruits of victory, to the Americans, the shell, consisting of a few ruined houses and untenable fort.

The British loss in killed and wounded was very heavy. The 8th, Glengarry and Newfoundland detachments lost full one-half of their united force, and the militia appear to have also suffered severely, at least eighty-five having been either killed or wounded. The total British loss was estimated at four hundred and forty-five. Thomson, in his "Sketches of the War," makes up a very imposing total of prisoners; like most of his statements, however, his account is grossly exaggerated. He counts the wounded regulars twice over; once as wounded, and a second time as prisoners—he adds further, "the militia prisoners who were paroled to the number of five hundred and seven," &c. Now, in the first place, no unwounded regulars fell into the hands of the Americans, except the fifty who were captured at the fort. Again, Mr. Thomson forgets to inform us how the

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it ceased for some time. About 4 o'clock, A. M. a combination of circumstances led to a belief that an invasion was meditated. The morning being exceeding hazy, neither his means nor his intention could be ascertained, until, the mist clearing away at intervals, the enemy's fleet, consisting of fourteen or fifteen vessels, was discovered under way, standing towards the light-house, in an extended line of more than two miles, covering from ninety to one hundred large boats and scows, each containing an average of fifty to sixty men. Though at this time no doubt could be entertained of the enemy's intention, his points of attack could only be conjectured. Having again commenced a heavy fire from his fort, line of batteries, and shipping, it became necessary to withdraw all the guards and piquets stationed along the coast, between the fort and light-house, and a landing was effected at the Two-mile Creek, about half a mile below the latter place. The party of troops and Indians stationed at this point, after opposing the enemy, and annoying him as long as possible, were obliged to fall back, and the fire from the shipping so completely enfiladed and scoured the plains, that it became impossible to approach the beach. As the day dawned, the enemy's plan was clearly developed, and every effort to oppose his landing having failed, I lost not a moment in concentrating my force between the town of Fort George and the enemy, there awaiting his approach. This movement was admirably covered by the Glengarry light infantry, joined by a detachment of the royal Newfoundland regiment and militia, which commenced skirmishing with the enemy's riflemen, who were advancing through the brushwood. The enemy having perfect command of the beach, he quickly landed from three to four hundred men, with several pieces of artillery, and this force was instantly seen advancing in three solid columns, along the lake bank, his right covered by a large body of riflemen, and his left and front by the fire of the shipping, and batteries in the fort. As our light troops fell back upon the main body, which was moved forwards to their support, they were gallantly sustained by the 8th (king's) regiment, commanded by Major Ogilvie, the whole being under the immediate direction of Colonel Myers, acting Quarter-master-general, who had charge of the right wing. In the execution of this important duty, gallantry, zeal, and decision, were eminently conspicuous; and I lament to report that I was deprived of the services of Colonel Myers, who, having received three wounds, was obliged to quit the field. Lieutenant-Colonel Harvey, the deputy Adjutant-General, whose activity and gallantry had been displayed the whole morning, succeeded Colonel Myers, and brought up the right division, consisting of the 49th regiment, and some militia.

The light artillery under Major Holcroft were already in position, awaiting the enemy's advance on the plain. At this moment the very inferior force under my command had experienced a severe loss in officers and men; yet nothing could exceed the ardor and gallantry of the troops, who shewed the most marked devotion in the service of their king and country, and appeared regardless of the consequence of the unequal contest. Being on the spot, and seeing that the force under my command was opposed to ten-fold numbers, who were rapidly advancing under cover of their shipping and batteries, from which our positions were immediately seen, and exposed to a tremendous fire of shot and shells, I decided on retiring my little force to a position which I hoped might be less assailable by the heavy ordnance of the enemy, and from which a retreat would be left open, in the event of that measure becoming necessary. Here, after awaiting the approach of the enemy for about half an hour, I received authentic information, that his force, consisting of from four to five thousand men, had re-formed his columns, and was making an effort to turn my right flank. At this critical juncture not a mo-

five hundred and seven paroled militia prisoners were obtained—as he has failed in this, we must refer to James. "No sooner had the American army got possession of the Niagara frontier, than officers with parties were sent to every farm-house and hovel in the neighbourhood, to exact a parole from the male inhabitants of almost every age. Some were glad of this excuse for remaining peaceably at their houses; and those who made any opposition were threatened to be sent across the river, and thrown into a noisome prison. We cannot wonder, then, that by these industrious, though certainly unauthorized means, the names of as many as five hundred and seven Canadians were got ready to be forwarded to the Secretary at War, so as, not only to swell the amount of the loss sustained, but by a fair inference of the force employed, on the part of the British, in resisting the attack."

Our loss was very great, but that of the enemy was quite as great in proportion—that is, the number that fell in the hand-to-hand conflict would be about equal, were we to make an allowance for the terrible execution done by the fifty-one gun broadside of the vessels. The Americans themselves state their loss at thirty-nine killed and one hundred and eleven wounded, which is very satisfactory; and, as James has it, not a little creditable to the few regular troops and Canadians by whom the fort was defended. One extraordinary bit of modesty is observable in Dearborn's official letter on this occasion. He does not state that the British were superior in force—this is particularly striking in an American—he, however, hints at "the advantage the enemy's position afforded him." We have

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ment was to be lost, and sensible that every effort had been made, by the officers and men under my command, to maintain the post of Fort George, I could not consider myself justified in continuing so unequal a contest, the issue of which promised no advantage to the interests of his Majesty's service. Having given orders for the fort to be evacuated, the guns to be spiked, and the ammunition destroyed, the troops under my command were put in motion, and marched across the country in a line parallel to the Niagara river, towards the position near the Beaver Dam, beyond Queenstown Mountain, at which place I had the honor of reporting to your Excellency that a depôt of provisions and ammunition had been formed some time since. The rear-guard of the army reached that position during the night, and we were soon afterwards joined by Lieutenant-Colonel Bisshopp, with all the detachments from Chippewa to Fort Erie. The light, and one battalion company of the 8th, (king's,) joined us about the same time, as did Captain Barclay, with a detachment of the royal navy.

Having assembled my whole force the following morning, which did not exceed sixteen hundred men, I continued my march towards the head of the lake, where it is my intention to take up a position, and shall endeavour to maintain it, until I may be honored with your Excellency's instructions, which I shall feel most anxious to receive. I beg leave to suggest the great importance that exists for a communication being opened with me, through the medium of the fleet. The anchorage under Mr. Brandt's house is perfectly good and safe. I believe your Excellency need not be informed, that in the event of it becoming necessary that I should fall back upon York, the assistance of shipping would be requisite for the transport of my artillery. I cannot conclude this long communication, without expressing a well-merited tribute of approbation to the gallantry and assiduity of every officer of the staff, and indeed of every individual composing my little army;—every one most zealously discharged the duties of his respective station. The struggle on the 27th continued from three to four hours; and, I lament to add, it was attended with very severe loss.

I have the honor to enclose a list of the killed, wounded, and missing, with as much accuracy as the nature of existing circumstances will admit. Many of the missing, I hope, will be found to be only stragglers, and will soon rejoin their corps. I shall reach the head of the lake to-morrow evening. Hitherto the enemy has not attempted to interrupt my movements. Information reached me this morning, through an authentic channel, that he had pushed on three thousand infantry, and a considerable body of cavalry, towards Queenston. His whole force is stated to amount to nearly ten thousand men.

I send this despatch by Mr. Mathison, who acted as a volunteer on the 27th; and I am happy to inform your Excellency, that his conduct was very honorable to his character, and merits my marked approbation. Ammunition will be wanting by the first vessel. Captain Milnes has been kind enough to remain with me until my next despatch.

I have the honor to be, &c.
JOHN VINCENT, Brig. Gen.

His Excellency Lieutenant-General
Sir George Prevost, &c. &c. &c.

Return of killed, wounded, and missing, of His Majesty's troops in action with the enemy at Fort George, May the 27th, 1813.

One captain, one lieutenant, one ensign, one serjeant, forty-eight rank and file, killed; one general-staff, one major, two captains, five lieutenants, two ensigns, four serjeants, twenty-nine rank and file, wounded; one lieutenant, thirteen serjeants, eight drummers, two hundred and forty rank and file, wounded and missing.

already stated the exposed position of the British; our readers may, therefore, take this insinuation at its proper value. O'Connor in his account, reversing the real state of things, makes the British "five to one." Thomson, more modestly, says, "the action was fought by inferior numbers on the American side," and Dr. Smith, giving no numbers, dwells only on "the firmness and gallantry of the American troops."

The escape of General Vincent and his troops left the Americans as far as ever from the desired undisturbed occupancy of the western peninsula. Ingersol observes, "Vincent, the British General, effected his retreat (probably without *Dearborn's even knowing it*, for he stayed on shipboard), to the mountain passes, where he employed his troops in attacking, defeating, and capturing ours during all the rest of that year of discomfitures." Armstrong, in his remarks, has, "if, instead of concentrating his whole force, naval and military, on the water side of the enemy's defences, he had divided the attack, and, crossing the Niagara below Lewiston, advanced on Fort George by the Queenston road, the investment of that place would have been complete, and a retreat of the garrison impracticable."

It was certainly fortunate for the British that the Americans had generals who were not tacticians enough to profit by their superiority in numbers. Had Brock commanded the Americans, the campaign of 1813 might have had a more fortunate issue for our enemies.

Although the disasters at York and Niagara were disheartening in some degree, yet the descendants of the brave men who composed the militia at that time have cause to look on both these events with much pride and satisfaction. It is clear, from the conduct of the militia on each of these occasions, that they had attained a high degree of military discipline, and, as a contemporary justly observes, "the marked coolness and fearless intrepidity with which the York and Lincoln militia resisted the approach of the enemy towards their shores, would have reflected honor on a band of veterans long accustomed to 'the din of arms.'"

We left General Vincent at the Beaver Dam, where he had been joined not only by the detachment from Fort Erie and Chippewa, but by one flank and one battalion company of the 8th, and Captain Barclay, R.N., with a small body of seamen on their way to Lake Erie. To cut off this force, Dearborn, who seems never to have been in a hurry, despatched, on the 28th, a considerable body; but, luckily, he sent them in the wrong direction, for had he chosen the Lake road, there would have been a probability of cutting off General Vincent. Two days were occupied in this fruitless pursuit, and, on the recall of the troops, two days more were passed in a consideration of how the lost time was to be made up. Dearborn's idea was to use the fleet as a means of transportation to Burlington Bay: but, fortunately for the British, the Cabinet at Washington gave this arm of the expedition a different direction. No alternative, therefore, remained to Dearborn but the pursuit by the Lake shore, which should have begun, had Dearborn possessed any energy, on the morning of the 28th.

Before, however, following the fortunes of the brigade despatched in pursuit, we will turn to Sackett's Harbor, and the fate of the expedition prepared against it by Sir George Prevost, and a considerable body of troops destined to act in concert with the fleet under Commodore Yeo.

After disposing of this subject, we will return to Gen. Vincent and his fortunes, taking, while in the west, a glance at Proctor, whom we left just after his return from Fort Meigs. Another chapter will, however, be required for a consideration of all these subjects; we will, therefore, conclude the present one with Ingersol's testimony as to the defence of Canada:—"On the land the defence of Canada was conducted with much more energy, enterprise and spirit, than the American attempts at invasion, which failed, after a long series of delays and reverses, and proved abortions as discreditable as Hull's."

BROCK'S MONUMENT—QUEENSTON.

We have introduced a sketch of the first monument erected to General Brock, as, ere long, it will be removed, and another will be raised in memory of the Hero. We are, therefore, unwilling to have it unrecorded that his eminent and undisputed public services met with no tardy recognition by the grateful country he had been the instrument of saving; but that while his deeds were still fresh in the memory of all, the Provincial Legislature erected the lofty column on Queenston Heights, represented in our plate. The height of the monument, which commanded a view of the surrounding country for about fifty miles, was from the base to the summit one hundred and thirty-five feet, and from the level of the Niagara river, which runs nearly under it, four hundred and eighty-five feet. The monument was a Tuscan column on a rustic pedestal, with a pedestal for a statue; the diameter of the base of the column was seventeen feet and a-half, and the abacus of the capital was surrounded with an iron railing. The centre shaft containing the spiral staircase was ten feet in diameter.

The inscription was as follows:—

UPPER CANADA
HAS DEDICATED THIS MONUMENT TO THE
MEMORY OF THE LATE
MAJOR-GENERAL SIR ISAAC BROCK, K.B.,
PROVINCIAL LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR AND
COMMANDER OF THE FORCES IN THIS PROVINCE;
WHOSE REMAINS ARE DEPOSITED IN THE
VAULT BENEATH, OPPOSING THE INVADING ENEMY.
HE FELL IN ACTION NEAR THESE HEIGHTS
ON THE 13TH OCTOBER, 1812,
IN THE 43RD YEAR OF HIS AGE;
REVERED AND LAMENTED BY THE PEOPLE WHOM
HE GOVERNED, AND DEPLORED BY THE SOVEREIGN
TO WHOSE SERVICE
HIS LIFE HAD BEEN DEVOTED.

The remains of General Brock were removed from Fort George in solemn procession, on the 13th October, 1824, and deposited in the resting place prepared for them in this monument, which deserved, now, to be regarded with more affection than any other structure in the Province.

On Good Friday, the 17th April, 1840, however, a miscreant of the name of Lett introduced a quantity of gunpowder into the monument with the fiendish purpose of destroying it, and the explosion, effected by a train, caused so much damage as to render the column altogether irreparable. Lett was a naturalised Canadian, who had been compelled to fly into the United States for

his share in the rebellion of 1837, and well knowing the feeling of attachment to the name and memory of General Brock, which pervaded all classes of Canadians, he sought to gratify his malicious and vindictive spirit, and, at the same time, to wound and insult the people of Canada by a deed which its paltriness alone prevents our styling "a demon's deed."

As may be imagined, universal indignation was aroused, and a meeting was held on the 30th July following, on Queenston Heights, for the purpose of adopting measures for the erection of another monument.

We cannot refrain from transferring to these pages part of the long and eloquent speech of the chief justice, Robinson, who, on advancing to the front of the hustings to move the sixth resolution, was received with the most enthusiastic cheers.

"If it were intended by those who committed this shameful outrage, that the injury should be irreparable, the scene which is now before us, on these interesting heights, shews that they little understood the feelings of veneration for the memory of Brock which still dwell in the hearts of the people of Upper Canada. No man ever established a better claim to the affections of a country; and, in recalling the recollections of eight-and-twenty years, there is no difficulty in accounting for the feeling which has brought us together on this occasion. Among the many who are assembled here from all parts of this province, I know there are some who saw, as I did, with grief, the body of the lamented general borne from the field on which he fell—and many, who witnessed, with me, the melancholy scene of his interment in one of the bastions of Fort George. They can never, I am sure, forget the countenances of the soldiers of that gallant regiment which he had long commanded, when they saw deposited in the earth the lamented officer who had for so many years been their pride; they can never forget the feelings displayed by the loyal militia of this province, when they were consigning to the grave the noble hero who had so lately achieved a glorious triumph in the defence of his country: they looked forward to a dark and perilous future, and they felt that the earth was closing upon him in whom, more than in all other human means of defence, their confidence had been reposed. Nor can they forget the countenances, oppressed with grief, of those brave and faithful Indian warriors, who admired and loved the gallant Brock, who had bravely shared with him the dangers of that period, and who had most honorably distinguished themselves

in the field, where he closed his short but brilliant career."

Active steps are now being taken to complete the new monument, and another year will see a stately column rise to mark the untimely fate, and resting place of the gallant Brock.

MAHUOT COCQUIEL.

In the reign of Philippe the Good, Duke of Burgundy and Count of Hainault, or, more precisely, in the year one thousand four hundred and forty-two, the neighbourhood of Tournay in France was ravaged by a gang of cut-throats, who contrived to set the gensdarmes of the Count completely at defiance.

The very evening of the day on which the burgomaster Van Robec, accompanied by the magistrates and principal citizens, left Tournay for the purpose of obtaining an audience of the duke respecting these outrages, a cavalier presented himself at one of the gates of the town, and demanded entrance. According to the custom of those troubled times, he alighted from horseback, and followed to the guard-house the soldier whose duty it was to arrest his further progress. The new arrival was doubtless in possession of an efficient passport of some kind or other; for he had scarcely entered, when the officer of the guard motioned the gatekeeper to allow him to proceed, wishing him good night at the same time, and treated him with the utmost deference. It might be eleven o'clock at night, and the moon illumined the turrets of the houses, and the steeples of the town, whose vast shadows stretched out at full length, and assumed a thousand fantastic forms as they fell massively on the neighboring buildings. All seemed buried in profound slumber. At least, the silence which prevailed gave good reason to suppose so. Nevertheless, in one of the streets, which led from the principal square to the ramparts, a bright light shone from behind one of the lozenged windows of the burgomaster Van Robec's house. Its owner had departed to Duke's camp with a heavy heart at the thought of leaving his daughter alone with the aged governess; who would be powerless to preserve her from the assiduities of the gallants who ceaselessly passed and repassed before the house. It is true that Jeanne was soon to marry a cavalier whom her father had authorised to pay her court—which he never failed to do every evening—and that this cavalier—who was known by the name of Philippe du Gardin—kept sufficient watch over his bride to intimidate those who were tempted to approach her.

Philippe had been an hour in company with Jeanne, when the cavalier, of whom we have spoken, entered the street. Observing a ring fixed in the wall of a neighbouring hostelry, he fastened his horse to it, and moved towards the house of Van Robec; before which he placed himself under the shadow of the front screen of a mercer's shop. There, with his eye constantly fixed upon the illumined window, this man watched his prey. His hand convulsively grasped the pummel of his sword, which he drew from the scabbard whenever he perceived that a slight degree of movement was taking place within the house. At last the street-door opened; and Philippe, after having left a kiss upon the forehead of his bride, proceeded homewards. The cavalier, quitting his retreat, advanced towards him.

"Halt, my gentleman!" he said. "I am not mistaken. You are Philippe du Gardin, the betrothed husband of the young girl with whom you have just parted?"

"Before replying, allow me to ask who you are; and with what object you put that question?" said Philippe. "I do not know you, I have never seen you; consequently, I can have no business with you. Leave me."

"Oh no," returned the assailant. "I have not travelled a couple of leagues on purpose to find you, to return without calling you to account for your insults."

"Insults?"

"Yes, my dainty primrose," replied the cavalier. "It was only yesterday that I heard of your visits to the Dame de Beaufroid, and you perceive I have not been slow in—"

"The Dame de Beaufroid!" exclaimed Philippe, with emotion.

"Yes, young man! The Dame de Beaufroid, with whom I am in love; and whom I mean to keep to myself. You understand?"

"Your mistress!" shouted the youth, drawing his sword. "Your mistress! It is false!"

"A liar, am I?" cried the cavalier coolly, placing himself in an attitude of defence before Philippe. "Pray are your visits to that lady lies?"

"No!" replied the youth.

"And those tender letters which I have discovered, and which have informed me that while you are paying court to her you come here to marry a *bourgeoise?*"

"Those letters are true; but all the rest is false!"

"The lady is mine; and, as I do not choose that she should belong to any one else—at least during my lifetime—make use of your sword."

"Sir cavalier! In what I have spoken there is a mystery which I am not permitted to reveal; but, in the teeth of your accusations, when I hear it said that the Dame de Beaufroid has a favoured lover, and that you are that lover, then, in spite of the happiness which I expect to find in an approaching and joyful union, I do not hesitate to accept your challenge, at the risk of perishing in the struggle."

No answer was given to these words; but the two swords were instantly crossed, and sparks flew to the right and left. Four or five passes sufficed to disarm Philippe.

"Resume your sword," said the cavalier coldly. "Our combat is only to be ended by death."

Philippe resumed his sword again, and the duel commenced with fury on both sides. In a few seconds the youth fell to the ground, pierced through his chest, and yielded his spirit without uttering a word. Quick as lightning, the adversary mounted his horse, and disappeared through the gate of the town by which he had entered, taking the road to the northward.

At the clashing of the arms, Jeanne and her governess in terror had ventured to look out from the open window. The first object which met their view was the body of Philippe, outstretched in that part of the street where the moon shone brightest. A cry of despair escaped from Jeanne's bosom. At that cry, the neighbours arose in alarm. What was their surprise when they recognised the betrothed husband of Van Robec's daughter? Their first care was to carry him to the burgomaster's house. In spite of the exclamations and remonstrances of the governess, who returned to her mistress utterly overcome, the neighbours laid the body of Philippe on Van Robec's bed, and one of them went to fetch a surgeon, to be authoritatively assured that life was really extinct. Jeanne, who from the first story of the house beheld her betrothed lying on the ground, and who heard all the bustle within doors, insisted on entering the room in which Philippe had been placed. In vain the governess tried to oppose her wish. In a few minutes the girl was in the midst of the sorrowing neighbours, who did their utmost to tear her away from so sad a sight. But Jeanne struggled against them, embraced the corpse of her betrothed closely in her arms, lavishing upon it the most affectionate endearments. When the doctor came at last, he had to testify to the double fact that Philippe was dead, and that Jeanne was seized with madness.

On leaving Tournay, the cavalier went across the country as far as the church of the first village; descended into a little valley, traversed a narrow brook on a bridge of planks, and then penetrating the woods on an easterly course, he succeeded in arriving at a hamlet where he stopped before the gate of a *château*. This *château* belonged to a powerful family, who had afforded an asylum to a woman of from five-and-thirty to forty years of age, of noble descent, driven from her native province more than two year's previously, to live in retirement here. The only journeys she had made since her residence in the hamlet were restricted to two or three visits to Tournay; where she went, it was whispered, to see some person to whom she was tenderly attached.

The cavalier passed the night as tranquilly as if he had returned from accomplishing some perfectly simple and natural affair; and, the next morning as soon as he awoke, his first care was to see the Dame de Beaufroid. Her countenance when she received him, was impressed with a deep melancholy; but that very melancholy, adding to the paleness which overspread her features, endowed her with an inexpressibly captivating interest.

"Ah! it is you, Mahuot?" said the lady in a voice of emotion. "I have passed a sleepless night, agitated by a thousand painful presentiments."

"Presentiments do not always deceive," he replied abruptly.

"What do you mean?—Good God! what is the meaning of that change in your countenance—of the harshness of your looks!"

"It is useless that I should conceal the fact. I have seen that Philippe, of whom we were talking yesterday. I could rest no longer in the cruel uncertainty in which I was placed by the letters which I discovered in your oratory. I did not choose; after having left the army of the Duke of Burgundy in order to come and ask you for the last time, whether you were willing to espouse me and thus conclude a tedious courtship;—I did not choose I say to remain in any further doubt respecting your conduct during my absence. This very night I have been to Tournay."

"And you have met with Philippe?"

"Yes! My measures were taken, and my information proved exact. Consequently, I had not long to wait. I remembered that particular letter in which he addresses you in the tenderest terms; in which he entreats you to crown his happiness; and which he concludes by daring to ask you to receive his kisses."

"Well!"

"Well! he has not denied it! On the contrary, he confessed—"

"And then?"

"Then my indignation overcame all bounds. I reproached him with his own duplicity, and your treachery. I compelled him to take sword in hand, the very moment after he had betrayed you by embracing her whom he was soon to marry."

"Make an end of your tale."

"I killed him!" harshly replied the cavalier.

The lady appeared for a moment to be utterly overwhelmed. But making a strong effort, she stood proud and menacing before the assassin, and said, "Do you know whom it is that you have stricken?"

The cavalier remained silent.

"But to whom do I address myself?" she added vehemently. "I entreat Heaven to pardon me for having ever known you. I

should be accursed if ever I joined hands with you. You have killed my son!"

"Her son!" exclaimed the man, hiding his face. The lady exhausted and stunned, fell senseless on a sofa.

These events filled the whole province with consternation. Jeanne did not recover her reason; and the aged burgomaster, after having in vain endeavoured to discover the murderer of Philippe, died of grief. The Dame de Beaufroid quitted the *château* in which she had found shelter. Some said that she had taken the veil. Mahuot Cocquiel had rejoined the army of the Duke of Burgundy. He did not remain there long; for, in the year one thousand four hundred and forty-four, he came to Valenciennes, and obtained there, no one knows how, the rights of citizenship.

One fête-day of that year one thousand four hundred and forty-four, there was a great concourse of people in Valenciennes. The streets, the squares, and the hostelries were crowded. Gaiety shone on every countenance. Philippe the Good had come to visit his faithful and loyal Valenciennois.

In a noted tavern, a few steps from the Church of Saint Pierre, the throng was greater than elsewhere. Mahuot Cocquiel entered it, and, observing a vacant table, took his place there. He scrutinised with curiosity the extraordinary bustle which reigned throughout the place, when a *bourgeois* named Jacotin Plouvier seated himself beside him. Mahuot knew this man so slightly, that he was surprised at the easy assurance with which he seated himself at table.

"Ah! it is you, Master Cocquiel;" said Jacotin, seating himself, "I am very glad to have met with you."

"Are you?" replied Mahuot, visibly annoyed.

"I have something to say to you!"

"To me?"

"I have to tell you some news about one of my relations, who lately died amongst the nuns of Liège."

"What business is that of mine!"

"Important business you will own," added Plouvier; "when I have told you that her name was Gertrude."

"Gertrude."

"I here hold her last letter—her last wish. Do you desire to be informed of it?"

"It is no affair of mine," replied Mahuot, rising as if to leave the room.

"On the contrary," said Jacotin, taking Mahuot by the arm, and forcing him to sit down again, "it is no other person's affair than yours."

"What are the contents of the letter?" said Mahuot, burning with anger.

"In the first place, she orders me to find a certain Mahuot Cocquiel. You are he! Secondly, she orders me, as soon as I have found him, to say to him; Mahuot, you laid wait for a young man, who was just entering life in order to put him relentlessly to death!" —That's what she says. Well, I, Jacotin Plouvier, *bourgeois* of Valenciennes, am resolved to avenge the death of that boy, as well as of his bride, who died insane in consequence of your crime; and I call upon God to judge between us!"

"Never!" cried Mahuot with so much vehemence, that all turned towards the two men.

"Never do you say?" answered Jacotin: "I will force you to it!" And then addressing the crowd which surrounded them, he added; "Flamands! here is a man who is come to take up his right of citizenship, and he is a murderer. He killed one of my relations, Philippe Du Gardin, my cousin's son."

A long murmur of surprise went round the assembly.

"Yes, my friends, this man is a murderer! I offer to justify my accusation in single combat."

"Bravo!" shouted a sergeant-at-arms, as he entered the tavern with a handful of soldiers who had been enrolled that morning for the purpose of keeping order. "Bravo! You shall both of you come along with me;" and he led Mahuot and Jacotin away.

By the law of trial by battle—a relic of barbarism only abolished, here in our own day—the affair fell into the hands of the authorities. Preparations were then made for the duel, says the historian De Glay d'Arleux (whom we translate), in his Notice sur Valenciennes; and, as it was a grave and imposing ceremony, Philippe the Good, Duke of Burgundy and Count of Hainault, determined to be present. On Tuesday, the twentieth of March, one thousand four hundred and forty-five, the Grand Place of Valenciennes was converted into a list, around which an immense multitude was congregated. At nine o'clock the champions were led in, dressed in *basane*, or black sheep's leather, of one entire piece, closely sewed together from their feet to their necks, with their heads naked and shaven, their feet naked, and their nails cut. They were accompanied by the Bretons, or masters of exercises, who had been assigned to each of them after their first confinement in prison, and who carried their shields and their sticks. These shields were formed of willow wood covered with sheep's leather; and were three feet long. They bore for arms a cross *gules* on a field *argent*. The sticks were of medlar-wood, three feet long, and sharpened at each end.

Jacotin Plouvier, the appellant, entered the first, made several signs of the cross, and seated himself on a chair covered with black cloth at one end of the list, on the side of the church of St. Pierre. Mahuot came afterwards, knelt down, crossed himself, kissed the ground, and seated himself on the side of the belfry. The

provost of the town then entered the enclosure, and the champions swore respectively on the Holy Gospels that their quarrel was good. Next, their dresses were greased, in order that they might have less hold upon each other; spices were brought in silver cups to invigorate them, and two other cups containing ashes, with which they rubbed their hands. When all was properly disposed according to the usages and franchises of the town, the provost threw up the glove, which had been taken up as the gage of battle, and cried, "Do your duty! do your duty! do your duty!"

The champions, after having beaten each other with their sticks, grappled together, and shook each other violently. Mahuot fell; but instantly got up again. Jacotin rushed upon him, threw him down once more, held him firmly to the ground, thrust sand into his eyes, and tortured him for nearly three-quarters of an hour, to make him confess the murder.

Philippe the Good remained in the house of Melchior du Gardin, the provost of the town, and watched the combat behind a blind. He sent to inquire of the magistrate if there were no means of putting a stop to this horrible struggle. The magistrate replied that that could not be without prejudice to the privileges of the city, and that the conflict must have its course.

At last, after being for a long while tortured by his adversary, Mahuot, utterly blind and crippled in every limb, cried, "Enough!" but, on rising, he endeavoured to rush upon his foe; but Jacotin twisted his arms until they broke.

The wretched man, acknowledging himself beaten, and confessing the murder, had still strength enough to cry out so as to be heard at a distance; "My Lord of Burgundy, pity! pity! I served you well in your war with Ghent!" The Duke was moved even to tears. He again asked the magistrate whether it were possible to save the life of this unfortunate wretch, or at least when dead, to accord him burial in consecrated ground. The provost answered, that the law must be fulfilled step by step. Meanwhile, Jacotin had completed his terrible vengeance with blows of his stick. He seized the bleeding corpse by one leg and dragged it out of the list; after which—and this part of the chronicle cannot be read without a shudder—he went to the Church of Notre-Dame-la-Grande, to return thanks to God for having caused justice to triumph!

The magistrate gave judgment that the murderer should be dragged on a hurdle to the gallows, and be there, for form's sake, strangled and hung. The Duke of Burgundy, justly indignant at the execution which he had witnessed, and which, in spite of all his power, he had been unable to prevent, swore to abolish this barbarous custom. Thenceforwards it was never practised in the Low Countries.

THE CHRONICLES OF DREEPDAILY.

No. XVI.

SETTING FORTH THE COMPETITION FOR THE PARISH OF SCUNNER-THE-DEIL; TOGETHER WITH THE RESULT THEREOF. VERY PROFITABLE FOR THE PERUSAL OF ALL CANDIDATES FOR VACANT KIRKS.

THE minister who had united the hands and fortunes of Peter Partan and Peggy Skate, was one of the best specimens I had ever met with, of the old-fashioned Presbyterian Mess John. With matters of controversy he never intromitted, if we may except an occasional bickering with the heritors of the parish touching repairs desiderated for the Kirk or manse, and even then he was generally the first to cry truce, and propose a compromise. Beloved by the poor to whose bodily and spiritual necessities he equally ministered, Mr.—or rather I should say Dr. Patrick Pittendrum, was a welcome and respected guest at the tables of the gentry; being himself an offshoot from one of the most ancient families in the North of Scotland. It thus came to pass that he was a living chronicle of the whole country side, and could tell you the history of every peer and pedlar within the circuit of a hundred miles around the city of Bon Accord, as the children of Aberdeen term the place of their nativity.

Dr. Pittendrum having been pleased to take a fancy to me, at the Partan nuptials, made me promise and covenant that I would spend a day with him before taking my departure for Dreepdaily. Accordingly in implement of my paction I repaired to the manse one fine forenoon, and was received with a cordiality which could not be surpassed.

Having laid strict injunctions upon his housekeeper, Nancy Nairn (for the Doctor was free from the incumbrance of a wife) to have an orthodox dinner in readiness at the canonical hour, the divine proposed that we should walk forth and inspect the features of the neighbourhood. This suggestion entirely jumped with my own humour, and having done justice to a meridian refection of oatmeal cake, cheese, and a moderate allowance of the national stimulant, we set out upon our pilgrimage.

Time would fail me if I attempted to recapitulate a tenth part of the droll and out-of-the-way stories, wherewith Dr. Pittendrum beguiled the road to Boddam, which was to be the leading point of our tour. There was hardly a cottage or a clump of trees but what had its peculiar tradition, and every man and woman we chanced to meet furnished matter of appetizing gossip.

The parish-school lying in our route, my conductor proposed that we should step in for a moment. "I want you," said he—"to see the Dominie, as I have a queer bit of narration to give you touching one of his antecedents."

Having accordingly inspected the minor university of which the learned and lean Malcolm McWhirter was principal, the minister, when he had left its "classic malaria," as he was pleased to express himself—indoctrinated me with the following particulars, for the truth of which he pledged his veracity. I shall denominate the narration :—

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

When I was attending the Divinity class at Marischal College, Aberdeen, (said Dr. Pittendrum) Malcolm McWhirter was reckoned the most promising student of that period. For some years he had carried off the leading prizes, and with the exception of a fellow-alumnus, named Scruton Balmanno, there were none of his contemporaries who ever dreamed of measuring spears with him. Nature had gifted the aforesaid Scruton with abilities not inferior to those possessed by McWhirter, but he was sorely lacking in that application and sobriety, without which the most brilliant talents are as useless as a finely-built ship devoid of ballast. Instead of applying himself to his studies he spent a large balance of his time in engendering rhymes commendatory of the comely damsels with whom it was his chance to meet, and without in any sense of the word being a sot, a tankard of humming ale, and a pipe, possessed more charms for him, especially when combined with good fellowship, than all the Fathers and Seraphic Doctors of Christendom.

Malcolm McWhirter presented the very reverse of this picture. He was a hard reader, and an abstemious liver, and seldom permitted the allurements of sociality to draw him away from the matter on hand. It must be confessed, however, that setting aside his studiousness there was very little to love about the young man. Intense selfishness was disgustingly prominent in his character. To gain an end he would stop at nothing, however unamiable or disobliging; and there were not wanting those who unhesitatingly affirmed that he would not scruple to pass the Rubicon of honesty, in order to compass some desired object.

McWhirter and Balmanno having completed their curriculum at the same time, were simultaneously admitted into the fraternity of preachers by the Presbytery of Aberdeen, and licensed to wear the professional uniform of black and white. Though differing so much in nature and habits they kept up the intimacy which they had formed at college, and lodged together in the same house.

Shortly after the exodus of the young men from laymanship, one of the fattest livings in the shire of Aberdeen fell vacant, and the patron intimated his intention of conferring the same upon the preacher who should most please the fancies of the parishioners. For this prize both Malcolm and Scruton resolved to contend, and accordingly they braced up their loins for the contest, and applied themselves to the work of sermon-concocting with might and main.

Matters were in this position, when a bouncing female cousin of McWhirter's answering to the name of Delilah Dunshunner, came to pay a visit to her relative. Delilah, who was a denizen of Dundee, was possessed of more than the usual proportion of the charms and attractions which play such havoc with the sterner sex. Her age was what the poet terms, "sweet seventeen," and her beauties and graces would have required an Ovid or Robert Burns to inventory and describe. So far as intellectuals were concerned, Miss Dunshunner had likewise much to recommend her. With the lighter literature of the day, she was familiarly conversant. Her wit was sharp as a newly-honed razor, and playful with all as a juvenile kitten ;—and being somewhat of a flirt, she had trained herself to tickle the palates of all sorts and descriptions of men. The greatest ambition of the maiden was to swell the number of her conquests, and every new lover she beheld at her feet, added to the cup of her felicity.

Delilah lost no time in setting her cup at Scruton Balmanno, and as his temperament was like tinder, it is not strange that the sparks from the fair one's brilliant hazel eyes, soon raised a conflagration in the young preacher's heart. From the period of her advent the poor lad seemed to lose all reason and self-controul. Forgetful of the important ordeal which he was so soon to undergo, he suffered his books to remain unopened, and instead of manufacturing homilies he spent the precious hours in serenading his charmer with a fiddle, upon which instrument he was a tolerable proficient, and wandering with her "up hill and down brae"—as the old song hath it.

Matters were in this position when intimation was given one Friday afternoon to the two young preachers, that their time of trial was fixed for the ensuing Sunday. All the other aspirants after the living, had delivered their discourses, and as it was desirable that the vacancy should be filled up without delay, it was arranged that

Balmanno should hold forth in the morning, and McWhirter in the afternoon, and the election take place on the succeeding Monday.

This intelligence came like a thunder-clap upon the hitherto dreaming, but now thoroughly aroused Scruton! Having neglected his opportunity, he was as little fitted for the pending contest, as he was to square the circle; and a chill and profound gloom speedily enveloped the horizon of his hopes. Oh, how he cursed the facility with which he had given way to the song of the syren, and in his bitterness he grasped the now abominated violin, and hurled it from the window into the garden pertaining to the house!

After a season of reflection, however, Balmanno regretted the commission of this last mentioned gratuitously bootless deed. On former occasions of perplexity and depression he had often experienced solacement from the strains of his beloved Cremona, and he resolved to reclaim the exiled instrument, and seek once more its sedative offices.

Accordingly he left the apartment which constituted at once his study and dormitory, and pursued his way to the garden. Though the evening was mild and genial, it was somewhat dark, the moon being for the most part obscured by clouds which scudded athwart her pale and pensive visage.

During one of the brief intervals in which the face of night's queen was unveiled, Scruton discovered that his discarded fiddle, had found a haven in the branches of a densely leaved oak. Being a proficient in all athletic exercises, he proceeded to climb the tree, and in a few seconds the rescued lyre, (if I may so term it,) was safely secured in his bosom by his buttoned doublet.

Just as Balmanno was preparing to descend from his arborical elevation he heard the sound of approaching voices, and presently became cognizant that his rival and Delilah were contiguous to his hiding-place. Scruton detested the idea of playing the eaves-dropper, but what could he do? If he called out or made a noise, he felt that he would seriously alarm the gentle and sensitive maiden, and according he resolved, as the least of two evils, to remain in ambush till the pair had passed out of hearing.

Conceive, however, his perplexity when the promenaders stopped short at the oak, and seated themselves on a small bench, which was situated at its stem! The involuntary spy would freely have parted even with his newly-reclaimed violin to have been out of ear-shot, but there was no help for it—and the utmost that he could do was to strive to listen as little as possible to the colloquy, which he plainly saw was impending.

Ere many words had been enunciated, he became aware that he himself formed the leading topic of discourse, and the topic was handled in such a fashion, that his delicacy evaporated as speedily as a school-boy's sixpence does amidst the multiform blandishments of a pastry-cook's emporium.

"Dearest, adorable Delilah!" exclaimed Malcolm, enforcing his speech with a series of emphatic kisses upon the not unwilling mouth of the damsel, "dearest Delilah, I trust that by Monday evening I shall be in a condition to fix the mnch longed-for epoch of our nuptials. Balmanno was the only opposing candidate of whom I had any dread, and I think that you have effectually settled the poor fool's hash for him."

"I am glad," responded the designing minx, for such she now stood revealed—"that I have played my cards, so much to your satisfaction! At first I could not conceive the reason why you wished me to look so sweetly on the booby, but all is now plain as daylight. Did I not lead him a precious long dance away from books, pen, ink and paper?"

"Oh, you delicious, enchanting little witch!" cried Malcolm—"Venus herself never hoodwinked grim old Vulcan with greater skill or adroitness. The gudgeon swallowed the bait at once, and magnificently you played him when once the hook caught his credulous gills! So well did you enact your part, sweetest, that more than once I felt half inclined to be jealous, and shout out with Macbeth 'hold, enough!' Right certain am I, that the poor lad will not be able to hold a candle to me on Sunday. I have put forth all my skill upon the discourse which I have prepared, and, thanks to your roguish eyes, I do not believe that my opponent has so much as culled out a text!"

Here ensued a long protracted series of osculations and cognate endearments, at the termination of which the treacherous cousins arose, and passed on their devious way.

Scruton Balmanno, from whose lips I learned these particulars, often assured me, that for half-an-hour, or better, he sat in his oak as thoroughly paralysed as if he had been smitten by a thunderbolt. Up to the moment when the aforesaid revelations hissed upon his ear, he had been persuaded that the heart of Delilah Dunshunner was exclusively his own; and that thought had tended to cheer and comfort him amidst all his depression. Now, he felt as if nought was everything, and everything was nought. With ancient

Pistol he exclaimed, "Chaos is come again," and if his legs had boasted of those cinctures called by the unlearned garters, next morning's sun would have beheld him swinging a strangled corpse, from a limb of the parent of acorns!

After a season the miserable Scruton regained sufficient self-possession to enable him to act if not reflect. Abandoning his leafy perch he sought his chamber, and reached the same without his motions having been discovered. He seated himself in his studying-chair, and opening the nearest volume, which chanced to be Knox's "Counter-blast against the monstrous regimen of women,"—he essayed to read. Not one word, however, out of fifty could he manage to decypher. All the colours of the rainbow seemed dancing before his eyes; and there was a dirge—like ringing in his ears, as of a million chimes of funeral bells.

In process of time, however, Scruton, like the royal hunchback, became "himself again," and he called a general council of his wits, in order to determine what course should be pursued. Indignation voted that the traitors should be forthwith confronted, and taxed with their treason. Prudence and Shame were of different opinions. The latter suggested that, Delilah instead of experiencing compunction for her double dealing would rejoice, with the spite of little minds, to discover that she had had the power to vex and worry an admirer. Again, Prudence hinted, that by keeping the secret, the enemy might be thrown off their guard, and be led to betray themselves in some way or another, to the advantage of their victim. At the very worst, they could do no greater harm than they had already wrought, and their victim had the advantage of knowing the cards of his adversaries.

Whilst thus musing, Balmanno felt his eyes covered by ten fair, tapering fingers, and heard a dulcet voice simper forth "guess my name!" This was almost too much for aggravated flesh and blood to bear. For a few seconds the supposed dupe felt inclined to grasp the decoyer by the throat, and charge her with heartless, and infernal deceit. With a strong spasmodic effort, however, he contrived to restrain himself, and inviting Delilah to sit down, strove to converse in his wonted easy wooing style, as if nothing had intervened to chequer the current of their love. In this he was successful, infinitely beyond what he could have expected, and McWhirter chancing to come into the room, saluted his double-faced cousin with a covert wink, expressive at once of admiration at her adroitness, and contempt for the silly gull who was so easily led astray.

That evening, as Balmanno afterwards learned, Malcolm read over his well-digested sermon to Miss Dunshunner, who expressed her decided opinion that it was infinitely superior to anything which Dr. Blair (at that period the great standard of pulpit excellence) had ever produced. "All that you lack," said she, "is a little more freedom in the delivery, but that you will easily acquire by repeating over the discourse about two or three times more, before its final preachment!"

As the vacant parish was situated many miles from Aberdeen, it was agreed between the parties that they should jointly hire a post chaise, and proceed on Saturday to an Inn adjoining the Kirk in which the theological combat was to take place. Delilah having expressed an ardent desire to be present on the momentous occasion, was invited to take a seat in the vehicle, and the trio in due time reached their destination without let or hindrance.

Having partaken of an early supper the lady retired to rest, and the rival candidates were not long in seeking their respective chambers. Scruton determined to sit up all night to endeavour, if possible, even at the eleventh hour, to weave into a connected homily some detached notes which he had made. In vain, however, were all his efforts! The events of the preceding day had so pestilently distracted his brain, that the more he cogitated the more muddy and opacuous did his ideas become. Sheet after sheet of quarto paper did he head with the words of his intended text, but somehow or another he always stuck fast in the middle of the opening sentence. A more hopeless and dismal case of baffled mental parteurition never was witnessed on earth—if we may except that of Hogarth's Distressed Poet!

"This will never do!" exclaimed the hapless probationer. "I must try whether brandy will not afford me some aid!" Acting upon this resolution he sought the supper room, in order to procure the wished for cordial, and just as he was about to grasp the bottle, a crumpled letter, lying under the chair which had been occupied by Delilah, met his gaze. Justly deeming that no delicacy was due to such a personage, he made no scruple of perusing the document. It proved to be a communication from McWhirter to his inamorata, breaking to her the plot which was subsequently acted upon, and giving her full directions how to carry it into effect.

Though the epistle taught him nothing that he had not previously been aware of, there was some-

thing so sarcastically insulting in its diction, that it well nigh drove the reader frantic. His first impulse was to tear the infamous manuscript into a thousand fragments, but correctly judging that an evidence of the conspiracy might possibly come to be useful, he carefully folded it up, and deposited it in his pocket-book. Having done so he once more retired into his bed-room, and resumed his pen, but with no better success than before. His wits had gone a wool gathering, as they say, and resisted every attempt to fetch them home.

Whilst sitting in this distracted and unenviable frame of mind, Scruton was startled by the opening of the door of the chamber which he occupied. On looking up to learn the cause, he beheld his false friend Malcolm McWhirter, attired in nocturnal habiliments, stalk with a solemn and precise gait into the apartment. His right hand grasped a pocket Bible, and altogether he had the air of one who was preparing to perform public worship.

Balmanno was just on the eve of precognoscing his untimely visitor touching the meaning of this extraordinary intrusion, when, on regarding him a little more narrowly, he discovered that he was in a state of profound slumber! His eyes were wide open, it is true, but they were glassy and motionless; and it was abundantly patent that they communicated to their owner no information as to what was passing in the outer and real world. In fact Malcolm was plainly under the influence of somnambulism, and ignorant as a corpse of his company and his whereabouts.

After groping a while around the room, McWhirter lighted upon an old fashioned, high backed easy chair, which his mazed senses apparently metamorphosed into a pulpit. Stepping upon the cushion of this rest-engendering piece of furniture, he disposed his features into the expression of prim propriety becoming one who was about to address an expectant audience; and opening his Bible, gave out some five or six verses of a psalm. After waiting for a space sufficient for the singing of the selected stanzas, he proceeded to offer up a prayer, according to the use and wont of Presbyterian ministers. Scruton, who by this time had begun to pay anxious attention to the proceedings of the slumbering man, noted that the supplication was evidently composed with studious care, and from some of its expressions he came to the unavoidable conclusion that it had been prepared for the services of the ensuing Sunday. Allusions were made to the momentous choice which it had devolved upon his hearers to make, and a passing panegyric was bestowed upon the patron for his considerate liberality in permitting the sheep to select their own pastor.

The unconscious prelector then once more unfolded the pages of his Bible, and selecting a text, launched forth into the *mare magnum* of a thoroughly digested, and profoundly reasoning sermon, divided into more heads than there are hues in the rainbow, and garnished profusely with illustrations at once striking and apposite.

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In the morning Scruton Balmanno, and Delilah Dunshunner, were the only members of the trio who showed face at the breakfast table. Malcolm sent word that having passed a disturbed and unrefreshing night, he would take a slight refection in bed, and keep the house during the forenoon, the better to brace him for the agitating work he had to perform in the posterior part of the day. The lady, who confessed to a disorganization of her nervous system, trusted that Mr. Balmanno would not take it unkind, or deem it a slight, if she also remained at home to recruit herself, and nurse her cousin, instead of hearing his discourse, which she was perfectly convinced would be a masterpiece of perfect eloquence. Scruton, of course, could only regret the causes which went to deprive him of the presence of such a competent critic, assuring her that, in all probability, nothing he was about to advance would be novel to a lady so highly accomplished, and so deeply versed in theological literature. There was a twang and spice of sarcasm in the enunciation of these compliments, but accustomed as Miss Dunshunner was, to the honied language of flattery, she received them all as sterling coin, and as tribute to which she was intitled as a righteous matter of course.

By this time the jowing of the Kirk bell gave warning to Balmanno that it behoved him to be setting forth for the session-house, or vestry-room, as our prelatic brethren on the south side of the Tweed prefer to designate it.

Just as he was departing, McWhirter craved an audience of him, for the purpose of wishing him good speed in his endeavours to captivate the affections of the parishioners of Scunner-the-deil —such being the euphonious name of the vacant living. With a hyperbolical hypocrisy, which might have furnished stock in trade to a score of crocodiles, the traitor expressed a seemingly anxious hope that his dear friend would be enabled to smite the nail on the head, and come off with colours flying and drums beating! "Above all things," said the white-livered knave," I sincerely trust that you have committed your dis-

course to memory, because, from all accounts, the honest folk of Scunner-the-deil, cannot abide the idea of being lectured from black and white. In their estimation there is no heresy equal to that of preaching from the book, which according to their astute judgment is an evident sign and token of dumb-dogship! So deeply am I convinced of this, that in order to save myself from the temptation of referring to my notes in the pulpit, I, this morning, made an *auto da fe* of them, as you may perceive by that heap of ashes on the hearth stone!"

It is proper here to mention, that whilst the burning of the manuscript was an undoubted verity, the remainder of Malcolm's communication had but slender foundation in fact. He knew nothing about the predilections of the Scunner-the-deilites for oral, overread sermonization; and in reality the good people, as was generally the case at that period in this quarter of Scotland, had never been accustomed to *ex tempore* holdings forth. McWhirter's palpable object in trying to persuade his rival to preach without paper, was to secure his embarrassment, if not entire breaking down, in the ecclesiastical rostrum.

Balmanno briefly thanked his mentor for the advice tendered, but said that his memory was too treacherous to permit of his following it. "What I have written," quoth he—"I must read, though the consequences should be a loss of the unctuous prize for which we are both contending."

With an anxious and fluttering heart Scruton wended his way to the edifice where his fortunes were to be determined. It was a grim and ungainly structure, and having been built after the Revolution of 1688, presented very few features of architectural blandishment. There was a steeple, it is true, or rather I should say an overgrown belfry; but had it not been for this appendage a stranger might, without the imputation of irreverence, have characterised the temple as a barn!

In the session-house, the candidate found a conclave composed not merely of elders, but of the leading polemics of the parish. The spokesman of the assemblage was a little club-footed weaver, with small twinkling red eyes, who was evidently the lay oracle, so far as theological matters were concerned, of Scunner-the-deil. There was a restless activity in his long sharp nose, as if he were constantly engaged in smelling out something heterodox; and indeed his reputation was prodigious for unearthing, and running down an error in doctrine, however disguised it might be in the syrup of rhetoric!

This eminent "professor," who answered to the name of Boanerges Batter, took it upon him to give Balmanno a few words of advice, as the minister's man was adjusting his gown and bands. "'Ye maun ken sir," said he, "that next to soundness o' principles, the thing that we maist look to in this hitherto highly favoured parish, is originality! Nane o' us can thole ony thing in the shape o' a plagueurism (*plagiarism* it is to be presumed, the shuttle-compelling sage meant.) We opine that he who wad steal ideas, wad scruple little, on sufficient temptation, to pick pouches! Ane o' the candidates wha preceded you, might hae stood some chance o' being chosen, if he had na' borrowed a sappy sentence frae that incomparable master-piece o' divinity, "*A louping on stane, for heavy-bottomed believers!*" That backsliding sealed the lad's doom wi' me; and as my neighbours generally light their candles at my humble and unworthy lamp, he was unanimously cut off, root and branch, frae the leet!"

Thus premonished, Scruton was ushered into the pulpit, and the service commenced. Mr. Batter occupied a prominent position on the "Bench," which his rank of "Ruling Elder" entitled him to assume; and the probationer soon made the discovery that more eyes were fixed upon the gifted weaver than upon himself. During the progress of the sermon the congregation evidently hungered and thirsted to learn the opinion of Boanerges touching its merits, and by the expression of his countenance were their demonstrations of praise or censure regulated. If at the conclusion of a head the "professor" looked dubious, a general shaking of heads pervaded the throng, like a bed of willows agitated by a gust of wind. On the other hand, if a smile of commendation lighted up the visage of the critic, the church became vocal with laudatory hums, and the speaker was sufficiently certiorated that he had made a point.

It so chanced and eventuated that both the matter and manner of Scruton came up to Mr. Batter's standard of excellence. Ere the tenth division of the homily had been reached, the weaver had folded his arms, and fixed his eyes and nose upon the preacher, sure signs and tokens that his approbation was enlisted in his favour. As the discourse progressed, the eyes of the censor twinkled more brightly, and his proboscis vibrated with increased animation; and when the peroration had been delivered, the small man could not refrain from making a motion with his hand, as if he had been flourishing a

shuttle, under the impulse of an irresistible enthusiasm. The balance of the congregation, as a matter of course, sanctioned the verdict of their leader, and the sermon closed amidst a perfect hurricane of admiring and fully satisfied murmurs.

When the exhausted Scruton was unrobing, Boanerges rushed into the "Session House," and grasping him in his arms imprinted a warm, and highly onion-flavoured kiss, upon his somewhat coy lips. "Keep up your heart, my worthy friend!" exclaimed the fabricator of linen. "Keep up your heart, and fear not! Unless the man who is to preach in the afternoon be a second Boston or Peden, you will as certainly be minister of Scunner-the deil as you are now standing on that floor! A' the parish are singing your praises in the kirk-yard, and if it was na' the Sabbath day, I doubt not that they would be for carrying you to your lodging shoulder-high!" Here followed another thundering kiss, the very peculiar aroma of which lingered upon the palate of the recipient, till obliterated by a copious draught of Alloa ale.

Scruton having regained his hostel, found himself too much flurried and worn out to take part in the afternoon's services, and accordingly the now invigorated McWhirter, and the fair Delilah set forth at the appointed hour, *solus cum sola* for the kirk. The congregation was quite as numerous as it had been in the morning, and, conspicuous as ever, Boanerges, assumed his commanding perch, and settled himself into an attitude of austere and uncompromising attention. There was something in the expression of his notable nose, which seemed to warn the unconscious McWhirter, to look out for squalls. Any one conversant with its pantomine could interpret its twitchings to say—"Mind what you are about my lad. Its no ordinary judge under whose jurisdiction you are now placed! The head which I adorn contains as much divinity as the whole of the Presbytery put together; and if you make a slip woe betide you!"

Malcolm, fortunately for his peace of mind, was ignorant of the language of noses, and consequently the olfactory organ of the seraphic and transcendent Batter, produced no damaging effect upon his nervous system. With all the cool confidence of a veteran occupant of the pulpit, he commenced the customary solemnities, and seemed to feel as if the ball of triumph lay at his foot, to be propelled before him with slight and slender exertion.

At length, the preliminary services having been disposed of, the orator proceeded to enunciate the text which he was to open up, and enforce. No sooner had he read it, than the controversial weaver gave a start as emphatic, as if some one had inserted a darning-needle into the least heroic region of his person. As the speaker progressed the agitation of Boanerges increased, and when the divisions of the discourse had been proclaimed, he fairly stood up in his ecclesiastical eminence, rubbing his eyes, and biting his thumb as if to certiorate himself that he was not under the influence of a bewildering dream. The oracle communicated the infection of the disease —whatever it was to his clients—and a stranger entering into the kirk, and beholding the seemingly causeless turmoil which prevailed, would naturally have arrived at the conclusion, that a legion of demons had taken possession of the parishioners of Scunner-the-deil; and that the sooner they were removed to a receptacle for the demented, the better for themselves, and the community at large.

As for McWhirter, he had no hesitation in ascribing the phenomena to which we have alluded, to the overmastering effects of his own eloquence and vim. The more his hearers glowered at him, the greater did his animation become; and a half-suppressed yell of amazement which succeeded the concluding flight of elocutionary rockets, convinced him that he had produced an impression indelible beyond all precedent, and that the kirk, manse, and emoluments of the much desired parish of Scunner-the-deil, awaited the acceptance of the incomparable Malcolm McWhirter. * * * * * * *

At noon next day, according to previous announcement, the parishioners convened in the kirk, for the purpose of declaring upon whom their choice had fallen. The two candidates (for the claims of all preceding competitors had been ignored) occupied the minister's pew, and Delilah Dunshunner, looking red and pale by turns, and making frequent applications to her smelling-bottle, sat beside them.

As a matter of course, Boanerges Batter was appointed chairman, *nem con*, and after adjusting his spectacles, and solacing his unique nose with a profound pinch of snuff, he opened the business of the sederunt.

By way of preliminary, the profound manipulator of threads observed, that, as a matter of course, the suffrages of the meeting would fall to be given unanimously. They had heard a discourse in that place yesterday, which he would venture to assert had not its marrow in modern divinity. In proof of his averment he proceeded to recapitulate the various heads of

the composition, which had so strongly won his regards, and even went the length of quoting at large some of the more prominent and striking passages. Could any one, he asked, have the slightest hesitation in awarding the palm of victory to the preacher of that wonderful and never to be surpassed sermon?

During the delivery of this glowing panegyric, both the candidates concealed their faces in their handkerchiefs, and Miss Dunshunner edging herself close to Malcolm, gave his hand a stealthy, but most vigorous squeeze.

After a slight pause, Mr. Batter clearing his throat, and assuming a look of stern reprobation, thus delivered himself:—

"My friends and brethren, a painful but necessary duty still devolves upon me, and that is, to denounce with righteous indignation the graceless impostor, who yesterday had the case-hardened assurance to parade before you, without so much as a blush, the precious goods which he had stolen from a neighbor! There he sits as innocent-like as if fresh butter would not melt in his mouth! I trow that the stool of repentance is the only portion of this Kirk which he should occupy by rights!"

At this period of the weaver's fulmination, Malcolm gave Scruton a nudge with his elbow, and whispered him, in a tone of seeming kindness, and sympathy, to steal quietly out of the house. "You perceive," said he, "that the game is all up with you; and there is no use in enduring the vituperations of that conceited old ass. It is a pity that you cribbed your sermon, and that he had been familiar with the original, but there is no help for it now. Pray, retire, like a good fellow!"

Very laconic, and seemingly incomprehensible was the reply which the false-hearted comforter received. It thus ran: "Keep your own breath, Malcolm, to cool your own porridge! Credit me, you will require it all before the day is over!"

Batter, after another long and portentous pause, then exclaimed—"I suppose I speak a' your minds, my friends, when I proclaim that our undivided choice has fallen upon the Rev.——." Here a fit of coughing interrupted the proclamation of the verdict; but after a few seconds the words came thundering out with a vehemence which caused many a spider to tremble in the recesses of its murderous web—"The Reverend Scruton Balmanno!"

It is impossible to describe the scene which ensued. McWhirter, with a look of mingled rage, consternation, and measureless bewilderment, rushed up to the weaver, and insisted that there had been some hideous mistake. "The sermon from which you quoted," he shrieked out, "was my own honest composition, and I never purloined a sentence of it from living man!"

Balmanno did not lose his self-possession for a single moment. "Good people," said he, "there is a simple way of terminating this dispute. Here is the manuscript of the discourse which I delivered in your hearing yesterday; let my respected brother produce his manuscript, so that the two can be compared!"

The meeting at once decided that this was the rational course to follow in the circumstances; but I need hardly say that Malcolm McWhirter was unable to comply with the requisition. Every fragment of notes which he possessed had been incremated, as before mentioned, on the preceding morning!

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Scruton Balmanno died a D.D., and incumbent of the parish of Scunner-the-deil.

Shortly before his removal from this earthly scene, he communicated to me the secret of the affair, which I daresay you have guessed. When Malcolm, as previously mentioned, wandered into the apartment of his rival, he recited in his sleep the sermon which he purposed preaching on the following day. Scruton deeming (whether rightly or wrongly, I will not determine) that every stratagem was allowable against one who had treated him so shamefully, took the words down in short hand, as quickly as they were spoken; and by sitting up all night was enabled to have them fairly transcribed in full, before the hour of morning service.

McWhirter would fain have attempted to prove how matters really stood, but Scruton made him aware of the letter which had accidentally fallen into his possession. The checkmated conspirator was conscious that the publication of such a document would ruin him for ever, and accordingly he allowed sleeping dogs to lie, as the old proverb hath it!

Of course he never could obtain a parish after what had occurred, but through the influence of his old competitor, who pitied his condition, he was appointed preceptor of the school where we saw him to-day.

Touching Delilah Dunshunner. When she saw that Malcolm was laid upon his beam ends, she made violent love to Scruton. Meeting with no encouragement in this quarter, she, after various ups and downs, ran away with a strolling comedian, and on the stage played that double part which she had so often enacted off the same!

Boanerges Batter continued to admire his pastor to the end of the chapter. Often, however, has he been heard to observe, that "the Doctor, worthy man, never preached a sermon equal to his first!"

CITY LIFE FROM A NEW STAND-POINT.

Within the last few years, various aspects of London life have been presented to the readers of the periodical press. Authors of the highest standing have employed their pens on this subject; and the degradation of the lowest grades of the population has been described, and the dangers to the young and unsuspecting, arising therefrom, have been pointed out with an energy an earnestness becoming the magnitude of the evil. We have had descriptions of the deplorable condition of the poor needlewomen and tailors; we have been admitted into their wretched dwelling-places, and seen them plying their ceaseless avocations till the flesh was wasted from their bones, and the clothes from their backs. Under the sweating system, to such straits men have been reduced, that a whole shop has with difficulty managed to keep up a coat for common use; and the wearer of it for the time being was too frequently a messenger to gin-shops. Want, emaciation, filth, disease, debauchery, debility, death followed each other in sure and rapid succession. Is this a matter of wonder? Would that this were a state of things that we could say was associated with the evils of the past! It may be somewhat alleviated; it is not eradicated. Nor will it be, till Christian men and men of humanity become to be in greater earnestness in the work of social and moral reform.

We had witnessed a novel sight—that, namely, of an immense congregation of professed thieves coming together in compliance with the invitation of some benevolent individuals; and, when together, submitting to be catechised, that some idea might be formed of the depth to which they had fallen, and whether their moral natures were at all susceptible of any motive higher than the love of plunder, and the love of vicious indulgences. We have had in operation now for some years schools for the education and training of the children of the destitute poor, and for that large class of juvenile delinquents with which every city, but especially London, abounds; and who are either deserted by their parents or have been robbed of them by death.

Many persons, interested in the welfare of that portion of the population, have visited Ragged Schools, have attended their annual examinations, have read their printed reports, from the most benevolent motives, and with the closest attention; and yet they have failed to arrive at a true conception of their social and moral condition. They come forth from the squalid misery and rampant voice in which they are immersed; and, although one may judge of their filthiness, their poverty, their sculking meanness, or their studied cunning, when thus made to stand out from the dark moral picture, the depth and the darkness of that picture itself, we can neither fathom nor conceive. To know what city-life is, in this aspect of it, we must go somewhere else than to Ragged Schools, or meetings of juvenile delinquents; we must visit other scenes than the crowded street or the dingey alley. In fact, we must penetrate to their wretched dwelling-places; we must storm the haunts of crime and vice.

We shall go up—rather, we should say, *down*—against this enemy? Who shall throw themselves into this moral conflict? Who shall dive into the dens, or search the "cribs" of Clerkenwell, and return with an accurate description of these places of infamy, and all abominations? Hear what a London print said of this locality, some half-dozen years ago, but which is only a too true picture of it still:—

"Many of our readers are no doubt familiar with the densely-peopled, dirty, confused, huddled locality which stretches around the Middlesex Sessions House. Many of them have, we doubt not, been bewildered amid the dingy, swarming alleys, crowded with tattered, sodden-looking women, and hulking, unwashed men, clustering around the doors of low-browed public-houses, or seated by dingy, unwindowed shops, frowsy with piles of dusty, ricketty rubish, or reeking with the odour of coarse food; lumps of carrion-like meat simmering in greasy pans, and brown, crusty-looking morsels of fish, still gluey with the oil in which they had been fried. Many of our readers, we say, have probably congratulated themselves, with a cosy, self-satisfied shrug, as they emerged from these odoriferous haunts into the broad thoroughfare, where the shops do not look like dens, nor the passengers ruffians and sluts. In Clerkenwell, there is grovelling, starving poverty. In Clerkenwell, broods the darkness of utter ignorance. In its lanes and alleys, the lowest debauch, the coarsest enjoyment, the most infuriate passions, the most unrestrained vice, roar and riot. The keeper of the "*fence*" loves to set up business there, low public-houses abound where thieves drink and smoke—Jew receivers lurk at corners—brazen, ragged women scream and shout ribald repartees from window to window. The burglar has his "*crib*" in Clerkenwell—the pickpocket has his mart—the ragged Irish hodman vegetates in the filth of his three-pair back. It is the locality of dirt, and ignorance, and vice—the recesses whereof are known but to the disguised policeman, as he gropes his way up ricketty staircases towards the tracked housebreaker's den; or the poor,

shabby-genteel city missionary, as he kneels at midnight by the foul straw of some convulsed and dying outcast."

These are the men to do this work—the city missionaries. The term "shabby-genteel" is not a term of reproach; for it has been justly remarked, that men who are destitute of private means, in consequence of demands upon their charity not to be resisted, find it difficult, with a very limited income from the mission, to avoid a somewhat shabby appearance. And the stand-point from which *they* view city life is not only *new*, but it is also one which gives them every advantage in securing a just judgment, and enabling them to give an accurate description.

We shall draw a most interesting work, entitled, "Notes and Narratives of a Six Years' Mission, by R. W. Vanderkiste," in completing this paper. Mr. Vanderkiste was for six years engaged as an agent of the London City Mission, an institution of immense importance, which is in receipt of funds to the amount of £23,000 a-year, and which employs two hundred and forty-six missionaries, whose labours are brought to bear upon many of the most destitute and most miserble localities in the great metropolis. Here is an extract from a general description of Clerkenwell:—

"Formerly, a large portion of this district was called 'Jack Ketch's Warren,' from the fact of the number of persons who were hung at Newgate from the courts and alleys, especially at the period when £1 notes were in circulation, and forgeries were so common. Aged men, who were formerly watchmen in this locality, have described to me the desperate scenes which were formerly enacted. The disturbances which occurred were of so desperate a character, that from thirty to forty constables would be marched down with cutlasses, it being frequently impossible for officers to act in less numbers, or unarmed. The most extraordinary characters lived here. Those who have read the 'Newgate Calender,' may remember a notorious female footpad, who is described as living in Sharp's Alley. A woman also lived close by who was hung at Newgate, but lived for many years afterwards. She kept harbours for thieves and other bad characters for nearly twenty years subsequently. This person was condemned to death for passing forged £1 notes, and by some means managed to introduce a silver tube into the gullet. Prison regulations were at that period very lax. As many as ten, and even more, persons would be executed at Newgate at once, and the care which is now exercised was not taken then. She was delivered to her friends for burial immediately after the execution, and hurried home, where, after considerable difficulty, she was restored to life. But, as many thieves and old officers have informed me, most of the *old* gangs are broken up. The White Hart, in Turnmill Street, opposite Cock Court, formerly a noted house-of-call for footpads and highwaymen, has long ceased to be a public-house at all. Twenty and thirty years ago, a systematic confederation of all kinds of desperate persons existed in this neighbourhood, of which the present condition is a mere relic. The old system of parochial boards of watch was a mere farce. 'You see, sir,' said an old watchman to me, 'there aint no comparison between the old *charleys* and these new police.'

'"*Fortune-telling*" is an evidence of ignorance that prevails to a considerable extent, and is patronized not by any means alone by the lowest classes. He was acquainted with four fortune-tellers, who lived within the limits of a single street, and who appeared to be visited by persons of a character that would hardly be supposed to place confidence in such delusion.

"It is a great pleasure to be enabled to record the hopeful conversion of one of these fortune-tellers, Mrs. T———. When first I visited her, and reproved her for the wickedness of pretending to usurp the perogative of God, she constantly contended that there was no harm in it. 'It was an honest bit of bread,' she said, and made other excuses, all of which could not for one moment be entertained. On one occasion, another fortune-teller being present, I read the account of Elymas the sorcerer, and also of the damsel possessed with a spirit of divination, showing that the influence was infernal, and enlarging on the consequences. The younger fortune-teller could not bear this, and, jumping up, darted out of the place before I could attempt to stop her for prayer. Mrs. T——, who was an aged woman, always listened respectfully to my reading in the Scriptures, instructions, and prayers; and regarding her as one of my special cases, I had, up to the period of her decease, (about a year since,) paid more than ordinary attention to her case. At length the Word of God appeared to produce some effect, and she professed to feel herself a sinner; previously, she had always maintained the contrary. I told her it was useless to talk about repentance, unless she broke off her sins, and urged her to desist from 'fortune-telling.' She would not promise, she said. A favourite phrase with her was, 'I likes to speak my mind, and shall tell no lies.' After a further lapse of time, however, she professed to begin to feel the sinfulness of fortune-telling, through, as she said, 'my being always at her.' She, however, failed in her good resolution to practice this evil no more, several times, and admitted to me that she had so failed. 'It was for a bit of bread,' she said. 'What am I,' added she, 'but a poor old widow? Maybe I'll be sitting here, without a morsel of fire, or a bite or sup in the place, or a bit of 'bacca; (she smoked;) well,

just then the silly fools will come to have their fortunes told, to be sure, I suppose the devil sends them just then to tempt a poor old creature. But, please the Lord and the blessed Jesus you tell me about,' said she, clasping her hands, 'I'll wash my hands of it altogether, for there's no luck in it, and I see now, bless the Lord, *its wickedness.*' I had a strict watch kept upon Mrs. T——, and I have every reason to believe she kept her promise to the end of her life, under circumstances, too, of great temptation.

"The parish would not allow Mrs. T—— any *out-door* relief, and she declined going into the house, for the following reason. Her only son is a pedlar, and had been in the habit formerly of enacting the part of the '*Wild Indian*' at fairs. Some of my readers may possibly have seen the '*Wild Indian*,' surrounded by fairies, robbers, &c., in front of the shows at fairs, dancing a hornpipe in fetters. I have expostulated with my poor friends on the subject. I believe this man to be a strictly honest person. He returns to London for a day or two, from his peddling tours in the surrounding counties, about once in three weeks. The business is extremely bad, but he has always managed to pay his poor old mother's rent, and leave her a loaf of bread and one or two other necessaries, when he goes away; and Mrs. T——would say, 'I likes to keep a roof for him, and to see his face when he comes to London, if I am half-starved, so that he may not have to go to any of them low lodging-houses and bad places; for I'm his mother, you know, though he is sixty years old.' I must not dilate upon this case, but will just mention one circumstance, to show the altered condition of my poor old friend, whom I have a very good hope of meeting in a better world. Said she, 'I sees the benefit of praying now, Mr. Vandicum, and may the Lord Almighty bless you for coming to teach a poor old sinner; and I knows,' she said, 'my prayers is answered. You may believe me or believe me not, but the other day I was hungry and starving, I hadn't a bit of fire in the place, and I didn't expect *my* son home for weeks; but, as I sat at the door, very faint and low, I says, 'Oh! God Jesus Christ, I wish you would send my son home to his poor old mother;' and I kept on saying that 'ere, it seemed so strong on me, and, as I'm a living sinner,' said Mrs. T——(formerly, she *never* would own she was a sinner,) 'I looks up, and I'm blest, but if there wasn't Jim a-coming up the court. So he throws down his pack, and, says he, 'So I've come home, mother.'—'Yes,' says I, 'so I see.'—Says he, 'I shouldn't, but I've been thinking very much about you; but,' says he, 'I'm very hungry, so let's have some victuals as quick as you can."' Then followed an exact account of what my friend Jim sent out for, down to half an ounce of 'bacca. "And we sat down to a nice cup of tea and a good fire," said Mrs. T——, "and wasn't I thankful to the Almighty, for it was his doings, and Jim said the same."

"This was all Jim could do, to pay his mother's rent, and, when he came to town, leave her perhaps the value of eighteenpence; and a beggar-woman who lives close by, I have often found washing her out, as she expressed it, "a few bits of things because the poor old crittur couldn't,' and giving her a bit of bread sometimes, and a few tea-leaves she had collected now and then. Jim would, I believe, have supported his mother like a lady, but he had not the means.

"Had a person entered Mrs. T.'s little dark cell in B——Alley, in the corner, a little pallet would have been seen, which might have been mistaken for a stump bedstead, and, as a piece of cotton over it looked tolerably clean, it might have been said, as I once did, to Mrs. T——, 'I'm glad to see you sleep pretty comfortably.' It was winter-time, very keen, and she looked at me with surprise, and, after musing for a while, said, 'Well, you shall see; but,' added she, 'I don't make no complaint.' On her lifting up the piece of cotton and an old gown, I saw a little straw on an old shutter, and a few bricks supported this at each end. 'My bones,' said she, 'I'm so thin, gets very sore *a-laying* in winter, with scarcely any food—often none.' The wonder is she has not perished; as it was, there can be no question but that the distressing asthma from which she laboured was much increased for want of food, as such invalids require warmth internally and externally. The gnawings of hunger she relieved by 'a smoke of tobacco.' I should have felt very happy to support Mrs. T.——, but, surrounded constantly by a mass of six persons daily, whose complaints, by the admission of the parish doctor, as often required food as medicine, and by hundreds of persons in extreme destitution in addition, I could not do so.

"For several years previous to her decease, it was an immense toil to attend my meetings for prayer and exposition, although she lived close by. She walked a step, and stopped, her breathing being very bad, and, when she entered, was frequently obliged to be led to her seat, gasping for breath very painfully. 'But,' said she, 'if I *can* crawl, I like to come, for it's an hour's happiness to me—a little heaven.' I should suppose few persons who heard the impressive manner in which she would utter this, coupled with her remarkable appearance, would soon forget it.

"Being a woman of exceedingly strong mind, although totally uneducated, unable even to read a syllable, which she deeply lamented, saying, 'Oh! if I could read my bible!' I could add many other very interesting sayings of Mrs. T——to this brief narrative,

which I am sure would very much interest the pious reader, but must conclude her case. At last came that time which must come in the history of all, 'a time to die!'

"Jim did not at all like the idea of his mother being buried by the parish, but poverty prevented his being able to raise funds needful to bury her. Under such circumstances, some undertakers perform the last offices for the poor on condition of being paid at the rate of eighteenpence a-week; so he went to one of these tradesmen, and buried his mother, as he termed it, 'respectable.' Jim, the 'Wild Indian,' is only an occasional attendant on public worship; but I pray the careful burier of his mother may be himself buried with Christ in that baptism from which he shall rise a member of Christ, a child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven.

The condition of the humbler classes is most materially affected, both spiritually and temporally, by the want of education. Their ignorance is extreme on the subject of religion, many not even knowing the name of our blessed Saviour. This intelligent missionary calculated that not more than one sixth could read tolerably. Not only are these wretched creatures cursed and maddened by vice and misery; they are often pressed by want, and suffer the gnawings of hunger, and that sometimes when the parties are sober.

"On visiting one family in Frying-pan Alley I found the husband, who had long been out of work, gnawing something black, and inquired what it was; he appeared reluctant to explain, but, upon pressing the inquiry, said it was a bone he had picked off a dunghill, and charred in the fire, and was gnawing. What little fire they had, consisted of cinders picked off a dust-heap on his way to the chemical works at Mile End, in search of employment, where he had worked for many years, and was discharged on a reduction of hands taking place. I am not sure my eyes did not fill with tears. These people were *actually* starving; they had been without food for two days. I immediately gave them some money for food, which was instantly procured. Another poor man, known to me to be in extreme distress, was describing the effects of fasting for three days. "The *fust* day," said he, "'taint so *werry* bad, if you has a bit of 'bacca; the second day it's horrid, it is *sich* gnawing; the third day it aint so bad again, you feels sinkish-like, and werry faintish." This man is extremely industrious, and very sober. He is a gipsy.

A very large amount of temporal distress is attributable to indiscretion, and to sin. The following is an instance:—A young woman, named ——, was about eighteen years of age at the period referred to, and far from vulgar in appearance or demeanour. When first I visited her, she had an infant about six months old, and was endeavouring to support herself and child by shirt-work and shoe-binding. The poor creature was worn to the bone by hard work, starvation, and trouble. Only by extreme toil could she pay the partial rent of a room, and obtain a couple of scanty meals a-day—commonly a little bread and tea. She was in respectable service at the period she fell into temptation. Her child was exceedingly fractious, and would not sleep in the day, and *so* hindered her in her work, that she was almost starved. She wept on several occasions, and appeared wretched. Into what awful circumstances of temptation may one false step lead us! Illustrative of this, she told me on one occasion she had been dreadfully tempted. The child was so cross, she was prevented from working much in the day, and had to sit up in the night, hungry and cold, to stitch shirts and bind shoes, or she "could not get a bit of bread at all," and, "when I looked at that little thing," she said, "and thought how miserable and starved I was on account of it, and, if I hadn't it, I might be well fed, in a comfortable place, as I was before, I felt horribly tempted to destroy it, and it seemed," said the poor young creature, passing her hand over her forehead, "it seemed to come so strong upon me, I was almost doing it; when one night I dreamed I *had* done it, and the baby was lying dead in a little coffin. I felt dreadful, and I heard a voice say—it seemed like God—'Thou shalt do no murder.' Well," said she, "when I *woke* up, and found the child was not dead, and that I had not killed it, oh! how thankful I was! and I didn't have those horrid thoughts afterwards." The tears ran down the poor creature's wan cheeks, and she pressed the unconscious infant to her, with anything but the embrace of a murderess.

However painful it may be to contemplate the present state of things in many localities in our large towns and cities, yet it is hopeful to remark that the foot-prints of the missionary the ragged school teacher, the benevolent visitor among the destitute, are beginning to be perceptible, even in such localities as Clerkenwell, and among such a population as we have described; but, that the reader may have an adequate idea, both of the evil, and the effect of the remedy which Christian benevolence is applying, he must read such works as the one before us. How enormous is the evil! How inadequate is the remedy! Yet not in kind, only in degree; for there cannot be the shadow of a doubt, that Christian effort can alone meet this moral evil. And, surely, when Christian men, in all our cities, as well as in London, are brought to look it in the face, they will prepare themselves for the sacrifice and the efforts, which are indispensable to the effecting of this much needed reformation.

A TALE OF BRITTANY.

FROM THE FRENCH.—BY W. HAZLITT.

To prevent any misconception on the readers' part, we will tell them at once, that our hero, except in his piteous fate, had nothing in common with the hero of Pharsalia. On the contrary, he was a quiet, worthy creature, free from any taint of ambition; and would not have shed a single tear of jealousy, had he seen a dozen statues of Alexander of Macedon. He passed a guiltless and tranquil existence, scrupulously fulfilling the duties and practising the virtues befitting his social position.

The ancestors of Cæsar had for many generations served the noble house of Bazouge Kerhoat, one of the most ancient, exalted, and powerful in Brittany—the only Seigneurs, indeed, who could at all enter into comparison with M. de Bazouge in any of these respects, were those of Rieux and Rohan.

You might have sought about a very long time, before you found so fine a dog as Cæsar; for Cæsar was a dog. His portrait at full length, which adorns the dining-hall of the Château de Kerhoat, attests that he was a magnificent fellow; tall, broad-chested, firm, erect, and stately; one that would receive an attack with the firmness of a rock, or rush upon his enemy with the resistless impetuosity of the ocean wave. His coat was white, with chesnut spots; and though his nose was that of a mastiff, he had fine long ears, and soft, silky, curly hair falling from his back in glossy richness. He had at once the look of the wolf-hound, the mastiff, and the spaniel; but we are not sufficiently versed in canine physiology to pronounce of what particular breed he was an ornament. Around his neck glittered a slight brass collar, stamped with the arms of Bazouge, from which depended a small silver medal bearing the initials H. B., to indicate that Cæsar belonged, in especial property, to Mademoiselle Henriette de Bazouge.

In the year 1793, Cæsar was three years old.

At this period, the fine Château de Kerhoat no longer presented that aspect of life and happiness which but lately gladdened the hearts of its many guests in those joyous days, when M. de Bazouge kept open house during the session of the States of Brittany. Standing three leagues from Rennes, on the borders of the great forest of the same name, the noble Château on all these occasions, became the home of a large portion of the grandees who attended the sessions from the more distant parts of the province. Every evening the vast saloons were crowded with a gay and glittering throng. Thousands of rich crystals in the magnificent chandeliers cast their gorgeous rays over the elaborate carving of the ceiling and the wainscotted walls, over the splendid but now sombre frames of the family portraits, and over the glowing colours, so learnedly blended, of the armorial bearings. Then came the elegant suppers, whereat some cavalier just returned from Paris would recount the strange things that were passing there, and the gentlemen grew pale with anger, and the ladies were all astonishment that there should be a woman so lovely as Marie Antoinette, a man so ugly and yet so fascinating as M. de Mirabeau. After supper came the ball—the anti-revolutionary ball—with its dances so grave, so graceful, so gallant; so prince-like, so regal; so simple, yet so dignified; so characteristic a memory of the noble manners of the days of chivalry.

But now the crystals no longer glittered; the vast corridors were no longer crowded with gallant cavaliers, sweeping the floors with their white feathers and jewelled hats, as they handed along the ladies of their love; they and their fair dames were all gone. The festival and the dance no longer sent forth their joyous sounds; the halls were deserted and silent; the splendour all extinct, and if, in the silence of night, a light shone upon the austere faces of the old Seigneurs of Kerhoat on the dark canvass, it was a pale ray of the moon making its way furtively between the dusty fringes and the heavy curtains. Yet the Château itself remained just the same as ever, with its four high and massive towers rising proudly from the four corners, guarding, like sleepless sentinels, the symmetrical proportions of the main edifice. There still remained the immense range of stabling on the one side; and on the other, the offices, vast enough to lodge at their ease, a whole army of domestics. But the offices were altogether deserted; and in the vast solitude of the stables two horses shivered by themselves. An evil genius had hovered, with black wings, over Kerhoat, turning its joys into sorrow, its splendour and its power into nothingness.

Within the last two years, the present head of the house of Bazouge, an old man of eighty winters, had lost his four eldest sons—two of them on the Revolutionary scaffold—two of them in the army of Condé. His fifth son—the only child now remaining to him—was in arms for his king, in La Vendée. M. de Bazouge occupied the Château de Kerhoat, with his granddaughter. Hitherto, his advanced age, and the veneration in which he was held by his former vassals, had secured him from outrage at the hands of the Revolutionists. The peasants of Noyal-sur-Vilaine, and the foresters of Kerhoat, presented themselves respectfully before him, when, at distant intervals, leaning upon the arm of Henriette, the old Seigneur took the air in the park which once formed a portion of his domain. Some of the men ventured even to say to him, in an under tone, "God bless you, notre Monsieur;" while the women—whose moral cou-

rage is at all times, and under all circumstances, greater than that of men—openly saluted the young lady with a cordial, but deferential, "Good day, notre Mademoiselle." These, however, were the utmost marks of respect and sympathy which either men or women dared to display; they were but three leagues from Rennes, a city which, with but 25,000 souls, had no fewer than five guillotines, whose presence was quite sufficient to suggest prudence and caution to even the least prudent and the least cautious.

The only servants retained by M. de Bazouge were the gardener, and La Pierre, a brave and faithful adherent, whose father, grandfather, and great grandfather, had lived and died in the Château de Kerhoat.

Mademoiselle Henriette de Bazouge was a sweet girl of thirteen, whose naturally joyous countenance had been overshadowed with melancholy by the heavy misfortunes which had, in the last two years, nearly extinguished her race. She surrounded her grandfather with the most unceasing and respectful attentions. In the morning, when M. de Bazouge awoke, the first object that met his eyes was Henriette. She would read to him by the hour together; and when the sad memory of the past brought a cloud more sombre than usual over the old man's face, she would kneel by his side, and sing gentle songs, whose melody would gradually dispel the bitterness at his heart, as the morning frost melts away before the sun of May. Placing both his hands upon her noble brow, M. de Bazouge would then smoothe down the flowing curls of her fair hair, and kiss and bless her, offering up to Heaven a fervent thanksgiving, that at least this angelic being remained to him, to console the closing hours of his life.

Every evening the old man and the young girl knelt down, side by side, and prayed; the one for his four sons, martyrs in what they deemed the holiest of holy causes, and for the son who lived but to offer himself up as a sacrifice whenever the same great cause should require it; the other, for her father. When the prayer was finished, the old man, still kneeling, would cry aloud, his sword-hand raised on high, his eye glowing with loyal fervour, "God save the King!" and the low, sweet voice of Henriette repeated, "God save the King!"—the same cry that, perhaps, at that very moment the dying lips of the last male Bazouge were gasping forth on some distant battle-field in La Vendée.

All this while, Cæsar lay stretched out at full length in a corner of the apartment; his grey eyes fixed, beaming with devoted affection, upon his young mistress. When, perchance, her glance fell upon him, he would half rise up, stretch out his legs, and joyously draw in a long breath. All day long, he scarcely ever lost sight of her; and at night, when she retired to her chamber, he lay across the door outside, after the fashion of the Gentlemen of the Bedchamber of the ancient kings of Portugal.

Whenever Henriette put her foot out of the Château, Cæsar bounded round and round her in an ecstacy of delight. Then he would dash off like lightning down one garden walk, and up another, leaping over the great flower beds, and, tearing back to his mistress, bound round and round her again, and stick his nose in the gravel at her feet, and roll over and over on the grass, and go through a thousand antics, to express his enormous happiness. M. de Bazouge he loved; but Henriette he worshipped. At a single word from her he would have quitted his bone, though never so hungry; nay, we are not sure that, under her influence, he wouldn't even have consented to sign a treaty of peace with the great tom-cat that was wont to insult him from the roof of the stables, and against whom he had an hereditary *vendetta.*

At one corner of the home park of Kerhoat, there was a little hermitage, where, by some chance or other, the crucifix had been allowed to remain standing. To this spot Henriette daily directed her steps, when her grandfather was reading or taking his siesta; and the most important duty with which Cæsar was charged was the escorting his mistress on these little excursions. As soon as he saw her turn the key of the garden door, his manner altogether changed; his pace became slow, his deportment grave and serious, as though he was fully impressed with the weighty responsibility that attached to him. It was a responsibility, however, to which he was by no means inadequate; he had a piercing eye, a powerful frame, and a set of teeth strong enough to exterminate the largest wolf that might present itself. Unhappily the wild beasts at that time infesting France were far more numerous and far more mischievous than wolves.

One day La Pierre returned from Noyal with alarm strongly depicted on his countenance. He had learned that the Revolutionary authorities at Rennes were annoyed with themselves for having left so near them, alive and in peace, an old Royalist Nobleman, who had to his own share more titles than half the States put together. Accordingly, the District Representative was, current report said, about to make a descent upon the Château de Kerhoat. M. de Bazouge received this intelligence like a Christian and a soldier; though, when he looked at Henriette, his eyes involuntarily filled with tears. She was so young, so good, so beautiful; at her birth so brilliant and joyous a destiny seemed to open before her! Around her cradle, the assembled family predicted for her some illustrious alliance, a splendid and happy career. Alas! that family was now all but extinct, and the

jaws of death seemed to yawn for the survivors!

"God's will be done!" murmured M. de Bazouge, wiping away a forbidden tear. "Long live the King!" he exclaimed, resuming all his firmness.

"Long live the King!" repeated Henriette.

"Long live the King!" echoed a deep, grave voice, behind them.

Cæsar leaped with transport towards the new comer, a man of lofty height, whose face was concealed by the broad brim of his hat, which bore a white cockade, while his person was enveloped in a vast cloak. He paused at the threshold.

"Who art thou?" demanded the Seigneur de Bazouge.

The stranger, after patting Cæsar on the head, as if to thank him for his good reception, threw off his hat and cloak.

"My father!" "My child!" exclaimed, with one voice, Henriette and her grandsire.

And, pressing those loved beings to his breast, he, whom they thus addressed, repeated, "My father!" "My child!"

It was the last male heir of the Bazouge of Kerhoat—Henry, Viscount of Plenars. He came from the neighbourhood of Baupreau, where he had left the division which he commanded in the Royal and Catholic Army. His boots were covered with dust, his spurs with blood.

When his joy had somewhat calmed, the old man, while his son was pressing Henriette again and again to his heart, fell into a sombre reverie. At length, "Henry," he said, "what may I judge from this sudden return? Is the war at an end? Is there no corner of France left, in which we can still plant our standard?"

The Viscount pointed to his cockade. "Sir," he replied, "my brothers died as it became your sons to die. I trust I shall not dishonour them or you. When the white flag falls, I shall fall with it. The war will never be at an end while there remains a son of Bazouge Kerhoat to strike a blow for his king!"

M. de Bazouge took the hand of his son, and wrung it with passionate earnestness.

"Oh!" he cried, "could I but——"

"Sir," interrupted the Viscount, "there would then be one heroic soldier the more in the Royal army; but our poor Henriette would be left alone in the world. Ah, my father, how lovely she is! How like her sainted mother!"

The memory of her they had lost, brought tears into the eyes of Henriette and her grandfather, and threw a cloud of deep sadness over the features of the haughty and hardy soldier. Throwing off the impression by a strong effort, the Viscount drew his father aside, and explained the cause of his coming. The rigorous measures adopted by the Republican authorities were becoming day by day more severe throughout France against the favorers of Royalty; and the Viscount taking advantage of a temporary check which his division had given to the enemy, had hastened to Kerhoat for the purpose of inducing his father to fly with Henriette to England while there was yet time.

"I ask it of you, sir," he urged, "not for your own sake—I know your great soul too well—but for the sake of this poor child, who is now our only joy, our only hope? You will not refuse to save her life?"

M. de Bazouge at first peremptorily rejected the idea of flight. Too old for active service, he yet wished to brave the coming danger in the house of his ancestors; but his passionate love for his grand-daughter prevailed.

"Well, my child," he at length said, "I will for once turn my back upon my enemies; but it is that thou mayest live, that thou mayest live for happier days."

The Viscount had already taken the measures he deemed necessary. He had sent a trusty messenger to Granville to prepare shipping, and his own immediate followers, faithful adherents of the House of Bazouge, who had accompanied him to the Royal army, waited in the forest, close by, to serve as an escort for the fugitives. It was arranged that they should quit the Château the same night, and, meantime, in order to avoid all risk of suspicion, the Viscount returned to his followers. La Pierre immediately set about the welcome task of preparing the travelling carriage.

Be as brave as you may, at the age of Henriette, at all events, you cannot look death in the face without a shudder. When she heard of the escape prepared for her from the threatened danger, she was full of joy. Yet, the moment after, a secret anguish came upon her, at the reflection that she was about to quit, perhaps for ever, the beloved home, in which she had passed so many happy years. She ran to bid adieu to each well-known spot throughout the Château, followed by Cæsar, who seemed to comprehend and share in her varying feelings. Then she went into the garden and gathered a bouquet, so that she might, for a long time to come, preserve, in a foreign land, in the land of exile, the sweet flowers of Kerhoat, even when they should have faded, like her fortunes. As the hour of separation approached, everything around her assumed a double charm. The old Château grew more noble, more venerable, than ever; the garden more delicious, with its symmetrically ranged rich flower beds, and meandering shrubberies; and the oaks which overlooked the garden walls waved to and fro their massive foliage more gracefully and proudly.

Nothing in this world seems so charming as that which we are about to lose, except, perhaps, that which we have already lost.

As the evening was closing in, Henriette

felt a strong impulse once more to kneel before the crucifix at the little hermitage. Traversing the park under the protection of Cæsar, she soon reached the desired spot—a hillock which overlooked the country towards Rennes. When she had offered up her devotions Henriette seated herself upon the grass and fell into a mournful reverie. Cæsar lay at full length by her side. His eyes were half closed to avoid a ray of the setting sun, which, making its way through the foliage, teasingly played among his eyelashes. He seemed half asleep.

All at once, he started up and uttered a low growl. His head firmly set on high and his body stretched out, his great eyes became fixed in the direction of Noyal. Henriette followed that indication, and turned pale. On the road from Noyal, four men on horseback were rapidly advancing, and she recognised the dreaded uniform of the Republic.

She rose, and quick as her trembling limbs would bear her, hastened to the Château. Cæsar paused for an instant, to send a bark of fierce defiance at the distant horsemen, a challenge that was immediately answered by a great blood-hound whom one of the soldiers had in a leash.

At Kerhoat, as in all the old Châteaus, there were some hiding places, known only to the Seigneur and his family. Henriette had the advantage of the Republicans by a full quarter of an hour, which gave her time to conquer the scruples of her grandfather, and induce him to take refuge in one of these secret chambers, after he had put on his uniform, and hung round his neck the orders he had received from his Sovereign. This was a point the old man insisted upon; if he were discovered, let him, at all events, not die in undress.

Cæsar stretched himself across the invisible door at the chamber of refuge.

A few moments after the retreat had been effected, three soldiers, under the command of the Republican Representative at Rennes, presented themselves at the gate of the Château, and were admitted, as need was, by La Pierre, who had heard nothing about their approach, and who was immediately made a prisoner.

"Where's thy master?" demanded the leader of the party.

"At Guernsey," replied La Pierre, without hesitation.

The visitants made wry faces at this intimation, but their countenances cleared up when they saw the travelling carriage in a corner of the court-yard.

"Miserable traitor!" exclaimed the Representative, "thou hast lied to the Republic! Dismount, citizens: bind that scoundrel to some sure place, and let us examine this hotbed of aristocrats."

La Pierre was fastened to an iron ring in the stable wall. The Representative then let loose the bloodhound.

"Hi, Rustand! look out, good dog. To 'em! to 'em!"

The animal, long trained to the chase of men, dashed up to the grand staircase, filling the Château with his loud baying. His masters followed him.

Meantime, La Pierre made every effort to release himself, but the fellows had bound him mercilessly, and he made but slow progress.

"If I were but free," said he to himself, "I would go and fetch M. le Vicomte, and these rascals would soon have sport on their hands."

But he was not free yet.

The Representative soon lost sight of the dog in the interminable corridors of the first story, but still followed him, guided by his voice, urging him on with those terms of the chace which were so hideously appropriate to the abominable sport in which they were engaged.

The secret chamber stood in the second story, and opened from an apartment in ordinary use. When the bloodhound, led by his unerring scent, entered the room, the door of which had been left open, Cæsar immediately rose, and the two dogs stood face to face.

They were both fine animals, full of courage, strength, and activity. The bloodhound shewed his formidable range of white sharp teeth, but Cæsar did not draw back an inch.

"Hold on, Rustand; to 'em, good dog!" exclaimed the Representative, from the staircase.

The bloodhound made a fierce rush at his adversary; Cæsar skillfully avoided him, and then, turning short round, caught him full by the throat. The victim struggled convulsively for a minute, uttered a subdued growl, stiffened out, and was motionless. Cæsar let him fall, and returned quickly to his post. The bloodhound was dead.

"Where on earth is Rustand?" impatiently cried the Representative, in the corridor; "I don't hear him now. Hi, Rustand! On 'em, my beauty!"

Rustand was by no means in a condition to make an answer. The Representative fumed terribly; and to complete his annoyance, he saw, through a window in the corridor, La Pierre, at last disengaged from his bonds, throw himself on one of the horses, and dash off at full gallop.

"This is getting unpleasant," muttered the man-hunter.

Guided thus far, however, by the voice of his hound, he felt convinced that the game was not far off; and, after some ten minutes' research in the various apartments which opened from the corridor, the party found themselves standing before the dead body of

their dog; while, from the other extremity of the chamber Cæsar lay glaring at them with flaming eyes.

"We have them, citizens!" exclaimed the Representative, taking, at the same time, the precaution to retire behind his men. "This monster has assassinated Rustand, to whose *manes* let me render the justice to say, that he died in the service of his country. The monster's master is not far off; sound the wall; we shall soon hit upon the badger's hole."

One of the soldiers advanced, not without a look of serious apprehension at Cæsar, who lay breathing thick and short, his body touching the ground, his limbs all in nervous tension, his hair bristling, and his eyes on fire. The soldier had hardly put forth his hand, to sound the wall, when he was felled to the ground as he had been a child, and in an instant Cæsar had resumed his position.

"Fire at this monster, defenders of your country!" roared the Representative.

The soldiers presented their carbines, but at that moment the door of the secret apartment turned on its hinges, and M. de Bazouge, with his granddaughter stepped into the room. Seeing that discovery was inevitable, he came forth to meet his fate. His tall figure was drawn up to its full height; his noble features expressed majesty and command; his unsheathed sword was in his hand.

The soldiers drew back with an involuntary gesture of respect. Their leader, when he saw how old a man he had to deal with, plucked up courage, and advanced with an insolent air.

"Good day, Citizen! I am happy to find thee at last. Our people down yonder have a few words to exchange with thee. Thou art, I believe, the Citizen Bazouge?"

The old man replied, in a grave and lofty tone, "I am Yves de Bazouge Kerhoat, Marquis de Bouex, Count de Noyal, Baron de Landevy, Seigneur de Plechastel, Kerney, and other places, Knight of several orders, Lieutenant-General in the service of his Majesty."

"That will do, Citizen," interrupted the Representative with a grin; "there's ten times more than enough to settle thy business. Meantime, hand over thy old rapier, citizen Marquis."

"Come and take it," said M. de Bazouge, throwing himself resolutely into an attitude of defence.

The Representative, secure of an easy victory, drew his sword, and made a pass at the old man, who parried it feebly. Henriette, more dead than alive, threw herself forward to turn aside a second thrust, but Cæsar had anticipated her, and rushing upon his master's antagonist, received the weapon full in his breast.

"Mercy!" piteously cried the poor girl.

The Representative gave no other reply than a diabolical chuckle, and raised his arm to strike.

"Long live the King!" exclaimed M. de Bazouge, resuming his guard.

"Long live the King!" echoed that deep voice which we have already heard.

The Representative's sword, which was at the old man's breast, fell from his grasp. He turned round aghast, and received his death-wound from the hand of La Pierre, who, with the Viscount and six men armed to the teeth, had entered the room. In an instant, the three Republicans, who offered no resistance, were seized and strongly bound with the cords they had brought for others.

"And now, *en route*," said the Viscount.

The travelling carriage was instantly got out and the horses put to. M. de Bazouge entered first; Henriette was about to follow, when she felt her dress pulled, and, turning round, she saw Cæsar at her feet, who, bleeding and dying with a look of concentrated affection, seemed to implore a last caress. In the hurry and excitement of the moment he had been lost sight of, but he had followed them down into the courtyard unperceived—a track of blood marking his agonising progress. When she looked upon him, Henriette felt as though her heart was cloven. She knelt down, and, with an anguish too deep for tears or utterance, kissed the bloody forehead of her dying friend. Cæsar's eye gleamed with a momentary lustre; he essayed to rise, but in vain; then uttering a low murmur of content and happiness, he licked her hand and died. Henriette fell senseless into the arms of her father, who lifted her into the carriage.

M. de Bazouge reached the shores of England in safety. When happier days shone upon France, Henriette, now alone in the world, returned thither to resume her heritage. The memory of her noble dog had never departed from her; and it was her first care to have his story painted, by the greatest artist France then boasted. The picture occupies a prominent position in the Dining Hall of Kerhoat, and to every visitor, the old La Pierre, with glowing tongue and tearful eye, would tell how Cæsar conquered in single combat a bloodhound of the Convention, and was, like his Imperial namesake, assassinated by a Republican.

An auctioneer was lately selling a plot of land for agricultural purposes. "Gentlemen," said he, "this is the most delightful land. It is the easiest land to cultivate in the whole county—it's so light—so very light. Mr Parker here will corroborate my statement; he owns the next patch, and he will tell you how easy it is worked." "Yes, gentlemen," said Mr. Parker, "it is very easy to work it, but it's a plaguey sight easier to gather the crops."

WINTER'S WILD FLOWERS.

'Tis dark and dreary winter-time,
The snow is on the ground ;
No roses trail, no woodbines climb,
No poppies flaunt around.
The earth is hard, the trees are bare,
The frozen robin drops;
The wind is whistling everywhere,—
The crystal brooklet stops;
But I have found a grassy mound,
A green and sheltered spot,
And there peeps up a primrose cup,
With blue "Forget-me-not."
Oh! great to me the joy to see
The spring-buds opening now,
To find the leaves that May-day weaves
On old December's brow.
They say the world does much to make
The heart a frosted thing,—
That selfish age will kill and break
The garlands of our spring,—
That stark and cold we wail and sigh
When wintry snows begin,—
That all Hope's lovely blossoms die,
And chilling winds set in.
But let me pray, that come what may
To desolate this breast,
Some wild flower's bloom will yet illume,
And be its angel guest;
For who would live when Life could give
No feeling touched with youth,—
No May-day gleams to light with dreams
December's freezing truth?

A BATTLE FOR LIFE AND DEATH.

A STORY IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

I.—THE OLD POACHER.

"It's a cruel cold night," said old Joe Crouch, stepping out from his cottage-door, and glancing up to the sky, across which the clouds were scudding furiously,—"it's a cruel cold night, but it will do."

"Ay," said his companion, "cold indeed, but needs must, else there's short commons for us, you know."

"True," said Joe, buttoning up his old velveteen shooting-jacket, "and Christmas is close at hand, when the great folks in Lunnon must have their game. Matthew tells me he must have a score brace at least by the morning's coach. So, we'll try and fit him if we can."

And the two strode away together into the dark night, down the back paddock, past the lane-end, and hastily over the stile into the shelter of the coppice which skirted the village farm-yard. The loud barking of a dog close at hand here startled them; it had been roused by the crackling of some sticks over which the men had trod, aud perhaps by the suppressed conversation of these wanderers of the night.

"There is no danger in that dog, is there?" asked the younger of the two. "You know this is new ground to me, and I don't know the beat yet."

"Danger! pshaw!" said Joe, "who thinks of that when they go a-poachin'? But no; it's only farmer Brown's whelp. It'll do me no harm, nor would farmer Brown either. He knows his best friends."

"Best friends. What do you mean?"

"Why, poachers to be sure! Talk about farmers' friends,—there's none of them all to be compared wi' us. There's many on 'em would be clean eaten up out of house and home but for us. It costs the farmer more to keep a couple of landlords' pheasants than it does to keep a baby of his own. And half-a-dozen hares eat up more green crop in a year than would find silks and satins for his wife and daughters. Well, then, aren't we the real farmers' friends if we help to rid him of such like varmin?"

"Lawks, Joe! To hear you talk, one 'ud think we were real blessings to the country."

"To the farmers we are—I mean it as I say it. But for us, farmer Brown there were a pauper. I know well enough what it is to be eaten up by game. I bin eaten up myself."

"What? you, Joe! How was that?"

"How was that? I'll tell you soon enough. You are but strange to this part, or you would know, what most folks hereabout knows well enough, that I was a farmer i' my younger days, as my forefathers were before me for hundreds of years back. Farmers in a small way, it's true; still, like them, I got on well enough, and managed to make the ends meet,—sometimes even to lay by a little matter against a rainy day. Well, things went on bravely,—I married, as my father did before me, and saw a young family rising up about my hearth-stone. Little did I think the time would ever come, when I, an old man, should have to steal out at night like this, and go a-poaching for a bit of bread."

"But who did it all, how did it come about?"

"I'll tell you, quick enough. You see our old landlord died—a kindly man, who acted as a sort of father among his tenants, and would never disturb any of the old families—he called them "his people,"—and would neither see them wronged, nor suffer, if he could help it. But who should succeed him when he died, but a harumscarum youth,—a nephew, or some sort of distant relation, whom we had never before seen, and who knew nothing about any of us. He was a regular tearer, you may be sure. He had always about him a crew of swearing fellows, who rode break-neck through the country after foxes, or were drinking and carousing up at the Hall. One of the first things he did was to bring down a lot of keepers to preserve the game all about, which he said had been "demnibly neglected." So preserves were formed round our farms, and we had

soon birds and beasts enough of all sorts running about eating up our crops.

"I was horribly nettled at this," continued Joe, "I can tell you—but what could I do? I complained, but was called a fool for my pains, and told that 'the game must be preserved.' I stood it for a year or two, till at last the hares and the pheasants got so rife, that scarce a green thing could rise above ground ere it was eaten clean off. The hares ran thick under every hedgerow, rabbits burrowed in the fields, and pheasants and wood-pigeons ate up the beans and peas before they were ripe. Flesh and blood could stand this no longer! I saw that I was but employing myself in growing food for the landlord's vermin. At the end of a few years I hadn't a crop that would produce half the rent. Michaelmas came, when the rent must be paid; and the new landlord's steward (an attorney) was a severe man, and would not be put off with excuses as the old lord sometimes had been. But I claimed compensation for the damage done by the game. The scoundrel laughed in my face, and told me that 'if I didn't like the farm I might leave it.' But my roots had struck there. What! leave the place where I had been born and bred! They didn't know what a farmer's heart is made of, who think to flit him about like a milch cow or a cart-horse. But he returned £5 of the rent, saying he didn't mind being 'generous on this occasion, but remember it wasn't to occur again." Five pounds of damage was but a flea-bite to what I suffered. It makes me mad yet, the bare thought of it."

And the old man walked on, brushing through amidst the boughs of the wood, and seeming to be more occupied with his inward thoughts than with the business he had now more immediately in hand.

"Aren't we somewhere about the west cover now, Joe? There across the patch of common—isn't that the place?"

"You are right, Jim, and now get that net from off your shoulder and have it sorted out ready for a plant. But here is a spot down here in a swampy place where I have taken a woodcock before. Come hither, and I'll show you how we set a springe in these parts."

The old man led the way to the left, towards a part of the wood through which a streamlet ran, its little banks fringed by osiers, sedges, and tall grass. Taking his knife from his pocket, he proceeded to cut down a tall willow rod, which he stuck firmly into the ground, at a place which he knew to be a familiar woodcock run. On the other side of the run he fixed a peg, so as to project only a few inches above the surface. To this he fastened a slight stick, about a foot long, attached loosely with a tough string, like the swingel of a flail to its hand-staff. Then he took another branch of willow, which he bent into an arch, and drove both ends into the soft ground to a considerable depth on the other side of the run, near to the tall upright wand.

"What an odd machine is this to catch woodcocks," said the younger man, laughing. "Why in our parts we do it all by the trap."

"That may be," said the older man, "but your trap is not more certain than this machine—queer though it be You shall see."

He had now fixed a string to the top of the long upright wand, the end of which he formed into a large running noose; while about half-way down, he tied by its middle another piece of stick about six inches long. The long willow was then bent downwards, when one end of the little stick was passed under the arch, and the other paced against a notch at the end of the stick fastened at the other side of the run, across which it now lay, two or three inches from the ground, and supporting the noose.

"Now," said the old man, as he placed the end of the little stick in the notch, "there is the trigger full cock, and when the hare or the woodcock's breast touches it, the game is ours! But let us go—there is a cloud across the moon now,—so let us pass the common quick, in case the crushers should be abroad."

The pair emerged from the thicket, and entered upon a piece of common covered with thick patches of gorse, from out of which hares and rabbits sprang at the sound of their tread, and an occasonal bird flew up on rapid wing. The younger man had once lifted his gun, and cocked it, as if unable to resist the temptation of a shot, but the old man's quick ear heard the click of the trigger, and restrained him by an impatient movement.

"Hold, Bill! Are you mad! Not a shot yet—else you quite spoil our night's work."

"Well, go on. I couldn't help it, Joe. See these hares—such a shot! But I won't. See I've made the gun right now," said he, uncocking his piece, and slinging it under his arm as before.

It was a desperately cold night—raw and gusty. The ground was wet underfoot, and from the charged clouds over-head, which swept across the moon, now in her first quarter, rain or snow seemed to be impending.

"I say, Joe, it's no fun, this," observed the younger man; "if these sporting coves had to get their game at midnight, through mud and mire, they'd think less of it. I suppose they'd leave it all for us to get then?"

"Ay," said Joe, bitterly, "and then farmers mightn't have their varmin to keep. As it is, they make the farmers pay for their sports, and dearly too!"

"You haven't yet told me the rest of your story. How did you come on?"

"It's too long, and it's too sad The short and the long of it is—I was ruined outright by the game. I could stand it no longer. I determined to destroy my destroyers; but I

had to do it secretly. I destroyed nests of eggs—partridges and pheasants—wherever I could find them. Sportsmen may call this cruel and despicable; but I saw no more harm in it than in destroying rats or sparrows. I got a prime Scotch terrier, that set to work on the rabbits with a will. He would bring in half a-dozen in a day. But the keeper discovered him hunting, and shot him on the spot. I found they began to suspect me; but I went on killing. I did not hesitate to bring down a pheasant with my gun when it came within reach; and the brutes had grown so tame that they would come flying from the coverts in troops, and light in my meagre barn-yard, picking at my stacks as tame as poultry,

"One day I saw a covey on the hedge, feeding in my stubble. I fired; and a bird fell. I leapt the hedge to pick it up, and a keeper sprang up close at hand—he had been on the spy, I afterwards learnt. 'Halo farmer,' said he, 'I've caught you at last, have I? Lay down the bird and come with me.' He seized me by the collar. 'Unhand me this instant,' said I. He held on. I sprang from his grasp, and felled him to the ground. He rose, with the blood streaming from his mouth, and turned away with a curse. 'You shall answer to the squire for this,' said he. 'I defy him,' was my answer; 'he has already ruined me, and done his worst.' But I was mistaken. I did not know the horrible power these game lords wield through the cursed laws which they themselves make, as well as administer.

"I was summoned before the magistrate; the two who sat on the bench were both game preservers,—poulterers on an extensive scale. They fined me under one of their Acts for destroying the pheasant, and under another of their acts for sporting without a license. I found my landlord and his attorney had been working against me in the back-ground. In addition, they got the tax-surveyor to surcharge me for a certificate. They sent me from that Court—infamously called a Court of Justice!—with a black speck upon my heart. These men do not know what a devil they plant in many strong men's minds, by the abominable tyranny of these game laws. But here we are, at the spot I told you of! Off with your net!"

It was a dense cover that they had now reached, at the skirt of the piece of gorse-covered common which they had just passed; and the pair now proceeded to make their preparations at an opening of the wood. Shaking loose the light net which the younger of the two men had carried across his shoulders, they proceeded to sling it across the opening in the wood which we have just alluded to. The youth climbed the trees on either side, and attached the upper corners of the net firmly to the branches, so that it hung suspended directly across the opening. The old man meanwhile had pegged down the lower edge of the net, so that all birds or hares running against it while wandering in search of food during the night, must inevitably be caught in its meshes. The two then proceeded into the deeper recesses of the wood.

"They call that assassination—these sportsmen," said the old man, pointing back with his thumb towards the extended net; "but did you ever see a batter (*battue*)? That I call wholesale murder. And yet it is their crack sport. I had once some fifty of these gentry striding over my winter's wheat, which they worked into a puddle, killing and slaughtering pheasants and hares; while such as I, who saw their year's profits destroyed by this 'sport,' could only look on and groan."

"Ah! tell me now, what was the end of that affair of the farm?"

"The end? Why, it's easy to see. I was ruined; and then I turned poacher. I was expelled my holding, my stock was sold to pay the rent; and I was a beggar, with a beggared wife, and three beggared children. I took shelter in a wretched hut; but I must do something to live by. There was sometimes laborers' work in summer, which enabled us barely to live, as you know. I was scowled upon, and could not always get work. But what was I to do in winter, when work failed altogether? Nothing in the wet, nothing in the frost; and yet wife and children to be fed. There was only one thing remained—I could be a poacher as my neighbors were. So I took to the woods, and learnt all the arts of the craft. I became expert and successful; but I could not help being caught now and then—of course we made up our minds to that. I was imprisoned,—but always came out of prison a better poacher than I went in, and a more confirmed one. I had no alternative left but to poach—it was my trade, my calling, my living. Well, here we are. Out with the powder and shot. Remember, it must be short work, and killing too."

They were now in the midst of a group of larch trees, in a thick part of the wood,—the old poacher knowing that the pheasants prefer roosting on this kind of tree to any other—the branches growing at nearly right angles to the stem, enabling the birds to roost with ease.

Looking up into the boughs overhead, through which the wind whispered and sighed in the darkness, and against the faint light of the sky, the accustomed eye might discern here and there some dark objects roosting on the long, outstretched branches overhead.

"Now," said the old man, "take sure aim, and blaze away!"

So saying, he approached close under one of those dark objects, and taking aim, fired. The solitude of the wood was broken, and a pang, as it were, shot through the darkness.

There was a fluttering of wings, and a heavy bird fell to the ground. Almost at the same instant the young man fired, with equal success. The old man bagged the birds, proceeding to load his piece with remarkable dexterity, and he followed the trail of the pheasants—the report of a gun in the night causing these birds to crow, and thus revealing their whereabouts to the poacher. On they went, into the deep wood, firing as they went with general success. Joe's shots were the more successful of the two. "Go ahead," said the young man, "and I'll bag them as they fall."

A great oak, which stood in their way, seemed to raise its naked arms before them, as if to warn them back. The black pines on either side stretched out their branches and frowned upon the midnight intruders on their quiet. The birches waved their slim taper rods, through which the night wind wailed in whispers; and the tall beeches shook their crests, as if in anger at the lawless men who roamed under their shade. The alder pushed its bare branches through the covert, and seemed to peer into the dark to discern who they were whose feet were tramping over the sodden leaves and the decaying twigs shaken down by the winter blasts. Along these paths, which in the flush of summer were so many bowery cloisters roofed with green, kindled oft-times by the sun into gold, the trees now stood ranged like grizly skeletons, spectral and grim; and over all stretched the black sky, threatening wind and storm. Indeed, it is no such thing as pleasure or love of sport that attracts the midnight poacher to scenes and occupations like this in the depth of winter.

The old man stopped. "It grows dark," said he, "the sky gets blacker, and we shall have a storm, if not of rain, then of snow—so we must make haste. There's another favorite roost somewhere here-abouts. I think we are at the right place. Look about you, and see if you can discern anything overhead. Your eye-sight is better than mine."

The youth peered into the trees overhead for some seconds, and then approaching old Joe, said,—

"You are right. Look there! See where the cloud is scudding across the moon's face, —on that bough there, between us and the bit of light! You see where they sit—one, two, three!"

Joe fired again, and two birds fell; their heavy bodies falling fluttering through the air, upon the ground beneath, where they were bagged with all haste. Ten minutes' work enabled them nearly to clear the roost.

"Now we must be off," said Joe; "the noise we have made may bring down the Philistines on us, unless we look sharp! We have done a fairish night's work; and what with the woodcocks and hares we shall find in our net, we shall have enough for a fortnight forward. So let's return, and beat the bushes on our way back. You fetch a circuit in that direction, and I shall take the other. Beat your way as you go. You'll find the hares leaping up before you, for they are thick all over the wood."

And off they went, beating their way. Half an hour after, they met at the opening of the wood. The old man was already there, and had knocked some eight hares on the head, after drawing them from the meshes of the net where they had been caught in trying to struggle their way through. A number of woodcocks in like manner had been taken in the upper meshes, and when the game was put into the bag, it was nearly full, and was a good load for one man to carry.

"Now, my lad," said the old poacher, "do you carry the game, and I'll take care of the net. Let us make over to the other side, where we left our springe set. You'll find something there, I reckon, though we're almost loaded as it is."

But they did not see the springe again that night. They were crossing the bit of common, when not far off the loud baying of a dog fell upon their ear.

"Curse them," said old Joe—"it's the keepers, and that's their blood-hound—I know his voice! Push on, we may escape them yet."

The youth now ran as fast as he could, but laden as he was he made comparatively small progress, stumbling occasionally against the gorse bushes which lay in their path. The old man then led the way, knowing the ground better, and thus piloted his companion across the heath, until they had nearly reached the fringe of the young plantation along which they had first come. The baying of the dog came nearer,—it was close at hand.

"We can't escape them, I fear," said Joe, "but one of us can at least; and the game must be secured. You must make the best of your road back—you know where to meet the carrier, at the cross-roads. Haste then, and I'll endeavour to stop the pursuit.—Off!"

"But I cannot consent to leave you behind. You are old, I am young. I am a match for any one of them—perhaps two of them. And then there's the guns."

"Leave that matter to me; I'm used to this work, and you are not. Your life, besides, is more precious than mine. I am old and used up, and have little to live for. Away then, and waste no more time—my mind's made up. Hear, the dog is close at hand—Go!"

The youth turned and made off through the copse, with the remark—"Blow me, Joe, if you aren't a real trump after all!"

A sudden crack of the piece, and the dying howl of a dog near where the old man stood, commanding a gap in the hedge, showed that

he had disposed of at least one of his pursuers. But the men who accompanied the dog were close at hand. There were three of them—tall, strong keepers—one of whom made a sudden dash at the gap, but the old man swung his gun round his head, and brought the full weight of its heavy stock against the chest of his pursuer, who fell back into the ditch with a groan.

"There's only one of them," whispered one of the men to the other; do yon leap the hedge a little lower down, and I'll keep him at bay here. But the old man quitted his post at the hedge-gap, and ran hastily along the wood, in the direction of his companion, who must by this time have got a good start, ahead. But both of the keepers had now dashed through the hedge, and were coming up close at his heels. He was old, he was tired, he was almost ready to drop down with fatigue; but still he held on, and ran as fast as his feeble legs could carry him.

"Stand!" said a loud voice behind him, "or take that!" and a blow was aimed with a bludgeon at his head; but Joe had turned round at the moment, and knocked up the stick with his gun, bringing its butt down on the keeper's head, who stumbled and fell. Before Joe could recover himself, the third had sprung in upon him, and seized him; and Joe Crouch was a prisoner!

II.—THE COURT-HOUSE.

"You made him a poacher yourself, squire,
When you'd give neither work nor meat;
And your barley-fed hares robbed the garden
At his starving children's feet!"

Rev. C. Kingsley.—In "Yeast."

THE County Court of the little town of Mudley was crowded with an audience consisting mostly of the poorest order of labourers. The space alotted to the public was very limited, and it was railed off from the more hallowed precints, within which sat attorneys, landlords, agents, and others; and on the bench, at the upper end of the room, were ranged the right worshipful magistrates of the Court themselves.

The mass of heads and faces packed into the space without the railing would have afforded an interesting study to the phrenologist or physiognomist. It is a curious fact, that almost the only portion of the "public" that takes such an interest in the proceedings of the courts of law as to induce them to attend there as spectators of their great lessons, are those who are themselves always hovering on the borders of crime. Ten to one but you see some of those identical personages who are now *without* the rail, to-morrow standing *within* it. Have the lessons taught them anything but familiarity with crime? Who ever dreams of going to learn virtue in a criminal court?

Look at these heads—most shaggy and unkempt, rough and large; some of them bullet heads, protuberant and massive; others "with foreheads villanously low," exhibiting in the regions of the moral feelings and intellect, the very minimum of development. The faces are mostly unwashed; perspiration bedews them; some are red and fleshy, open mouthed, large nostrilled, and large eared. Others are pallid and sharpened, as if by want; and they exhibit a keenness of look, watching every word which falls from the bench, as if their own life and liberty were the thing at stake. When any more than ordinarily severe remark falls from some magistrate "determined to do his duty," murmurs rise from the heated crowd, and a commotion stirs them from side to side, which is stilled by the loud cry of the policeman within the bar, of "Order in the Court!—Silence!"

On the day in question, the crowd without the rails seemed more than usually interested in the proceedings; there were some smock-frocked men among them,—evidently labourers out of employment, who had come there because they had dothing else to do, or perhaps because they felt some anxious interest in the fate of the prisoner at the bar. You might also here and there catch a glimpse of a shaggy fellow in a fustian or velveteen shooting-jacket—bearing on his face the marks of exposure to rough weather—scarred and blurred, tanned by the sun and the wind—and through which you could detect but little indication of the workings of the soul within. Only the eye, which sometimes glared with a kind of savage light, and at other times drooped below the lashes with an expression of subdued cunning, gave evidences that human passions and feelings worked within. These you had little difficulty in recognising as poachers, who swarmed in the neighbourhood, both in the town of Mudley and in the surrounding villages.

"Now, fellow," said the chairman of the bench, a wealthy squire in the district, who kept several keepers on his estate, "we have heard the evidence, and a more aggravated case of assault I do not remember to have met with. There you are, found at midnight, armed with a gun, and sundry apparatus of poaching about your person; you are committing trespass upon a preserve at that suspicious hour, and are challenged to stand. You aim your weapon, doubtless with deadly intent, at the men appointed to guard their master's property. You might have stood there before us a murderer, but happily your purpose failed, and only a dog fell your victim. You then proceeded to commit a most brutal assault on these men, grievously wounding and maltreating two of the party, until you were captured by the gallantry of the third,

after a desperate resistance. Have you anything to say why you should not now be committed to prison?"

The old man stood up—

"I have your worship, and here I wish to say it."

A murmur of approbation ran through the Court, among the crowd packed below the bar.

"Silence!" cried the magistrate; "otherwise I shall at once order the court to be cleared. Go on now, and cut it short. Nothing you can say can remove the impression made by the evidence we have just heard."

"I don't expect it will," said the man, "but still I have something I wish to say, for all that."

We need scarcely say that the prisoner was old Joe Crouch, the poacher whom we have seen taken prisoner a few nights before. He stood there not for the first time. He had become familiar enough with those very magistrates, and they with him. In the full daylight of the Court, we can now discern the features and aspect of the man. He had been tall and well-formed in his youth, but now he stopped with premature old age, brought on by hardships, privations, and the make-shift life of a half-starved labourer. Shaggy grey hair grew round his temples, but the top of his head was bald, and exhibited a good mass of brain in the upper region. A cotton kerchief, which had been red, but now was of an undistinguishable colour, was tied loosely around his neck; he wore an old velveteen shooting-coat, patched at all corners; and leathern breeches and gaiters, which showed the marks of many a brush through briar and brake, completed his attire. His face was sad but full of firmness. Though he stooped, there was an air of almost dignity about the old man; and you could not help feeling, that sunken though he now was in social position,—a prisoner standing at the bar, tried on a charge of poaching and aggravated assault,—he was one who must have seen better days. Even the air of old gentility seemed yet to hover about him.

"I stand here," said he, drawing himself close up erect, "I stand here of your own making and bringing up. If I am a criminal now, I am just what you have made me."

"What *can* the fellow mean?" said the chairman to one of his brethren, a clerical game-preserver seated by his side.

"I suppose we are in for a speech," was the reply. "He's an impudent old dog. I've heard him before. Quite incorrigible—quite; I do assure you!"

"Yes," continued old Joe, "I am what you have made me. I am a poacher because you drove me to poaching. I took to the woods for a living, because you hurried me out of house and home; and the appetites implanted by God are stronger by far than the tyrannous laws inflicted by man."

"Why, this is flat blasphemy, fellow,—we cannot allow this sort of atrocious rigmarole to go on. It has nothing to do with the charge before us."

"It has everything to do with it, and I shall show you it has. I was a hard-working farmer, able to make an honest living, and to pay my rent as rent-days came round, up to the time that you turned my farm into a preserve and a rabbit-warren. You sent your pheasants to eat up my grains, and I daren't disturb them, because you gentry would not have your sports interfered with. I grew turnips, with which I meant to feed sheep, but your hares came and ate them up. Thus it was you ruined me,—you gentlemen who judge me from that bench there,—and I had no redress."

"My good man," said the magistrate, interrupting him, "we have nothing to do with this. The arrangements as to game ought all to be provided for by covenants in the lease. If you did not see to that, it is no business of ours; and the fact cannot be of the slightest consequence to the case in hand."

"It may or it may not, but hear me out nevertheless. I wish to make a clean breast of this business, here where I stand. I shall not keep you long."

"Go on, Joe!" "Speak up!" "Tell them all about it!" was eagerly whispered to him from the crowd behind, and the auditors edged up still nearer to where he stood.

"Silence in the Court!" shouted the policeman within the rails.

"You see, gentlemen, how it was—you fed your hares and pheasants on my young wheat, beans and turnips; it was your vermin that ate me up, and ruined me; and then there was nothing left for me to do but to shoot and live upon the hares and pheasants that had so long lived upon me."

"In short, you confess openly what has long been too well known, that you lived the desperate life of a poacher," said the magistrate.

"Call it poaching if you will. Call it what you like. It was the life you have carved out for me, and for thousands like me. I sought work, and you would not give it me, because I was a poacher. I sought to rent a cottage from you, and I was refused, because I was a poacher. I had children without food, and had none to give them: I tried the workhouse, and was scowled at there again by your creatures, because I was a poacher. Where was I to seek for food but of the wild creatures that roam the fields,—creatures which no man can mark with his brand and claim as his own, but which you have banded together as a class to preserve as the sacred property of your order?"

"I tell you again all this is nothing to the pur-

pose. You have broken the laws, and now it remains for us to ——"

"A word more. You say I have broken the laws! True! I have poached. Your law is a tyrant's law,—a law against the poor man without money,—a law altogether of the rich man's making, who can buy its privileges for money,—a law which condemns the destitute man to the horrors of a gaol because he kills a wild animal for food, but says nothing to the rich man who can buy a game license, and kills for sport,—a man who is already surfeited with food. That, I say is a tyrant's law, made only to be broken. Such a law makes your other laws hated, and stamps them as the handiwork of the oppressor."

"Really, sir," here broke in one of the magistrates, "I cannot sit here to listen to this seditious and revolutionary language any longer. Let the prisoner be committed at once. There are other cases still to be disposed of."

"I have done, gentlemen," said Joe, "I have said what I had to say, and now you can do with me what you like. But let me tell you, that though not many, brought here as I am, find a voice to tell you the thoughts that are burning in their hearts, they are not the less bitter that they remain pent up there. You may treat us like brutes, as you have made us and kept us, but you may find yet to your cost that the brutes have fangs, and venomed ones, too."

"Take him away!" said the chairman, and looking down to the clerk underneath him, "make out his commital; he is a brazen scoundrel, that's quite clear."

Old Joe was led from his place at the bar, to the lock-up, amid the sympathizing glances of the audience, who evidently thought him a victim, and admired him for the stand he had made against the "tyranny"—as they did not hesitate to term it—which presided on that worshipful bench.

In describing this scene we have merely chronicled a state of things which prevails more or less in every county in England. We may shut our eyes to the poacher's origin, education, discipline and destiny; but there he is—every gaol knows him familiarly. The majority of the prisoners in many provincial prisons are poachers. The game laws breed poachers, and the poachers ripen into criminals. Thus is poverty nursed into desperation. Poachers are punched on the head wherever they are found, are hunted down by bloodhounds in some places, and in others shot down when found engaged in their unlicensed craft. We wonder at the recklessness and criminality of the class, but care not to think of the conditions out of which they rise. Every phenomenon has its cause, did we but seek it. Do the magistrates of our land ever think of the path they are treading, and of the end of the exasperation and sulky ferocity which broods among the labouring classes all over the agricultural districts? Why wonder that reason should fly the helm when mercy and justice are disregarded; and that thoughts dark and wild take possession of the heart, which under more genial circumstances had been warmed with virtue, and filled with generous and kindly sympathies? We never heard of a poacher's fate—ending in transportation or on the scaffold—without thinking on Thom the Scotch weaver, who in describing the state of mind which, in his own person, destitution and the sight of his starving family engendered, eloquently remarked:—

"I felt myself, as it were, shut out from mankind—enclosed—prisoned in misery—no outlook—none! My miserable wife and little ones, who alone cared for me—what would I have done for their sakes at that hour! Here let me speak out—and be heard too, while I tell it—that the world does not at all times know how usefully it sits—when Despair has loosed Honour's last hold upon the heart—when transcendent wretchedness lays weeping reason in the dust—when every unsympathizing onlooker is deemed an enemy—who THEN can limit the consequences? For my own part, I confess that, ever since that dreadful night, I can never hear of an extraordinary criminal, without the wish to pierce through the mere judicial career, under which I am persuaded, there would often be found to exist an unseen impulse—a chain, with one end fixed in Nature's holiest ground, that drew him on to his destiny."

You cannot make a man believe that a wild beast, which feeds to day on my field, tomorrow on yours,—or a wild bird, which winters in Norway and summers in England, is any man's exclusive property more than another's. You cannot tell on whose fields they have been born; they are wanderers of the earth, and no proprietor can make out a title to them. They are found eating up the farmer's crops, and destroying the fruits of his labour, yet the farmer dare not kill them, that would be poaching!—so says law. But such a law is only a delusion—a snare! Your labouring man thinks nothing of the law. Even a scrupulously honest labourer in other respects, who would shudder at the idea of robbing a hen-roost, or stealing a goose, thinks it nothing venal to knock over a hare, boil it, and eat it. Industry fails him, and he takes to the covers without any compunction of conscience. The game-keeper catches him—he is tried as a poacher—and he is made a criminal. The poacher feels that he has been cruelly dealt with; and he is made more desperate. He harbours revenge, and hesitates not to retaliate. He poaches again more desperately than before; he is ready to defend the game he takes with his life; he

becomes a desperado, a marauder, and at length a thoroughly bad and corrupted member of Society. Thus do our Game Laws work!

(*To be continued.*)

THE PARISH CLERK.

THE RESURRECTIONISTS.

At the time I assisted at ——Church, I was much struck with the appearance of a middle aged man, who, evidently a maniac, was still so quiet as to render it unnecssary to confine him. His sole occupation and amusement seemed to consist in wandering through the church yard, or lying on the gravestones; and winter or summer Ralph Somers (such was his name) was still found in the churchyard. The elements seemed not to affect him; and I have seen him on the coldest day in December, remain for hours stretched on a gravestone, seemingly unaffected by the rigour of the season. My curiosity was much aroused respecting this forlorn being, and I made some inquiries from Nehemiah respecting him.

"It is now about ten years (said the Parish Clerk) since the event occurred that deprived Ralph Somers of his senses, and never did a more melancholy event occur since I was elected Clerk of——Church. I shall be as brief as possible in my narrative, as the circumstances are too mournful for me to reflectupon. Ralph Somers was the eldest of two sons; his father died before he attained the age of manhood; and, by the labour of his hands, he, for some years, supported his widowed mother and his younger brother. This younger brother, John Somers, turned out a wild and idle youth, and at all the cock-fights, bear-baitings, &c., in the neighhood, he was regularly found; but to work he had a most insuperable objection, and vain were the efforts of his relatives to compel him to labour for his subsistence; yet they strove their utmost to support him, though it was evident he could not exist on the means they could furnish. For some time, he lived in a most miserable way, raising food in any honest manner; but suddenly he began, to the great astonishment of the neighbors, to display a profusion of money. He regularly frequented the Griffin, where he drank the best the house could afford, and paid for it like a prince. Various were the surmises respecting the means by which he obtained his money; and, as his relatives disclaimed all knowledge of his resources, the neighbours began to doubt the honesty of one whom they well knew could oft have cheated them, and escaped with impunity. At length an event occured which revealed his means of obtaining money, and which was productive of the greatest misery to his relatives.

"There had been for some time strange reports of dead bodies having been stolen from—— churchyard, and the Churchwardens instituted an inquiry into the fact. They were so little satisfied of the falsehood of this statement, that they directed me to provide two or three able-bodied men, whom they would well pay for their undertaking, to watch the churchyard, nightly, for a few months. This I readily promised to do, and soon engaged the requisite number, among whom was Ralph Somers, the maniac, who now frequents the churchyard. As I was directed to watch with them (though much against my inclination,) I could give you a minute account of how we spent the evenings during the first month; but as no event occurred which could possibly interest you, I shall merely observe, that as far as good ale, good jokes, and easy minds could make us happy, we were so.

"At length, on a stormy evening about the middle of December, when the very elements themselves seemed bent on destroying each other, the objects of our wrath made their appearance. We were stationed in the vestry, whence we had a full view of the churchyard; and, further, to insure success, we stationed a scout at the extremity of the churchyard, but under cover of a watch-box, that due notice might be given of the approach of intruders. On the night I before mentioned, after a long and fearful gust of wind which almost shook the church to its foundations, our scout made his appearance, and, with a look of terror, informed us, that three men had gained admittance into the churchyard, and were at the moment engaged in opening a grave, in which a corpse had been buried that very day. At this information we prepared for action, and being four in number, and well armed, we had no fear of success. Forthwith, then, we marched, but with slow and cautious steps, towards the place pointed out by our informant. As we approached, we plainly perceived three men engaged in opening a grave, which occupation they pursued in silence. The wind, which had ceased for an instant, again blew with redoubled violence, and effectually drowned the echo of our footsteps, so that we wore upon them before they were aware of our presence. Ralph Somers, as the strongest of the four, made a grasp at one of the men, who was raising the earth with a pickaxe; no sooner had he seized him, than we, raising a loud shout, quickly attacked the others, but were as quickly repulsed. One of the men, taking to his heels and decamping, was followed by two of our party. Willing to show my prowess, I seized on the other, a youngster, whom I judged to be a surgeon's apprentice, and attempted to throw him down; but the youth was too nimble for me, and, before I was aware of my situation, I found myself stretchad at full length on a gravestone, and my opponent out of the churchyard. In the meantime, Rolph Somers had continued to struggle with the person he had first seized,

and desperate were the efforts of the latter to escape. The pickaxe had by some means got wedged firmly between two gravestones, one of the points fixed in the space between them, and the other standing up like a fixed bayonet. In their struggle, they came in contact with the pickaxe, and, horrible to relate, the foot of the resurrectionist slipping, he fell directly on the sharp point of it, and was pierced through the body: the unhappy man gave a fearful groan, and instantly expired.

"We were, as you may be well assured, terror-struck at this appalling incident, but our terror was trivial compared to that of Ralph Somers; he was loud in his exclamations of grief and despair, and, flinging himself with violence on the ground, he vented execrations on himself for ever joining us in our watch. One of our men, in the meantime, returned from the pursuit of the other resurrectionists, who had escaped; and, bearing in his hand a lighted torch that he had procured from the vestry, he gazed on the dead man; but, when he saw the deceased's countenance, the torch fell from his hand, and he gave a shout so fearful as to make Ralph Somers instantly spring up, and hasten to ascertain the cause of his terror; but what words can express the emotions of Ralph Somers, when, on his holding the torch to the face of the dead body, he recognised the features of his brother!—with a loud yell he again flung himself on the ground, from which he rose a maniac; and from that hour a maniac he has remained.

"It were needless to proceed further: the source of John Somers's riches was now ascertained—he was a resurrectionist; and, in the prosecution of his unlawful calling, he had fallen by the hand of his own brother."

ANECDOTE OF LIFE INSURANCE.

So early as the middle of the eighteenth century, the clause which excluded the representatives of suicides from a participation in the amount insured, excited attention; and an office was established, which, for a corresponding increase of premium, paid the amount to the relatives of the self-murdered. One man, deeply in debt, wishing to pay his creditors, and not knowing how, went to the office, insured his life, and invited the insurers to dine with him at a tavern, where several other persons were present. After dinner he rose, and addressing the former, said, "Gentlemen, it is fitting you should know the company you have met. These are my tradesmen, whom I could not pay without your assistance. I am greatly obliged to you—" without another word he bowed, pulled out a pistol, and shot himself.—*The Stock Exchange.*

It is astonishing how soon our follies are forgotten when known to none but ourselves.

THE COTTAGE AND THE HALL.*

CHAPTER VI.

Sir Herbert Ashton's evident attentions to Marion, formed the theme of many a conversation, among the gossips of Willow-bank. Nor did it excite any surprise, when Miss Sedley, *on the very best authority*, announced their engagement, and, for once was not far out. "Frank," exclaimed the favored visitor, bursting into the library where his friend was sitting alone, when he and Marion had "*turned up*," after about three hours disappearance,—"wish me joy, my dear fellow! I am the very happiest man living; she is mine, she has promised to be mine!" and he shook Frank's proffered hand almost to dislocation.

"Why Ashton, dear old boy," returned the latter, his whole countenance radiant with delight, "nothing could give me greater pleasure: not that it has taken me quite by surprise, you know. But where is Marion?" and off he ran, to press his blushing tearful sister to his heart, and murmur blessings on her head. For once "the course of true love did run smooth." Mrs. Perceval could offer no objection to a match in every way so desirable; and though it was a pang to both parents to separate from their child, they could not but rejoice in the prospect before her. But poor Frank missed his sister's society sadly. "I declare," he would exclaim, as after breakfast the family dispersed to their several occupations, I consider myself particularly ill-used. My father and Walter, of course, are busied in a thousand ways; so also is my dearest mother; but what you, Marion, and Ashton, are about all day long, I cannot imagine, but your way of disposing of your time seems sufficiently engrossing, and I am left to the society of strangers," and he would leave the room, singing, to the time of "The Days when we went Gipseying," one of the Percy ballads, the refrain of which is:—

"It is the most infernal bore, of all the bores I know,
To have a friend who's lost his heart, a short time ago."

The usual result of all this, however, was, that an hour after, he made his appearance at Mrs. Montague's gate, and considering that the society there consisted of *strangers*, contrived to make himself very particularly at home. Things went on in this way until one day's post was the bearer of an unmistakeable packet, "From Somerset House, by Jove," was his exclamation in no joyful tone.

"Eh, what, Frank?" asked his father looking up from the letter he was reading, "an appointment!"

* Continued from page 250, volume 3, (concluded.)

"Yes, to the 'San Josef,' guard ship at Plymouth."

"And when must you set out, my dear boy?" said Mrs. Perceval, anxiously.

"To-morrow," he replied sadly, "by the early coach, I am ordered to join immediately."

A melancholy shade obscured the usual cheerfulness of the family, and poor Frank appeared terribly depressed.

"I am not very likely though to be sent out to sea just yet," he said, trying to assume the calmness he was far from feeling; "I shall be back again before long, at any rate to your wedding, Marion, so the sooner you fix the day the better. I will go and make my adieux at the Cottage," he added, in as indifferent a tone as he could assume: "farewells are never very pleasant and I am glad when they are over."

He was conscious that his thoughts were too tumultuously wild for any companionship just then, and longed to be alone, that he might analyze the feelings of which he was for the first time cognizant. Taking the wood road therefore, which offered but little fear of interruption, he set out on his way to the Cottage for *the last time.* How his heart sickened at the thought that, uncertain as is ever a sailor's life, years, even, might elapse e're he should again retread that well known path!

Why was the idea so torturing? He had left home before, with bitter regret, it is true: but now! oh yes, he could not be blind to the fact that it was not his home which bound him. He loved, with all the passionate devotion of which his nature was capable, he loved Ellen Montague! And she, did she share his feelings? He hoped, and yet he feared. But suddenly were his ruminations terminated, for there, on a rustic bench a turn in the road revealed their subject quietly seated and wholly unaware of his approach. "Now shall all doubt end," was his inward resolve; but as he placed himself beside her, the power of utterance seemed to forsake him, and a few commonplace remarks alone came to his assistance.

There was something so strange in his manner that Ellen raised her eyes enquiringly to his. "What are you reading?" he asked, taking up the book beside her and listlessly turning its pages. She wondered more and more why his face wore an expression so different to the usual joyous light which beamed there, and with some trepidation she enquired if all was well at the Hall.

"Very well, thank you, but rather out of spirits at the prospect of your losing so very important a personage as myself."

"You are not going?"

"Yes, to-morrow."

Her cheek was paler now: her fingers played nervously with the rose she held.

"Yes, Miss Montague, I shall soon be far from home. From all that has made home a paradise to me during the last few weeks, but the memory of all which they have contained of happiness beyond the power of words to express—which now that it has fled seems but the creation of some blessed dream—can *never* leave me. Oh, Ellen! dearest Ellen! if I might hope, if I dared look forward to a period, however remote, when, on my return:"

He took her unresisting hand; her face was turned from him, and he was proceeding to pour out all his soul before her, when he started at hearing himself accosted, and there, close to them, stood Miss Sedly!

Miss Sedly, who, before two hours had passed, would spread all through the village her exaggerated account of this lover-like scene.

Frank ground his teeth with vexation and poor Ellen's face was scarlet, as hardly knowing what she did, she offered the intruder a seat beside her.

"No, thank you, it would be a pity to disturb your *tête-a-tête.*"

The disturbance, however, was effectual; the opportunity then lost could never be recalled.

Kate's voice calling for Ellen was that moment heard, they proceeded together to the Cottage. Next morning Frank Perceval was on his way to Plymouth.

CHAPTER VII.

It was a bright October morning, one of those lingering summer days which are always tinged with sadness, because they are the last, and Frank Perceval sat with many others in the ward room of the old "San Josef," anxiously expecting the coming of the postmans' boat, for he was expecting a letter from Willow-bank, informing him when the wedding was to take place. He would, of course, apply for leave, and be once more at home, and—— how his heart beat at the thought of all he should regain! At last the wished for boat appeared, the sorting process was got through; a letter was handed to him by the clerk "From Ashton," and he flew to the solitude of his cabin.

"The day is fixed at last," writes Herbert, "it is to be the 10th, so you must lose no time. Of course I expect your services as *best man*, Marion has secured Miss Montague as first bridesmaid. *Apropos*, how would you like that young lady as a sister, Walter's admiration is very evident, and I think *she* most certainly smiles on him, though Marion does not see it. Poor fellow, I should be heartily glad to see him happy, for to tell you the

truth, Frank, I am seriously alarmed about his health, and any agitation of mind appears highly injurious." He read no more, the paper swam before his eyes—Walter love Ellen! and she, ah, yes, she loved him too! his noble, true hearted brother could not but be appreciated by a mind like hers! And all the visions of happiness with which he had cheated himself for days, for months, where were they now? blighted in one short instant! What should he do? appear at Marion's wedding he must: yes, he would go, ascertain beyond a doubt the truth of Herbert's surmises, and then, hiding within the depths of his own heart the bitter, the bitter disappointment, seek active employment afloat, he cared not where.

All was bustle at the Hall two days before the eventful 10th, when Frank made his appearance there. Herbert looking supremely happy, Marion blushingly beautiful. He glanced nervously at Walter, and was pained to see that his fears for him had not been groundless. Three months had greatly altered him, and though a bright color flushed his cheek, and his eyes shone luminously, these signs did but increase Frank's apprehensions. He gazed at him with all a brother's true affection, and mentally resolved that no act of his should ever cause even a passing pang to that loving, noble heart. "Well, Walter," he said, when they found themselves alone; "what have you been doing with yourself, old boy: you have not spoiled me by the frequency of your letters?"

"I have passed my time much as usual, I believe," was the reply, "except," and he hesitated and colored slightly, "that I have been more at the Cottage,—rather Miss Montague asked me to give her lessons in sketching, and——"

"And the result is, you have lost your heart, I suppose." He spoke calmly, even jestingly—but the words had cost a fearful effort—and he held his breath for the reply. Walter hesitated, and his agitation was undisguised. "Walter, be frank with me—you love Ellen Montague?"

"As my own life."

"And she returns your love?"

"Oh, no, I cannot say, I dare not hope."

"Dear Walter, it must be so, it cannot be otherwise: may you be as happy as you deserve." He wrung his brother's hand and left the room.

Had not Walter been himself under the influence of violent emotion, that expressed in every feature of poor Frank's face could not but have betrayed the truth; but he saw it not, or at least discerned therein but a deep interest in his own welfare, for which he blessed him.

Ellen had heard of Frank's return with a pleasure which told her how deeply she had regretted his absence, "surely he must be here this evening, or in the morning at farthest," thought she, but evening came and brought not the expected visitor; the next day wore towards its close yet he appeared not. Piqued at conduct so unaccountable, she met Frank's studiously polite greeting with more than equal coldness, when according to previous arrangement she joined the party at the Hall, where she was to spend the night, and it wrung his very heart, but his outward manner was calm.

I pass over the wedding. An occasion when our most solemn, deepest feelings are called forth, can never be one for gaiety and mirth. It was a family party merely, if we except the Montague's, which stood round the altar of the little village church, when the sacred rite which joined two loving hearts was ended: but there were many spectators, and the crowds of happy tenantry were afterwards entertained at the Hall in true English style.

Frank was necessarily much with Ellen throughout the day; etiquette compelled his attendance, but he contrived to throw into his manner so much reserve, that her woman's pride was roused, and she too was cold. "Ah, she remembers our parting," he thought, "and wishes to shew me that my hopes were vain." When with Walter, on the contrary, she was gay and smiling, and his heart beat with a wild hope which she little imagined to exist. Frank saw this with far different feelings; to suffer silently was all now left for him, was he alone in this?

"You are not going, dear Ellen, surely," said Mrs. Perceval, "I thought you would have stayed some days to console me for Marion's loss. You must be a second daughter to me now, dear," and she kissed her cheek. "Why, how cold you are, my child! absolutely shivering. The evenings are already chilly—there is a bright fire in the drawing-room. Take off your bonnet again and stay." But Ellen hurriedly excused herself—she *must* go home, and in the solitude of her own chamber pour out the pent-up agony of the wounded heart, alone with God. And had it come, that meeting so longed for, prayed for,—and this, this was the result, and bowing her head in anguish too deep for tears, she murmured forth a prayer for strength. Ah, yes! pray, Ellen! in heaven alone is hope for sorrow such as thine.

CHAPTER VIII.

Another month has fled, the chill November wind sweeps o'er the leafless woods of Willow-

bank. Frank Perceval has long since left, and is now beneath a summer sky, floating on the blue waters of the Mediterranean, in the "Regina" flag-ship. Without one word of explanation he had gone, and Ellen struggled to regain composure, but in vain. "Dear Nelly misses Marion terribly," was Mrs. Montague's observation to Kate, who made no reply. A sister's eye is very penetrating. But another trial awaited the poor girl. She at length awoke to a suspicion of the nature of Walter's feelings, and great was the pang it caused. Had she unwittingly encouraged his attentions? She had so accustomed herself to feel for him as a brother, that she feared her manner had been too unreserved; she was not long suffered to doubt. Calling one day at the cottage, Walter found her alone, he told her of his love, she listened with tears and bitter grief; but it was rejected. "Oh, Ellen!" he cried, wildly, "give me but *one* hope, that at some future time——" She shook her head sadly, but there was no relenting. "Dearest Ellen—tell me but one thing,–do you love another?" A look of anguish convulsed her features, which shook his very soul."

"Mr. Perceval, forgive me if I have ever nourished hopes, which till very lately I never even suspected you of entertaining, the sincere affection of a——a friend I have long given you," tears choked her utterance, and Walter seizing her hand and raising it to his lips, hurriedly withdrew from her presence.

Drearily the winter days passed on. The Ashton's were not expected to return from their continental tour until the spring. It was now January, and the Hall had never been so gloomy before at the joyous Christmas season, but the increasing illness of their oldest son gave Mr. and Mrs. Perceval little inclination for its gaieties. The best medical advice had been sought, the disease was pronounced inflammation of the lungs, and a milder climate recommended; but Walter strenuously resisted all attempts to remove him from home. "It cannot be long," he said, "let me be with you till the last;" and as they gazed on his noble attenuated countenance, the grief-stricken parents felt that he was right. The Montagues participated in their friend's anxiety, and Ellen was now for whole days at the Hall, seeing as she did the comfort her presence was to Walter and Mrs. Perceval. One day she had been reading to him as he lay on the sofa, and had but just left the room when Miss Sedley was announced. "Oh! Mr. Perceval, I am glad to see you up," said she. "Is not Miss Montague here? I wanted to ask her about that servant she was recommending. Speaking of Miss Montague, don't you think her shockingly fallen off? Quite thin and pale, I declare. Do you know, I am afraid your brother Frank has that to answer for, but young men will flirt when they can, of course; and to be sure, the morning I saw them together in the wood. I thought it was quite a settled thing. He had her hand, I could swear. And—good gracious Mr. Perceval, how ill you look," he had fainted. Miss Sedley's screams soon brought Mrs. Perceval and Ellen to her aid, and Walter was carried to his bed. Days passed, ere he was strong enough to re-appear, but days in which his mind had little rest. He saw all plainly now. How nearly had he unconsciously destroyed the happiness of the beings he so fondly loved. "But thank God there is yet time," he murmured. A smile of pleasure greeted Ellen, as she approached the sofa, where he sat propped up with cushions. "Sit down, dear Ellen," he often so addressed her now. "I want to have a long talk with you."

"You must not fatigue yourself," she said, as she obeyed.

"Ellen," he began, calmly and solemnly; "I am a dying man: with me the conventionalities of society have passed away. Do not, therefore, allow a false sense of pride to influence you. You will answer my questions truly,—will you not?" and he took her hand. Wonderingly she gazed on him while her colour went and came, as she bowed her head in token of assent. He continued, "When I once told you of my love," a faint blush mantling to his brow, "I asked if your heart was free—you did not speak but your look told volumes. Dear Ellen, I dared not ask if that love had been unhappy, though I feared it. I dared not ask who had injured it; but now I cannot but think that I have greatly wronged you, though unconsciously. Ellen, you love my brother!" Her head was drooping more and more as he went on: now it is bowed upon her trembling hands and her tears fall like rain. "Dearest Ellen, do not pain me by this grief—as there is a Heaven above us I believe Frank loved you, too, and you will both be happy yet." She raised her streaming eyes to his, but shook her head mournfully. "Listen to me, Ellen. What if for my sake he had crushed within his heart the hopes of future happiness? What if I had told him of my love for you and he had sacrificed all to me? Yes, thus it was! and now, Ellen, can you, will you forgive me?" He held out his hand again, while every muscle of his face quivered with suppressed emotion. Warmly did she press it within her own as she felt that

could she have purchased health and happiness to the noble being beside her, at the price of all the renewed hope springing up that moment in her heart, she would have done so gladly. But Walter was happy—his was the peace the world can neither give or take away. "Ellen, I have now but one earthly wish—to see you and Frank happy before I die! He will soon be here: last week I made my father write to summon him.

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Eighteen months had passed away, and Frank Percival stood with his lovely bride in the glory of a setting summer's sun beside a grassy grave in the quiet churchyard of Willow-bank. They had returned from their wedding tour the previous day, and both felt *that* spot must be the first revisited.

"Dear, dear Walter," murmured Ellen, sadly; "he is happy now."

"Yes," said her husband, solemnly; "may I die the death of the righteous, and may my last end be like his."

Time had restored the cheerfulness of the family party now assembled at the hall. The Ashton's were there; they had come to introduce their little baby, Walter, only three months old. Kate was much improved in appearance, and generally considered the country belle, a fact duly appreciated by many an admirer, but it was thought that the rector's son who had latterly assumed the duties of curate in his father's parish, would prove the favoured suitor; and in fact, Henry Bruce was in every way worthy of the prize. As Mrs. Montague looked thankfully upon the happiness of her children, she blessed the hour which had led her to take up her abode in the little cottage at Willow-bank.

S. M.

THE DEAD.

What is it that makes us fear the dead? Is it the change from motion to stillness—from speech to silence—from affliction and suffering to eternal rest? With the spirit embodied we can hold converse, but with the act of quitting its dwelling, it may, for aught we know, acquire other feelings, other propensities, other passions and dispositions, and from having been all we loved, become all we hate. There is a mystery in death which defies our scrutiny. Its imperturbable calm, acquired suddenly in exchange for agony, mock our sympathy. It has put on the aspect of Nature herself; sorrow, and sin, and shame vex it no more. There it lies—majestic as a god, terrible as Hades, inscrutable as eternity; and then its beauty—is is not something bewildering?—*Isis, an Egyptian Pilgrimage.*

WHY SHAVE?

There are misguided men—and I am one of them—who defile daily their own beards, rasp them away as fast as they peep out from beneath the skin, mix them ignominiously with soap-suds, and cause them to be cast away with the off-scourings of the house. We are at great pains and trouble to do this, and we do it unwillingly, knowing that we deprive our faces of an ornament, and more or less suspecting that we take away from ourselves something given to us by nature for our use and our advantage; as indeed we do. Nevertheless, we treat our beards as so much dirt that has to be removed daily from our persons, for no other reason than because it is the custom of the country; or, because we strive to make ourselves look prettier by assimilating our appearance to that of women.

I am no friend to gentlemen who willfully affect external oddity, while they are within all dull and commonplace. I am not disposed by carrying a beard myself to beard public opinion. But opinions may change; we were not always a nation of shavers. The day may again come when "'T will be merry in hall, when beards wag all," and Britons shall no more be slaves to razors.

I have never read of savages who shaved themselves with flints; nor have I been able to discover who first introduced among civilized men the tonsure of the chin. The shaven polls and faces of ecclesiastics date from the time of Pope Anacletus, who introduced the custom upon the same literal authority of scripture that still causes women to wear bonnets in our churches, that they may not pray uncovered. Saint Paul, in the same chapter, further asks the Corinthians, "Doth not even nature itself teach you, that, if a man have long hair it is a shame unto him?" Pope Anacletus determined, therefore, to remove all shame from churchmen, by ordering them to go shaven altogether. The shaving of the beard by laymen was, however, a practice much more ancient. The Greeks taught shaving to the Romans, and Pliny records that the first Greek barbers were taken from Sicily to Rome by Publius Ticinius, in the four hundred and fifty-fourth year after the building of the city. The Greeks, however—certainly it was so with them in the time of Alexander—seem to have been more disposed to use their barbers for the pruning and trimming than for the absolute removal of the board, and of that ornament upon the upper lip which they termed the *mystax*, and which we call—using the same name that they gave to it, slightly corrupted—moustache. In the best days of Greece few but the philosophers wore unpruned beards. A large flowing beard and a large flowing mantle were in those times as naturally and essentially a part of the business of a philosopher, as a signboard is part in these days of the business of a publican. So there is a small joke recorded of an emperor, who having been long teazed by an importunate talker, asked him who or what he was. The man replied in pique, "Do you not see by my beard and mantle that I am a philosopher?"—"I see the beard and mantle," said the emperor, "but the philosopher, where is he?"

The idea that there existed a connection between a man's vigour of mind and body, and the vigour of growth in his beard, was confirmed by the fact that Socrates, the wisest of the Greek philosophers, earned pre-eminently the title of the bearded. Among races of men capable of growing rich crops on the chin, the beard has always been regarded more or less as a type of power. Some races, as the Mongolians, do not get more than twenty or thirty thick coarse hairs, and are as likely then to pluck them out after the fashion of some northern tribes, as to esteem them in an exaggerated way, as has been sometimes the case in China. In the world's history the bearded races have at all times been the most important actors, and there is no part of the body which on the whole they have shown more readiness to honor. Among many nations, and through many centuries, development of beard has been thought indicative of the development of strength, both bodily and mental. In strict accordance with that feeling the strength of Samson was made to rest in his hair. The beard became naturally honored, inasmuch as it is a characteristic feature of the chief of the two sexes (I speak as an ancient), of man, and of man only, in the best years of his life, when he is capable of putting forth his independent energies. As years multiply, and judgment ripens, the beard grows, and with it grows, or ought to grow, every man's title to respect. Grey beards became thus so closely connected with the idea of mature discretion, that they were taken often as its sign or cause; and thus it was fabled of the wise King Numa, that he was gray-haired even in his youth.

To revert to the subject of shaving. Tacitus says that in his time the Germans cut their beards. In our times among that people the growth of a beard, or at least of a good *mystax* or moustachio, had come by the year eighteen hundred and forty-eight to be regarded so much as a mark of aristocracy that after the revolutions of that year the Germans took to the obliteration of the vain mark of distinction by growing hair on their own chins and upper lips. Hairs have been thus made significant in a new way. There are now such things to be seen on the Continent as revolutionary beards, and not long ago in a small German State, a barrister was denied a hearing because he stood up in his place in the law court, wearing a beard of the revolutionary cut. Not only custom, but even to this day law regulates the cultivation of the hair on many of our faces. There is scarcely an army in Europe which is not subject to some regulations that affect the beard and whiskers. In England the chin and, except in some regiments, the upper lip has to be shaved; elsewhere the beard is to be cultivated and the whiskers shaven. Such matters may have their significance. The most significant of whiskers are, however, those worn by the Jews in the East, and especially in Africa, who in accordance with a traditional superstition, keep them at an uniform level of about half an inch in length, and cut them into cabalistic characters curiously scattered about over the face.

As there are some communities especially bestowing care and honor on the beard, and others more devoted to the whiskers, so there are nations, as the Hungarian, in which the honor of the moustache is particularly cherished. The moustaches of General Haynau were about half-a-yard long. A Hungarian dragoon who aspired to eminence in that way, and had nursed a pair of moustachios for two years until they were only second to Haynau's, fell asleep one day after dinner with a cigar in his mouth. He awoke with one of his fine nose tails so terribly burnt at the roots, that he was obliged afterwards to resort to an art used by many of his companions, and to fortify the weak moustache by twining into its substance artificial hair.

Such freaks and absurdities are, of course, inconsistent with the mature dignity of bearded men. Let us have whisker, beard, and moustache, reverently worn, and trimmed discreetly and with decency. I am not for the cabalistic whisker, the Hungarian moustache, or a beard like that worn by the Venetian magnate, of whom Sismondi relates, that if he did not lift it up, he would trip over it in walking. Still worse was the beard of the carpenter depicted in the Prince's Court at Eidam; who, because it was nine feet long, was obliged, when at work, to sling it about him in a bag. A beard like either of those is, however, very much of a phenomenon in nature. The hair of a man's head is finer, generally, than that on the head of women, and if left uncut, would not grow to nearly the same length. A woman's black-hair is an appurtenance entirely and naturally feminine. In the same way, the development of the hair upon the face of men, if left unchecked—although it would differ much in different climates, and in different individuals—would very rarely go on to an extravagant extent. Shaving compels the hair to grow at an undue rate. It has been calculated that a man mows off in the course of a year about six inches-and-a-half of beard, so that a man of eighty would have chopped up in the course of his life a twenty-seven foot beard; twenty feet more, perhaps, than would have sprouted, had he left nature alone, and contented himself with so much occasional trimming as would be required by the just laws of cleanliness and decency.

It has been erroneously asserted that a growth of beard would cover up the face, hide the expression of the features, and give a deceitful mark of uniform sedateness to the entire population. As for that last assertion, it is the direct reverse of what is true. Sir Charles Bell, in his essay on expression, properly observes that no one who has been present at an assembly of bearded men can have failed to remark the greater variety and force of the expressions they are able to convey. What can be more portentous, for example, than to see the brow cloud and the eyes flash and the nostrils dilate over a beard curling visibly with anger? How ill does a smooth chin support at any time the character assumed by the remainder of the face, except it be a character of sanctimonious oiliness that does not belong honestly to man, or such a pretty chin as makes the charm that should belong only to a woman or a child!

Therefore I ask, why do we shave our beards? Why are we a bare-chinned people? That the hair upon the face of man was given to him for suffi-

cient reasons it will take but little time to show. It has various uses, physiological and mechanical. To take a physiological use first, we may point out the fact that the formation of hair is one method of extruding carbon from the system, and that the external hairs aid after their own way in the work that has to be done by the internal lungs. Their use in this respect is not lessened by shaving; on the contrary the elimination of carbon through the hairs of the face is made to go on with unnatural activity, because the natural effort to cover the chin with hair is increased in the vain struggle to remove the state of artificial baldness, as a hen goes on laying if her eggs be taken from her, and the production of hair on the chin is at least quadrupled by the use of the razor. The natural balance is in this way destroyed. Whether the harm so done is great I cannot tell; I do not know that it is, but the strict balance which nature keeps between the production of hair, and the action of the lungs, is too constant and rigid to be altogether insignificant. We have all had too much opportunity for noticing how in people whose lungs are constitutionally weak, as in people with consumptive tendencies, the growth of hair is excessive, even to the eyelashes. A skin covered with downy hair is one of the marks of a scrofulous child, and who has not been saddened by the charm of the long eye-lashes over the lustrous eye of the consumptive girl!

The very anomalies of growth show that the hair must fulfil more than a trifling purpose in the system. There has been an account published in the present century by Ruggieri, of a woman twenty-seven years of age, who was covered from the shoulders to the knees with black woolly hair, like that of a poodle dog. Very recently, a French physician has related the case of a young lady over whose skin, after a fever, hair grew so rapidly that, at the end of a month, she was covered with a hairy coat, an inch long, over every part of her body, except the face, the palms of the hands, and the soles of the feet.

There are other less curious accounts of women who are obliged to shave regularly once or twice a week; and it may be asked why are not all women compelled to shave? If beards and whiskers serve a purpose, why are they denied to women? That is a question certainly not difficult to answer. For the same reason that the rose is painted and the violet perfumed, there are assigned by nature to the women attributes of grace heightened by physical weakness, and to the man attributes of dignity and strength. A thousand delicate emotions were to play about the woman's mouth, expressions that would not look beautiful in man. We all know there is nothing more ridiculous to look at than a ladies'-man who assumes feminity to please his huge body of sisters, and wins their confidence by making himself quite one of their own set. The character of woman's beauty would be marred by hair upon the face; moreover, what rest would there be ever for an infant on the mother's bosom, tickled perpetually with a mother's beard? Not being framed for active bodily toil, the woman has not the man's capacious lungs, and may need also less growth of hair. But the growth of hair in women really is not much less than in the other sex. The hair upon a woman's head is, as a general rule, coarser, longer, and the whole mass is naturally heavier than the hair upon the head of a man. Here, by the way, I should like to hint a question, whether since what is gained in one place seems to be lost in another, the increased growth at the chin produced by constant shaving may not help to account for some part of the weakness of hair upon the crown, and of the tendency to premature baldness which is so common in English civilised society?

The hair upon the scalp, so far as concerns its mechanical use, is no doubt the most important of the hair-crops grown upon the human body. It preserves the brain from all extremes of temperature, retains the warmth of the body, and transmits very slowly any impression from without. The character of the hair depends very much upon the degree of protection needed by its possessor. The same hair—whether of head or beard—that is in Europe straight, smooth and soft, become after a little travel in hot climates crisp and curly, and will become smooth again after a return to cooler latitudes. By a natural action of the sun's light and heat upon the hair that curliness is produced, and it is produced in proportion as it is required, until, as in the case of negroes under the tropical suns of Africa, each hair becomes so intimately curled up with its neigbours as to produce what we call a woolly-head. All hair is wool, or rather all wool is hair, and the hair of the negro differs so much in appearance from that of the European, only because it is so much more curled, and the distinct hairs are so much more intimately intertwined. The more hair curls, the more thoroughly does it form a web in which a stratum of air lies entangled to maintain an even temperature on the surface of the brain. For that reason it is made a Law of Nature, that the hair should be caused to curl most in the hottest climates.

A protection of considerable importance is provided in the same way by the hair of the face to a large and important knot of nerves that lies under the skin near the angle of the lower jaw, somewhere about the point of junction between the whiskers and the beard. Man is born to work out of doors and in all weathers, for his bread; woman was created for duties of another kind, which do not involve constant exposure to sun, wind and rain. Therefore man only goes abroad whiskered and bearded, with his face muffled by nature in a way that shields every sensitive part alike from wind, rain, heat, or frost, with a perfection that could be equalled by no muffler of his own devising. The whiskerless seldom can bear long exposure to a sharp wind that strikes on the bare cheek. The numbness then occasioned by a temporary palsy of the nerves has in many cases become permanent; I will say nothing of aches and pains that otherwise affect the face or teeth. For man who goes out to his labour in the morning, no better summer shield or winter covering against the sun or storm can be provided, than the hair which grows over those parts of the face which need protection and descends as beard in front of the neck, and chest, a defence infinitely more useful as well as more becoming than a cravat about the

neck. or a prepared hareskin over the pit of the stomach. One of the finest living prose-writers in our language suffered many years from sore throat, which was incurable, until following the advice of an Italian surgeon, he allowed his beard to grow; and Mr. Chadwick has pointed out the fact that the sappers and miners of the French army, who are all men with fine beards, are almost entirely free from affections of the lungs and air-passages.

Mr. Chadwick regards the subject entirely from a sanitary point of view. He brought it under the discussion of the medical section engaged on sanitary inquiries at the York meeting of the British Association, and obtained among other support the concurrence of Dr. W. P. Alison of Edinburgh. We name that physician because he has since persuaded the journeymen masons of his own city to wear their beards as a preventive against consumption that prevailed among them.

For that is another use of the moustache and beard. They protect the opening of the mouth, and filter the air for a man working in smoke or dust of any kind; they also act as a respirator, and prevent the inhalation into the lungs of air that is too frosty. Mr. Chadwick, years ago, was led to the discussion of this subject by observing how in the case of some blacksmiths who wore beards and moustaches, the hair about the mouth was discoloured by the iron dust that had been caught on its way into the mouth and lungs. The same observer has also pointed out and applied to his argument the fact that travellers wait, if necessary, until their moustachios have grown before they brave the the sandy air of deserts. He conceives, therefore, that the absence of moustache and beard must involve a serious loss to labourers in dusty trades, such as millers. and masons; to men employed in grinding steel and iron and to travellers on dusty roads. Men who retain the hair about the mouth are also, he says, much less liable to decay, or achings of the teeth. To this list we would add, also, that apart from the incessant dusts flying in town streets, and inseparable from town life, there is the smoke to be considered. Both smoke and dust do get into the lungs, and only in a small degree it is possible for them to be decomposed and removed by processes of life. The air passages of a Manchester man, or of a resident in the city of London, if opened after death are found to be more or less coloured by the dirt that has been breathed. Perhaps it does not matter much; but surely we had not better make dust-holes or chimney-funnels of our lungs. Beyond a certain point this introduction of mechanical impurity into the delicate air-passages does cause a morbid irritation, marked disease, and premature death. We had better keep our lungs clean altogether, and for that reason men working in cities would find it always worth while to retain the air-filter supplied to them by nature for the purpose—the moustache and beard around the mouth.

Surely enough has been here said to make it evident that the Englishmen who, at the end of his days, has spent about an entire year of his life in scraping off his beard, has worried himself to no purpose, has submitted to a painful, vexatious and not merely useless, but actually unwholesome custom. He has disfigured himself systematically throughout life, accepted his share of unnecessary ticdoloreux and tooth-ache, coughs and colds, has swallowed dust and inhaled smoke and fog out of complaisance to the social prejudice which happens just now to prevail. We all abominate the razor while we use it, and would gladly lay it down. Now, if we see clearly—and I think the fact is very clear—that the use of it is a great blunder, and if we are no longer such a slovenly people as to be afraid that, if we kept our beards, we should not wash, or comb, or trim them in a decent way, why can we not put aside our morning plague and irritate our skin no more as we now do.

I recommend nobody to grow a beard in such a way as to isolate himself in appearance from his neighbours. Moreover, I do not at all desire to bring about such a revolution as would make shaven chins as singular as bearded chins are now. What I should much prefer would be the old Roman custom, which preserved the first beard on a young man's face until it became comely, and then left it entirely a matter of choice with him whether he would remain bearded or not. Though it would be wise in an adult man to leave off shaving, he must not expect after ten or twenty years of scraping at the chin, when he has stimulated each hair into undue coarseness and an undue rapidity of growth, that he can ever realise upon his own person the beauty of a virgin beard. If we could introduce now a reform, we, that have been inured to shaving, may develope very good black beards, most serviceable for all working purposes, and a great improvement on bald chins; but the true beauty of the beard remains to be developed in the next generation on the faces of those who may be induced from the beginning to abjure the use of razors.—*Household Words.*

SONNET—THE MANIAC.

Sweet summer flowers were braided in her hair,
As if in mockery of the burning brow,
Round which they drooped and withered, singing now
Strains of wild mirth, and now of vain despair.
Comes, the poor wreck of all that once was fair,
And rich in high endowments, ere deep woe
Like a dark cloud pass'd o'er her and laid low
Reason's proud fame, and left no brightness there;
Yet you might deem *that* grief was with the rest
Of all her cares forgotten; save when songs
And tales she heard of faithful love unblest,
Of man's deceitfulness, and maiden's wrongs;
Then, and then only, in her lifted eyes
Remembrance beamed, and tears would slowly rise.

AGNES STRICKLAND.

Rydon House, Suffolk.

AN INCIDENT OF MY CHILDHOOD.

"MABEL," said my aunt, facing me sternly, and speaking with solemn emphasis—"you are lowered for ever in my eyes! When Mr. Ellison comes, he shall assuredly know of this. Go!" she added, with a gesture as if the sight of me were intolerable: "I shall never have confidence in you again."

I ran out of the room into the garden through the side-door, which always stood open in hot weather; but my cousins were at play on the lawn; so I flew on in the bitterness of my wounded spirit, until I found the shade and quiet I wanted under a large hoary apple-tree, which stood in the neighbouring orchard. Under its spreading branches I threw myself down.

I have a vivid impression of the aspect and "feel" of that summer afternoon. The heat was intense; the ground on which I lay seemed to burn the bare arms crossed beneath my humbled head. I knew there was not a grateful cloud in the radiant sky above me; I felt there was not a breath of wind stirring, not enough even to rustle the thick leaves of the orchard trees. The garish brilliancy, the sultry stillness, oppressed me almost more than I could bear. If I could have hidden myself from the sight of the sun, if I could have cheated my own consciousness, I would have gladly done so. I will not believe the world held at that moment a more wretched being than I was, that any grown-up man or woman with developed faculties ever suffered more keenly from the pangs of self-contempt.

For, let me at once tell the reader, I was no victim of injustice or misconstruction; the words with which I had been driven from the house were justified by what I had done. I was fourteen years of age, I had been carefully and kindly educated, none knew better than I the differences between right and wrong; yet in spite of age, teaching, and the intellect's enlightenment, I had just been guilty of a gross moral transgression: I had been convicted of a falsehood; and, more than that, it was no impulsive lie escaping me in some exigency, but a deliberate one, and calculated to do another hurt. The whole house knew of it—servants, cousins, and all; the coming guest was to know of it too. My shame was complete. "What shall I do? What will become of me?" I cried aloud. "I shall never be happy again!"

It seemed so to me. I had lost my position in the house where I had been so favoured and happy; I had compromised my character from that day henceforward. I, who had meant to do such good in the world, had lost my chance; for that sin clinging to my conscience, the remembrance of which I should read in everybody's face and altered manner, would make effort impossible. My aunt had lost all confidence in me—that was terrible; but what was worse, I had lost all confidence in myself. I saw myself mean, ungenerous, a liar! I had no more self-respect. When my cousins whispered together about me, or the servants nodded and smiled significantly, I should have nothing to fall back upon. Why, I was what they thought me; I could not defy their contempt, but must take it as my due. I might get angry, but who would mind my anger? A thousand thoughts exasperated my anguish.

I was very fond of reading, and had a liking for heroic biographies. Noble actions, fine principles, always awoke a passionate enthusiasm in my mind, caused strong throbs of ambition, and very often my aunt had lent a kind ear to the outpouring of such emotions. The case would be altered now. I might read, indeed, but such feelings I must henceforth keep to myself: who would have patience to hear me thus expatiate? I was cut off from fellowship with the good.

I must give up, too, my little class at the village Sunday-school, which I had been so proud to undertake. How could I, despised at home, go among the children as before? I could never talk to them as I used to venture to do. They would know it, as all the world would know; they would mock me in their hearts—each feeling she was better than I. I rose up from the grass, for my state of mind would bear the prone no longer, and leaning against the tree, looked around me. Oh! the merry games I had had in this orchard. The reflection brought a flood of tears to my eyes—I had not cried before—for I was sure that time was past; I should never have another. "Never, never!" I cried, wringing my hands; "I shall never have the heart to play again, even if they would play with me. I am another girl now!"

In truth, my brief experience seemed to have oldened me, to have matured my faculties. I saw myself in a kind of vague confused vision as I might have been, as I could never now become. No; life was an altered thing from what it had appeared yesterday: I had marred its capabilities on the threshold. I could get a glimpse of the house through the trees; I could see the parlour windows where, within the shady room, tea was even now being prepared for the expected visitor. Ah! that visitor, with whom I used to be a favourite, who had always been so kind—he was now on his way with the same heart towards me, little knowing what had happened, little knowing I was lost and ruined!

Does this description of my state of mind, of my sense of guilt, seem overstrained? It is just possible I give a ltttle more coherence to my reflections than they had at the time, but I cannot colour too highly the anguish of humiliation they produced: it was all but intolerable. "I suppose," said I moodily to myself, for a reaction was commencing—"I suppose I shan't always feel like this, or I should go mad. I shall get used to it presently—used to being miserable!"

Just then I heard my name shouted by one of my cousins, but I had not the heart to shout in answer. No doubt tea was ready, but I wanted no tea. Mr. Ellison might be come, but I dreaded to see him. My cousin called, and ran on towards the spot where I stood till he caught sight of me. He was hot with the search, and angry that I had not answered; moreover, what boy about his age, in the lustihood of a dozen summers, knoweth ought of tenderness or consideration? "There you are, miss," he said, savagely; "and a pretty hunt I've had! You're to come in to tea; and another time don't give better

people the trouble of fetching you: they don't like it, I can tell you."

He was just off again, eager for his meal, but I stopped him. "Bob, is Mr. Ellison come?" I cried.

"Hours ago; and he and mother have been shut up ever so long talking about you, I know; and don't "Bob" me, please, Miss Mabel; I don't like it!"

My spirit swelled. Was this to be the way? One touch of rough boyish kindness, and I could almost have kissed his feet; now I walked back to the house with a bitter "I won't care" swelling at my heart.

I may as well say here, though scarcely necessary to the moral of my story, that I was an adopted child in the large family of my aunt. She was a widow, and had been so ever since I had lived with her; and I, as will be supposed, was an orphan. She had in her own right a good income, though she only held in trust for her eldest son the substantial manor-farm on which we resided. I was not poor; indeed, I was in some sort an heiress; and Mr. Ellison, my aunt's honoured friend and her executor, was joint-guardian over me with herself. I had been brought up to fear and reverence him; he had taught me to love him. My degradation in his eyes was the bitterest drop in my self-mixed cup.

As I entered the hall, my aunt came out to meet me, and took me with her into another room. "Mabel," she said, "you are to take your place at the table with us as usual for the present. I have spoken to your guardian about you, but I scarcely know what we may finally decide upon in the matter. You are too old to be whipped or sent to bed; but though you are to be suffered to come amongst us, I need not say we shall never feel for you as we once did, or if we seem to do so, it will be because we forget. Your sin justifies a constant mistrust; for my part, I can never think of you as before under any circumstances, I am afraid. I don't think I ought, even if it were possible. But now, come in to tea."

"I want no tea," said I, bitterly. "I can't see Mr. Ellison. Oh! need he have known it?"

"Mabel," was the answer, "it would have been better had you feared the lie as you fear its discovery."

I sat down on a chair, and leaned my head on a table near. I had not a word to say for myself, or against the treatment adopted. My aunt was a woman of severe rectitude, and had brought us all up with deep solicitude, and I believe, prayerful care. She thought lying an almost unpardonable sin, for she looked upon it as a proof of nearly hopeless moral depravity; and my falsehood had been an aggravated one. Many, with a less strict sense of my delinquency, might have been more severe. I could not blame her. "At least," I said, "you won't make me come in?"

"No," she returned, and went back to the parlour.

I went up stairs to my bedroom, where I spent the rest of the evening. No inquiries were made after me. When it grew dark, I undressed and threw myself into bed. I offered no prayer for God's forgiveness; mine was not so much penitence as remorse. Had I been a man who had blasted his prospects in life by the commission of some deadly sin, I could scarcely have felt more morally lost, more hopeless about the future. My aunt had represented my sin in appalling colours, and my whole previous education and turn of mind made me feel its turpitude strongly: the possibilty of my repairing it had not been urged upon me, but rather denied. I thought it would colour and prejudice my whole after-life, that I had lost caste for ever.

I scarcely slept at all, and got up mentally sick, physically worn out. I dared not stay away from the breakfast-table, so I made haste to be first down stairs. The windows of our pleasant morning-room were open; there had been rain during the night, and it was one of those fresh laughing mornings which I felt I should have so enjoyed once. Once! yes, it was a long time ago. The whole aspect of the apartment within, of refreshed nature without, had an eminently pleasant effect: or, rather, I thought it would have to other eyes. I took a seat in the shade; I had a dim idea (I knew not whether it were hope or dread) that Mr. Ellison might come in before the others; but he did not. He and my aunt came in together, and they were closely followed by the children.

He was a man of about fifty years of age, with a figure and countenance which, in youth, might have been handsome, but which had suffered too severely from what I suppose were the effects of time to be so now. He had, too, an air of gravity and reticence, which rather oppressed a stranger unacquainted with the minute sympathies, the comprehensive benevolence it veiled.

He came up to me where I sat dejected and humbled, and held out his hand. To my surprise, and, I may say, to my exquisite pain, he spoke to me much as usual—I could almost have thought more tenderly than usual. I dared not look up as I murmured my inaudible answer. My aunt gave me a chilling "good-morning;" my young cousins looked at me shyly, but did not speak. No one spoke to me during beakfast except my guardian, and he only in connection with the courtesies of the table; and not being able to bear this, I crept out of the room as soon as I dared. It was the same at every other meal; and all the intervals between I spent alone, unsought, unquestioned, suffering a fiery trial. I don't dwell on the details of my experience that day; I have suffered much since, but, God knows, never more. However, as may be supposed, I slept a little that night, for nature would bear up no longer.

The next day came; breakfast had passed as before, and, as before, I was stealing out of the room, when my guardian called me back.

"If you want to talk to Mabel," said my aunt, "I will leave you alone together."

But Mr. Ellison begged earnestly that she would remain, and, to my bitter regret, she consented. I felt now there would be no hope for me. He then placed a chair for me, and coming up to where I stood sinking with shame near the door, led me gently to it. "You are too forbearing, my dear sir," urged my aunt: "she is not any longer entitled to such kindness."

"Is she not?" he returned with a bitter sigh;

and then addressing me: "Mabel, are you truly sorry for this sin of yours?"

The accent of generous sympathy with which the words were spoken wrought upon me. "Sorry!" I cried in an agony; "I'm miserable; I shall be always miserable! Every one will despise me all my life long—and oh, I meant to be so good!"

My guardian took a seat beside me. "And now," he asked, "you will give up crying?"

I looked up eagerly. "Where would be the use?" I said. "A liar"—the word seemed to burn my lips, but I would say it, for I half feared he did not know the worst—"loses her character once and for ever. No one will trust me again, no one can respect me. Oh, it's dreadful!" I shuddered instinctively.

"Then what is to follow?" asked Mr. Ellison. "Is all effort to be given up, and this dark spot to spread till it infects your whole character? Are all duties to be neglected because you have failed in one? and are you to live on, perhaps to fourscore, incapacitated by this selfish remorse? Not so, Mabel——"

"Pardon my interrupting you, Mr. Ellison," interposed my aunt; "but this is scarcely the way to treat my niece. You will make her think lightly of the dreadful sin she has committed; she will fancy her compunction extreme, whereas no repentance can be sufficient. Don't try to soften her present impression. I would have her carry with her to the grave the salutary sense she seems to have of what she has done."

"I, too," said my guardian fervently, "would teach her a lesson she should never forget, but it would be differently put from yours. Before God, I grant you, no amount of penitence would suffice to procure that atonement, which is freely given on wider grounds; but as regards her relations to her fellow-beings, to her future life, Mabel argues wrong: men in general, the world at large, you yourself, my dear madam, appear to me to argue wrong on this subject."

My aunt colored. "Pardon me," she said, stiffly; "I think we cannot understand each other."

"Perhaps," said my guardian, "I have misunderstood you; but if you will suffer a direct question, it will settle the point. Suppose that, in the future, Mabel's conduct should be exemplary, would you fully restore her to the place she once held in your esteem?"

I looked anxiously towards my aunt; the question was a momentous one to me. She seemed to reflect.

"It is painful to say it," she replied at length; "but I must be conscientious. In such a case, Mabel would in a great measure regain my esteem; but to expect me to feel for her as I did before she had so deeply injured her moral nature, seems unreasonable. She can never be exactly to me what she was before."

"And you think, doubtless, that she is right in considering that this youthful sin will impair her future capacity for good?"

"I think," answered my aunt, "that it is the penalty attached to all sin, that it should keep us low and humble through life. The comparatively clear conscience will be better fitted for good deeds than the burdened."

There was a pause; my heart had sunk again. Mr. Ellison rose and began to walk up and down the floor.

"Suppose a case, madam," he said presently, and in a constrained tone—"where an honorable man, under strong temptation, has committed a dishonorable action; or a merciful man, a cruel: have they marred life, and must they go softly all the rest of their days? Must they leave to other men the fulfilment of high duties, the pursuit and achievement of moral excellence? Would you think it unseemly if, at any after-period, you heard the one urging on some conscience the necessity of recitude, or the other advocating the beauty of benevolence? or must they, conscious that their transgression has lowered them for ever never presume to hold themselves erect again?"

"My dear Mr. Ellison," said my aunt, looking with surprise at my guardian, who had certainly warmed into unusual energy—"I think we are wandering from the point. Such a discussion as this will not do Mabel any good, but rather harm, if I understand you to mean that we are not materially affected by our transgressions. It is a stange doctrine, sir, and a very dangerous one."

"My dear friend," returned my guardian gently, "far be it from me to say that our transgressions do not materially affect us! I do not want to gainsay your view of the life-long humility which a human being should feel for a criminal act, but I would introduce hope, and not despair, into his mind. I don't think the plan on which society goes of judging the character of a man from individual acts or single oberrations is just; very often such acts are not fair representations of the life or even the nature of the man. They show, indeed, what he was at that moment; but it may be that never before or since in his existence did he or will he experience such another. Yet perhaps he is condemned by the world, and shunned as a lost character. How bitterly hard for that man to do his duty in life!"

"No doubt," said my aunt, "it does bear hard in particular cases; but it is the arrangement of Providence that the way of transgressors is hard."

"I am not speaking," returned my guardian, "of the habitual transgressor, but of one who, like Mabel here, thinks life spoiled by a single act of moral evil, and is treated as if it were so. You speak of Providence," he continued with a smile: "an instance rises to my mind where an aggravated sin was committed, and yet the sinner, far from being doomed to obscurity and life-long remorse, was spared all reproof save that of his agonized conscience, was distinguished above others, called to God's most sacred service, elected to the glory of martyrdom. If remorse were in any case justifiable, if any sin should unfit a man for rising above it or for doing good in his generation, surely it would have been in Peter's case. But we know that story. My dear madam"—and Mr. Ellison, laying his hand on my head, looked appealingly towards my aunt—"I desire to speak reverently; but think you, after Christ's charge, even John, Abdiel-like disciple as he was, ever presumed to say or feel that he could never esteem or look upon Peter as he once did? This

is what is forbidden us—to look upon men as fallen below their chance of recovery."—My aunt was silent, but I could see she was impressed. As for me, I felt as if a load were being slowly lifted off my heart, and it swelled with a passionate aspiration to recover, with God's help, my former standing, and press on in the upward way. And would I not, through life, be tender and merciful to the penitent wrong-doer?—"If I speak warmly on this subject," continued my guardian, "it is because my own experience furnishes me with a proof of how low an honorable man may fall, and how far the magnanimity, or rather justice, I have been advocating may enable him to rise again, and try and work out towards his fellow-men—I know he cannot do so towards God—reparation for his offence. May I tell you a short story?"

"Certainly," said my aunt; but she looked uneasily towards me.

"Let Mabel stay and hear me," said Mr. Ellison; "the lesson is for her to learn, and my story will do her no harm."

He took a few turns through the room, as if collecting his thoughts, and then began. If my readers wonder that, at fourteen, my memory retained the details of such a conversation, let me explain, that many times since then has this subject been renewed and discussed by my guardian and me.

"Many years back," said Mr. Ellison, "I knew two friends. They were young men of very different character, but, for ought I know, that might have been the secret of their attachment. The elder, whom, for distinction's sake, I will call Paul, was of a thoughtful, reserved turn of mind. He was given a good deal to speculations about the moral capacities and infirmities of his own nature and that of his race, and had a deep inward enthusiasm for what he conceived to be goodness and virtue; and I will do him the justice to say, he strove so far as in him lay to act up to his convictions. The younger—we will call him Clement—was of a lighter temper. Generous, frank, and vivacious, he was a far more general favorite than his friend; but yet, when men of experience spoke on the subject, they said, the one was, no doubt, the most lovable, but the other the most trustworthy. Well—for I do not wish to make a long story of it—Clement, who had no secrecies from his friend, had made him long ago the confidant of a strong but unfortunate attachment of his. Unfortunate, I say; not but that the lady was eminently worthy, but, alas! she was rich, and he but a brief-hunting barrister. Clement had a chivalrous sense of honor, and had never shewn sign or uttered word of love, though he confessed he had a vague, secret hope that the girl returned his feeling. He blushed, however, like a woman when he made this admission, and would fain have gainsayed it as presumption the moment after. He rather unwisely, but most naturally, still visited at the house, where the parents, suspecting nothing, received him cordially; and at length he ventured to introduce Paul there too, in order that his friend might judge for himself of the perfections of his mistress.

"It is not necessary to describe the daughter; suffice it to say, Paul found in her person and character not only enough to justify Clement's choice, but to excite in his own mind a passion of a strength corresponding with the silent energy of his character. He kept his secret, and heard Clement talk of his love with the patience of a friend, while secretly he had to contend with the jealousy of a lover. But he did contend against it, and strove to master himself; for apart from what honor and friendship enjoined, he saw plainly that Eleanor favored the unexpressed, but with a woman's keenness, half-guessed love of Clement. He forbore to visit at the house, in spite of the double welcome his relation to Clement and his own social position—for Paul was rich—had obtained for him there. Time passed, and Paul was still at war with an unconquered weakness, when Clement got an appointment in India. 'Before you go,' said Paul to him, 'you will speak to Eleanor?'

"'No,' said Clement, after painful deliberation; 'the chances of my success are still doubtful: when I have proved them, and can satisfy her parents, I will write.'

"'You may lose her through your over-scrupulousness.'

"'I may,' said Clement; 'but if she loves me, she has read my heart, and I can trust her.'

"Clement, therefore, took his secret to India with him, and Paul was left at home to fight with a gigantic temptation. I need not go into the subtleties it assumed; but for a long time he was proof against them. He would not sacrifice honor and friendship, the strength of a good conscience, and the principles he revered, to selfish passion and inclination. One evening, however, he yielded to a weakness he had several times overcome, and went to the house. He said to himself he would see how she bore Clement's absence. Eleanor received him with a kindness she had never shewn before. Her parents politely hoped, when he rose to leave, that they were not to lose his society as well as Clement's. That night cast the die. 'I love her,' said Paul to himself; 'Clement does no more. I have the same right as he to be happy.' Madam," added Mr. Ellison abruptly, "you guess what followed. Paul, with his keen sense of rectitude, his ambitious aspirations, yielded, and fell."

My guardian paused. My whole girl's heart was in his story: I forgot my humbled position, and exclaimed eagerly: "But did Eleanor love him?"

Mr. Ellison looked at me quickly, and then half-smiled. The smile was a relief to me, for it brought back the usual expression which he had lost during the telling of this story. "You shall hear," he resumed presently. "Paul having decided to act a fraudulent and unworthy part, used all his powers to gain his object. 'Honour and self-respect I have lost," he said; 'love and gratification I must have.' It was a terrible period that followed. The suit he urged with such untiring zeal seemed to gain slow favour with Eleanor. Her parents were already his supporters; and with the irritating hopes and fears of an ardent but baffled lover, were mixed the stinging agonies of remorse and shame. Clement's periodical letters, long since unanswered were now unread; to him, such as he now was, they were not addressed—that sweet friendship

was buried with his youth's integrity. I will not linger," said my guardian hurriedly. "Paul won the prize which he had sought at such a cost; Eleanor's consent was gained, and the marriage-day was appointed. I don't think even then he so deceived himself as to think he was happy. Moments of tumultous emotion, of feverish excitement, that he misnamed joy, he had, but his blessedness had escaped him. Not only his conscience told him was Clement defrauded, but Eleanor was deceived. To hear her express at any time indignant scorn of what was base or mean, was a mortal torture so exquisitly acute that only those can conceive it who have stooped to a like degradation. A night or two before the day fixed for the wedding, Paul went as usual to her house. Just before he took his leave, Eleanor left the room and returned with a letter. There was a glow on her cheek as she gave it him. 'I have long determined,' she said, 'to have no momentous secrets from him who is to be my husband: it will be better for you to know this.'

"He took the letter. I see you guess the sequel: it was from Clement. It told the story of his long silent love, for he was now in a position to satisy his own scruples and tell it. With the fear upon his mind that even now his treasure might escape him, Paul clung to it more tenaciously than ever; passion smothered remorse. 'Well,' he asked, looking at her almost fiercely, 'does the secret go no further?'

"'Very little further, Paul,' said Eleanor gravely. "I loved Clement once, but I thought he trifled with me; were it not now honourably too late—I love you now.'

"P ul felt a sudden impulse to confess the whole truth, but it was transient. He had felt many such an impulse before, but had conquered it; should he, on the eve of possession, with that assurance in his ears, yield now?"

"But, Mr. Ellison," I cried, interrupting him with the matter-of-fact sagacity of a child, "didn't it seem strange to Eleanor that Paul had told Clement nothing about his engagement?"

"Ah, Mabel," sighed my guardian, "no great sin but has its lesser ones. Long since, Paul had found it necessary to tell Eleanor a false story concerning his present suspension of intercourse with Clement."

I think this absolute lie of Paul's touched my aunt as sensibly as any point in the history, for she broke silence. "And what," she said, "was the end of this wretched young man's history? Are you going to tell us we must not despise him?"

"One moment longer," urged my guardian, "and you shall pass your judgment. Paul married Eleanor: you are surprised? Alas! poetical justice is not the rule of this life. Yet why do I say alas? has it not a higher rule? He married her then, each loved the other, but Paul was a miserable man. His friends noticed it; naturally then this wife; but he kept his secret; no wonder months wrought upon him the effect of years. Nevertheless, he neglected his duties, he had no heart for them: self-contempt, a bitter remorse, cankered every aspiration, enfeebled effort, sapped and destroyed his capabilities. Life slipped wasted through his fingers. I could not, says Mr. Ellison, "give yok an idea what he suffered, but I believe he was at this time deeply mistaken, increasingly criminal. If a man's sin be black as hell—and his was black—remorse cannot mend it: so long as he lives, life requires duties and effort from him; let him not think he is free to spend it in this selfish absorption."

"True," said my aunt; "but let him not expect, even though he strive to rise and partially succeed, that he is to be respected as a worthier man."

"A year passed," resumed my guardian, without heeding the remark, "and Clement returned to England. Originally, he had a noble soul; sanctifying sorrow had made him great. He inquired after his former friend, wrote to him, assuring him he could meet Eleanor now with the calmness of friendship; and forced himself upon him. I say forced, for, naturally, Clement was to Paul an accusing angel. An agonised retribution was at hand for the latter: Eleanor died in her first confinement, after but a few hours' illness; her infant even died before her. In this extremity, well was it for Paul that Clement was at hand: in his overwhelming grief, the past seemed cancelled; he could claim and endure his friend's magnanimous tenderness. When he recovered from this stroke, he roused himself to a new existance. Clement had succeeded in convincing him of his forgivness, of his continued friendship even. 'After the first shock of feeling,' he said, "he thought of what a nature like yours must suffer, which had been tempted to such an act, changed. slowly, I grant, but still changed, resentment into sympathy. For my own consolation, I studied the New Testament; it has taught me lessons which I think, Paul, you as well as I have missed. I won't insult you by dwelling on my free pardon; if it is worthy of acknowledgment, put your hand once more to the plough, labour for the welfare of others, and so work out your own.' He argued against remorse, and urged the considerations which I have brought more feebly forward, with such effect, that Paul laid them to heart, and strove to test their truth. With God's forgivness sought and obtained, and that of the man he had injured—with principles drawn from a deeper and diviner source than he had known before—with a spirit humbled but not crushed, he proved that life still lay before him as a field for honourable and remunerative labour. I believe his friend respected him more in this second stage of his experience than before; I know he did not respect him less. Will any other presume to do so?" asked Mr. Ellison, approaching my aunt. "My dear friend, wonder not at my tenderness to Mabel; that is the salutary result of so severe an experience: it is my own story I have told."

I think my aunt must have guessed the truth ere this, for she made an immediate answer. I was silent with astonishment. My guardian turned and looked at me. "Mabel,," he said earnestly, "let me not have humbled myself before you in vain. God preserve you from sinning against your own nature and Him; but where you fall, God give you grace and strength to rise and strive again. And grant me this too, my child: in after-life you may have much influence; for my sake, for your own experience of suffering

and shame, be merciful to the wrong-doer! Make it one of your duties to help the fallen, even though she be a woman, and convince her that all is not lost in one false step. God provides against his creature's remorse—shall man be less merciful to his brother?"

"Mr. Ellison," said my aunt, "the life of effort and self-denial you have led condemns my severity. I have been too harsh; but I must seriously review this argument. Mabel, come here!"—I approached her timidly; she drew me nearer.—"One must still repent before they can be pardoned," she said; "but I think you do repent, Mabel?"

My tears flowed. "Aunt, forgive me." I whispered; "I am sorry indeed. I don't like to say it, but I think I shall never tell a lie again?"

She kissed me, and rose up; there were tears in her eyes. "Let it be, then, as though it had never been, except to teach you Mr. Ellison's lesson," she said. She then approached my guardian. "I knew not," she added in a softened tone, and holding out her hand with an air of respect, "how much you lost some years ago by Clement's death. Henceforth, you and I will be better friends."

Mr. Ellison pressed her hand in silence; I saw he could not speak; I had an instinct that he would wish to be alone, so I followed my aunt quickly out of the room.

She turned kindly round, and despatched me on some message as of old; I felt I was forgiven! Before fulfilling it, I ran into my room and shut the door; then kneeling down by the bedside, I prayed as I had not before done, with softened heart and contrite tears, for God's forgivness.

Those few hours have influenced a lifetime.

SONNET—THE VISION.

She rose before him in the loveliness
And light of days long vanished; but her air
Was marked with tender sadness, as if care
Had left its traces written, though distress
Was felt no longer. Through her shadowy dress
And the dark ringlets of her flowing hair
Trembled the silvery moonbeams, as she there
Stood 'midst their weeping glory motionless,
And pale as marble statue on a tomb.
But there were traits more heavenly in her face,
Than when her cheek was radiant with the bloom
Which his false love had blighted;
Came like some angel minister of grace,
And looked forgiveness of his broken vow.

AGNES STRICKLAND.

When we denounce "the world," we should remember that we form part of it.

Beware of judging hastily; it is better to suspend an opinion than to retract an assertion.

We give away nothing so generously, and receive nothing so reluctantly as, advice.

PRETYY MARY.*

BY JOHN MERWYL.

"Of course, of course," replied the steward, bowing politety, but mentally resolving that the door of communication should be bolted.

Their hostess now taking the light, preceded them up a large, old, wooden staircase, from which they emerged upon a covered gallery running along the front and two wings of the house; and though the night was coming on very dark, they could perceive that the view was on a farm yard. They passed numerous doors and windows of chambers giving on this gallery, which evidently had not been in much request of late, for the doors were half unhinged, and every now and then swung backwards and forwards as the wind, now rising in the forest, came whistling through the large desolate building. Mary stopped at one of the last of these in the front part of the inn; it seemed in better condition than the rest, and was probably that of the rooms most in use. Her key soon opened it, and she lighted the strangers in. The apartment consisted of two comfortably large rooms, with many beds, but scanty furniture, and a most disagreeable superabundance of doors and windows. On the whole, a more gloomy affair could not easily be conceived. It struck chill even to the heart of the steward; but the hostess cut short the expostulations she saw hovering on the old man's lips, by assuring him these were her very best rooms, and she had none other ready in the house.

"Well," said he, "as they are not very gay, and our supper was not over plentiful, we really want something to cheer us up—some nice warm evening cup, such as you once knew how to prepare so well, and used to call my night cap, you pretty rogue, do you remember?" and the hand of her former acquaintance would have volunteered the paternal caress of other days, but Mary shrunk from it as if it had been a blow.

"I will bring you something over which to smoke your pipes," and, having lighted a couple of tallow candles that were on the table, she withdrew.

The bookseller had kindly taken charge of the singularly elongated package that excited so much solicitude in the Italian's breast, whilst the latter groaned under the weight of his two enormous saddle bags.

"It is very light for so long a thing," said the bookseller, putting his burthen on the table as he spoke; "it was a mere nothing to pop it under my arm; here goes what is heavier—that's my portmanteau."

"And here goes what's as heavy," said the steward, following his example by depositing his load on the table, whilst the Italian piled his bags by the side.

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*Continued from page 310, volume 3.

"One might almost think," said the younger German, "that there was no other living creature in the house but this dark-looking woman. I never saw so desolate an inn."

"I have my reasons for believing it less lonely than you imagine," replied the Italian. "If there was no meat for *our* supper, there was an abundant supply of it for others. Who these others may be"—here he shrugged his shoulders—"God knows, but it bodes us no good."

"How came you to find that out?" remarked the bookseller.

"Oh! by the merest accident in the world," replied the other. "I happened to look in at the kitchen window, and saw two stout wenches preparing enough meat for ten individuals."

"Were you seen?" asked his interrogator.

"I think not," he quickly answered, "but the maids exchanged such glances of intelligence that I should not be surprised if I was.'

"These people have certainly come down in the world since I was last here," said the steward, "but I did not expect to find it so poor a place, or I should—"

The words died on his lips, for Mary re-entered, bringing in what he had desired. She looked severely at the Italian.

"You had not a very good meal of it," said she, "addressing him in a somewhat marked manner, "for although we had better provisions about the place than I could afford to give you, I was obliged to reserve them for the farm boys, whom I expect every moment from the fields; for you know," added she, turning to the steward, "farming is our chief occupation, and the inn is merely a secondary branch of industry. Of course I could not think of deranging the poor people's usual repast, after a hard day's work, for chance visitors;" and, with anything but a friendly smile, she withdrew.

"You have been seen," observed the bookseller to the Italian, with a somewhat crestfallen air.

"She provides well for her people," replied the Italian; "I think few farm boys are better treated. I wish we were well out of this place; I disliked it from the very first, and everything since has added to my suspicion."

"I cannot bring myself to think there is any harm about it," said the steward, "I have known pretty Mary so long. True, neither she nor her circumstances seem improved of late, but yet I cannot share your doubts."

"Whence dates your acquaintance?" interrupted the Italian, putting back with his hand the proffered draught which the young German was tendering him, and fixing his quick eager glance upon the steward whilst he replied:

"It is a long story to tell, but if it amuses you to listen to it over your glass, I am quite ready to give it you."

"Under the present circumstances, nothing can have more interest for us than an account of this woman. Pray begin—we are all ear."

The bookseller had by this time opened the pearl tobacco bag his Dorothea had wrought for him, and having drawn from his pocket his travelling pipe, he prepared to soothe his growing alarms, and possibly the tediousness of the tale, with the delight of the soporiferous herb, and echoed the wish of his neighbour.

"It is many years back—I should think about fifteen," began the steward, "when I first saw pretty Mary. You both smile, and shake your heads, at the epithet which, from habit, I still apply to her. She is faded now, and you cannot possibly imagine how truly she once deserved it. Ay, ay, I remember her well, with her bright eyes and rosy cheeks, white teeth and merry laugh, there was not a comelier or more buxon lass in the whole village. She liked to be told she was pretty—and where's the harm? I, for my part, have always thought her more giddy and foolish, but less guilty than others have done—"

"Perhaps you may have been under the influence of the bright eyes and rosy cheeks you have just described," said the Italian, with a sly look.

"Sir, I was an old man and the father of a family," gravely replied the steward, "and therefore could take in Mary only the most fatherly interest. She was born not far from the Castle Rantzau, and her parents, who were poor labourers, sent her early to service in the little inn of our village. Well do I remember the sensation she created on her arrival. Nothing was heard of but her beauty. In less than a week she obtained universally the cognomen by which I call her, and which she has kept to this day in our village; in a couple of weeks more the matrons ef the place declared her to be a saucy, flippant girl, whose acquaintance they forbade their daughters, and prayed their sons to avoid. I, myself, saw no harm whatever about the girl—she was merry and free in her manners to be sure, but she would hand an old man like me his can of beer with as good a grace, and winning a smile, as if I had been the friskiest lad in the village. I must tell you that from Rantzau to the village it is a mere walk, and one which I was in the habit of taking almost every evening, for the space of many years. this walk always brought me to the neat, tidy little inn, kept by my friend the post-master, where I regularly smoked my pipe, and sipped my beer, in company with a few old tried friends, reading our newspaper, talking over the politics of the day, and discussing the then scandals of our village, aud those of our youth. A pleasant time we had of it—but, lack-a-day, our ranks are thinned since then ——ah! where was I? Pretty Mary had not long been in the inn as chief maid—my old

friend the post-master was dead, and his son, a lad I had dandled on my knee, had succeeded to the business, for his old mother knew no more about it than the cuckoo. It was as neat an establishment as a man need to have; a snug inn it was—with well-filled cellars—five post-horses in the stable—a few postillions, who served as farm-boys at the same time. In short, nothing could be more complete. I must not forget to add that he likewise kept our only post-office. He was a good-looking, good-natured, obliging fellow as ever lived. May be he had one or two little follies, such as letting his moustachios grow, and wearing a green coat like my lord's *chasseur*, and that, too, after I had warned him against such apishness, but, on the whole, he was a good boy, and I loved him well, both for his father's sake and his own. I soon saw how matters stood between him and Mary. Ay, had she chosen it, she might have been the honest, happy wife of as thriving a lad as any we have in our parts. Not that Mary begrudged him her smiles or her soft looks, but at the bottom she loved another. The thing passed thus—the post-master's old mother, who had been very strict in her day—God assoilize her—Here goes to her memory, gentlemen!" So saying, the honest old steward emptied his glass, which had stood for some time untasted before him.

"Well, she would not hear of the match, and wished to turn pretty Mary out of the house, saying she was over light for the like of her son, and that if his wife were poor she should, at least, be honest. The boy did not believe her, and would have married Mary for all that, being much of my opinion, that she had too many admirers among the men to have the good will of the women. The girl had consented, and the wedding was to take place very shortly, when a conversation he accidentally overheard in his own stables proved to him, that, had he concluded the affair, he would have been greatly duped, and that if it were any one's duty to repair the poor maiden's honour he certainly was not the person on whom this duty ought to devolve. The truth is, my good friends, her true affection was given to a squinting, red-haired postillion, by name Peter Stieber. He was as ill-favoured, and as ill-behaved a man as ever I happened to see—very much addicted to drink and profligate habits, and the little we knew of him—for he was not of our village, but came from a distant part of the country—made us dislike him every day more and more. Not so Mary. Her whole heart, it would seem, was bound up to this man, at least so her after behaviour would lead me to believe. The postmaster, who had already often thought of dismissing him for his dissolute habits and frequent and unaccountable absence, now hesitated no longer, and unceremoniously disturbing the *tête-a-tête* he had so opportunely overheard, he turned out Peter Stieber that very hour. But he could not find it in his heart to do the same by pretty Mary, however cruelly she had deceived him; for he well knew such a proceeding would at once complete her ruin in the village, that her many rivals would greatly joy in her shame, and repay her former scornful and sneering manner to them with every bitter insult they could think of. His goodness of heart triumphed, and so he left pretty Mary without a word of reproach; but the ensuing week found a gentle, prudent girl of the neighbourhood invested with all the honours of postmistress at the quiet, little inn. Great, doubtless, was Mary's disappointment; and whether her proud spirit could not brook to obey where she once thought to command, or whether it was that the young wife was not without her jealousies about Mary and made her uncomfortable, or, it may be from some other causes, Mary soon after left the inn, and removed to another in the neighbouring town. Affairs often brought me to her new residence. Here, although her beauty was still an object of remark, it did not excite the same heart-burnings and jealousies which it had occasioned in our village; and for a very simple reason. She no longer noticed the young men of the place, having evidently given up all hopes of an honourable establishment, and kept all her coquetries for chance travellers who put up at her master's house. It went on very well for a time but some of the better sort of visitors complained of her boldness and obtrusiveness, and her irregularities at last became such and so glaring that the innkeeper put her out of doors.

"Pretty Mary, in the course of a couple of years, experienced precisely the same fate in several of the better hostleries of the neighbouring towns and villages, and disappeared all of a sudden from that part of the country. The poor girl had so lost herself, that none even of her past admirers thought it worth while to inquire into the matter. I was one of those who, I believe, pitied her most sincerely. I must tell you that from the moment of his dismissal by the Postmaster, Peter Stieber had never been seen nor heard of more. Now, putting that together with the complaints all Mary's successive masters made of her, namely, that she was constantly absenting herself without being able, or willing, to account for it in any way, and the great mystery in which she tried to envelope these absences—all this, I say, led me to conclude that Peter Stieber was not far off, that he still exercised an undue influence over poor Mary, and was the cause of many of her follies; nor was I far wrong, as you will soon perceive. A few years after pretty Mary's singular disappearance, the affairs of my Lord the Count of Rantzau brought me this way; and what was my surprise to find her the wedded wife of

Peter Stieber, and mistress of a large and comfortable inn. I could not help suspecting Mary's beauty had somewhat contributed to the comforts I saw around them. That she was not quite reformed several circumstances led me to believe; and although Peter Stieber was more active than I had known him, I could easily perceive that he had made a brutal husband, and a drunken, disobliging host; but Mary, poor soul, in spite of all her levity, seemed devotedly attached to him. Besides, she received me with so frank and cordial a welcome that I could not have harboured an unkind thought of her, nor did I choose to dwell too much upon her past existence."

"Have you performed this journey often?" inquired the bookseller.

"Never from that day to this," answered the steward; "and sad is the change that has taken place since then, both in the people and the objects around them. Pretty Mary's friendly smiles have disappeared with her beauty, and the whole concern seems to have gone to ruin. I dare say all this has been effected by Peter Stieber's evil propensities, and that sorrow and suffering have made of the poor girl what she now is."

"Did you sleep here on that occasion?" again interrupted the bookseller.

"Ay, that did I, and spent a part of the next day here into the bargain, although the Count was anxiously expecting his monies—for I was bent on precisely the same errand as that which now takes me to F——, but it was a gay time in this part of the country—it being Kirmess—and the inn so crowded I could not have a private chamber for love or money, and was obliged to spend the night in the public room with numbers of other people, and they drank, and sang, and made themselves so merry, that I could not close my eyes all night. But still I left the place with regret, and little dreamed I should ever find it so altered."

"How comes the woman by so accurate a knowledge of your journey and its objects?" still persisted the inquisitive bookseller, shaking the ashes out of his expiring pipe, whilst the Italian continued to listen in silence, his large bright eyes gradually increasing in size and lustre as the steward's story came to a close, and evidently sharing the young German's curiosity.

"Why, Mary was born on the estate of the Count, and of course knows well the time at which we collect the rents,—knows, too, pretty well to what they amount, and did not fail, whilst at the inn of our village, to pick up some information about our affairs." Here the honest steward, having given due emphasis to the significant plural, drew himself up with a great air of dignity and self-importance, looking from one face to another to enjoy the effect it should have produced. But he was disappointed; the bookseller's countenance expressed nothing but perplexity and care, whilst the foreigner seemed lost in abstraction.

"What on earth make you look so moody, comrade?" said the old man, addressing his countryman. "Is it the recital of pretty Mary's misfortunes, or this evening's wretched accommodation?"

"I was reflecting," answered the bookseller, "on the very bad character which, from your own account, it would seem the people of this house deservedly enjoy, and how far it may be likely to affect us on the present occasion. The woman knows of a large sum being in the house, and there is no Kirmess. I can tell you, however much your vivid recollection of her once rosy cheeks and warm smiles may reassure you, I, who have seen nothing of either, feel anything but comforted by the story of her past life."

"It is strange," replied the steward, "I cannot take that view of the case; and you, Sir," added he, turning to the Italian, "a woman may be light and not criminal—Eh?"

"In my wanderings through the world, I have often found the one thing led to the other," replied the Italian with a smile that seemed but little in harmony with the subject in discussion and the words he uttered; "and if you, indeed, wish to know my candid opinion, which, after all, may not be useless to you, I think you had better frame your minds to that which will certainly take place: I mean a night attack, for which, however, gentlemen, if I understand you aright, during the course of our short acquaintance, you are both fully prepared."

The Italian's mention of a night attack, and the firm decided tone in which he spoke, produced a starting change in his two companions.

"How so? What do you mean?" exclaimed the bookseller, turning deadly pale, and rising in alarm, whilst the steward gazed at him, aghast and speechless, some dawning fears beginning to clear up the mists of his somewhat dense comprehension.

"You, Sir," said the stranger, first answering the bookseller's query, "have never ceased vaunting the fleetness of your good horse; and you," he continued, addressing the steward, "if I am not mistaken, have pistols."

"Sancta Maria! do you think I ever load them?" cried the now terrified steward, expanding his pale blue eyes to their utmost capability, the roseate hue that had forsaken his cheeks to refugiate itself in his capacious rose, rapidly turning to blue.

"And how am I to get at my horse?" piteously added the no less frightened bookseller.

"Certainly neither unseen nor unprevented," said the Italian.

"What then shall we do?"

"Ach! ach!" sighed the steward; "but

we must be mistaken—it cannot be that we are in any danger here."

"Let us fly this minute," cried the bookseller, making towards the door with uncertain steps.

"Hold! What are you about?" said the Italian. "Had you never entered this place it would have been wiser, but as it is, precipitation would only seal your doom."

As neither of his companions offered to stir, and he would not for worlds have crossed the threshhold alone, the arguments of the stranger prevailed; and, without further discussion, the bookseller returned to his seat.

"And now, gentlemen," continued the Italian, who, although his sallow countenance grew paler, gave no other outward signs of emotion than might be betrayed by the compression of his lips and the lighting up of his eye, "suffer me to retire to the separate apartment you were kind enough to provide for me."

"Oh! No! no!—you are without defence!" screamed the steward, to whom the sight of the foreigner's calmness and collected air gave the only scrap of courage he could muster, now such horrid doubts had taken possession of his soul. "Let us remain together—we can always be some protection to you;" and his trembling hand sought that of the diminutive stranger, but only caught the inordinately long queue which, according to the fashion of the day, depended from that worthy's dark shock head.

"And I—I will stand by you to the last," murmured in faint accents the young bookseller, making a desperate effort to take hold of him.

"Thank you—thank you both," said the stranger, shaking them off; "but I will tell you, for your consolation, that I am better prepared for the struggle than you fancy—perhaps better than yourselves." Here he gave them one of his peculiar and sneering smiles. "I am not without arms, gentlemen;" so saying, he dragged his last saddle-bag into the adjoining room, to which he had already hurried his luggage since the close of Mary's story, and deaf to all intreaties, he shut and bolted the door behind him.

Great was his companions' consternation, and bitterly did they repent having so inconsiderately banished the stranger from their room.

"Alas! that I should ever have been obliged to leave my family and quiet frieside, to expose myself to such enormous perils," groaned forth the steward in the bitterness of his heart, "and that for no good that is ever likely to accrue to me from my risks."

"My poor Dorothea," said the pale young man, with quivering lips, "what will become of her if harm befall me?"

"What would my family—nay, the Count himself, do if my earthly career be thus cut short? Where will he find a man so trusty, so able, so devoted, so courageous,—ach! ach!" and he wrung his hands in despair.

"If I come not back she'll break her heart!" Here the bookseller drew out his pocket handkerchief, unable any longer to control his emotions.

"I am only sixty-three," said in a lamentable tone his old companion.

"She is only nineteen," sighed forth the bookseller.

"My father died at eighty-five, and I am only sixty-three." Here the worthy steward burst into a passion of tears, whilst his young friend chimed in with his sobs.

The scene was every moment augmenting in pathos. To add to their terror, the storm without, which had been gradually rising since sunset, now blew a hurricane; the thunder rolled at intervals, the lightning played through the large, desolate apartment, throwing into fantastic shape with strong light and black shadow the few objects it lighted upon. Their lamentations grew louder and louder, and their sorrow was increasing in violence, when it was suddenly checked by the strange sounds that proceeded from the stranger's chamber. Ever since he had been there he had shown quite as much restlessness as on the previous eve; but so long as they heard nothing remarkable, the two Germans were too much wrapped up in their fears, and busy with their own complaints, to pay the least attention: but now, even in spite of their critical situation, their curiosity became roused, and their tears ceased to flow as they listened intently to the smallest movement of their singular associate. Previously they had distinctly heard him dragging the furniture all about the room, and they naturally concluded he was barricading himself in; now, however, to their extreme surprise, they fancied they heard him unpacking. They came closer to the door—listened more attentively—they were not mistaken. the trailing of ropes and unlocking of padlocks was too familiar a sound not to be recognised. They immediately decided he was seeking his pistols; but when the unpacking continued for so long a space of time that it rather seemed like the operations of a traveller returned home after a journey and setting all to rights about him, and when the bustle increased from minute to minute, the wondering Germans were lost in conjectures. The circumstance had, however, one good result for them—it enabled them to forget, in some measure, the alarm that had nearly distracted them. The thought never once occurred to ther minds that they might profit by the example of the foreigner, barricade themselves in, and make at least a show of resistance. Indeed, had they possessed sufficient coolness to take such a determination, they would still have rejected the plan as unsafe, and only likely to aggravate their danger. As it was, a happy change had come over their spirit. Timid minds pos-

sess a property highly agreeable to them in depressing circumstances, and which consists in disputing, or completely denying, the existence of dangers which they know neither how to face nor avoid. From having given way to utter hopelessness, they suddenly passed to fresh doubts and new hopes. The transition was so congenial to their nature, they felt so relieved by the idea of having been misled by their own weakness, and that the Italian had excited their fears merely in jest—for they could not otherwise account for his coolness and his smile—all these considerations were so encouraging as to banish from their breasts the unpleasant feeling which had, but a moment before, such entire possession of them. They thought themselves gradually into perfect composure, and became altogether occupied with the creakings, pullings, haulings, and various other extraordinary noises the Italian continued to make, and which, had not the German been convinced by their own eyes of his being the solitary tenant of the apartment, they could never have ascribed to one individual alone. Indeed, it was to them a perfect wonder what he could be about, and their surmises concerning this mysterious person prolonged their conversation until a very late hour. True, his movements were of a nature not to suffer their curiosity to relax. Now he seemed to be climbing the walls—now to be scrubbing the floor—now to pile up furniture, and then again to knock it about. At last he seemed fairly tired out,—a pause ensued,—the eyes of the Germans were fixed on the door,—the bolts were withdrawn, and he appeared before them with so serious an aspect as again to chill the hearts of the two companions.

"They have delayed it long," he said; "longer than I had expected, but now they will soon come. How is it, gentlemen, that I find you so unprepared? Have you nothing wherewith to defend yourselves! Or have you not the spirit to do so?" he concluded, with a flashing eye.

"If there were anything to dread," said the steward, "we have no means of averting our fate; but I do not see what real cause we have to give way to such terrors. It is near twelve by my watch, and yet nothing has stirred in the house."

"Come, sir, do not throw your life away in that manner. I doubt not it is very dear to you. I have my treasures, too, but unfortunately they are not of a nature to make me very rich." A bitter smile passed over the Italian's face as he spoke these words. "A bargain is a bargain—will you pay me well if I am the means of saving your lives?"

The bookseller unhesitatingly replied—"Sir, you shall not name any sum within my power in vain, if you but restore me to my Dorothea." This proffer was so warmly made that the old man could not but follow his example, only insinuating the clause that real danger must have been incurred.

"That'll not fail," said the stranger, "of that rest assured. I wish I could be as secure of your gratitude as I am that there will be cause for it. Now listen to me. Do not follow me into my chamber, but sit so near to it as to be able to rush in at the very first alarm. I shall leave my door but half closed for the purpose. Remember, the moment you enter to hide yourself behind the first object of concealment you find. Mind, gentlemen, I expect you to be as true to your word as I shall endeavour to be mine." So saying, he withdrew, gently pushing the door to without absolutely closing it.

The Germans dragged their portmanteaus quite close to the door, and cowering down upon them, began, for the first time, to agitate the question behind them, whether they had not as much to apprehend from their singular associate as from the bad Peter Stieber himself, but without being able to come to any final conclusion or resolve. Another heavy quarter of an hour passed without anything arising that could justify their uneasiness. They were already beginning to grumble at the comfortless night their companion had again contrived to make them spend, when suddenly the door flew open, and Mary, with a wilder look than she had yet worn, rushed towards them.

"What on earth brings you here so late?" said the steward, rising, in surprise and no small fear, for Mary looked like a ghost with her ashy cheek, and large, fierce eyes.

"I heard you talking so late that I thought you would never retire to rest," she said, "and came to ask if you lacked anything to make you comfortable; "but whilst she spoke she threw a rapid glance first at their persons, then all around the chamber.

There was something so strange in her investigating look that both the men quailed, terrified, before it. Suddenly a smile of satisfaction crossed her face—but such a smile—it turned their hearts sick to behold it. She then gave a shrill, piercing whistle—the hurried tramp of heavy feet was heard along the passage—a pause ensued, then she clapped her hands three times, and several men poured into the room.

At first the Germans were rooted to the spot with bewilderment; but this sight brought back their senses, and they both rushed with one accord into the Italian's chamber. Here was all total darkness, and the light they had left in the other room suddenly going out, they were compelled to grope their way along the wall, each ensconcing himself, as the Italian had recommended, behind the first object that afforded protection.

(*To be continued.*)

Every difference of opinion is not a difference of principle.

FOREST GLEANINGS.

No. XII.

"A few leaves gathered by the wayside"

A WALK TO RAILWAY POINT.

Thirty years ago, the emigrant who desired to settle himself and family in the townships, north of Rice Lake, on reaching its southern shore, after a weary day's journey through roads deeply cut by ruts and water-worn gullies, could obtain no better mode of conveyance across its waters than what was afforded by a small skift or canoe, unless he committed himself and his wordly goods to the safer keeping of a huge, flat-bottomed ark, called a scow, which usually took two whole days to perform its toilsome voyage up the long-winding Otonabee; the navigation of which in these days, and indeed for many a long year after that time, was considerably obstructed by rapids, on the spot now occupied by the fine, substantial locks, which afford an easy entrance to the little lake; and may be called the key to Peterboro'.

Ten years passed on, and the wants of the traveller who was wending his way northward, were met by a small steamer which plyed on Rice Lake, and took passengers and goods part of the way, being met by the scow when the water was low in the river some miles below the town. At a certain part marked by a tall pine, called the *Yankee Bonnet*, from its top bearing a resemblance to that article. Scanty as were the accomodations on board, the advent of this boat was hailed with infinite satisfaction, and great praise was bestowed on the spirited proprietors, gentlemen and merchants of Cobourg, who had thus met the requirements of the public, and doubtlessly greatly facilitated the settlement of Peterboro' and her back country.

By degrees a better class of steamers were launched on Rice Lake. At this date, no less than four are cleaving its waters, and enlivening the lonely shores of the Otonabee river. And here it is but just to remark, that where a public benefit is to be conferred, the men of Cobourg, whatever may be their politics or private opinions, are ready to come forward heart and hand to promote the work.

Roads have been constructed to enable the traveller after crossing the winter flooring of Rice Lake to reach Peterboro' and the surrounding country by the shortest possible route, but ice is but a treacherous foundation to trust to, and moreover, there are intervals in early winter before its safety has been tested, and in early spring, when the sun is exerting its power over the ice-locked streams, that a total stop is put to journeys, either business or pleasure, unless by a circuitous route through the worst of roads by the head of the lake.

To meet the wants of the fast increasing population, and to enable Peterboro' to send forth her abundant stores of lumber, grain, wool, and dairy produce, to a ready market, something more was required,—and lo! ere the blessing was asked, it was as it were cast into her lap. No sacrifice of labour, time or money, was demanded. Let us hope that the townsmen of Peterboro' will unite in gratitude towards the enterprizing men of Cobourg, the spirited movers of this great work, and national benefit—a Railroad and Bridge across the Rice Lake. A work which when completed will enrich even the poorest of her backwoodsmen, and be the means of opening out a wide extent of unreclaimed forest; a field for the future labours of the industrious farmer, and skilful mechanic. Will not a work like this ultimately prove more beneficial to the Colborne District than the discovery of mines of silver and gold in her vicinity?

As a lover of the picturesque, I must confess that I have a great dislike to railroads. I cannot help turning with regret from the bare idea of scenes of rich rural beauty being cut up and disfigured by these intersecting veins of wrought iron, spanning the beautiful old romantic hills and rivers of my native land; but here, in this new country, there is no such objection to be made, there are no feelings connected with early associations, to be rudely violated; no scenes that time has hallowed to be destroyed. Here, the railroads run through dense forests, where the footsteps of man have never been impressed, across swamps and morasses on which the rays of the sun have scarcely ever shone, over lonely rivers and wide-spread lakes, that have never echoed to the dash of the oar, or reflected aught on their bosoms but the varied foliage of the overhanging woods.

If little can be said in behalf of the picturesque beauty of a railway, it may be observed on the other hand that it is quite as pleasing a sight to the eye of most persons as a chaotic map of fallen pines, and decaying cedars stretching across each other in wild confusion; that a rail-car is at least as sightly as an ox-cart, or lumber-waggon. If its presence does not embellish, neither can it mar a country where it interferes with none of our natural beauties, or ancient works of art. Nay, in future years will it not be looked upon with veneration and admiration, as were many

of the public roads and viaducts of ancient Rome?

Here we have scope and verge enough to act upon, without offending the eye of taste, or intruding upon any man's prejudice or taste. If the old settler be in the neighborhood of a railroad, he can remove elsewhere, and dispose of his lands to great advantage: the new comer need not purchase in its vicinity, if he does not value the advantages that it offers. The benefit to a new country, so deficient in really good roads, must be great; therefore, I say, let the work go on, and prosper—let it stretch from East to West; from the shores of the Atlantic, even to the Georgian Bay.

Twenty years ago, the most sanguine speculator would have smiled sceptically at the suggestion of a bridge spanning the wide extent of the waters of Rice Lake,—five years ago, he would have laughed at such an idea. Nay, within the last twelve months, the scheme was regarded as an impossibility, and, behold, it is now half completed. The difficulties have vanished before the enterprise and skill of engineers and mechanical operatives, incited by the assurance of certain remuneration from the Shareholders.

Quietly and steadily has the work progressed; the neighbourhood has not been disturbed by scenes of riot or drunkenness; there has been no bloodshed nor disorder among the hands; no man's property has been pillaged, and no one has suffered wrong; strict order has been observed, greatly to the credit of the overseers, whose respectability of conduct deserves all praise.

In a few weeks longer, and the great work of pile-driving will be completed, and the shores of the Township of Hamilton and Otonabee will be linked together by an enduring monument, greatly to the credit of American ingenuity, and Canadian enterprise. Were I as well skilled in the science of political economy, as Miss Martineau, I might have enlarged on all the advantages to be derived from the railroad, but I must leave it to wiser heads than mine, to discuss such matters.

It was on a bright summer afternoon, in the early part of July, that accompanied by my eldest daughter and some young friends with whom we were spendlng the day, I set out to visit the works at Railway Point, for as yet I know no other more significant name for the site of the Railway station and future village on this side the lake. We thankfully accepted of the escort of the master of the house, who graciously gave up some important out-of-door work to accompany us, a sacrifice of time for which I hope we were all sufficiently thankful.

The sun was so hot that we were glad more than once to rest under the shade of some noble butternut trees, which spread their most refreshing branches across the narrow sandy rood, and as I looked up among the broad-spreading leaf boughs, I marvelled at the size of the trees which had been only saplings when first I passed along that very road some twenty-one years before. Near the spot where formerly stood the old inn at the landing place, known as Sully, the path turned abruptly in a direction parallel to the lake eastward, and we crossed a crazy log bridge over a small creek and a wilderness of the blue iris and rushes, thistles and wild camomile, and entered on a newly-cut road which had been opened by the Railway men for a more ready communication with the Sully road.

Through an old bit of marshy clearing, thick covered with rushy grass and small bushes of dwarf willow and alder, lay our path: the black sphagnous soil, owing to the long draught was fortunately for us dry, but an hour's rain would have made ourfooting far from agreeable. Through this meadow ran a bright stream which was unbridged, save by sundry blocks of granite and fragments of limestone which afforded a stopping place to our feet; from this point our way lay through a regular growth of forest trees, lofty pines, maple, bass and oak, the dense thicket of leafy under-wood shutting out the lake from our sight. You might have imagined yourself in the very heart of the forest; many rare and beautiful flowers we gathered, flourishing in the rank soil among the decaying trunks and branches that strewed the leafy ground. There, among others, was that gem of beauty, the chimaphila or shining-leafed wintergreen; rheumatism weed, as some of the natives call it, its dark glossy leaves of holly-green, and corymba of peach-coloured flowers, its amethyst-coloured anthers set round the emerald green, turban-shaped pistil, forming a contrast of the most perfect beauty. This elegant flower might well be called by way of distinction, the "Gem of the Forest." There were pink milk weeds as fragrant as beautiful, white piroles, and the dark rich crimson blossoms of the red flowering raspberry, with many others with which we quickly filled our hands; nevertheless, we were not sorry when we emerged from the close sultry forest path, and felt the delicious breeze from the lake blowing fresh upon us. There lay the bright waters glittering in the sunlight full before us. The ground in front sloped gently down to the shore, forming a little peninsula; on one side a deep cove wooded on its banks to the water's edge, in front the long line of piles stretching towards a

small island on which a station-house is to be erected for the keeper of the gates, which are to admit of the egress and regress of boats and rafts.

Far to the eastward, the shores rose, rounded with dark forest trees, forming bold capes and headlands, with bays and inlets. Full in the opposite shore, lay the extensive clearing of the Indian village, with the green slopes of Anderson's Point, once the memorable scene of an exterminating slaughter between the Mohawks and the Ojibbewa Indians; their bones and weapons of war, axes, arrow-heads and scalping knives, are still to be found on turning up the now peaceful soil, where the descendents of the war-chiefs now reap a harvest of golden grain, and bow the knee at the bloodless altar beneath the roof of that humble village church which silently points upward to that gracious Saviour who said to his disciples:

"My peace I give unto you, not as the world giveth it."

Many there are who can recall the time when the very men who inhabit that village knew not the Lord, but wandered in the darkness of heathenism, whose hand was against every man, and every man's hand against them, but who now worship their God in spirit and in truth.

It is somewhere eastward of the church that the bridge will strike the shore, and so stretch on through the low lands, which we may call the vale of the Otonabee, towards Peterboro'. Further on, westward of the Indian village, are the two mouths of the river, divided by a low swampy island; and there, on the Monaghan shore, far up towards the head of the lake, are sunny clearings and pleasant farms, looking bright and cheerful in the warm beams of the afternoon sun.

Our own southern shore is the most picturesque; but to obtain a sight of it we must go out upon the water; but just now we are glad to rest on the broad bench beneath a clump of bowery basswood trees, which have been most judiciously left on the cleared space to afford a shady seat for the workmen at noon-time; and here we can sit beneath the thick foliage which shuts out the sultry summer sun, and look at the busy scene before us. The shore is all alive with workmen. From that long low shed rings the clank of the blacksmith's hammer; that column of blue smoke rising among the graceful group of silver birches and poplars, points to the forge. There is a boat building at the edge of the water; there is a scow, and a small steam-engine is being fixed to move the hammer of that pile-driver; it will be the third or fourth in operation; boats, skiffs, and scows are moving to and fro, each guided by some hand who has his appointed labor in the bee-hive. On that little eminence stands a young man, whose figure and bearing mark his situation to be one superior to the common mechanic. The sun's rays fall with dazzling effect upon some brass instrument that rests on a high stand. He courteously returns the greeting of one of our party, and informs us "He is taking an observation of the level of the bridge."

Those three principal buildings are, a boarding-house for the workmen, and two stores, where all the necessaries of life may be purchased in the shape of groceries, provisions, and ready-made clothing. You see no women in this temporary village: but there peeps out a sweet baby-boy, with fat-dimpled shoulders and bright curls; his gay red frock sets off the whiteness of his skin, and you are sure a mother's gentle hand has brushed those sunny locks from his broad white brow, and made those hands so clean, though she herself is not visible.

The eye follows that line of posts, four abreast, which stretches its leviathan length far far across the rippling waters of the lake. There, at the utmost limits, is the mighty machine that looks in the distance like a tall gibbet, against which a huge ladder is leaning, but that dark figure midway on the scaffold is no miserable felon, but a good, honest, hard-working Yankee, who directs the movements of the ton weight of iron that now slowly ascends between the sliding grooves in the tall frame; and now, at the magic word, "All right!" descends with lightning swiftness upon the head of the pile that has just been conducted to its site. It is curious to see the log of timber, some twenty-five or thirty feet in length, emerge from the depth of the lake; you do not see the rope that is fastened to it, which that man in the skiff tows it along by—it seems to come up like a huge monster of the deep, and rearing itself by degrees, climbs up the side of the frame like a living thing; then for a second swing to and fro, till steadied by the least apparent exertion on the part of the guide on the scaffold. Now it is quite upright, plumb—I suppose the carpenter would say—then at the signal, clack, clack, clack, goes the little engine on the scow; slowly aloft mounts the great weight, down, down, down, it comes—the first blow fixing the timber in its destined place—and sends a shower of bark flying from the pile; when the weight comes down on to the head of the pile the jerk disengages a sort of claw that is attached to it; this ascends and again comes down, seizing the ring of the weight in its own grasp, and bearing it again triumphantly upwards—again to descend

upon the pile with unerring aim—lower it sinks, and every fresh blow comes with accelerated force, till it is brought to the level of the others. From a quarter of an hour to twenty minutes is the time employed in sinking each of these posts —that is, if the lake is calm; but when much swell is on the water the work is carried on much slower, or the pile-driving is delayed after for some days.

To obtain a near view of the process, a boat was procured, and we were rowed within a few feet of the machine; and there, as we lay gently rocking to and fro, we could see the whole of the process, and enjoy the delightful scenery of the southern shore, the green-wooded island, the bold hills, with the sunny slopes where the grain was beginning to acquire a golden hue, the graceful trees relieving the open clearing, with their refreshing verdure; even the new sheds and buildings on the little point seen among the embowering trees, had a pleasing effect— so truly does "distance lend enchantment to the view," and harmonize in nature all objects to one pleasing whole.

But the bang of the last hammer has ceased to vibrate on our ears, the little skiff is turned towards the shore, and, fearing that my unartist-like description will convey but a faint idea of this great work, I will leave it to abler pens than mine, aud only close my article with wishing success to Canadian enterprize and American ingenuity, and may they ever work in brotherly unity, and be a mutual support to each other.

NOTE.—I was assured by the contractor, that the bridge, when completed, would be a greater achievement as a work of engineering skill than the bridge over Lake Champlain, on account of the superior depth of the water. The distance from shore to shore of the Rice Lake at this point is about three miles; the average depth as far as they had hitherto sunk the piles did not exceed fifteen feet; but the deepest part was supposed to be north of Tick Island.

Man wastes his mornings in anticipating his afternoons, and he wastes his afternoons in regretting his mornings.

The greater part of the goodness at any time in the world is the goodness of common character; the chief part of the good work done must be done by the multitude.

Everything useful or necessary is cheapest; walking is the most wholesome exercise, water the best drink, and plain food the most nourishing and healthy diet; even in knowledge, the most useful is the easiest acquired.

Carnal joy, like a land-flood, is muddy and furious, and soon gone, leaving nothing behind but pollution and marks of ruin; spiritual joy resembles a pure, perennial stream, which adorns and enriches the grounds through which it flows.

THE SLAVE-SHIP.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

———" That fatal that perfidious bark,
Built i' the eclipse, and rigged with curses dark."
Milton's Lycidas.

The French ship *Le Rodeur*, with a crew of twenty-two men, and with one hundred and sixty negro slaves, sailed from Bonny, in Africa, April, 1819. On approaching the line, a terrible malady broke out, an obstinate disease of the eyes,—contagious, and altogether beyond the resources of medicine. It was aggravated by the scarcity of water among the slaves (only half a wine-glass per day being allowed to an individual), and by the extreme impurity of the air in which they breathed. By the advice of the physician they were brought upon deck occasionally; but some of the poor creatures, locking themselves in each other's arms, leaped overboard, in the hope, which so universally prevails among them, of being swiftly transported to their own homes in Africa. To check this, the captain ordered several, who were stopped in the attempt, to be shot or hanged before their companions. The disease extended to the crew, and one after another were smitten with it, until one only remained unaffected. Yet even this dreadful condition did not preclude calculation; to save the expense of supporting slaves rendered unsaleable, and to obtain grounds for a claim against the underwriters, *thirty-six of the negroes having become blind, were thrown into the sea and drowned!*

In the midst of their dreadful fears, lest the solitary individual whose sight remained unaffected should also be seized with the malady, a sail was discovered,—it was the Spanish slaver *Leon;* the same disease had been there, and, horrible to tell, all the crew had become blind! Unable to assist each other, the vessels parted. The Spanish ship has never since been heard of; the *Rodeur* reached Guadaloupe on the 21st of June; the only man who had escaped the disease, and had thus been enabled to steer the slaver into port, caught it three days after its arrival.—*Speech of M. Benjamin Constant in the French Chamber of Deputies, June* 17, 1820.

"ALL ready?" cried the captain,
"Ay, ay!" the seamen said;
"Heave up the worthless lubbers,—
The dying and the dead."
Up from the slave-ship's prison
Fierce, bearded heads were thrust;
"Now let the sharks look to it,
Toss up the dead ones first!"

Corpse after corpse came up,—
Death had been busy there
Where every blow is mercy,
Why should the Spoiler spare?
Corpse after corpse they cast
Sullenly from the ship,
Yet bloody with the traces
Of fetter-link and whip.

Gloomily stood the captain
With his arms upon his breast,—
With his cold brow sternly knotted,
And his iron lip compressed;
"Are all the dead dogs over?"
Growled through that matted lip;—
"The blind ones are no better,
Let's lighten the good ship.

Hark! from the ship's dark bosom,
The very sounds of Hell!
The ringing clank of iron,—
The maniac's short, sharp yell!
The hoarse, low curse,—throat-stifled,
The starving infant's moan,—
The horror of a breaking heart
Poured through a mother's groan.

Up from that loathsome prison
The stricken blind ones came;
Below, had all been darkness—
Above, was still the same;
Yet the holy breath of Heaven
Was sweetly breathing there,
And the heated brow of fever
Cooled in the soft sea air.

"Overboard with them, shipmates!"
Cutlass and dirk were plied;
Fettered and blind, one after one,
Plunged down the vessel's side.
The sabre smote above,—
Beneath the lean shark lay,
Waiting with wide and bloody jaw,
His quick and human prey.

God of the Earth! what cries
Rang upward unto Thee?
Voices of agony and blood
From ship-deck and from sea.
The last dull plunge was heard,—
The last wave caught its stain,—
And the unsated shark looked up
For human hearts in vain.

* * * * *

Red glowed the Western waters;
The setting sun was there,
Scattering alike on wave and cloud
His fiery mesh of hair:
Amidst a group in blindness,
A solitary eye
Gazed from the burdened slaver's deck
Into that burning sky.

"A storm," spoke out the gazer,
"Is gathering, and at hand;
Curse on't I'd give my other eye
For one firm foot of land."
And then he laughed,—but only
His echoed laugh replied,—
For the blinded and the suffering
Alone were at his side.

Night settled on the waters,
And on a stormy Heaven,
While swiftly on that lone ship's track
The thunder-gust was driven.
"A sail! thank God, a sail!"
And as the helmsman spoke,
Up through the stormy murmur
A shout of gladness broke.

Down came the stranger vessel,
Unheeding on her way,
So near, that on the slaver's deck
Fell off her driven spray.
"Ho! for the love of mercy,—
We're perishing and blind!"
A wail of utter agony
Came back upon the wind.

"Help *us!* for we are stricken
With blindness every one;
Ten days we've floated fearfully,
Unnoting star or sun.
Our ship's the slaver *Leon*,—
We've but a score on board;
Our slaves are all gone over,—
Help, for the love of God!"

On livid brows of agony
The broad red lightning shone,
But the roar of wind and thunder
Stifled the answering groan;
Wailed from the broken waters
A last despairing cry,
As, kindling in the stormy light,
The stranger ship went by.

* * * * *

In the sunny Guadaloupe
A dark-hull'd vessel lay,
With a crew who noted never
The nightfall or the day.
The blossom of the orange
Was white by every stream,
And tropic leaf, and flower, and bird
Were in the warm sunbeam.

And the sky was bright as ever,
And the moonlight slept as well,
On the palm-trees by the hill-side;
And the streamlet of the dell;
And the glances of the Creole
Were still as archly deep,
And her smiles as full as ever
Of passion and of sleep.

But vain were bird and blossom,
The green earth and the sky,
And the smile of human faces,
To the ever darkened eye;
For amidst a world of beauty,
The slaver went abroad,
With his ghastly visage written
By the awful curse of God!

A humorous old gentleman having handed a few coppers to an initerant music grinder, has entered his disbursements in his petty expenses book as "organic change!"

The opprobrious title of *bum bayliffe*, so constantly bestowed on the sheriff's officers is, according to Judge Blackstone, only the corruption of *bound bayliffe*, every sheriff's officer being obliged to enter into bonds and to give security for his good behaviour, previous to his appointment.

Genius lights its own fire, but it is constantly collecting materials to keep alive the flame.

A PEDESTRIAN EXCURSION.

BY A MEDICAL STUDENT.

PART—I. THE WOOD NYMPH.

"I cannot conceive a more deluding error," said Bob Whyte, a fellow-student, "than to imagine that a man, because he is devoted to pursuits of science or philosophy (for you must be aware that it is now generally considered desirable to attach a different meaning to these two words—understanding the first to include all investigation of the properties of matter—using the second to designate all inquiry into mental phenomena),—I cannot conceive," he continued, "a more palpable blunder than to fancy that a man, because he is even enthusiastically given to such subjects, must be therefore a cold, grave, abstracted being, unwitting of the creature-comforts of this life—who revels not in the sunburst of woman's eye, nor cares by a meeting of lips to inhale into his system her dew-beladen breath, the gaseous sublimate (to indulge in a chemical metaphor) of her gentle being—ungifted with an eye to look with Byron's on Mount Jura—unennobled with a mouth to expand withal into a guffaw at Hood's last and brightest.

"The tree of knowledge was surely not a thorn-tree—no, it bloomed in the midst of a garden, and bore fruit so luscious as to tempt to the first and greatest of all rebellions! So it is still—so should it be. To shroud the beauty of the bright goddess, STUDY, under a pall of melancholy gloom—a forbidding curtain of dust and cobwebs—is as bad as to hang the ascetic veil before the sweet smile of the Madonna, Religion.

"For instance,—now here are you and I, Grim, (to me, the Medical Student, briefly and affectionately), to flatter ourselves we are up to a wrinkle or two on some rather abstruse point. Prithee, who broke his collar-bone at football t'other day? Who fished Lord What's-his-name's trout-streams, and he never the wiser? Who was drunk o' Wednesday? Who was caught—"

"No more of that, Bob, if you love me; get on with the affair you are at."

Now this affair was the manufacture, with a blow-pipe and spirit lamp, of a curious little bit of glass apparatus, which he intended to use in exhibiting to the Soandsonian Scientific Society, a new method he had hit upon of making the salts of manganese.

We were seated together in the workshop attached to the magnificent apparatus-room in the ancient University of Soandso. Before us was a snug little furnace, surmounted by a sandbath; on one side a turning-lathe, on the other a model system of pulleys. Under a table in a corner had been shoved a large plate electrical machine out of repair; while on shelves and racks all around the place bristled every description of tools and utensils, chemical and mechanical. Hard by was the apparatus-room itself, a large elongated apartment, crowded with air-pumps, model steam engines, globes, prisms, telescopes, microscopes, kaleidoscopes, and all other kind of scopes (the scope of Bacon by Professor Napier, excepted,) magnets, pneumatic troughs, friction-wheels, Leyden jars, and fac-similes of strange machinery for every purpose, from raising a sunk seventy-four to punching the slit of a steel-pen.

Lord of all this domain was Bob Whyte, my fellow-student and chum. He held the office of Conservator of the Scientific Apparatus to the University, and Assistant to the Professor of Natural Philosophy, with a tolerable income considering, and admirable facilities of acquiring knowledge; and certainly made the most of both.

Oh, dear old Soandsonian University, dearer apparatus-room, and dearest little workshop—dear in yourselves, but how much more on account of him who was, for a period, the most intimate of my intimates—my mentor, my protector, guide, philosopher and friend—him whose every joke conveyed instruction—whose very fun was philosophical—who loved me with an indulgent and enduring affection—between whom and myself there now flow some thousand miles of salt water!

Bob was, however, studying medicine with a view to the profession, and had been for some years. He had nearly completed his term, but was in no hurry, for his salary came well up to his wants; and, as far as study went, the noble library, apparatus, and all other resources of the university were at his command.

His age was about twenty-four years (my own, at the period I allude to, being seventeen,) and he was of habits at once studious and frolicsome, attentive to everything around, and yet apparently regardless of anything. At one time he would give you a simple and succinct analysis of Adam Smith's celebrated "Theory of Moral Sentiments," which he would tell you he considered the standard of systematic morality; next minute he would be proposing a "night of it" at the sign of the Boot. Anon he would explain that the proper and scientific way of compounding punch was to pour in the spirits last of all, as the alcohol materially interfered with the perfect solution of sugar in water.

A fellow of most excellent humour was he—

the warmest in feeling, and of a spirit devoted to all sorts of merriment;—

> But the heart that is soonest awake to the flowers
> Is always the first to be touched by the thorns;

and there were moments when my boyish heart was melting to sorrow as he spoke, with a deep but manly pathos, of bitter disappointments in love and in prospects—of difficulties hard to be surmounted—of hopes long protracted—poverty and, of all the most galling, the scorn of the unworthy.

I have rarely known such a bright genius as Bob's. With the principles of nearly every science he was familiar, especially such as are usually treated of in a course of what is called natural philosophy, or of chemistry. These sciences were his living—by them he earned his bread, and of course he knew them as a workman does his trade. A most retentive memory he possessed, which, like a pool of water, received and retained everything that fell upon its surface, whether of the metallic gravity of philosophic truth, or the snow-flake lightness of mere ornamental elegance.

Whatever treatise he read, his mind at once absorbed, letting no fact escape; whatever process of manufacture he saw, he forthwith remembered, and could explain throughout the complications of each progressive step. In conversation with him, you would think him a walking encyclopædia, were it not for the continual bursts of fun, scintillations of bright wit, or flashes of poetic feeling that irradiated all his presence. The pursuit of knowledge, with him for a companion or a guide, became anything but

> Harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose.

Nay, rather as Milton continues.

> Musical as is Apollo's lute,
> And a perpetual feast of Nectar'd sweets,
> Where no crude surfeit reigns.

He was a most muscular subject, Bob, moreover; and had given not a little attention (amongst other sciences) to the theory of pugilism and single-stick. But his exterior was the worst of him: he was short in stature, and of no particular beauty of countenance save in as far as went a general expression of infinite good humour, and an eye (a splendid hazel one) actually glistening with glee.

By the by, there was a curious property connected with this eye of Bob's. If he happened to glance or wink it at any young woman passing, she would immediately start into a perfectly erect gate, and brush the soles of her shoes smartly along the pavement for the next half-a-dozen steps or so. I could never account for this most uniform and remarkable result. I asked an explanation from himself once. He said it was a *psychological phenomenon.*

Such was the companion that sat with me in the little workshop.

Just as we were speaking, the door was opened, and in stepped our most worthy professor of natural philosophy—known among ourselves by the endearing abbreviation of "the Proff." He had come to enjoy in seclusion the quiet luxury of a pipe, and the relaxation of an hour's confab, without restraint, with his assistant and pupil.

We immediately stood up, but, being most affably desired to be on no ceremony, reseated ourselves, and resumed our several proceedings, and a conversation ensued, broken by frequent cachinnations on the part of the professor.

When this began to take somewhat of a scientific turn,—

"I have heard," said the Proff, "from several sources, that the northern vicinity of Soandso affords a very rich and interesting field for geological and mineralogical study, and that some valuable specimens of either description are to be found in the neighborhood of the village of Dritenbreeks, on the banks of the little river Dritten."

"That was where our ingenious friend, Mr. Coal Hunter, found his *fossil cow*, was it not? A most appropriate result to geological ruminations."

"Yes, and as the weather is beautiful, I do not see why you should not go out some Saturday with the view to an investigation. You can make a regular scientific excursion of it, and try if you can't collect a few tolerable specimens for lecture. We are sadly in want of some, let me tell you. The distance, moreover, is but a joke to a young chap like you—eight or nine miles only, by the footpath across the hills."

"I must certainly embrace the proposal," cried Bob. "I will be off on Saturday first; the day after to-morrow, isn't it?" (turning to me—I assented.) "And you shall go with me, Grim! My eyes! won't we make a day of it? An excursion, geological, mineralogical, and generally funological! Such an excursion is right after my own heart. I have long entertained the notion, and if it don't afford me some entertainment in return, there is no such thing as gratitude left in human ideas."

"Yes, and as you are botanical," continued the professor, "(though I can't say I care much for the science myself,) this is just the very season for you—and the very weather—and for entomology, too, if you have given any attention to it."

"Oh, haven't I? I have studied it with some interest, I promise you."

"Bless me, your acquirements are endless! What charm could this study have for a medical Student?"

"The greatest of all—to render him *fly*, to be sure."

"Mr. Whyte, Mr. Whyte, take care."

Upon this the sage drew forth his pipe from a recess behind the furnace, lighted it, and, drawing his chair close to the fender, was speedily lost in the mazy depths of some Archimedean problem, which I sincerely hope he smoked his way to the bottom of; while Bob and I, entering into eager discourse, began to lay the plan of our intended excursion.

But first we agreed that, as soon as the professor withdrew, the porter of the rooms should be despatched for a supply of that singular and anomalous fluid which had been denominated Edinburgh Yill—the investigation of whose constitution and qualities I would beg here earnestly to recommend to the scientific reader, convinced as I am that an inquiry, instituted and carried out on the principles of the inductive or experimental philosophy, would be rewarded by the most overwhelming results.

Next day, towards evening, two original-looking youths were seen (by those who had nothing better to do than look at them) meandering arm-in-arm, through the streets of Soandso, wending rather a zigzag way towards a certain thoroughfare, whose unusual width was narrowed to a lane by immense battalions of old bedsteads, cupboards, grates, sign boards, chests of drawers, rickety tables, and mirrors of misanthropic tendencies—that is, if one might judge from the unnatural reflections they cast upon the honest folks around.

Long did they trace their devious course through this maze, now knocking their shins against a second-hand cradle, anon startled by the apparition of a ready-made coffin, with such an alarming announcement as—"Deaths undertaken on the shortest notice." It was ourselves—Bob Whyte and his inseparable adherent, Grim, whose pen is now tracing these lines.

Well, up and down we wandered, till at length we stumbled on the identical article of which we were in search—viz., a square wooden box of portable dimensions, with a padlock and key, and a broad leathern strap attached, whereby it might be slung across the shoulders—a pedler's case, in short. This valuable object we secured by immediate purchase, and bore it away rejoicing.

On the succeeding morning, Saturday, June 22nd (I am particular in dates, having been up the Levant, where they grow, since then,) we met at an hour when the widow Night, putting away her sables, was going into half-mourning—excuse me, reader—we met in the apparatus-room of the university, and arranged our accoutrements previously to sallying forth.

When fully equipped, I contemplated Bob. His broad muscular shoulders were cased in a middle-aged velveteen shooting-jacket; other clothes of the lightest woollen stuff completed his apparel, and slanting on the curly pate of the fellow was perched a broad-brimmed white beaver, of a most knowing cut. Across his back was slung the box, and his right hand grasped a cudgel, of whose dimensions the club of Hercules may give an idea correct enough for all general purposes.

This stick, which Bob had christened his "Jacobin Club," from its levelling propensities, was of weight enormous, and hirsute with knotty spines. Upon its frowning head were certain spots (not stains!) which he averred were received when it had formed his errant sire's cicerone once at Donnybrook. In a generous fit one day he presented it to me; but when he went away across the sea I restored it to him, telling him that, as he was going among strangers, he might possibly find it a useful friend in opening his way among the heads of society in his adopted land.

The box at his back contained a telescope, a geologist's hammer, a box of chalks for drawing, a book of blotting paper for preserving flowers, a tin receptacle for insects. Hooker's "British Flora" (latest edition, containing the cryptogamia) and a soda-water bottle, filled to the stopper with genuine Farintosh, the mere aroma of which made your soul feel that the Arabian alchemists, who, in seeking for gold, discovered alcohol, had no cause to grumble at the alternative.

For me, a boy's blue dress was my outfit, and on my back, in vain emulation of Bob, I bore a student's japanned case of tin, whose contents, though scarcely botanical, were still of a floury description, consisting of numerous hot rolls, whose scooped interiors afforded room in each for a rich stratum of ham—in short, a kind of half-natural sandwich.

Having ascertained that we were all right, we left the apparatus-room, and, giving the key in charge to the porter, emerged into the street, and marched along to the sound of a lively air, which Bob whistled with admirable precision and effect.

As we went, happening to pass several edifices in Grecian taste, we forthwith began to discuss the subject of architecture.

"I am glad to think," said Bob, "I am glad

to see it daily more evident, that the strange and most questionable taste of valuing everything that is ancient in literature and art is on the decline—in fact, about speedily to go out altogether. I am not aware of any humbug that has so long withstood the march of sovereign common sense as this. A man that can grope through two dead languages is even yet held in more honor than one that can walk over Europe without an interpreter, while our ears are dinnéd and our eyes blinded with affectation about the sublimity of the Greek tragedies, the wisdom of old heathen philosophers, or the astounding eloquence of Roman orators, and, at the same time, ten to one but the honest folks, that are so *havering* in speech and on paper, are altogether unacquainted with what they are ranting about, unless perchance by means of a translation by some clever modern, many times superior to the old original."

I endeavored to combat this sweeping criticism, but Bob would only agree with me on one point.

"Yes," said he, "their architecture is indeed worthy of all the praise it gets, and more than can be given to it. The Greek temples must have been perfection; but they do not so much excite my admiration as the stupendous remains of the more olden eras—the temples and pyramids on the banks of the great river of Egypt. Now the temples—and most noble they are—raise my wonder, and all that—but *all* is in a measure plain and above-board with regard to them—and there is pleasure interwoven with the astonishment. But then these pyramids—there hangs around them a kind of magnificent mysterious obscurity—a strange, vague, indefinable, semi-supernatural sublimity, different from that which clothes any other earthly object. There they are, but how, when, by whom, or for what purpose they were placed there, who can show? Many a long rigmarole have I read of them, and many a history and many a use have I seen ascribed to them, but all is uncertainty—hardly deserving the name of hypothesis. I have seen them proved to be tombs, treasuries, observatories, altars, gnomons of mighty sun-dials, penetralia for superstitious mysteries, and, quaintest of all, images of Mount Ararat, standing amid the inundations of the river, as it stood among the waters of the Deluge, and erected to be worshipped as types of the Saviour mountain, the tale of which, marred by tradition, had thus descended to the sons of Ham. Now I would but add another opinion to the list, to render the puzzle complete—it is, that they are monuments set up whereby to remember great epochs. It is and has been the custom of men, in all places and at all times, to mark important events by the setting up of stones, single or in heaps, rude or highly wrought, according to the state of civilization. Now I would suggest that one of these may have commemorated the expulsion of the Pales Hycsos—shepherd kings, or whatever other name chronologists may have gone to loggerheads about them by; another might have—"

"Stop," cried I: "if you are going on at that rate I can give you another explanation, about as probable, and certainly more original, viz., that they were just rough heaps of stones piled up in a geometrical figure (the Egyptians doing everything on such principles), to be at hand when wanted for useful purposes, such as the erection of temples, fortifications, &c., the same as piles of made bricks in a clay-field. You are well aware that there were no quarries in the valley of the Nile, and to think that the material was brought stone by stone from the mountains, as buildings were in process of being raised, is absurd. Another fact I could bring in support of my hypothesis is the insignificance of the chambers they contain, compared with the bulk of the piles themselves, of whose builders the sole object seems to have been the heaping together of the greatest possible quantity of stone in the smallest possible space and safest possible figure.

"Bah!" interjected Bob.

Thus conversing we padded along, while the rising sun poured around us all the glorious freshness and fragrance of a midsummer morning. Leaving behind us the scattered outskirts of the populous suburbs of Soandso, we marched northward along a road winding through cultivated fields and dense plantations, everything around us rejoicing in the beauty of early day, and raising in our hearts a feeling of exhilaration like that excited by the clear laugh of a youthful maiden's glee.

Now the path would ascend a gentle inclination, from the summit of which we could see a bright expanse of landscape, stretching far before us and on either side, with the sinuous road winding through it, like a tangled piece of yellow tape, now hid behind a wood-crowned eminence, now lost amid a spreading flood of deep green foliage, far and widely inundating the noble prospect; scattered also over which were to be caught frequent glimpses of skyey water, which the eye delighted to puzzle itself withal, endeavoring to trace them into a river or lengthened lake; while in the front distance upsprang before the view the lofty hills, the object of our travel, steeped in a rich and vapory aerial tint, that varied in its

warmth from the deepest blue to the lightest and most heavenly rosiness.

Then, as we descended the acclivity, while this bright scene seemed to sink from the sight around us, we would have, haply on one side the way, a hay-field, with the farm-people, male and female, crowding jocund at their early labor, and laughing and talking loudly as they turned and tedded the odorous grass. Anon, when we reached the bottom of the hollow, a streamlet would salute us, rattling cheerily between and under its bosky banks, dipping suddenly beneath the road, then popping its noisy prattle out at the other side, and running merrily away, like a pretty child playing at bo-peep with you.

Nay, the very air thrilled with the clear melody of birds about and over us, and once from out a thick green wood, about two fields off or so, a dulcet music came floating to our ears, which Bob, standing still in a rapture, averred, upon his credit, to be that of the nightingale, Heaven's own high chorister.

Presently, as we walked on, our eyes would be attracted to the sombre pinnacle of some dusky old ruin, the castle erst of grim baron or gallant knight, rising majestically dark from out the deep green foliage that surrounded it; and half a mile farther we would come to a princely modern mansion, with pillared gateway and sweeping avenue, far up which could be spied a man walking with a gun in his hand and a couple of dogs at his heels —the gamekeeper on his morning rounds.

All was brightness, warmth, freshness, and promise, and as we marched along we ceased to talk, and whistled and sang in very lightness of heart. Farther and farther, as the morning advanced into day, the highway became thronged with country folks, young men and maidens crowding into the town, for it was a great corn and cattle market day; their quaint dresses contrasting strangely in cut and texture with what we had been used to see worn by townspeople. Frequent herds of cattle and flocks of sheep passed us, and carts, cars, and waggons, and now and then a group of young horses, prancing along with their ears flaunting with gay ribbons.

But when we had travelled thus for two or three hours, stopping frequently to admire points of view, to chat with young country girls tripping lightly to the fair, to sketch a cottage near a wood, or to smoke a cheroot under a green tree, at length our stomachs (admirable chronometers!) began to indicate the hour for breakfast. The first symptom of this came from my companion, who solemnly declared that the vacuum of Torricelli was a joke to what existed in his interior, and that though the former, in some opinions, might be actually filled with the vapor of water or of mercury, yet the latter, in his own opinion, required a supply of a decidedly more stimulating description.

To this I replied by proposing an immediate attack upon the contents of my plant-case. This was negatived by my friend, whose idea was that we should retire from the public path, and in some sequestered spot enjoy the luxury of a rustic breakfast, with a rest at the same time. With this view he was about to lead the way up a beautiful green lane, when suddenly our attention was attracted to a figure which, rounding a turn in the road a short way in advance, came into view moving swiftly toward us.

It was a slight but very well made young man, in age apparently a little beyond twenty years. He wore a short round coat, of what had once been green corduroy, a waistcoat of a thick heavy shawl stuff, very brilliant in its pattern, but somewhat frayed and buttonless, yet clean. It was open, exposing a shirt of a blue check, round which a Turkey-red cotton handkerchief had been tied by way of neckcloth. His other garments were of that kind, a thin pair of which, when in company with a light heart, is wisely said to have an amazing facility in going through the world. Brave boys. To one side of his head drooped gracefully a glazed cap, glistening in the sunbeams, and over his shoulder he bore a long sword, with an old leather hat-box dangling from its point behind him. The fellow, like all other vagabonds, had curled hair and a good-humored face, and came along whistling loudly and clearly the air from "Fra Diavola," "On yonder rock reclining."

As he came up, Bob accosted this remarkable specimen with—

"Would you sell your whistle, comrade?"

"No, but I should like to wet it, if it's all the same to you," was the reply.

"You shall wet it, and whet your appetite too," cried Bob. "Come with us; we are just going out of the way to enjoy a quiet breakfast; come and share it—you are most welcome. Never fear, there's lots of grog!"

"Why, for that matter, gentlemen," quoth he, "I have myself some slices of cold corned beef, half a loaf, two hard-boiled eggs, and a flask of gin, and with your leave I shall be glad to join you. More than that, I have some niggerhead, a short pipe, and a gun-flint and a bit of steel in my pocket, for a light."

"Never mind," said Rob, as we moved up the lane together; "my young friend there carries a

lens of singularly concentrative power, one of old Dolland's; and if that fail I have in my pocket a phial of Nordhausen sulphuric acid that would burn Beelzebub's eye out."

We might have gone a couple of hundred yards up the lane, rounding two turnings in the way, when we came to a high old Gothic arch, spanning a small stream. This came down through a scooped channel, the sides of which were plentifully overhung with birches and willows, with abundance of bushes and red-berried mountain ashes intermingled. Nevertheless, along the sunny side of the water there ran a long rounded strip of most vivid green sward, with a narrow edging of white pebbles.

We were at once unanimous in selecting this spot as the scene of our repast; and so, one after the other, jumping over the corner of the bridge, we found our way to the bank, over sweeter than which Titania herself never led the revels.

I was the first down, being the lightest of the three; but the moment my foot touched the sward I stood fixed, whilst escaped me the half-smothered exclamation, "Dorothea washing her feet" for my thoughts were flown with on the instant to a scene in that most witching of romances, the adventures of the dear old Don of La Mancha.

It was a beautiful young damsel that I saw, and she sat on the grass, by the water's edge, with one foot on her opposite knee, whereat she appeared to be gazing most earnestly and pitifully, unconscious of our vicinity. Her thick chesnut hair fell loosely over her shoulders, for it had never been humbugged with oil or any other cosmetic, and her little cottage straw bonnet lay on the grass beside her, a thing unwonted to her, the virgin snood of blue satin ribbon being her usual head-dress. Her face was most singularly sweet and simple, her figure light and girlish, and her whole aspect expressive of innocent youth, prettiness, and rusticity.

As soon as she saw us she sprang up, and, with her face sweetly red as a robin's bosom, stood gazing at us, balancing herself on her heel, and trembling violently,

"Bless me!" cried my friend, "she has a thorn in her foot;" and stepping gently forward, he took from his waistcoat-pocket a pigmy case of surgical instruments (the manufacture of his own hands, for Bob had a genius) and, himself blushing a little, offered his aid.

The girl, apparently not knowing what better to do, allowed him, and in a trice he had extracted the obnoxious thorn, and with a little bit of lint, and a tiny strap of lead plaster, dressed the puncture, so as almost entirely to remove the pain. Thereupon, her color flushing and paling, a smile of bashful pleasure filled her countenance at the relief she experienced, though her modesty could not in words express the gratitude she felt. But Bob, lifting from the grass her shawl of dark-coloured tartan, threw it upon her shoulders, and, while she hurriedly clubbed up her hair behind, took her bonnet, and, going round in front, drew it upon her head, and, as he moved it this way and that way, to make it sit prettily, there echoed under the arch, and all among the rocks, trees, and bushes, a sound which those skilled in wood-notes wild would infallibly have pronounced to be a smack. Upon this, the creature sprang from us, and ran lightly up the bank. But she paused upon the bridge, and giving us one glance, probably to see if we were not looking the other way, bounded off like a startled fawn.

As she did, Bob knocked his heel to the ground with vehemence, and, dropping upon the grass, pulled the bottle from his box, clapped it to his head, and remained for a while gazing fixedly up to heaven. Then it passed to me, and from me to the stranger, who, drawing from his pocket a little leathern cup, took a quantity which he tempered with water from the stream, for his stomach was a southern one, of a Yorkshire fabric, and not at all calculated for the geyser fluids of the far north.

Seating ourselves upon the grass, at a spot where the scattered foliage of a young willow afforded a kind of half-shade, half-sunshine, we opened our several stores, and commenced upon proceedings, which I am certain would at once have convinced a naturalist of the unstable nature of his theories with regard to the indestructibility of matter.

Whilst this went on, frequent were the jests, the quips, and cranks, that flew from each to each, nor was the laughter that resounded among the rocky ledges less clear and cheerful than the merrry rush of the limpid waters near us.

But when we had concluded our repast, the properties of my lens were called into requisition, and, having procured a Promethean spark from the sun, I returned under the shade, where, communicating the fire to my friend and the stranger, we reclined at length upon the bank, and forthwith began to fling into the air clouds of incense, fragrant as ever ascended before Diana's shrine, for I had in a pocket of my jacket a case of Manillas stuffed to the full; moreover, in the crown of my friend's hat was a brown paper parcel containing as many more, of as rich a quality.

At length my comrade, taking the cheroot from

his mouth, pointed with it to the bed of the stream, and remarked,—

"I remember a certain passage in Æschylus, I think, where he compares the muscles of a strong man in action to the rounded water-worn stones in the bed of a rivulet—a most happy and original simile, is it not?"

Upon my acquiescing in its aptness, our companion asked who was this Mr. What's-a-name.

"An old Grecian," said Bob, "that my friend here and I have been intimate with; but we should not have mentioned him—probably you don't know about these things?"

"Oh, don't I? I should surmise it's not the first time I have tried it on. Look ye here."

And, springing up, he threw his symmetrical, though slender frame, into certain violent but by no means unpicturesque attitudes, which he informed us constituted the "Grecian statues," as done by the first performers, beginning with "Ajax defying the lightning," and concluding with "the fighting and dying Gladiator in six positions."

All this, which he went through with an amusing jauntiness of demeanor, was highly entertaining to us, and we acknowledged, by mutually understood signs, that we had stumbled upon an original.

We thanked him for his display, and handed him another cheroot, when, throwing himself carelessly upon the sod, he entered with amazing spirit and volubility into a rambling conversation about all sorts of theatrical matters, in the course of which he displayed a singular freedom and communicativeness in talking of his own fortunes.

He had been a player from his infancy—from his birth, in fact, having come into the world behind the scenes, in a barn, during the performance of "The Devil to Pay," to a crowded and enthusiastic audience. Thereafter he had performed all kinds of parts, from the baby in the pantomime, and the child in *Pizarro* to *King Lear* and *Ali Pasha*—tragedy, comedy, farce, or melodrama coming alike indifferently to him. Moreover, he had practised as ventriloquist, rope-dancer, posturer, clown of a circus, tumbler, and Indian juggler, and the sword he bore with him had been swallowed into his stomach and brandished against the *Earl of Richmond* with equal frequency and effect.

We had all along felt a singular interest in him, he appeared so good-humored, so regardless, so much a child of Providence. Never did I see one seemingly so well acquainted with the world, and yet so easy, so unsuspecting, so blessed with animal spirits, and withal so unpresuming; and I began to feel a kind of regret that a few minutes would sever us, probably never to meet more.

Possibly similar feelings were passing through his mind; for, after a pensive silence of some duration, when he remarked that in this his checkered career he must have been a witness to many strange scenes, he came out abruptly and without preface, with the following anecdote, which I here introduce as Episode No. 1, of this my narrative, christening it with a drop of ink by the title of

"THE EQUESTRIAN'S CHILD."

"It is about three years since I was engaged to play in an equestrian company. It was managed by a Mr. Codini, of Italian extraction, and of much respectability. For a short time previously I had been an ill-remunerated member of a dramatic circuit, in which low comic parts had principally fallen to my lot. This person, taking a fancy to my powers in that way, made offer to me of the tempting salary of two guineas a week to become clown to the ring in this exhibition. I must confess I had some qualms. The descent from the legitimate drama was sufficiently bitter to the feelings of a young actor, and I feared that for the future my pretensions to respectability would be *four-feeted* like those of my quadruped fellow-performers (I beg pardon, for I shan't err a second time)—but I put the affront into my pocket, and the two guineas into the opposite one; when, finding my equilibrium perfect, I at once deserted the boards and took to the saw-dust—threw up the sock and buskin, and donned the cap and bells; and very excellent fooling I made, believe me.

Mr. Codini's establishment was a very superb one, in fact the most so of anything of the kind that ever existed in England, out of the metropolis. He travelled with it from one to another of the great provincial cities, erecting, where he could not have access to the theatres, immense buildings of wood, which often in solidity and splendor seemed more calculated for permanent public structures than the more portable fabrics of a season.

"The building I was engaged to play in was of this description, and I believe the largest he had ever erected. It was in an exceedingly populous and wealthy manufacturing town, and, as the support he met with was very liberal, he, in return, made every sacrifice to merit this, which the possesion of a considerable capital, honestly accumulated in his profession, enabled him to do.

"The extent of ground the building occupied was very great, for, besides a large place for exhibition, it contained stables for a stud of fifty

horses, dressing-rooms for biped and quadruped performers, saloons for the audience, and apartments for above a dozen servants connected with the concern, who lived constantly there.

"The circus itself, or place of exhibition, consisted of, first, the circle or arena, a large round space, about fifty feet in diameter, depressed towards the centre. From this, stretched back on two sides, were tiers of seats of spectators, on a level with the open space for some yards back, but beyond that, ascending more and more, till the last touched the lofty roof. One of these divisions was named the gallery; the opposite one, which had the seats cushioned and backed, was called the pit. The other two sides were occupied each with a double row of boxes, pierced with two wide curtained entrances for the performers. The fronts of these boxes, as well as the various pillars and supports about the place, were ornamented with medallions and shields, having upon them armorial bearings and paintings, very well executed, of such subjects as *Mazeppa*, horses in a storm, a horse attacked by a lion, &c., or perhaps portraits of celebrated race-horses or hunters. Several vases with flowers, standing on small ornamented shelves between, gave an air of taste to the place, much heightened by a profusion of little silken flags, disposed in hanging groups where they could not interfere with the view of the performances.

"The roof which was slated, was very high, and concealed on the inside by a ceiling of striped silk of red and white, star-shaped, through the centre of which was suspended a very large gasilier, with a profusion of jets perfectly dazzling to the eye. The aspect of the place altogether was magnificent in the extreme, and at the same time quite tasteful in keeping; and you may well surmise that I soon got proud enough of my new line of life, and cocked my hat in the faces of my old fellow-strollers of the legitimate school, with an air sufficiently supercilious and self-gratulatory.

"But if the building was thus meriting all praise, not one whit less so was the company—a most numerous and well-appointed one, consisting altogether of at least a hundred individuals, several of them equal—nay, some of them much superior—to the general run of metropolitan performers.

"But the chief attraction when I joined the corps, and that which nightly filled the great amphitheatre to overflowing, was a female equestrian, whose enactments were of a most original and interesting—nay, often startling excellence.

"She was a woman of striking beauty, which, though a little past its prime and beginning to fade, was, nevertheless, by a little art and trouble, capable of a perfect restoration to its original brilliancy. She was a universal favorite, and the applause she nightly drew down was most unanimous and decided, and she seemed fully alive to it—in fact, her features used to exhibit a strange, glowing pleasure in the noise that thundered around from every quarter of the vast and sonorous edifice, of a nature which I have never seen depicted on the countenance of any other player. A kind of anomalous enthusiastic delight, it seemed of an altogether unexplainable expression.

"Her face was regular in its beauty, save that a few might have considered it somewhat too long, and was of a decidedly Jewish cast. Her eyes were large, black, and rolling, with a remarkably yellowish glow about them, something like that reflected from a mirror in a room where there is a fire, but no other light. Her hair was short, somewhat thin, but silky, and black as the very raven down of darkness itself.

"Her figure again was the perfection of symmetry, and the lightness and elegance—the easy, confident, swimming grace wherewith she went through her evolutions on horseback, accompanied by the sort of absent mystical smile of strange internal pleasure she constantly wore in such circumstances—rendered her an object which the eyes of the spectator felt pain in being removed from for one instant, from her first entrance till her final exit.

"But there was another without whom she hardly ever appeared in the circle, and who perhaps constituted a principal part of the charm that hung around her—her daughter, a tiny child of about three years old, exceedingly small for its age, but of much intelligence and beauty. Its face seemed absolutely angelic, whilst its little frame rivalled its mother's in grace. It was a light-tinted, flaxen-haired girl, altogether unlike its parent in features, save that its eyes of laughing hazel might possibly have been fragments from the dazzling dark orbs of the mother.

"Of this child she was immoderately, dotingly fond. She was continually caressing it and talking to it in some foreign language, and never for a moment allowed it away from her sight; her very heart seemed wrapt in the infant.

"Daily in the public promenades she might be seen walking along, talking and smiling with an ineffable sweetness to her darling, and apparently careless, or rather scornful, of the numerous young men that watched her, crossing the street, and crossing again to get glimpses at her face, and see whether that beauty which had so fascinated them amid the glare of gas, the crash of music, and the flutter of drapery, would bear the test of

sober day; or others, who, by various schemes and affectations, endeavored to draw upon themselves one of those looks of love, which she lavished in such profusion on her little companion.

"But if she bore toward her daughter such affection, the child seemed to return it with a devotion scarcely less ardent. It was never happy but when fondling and fondled by her, and was always pining and moping, "bad" (to use a technical term,) when her avocations led her from its society. On this account it never was that favorite among us which its beauty and intelligence might otherwise have rendered it.

"I may state that she was a woman of very low moral character—an abandoned and utterly profligate person, indeed—apparently without any one redeeming feature, save the engrossing attachment to her infant. I shall say no more on this point, but leave you, considering her station in life, to guess the rest.

"Her name was Clara Benatta, as was also that of her daughter. She was said to be an Italian Jewess, though we could only surmise her origin, as she never talked of any of the past events of her life. At all events she had played for a considerable time at Franconi's, in Paris, where a son of Mr. Codoni engaged her.

"The child and she used constantly to perform together on horseback, or on the tight-rope or slack-wire, on all of which she displayed consummate proficiency and grace, but especially the first. They were wont thus to assume such characters as Venus and Cupid, Psyche and Cupid, Hebe and Ganymede, Aurora and Zephyr; and the confidence, the total absence of fear displayed by the little one, when apparently in the most dangerous positions—nay, its look of wild delight when in such circumstances—its shrill, joyous laughter and exclamations, and the clapping of its tiny hands, conspired to take away every feeling of anxiety from the minds of the spectators, and leave them lost in delight and wonder.

"The animal, too, that she chiefly used, as if to render the exhibition perfect, was one of exceeding spirit and beauty. It was a young blood mare, black as a coal, which, having been rendered unfit, by an easily concealed accident, for the turf or chase, was purchased by our manager. and trained for exhibition in the arena.

"Well, our season—a perfectly successful one, though prolonged to the utmost—at length was over, and the benefit-nights came on.

"It was Clara's benefit, and she had advertised some of her most beautiful and attractive performances. The great building, as might be expected, was crowded to the utmost in every part, but especially the gallery, the low rate of admission to which caused it to be frequented chiefly by the inferior and more juvenile portion of the community.

"A gorgeous spectacle commenced the entertainments, and when it was over, Madame Clara and her child were announced amid continued rounds of applause. The black mare was first introduced, and led round the ring by two of the servants of the establishment, who ran at its head, for as yet it had not become so habituated to its occupation as not to be startled by the glare of gas, the shouting of the audience, and the ear-piercing music of our band.

"Then Clara bounded lightly into the arena, attired in a drapery that set off her unrivalled symmetry of person to an admirable degree. It was intended to picture her as Ariadne; and round her loose, short, black curls was bound a garland of roses, lillies, and vine-blossoms—all artificial, of course, but perhaps better calculated than real for a scenic display.

"When, with one of her strange, enchanting smiles she had curtsied lowly to the house, in jumped her lovely child, attired in a close-fitting skin-colored dress, with two tiny butterfly wings like a little Cupid, bearing in one hand a thyrsus, or bunch of grapes, and in the other a small gilded chalice.

"In a twinkling this little Bacchus had sprung with a clear cry of joyous laughter into her arms, and, kissing the creature with an appearance of the utmost fondness on the lips and brow, she took a few quick steps, and with a bound seated herself on the unsaddled back of the black mare. Upon the instant the grooms let go its head, and away it darted, galloping furiously round the circle, while the band struck up a most fairy-like and beautiful strain, one of the dance airs in the opera *La Favorite* of Donizetti, and the two men retreated to the centre, alongside of the riding master and myself.

"For a time nothing was to be heard save the muffled-sounding rapid tread of the horse's feet among the sawdust, and the fitful rise and fall of the wild melody from the lighter instruments of the band, with perhaps now and then an insuppressible exclamation of delight from scattered members of the audience. With these exceptions all was breathless silence and admiration, as the fair equestrian and her child went on with their daring and graceful evolutions.

"Now she would recline at length on the bare back of the flying steed, with an appearance of utmost ease and unconcern, whilst the tiny Bacchus nestled in her bosom. Anon she would

gently rise, kneel upon one knee in an attitude classically graceful, and look round and upward to the little one that, perched on her shoulder and embracing her flower-girt brow, would seem to be laughingly pressing the juice from the grape-cluster into the chalice she held aloft in her hand.

"All this while, the smiling look of warm and passionate affection to the infant never left her lovely features, though it was occasionally mingled with the blushful glow of strange inward exultation, so characteristic of her, at the quick, short rattles of applause that seemed to burst at once from the whole enraptured audience.

"Then she rose gracefully to her feet, every change of posture being marked by the most poetical elegance of motion, and, skipped lightly on the bare croupe of the wildly-galloping mare, whirling the young Bacchus about her head the while, or rather seeming to make the infant deity fly with its little fluttering wings, as she danced in swimming gyrations.

"The way this latter feat was managed was simple enough. A system of bands, of thin but strong leather, passed under the child's dress round its waist, beneath it, and over its shoulders. These all met and were secured together at the bend of its back to a strong steel ring, which she wore round three fingers of her hand, with the fourth and thumb controlling by a wire the two little gauze wings at its shoulders, which were mounted on small spiral springs, so that she could make them quiver, or fold them to its back, as she pleased.

"Well, while she was thus flying round, and while the house was all eye for her, and all ear for the admirable musical accompaniment—whilst the horse was galloping at its most furious speed—at once, just as she was opposite to the pit, the winged Bacchus seemed to leave her shoulder, and fly towards the ground.

"As it fell, one of the wildly flung-up hind hoofs of the animal met it, and the next instant it was tossed lifeless and almost headless into the air, and its little body, with its painted wings and gaudy frippery, lay dead and motionless, like a crushed butterfly, among the dust of the arena.

"There was a strange, sudden bustle among the spectators at first—they rose to their feet by masses; many screamed abruptly with dread, others gave hurried words of direction, and numbers jumped from the pit together unconscious, for the first moment or two, of the harrowing event—their eyes following the equally unconscious equestrian, as she was borne with lightning speed round the circle.

"The riding-master and myself, stunned with the sight for a second, as soon as we could command our limbs, sprang from the centre, where we stood, to raise the shattered body of the child; but ere he had time to touch it, the fiery gallop of the black mare had swept its rider round the ring, and she appeared on the same spot.

"As she came near she seemed paralyzed with surprise and horror, standing in an attitude forcibly expressive of these emotions, on the back of the animal, (whereon, from mechanical habit merely, for it could not be from effort, she continued to maintain her balance,) and with startling eyes, uplifted brows, parted lips and features the deadly pallor of which was fearfully evident beneath the warm, artificial complexion they bore, regarding the steel ring upon her hand, to which a fragment of leather was all that was now attached.

"But when she saw the mangled frame of her heart's idol motionless among the dust, with the wild shriek of a mother's despair she leaped from the place, and fell, frantically grovelling on the ground beside it. A strange unnatural scream was that!—such as shall ring through my brain when age or disease shall have made my ears impervious; and it rose in loud and louder waves of piercing sound, till it filled the four corners of the vast amphitheatre, and was sent back in echoes and reverberations to lacerate anew the hearing, quashing the tumult of the alarmed and excited audience, as the crash of thunder in a tempest drowns the turmoil of the waters.

"All was confusion and uproar, amazement and terror, among the people; women fainted, and children were crushed and trodden upon, and they struggled hither and thither apparently without any object—a strong panic seeming to have taken possession of them; while over the whole floated a deafening roar of mingled noises, louder than the loudest applause that had ever sounded there.

"Meanwhile the band went on with the music, blowing and striving their utmost to be heard above the clamor in the arena; for they were placed behind a screen in one of the entrance-passages, to allow the orchestra to be filled with spectators, and were not aware of what had happened.

"The horse, moreover, riderless, and frantic with fear and excitement, flew round and round, tossing its head in the air, and flinging aloft the dust from its heels. Several of the company and servants, rushing in from without, made attempts to catch it, in which I also joined. But they

were in vain; for the affrighted creature, darting from its course, dashed across the circle, and springing wildly over the barrier that enclosed it, was the next instant kicking and plunging, struggling and snorting, among the densely-crowded audience in the space called the gallery, who, mad with terror, and screaming to heaven for aid, crushed backwards with fierce struggling from around it, as if a very demon in a palpable shape had come among them.

"Oh, the terrors of that dreadful night—terrors to which the dazzling glare of light, the gorgeously-decorated scene, and the thrilling music lent a strange sublimity approaching to the supernatural!

"As I sprang from the animal with a coil of rope, which I had hastily seized somewhere about the place, and which I intended to throw over it, so as to obtain, by entangling its head and limbs, some purchase whereby to restrain its plunging and drag it back into the ring, I got caught in the working vortex of the terror-stricken crowd, and, after a few struggles, found myself crushed to the ground between the seats, and the next moment trampled over by a hundred feet. After some hard but useless attempts to rise, I became insensible, and what happened thereafter I only heard by report many days afterwards.

"I recovered consciousness in the wards of the surgical hospital of the place, where I lay—my frame a mass of bruises. It was more than a month before I was dismissed cured; and by that time the circus had been removed, no trace of it remaining, save the hollow space where the sawdust, mingled with the sand, indicated the site of the arena. It was shut up the day after the above events, and Mr. Codoni, with his troop, left the place and went to America. When they had performed there for some time it was broken up and dispersed, the manager returning to Europe, and settling somewhere in his own country.

"Of course I found my occupation gone, and once more returned to the legitimate line of my profession.

"Clara, I learned was a maniac—the inmate of a public asylnm. Here she still remains; at least she did when I was last at the place, but she is now quite quiet, cheerful and docile; indeed, so far recovered as to have a kind of authority entrusted to her over other female patients.

"Since then I have played in other concerns of the kind, but never in any one approaching in the remotest degree to the splendor of Mr. Codoni's. For a couple of years I was part proprietor of one myself, which did very well till, in an unlucky hour, having introduced, (my old passion) some regular dramatic pieces among our performances, the patentee of a royal theatre, on whose preserves it appears we had been poaching, instituted law proceedings against us, and 'fixed' us all in prison. After that, for some time, I could get nothing to do; and what it is to be an actor, without an engagement, and with no other means of earning his bread, thank heaven! you can never know.

"I am now on my way to Soandso, where, among the exhibitions at this, the market-time, I hope to obtain employment as actor, Mr. Meryman, tumbler, spotted Indian, or I don't care what."

When he had completed his discourse, for which we thanked him sincerely, we rose, mounted the leafy bank, and moved along the lane towards the highway. Upon reaching it, this, our companion of an hour, shook our hands warmly, and, having been presented with a few of our cheroots, went on his way, and neither of us ever saw his face again.

We spoke not a word for some time after we had parted with him. At length, said Bob, drawing a deep breath,—

"What a strange tale it is that he has told us, and how strangely he has told it! If that young fellow had a good education and a smattering of genius, and possessed of both, knew himself, it strikes me he would make a tolerable romancer, as literature goes now-a-days."

"Nay, it appears to me that his tale is too strange, too highly wrought, too unnatural."

"Pardon me,,' cried my friend; too *natural* is what you mean; for with such vividness did he bring his picture before my mind's eye that I fancied I really saw the whole scene, with every incident, pass before me, and was affected in my feelings as if I had positively done so. Now this I consider the triumph of a romancer, when he can produce, by his description or narration, the precise emotions that would be excited by a personal view of it, or participation in the events he supposes, as if actually occurring. In order to do this, the grand requisite is in all things to copy nature to the utmost. Now, were I possessed of a talent for writing, such is the course I would embrace. In beauty and deformity, in good and evil, in charity and in crime, I would copy nature as exactly as I could. I would not depict her as innocent and virtuous, nor in her holiday dress; nor, although taking her all in all, she is most lovely, would I disguise one spot upon her face, or call one wrinkle by the name of dimple. The very sores upon her limbs (for we know she is subject to such things,) from them would I make

no scruple to snatch away the bandages. The most violent and debasing passions (for we know they often affect her) I would bring to the metallic mirror wherein to fix their reflection. The most atrocious crimes (and we know she will commit them) would find no softening or glossing over from me. Guarding always, that an idea should never escape me calculated in the remotest degree to call the blush to the cheek of purity.

"What! must we give all our admiring attention to the Apollo and Venus, and turn from the Gladiator or Laocoon as overstrained, and approaching the horrible? Must we be continually imagining milk-and-water scenes of beauty, virtue, and happiness, nor remind our dainty readers that there are such things in this woful world as crime, famine, misery, disease, danger, death?"

"Nay, but," interrupted I, "you know that there has lately sprung up a school of authors, who, by picturing scenes of a fearful or horrible description, or actions of a deeply atrocious character, endeavour to terrify the minds of their readers by feelings of what they call intense interest."

"Yes," said my friend, "and there would be nothing wrong in this, if they did it naturally, modestly, and sparingly, but they do not: they paint murders, robbers, and seducers, as heroes. Now, one thought will convince you that this is quite against my rule, for in the actual study of nature, we find that such a state of things never existed; there never was in real life an heroic robber, or assassin, or forger, or any one willfully guilty of crime who was not, in all respects, a most contemptible and execrable being. If then in fiction you describe one of the heinous deeds that fiction, to be a picture of real life, must exhibit, describe it as you see such occur in nature, with all the horror and repulsiveness that really does hang around such actions and the miserable actors in them; but never allow yourself—as is done in a popular modern piece—to paint such a thing as a high-principled, well-educated gentleman, committing a dastardly murder on a wretched, low individual; with what motive?—money; to what purpose?—to increase his powers of obtaining knowledge!"

Just as Bob arrived at this point of his discourse, we discovered, all on a sudden, that we had lost our way.

We had for some time left the highway, and were now in search of the path over the moors that saved some three or four miles distance in our journey; but, having got entangled in a maze of little cross lanes, and seeing nobody at hand, we felt rather at a loss about our route, and stood stock still, looking queerly into each other's faces.

But, as we were about to go off into a guffaw, our attention was caught by two figures apparently in the same predicament with ourselves, and the oddity of whose aspect and fit-out immediately fixed our admiration.

(*To be continued.*)

ODE TO THE PEN.

BY G. D.

All hail! thou glorious instrument,
 We fear, yet love thee in each varying mood;
Nurse of man's burning thoughts thou'rt sent
 At once a messenger sublime and rude.
Inspired we hail thee held, by sacred men,
Through lapse of ages, still we praise their pen.

For thee the lofty dome has risen,
The cloister deep, the silent prison;
 And e'en the hermits' cells
Can solace give to Wisdom's sigh,
He knows through thee it cannot die,
And though with death he must comply,
 On earth its spirit dwells.

Tradition's handmaid! far outshining
Thy humble mistress, long divining
 Back in the misty realms of time,
While Memory divides the palm,
Gives thee more truth—reflection calm
 Teaching the soul aloft to climb,
And Fable, gracefully contending
To prejudice no longer bending,
 Yields, but still retains its charm.

Thou rapid instrument, so quickly telling
Of all the warm affections dwelling
 Within the throbbing heart—
Of passions glow, of calmer love
 Thrilling through every part,
We hail thy power, gently swelling
The rising hope, and anguish quelling,
 How oft, indeed, thy work can prove
  Affection's happiest chart!

Thee! when th' ambitious despot wields,
The widowed home, the bloody fields,
 Too surely tell thy might
A simple stroke!—the grave is filled,
 So passion leads the flight;
But despots tremble at thy power
The varying fortune of an hour
 Teaches Ambition not to build
  Nor take too high a flight.

Forerunner of the wond'rous type!
 May ever noble hands yet hold thee;
We trace thy work in ages past,
 The sparkling thoughts the brain hath told thee,
And in Time's course of coming years,
With higher hopes and lessened fears
 May Reason's mantle still enfold thee.

THE EMBROIDERED GLOVES.

In that beautiful suburb of the city of Bath called Bathwick, there is a stately and curious old building, over the *facade* of which the word "Villa" is carved on the stone. It is situated some distance from the streets, and stands in the midst of a verdant wilderness of patchy gardens and high hedges of quickset, hawthorn, and alder. On the western side of it the Avon flows, and the narrow green lanes which twist and twine round it, form a labyrinth as if it were intended for the centre of a "puzzle."

In the latter part of the last century, this was a favourite place of public resort for the inhabitants and visitants of the city. The glory of Bath was then at its height. For a long series of years, successive kings and queens had come to drink the health-restoring waters of her mineral springs; the world of fashion flocked thither for a portion of each year; and the notabilities of politics and letters rendered the place illustrious by making it their chosen scene of recreation. The last century hardly produced a single English memoir, or yielded materials of biography to be produced in this, in which the city of Bath, its fashionable company, its imperious rules of etiquette, its hot waters, its floating sayings and *bon-mots*, its palatial streets and crescents, its hills and vales—do not make a pretty considerable figure. The Bathwick Villa was then the centre of a charming pleasure-ground—the Gardens as it was called—set out with pavilions, fountains, and statues, in that prim and classic style which characterised first-rate places of entertainment at the period; and here, during the summer months, the votaries of fashion and pleasure were wont to congregate for society and enjoyment. The fine old house is now little better than a ruin; but you may trace in its curiously-ornamental construction, in its ground-floor of tesselated marble, in its wide and handsome staircases, some reminiscences of its olden grandeur.

Time plays queer tricks with the fine places of the world. The Villa is now divided and subdivided, and is inhabited by a number of poor families; and the gardens are cut up into the batch of lanes and allotments spoken of above. It is not surprising that many a story and snatch of romance should be current in connection with a place which, for a long series of years, was the constant resort of fashion, in whose train the idle, the dissipated, and the gay, always move. The greater portion of these are idle tales, well enough to hear when you are on the spot, but hardly worth remembering or repeating. The following, however, will perhaps be deemed sufficiently singular to warrant its being written down.

A grand gala was announced to take place at the Villa Gardens on the 10th of July, 1786, on which occasion several then famous Italian musicians were to perform under the leadership of the celebrated Rauzzini, of whom Christopher Anstey, Horace Walpole, and Fanny Burney have made frequent mention; after which, there were to be fireworks and a fancy-ball. The weather was delightful, the entertainment was one of great attraction, the prestige of the Villa Gardens was at its height, and in consequence, an unusually large and brilliant company flocked to the place. The house and grounds were illuminated with great taste: myriads of many-coloured lamps were festooned from tree to tree; the trim-gravelled walks, the pavilions, alcoves, fountains, and statues, were bathed in a fairy light; and the beaux, belles, dons, and duennas of Bath clustered and rustled over the glittering scene like the happy people of an enchanted land.

Among the people of mark in the city at this time were Sir John Farquharson and his daughter, and a young gentleman of the name of Blannin, a descendant of an ancient Welsh family. Miss Farquharson was in her twenty-first year, and was gifted with personal attractions of so remarkable a character, as to gain her precedence, amongst the gay connoisseurs of such endowments, before all the young beauties who then shed lustre over the Bath entertainments. Sir John, in consequence of the improvidence of sundry generations of grandfathers, was by no means wealthy, but was in the enjoyment of sufficient means to enable him to move in fashionable society, and to gather friends around him by a judiciously-conducted system of quiet and refined hospitality; and the consideration which such a mode of life secured for him was, as may be imagined, deepened and vivified by his close relationship to a young lady of almost peerless beauty, who imparted a degree of splendour to his household, and attracted interest and attention to all his movements. "Sir John Farquharson and the divine Clara!" was the toast *d'amour* of all the gallants of the day. Stephen Gerrard Blannin, the young gentleman of good family mentioned above, had been for some months the recognised and accepted suitor of Miss Farquharson. He was in his twenty-third year, of very elegant and prepossessing appearance—was impulsive, passionate, and restless as even Welsh blood could make him; and in his manner of dress and mode of life, affected a style of his own which gained him distinction amongst his fellow-beaux, and rendered him in a measure an object of public attention.

Sir John, his daughter, and Mr. Blannin, were among the fashionables who attended the gala of the 10th of July, and, as usual, were courted, quizzed, and lionised.

The same evening, a new constellation made a first appearance in this brilliant firmament. A tall young lady, extremely well-looking, of particularly graceful and majestic deportment, and dressed to the very extreme of the mode, was observed among the concourse, walking hither and thither in company with a lady of between forty and fifty years, also of striking stature and demeanour, and handsomely attired. These were fresh faces and figures upon the scene, and very few knew who they were or anything about them. There were black ribbons, indicating mourning, in various parts of the young lady's costume, and the elder lady wore a sort of modified widow's cap. The curiosity of the company, who, with the exception of these, were all either on speaking terms with each other, or were personally acquainted, was strongly excited by the accession of the strangers; a thousand remarks, questions, and suppositions were whispered respecting them, and all their movements were watched with persevering solicitude. The general enquiry at

length elicited the required information. A well-known physician proved the oracle of the occasion. He had attended the late husband of the elder lady for many years, until about a twelvemonth before, when an attack of bronchitis had proved fatal, at once depriving the patient of life and the physician of a by no means contemptible item in his annual income. He was a Mr. Ranne, by occupation a brewer—a man who, from an humble sphere and with humble means, had risen to opulence by force of energy and sagacity. "Died immensely rich," whispered the doctor emphatically to whomsoever he communicated the much-converted material for gossip—"immensely rich. Widow and daughter must be worth one hundred thousand between 'em. Take my word for it."

The fashionables were at first somewhat alarmed at the idea of the widow and daughter of a brewer of obscure origin being amongst them; but the reputation of great wealth, so strongly insisted upon by the judicious physician, mollified the stringency of aristocratic sentiments, and preserved the strangers from anything like a display of rudeness or contempt. The ladies, too, were personages who really made a very stylish and distinguished appearance; particularly the younger one, in whose noble carriage, firmly yet delicately-chiseled features, rich dark hair, and bright flashing eyes, there was something queenly and imperious: so the *habitués* made no objection to the manager of the place respecting their presence there, but resolved to observe a passive behaviour, leaving the new-comers to shift for themselves, and procure society and countenance as they might happen to find opportunity.

The concert and the pyrotechnic display being brought to a termination, the ladies and gentlemen proceeded to their respective rooms to prepare for the ball; in other words, to set aside bonnets and hats, and to retouch various particulars of the toilet.

"You have dropped a pair of gloves, Miss Farquharson," said Miss Ranne, picking up the articles mentioned, and hastening to give them to the young lady, who had dropped them before she left the tiring-room.

But the beautiful Clara, fresh from proud communion with her mirror, her thoughts triumphantly busied with Stephen Blannin and the coming pleasures of the ball, heard not the friendly intimation, but passed quickly on. Her father and Stephen were waiting for her at the door; she passed her arm through that of the latter, and they proceeded directly towards the ball-room.

Miss Ranne and her mother followed the former, waiting a convenient opportunity to hand the pair of gloves to Miss Farquharson. As she walked on she looked at them, and the one glance irresistibly tempted her to examine them more curiously. They were really an exquisite little pair of gloves—made of the finest, shiniest white satin, the seams wrought and embroidered with delicate pink silk—the initials "S. G. B." worked upon the wrist of the right hand glove, and "C. F." on that for the left hand. With a covert smile, she shewed them to her mother, and asked if they were not elegant morsels of workmanship. "Very pretty; but you could do as well, my dear," answered the fond mamma, with a look expressive of unbounded confidence in her daughter's abilities, and satisfaction in her present appearance. "There is nothing Miss Farquharson could do that you could not do, my Fanny," she added.

"Oh, mamma, we do not know that Miss Farq'son made them," said Fanny.

"Why, to be sure she did," returned the penetrating madam: "don't you see what the letters are? It's a love-gift for Mr. Blannin, of course."

Fanny involuntarily sighed. Stephen Blannin was a handsome, brilliant young gentleman, and her eye had sought him many times that evening. She was volatile, passionate, and headstrong as Stephen was himself. Once or twice their glances had met, and without a word being spoken, that hap-hazard inexplicable clashing of soul to soul had passed between them, which may only be experienced once in a life-time. There was in their natures the moral affinity which starts a mysterious response, like a lightning-flash, before a question is asked or a syllable uttered.

They entered the ball-room. All was light and bright, gaily-attired groupes of young and old were promenading, strains of music floated over the scene. Again Fanny stepped towards Miss Farquharson with the gloves in her hand. Stephen Blannin turned as she approached, and a warm blush spread over her features as again she met his bright black eye. "Miss Farq'son has dropped a pair of gloves," repeated she.

"Oh, thank you," said Mr. Blannin, taking the gloves with a low bow: "your kind attention, Miss Ranne, deserves our best acknowledgments." As he addressed her by name, the blush deepened upon her face.

"Miss Farq'son dropped them in the dressing-room," added Fanny: "I spoke to her at the time, but she did not hear me."

Clara had been engaged in conversation with her father and some young friends who clustered them. She heard now, and turned quickly towards her lover and Miss Ranne, with a look full of eager inquiry and surprise.

"This young lady, Clara," said Mr. Blannin, "has kindly handed to me a pair of gloves which you dropped in the ladies'-room."

Clara started with evident agitation as she at once perceived what had happened; possibly she cherished a belief in omens. She took the gloves, thrust them roughly into the pocket of her dress, bowed coldly and haughtily to the restorer of them, and turned again towards the party with whom she had previously been conversing. Fanny tossed her proud head, and without another look at either Stephen or Clara, moved slowly away with her mother. She was affronted, and immediataly resolved to be revenged.

In a few minutes, dancing commenced, and the ball was fairly opened. Throughout the evening, the parvenu strangers continued to attract a large share of the attention of the company; the fine figures and handsome attire of the mother and daughter, and the report of their wealth, succeeded in gaining for them no small degree of consideration and countenance, notwithstanding the late Mr. Ranne had been a brewer, and had commenced life with small means. Miss Ranne, too, danced

superbly, and evinced in every movement and every phase of her behaviour, the peculiar air of grace and distinction of style which always mark the highly-bred and fine-spirited young lady. Hitherto, Clara Farquharson had been regarded by common consent as the belle of the assemblies, as undoubtedly she still deserved to be, on account of her extreme beauty; but now there was a presence of another description upon the scene,—a beauty not so correct and sweet, but of a stronger and more impressive character—which already began to divide the empire of the young Queen of the Ball. Before a couple of hours had passed, before half the programme of gavottes, minuets, quadrilles, and contre-danses, had been accomplished, Fanny Ranne and her mamma formed the centre of a tolerably numerous group of *habitués*, who, for the hour, courted their society and acquaintance; and the most noted gallants of the company contended at each succeesive dance for the honour of Fanny's hand. In short, the appearance of Miss Ranne was a decided hit, and created the species of interest which, in the fashionable circles of the time and the place, was denominated a sensation.

Stephen Blannin observed the course of events with the acuteness and watchfulness of one who passed his life amid such scenes, and who aspired to establish for himself the character of a thorough-going beau. Having danced with Clara twice or thrice, he left her for awhile, and not long afterwards was to be seen by the side of Miss Ranne. He solicited the favour of her hand for a minuet—solicited it with the easy grace of one who has been brought to believe the refusal of such a request impossible—but the honour was declined with frigid hauteur; and amid smirks and whispers, he, Stephen Gerard Blannin, Esq., walked away discomfited. The refusal was cold and concise: she did not say that she was already engaged, that she was disengaged for the next dance, or the next after that; she made no remark at all, but merely declined the honour with a slight and contemptous bow. Stephen was intensely piqued. He had never endured such a defeat before. He at once attributed it to the cold, indeed, almost rude manner in which Clara had received the restored gloves, and felt particularly out of temper with her, with himself, and with every one else.

"Well, Clara," said he, as he returned to her, "have you lost your gloves again?"

"No, surely. Why?" returned she, directly taking them from her pocket, and starting again as she remembered the *rencontre* to which they had already given rise.

"Because if you had," said Stephen drily, I should hope no one would be good enough to perform the thankless task of finding them and bringing them to you."

Clara blushed deeply, but made no reply. She put her arm within Stephen's, and drew him into a recess. She unfolded the gloves with nervous trembling fingers, and seemed strangely agitated all at once. Stephen leaned against the marble pillar, silent and displeased.

"Stephen," said she presently, offering the gloves to him, "I made them with my own hands for you. Your initials are worked upon the wrist of one glove, and my own upon the other. This being the case, it annoyed me much to think I had been careless enough to drop them, and afford every one a chance of inspecting them."

"Oh, is that it?" exclaimed Stephen, mollified, immediately by an explanation, so sufficient, especially to himself. "Well, I had no idea of anything of that sort for a moment, or I should not have thought your conduct so strange. They are pretty, upon my word—very pretty; and I am much obliged to you, my dearest. I will put them on at once; shall I?"

"Oh, to be sure; if you like." She was pleased to hear his expressions of approval and gratification; but the quickness with which his mind passed to the mere use of the things—to putting them on—checked the warm thoughts which had rendered the making of them such a delicious task. They were not intended so much for show, for wear and tear, as for a mementa of affection—not so much for the hands, as for the heart.

Stephen took off the gloves he had been wearing, and cased his hands in the love-gift. Really, it was a charming pair of gloves—certainly the finest and daintiest in the room. He declared he should be very proud during the remainder of the evening; and Clara laughed, half with pleasure, half with pain, as he gaily said so. They left the recess, and slowly returned to the more thronged parts of the room.

"Shall we dance this minuet, Stephen?" asked Clara, as the strain of the approahhing dance commenced.

"I—I—I think not—not this time," returned he, somewhat absently and uneasily.

Clara looked up at his face: he was staring fixedly towards another quarter of the saloon, where Miss Ranne and a showy young gentleman were just taking their places for the minuet.

"Not dance this time, Stephen?"

"No—not this time, Clara. Indeed, I will not dance any more to-night: my head aches—the place is so hot—phew! the heat is stifling!"

Clara was alarmed. She thought she had better sit with her father for awhile, so that Stephen might have an opportunity of going out into the fresh air. He adopted the suggestion without a moment's hesitation, handing her to her father, and himself leaving the room. He got his hat from the dressing-room, walked out into the garden, and there brooded over the first discomfiture he had experienced since he had succeeded in establishing himself as a "presence" at the assemblies. His pride had received a poignant hurt, and at the moment his very thought was engaged in considering how he might recover his lost ground in some signal manner, and restore the feeling of self-sufficiency which had received such a rough shock.

He continued pacing up and down the garden-walks a considerable time, and was at length about to re-enter the house, when his movements were arrested by the approach of a party from the ball room. In some excitement he recognised Mrs. and Miss Ranne, who were escorted and surrounded by several gentlemen. They were all talking and laughing gaily save Miss Ranne herself, who seemed to be of a nature too proud and haughty for direct participation in any absolute levity. She walked slowly on with her head erect, gratified, no doubt, by the attentions paid

her, but receiving them passively, as if she cared nothing about them. Blannin eagerly noticed this peculiarity of her demeanour. There was something about the high-spirited, self-conceited girl that touched him strongly. Suspecting, from appearances, that the mother and daughter were going home, he turned back, and hurried by a circuitous path to the gates which opened upon the road to the city, and there remained till the party came down to the carriage, which was waiting without. As they approached, he drew himself up to his full height, and walking steadily up to Miss Ranne, brought them all to a stand-still.

"I beg leave, before Miss Ranne quits this place to-night," said he, with a light bow, "to express to her my deep regret that she should have been treated with incivility by a person with whom I have the honour of an intimate acquaintance—my regret that her kind politeness should have been received with behaviour not far short of rudeness. I beg to assure her nothing of the sort was intended—that it was all the merest chance of the time and occasion. Whether Miss Ranne may think it worth while to care anything about it or not, I, for my part, should not have been satisfied had I allowed her to leave this place without offering a formal apology."

He bowed stiffly, raised his hat, and was about to move away, apparently not caring whether any answer were returned to him; but Miss Ranne, with a quick, decisive movement, held out her hand to him in a manner which rendered his abrupt departure impossible. As he took the proffered hand, and bowed, she looked him full in the face, and then passed on. It was not so much the act of a bold woman, full of belief in her charms and their power, as the inspiration of a strong and wilful spirit which has formed a certain desire, and will not scruple to procure its fulfilment by whatever means it can; for there was something in the manner in which, for an instant, she gazed—it was more than a glance—at Blannin, that made him tremble with a strange emotion; and had there been no one by, he would have cast himself at her feet. The beautiful Clara seemed like a myth in comparison to the powerful, imperious reality which his heart and soul reoognised in this remarkable young lady. She might have made him follow her to the ends of the earth, without speaking a word to him. The spirit of romance was stronger, and the regulation of the affections less a matter of consideration in those days than in the present; and Blannin, in recklessly surrendering himself to the influence of a newly-found attraction, was by no means out of the fashion. He followed them to their carriage door for the purpose of bidding a formal adieu. Miss Ranne merely bowed to the rest, but returned his farewell, and shook his hand, it appeared to those standing by, with something like ostentatious emphasis. To him she became talkative all at once, as the moment of separation seemed to have arrived—remarked upon the beauty and good order of the Villa Gardens, the prettiness of the illumination, the charms of the music, the pleasantness of the ball. Mrs. Ranne took her place in the carriage; and the gentlemen who had formed the escort from the ball-room, exchanging significant looks, retired, leaving Blannin behind.

"Do you return to the ball-room, Mr. Blannin?" asked Miss Ranne.

"No," answered he quickly—then adding, with some hesitation and embarrassment: "at least only for a minute or so to perform an act of politeness, which will be expected of me. I shall dance no more to night."

"Then why go back?"

"I have a reason, I—I—regret to say."

"Well, go back and go back, and by that means you will be enabled always to retain both the reason and the regret." She stepped into the carriage, and took her seat opposite her mother. Blannin was wonderstricken and indescribably touched by the bold, careless energy of her manner.

"Rather than do that, I will not go back," said he, a sharp thrill of pleasure darting through him at the inference he could not help drawing from what he had heard. "I will go home at once. May I ride?"

That night, it became rumoured all through the fashionable circles of the city that the match between Mr. Blannin and Miss Farquharson was to be broken off—that Mr. Blannin had been smitten at first sight by Miss Ranne, the rich brewer's daughter—that he had left Miss Farquharson in the care of her father to get home how she could, while he himself had riden home with the Rannes. The next day gave strong confirmation to the rumours. Blannin and Miss Ranne were observed for several hours riding about on horseback in all the most fashionable quarters of the neighborhood.

Sir John Farquharson examined the blade of his sword. He bade his daughter never mention Blannin's name again, and instructed his servants never to admit that gentleman to his house, and, if he insisted upon entering, to eject him by force. The second day after he conceived himself to have been insulted, and the honor of his family slighted, he went to Blannin's residence, and not finding him, rode straightway to that of Mrs. Ranne, where Blannin and Fanny were together.

On the evening of the same day, Clara Farquharson was sitting in her boudoir, when a loud knocking was heard at the door, a hasty step ascended the stairs, and a tall imperious figure entered the room in disorderly agitation.

"Miss Farq'son," exclaimed Fanny, for she it was, "again I restore to you your gloves. Look at them, and you will see how much they have cost me!"

She dashed the gloves upon the table as she spoke, using her left hand—the gloves upon which poor Clara had spent many an industrious, love-lorn hour! Clara's face flushed, and she rose immediately from her chair, for she had spirit and passion in her, though nothing in comparison to the headstrong, impulsive creature who now addressed her.

"Look at them, I say, and see how much they have cost me!" repeated Fanny fiercely. "And be satisfied with your revenge."

Clara looked at the gloves, and uttered a shriek of affright. The one for the right hand, on which she had wrought the initials of Stephen, was bathed in blood, with the exception of the three outside finger-parts, and the satin was cut through close beneath those portions which were

unstained. She took up the glove, and looked more closely at it. Horrible! There were the halves of three human fingers remaining in it!

"They are mine!" cried Fanny, with frantic impetuosity—"they are mine! Keep them as an assurance of vengeance wreaked upon me for the wrong that has been done you."

She raised her right hand from beneath her shawl, and the frightened Clara saw that three of her fingers were cut off, and that the short stumps had been roughly bandaged. Before another word could be said, Miss Ranne left the house with the same vehement haste as had distinguished her coming.

Sir John and Mr. Blannin had been left alone at the request of the former; high words had arisen between them, and in the paroxysm of their quarrel, swords had been drawn without the formality of a duel. The house was alarmed; but none had been courageous enough to interfere so instantaneously as Miss Ranne, who rushed between them, and her hand coming in contact with the sword of Sir John, three of her fingers were cut off.

Intense excitement was occasioned by this remarkable affair. Sir John and Clara left the city, and Mr. Blannin and Miss Ranne became the observed of all observers. Fanny's hand was skillfully doctored, and, after much suffering, the remains of the fingers were healed; which consummation being happily arrived at, she resumed her horse-riding, attended by Mr. Blannin; and, perhaps to her satisfaction, her appearance was always the signal for gaping, whispering, remark, and gossip, and other symptoms of personal celebrity. The pair who had met so strangely, and so strangely wooed, were shortly afterwards married, and lived in great style, as far as the world could see, whatever might have been the state of domestic affairs. The beautiful Clara had sufficient pride to wean her heart from the remembrance of the faithless Stephen, and was also married, perhaps the more quickly in consequence of the above circumstances, and lived long and happily.

ON THE EFFECTS OF WHICH THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA MAY BE CONSIDERED THE CAUSE.

It may be looked upon as presumptuous, to attempt to trace, to their beginning, events which at our day happen, and in ages to come, will happen on this vast continent. Had America not been discovered! In the supposition of such an alternative we are lost in conjecture, and we may be continually forming to ourselves ideas of the probable state of the Eastern Hemisphere, overburthened as it might have been with an increasing population, with no grand continent far away to the westward offering inducements to its surplus enterprize, and where the struggle, between so many, *to live*, might have had alarming effects on the constitution of society, just as the moment when the dark ages of the world were passing away, and mankind was beginning to approach the graces of those periods which immediately preceded the downfall of the Roman Empire.

It is all lost in conjecture as it must ever be. There is, however, an overruling Providence in it all—a Providence which inspired Columbus, at the moment when society began to be overburthened by its thousands, and while the new home which was thus pointed out to the countless myriads of his and of succeeding ages relieved, and still relieves, all the impending errors of a population becoming too large for its means of support.

To solve the great moral problem, it was an opening for the discharge of all those evil passions, which in crowded communities have perplexed statesmen, have baffled philosophers, and have induced philanthropists to give up in despair the hope of reforming mankind; while by a change more wonderful than was ever effected by magician's art, faction in the old world becomes patriotism, in the new!* the adjuncts of poverty become the stepping stones to riches, and the busy emotions of man's brains, which in one world prompt to evil, in the other, afford at once the greatest impetus to enterprize, while a generous rivalry in all the arts and sciences, which enoble and adorn the human race, is created between the two hemispheres. Conjecture is again lost whether these boundless tracts of fertile lands spreading far and wide can ever become overburthened with a population which in time will seek yet undiscovered worlds to meet such an emergency.

Could Columbas have foreseen the present state of this continent, could the skilful navigator in his deep glimmerings of its existence, have observed the splendid reality which it now presents, who knows but that to his ardent mind the contemplation of such effects might have been some recompense for the coolness, the repulses and the trials which this enterprising sailor had to experience! And in the discovery of such a world, could Columbus have met with royal sympathy and patronage at once, and have inspired more confidence and belief in his expectations, there is a probability that the effects following his discovery might have been slightly different. Had the commercial mind of the Seventh Henry entered heartily into this project, this monarch, desirous, as he was of making his reign remarkable, would have found a field for his enterprize bound-

*Doubtful.—Ed. A. A. Mag.

less in extent, and in which the glory of his country would have been more rapidly enhanced by its discovery. But although the enterprize of England was tardy then, it was afterwards left to Englishmen to follow up with more substantial steps the beginnings made by another nation. The accomplished Raleigh passes before our eyes,—the scientific navigator, the brilliant poet, who in the new world complimented his royal and virgin mistress in naming a colony. We pause to contemplate the life of this distinguished scholar, nor can we disconnect the idea of his sorrowful death from one of the melancholy effects of his dangerous enterprise. Referring more closely to our subject, we see colony after colony rising into importance. The names of the monarchs of England and France to this day remain inseparably connected with the countries which bear them. The phlegmatic Dutchman whom nothing but commerce could inspire, leaves his dykes and canals for the mountains and rivers of America. We see these colonies increasing daily in riches and productions; every breeze that blows fills more sails, and either hastens or retards the adventurer eager in quest of riches and novelty, or the barks deeply laden with the curiosities of another hemisphere. Further down the stream of time, we see the yeomanry of England in arms for their religion, and their rights as free men, either prepared to bring their Sovereign to the headsman's-axe, or seek in the new world (which Columbus had lately discovered) a refuge from the political troubles which agitated their native land. We see the Pilgrims on the Plymouth rock—the men whose stern ideas of duty would lead them to the sacrifiee of the Lord's anointed, relinquishing home, friends, kinsmen and children for the sake of principle, sincerely trusting in the rectitude of their conduct, and begetting a posterity, only too proud of the spirit which actuated their forefathers—a pride inculcating an egotism acceptable at home, but disagreeable abroad; and which, while truly honourable in itself, threatens, like an ill-set jewel, to obscure the value of the gem by its paltry decorations.

These may be some of the effects of the discovery of America in the new world itself. In the Eastern Hemisphere, while depicting the state of its western rival, we should not forget to contemplate the effects springing from a consciousness which it must have had of the existence of this vast continent. In all the sciences a fresh impetus was given. Astronomy could delight in making the truths of our solar system more palpable to the mass of mankind. Geography burned to lay the fresh wonders of creation before the public gaze. History, anxious to pierce the cloud of mystery, in her unwearied assiduity, sees, in the wild natives themselves, the descendants of our scriptural patriarchs; and as in mankind, reads that the awe-struck traveller gazed upon the thundering cataracts and followed inland waters of glorious magnitude—now expanding to a sea, and anon contracting to numerous channels between beauteous islands, until the narrowing strait shewed a departure from one great lake only to open upon a larger, in almost endless succession. The various emotions and passions which prompt and agitate the human mind, found in these far-off lands a picture of repose and happiness. The patriot, burning with a sense of his country's wrongs and ashamed of his country's apathy, fancies he sees some connexion between the wildness of nature in the New World and that liberty which he has, perhaps, been worshipping in a questionable shape, and here selects an asylum where he can indolently indulge his vague ideas of freedom. Yes, America is looked upon as a great refuge. The Minister of State, in considering the great paradox of how so many thousands are to be maintained and fed, and kept out of idleness in his own country, cuts the matter short at once, and proposes emigration. The artisan who finds his business decaying and his family increasing, proposes emigration, and all whom vice and folly have driven from the usual walks of society, propose emigration. And they do emigrate, and the cry is, "still they come!"

Here is a most extraordinary effect of such a combination with the thousands of hardy, although unlearned, sons of soil, who bring more physical force than intellectual wealth into the land, joined to the strength and ingenuity for good or evil, possessed by those who, if they did not leave their native land to escape from justice, at least, came recklessly to follow fortune. Do they bring consolation with them? It would almost seem at first sight, that which honorable industry established, would only too readily be destroyed by the evil mind less bridled in its exercise. The result is far different, and as an effect following the discovery of America, we have presented to our view at once a great people composed of a heterogenous mass of all nations—in an incredibly short space of time assuming a character of quickness and intelligence, with an almost intuitive enterprize, the very nature of whose country being boundless in extent, encourages, and is suggestive of the unlimited exercise of the intellect, who live in an age in which the

wildest speculations of their boyhood are realised before they attain manhood, while a golden prospect to the poor and adventurous of the whole world is still held out.

Such are only a few of the results—the most glorious of which pertain to Great Britain. We see her laws introduced and obeyed; we hear her language spoken everywhere. Without the discovery of America, it is almost impossible to conjecture what Great Britain would have been; though we can still fancy that country holding its place amongst the nations of Europe—less splendid, perhaps, in its Eastern possessions than at the present time, and with all the difficulties arising from a crowded population, still having the philanthropy and wisdom of which our laws and constitution are said to be the offspring. But at once the brilliant prospect opens. Britons commence another nation, and although centuries have passed away, it is still mindful and proud of its origin, and Britannia herself, watching the wonderful effects of the early enterprise of her sons, can now look upon their children, and with a shadowing of futurity applying to every part of this vast continent wherever her language is spoken, she sees them, although under another name, like the offspring of ancient Troy,

"Terra potens arvis atque ubere glebæ."

HORACE, ODE XIX, LIB. I.

TRANSLATION.

Venus, mother of the Loves,
  Daughter of the azure sea,
And the merry, joyous boy,
  Bacchus, son of Semele;
Frolic License joined with these,
  Cruelly my heart inspire
To restore the smothered flames
  Of Love's all-consuming fire.
Ah! thy charms, sweet Glycera,
  Purer in thy brilliancy
Than the Parian marble, which
  Freely yields the palm to thee.
Ah! thy pleasing wantonness
  And that winning face of thine
Fire my soul to bow anew
  To the God of Love divine,
Venus, girt with all her strength,
  That she might my heart beguile,
Left, with all her wonted train,
  Cyprus, much-beloved isle,
Nor permits me to recount
  Tales of Scythia's noble deeds,
Nor of Parthia's boldest, when
  Mounted on retreating steeds;
Nor of aught but what relates
  To her unrelenting sway;
Me, whose heart she kindles thus,
  Must her every look obey.
Here, ye boys, the verdant turf
  And the vervain quickly place;
Here, the sacred frankincense
  Purchased from the Arab race;
Here, the wine which, two years since,
  Was from the Latin vineyards pressed;
Venus, *thus* implored, will send
  Gentle Love to Glycera's breast.

GUSTAVE.

LITTLE BITS.

Do we doubt that pictures and decorations, of a very graceful kind, depend upon little bits? Have we heard nothing about mosaics, and inlayings, and buhl, and marquetrie, and parquetrie, and niello, and petro dure, and tesselated pavements, and encaustic titles? All these are but so many applications of little bits—bits of enamel, bits of glass, bits of gems, bits of stone, bits of marble, bits of metal, bits of wood, bits of cement, bits of clay. Marked developments of skill and patience are connected with the working up of these little bits; and all the world knows that productions of great beauty result. Enamel, pebbles, marble and clay, irrespective of metal and wood, form a very pretty family of little bits, as a brief glance will easily show us.

The little bits of enamel which constitute mosaic are the subjects of a most minute and tiresome routine of processes—perhaps more than the products are worth. A true mosaic picture consists of an infinity of little bits of enamel, disposed according to their colours, and imbedded in a frame-work prepared for their reception. Enamel is nothing more than opaque glass, the colours being given by the admixture of various metallic oxides. The number of varieties is quite enormous; for in order to produce all the hues of a picture, there must not only be every colour, but many shades or tints of each. The Pope himself is a mosaic manufacturer. He keeps up an establishment near St. Peter's; and, at this establishment there are, it is asserted, no fewer than seventeen thousand tints of enamel, all arranged and labelled in boxes and drawers, whence they are selected as the compositor would select his type. The enamel is cast into slabs; and each slab, by means of hammers, saws, files, lapidary-wheels, and other mechanical aids, is cut into tiny bits; or else the enamel, while hot and plastic from the

furnace, is drawn out into threads or small sticks; for some of the bits for a small picture are as thin as sewing-thread. A back or groundwork for the picture is prepared, in marble, slate or copper; it is hollowed out to a depth varying from a sixteenth of an inch to an inch, according to the size of the picture. The cavity is filled up with plaster of Paris; and the artist draws his design with great care on the plaster. When the ground and the enamels are ready, the mosaicist begins. He digs out a very small portion of the plaster, in accordance with particular lines in the design, and fills up this cavity with a kind of putty or soft mastic, into which the little bits of enamel are pressed one by one. Thus hour by hour, week by week, and even year by year, the artist proceeds; guided by the design on the plaster in scooping out each little portion; and guided by the original picture or sketch in selecting the colours of the enamels. When the picture is finished, it is ground perfectly level with emery; and any minute defects or interstices are filled with a mixture of wax and ground enamel.

The works produced in this enamel-mosaic are in some cases really wonderful. When Napoleon was lord of the destinies of Italy, he ordered a mosaic copy of Leonardo da Vinci's celebrated picture of the Last Supper, the same size as the original, twenty-four feet by twelve. Ten mosaicists were employed for eight years on this work, at a cost of more than seven thousand pounds. The Emperor of Austria, we believe, now possesses this extraordinary production. The face in a portrait of Pope Paul the Fifth is said to consist of more than a million-and-a-half of bits, each no longer than a millet-seed. There was exhibited in London, in eighteen hundred and fifty-one, a mosaic table-top, containing a series of beautiful views in Italy. Perhaps the most wonderful specimens ever produced were two which had no back or groundwork whatever, presenting a mosaic picture on each surface. They were formed of coloured enamel fibres fitted side by side, and fused together into a solid mass. One specimen was an ornamental device; the other was a representation of a duck; and both exhibited great delicacy of outlines and tints by the occasional employment of transparent coloured glass intermixed among the opaque coloured enamels. So minutely were the details worked out, that the eye of the duck, and the feathers on the breast and wings, were imitated almost as exactly as could have been done by a minature painter. It was one consequence of the mode in which these singular mosaics were produced, that the picture on one surface was a reverse of that on the other: the duck's head being to the right in the one, and to the left in the other.

True mosaic pictures are not common in this country, being very expensive productions. In an artistic point of view, too, there is a limit to the excellence; for there must necessarily be a certain hardness of outline, unless the bits be almost infinitely small and almost infinitely varied in colour. If a mosaic be examined, all the separate bits will be readily seen, joined by lines more or less visible, according as the work is coarsely or finely executed. Like a young lady's Berlin pattern, the little squares are of many colours, but each square is of one definite uniform colour; indeed, we do not see why Berlin work should not be honoured with the name of mosaic.

The theory of little bits is as susceptible of practical application with humble glass as with imperial enamel. There is a substance known as Keene's cement, which becomes as hard as marble, and receives a polish very little inferior to it. An ingenious artist has contrived so to combine little bits of coloured glass as to form a mosaic adornment to articles fabricated in this cement; the white polish of the cement, and the coloured brilliancy of the glass contrasting well with each other. Productions of a very fanciful kind have in this way been sent forth; one consists of a pair of twisted columns upon pedestals, six or seven feet high, and intended to hold lamps or vases; the columns themselves are made of the cement, and the glass mosaic is introduced around the spiral shaft of the column in bands of different patterns; while the pedestal exhibits the mosaic in a geometrical rather than an ornate style. The bits of glass are imbedded in the cement while wet, and the whiteness of the cement assists in rendering apparent the colours of the mosaic. It is evident that, if once this art should tickle the fancy and open the purse of his majesty, the public, an infinite variety of applications would be forthcoming—to walls, table-tops, chimney-pieces, pilasters, and so forth. It must be admitted, however, that this sort of mosaic is a very humble competitor to that in enamel; it is upholsterer's mosaic instead of artist's mosaic.

There is an elegant kind of mosaic or inlaying practised by the Italians, and called by them *pietra dura*, or hard stone. It consists of little bits of pebble imbedded in a slab of marble. The stone is really hard, for it comprises such varieties as quartz, agate, jasper, chalcedony, jute, cornelian, and lapis lazuli; and the formation of these into a regular pattern calls for the exercise of much patience and ingenuity. The artist first takes a slab of black marble, level in surface, and very little exceeding an eighth of an inch in thickness; he draws upon this the outline of his design; he patiently cuts away the requisite portions by means of files and saws; and he has thus prepared the ground-work on which his labours are to be hereafter bestowed. He then attends to the *pietra dura*, the gems,

the little bits; every piece is, by lapidaries' tools, cut to the exact size and form necessary to fit it for the little vacancy which it is to occupy; and all are thus adjusted until the mosaic pattern is completed. The thin fragile tablet thus prepared would never bear the wear and tear of active service unless further strengthened; it is on this account applied as a veneer to a thicker slab of marble or other stone. This is an extremely difficult art to accomplish with any degree of success; for in the imitation of natural objects, or in anything beyond a mere geometrical design, it is necessary to exersise great judgment in selecting the colours of the stones, and in fashioning each to a particular shape. The Florentine artists are especially skilled in this elegant art; they generally use pebbles picked up on the banks of the Arno. The Russians also show a fondness for these productions, which they vary by applying the small pebbles in relief on the surface of a slab; but this is not properly mosaic—it is a sort of stone-modelling in relievo, or it may deserve the name of cameo-mosaic, which has been given it. The jaspers and other pebbles, found abundantly in Siberia, enable the Russians to imitate various kinds of fruits with surprising correctness, in this cameo-mosaic. But the Hindoos excel both Florentines and Russians in *pietra dura* work; their designs are more elegant, and their workmanship more minute and delicate.

If a variegated marble pavement be called mosaic—which may be done by applying the theory of little bits to big bits—then we have many mosaics in England. But even here the Italians beat us hollow; for that is a land in which marble seems especially at home. The pavement of our own St. Paul's Cathedral shows how rich a design may be worked out by this application of marble. The artist, of course, sketches his designs originally on paper; and by giving to each piece of white or grey or black marble the size corresponding with the proper ratio, the design becomes developed on the whole area of the pavement.

But there are other applications of marble, approaching a little more nearly to the character of mosaics. As the pattern is made smaller, so can the details be made more delicate, more pictorial, more approaching to a work of art. Indeed, every one can see at a glance, that as stone can be cut into very little bits, so can these bits be combined in ornate or mosaic forms. Derbyshire is a redoutable workshop for such productions, on account of the numberless varieties of stone, marble, and spar which it possesses; most of them very readily cut. Devonshire is another of our counties in which this mosaic art is practised. Sometimes a pattern is cut, in intaglio, in a solid block or slab of marble, and the cavities are filled up with a mosaic of small coloured pieces; whereas in other specimens a thin veener of mosaic is formed, and is then cemented upon a slab of inferior stone, or else is cemented down piece by piece without being previously formed into a veneer. The Derbyshire mosaics produced, until recent years, were scarcely worthy of the name, being little more than a jumble of bits, placed side by side, because they differed in colour and shape, and imbedded in cement; but they now approach to the excellence of Florentine mosaic or *pietra dura;* and some of the works produced at Derby, Matlock, Buxton, Bakewell, and Castleton, are really beautiful. Chimney-pieces, table-tops, chess-boards, panels, caskets, and ornaments, are thus produced by a combination of British marbles in the natural state, stained marble, Sienna and other foreign marbles, malachite, aventurine, shells, and glass—forming a rich if not artistic kind of mosaic. There are not wanting, and are not likely to be wanting, those who can and will produce marble mosaics, if purchasers can and will pay for them. Three or four years ago, a German artist, Herr Ganser, a pupil of the distinguished sculptor, Schwanthaler, exhibited in London a mosaic which must have called forth a vast amount of time and patience. It was about a yard in length, and not much less in breadth. It represented the Gemini —Castor and Pollux—on horseback. The two naked youths were built up with little bits of marble, varying in tint to imitate the lights and shades of the nude figures, the whole having more or less a warm or reddish tinge; while the two grey horses were represented by numerous tints of grey and white marble.

Little bits of granite, of freestone, of limestone, and of such-like building materials, would be out of place; we should as soon think of setting an elephant to dance on the tight-rope, as to make a mosaic picture of such bits. Yet, can we imagine that houses, and terraces, and pavements, by a judicious combination of warm-tinted, and yellow-tinted, and blue-tinted stones, might have an effect given to them agreeable to the eye, without degenerating into meretricious tawdriness; all would depend on the taste with which this was done. Since the art of polishing granite has become better know and more practised, the dark varieties of this stone have been much used to give a pleasing contrast with stones of a lighter colour.

Little bits of clay have been formed into mosaics since the times of the Romans certainly—perhaps long before. We call such mosaics by the learned names of tesselated pavements and encanstic tiles. The red bits, at least, in the Roman pavements, are clay; but the majority of the pieces are formed of stone or marble. The best and costliest pavements (such as that still existing at the Baths of Caracalla) were made of coloured marbles of various kinds; but the inferior productions, such as those occasionally dug up to light in

England, and other parts of Europe, are usually made of such coloured stones as happened to be found in the vicinity. As there is no easily-obtained stone having so bright a red colour as burned clay, it was usual to employ the last-named material for this tint. In respect to the name, a *tessera* was a cubical piece of stone or other substance; a *tessela* was a smaller piece of the same shape; and thus a pavement of small cubical pieces came to be called a tesselated pavement. The pavement found at Woodchester, some years ago, had grey tesselæ of blue lias, dark brown of gritstone, light brown of hypiat limestone, and red of fine brick. The tesselæ, in the rougher specimens, had joints, exhibiting gaping vacuities, which were filled up with cement.

When our pottery-people, or (to be more respectful) our porcelain-manufacturers, began to make clay pavements and slabs, they were puzzled to decide on the best combination of materials. One plan was to inlay tesselæ of stone with coloured cement; another was to inlay tesselæ of terra-cotta (baked clay) with similar cements. But it wss found that in such combinations the tesselæ and the cement were of unequal hardness, and that the pavement consequently wore away into holes. Another plan was to use tesselæ of cement coloured with metallic oxides; and a fourth consisted in the substitution of bitumen for the cement. At length, the experiments arrived at the method of employing clay in varying degrees of softness, and treated by very ingenious processes.

There are three methods, altogether different, now employed in producing these clay mosaics for pavements; we may call them the soft, the liquid, and the dry methods. In the soft method, clay of fine quality is coloured in different tints; thin slabs are formed in each colour; small cubes or other shaped pieces are cut from each slab, and the tubes are cemented, side by side, upon any required ground-work. The surface of such a mosaic would wear well, because the clay tesselæ, after baking, would have equal density. In the liquid method, the pavement is built up of square tiles, instead of small tesselæ, and each tile is made in stiff clay, with the pattern cut out to the depth of a quarter of an inch; a mould is taken for this, having, of course, the pattern in relievo. Stiff coloured clay (perhaps brown) is forced into this mould by means of a press, and there is thus produced a damp heavy square tile with a sunken pattern. To fill up this pattern, liquid clay is prepared (perhaps yellow,) or clay with a honey-like consistence; this is filled into the cavities with a trowel or knife; and the tile, after being very slowly dried, is scraped level and clean at the surface, baked in a kiln, and glazed—making its final appearance as an ornamental highly-glazed brown and yellow tile, which may be combined with its brother tiles in the formation of a pavement. The fact required in this art is, to select such materials that the liquid clay shall shrink in drying just as much as the stiffer clay, and no more: this is essential to the production of a sound and level surface. The third or dry method is a very remarkable one. When flint and fine clay are reduced to powder and thoroughly mixed, they may be brought into a solid form by intense pressure, without any softening or liquefying process. The ground materials are mixed with the requisite colouring substances—black, red, blue, yellow, green, and so forth—and are then forced into small steel moulds with such enormous force as to reduce the powder to one-fourth of its former bulk. Thus is produced an intensely hard and durable solid cube—or it may have a triangular or a hexagonal or a rhomboidal surface. Having thus provided himself with an army of tesselæ, little bits, the maker unites them into a slab by a substratum of cement, and lays this slab upon any prepared foundation.—*Household Words.*

BRIGHT TINTS ON A DARK GROUND.

BY MRS. CROWE.

We have all heard and read a great deal about the atrocities of the first French Revolution; let us for once take a glance at the other side of the picture, and recall to memory some extenuating circumstances, and a few of the generous deeds that relieve the horrors of those terrible scenes—deeds little known, their mild light having been too much overlooked amidst the lurid glare that surrounds them.

Perhaps one of the most frightful passages in the history of that period is the one which records the events of the month of September, 1792, when the mob of Paris, in a paroxysm of insanity, broke into the prisons, then crammed with the victims of political fury, and massacred the captives, on the plea that they were aristocrats. Napoleon, when at St. Helena, asserted that it was less cruelty than fear that prompted this general slaughter. The country was threatened with a powerful invading army, and the people who were called upon to go forth to defend it, dreading re-action in their absence, made a wild resolution to leave no enemies behind them. Danton said, "You must terrify the Royalists!" "Il faut de l'audace! encore de l'-audace! toujours de l'audace!" (You must be bold! bolder! ever bolder!) And, wrought into fury, they steeped their arms to the elbow in blood to appease it. And yet it is remarkable, that in these savage September massacres, the Princess de Lamballe was the only woman that perished. The slaughter commenced on Sunday, the 2d, a day when all the mob of Paris was in the streets; for there was a great deal to be seen on that day. The

red flag waved from the Hotel de Ville, and at the door of each of the forty-eight sections, and scaffolds, ornamented with green boughs, were erected in every square and open place, to which 60,000 Parisians were hurrying to take the oath of allegiance, before marching to the frontier to repel the enemies of the republic; whilst every two minutes the deep-voiced cannon of alarm boomed forth a lugubrious warning that the country was in danger. In short, Paris was frantic, and it was just at this moment of fury and excitement, that four hackney-coaches, containing amongst them twenty-four priests sentenced to banishment, passed along the Quai, on the way to the prison called l'Abbaye. The people inquired who these prisoners were? "They are aristocrats," replied the Marseillais who escorted them; "villains, traitors, who boast that, whilst you were away resisting the Prussians and the Emigrants that would invade our hearths, they will murder your wives and children." The poor priests tried to draw up the glasses, but their guards objected to this, and, instead of hastening, slackened the pace of their horses. Maddened at this, and at the insults they received, one of the prisoners stretched forth his arm, and struck one of the escort with his cane, in return for which the man made a thrust at him with his sabre. This was the signal, the key-note that gave the tone to all that followed. Three only of these unfortunates escaped, through the generous aid of a watchmaker called Monnot; and one of these three, happily for the world, was the Abbé Sicard, afterwards so much idolized in France as the pupil and successor of the famous Abbé de l'Epée, teacher of the deaf and dumb. In the 1818, the writer of this article enjoyed the honor of an interview with the venerable Abbé Sicard, a pale, thin, benevolent-looking old man, whose life was wholly devoted to carrying out the system of instruction invented by his predecessor, for the development of faculties which had been hitherto supposed out of the reach of cultivation.

The *Septembriseurs*, as the assassins of that particular period were called, next proceeded to the Carmelites, where upwards of two hundred priests were slain; for in the beginning it was only against them that the fury raged. To each of these the question was first put—"Will you take the oath of allegiance to the Republic?" "*Potius mori quam fœdari*," was the noble answer of all.

In the progress of the mob from prison to prison, they generally experienced very little delay at the gates, the jailors being but too willing to throw them wide on the approach of these savage visitors; fear and inclination both combining to forbid resistance. But there were one or two honorable exceptions to this rule. In order to get through their business the quicker, the assassins had separated into bands, each taking a department for itself, and it happened that the party destined for the prison of St. Pelagie, finding themselves exhausted with their hard work, stopped at a tavern on their road, to renew their energies with wine. In this interval, some one seems to have given warning to Bouchotte, the jailor, for, on arriving at the gates they found them closed; neither was any notice taken of their knocks or cries for admittance. All within was silent as the grave. 'The citizen Bouchotte has been beforehand with us, I fancy," said their leader; 'he has done the job himself, and saved us the trouble." Hereupon, tools were procured, and an entrance being effected, the jail was found emptied of all its inmates, except the jailor and his wife, whom they found fast bound with cords.

"You are too late, citizen!" said Bouchotte; "the prisoners, hearing of your intentions, revolted against our authority, and after serving us as you see, have made their escape."

The assassins were deceived, and after releasing Bouchotte and his wife from their bonds, proceeded on their bloody errand to the Bicêtre; nor was it disclosed, till no danger could accrue from revealing the secret, that the prisoners had escaped through a private door, with the connivance of the jailor and his wife, who had suffered themselves to be bound in order to deceive the mob, and thus escape the penalty of their virtuous action.

At Bicêtre, the September carnage was terrible. According to Richard, the worthy, excellent jailor, who survived to relate the tale many years afterwards, there were one hundred and sixty-six adults and thirty-three children slain; and the assassins complained that the latter were more troublesome to kill than the grown people. "There was," says he, "a mountain of little bodies in one corner of the court; some were sadly mutilated, others looked like angels asleep. It was a sight to melt the heart of stone." This Richard is the man who had the courage to treat the unhappy Marie Antoinette with humanity, when she was placed under his keeping in the Conciergerie.

Though there were three thousand prisoners in Bicêtre, and although they were fully aware that the mob was approaching with murderous intentions, there was no disturbance; on the contrary, the universal sensation was indicated by the most profound silence; "you might have heard the buzzing of a fly," said Richard. About three thousand, too was the number of the assailants, but not more than two hundred took part in the affair either as judges or executioners—for judges they appointed—and this is the one redeeming feature in the case, namely, that, as soon as their rancour against the priests had been allayed by their blood, they sought to temper their cruelty by a wild kind of justice. They selected, amongst the most respectable, a certain number to sit in

judgment in the Registry, and having obliged the jailors to lay before them the books in which the names, offences, and characters of the prisoners were enrolled, they carefully perused them, calling for each individual in his turn. Those who were so paralysed as to be unable to speak, or who fell to the ground, their limbs refusing to sustain them, were at once condemned. "Conduct the citizen to the Abbaye," was the form in which the president pronounced sentence. Two men then took the prisoner by the arms, and led him forth between two files of executioners, who slew him with their axes, or pikes, or whatever weapon they happened to have. All were killed in this manner, as it has been generally believed. As soon as the victim was dead, they stripped the body; the clothes were appropriated by those who needed them, which were not a few; but the watches and money were punctually carried to the Registry, and there deposited. Those who were acquitted, were cheered and embraced, and at first they were set at at liberty, amidst cries of "Vive la Nation;" but the mob afterwards considered that, as many of these persons were homeless and friendless, and had been shut up for one crime or another, it might be dangerous to let them loose on society all at once; and it was resolved to confine them provisionally, till the section should decide how to dispose of of them. Of course, it was against those they considered aristocrats and royalists that their enmity was directed, not against ordinary criminals. The judges were twelve in number and were relieved every three or four hours. The sick, the decrepit, and the insane, were all left unharmed; and, indeed so anxious were the people that no mischeif should befall them, that they had them shut up in the dormitories, to keep them out of danger.

At night the carnage was intermitted; the executioners needed repose; it was no light matter to extinguish so many lives; many had clung tenaciously to existence, and died fearfully hard. The assassins passed the night in the prison in company with the functionaries attached to it, and on the following morning resumed their terrific labours. On this day, which was the 4th, the children were slain—"the slaughter of the innocents!" It was three o'clock in the afternoon before their work was concluded, and they quitted the prison. When they were gone, and the keepers had time to look about them, the survivors were called over, and the dead buried, betwixt two beds of quicklime. One of the most extraordinary features of this affair was, that during the massacre every thing was conducted with the greatest order. Except the cries of the victims, there was no noise: the gates were kept closed; none of the inhabitants were allowed to approach the windows, lest the mob without should fire on them; and whole internal business of the prison went on as usual.

It is asserted that, before commencing this destruction of life, a council was held, in order to discuss what mode of execution was preferable. Some proposed to set fire to the prisons, others to assemble the prisoners in the cellars, and drown them like rats by means of the pumps; but this indiscriminate slaughter not suiting their rude ideas of justice, individual assassination after a form of trial was decided upon.

At the prison named l'Abbaye, the Besogne, as they called it, seems to have been conducted with less decorum, owing to the president of the tribunal there being of brutal character. He was called Maillard, but was surnamed Tapedur (Strike Hard), an appellation which speaks for itself. He wore a grey coat, and a sabre at his side, and stood nearly the whole time at the end of a table, on which were bottles, glasses, pipes, and writing materials. The rest of the judges, some of whom wore aprons, or were without coats, sat, or stood, or lay their lengths on the benches, as it happened to suit them. Two men, in shirts stained with blood, and with sabres in their hands, guarded the wicket; and one of the turnkeys kept his hand upon the bolt. M. Journiac St. Méard, who had the good fortune to be one of the acquitted, relates, that the president having taken off his hat, said to the others, "I see no reason for suspecting this citizen, and I grant him his liberty. Do you agree?"

The judges assenting, the president commissioned three persons, as a deputation, to go forth and inform the people of this decision. "The three deputies were then called in, and I being placed under their protection, they bade me put on my hat, and then led me into the street. As soon as we were there, one of them cried, "Hats off! This is he for whom your judges demand help and aid!" The executive power then took possession of me, and placed me between four torches, for it was night, and I was embraced and congratulated by the people, amidst cries of "Vive la Nation!" These honours entitled me to the protection of the mob, who allowed me to pass, and I proceeded to my own residence, accompanied by the three deputies who had been commanded to see me safe there."

When, after the usual examination, the president, instead of an acquittal, said, "A la Force!" it was a formula of condemnation. The prisoner followed his guides, expecting to be transferred to another prison, but at the last wicket he was felled to the earth, and quickly dispatched. On the night of the 2d of September, one hundred and sixty bodies were stretched lifeless in the court of the prison, and amongst them several persons of worth and distinction. Some had resigned themselves at once to the fate that awaited them; others sought to escape by force or cunning, which

only served to prolong their sufferings. M. Nouganet relates, that an ecclesiastic, whilst waiting his turn to be summoned before the judges, bethought himself of throwing off his robes, which were sure to condemn him, and, having rolled them in a bundle and hid them, he attired himself in some wretched cast-off rags, which had been left by a vagrant on the floor of the dungeon. When interrogated before the tribunal as to the cause of his imprisonment, he replied, "I am a poor beggar, and because I begged my bread in the street, I was seized and thrown into jail." Upon this answer, to the correctness of which his rags attested, he was discharged. Intoxicated with joy, he hastened home, but in the street in which he lived, he met two of his neighbours, one of whom was a butcher and a savage Jacobin. "Rejoice with me, my friends!" cried he; by this disguise I have escaped death, and regained my liberty." These were his last words; another moment saw him a corpse at their feet, pierced with wounds.

Our readers will think, whilst perusing the record of these horrors, that we are forgetting the extenuating circumstances and the generous deeds we promised them. It is difficult indeed to excuse such enormities as these; but, as regards the mob, the extenuation is to be found immediately in their fears, and remotely in their sufferings. There is no doubt that these monstrous murders were committed under the influence of a panic, and we all know what blind fools or frantic wild beasts men become under that influence. Their leaders, for their own purposes, roused their terrors, and instigated them to violence, which they told them was the only means of counteracting the cunning devices of the aristocrats; and the people had too lively a recollection of the oppressions they had endured, not to be thrown into fury at the prospect of again falling under the yoke. Yet, in the midst of their frenzy, they paid a homage to justice; and, to the best of their rude capacities, avoided taking the lives of any whom they did not believe dangerous to their newly-acquired liberties.

A few days previous to the fatal 2d of September, Mademoiselle Cazotte, then only seventeen years of age, who had been thrown into prison with her father, under the usual accusation of being an aristocrat, was discharged; but she would not leave him, and with some difficulty she obtained the favor of still sharing his confinement. When the day of massacre arrived, M. Cazotte, being condemned by the judges, was about to perish beneath the weapons of the assassins, when she threw herself before him, crying "Kill me, but spare my father!" Her beauty and devotion touched these savage hearts, and there was a cry of "Grace! Grace!" repeated by a hundred voices. The file opened to let them pass; and this virtuous daughter had the happiness of restoring her father to his home and family. But her joy was of short duration; the old man was again arrested, and his daughter's devotion could not save him, though she accompanied him to prison, and attended him to the last moment of his life. He was condemned this time, not by the illegal, but by the legalized assassins, and perished by the guillotine, at the age of seventy-four.

Cazotte was an author, and man of letters; but is now chiefly remembered by his daughter's devotion, and by the singular prophecy which he delivered in a moment of (apparently) inspiration, in the year 1788, when he foretold to a company of eminent persons the fate which awaited each individual, himself included, in consequence of the revolution then but commencing.

Another devoted daughter, Mademoiselle de Sombreuil, more fortunate, preserved the life of her father, which the assassins granted to her, on condition that she drank a cup of blood! At a later period, when Madame de Rosambo accompanied her father, the venerable Malesherbes, to execution, she said to Mademoiselle de Sombreuil, "You have had the glory of saving your father: I have the consolation of dying with mine!"

As we before observed, the celebrated Abbé Sicard was one of the twenty-four priests who were attacked by the assassins on their way to the prison of the Abbaye. Just as he was about to fall beneath their pikes, the watchmaker, Monnot, threw himself before him, crying, "It is the Abbé Sicard; a man who is a blessing to his country. You shall only reach his body through mine!"

Sicard then addressed them:—"I instruct the deaf and dumb," said he; "and since this misfortune is much more common amongst the poor than the rich, I belong more to you than to them."

The people were moved, and taking him in their arms, they would have carried him to his home in triumph, but now a scruple seized him, and he represented to them, that, having been arrested by a legal authority, he did not feel himself justified in accepting freedom at their hands. He therefore proceeded to the Abbaye, where, during the ensuing forty-eight hours, he was several times on the point of being massacred. He was, however, restored to liberty on the 4th.

Beaumarchais, the celebrated dramatic poet, relates, that, having been arrested and brought before the mayor, his examination proving satisfactory, he was about to be released, when a little man, with black hair and a ferocious countenance, stepped forward, and whispered something to the president, which changed the state of affairs, and he was re-

conducted to the Abbaye. This little man was Marat.

There were one hundred and eighty-two of us (says he) confined in eighteen small rooms, and, as we knew that the enemy had taken Longevy, and were expected to enter Verdun, we apprehended that which actually ensued; namely, that the people would be seized with a panic, and that we should probably be all assassinated. On the 29th of August, however, as we were sadly discussing this unpleasant prospect, I was called out by one of the turnkeys.

"Who wants me?" said I.

"Monsieur Manuel, and some members of the municipality," he replied.

He went away, and we looked at each other. Thierry (who had been first valet de chambre to the king) said, "He is your enemy, is he not?"

"Alas!" I replied, "I hear he is, although I never beheld him. Doubtless my hour is come."

They all cast down their eyes, and were silent.

When I entered the lodge where the municipality were, I asked which was Monsieur Manuel.

"It is I," said one of them, advancing.

"Sir!" I rejoined, "though strangers to each other, we have had a public dispute on the subject of certain contributions. I assure you I not only paid my own, but those of many others who were unable to do it for themselves. My situation must have become very imminent, when you think it necessary to lay aside the public business, to come here and occupy yourself with mine."

"Sir!" answered Manuel, "the first duty of a public officer is to release a prisoner unjustly confined. Your accuser has turned out a rogue, and it is to efface the memory of our public difference that I have come in person to release you."

This was on the 29th of August; on the 2d of September, Beaumarchais, hearing that free egress from the city was permitted, went into the country to dinner. At four o'clock the tocsin sounded, and the massacre commenced.

Manuel committed many horrible crimes; he not only foresaw the crisis that was approaching, but was one of its chief promoters; yet he saved Beaumarchais, and certainly from no private or interested motive.

A worse monster than St. Just the annals of the Revolution scarcely exhibit, yet we have a good deed to tell of him too.

The Abbé Schneider was a concentration of all the sin and wickedness that the convulsions of France developed or disclosed. As active as cruel and unscrupulous, he commited every conceivable atrocity in the name of liberty. One of his favorite feats was to invite himself to dine with some respectable family, who from fear entertained him with profusion; and as soon as the dinner was over, he would call in his myrmidons, and, under color of some absurd accusation, condemn and execute the unfortunate *amphytrion* within his own walls!

This wretch had formerly been a monk, and, wishing to efface this stigma on his patriotism, he changed his name, and determined to take a wife. The bride he selected was a young lady of great beauty and merit, who resided near Strasburg, and her father, who was a very rich man, was in prison as an aristocrat. Him Schneider released, and then, inviting himself to dinner with them, he communicated his intentions. Exactly opposite the windows of the apartment in which they were dining, was drawn up the ambulatory guillotine, which was ready to chop off her father's head, if she refused; so, pretending to be extremely grateful and flattered, she entreated her parent's consent to the match, which of course he durst not refuse.

"I am so proud of this distinction," said she, "that I request the ceremony may be public, and that I may be married in the city, in order that every one may know I am the chosen bride of our first citizen."

Schneider consented.

On the following day, the cavalcade, consisting of the bride and groom in an open carriage drawn by six horses, preceded by four outriders, and followed by a number of gentlemen on horseback, entered the gates of Strasburg; the procession being closed by the heavy car which bore about the guillotine and the executioner. The Abbé was quite in his glory. In their progress, however, they had to pass under the balcony where stood St. Just, out of compliment to whom the procession paused. When the young lady saw him, she leapt from the carriage, and throwing herself upon her knees on the pavement, and raising her arms, she cried aloud, "Justice, citizen, justice! I appeal to the Convention!" And in a few words related her case. St. Just granted her his protection.

"What would you have done, had you been obliged to marry him?" asked he.

"Killed him to-night," she replied, showing him a dagger she had hid in her bosom. "Now," she added, "I ask you to pardon him."

But Schneider, after being dragged about the city, tied to his favourite guillotine, was thrown into prison, and afterwards executed.

These last were the good actions of bad men; they were exceptional, but we now come to record a case of a different kind.

The name of Labussière was almost forgotten in France, when Fleury, the celebrated French actor, who, amongst others, owed him his life, restored him to the memories and gratitude of his countrymen, by publishing a sketch of his merits and services. Labussière had himself been a performer of low comedy

parts in one of the humblest theatres of the Faubourg St. Antoine, and, according to Fleury, he was one of the first actors in that particular line that Paris has produced. He seems to have been a sort of Grimaldi, a clown who received blows and kicks with infinite grace, and was the delight of the grisettes and artisans of the faubourg. "Well," says Fleury, "this incomparable simpleton, who threw his audience nightly into roars of laughter, proved himself one of the most noble, subtle, and audaciously courageous men in France. Hundreds of times did Labussière risk his own life to save that of others, who had often no claim on his generosity but their need of it. Never was there seen such devotion, such self-sacrifice, nor such dexterity and *finesse*, as he displayed in the execution of his benevolent schemes.

As was the case with so many others, Labussière's fortune was ruined by the Revolution, and whilst he was looking about for something to do, a friend in power who knew him to be suspected as an aristocrat, proposed to him, as a measure of safety, to *afficher* his republicanism, by becoming a member of the Committee of Public Safety. Labussière reflected a little, and then accepted. The first office he held was in the Bureau de Correspondance, to which all the denunciations from the departments were addressed. Here the inhumanity of the accusers and the falseness of the accusations soon disgusted him so much, that he wished to resign; but his protector, hinting that to resign was to offer his head to the guillotine, kindly transferred him to the Bureau where the names and offences of those already in confinement were registered; "a blessed event," says Fleury, "for the Comedie Francaise, and for hundreds of innocent victims whom his situation enabled him to save by destroying the accusations and the lists; for in this office were kept all the papers which were to be produced against the prisoners on their trials. At first he felt his way cautiously, abstracting a paper here and there, but, as soon as he saw how little order there was, he set to work on a larger scale; for neither was there any strict account kept of the prisoners, nor was it well known who was dead or who alive; insomuch that an order was very frequently issued to release people who had been executed months before." "On one occasion," says M. de l' Espinaud, "an order arrived for the liberation of eighty persons, when it was discovered that sixty-two of them had already been guillotined."

"I set myself, in the beginning," said Labussière, "to save the fathers and mothers of families, of all ranks, rich or poor. I hoped this would bring me good luck. I first dexterously slipped out their papers, and, when I found an opportunity, I locked them carefully in a private drawer. Then, in the middle of the night, I returned to the office, with stealthy steps, and in the dark, and clutched the fruits of my day's pilfering. But now came my greatest difficulty. Going in was easy enough, and I could have found an excuse, had I been observed; but coming out with the papers was another affair. The packets were often bulky; fire there was none, and, with the slightest suspicion, I lost my own head, and my protegés' too. The first time I tried this, I was nearly at my wit's end; and my agitation and anxiety were so great, that, to relieve the headache they occasioned, I felt about for a bucket of water that was kept there to cool the wine. Suddenly a thought struck me. By wetting the papers, I could press them into a small compass! "O, my God, I thank thee!" cried I: it was like an inspiration. But it was summer time, and fires rare; so, to annihilate all traces of these fatal papers, I used to go daily to take a bath, where I subdivided the large lumps into small ones, and these I let float away into the river. In a very short period, I had thus saved nearly a thousand people." By and by came complaints from the committee, to the effect, that the lists were getting more and more imperfect, with a hint that there must be some traitor in the garrison; but Labussière dared on, and made his paper bullets nevertheless.

The whole company of the principal theatre in Paris was at this period in prison, and, as their detention was a matter of public notoriety, it was exceedingly perilous to abstract their papers, the more especially as they had been repeatedly called for; but, when he could withhold them no longer, Labussière resolved, at all risks, to destroy them. Having selected a night that appeared favourable to his purpose, he had made his way to the office, and had got possession of the packet, when, to his horror, he heard the voices of St. Just, Collot d' Herbois, and Fouquier Tinville, the one proceeding from above, and the others from below, so that he found himself between two fires. In this dilemma, he suddenly recollected that there was a large chest at hand, in which the store of wood for the winter was usually deposited. It was now nearly empty, so he jumped into it, and shut the lid. In a moment more, down came Fouquier Tinville, and seated himself upon it, whilst he rated his colleagues for their want of zeal, and then came Collot d' Herbois, and, seating himself beside him, began to play the "Devil's Tattoo" with his heel against the side. By and by, however, they arose and departed, and when he could no longer distinguish their voices, the prisoner stole out, and, through many difficulties and dangers, at length succeded in sending the perilous parcel down the stream, after those which had preceded it. The accidents and dangers this worthy man encountered, in order to save the lives of persons who were often utter strangers to him, would fill a volume; yet he survived to tell the tale, which he used

to do with extraordinary vivacity and dramatic effect, beginning quietly and softly, and becoming more and more animated, as he drew nearer to the moment when his prisoner was safe.

We will conclude this paper with an anecdote that belongs to another period. After the French Revolution of 1830, many persons were arrested under suspicion of republicanism; amongst these was Zanoff, a Swiss of humble condition. He was seized two hundred miles from Paris, whither he was forced to march, handcuffed and on foot, like a thief or an assassin, to be thrown into prison. But this was not the worst. Zanoff had a wife and child, whom he adored, and his confinement robbed them of their bread. They followed him to Paris, where both mother and infant soon fell sick. What was to be done? As soon as she was able, she sought for work; but, alas! the times were hard, and she could get no employment, except on condition that she separated herself from her child. Every day she came to the parlour where the prisoners saw their friends, and Zanoff shared his miserable pittance of food with them; but it could not support them all; she saw him wasting away daily, and preferred starving to taking it. The poor man became distracted. One day he went to M. Laplain, a Swiss gentleman also in confinement for the same offence, and asked him if their trial would soon take place.

"Alas!" returned M. Laplain, "they have just deferred it for another month!"

"Sir!" said Zanoff, "if one of us died, would our wives and children be deserted by the party we have suffered for?"

"Fy, Zanoff!" said M. Laplain, "honest men never forsake their allies. But are you ill?"

"Very ill, sir."

"Then go to bed, and if you want anything let me know." Zanoff did as he was bid, had a feverish night, and in the morning sent for M. Laplain, and repeated his question, "If I die, will my wife and child have bread?"

"Assuredly they will; make yourself easy, and rest."

"I will," said Zanoff, in a firm voice.

On the following day, Zanoff committed suicide. He was discovered before he was dead, and they tried to save him; but he tore off their bandages, and would not be saved.

"Shut up here," said he, "I cannot work for my family; when I am gone, they will be provided for."

Yet on Zanoff's breast was found, when he was dead, a golden *fleur de lis* of considerable value, which he would not sell to purchase that bread he voluntarily died to procure. He was in reality a Royalist of the *ancien regime.*

It is better to stoop at a high doorway than run against a low one.

"TO ALL OUR ABSENT FRIENDS."

A TOAST—BY G. D.

While festive mirth reigns round the board,
And gladdened hearts respond;
We'll think of home—our native land.
Endeared by memory's bond.
And whilst we with affection dear,
Call up each well known spot,
We'll turn to joys that we have here,
And glory in our lot.

Though happy here, we can look back,
And cherish with good will;
The feelings of the dear loved isle,
For home! we call it still.
And whilst that word will make us look,
To where our friends abound;
We'll bless our present happy state,
Where friendship still is found.

Then wreath the goblet, drain the bowl.
While memory brings to view,
The friends,—long since you've parted with,
Where first affections grew.
And now your bumper high is raised,
Your heart, a zest it lends;
Throughout the world—no matter where,
"To all our absent friends."

THE KNOWING SHOPKEEPER.

Several years ago, when the north side of Edinburgh had hardly commenced either to be a place of residence or public resort, some ladies of distinction sauntering about in the High Street, one of them proposed a walk to the Meadows, being at that time the fashionable promenade. "I am very willing," answered another; "but first let us call at Milne, the silk-mercer's, merely to divert ourselves by turning over his goods." They were then at some little distance from the shop. Milne, however, though not observed by them, happened to be but a little way behind, and within hearing of the conversation. Being aware of the ladies intention, he hastened to his shop, so that he might be behind the counter to receive them. The usual routine of a lady's shopping visit passed, in tumbling over the articles, and eager inquiries about prices and fashions. Mr. Milne was all civility, though he knew well that no purchases were in view. At last, after gratifying themselves with the sight of every piece of finery worth seeing, they took their leave. "We are much obliged by your attention, Mr. Milne." "Well, may I now wish you a pleasant walk to the—*Meadows.*"

He whose soul does not sing need not try to do it with his throat.

COMMENCEMENT OF THE EUROPEAN AND NORTH AMERICAN RAILWAY, ST. JOHN, N. B.

September 15, 1853.

There was a general holiday here yesterday to celebrate this auspicious event; the different trades, draymen, carters and freemasons, formed a procession nearly two miles long; each had its appropriate dresses and emblems, among which were conspicuous a carpenter's shop in full work, a printing press striking off hand-bills, and several model ships. After walking through the principal streets, the procession reached the ground. Lady Head turned the first sod; His Excellency the Lieut. Governor followed; appropriate addresses were delivered by him and the President of the Company, and a number of salutes fired. In one respect at least the proceedings are strikingly contrasted with what took place on the opening of the Crystal Palace, New York. There, the procession was entirely composed of militia and politicians; here, it was mainly mechanics and other workers *as such.* In the United States there is much talk about the "dignity of labour," but that is all; in the British Colonies they *act it.* Here labour is honored, for no slave polluteth the soil; there, for a contrary reason, it is degraded.

After the procession was a lunch, at which over four hundred persons were present. When the routine toasts were finished, His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor proposed the health of the President of the United States, and subsequently that of Commodore Shrubrick, U. S. N., who was present. In answer to the toast of "The Sister Colonies," Mr. Johnston, of Nova Scotia, said that New Brunswick and Maine had been energetic in doing their share. Maine—having united Portland to Montreal, had now arisen like a giant refreshed—but certainly not with wine—and would put it through in another direction with like energy. Railways would bind the Colonies in a union much closer than one merely commercial. An inhabitant of a small isolated colony was sometimes apt to swell out considerably in order to secure respect abroad, but with an inhabitant of "The United Colonies of North America," the case would be entirely different. *His* country would be everywhere known and respected.

A gentleman from Prince Edward Island said that there too the people wanted Railways; their products of grain had increased four-fold within a few years; that of potatoes had doubled; their exports of horses had increased from twenty-two in 1843, to eight hundred in 1852. All these products they could double in two years if facilities of transportation were provided.

Commodore Shrubrick also replied, in a very felicitous manner, to the toast in favour of himself. He had come down here, he said, to watch the interests of American fishermen, but he found that the steamers were not required at all, and the fishermen, both English and American, only wished that the steamers would keep away, and not scare the fish with their paddles (laughter.) The gallant Commodore proceeded at considerable length, and went to show that, descended from the same stock, our interests should be identical.

Mr. Jackson said, the way to get railways was to sink all jealousies: let each act for the interests of all, and rest satisfied that his turn would come. Conflicting interests on the Halifax and Quebec line were much less than they had been in Canada;—yet in the latter country all difficulties and differences had been overcome, and the people went as one man for the amalgamated railroads. He had seen the effects in England of every place wanting a railroad of its own; they had thus sunk seventy millions sterling. Colonists cannot afford this. It was said their firm only wanted to make money out of the Colonies: they meant to do that, but could only advance their own interests by promoting those of others: he believed he was "properly posted up," as the people of United States have it, in the resources of all parts of British America; he considered the wealth of the British Colonies inexhaustible: in Canada West they had more wealth on the surface in the shape of a rich, fat, fertile soil, than Great Britain had below it.

He said that he had seen and travelled through these Colonies, from Halifax to the extremity of Upper Canada; that he had made himself fully acquainted with the value and capabilities of these Provinces; that on behalf of distinguished capitalists, in connection with himself, who had constructed many of the Railways of Europe, and who had undertaken great Railway operations in the British North American Colonies, he felt fully satisfied that whatever he did in connection with this great measure would be fully appreciated by the whole people of New Brunswick. He trusted to their honour in carrying forward this great object, and he felt satisfied that it would advance the interests of the North American Colonies, and connect them closer in commercial relations with the United States.

Mr. Poor, of Portland, also gave an excellent speech, and referred to the unity which was to spring up between the Colonists and the United States.

Mr. Thresher (formerly of Cuba, now of Louisiana,) said that the principles of the "Young

American" party to which he belonged, were to encourage free intercourse among all nations; to maintain the dignity of labour and to increase its reward; to elevate mankind on the plane of an advancing civilization. He rejoiced, therefore, that an enterprize had been commenced here which would facilitate communication between British America and the United States; between the United States and the mother country. The South had been blamed for seeking a closer alliance with England: he was not going to "filibuster," but he knew that the people of Cuba were much more enterprising and intelligent than was generally thought; improved machinery of all kinds was there in common use; they had left their mark—in produce and manufactures—in every country in Europe, in spite of the restraints to which they were subject; he was happy to witness the progress and union peaceably taking place here, but to obtain these ends means must be taken with reference to time and place.

Mr. John Neal, of Portland, thought Com. Shrubrick's testimony in favor of peace principles of great value. Some United States fishermen a short time since made a complaint in St. John's of the conduct of a (supposed) British cruiser. Commodore Shrubrick, making inquiries on his arrival here, found it was *his own vessel* they had complained of. Mr. Neal severely censured the con duct of a portion of the press in fomenting dissensions about the fishery question.

After addresses from the Mayor of Portland and others, the assembly dispersed.

That portion of the road now commenced is from St. John to Shediac, on the Gulf of St. Lawrence, a distance of about one hundred and twenty miles. The opening of this portion of the road will save several hundred miles travel between St. John's and Quebec, and render profitable a much larger trade between Canada West and these Provinces. Merchandise has now to go several hundred miles out of the way, or pass through the United States at great cost and annoyance. It is expected that, on the completion of this portion, steamers will run between Quebec and Shediac, and that this will be the thoroughfare from Canada to the Eastern Provinces for travel and traffic. Some cheaper and pleasanter route than by the United States, and quicker one than by sea, between Canada and these Provinces, is much required.

WHICH IS THE WEAKER SEX?

Females are called the weaker sex, but why? If they are not strong who is? When men wrap themselves in thick garments, and incase the whole in a stout overcoat to shut out the cold, women in thin silk dresses, with neck and shoulders bare, or nearly so, say they are perfectly comfortable! When men wear water-proof boots over woollen hose, and incase the whole in India-rubber to keep them from freezing, women wear thin silk hose and cloth shoes, and pretend not to feel the cold! When men cover their heads with furs, and then complain of the severity of the weather, women half cover their heads with straw bonnets, and ride twenty miles in an open sleigh, facing a cold north-wester, and pretend not to suffer at all. They can sit, too, by men who smell of rum and tobacco-smoke, enough to poison a whole house, and not appear more annoyed than though they were a bundle of roses. Year after year they bear abuses of all sorts from drunken husbands, as though their strength was made of iron. And then is not woman's mental strength greater than man's? Can she not endure suffering that would bow the stoutest man to the earth? Call not woman the weaker vessel, for had she not been stronger than man, the race would long since have been extinct. Hers is a state of endurance which man could not bear.

A SERIOUS MISTAKE.

Near some little town in N. America, a carrier's horse happened to drop down dead. His owner immediately proceeded to the town in quest of a farrier to skin the animal. Not long after, another horse, in a farmer's cart, dropped down also near the same place; the driver, however, being sensible the horse was only in a swoon, went to get some oats in his hat by way of medicine. No sooner had he left his charge than the farrier made his appearance, and mistaking the living horse for the dead one—as indeed there was very little difference in their appearance—proceeded to the operation of flaying. After making considerable progress, the animal began to revive, and, at the same time, the driver returned with the oats. The consternation of all parties may be easily conceived; but how the matter ended, the American paper, from which this occurrence is copied, does not say.

NECESSITY FOR VARYING INTELLECTUAL LABOR.

One of the worst results of overworking the brain, in any exclusive direction, is, that it tends, when it does not absolutely break down that organ, to produce mental deformity. As the nursery maid, who carries her burden with the right arm exclusively, is afflicted with spinal curvature, so the thinking man who gives his intellectual energies to one subject, or class of subjects, gets a twist in his brain. Those, therefore, who are chained to mental labor, and cannot give the brain repose, should try to vary their labors, which is another form of repose. Intense and prolonged application to one subject is the root of all the mischief. As our body may be in activity during the whole of the day, if you vary the actions sufficiently, so may the brain work all day at varied occupations. Hold out a stick at arm's length for five minutes, and the muscles will be more fatigued than by an hour's rowing: the same principle holds good with the brain.—*Literary Journal.*

THE EDITOR'S SHANTY.

SEDERUNT XVI.

[*The Major and Laird are discovered sitting at a table with books, papers, &c. before them.*]

LAIRD.—I think, Major, in my young days, we were mair observant o' the rules o' politeness frae the young to the auld; here we've been wasting mair nor an hour for that harum scarum scamp o' a doctor.

MAJOR.—Don't be impatient, Laird. Our medical friend rarely infringes on the rules of propriety, without a cause. Were you walking to-day after the rain?

LAIRD.—Aye, I was up by day-break, and went oot for a walk, and maist delightfu it was. I do love the early dawn, there's something in it melts the human heart, and suggests feelings no' to be described by the pen. It has aye been my joy to hear the first whistle o' the blackbird, or the dainty love note o' the mavis. Their matin hymns aye cheer my soul with visions o' greater promise than can be found on our sphere.

MAJOR.—Why, Laird, you're quite "the old man eloquent." You seem to have drunk deep this morning at the vintage of the beauty of nature; for my part, I strolled towards the market, and returned with my head occupied with nothing but women's petticoats.

LAIRD.—What an auld sinner! I'll tell Mrs. Grundy.

MAJOR.—You are quite out, for once in your life, my old friend. I assure you my observations on this particular branch of feminine garments was anything but complimentary to the sex.

LAIRD.—What do ye mean?

MAJOR.—Why, that I was most particularly disgusted, as I strolled along, at observing the draggled state of the garments which swept past me. I do think that womens' dress, as at present arranged, is liable to the objections of dirt, danger, discomfort, and though it may seem a paradox, from its extreme length, indelicacy.

LAIRD.—Hoo, in the name of wonder, do you mak oot that?

MAJOR.—Very easily. Women who have a natural respect for common cleanliness, as naturally endeavour to preserve their skirts from contamination, and I can assure you that I beheld, this morning, ladies holding their dresses so high, that a most unseemly display was the consequence, as the poor things were unprovided with proper coverings for their legs.

LAIRD.—You're vera richt, my auld freen'; it's just sickening to see hoo silks and satins are made to go aboot doing the wark o' sweepers' besoms.

MAJOR.—It is a mystery to me why women do not put on proper under-garments, so as to allow them to shorten their petticoats.

LAIRD.—Ye're surely no an advocate for the "Bloomers."

MAJOR.—By no means. I utterly disclaim any admiration of the exaggerated and ridiculous caricatures exhibited on the stage and in our shop windows, under the head of "Bloomer costume." Such a style of dress will never be adopted by any sensible woman; but I do recommend that a modified phase of the dress should be judiciously

substituted for the present inconvenient and absurd long petticoat.

LAIRD.—Why, Major, if ye dinna tak tent, ye'll be having all the thick-ankled women in the toon aboot your lugs!

MAJOR.—I know it; and I know, also, that it will be only from them that any difficulty will arise. I know that their conceited prejudice will operate strongly against the desired reform: but I am also sure that you will see the same women, who will raise the greatest outcry about indelicacy, and so forth, to be the most ready to commit what is, in my opinion, a much greater breach of delicacy—expose their necks and bosoms. Heaven forbid that I should, in the most remote manner, wish to neutralize the exquisite and charming constituents of woman's real modesty. Neither am I a raving enthusiast seeking to prove women entitled — so to speak — to wear the breeches, but still I am convinced that the women might be invested with a freer, safer and cleanlier style of attire than the present, without being disqualified for her legitimate duties.

LAIRD.—What wad ye recommend, then?

MAJOR.—I daresay Mrs. Grundy could suggest something. I am not learned in these matters; but this I know, that I would like to see the women of the present day cover their bosoms, and wear such under-garments as would ensure them the free use of their legs. (*Enter the Doctor.*)

DOCTOR.—What's in the wind now, Major, that you seem so excited?

LAIRD.—Naething av a', but that the Major's gaun demented aboot the lassies' petticoats.

DOCTOR.—Oh, never mind them for the present. I have something else to show you. (*Turning to Laird.*)—Do you remember, Laird, what I recommended in our last Shanty, about the Esplanade? Here is a plan which embodies all my ideas on the subject, and I think it so good that I have had a plate prepared, to give our readers, generally, an idea of its nature. The plan is by Mr. Kivas Tully. Shall I read it, Major?

MAJOR.—By all means.

DOCTOR.—I will skip the first few paragraphs, which only go to show why the plans proposed at our last sederunt cannot be adopted, as the objections to each have turned out to be many, and shall begin with the pith of the matter. (*Reads.*)

As the presiding officer of the City Council, and as a citizen, who I am aware has ever taken an active and practical interest in the prosperity of this City, I take the liberty of addressing you on a subject, which for sometime past has engaged the public attention, and is of the utmost importance to the citizens generally.

In my communication dated 10th February last, and laid before the Council, I stated that, "with the prospect of a considerably increased traffic, additional accomodation will, of course, be required, and this can only be supplied by constructing the long-talked-of Esplanade, with the wharves and slips attached;" also, "It is time, therefore, that this subject should be seriously taken up and disposed of by the Council. A general plan suitable, and if possible, to accomodate all parties, should be drawn up by an experienced engineer and forwarded to the Governor General in Council to be approved. By so doing the speculations and conflicting interests of the several Railway Engineers, will be set at once and forever at rest. The Wharfingers and Lessees are deeply interested in the matter. The Esplanade should be at once constructed, to enable them to compete with the Railway wharves which I can tell them are about to be constructed."

As no general and comprehensive plan appears to have been prepared, I again press the matter on the attention of the Council, being fully satisfied that the longer the adoption of a general plan is deferred, the greater will be the difficulty in arranging it to accomodate all parties.

Two or three plans have been suggested, but none of them have been officially recognized by the Council, and with all due respect for the authors of them, I do not think any plan that has yet been proposed can be considered satisfactory, to all parties and suitable to the general public.

It is now nearly eighteen years since I first commenced in the Council, as some of the present members can testify, to press the importance of the subject on their consideration. Many are well aware, that I wished to defer the question of granting a lease of the Market Block property, as a passenger station to the Northern Railway, in the hope, that some arrangement would have been made with regard to the construction of the Esplanade, which would prevent the rails from being laid on Front Street, and consequent danger to life and property.

Carrying out the views which I then entertained, I claim the right of having first called the attention of the public to this important matter,—and also I claim the impartial consideration of the Council, in reference to a Plan which, if adopted, I feel assured will be found to be the most economical, and at the same time the most practicable.

In the first place, I would recommend that the original plan, with probably some slight modifications to suit the Railway curves be adhered to, as the delay and difficulty in altering it would be a source of endless trouble and expense—whilst the Lessees and Wharfingers would suffer by the delay.

In order to comprehend the question fully, I have classified the different interests in the follwing order:—

1st. Railway interests, as tending to benefit the City generally.

2nd. The Lessees of the Water lots, who have as it were the keys of the City, and as Tenants of the Council, have a right to be protected.

3rd. The City Council as Arbitrators between all parties, and protectors of the public interest.

By a late Act of the Provincial Parliament, the power to carry out this important project is placed in the City Council,—and I have no doubt the

duty will be faithfully and impartially performed.

The plan which I propose, contemplates a union of the Railway and Public interest. By the Railway interest I conclude, that an insulated line of communication in front of the City, connecting with the Railways East and West must be provided.

By the Public interest, including the Lessees of Water lots, I consider that the thoroughfares must be maintained, and access procured at all times to private property, North and South of the insulated line of Railway.

The Railway and Public interest must be identified, and in fact cannot be separated—at the same time the Railway interest cannot be admitted to be paramount—for instance the Directors should not have the power to place their rails where they choose, to the detriment of the Public interest, and the injury of private property. All that can be demanded by the Railway interest from the City, is a right of way along the front, with a convenient space for their Stations.

The City Council are the guardians of the Public interests of the citizens, and it is their duty to see that they are not infringed.

This union I think can be carried out by the following arrangement:—

Wherever slips and streets are shown on the original Plan of the City frontage, I propose to divide the sixty-six feet equally, South of Front street, one half to be bridged so as to carry the level of Front street over beyond the Railway line with an inclination to the wharves. The other half to form an inclined plane from Front Street to the level of the Railway line; thereby maintaining the communication north and south of the insulated Railway line. The width of these Streets being sixty-six feet, I propose to divide as follows:—

Bridge	26	feet	
Parapet one-half	1	"	
Sidewalk	6	"	33 feet.
Street	26	feet	
Retaining wall one-half	1	"	
Sidewalk	6	"	33 feet.
			66 feet.

The Esplanade which is 100 feet wide, I propose to divide equally; also appropriating the southern half for Railway interests, and maintaining the Public thoroughfare on the North half as follows:—

Esplanade	43	feet	
Fence one-half	1	"	
Sidewalk	6	"	50 feet.
3 lines of Rails 12 feet each	36	feet	
Pier for Bridge, one-half	8	"	
Sidewalk for Railway	4	"	
Fence	1	"	
Sidewalk	6	"	50 feet.
			100 feet.

The Esplanade, which I would recommend being called Union Street, would be nearly equal to the width of King Street, with six feet side-walk for foot passengers. If the space appropriated for railway purposes would be sufficient—the Directors of the different lines would have to purchase a right of way south of the Esplanade, from the different parties through whose property the railway passes. They should also be accountable for any damage done to private property, as in other cases.

To explain my proposition more fully, I have prepared a diagram showing the arrangements at the intersection of the streets, which I also submit to the Council.

The railway line is placed on the southern side of the Esplanade for greater facility for trains out to the wharves, only crossing a side-walk, and it would be advisable to prevent the railway from crossing the street on the northern side.

When the railway stations are contemplated, bridges on the Front Street level could be constructed, to connect the buildings north and south of the railway line, so that a level crossing would be avoided. The number of bridges that would be required for the whole front, as shewn on the original plan, would be fifteen, from Simcoe Street on the west, to Berkeley Street on the east.

For the present traffic, five might be considered sufficient, the remainder to be eventually constructed as a matter of justice to all parties.

It would be out of place at present to enter into a more detailed explanation of the proposed arrangement. Should the Council consider my plan worthy of adoption, I am prepared to furnish a plan of the whole city frontage, showing the general arrangement, so as to combine both the railway and public interests, without injury to private property.

With respect to constructing the breastwork on the southern limit of the Esplanade of stone, I cannot see the necessity of doing so, unless the line is removed south to command a depth of nine feet of water at the lowest period; this would bring it nearly to the windmill line. The lessees of water lots have the power also of filling up their lots to the windmill line, so that the expensive stone fencing would be covered up in many instances.

A timber breastwork, twelve feet wide, is all that would be required for the present, sufficiently close and strong to prevent the bank from being washed away by the action of the water.

At the slips opposite the streets, a stone facing sloping to the water would be judicious, and would be a great improvement on the timber contrivances which have already cost the city probably as much as would have made permanent and substantial slips.

West of Simcoe street where there are no protecting wharves at present, and beyond the line contemplated by the original plan, I would recommend the stone facing to be constructed, with jetties to be used as public wharves. In all the propositions that have been laid before the public not one of them makes any provision for the general drainage along the front of the city. Are the drains allowed to deposit their refuse in the slips where they empty themselves? No, surely not; Some provision must be made for remedying this increasing evil; otherwise the health of the citizens will be endangered.

The evil is very great even now; witness the rank vegetation round the wharves; what will it

be when this city numbers 100,000 inhabitants? Provision should therefore be made for drainage conjointly with the construction of the Esplanade.

In my communication in February last, this subject was also discussed, and I recommended "that a covered channel 10 feet wide and 6 feet in depth, should be constructed in the centre and beneath the intented Esplanade, from the river Don to the Queen's Wharf. The drains of the city to be extended to this channel, and a portion of the current of the River to be turned into it by draining the present channel, and allowing the surplus water to flow into the marsh as at present, over a waste wier one foot in height above the present level of the water."

I have not altered my opinion since that time, and if the plan should not be thoroughly successful, it would be the most effectual method of preserving the purity of the water of the Bay, and getting rid of an increasing source of unhealthiness to the city.

The importance of these subjects to the citizens generally, and the advantage to be desired by the adoption of a general plan, combining the Railway and Public interest, with a due regard for general improvement—is, I think a sufficient reason for having again, gratuitously expressed my opinions on matters, on which a free discussion has been invited.

Doctor.—There is the plan—now, what do you think of it?

Major.—Really, I think it a very judicious combination of the best points of the plans discussed at our last sederunt. Eh! Laird?

Laird.—It's a maist sappy amalgamation o' conflicting interests, but what say ye, yoursel, Doctor?

Doctor.—Well, if you have patience, I will just recapitulate, under heads, what I consider the main advantages to be derived by the adoption of this plan—but before I begin, I think one point worthy of note, viz: the dilatoriness of the Council in not having adopted some plan before the present time; passing this over, however—the first advantage is, that this plan does not interfere with any other existing right, and it would be, therefore, unnecessary to apply again to Parliament, the original line remaining unaltered; this would be a saving of much valuable time.

A second benefit is, that of preserving an insulated line along the front, with a thoroughfare running parallel to it. Thirdly,—I like the suggestion of dropping the word Esplanade, which I think particularly suggestive of nursery-maids and squalling children, who, I opine, can have no business in what must eventually be the most business part of the city. Again, it obviates the folly of compelling owners of water-lots to construct cutstone breast-works, a very important construction, as there would be a chance of all this work being hereafter shut in, for we must not forget that the power exists to carry the line of frontage out to *the wind-mill line.*

Fourthly,—It meets the necessity of having stone-ships and landings at the foot of each street, a thing as essential to health as convenience.

Fifthly,—I consider the importance of having a public, permanent, wharf for landing passengers, so as to do away with the present odious tribute now exacted, much to the disgust of every new arrival, who is exposed moreover, to the chance of tumbling through the rickety apologies for wharves. This would certainly be accomplished, as the Harbour Commissioners have offered to build such a wharf, if the Corporation give the building-site; so that the citizens would not be directly taxed for this improvement. Another serious consideration is the health and comfort of the citizens, which must be always seriously affected so long as the drains continue to be emptied at the foot of each wharf. This disadvantage is well met by the proposal contained in Mr. Tully's plan, in reference to the tunnel drain.

Another point is that, in the dry arches underneath the bridges could be constructed public baths, wash-houses, and other conveniences for the poorer classes. These may not be absolutely required *now*, but the day is not far distant when they will be imperatively called for.

I think, however, we have had enough of the Esplanade for the present. Laird ring the bell, or as you would say, cry ben Mrs. Grundy. I wish to know what she has done in the way of "gatherings" for the month.

(*Enter Mrs. Grundy.*)

Good evening, Mrs. Grundy, I am anxious to know the state of your budget before I inform the Laird of the fate of that pile of facts which I see before him.

Mrs. Grundy.—Are you ready so soon for me? I was in hopes we were to have had something more from the Major touching his trip to Barrie.

Major.—All in good time; I intend ere long to take a trip up to the Sault Ste. Marie, so I will reserve the rest of my observations till I can add to them and amend them, but in the mean time I vote as it is yet early, that we have a chat before the "facts" or the "fashions."

Doctor.—"I'm agreeable," as a modern and elegant phrase has it. I had a letter yesterday from our friend the Squireen, and he commissioned me to present you with his best regards.

Laird.—And whaur may the auld bo -trotter

be hanging oot noo? I have na' heard a word aboot him for mony a lang day.

DOCTOR.—He dates from the town of Wooden-Nutmegville, in Ohio, where he has established a cold-water-cure shop, and having combined table-moving, and spirit-rapping with the *douche*, he is driving an overwhelming business. Amongst his inmates, at present, are three "strong-minded women," a brace of "Judges," and some half-score of "Generals," and as the geese have plenty of auriferous feathers, Paddy is waxing fat upon their pluckings.

LAIRD.—Ay, ay! Let a Hibernian alone for filling his pouches, when he fa's in wi' fules ready and willing to part wi' their baw-bees! Od, they are a queer set, the Yankees after a'! They can mak' sillar, like the Jews, when other folk would be starving, and at the same time every mountebank wha' presents them wi' some new whigmaleerie, constrains them to dance to his piping, and throw their dollars into his creechy hat! As honest auld Commodore Trunnion said aboot sailors, oor republican neebours "earn their money like horses, and spend it like asses!"

MAJOR.—True for you, old stump-extractor.

DOCTOR.—Our friend at Wooden-Nutmegville has transmitted me a volume, which he says contains more juicy and appetizing matter, than any duo-decimo published since he last took a horn in the Shanty.

LAIRD.—Is it the buik you hae under your oxter?

DOCTOR.—It is.

MAJOR.—Pray trot out the new comer.

DOCTOR.—Thus runs the title page, "*Personal Sketches of his own times, by Sir Jonah Barrington, Judge of the High Court of Admiralty in Ireland, &c. &c., Redfield, New York.*"

MAJOR.—Why that is an old acquaintance of mine! It is fully thirty years since I first perused it.

DOCTOR.—The work has been long out of print, and to many of the present generation must possess all the charm of entire novelty.

MAJOR.—Though somewhat given to moralize and be otherwise prosy, Sir Jonah is one of the most piquant story-tellers which Ireland has produced, and that is saying a good deal. The realities of the garrulous knight are quite as sprightly as the fictions of Lover or Lever.

LAIRD.—As it never was my chance, to fa' in wi' the production, maybe ye will let me pree the viands ye praise so highly?

DOCTOR.—Most willingly, thou prince of "plough compellers," as Dan Homer hath it. The only difficulty lies in selecting. So great is the variety of good things, that like the monied school boy in a pastry cooks, one knows not when to commence, and when to leave off.

LAIRD.—Oo, just gie us the first sappy gobbet that comes to haun'.

DOCTOR.—Here is a sketch of the famous bull engenderer Sir Boyle Roche:—

"He was married to the eldest daughter of Sir John Cave, Bart.; and his lady, who was a 'bas bleu,' prematurely injured Sir Boyle's capacity (it was said) by forcing him to read 'Gibbon's Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire,' whereat he was so cruelly puzzled without being in the least amused, that in his cups, he often stigmatized the great historian as a low fellow, who ought to have been kicked out of company wherever he was, for turning people's thoughts away from their prayers and their politics to what the devil himself could make neither head nor tail of.

"His perpetually bragging that Sir John Cave had given him his *eldest* daughter, afforded Curran an opportunity of replying, 'Ay, Sir Boyle, and depend on it, if he had had an *older* one still he would have given her to you." Sir Boyle thought it best to receive the repartee as a compliment, lest it should come to her ladyship's ears, who, for several years back, had prohibited Sir Boyle from all allusions to chronology.

"This baronet had certainly one great advantage over all other bull and blunder makers: he seldom launched a blunder from which some fine aphorism or maxim might not be easily extracted. When a debate arose in the Irish house of commons on the vote of a grant which was recommended by Sir John Parnel, chancellor of the exchequer, as one not likely to be felt burdensome for many years to come—it was observed in reply, that the house had no just right to load posterity with a weighty debt for what could in no degree operate to their advantage. Sir Boyle eager to defend the measures of government, immediately rose, and in a few words, put forward the most unanswerable argument which human ingenuity could possibly devise. 'What, Mr. Speaker!' said he, 'and so we are to beggar ourselves for fear of vexing posterity! Now, I would ask the honorable gentleman, and this *still more* honorable house, why we should put ourselves out of our way to do anything for *posterity:* for what has *posterity* done for *us?*'

"Sir Boyle, hearing the roar of laughter which of course followed this sensible blunder, but not being conscious that he had said anything out of the way, was rather puzzled, and conceived that the house had misunderstood him. He therefore begged leave to explain, as he apprehended that gentleman had entirely mistaken his words: he assured the house that 'by *posterity*, he did not at all mean our *ancestors*, but those who were to come *immediately* after *them*.' Upon hearing this *explanation*, it was impossible to do any serious business for half an hour.

LAIRD.—Ha, ha, ha. Oh, Sir, Boyle must hae been a broth o' a boy, and no mistake!

DOCTOR.—As you belong to the Orange body, Crabtree, the following particulars touching an

ancient Dublin club, must prove interesting to you:—

"This curious assemblage was called 'The Aldermen of Skinners' Alley:' it was the first Orange association ever formed; and having, at the period alluded to, existed a full century in pristine vigor, it had acquired considerable local influence and importance. Its origin was as follows: after William III. had mounted the English throne, and King James had assumed the reins of government in Ireland, the latter monarch annulled the then existing charter of the Dublin corporation, dismissed all the aldermen who had espoused the revolutionary cause, and replaced them by others attached to himself. In doing this he was certainly justifiable; the deposed aldermen, however, had secreted some little articles of their paraphernalia, and privately assembled in an ale-house in Skinners' Alley, a very obscure part of the capital: here they continued to hold anti-Jacobite meetings; elected their own lord-mayor and officers; and got a marble buts of King William, which they regarded as a sort of deity! These meetings were carried on till the battle of the Boyne put William in possession of Dublin, when King James' aldermen were immediately cashiered, and *the Aldermen of Skinners' Alley* reinvested with their mace and aldermanic glories.

"To honor the memory of their restorer, therefore, a permanent association was formed, and invested with all the memorials of their former disgrace and latter reinstatement. This organization, constituted near a century before, remained, I fancy, quite unaltered at the time I became a member. To make the general influence of this association the greater, the number of members was unlimited, and the mode of admission solely by the proposal and seconding of tried *aldermen.* For the same reason, no class, however humble, was excluded—equality reigning in its most perfect state at the assemblies. Generals and wig-makers—king's counsel and hackney clerks, &c., all mingled without distinction as brother-aldermen: a lord-mayor was annually appointed; and regularity and decorum always prevailed—until, at least, toward the *conclusion* of the meetings, when the aldermen became more than usually noisy and exhilarated—King William's bust being placed in the centre of the supper table, to overlook their extreme loyalty. The times of meeting were monthly: and every member paid sixpence per month, which sum (allowing for the absentees) afforded plenty of eatables, porter and punch, for the supping aldermen."

Major.—Barrington, though a Protestant was no friend to the admirers of King William, and consequently his description of the Skinners' Alley Aldermen must be taken *cum grano.*

Doctor.—Aaron Burr, and Randolph of South Carolina, being in Dublin, requested Sir Jonah to introduce them to the celebrated Henry Grattan.

"We went to my friend's house, who was to leave London next day. I announced that Colonel Burr, from America, Mr. Randolph, and myself, wished to pay our respects, and the servant informed us that his master would receive us in a short time, but was at the moment much occupied on business of consequence. Burr's expectations were all on the alert! Randolph also was anxious to be presented to the great Grattan, and both impatient for the entrance of this Demosthenes. At length the door opened, and in hopped a small bent figure, meager, yellow, and ordinary; one slipper and one shoe; his breeches' knees loose; his cravat hanging down; his shirt and coat-sleeves tucked up high, and an old hat upon his head.

"This apparition saluted the strangers very courteously, asked, without any introduction, how long they had been in England, and immediately proceeded to make inquiries about the late General Washington and the revolutionary war. My companions looked at each other; their replies were costive, and they seemed quite impatient to see Mr. Grattan. I could scarcely contain myself, but determined to let my eccentric countryman take his course, who appeared quite delighted to see his visitors, and was the most inquisitive person in the world. Randolph was far the tallest and most dignified looking man of the two, gray-haired and well-dressed; Grattan therefore, of course, took him for the vice-president, and addressed him accordingly. Randolph at length begged to know if they could shortly have the honor of seeing Mr. Grattan. Upon which our host, not doubting but they knew him, conceived it must be his son James for whom they inquired, and said he believed he had that moment wandered out somewhere to amuse himself.

"This completely disconcerted the Americans, and they were about to make their bow and their exit, when I thought it high time to explain; and, taking Colonel Burr and Mr. Randolph respectively by the hand, introduced them to the Right Honorable Henry Grattan."

Laird.—I dinna like the idea o' writing accounts o' great men, in sic daft like predicaments. If ony ane had ca'd at Bonnybraes on a certain afternoon during the late hot weather, he would hae catched me in a fine mess. Girzy was mending my breeks, and during the operation I was sitting at the house end smoking my cutty, wi' naething on my lower regions except a petticoat o' the damsel's. Noo suppose the editor o' a paper—say the Kingston *News*, or the Hamilton *Spectator*, had stopped at my dwelling to get a drink o' butter-milk, or maybe something a trifle stronger, and seen me sitting like a clockin' hen! What wud ye think o' the land-louper if, for lack o' something else to say, he made a leading article oot o' me and my honest sister's habiliment?

Major.—Your indignation is righteous, most excellent flail-flourisher! Nothing can be more abominable than authors running, like gossiping elderly vestals, to the press, with every item of tittle tattle about friend or foe which they can

grub together. I would, if an absolute Satrap, condemn such gentry to wear in perpetuity the article of costume which you only assumed *pro tempore*.

Doctor.—In connection with this subject, permit me to read you a few passages from a recent number of one of our Canadian journals. The writer after detailing how a certain editor made public capital, out of some expressions dropped by a brother of the big "we," thus proceeds:—"Let the precedent be generally followed, and what an unmitigated Pandemonium would society become, so far at least as the editorial profession was concerned. Men would be constrained to talk continually on the square, when meeting in the street, or at the convivial board. In fact their conversation would be neither more nor less than *recited editorials*, and each word would be painfully weighed before being uttered, from a dread, if not a positive conviction. that it was destined to obtain typographical publicity."

Laird.—Gie us another preeing o' Sir Jonah, to put the grewsome taste o' sic a fouty topic oot o' our mouths.

Doctor.—Queer places must the Irish theatres have been in the worthy knight's calf days.

"The playhouses in Dublin were then lighted with tallow candles, stuck into tin circles hanging from the middle of the stage, which were every now and then snuffed by some performer; and two soldiers, with fixed bayonets, always stood like statues on each side of the stage, close to the boxes, to keep the audience in order. The galleries were very noisy and very *droll*. The ladies and gentlemen in the boxes always went dressed out nearly as for court; the strictest etiquette and decorum were preserved in that circle; while the pit, as being full of critics and wise men, was particularly respected, except when the young gentlemen of the university occasionally forced themselves in, to revenge some insult, real or imagined, to a member of their body; on which occasions, all the ladies, well-dressed men, and peaceable people generally, decamped forthwith, and the young gentlemen as generally proceeded to beat or turn out the rest of the audience, and to break everything that came within their reach. These exploits were by no means uncommon; and the number and rank of the young culprits were so great, that (coupled with the impossibility of selecting the guilty), the college would have been nearly depopulated, and many of the great families in Ireland enraged beyond measure, had the students been expelled or even rusticated."

Laird.—Does he say ony thing aboot the actors?

Doctor.—Yes. Listen.

"I remember seeing old Mr. Sheridan perform the part of *Cato* at one of the Dublin theatres; I do not recollect which: but I well recollect his dress, which consisted of bright armor under a fine laced scarlet cloak, and surmounted by a huge, white, bushy, well-powdered wig (like Dr. Johnson's) over which was stuck his helmet. I wondered much how he could kill himself without stripping off the armor before he performed that operation. I also recollect him particularly (even as before my eyes now) playing *Alexander the Great*, and throwing the javelin at *Clytus*, whom happening to miss, he hit the cupbearer, then played by one of the hack performers, a Mr. Jemmy Fotterel. Jemmy very naturally supposed that he was hit *designedly*, and that it was some *new light* of the great Mr. Sheridan to slay the cupbearer in preference to his friend *Clytus* (which certainly would have been a less unjustifiable manslaughter), and that therefore he ought to tumble down and make a painful end according to dramatic custom time immemorial. Immediately, therefore, on being struck, he reeled, staggered, and fell very naturally, considering it was his *first death;* but being determined on this unexpected opportunity to make an impression upon the audience, when he found himself stretched out on the boards at full length, he began to roll about, kick, and flap the stage with his hands most immoderately; falling next into strong convulsions, exhibiting every symptom of exquisite torture, and at length expiring with a groan so loud and so long that it paralyzed even the people in the galleries, while the ladies believed that he was really killed, and cried aloud.

"Though then very young, I was myself so terrified in the pit that I never shall forget it. However, Jemmy Fotterel was in the end, more clapped than any Clytus had ever been, and even the murderer himself could not help laughing most heartily at the incident.

"The actresses of both tragedy and genteel comedy formerly wore large hoops, and whenever they made a speech walked across the stage and changed sides with the performer who was to speak next, thus veering backward and forward, like a shuttlecock, during the entire performance. This custom partially prevailed in the continental theatres till very lately.

"I recollect Mr. Barry, who was really a remarkably handsome man, and his lady (formerly Mrs. Dancer); also Mr. Digges, who used to play the *ghost* in 'Hamlet.' One night in doubling that part with Polonius, Digges forgot on appearing as the *ghost*, previously to rub off the bright red paint with which his face had been daubed for the other character. A spirit with a large red nose and vermillioned cheeks was extremely novel and much applauded. There was also a famous actor who used to play the *cock* that crew to call off the *ghost* when Hamlet had done with him: this performer did his part so well that everybody used to say he was the best *cock* that ever had been heard at Smock-Alley, and six or eight other gentry of the dunghill species were generally brought behind the scenes, who on hearing him, mistook him for a brother cock, and set up their pipes all together: and thus, by the infinity of crowing at the same moment, the hour was the better marked, and the *ghost* glided back to the other world in the

midst of a perfect chorus of cocks, to the no small admiration of the audience."

MAJOR.—Permit me to make you acquainted with an exceedingly pleasing, and unassuming writer, George Barrell, Junr.

LAIRD.—Barrell, said ye? Od, that's a queer name. To my mind it's strongly suggestive o' Lochfine herring, and Edinburgh yill!

MAJOR.—George has produced a very modest, and most readable volume, entitled "*The Pedestrian in France and Switzerland.*"

DOCTOR.—Did the writer really traverse the lands specified, upon the steeds with which nature had gifted him?

LAIRD.—Tut man! Can ye no' say *shanks naiggie* at once, and be done wi' it!

MAJOR.—Yes. He travelled, as he tells us, "almost entirely on foot, and nearly in the garb of a peasant." Thus he had an opportunity of mixing with that portion of the population, least generally seen by tourists, and of beholding scenes which the more fastidious tourist would have sought in vain.

DOCTOR.—In these circumstances the book ought to be amusing, provided the tourist made use of his eyes as well as of his feet.

MAJOR.—I shall read you a passage, from which you can judge for yourself. Mr. Barrell coming to Caen, finds himself amidst the festivities of a fair.

"Press through this mass of men and women. You find yourself on the edge of a vast circle, in the centre of which a small carpet is spread; on it are two lean men in very ancient 'tights,' displaying their gymnastic accomplishments.

'Un peu plus de courage, Messieurs!' said one.

'Un peu plus de courage, Messsieurs!' said the other.

"What was intended by their wishing the gentlemen to have a little more courage, was this: They were desirous of having money thrown to them! Some two or three did have 'a little more courage,' which, instead of satisfying the performers, made them yet more desirous of receiving an increase. And it was amusing to see them run here and there, collect the sous and liards (half-sous) thrown upon the carpet, and yet observe there was not sufficient courage shown!

"'Come, gentlemen, a little more courage, if you please,' said the leanest of the two, 'and you shall see me me raise that weight; a little more courage, if you please!'

"What a tremendous racket is made by that drummer and fifer. See the people run together, and collect around the coach with its capacious postillion's seat! Who is going to display himself? At Caudebèc there was a drummer and 'Cymballeo,' and a 'professor from Paris' was seen; perhaps a savan from the same centre of the intellectual world will now make himself visible.

"Some one ascends the coach, takes off his hat, and makes a bow to the audience. It is, no doubt, a dentist. Yes, it is one; for he opens a large book, and displays it to those around him. In it you see representations of all kinds of teeth, those with straight, and those with corkscrew-shaped roots. Then he turns a page, and again shows the book; but does not either smile or move his head—his whole appearance being as of one who understands the science of dentistry to perfection, and only condescends to make a public exhibition of his knowledge.

"The music ceased. Making another inclination of the head, he commences a learned speech, and gives birth to many Latin quotations, which are, however, 'Greek' to his hearers. He understands them, perhaps, about as well as they. Then he invites some one to ascend, and he will astonish him—with his learning. After a while a youth mounted, being tormented by a front tooth in the upper row. The orator examined it for a moment, and then drew a white handkerchief from his long-tailed coat. This the patient ties over the eyes of the dentist, who, standing like the professor of Caudebec, behind the subject, upon the seat, felt for the tooth, and pushed it out! A clapping of hands ensued, and the youth quickly put his finger in his mouth, to discover whether the right one had been removed. He found the place where once it was, and then testified to the skill of the operator.

"I hope the dentist is usually more fortunate than he was upon that afternoon, as he failed most signally in trying to extract a double-tooth from a woman. He wrapped a handkerchief around the handle of a terrible looking instrument, and then commenced twisting. But the tooth would not stir; and the woman, turned deadly pale, while a cry of indignation arose from the men below: it was only after a second trial, and with a vigorous wrench, that it was removed.

"A militaire had a back tooth jerked out as quick as a flash, but he screamed with pain, clapped his hand to his face, and turned as pale as the woman. The dentist quickly poured some water in a cup, and dropping therein a small quantity of liquid contained in a vial, gave it to the sufferer.

"'Do you feel better?' he asked after the other had cleansed his mouth.

"'Yes.'

"'The pain has entirely left now, has it not?'

"'No,' said the militaire, 'not by any means!'

"'Here, gentlemen and ladies,' said the professor, 'you see a most wonderful liquid! It is an elixir which will remove all pain from the face and teeth in an instant of time; and though very powerful in its curative effects, would not harm an infant, were he to drink the entire contents of this flask.' He then poured some of it in a glass which he drank, to show that he spoke the truth. 'And,' continued he, 'though it is both so harmless and yet powerful, if you were but to smell it, you would imagine yourself in a ravishing country, where millions of the most superb flowers fill the air with their delightful perfume! Hold forth your handkerchiefs, gentlemen and ladies, and let me drop a little upon them—hold them forth!'

"In an instant were thrust upwards an hundred handkerchiefs of all sizes and colours; and the

dentist dropped a little of the magical fluid upon each; but, finding the number to be so immense, sprinkled the audience, and put the empty bottle in his pocket. This act of generosity had the desired effect. The woman's agony and the soldier's scream were forgotten; and whenever I passed the coach during the rest of the afternoon, the lucky dentist was torturing his fellow-creatures."

(*Mrs. Grundy jumping up.*)

Dear me! I smell the sausages burning—you must excuse me for a moment, gentlemen.

LAIRD.—(*With a very lugubrious expression of countenance*) quotes—I never loved a sausage fried, but it was either burnt or dried. Heigh ho! we puir mortals are born to disappointment. (*Mrs. Grundy enters.*) Weel, Mrs. Grundy, are they a' spoiled?

MRS. GRUNDY.—By no means, only we must go to supper first and talk after—I have ordered it to be dished and by this time it is on the table. [*Exeunt.*

AFTER-SUPPER SEDERUNT.

MAJOR.—The rage of hunger and thirst having been now appeased, we will proceed to finish our sederunt. Come, Laird, facts are good things to begin with.

LAIRD.—Here are some remarks upon the way they should manage at Hamilton, and awa down at Montreal, at the exhibitions. By the by, do ony o' ye ken anything aboot them?

DOCTOR.—I thought that it would be better not to attempt doing onything this month, as it would have made our issue a late one, besides these exhibitions are of no merely ephemeral importance, and the interest attaching to them will keep fresh for a month. What have you got Mrs. Grnndy?

LAIRD.—What does the callant mean? Do ye think I am gaun to be fobbed off wi' my pouches fu' o' papers, a' o' importance, every ane, ha ha!

DOCTOR.—Needs must, Laird. I can give you two pages and a-half, and you have chosen to fill them, as it appears, with one homily. Come, Mrs. Grundy, I can only give you one page.

(*The Laird, after much grumbling, begins to read his remarks on autumn exhibitions.*)

THE AUTUMN EXHIBITIONS.

Autumn is again upon us, and with it the accustomed round of annual fetes of rural industry commence, at which the best products of the farm and garden are to be brought forward for comparison and competition. The amount of money and time spent in this country annually on these occasions is enormous; but so far it has been well spent, for they have awakened a spirit of improvement that has conferred vast benefits upon the industry and resources of the country. They are not mere holidays with us, devoted to frivolous amusements, sight-seeing, and dissipation; people go to these exhibitions to learn, and they bring with them the produc.s of their skill and industry to compare with that of their neighbors', for mutual instruction and encouragement. The mere love of novelty cannot induce so many thousands of intelligent people to leave their homes and business, and to incur all the toil and expense of attending these fairs. They have a higher purpose in view—they seek information; and in proportion as these shows afford facilities for obtaining this, will they become worthy of public patronage and support.

Hitherto the want of experience on the part of those who have been entrusted with the management of exhibitions has stood greatly in the way of their usefulness, and great dissatisfaction has arisen from people being unable to gain the information which they had just reason to expect. It is poor satisfaction for a man who has travelled hundreds of miles, and made great sacrifice of personal comfort, to be jostled about in a crowd, scorched with heat and choked with dust, on the show grounds, and yet not be permitted to see the objects exhibited in such a manner as enables him to understand their merits. No pains should be spared in arranging and classifying all objects, not only on the grounds and on the tables, but in printed catalogues, in such a way as to enable judges to discharge their duties easily and accurately, and spectators instantly to understaud the position that each article occupies, and the degree of merit that has been awarded it.

We are glad to see that this matter is receiving attention, though it has not yet been carried out as far as necessary. We shall confine our remarks chiefly to the department of horticulture. Take for instance the department of apples. Now, suppose that a dozen individuals should compete for this premium; each one should be required to show just twenty varieties—neither more nor less—and the twelve collections should be placed side by side on the tables, so that not only the judges but the spectators might easily make their comparisons. Each one should be designated by a number only until the judges have made their awards, and then the names of the exhibitors can be displayed as well as the awards. We have served enough on committees to know that some such an arrangement is absolutely necessary to ensure accurate decisions. Heretofore the general practice has been for every exhibitor to display his objects where he chose, and a dozen competitors for such a premium as we have quoted, would exhibit in a dozen different places, and have these twenty varieties of apples mixed up with twenty other varieties and a great collection of other fruits, leaving it for the committees to select varieties as they thought proper, and run about from one table to another to make their comparisons, thus losing their time and scarcely ever arriving at correct conclusions, because it was impossible to do so under the circumstances. So we would have it in regard to "the best ten varieties of table apples," "the best seedling apple," "the best twelve varieties of pears," and, in short, every special object, or class of objects, for which a prize is offered. Let them be placed together and each be conspicuously designated, so that judges and spectators may know at once what particular

merit the exhibitor claims for his articles. Then, again, amateur and professional cultivators should be assigned separate tables or departments, and not be permitted to mingle their contributions; and each of these departments should be conspicuously designated, that no doubt could be entertained as to what class they belonged to Then, again, every exhibitor who shows twenty varieties of apples, or ten varieties, or six varieties, or any number of varieties of apples or other fruits, should prepare a list of the same, and then when the judges have decided, they should insert in their reports the names of the varieties to which they awarded the prize and state the principal points of merit, which could be done in a few words. If this were carried out, we should have useful reports instead of mere barren announce ments that such a prize was awarded Mr. A., and another to Mr. B., which amounts to nothing in the end, as far as the great aim and end of the show is concerned.

Another great difficulty is generally experienced in securing the services of faithful and competent judges, who appreciate the importance of the duties assigned them, and are willing to discharge them with care and patience. No fault can be found in general with the selections made by the Society ; but it very often happens that of a committee of four or five not more than one or two will make their appearance, and the vacancies must be filled by such as can be found on the ground. Now, it is a responsible and delicate duty that committees have to perform, requiring careful and patient investigation and sound judgment, and, therefore, the greatest care should be taken in filling vacancies. There are always a number of persons ready to offer their services on committees, and especially on "tasting committees," who regard the duty as being simply to eat up everything that comes before them, if at all eatable. To allow such persons to associate themselves with committees is a manifest outrage upon the exhibitors as well as upon public decency. Every year we are surprised to see how far this thing is carried by persons of whom better might be expected. Committees should understand that they have no right, more than others, to cut up, eat and destroy people's fruits, and when they do so they should be exposed and punished. A mere taste to test the quality is all that is necessary and all that dcency would permit. We think it would be well for every society to define the rights and duties of its committees and have them printed on every schedule of prizes, so that there could be no mistake.

There is another point still to which we must call attention, and it is this : Both committees and exhibitors are generally at fault in not having their arrangements completed in good season. We have seen it happen more than once, that in the horticultural department of our Fairs all the dishes for the display of fruits had to be procured, and all the fruits arranged, *after* the hour when all should have been submitted to the inspection of the judges. The consequence was that there was nothing but confusion and grumbling on all sides; nothing was right—nobody pleased. Timely and ample arrangements should by all means be made. It is much easier to make them before a crowd of uneasy exhibitors arrive, than afterwards Abundance of water, dishes of various sizes, vases, pitchers, &c., &c., should all be in the hall in good season and placed in the hands of a person whose duty it would be to give them out as called for. Then officers should be in waiting to assign every exhibitor his position immediately on his arrival, so that he would not be subjected to the trouble and annoyance of inquiring all around where he could place his articles for exhibition. Exhibstors, too, would save themselves much trouble by being early on the ground and having their arrangements completed before visitors are admitted, Judges, too, should have their duties all discharged before a rush of spectators is admitted to interrupt or annoy them.

We feel it to be a very important matter for the country that these great shows be conducted with the strictest regard to order and regulariiy. The points to which we have called attention briefly, are but a few among the many that should receive attentive consideration, in order that the greatest possible amount of good may be derived from the time and money expended.

NEUTRALISING OFFENSIVE ODORS.

The North British agriculturist furnishes a statement of Lindsey Blyth, in relation to a very successful experiment for destroying a most offensive smell in a stable, arising from the decomposition of urine and dung. He tried the mixture of Epsom salts and plaster of Paris, (gypsum)—"the most wonderful effects followed, the stable-keeper was delighted." Previously, the stable was damp and unwholesome; and if closed for a few hours, the ammoniacal vapors were suffocating. After sprinkling the sulphate underneath the straw, and along the channel of the drain, the smell disappeared, and even the walls became drier. He recommends as an economical preparation for this purpose and for sewers, magnesia limestone dissolved in sulphuric acid, (forming sulphate of magnesia or Epsom salts,) with a portion of super-phosphate of lime (made by dissolving bones in sulphuric acid)—these, at the same time that they retain the escaping ammonia, also add greatly by their own presence to the value of the manure.

EXPERIMENTS WITH POUDRETTE.

As all who till the soil are interested in the subject of manures, let me give you the partial result of some experiments tried during the few past years.

In the first place, I had a lawn of about an acre in extent, which had hitherto yielded only a light crop of grass, and which became quite brown and dry during mid-summer. As it was not convenient for me to break it up and seed down afresh, I determined last spring to try the value of some kind of top-dressing ; and as sufficient barn-yard and manure could not be had for this purpose, I resorted to the following expedients :—

Dividing my grounds into several portions, I spread on the first part a light dressing of poudrette, (at the rate of about fifteen bushels to an acre)—on the second a more liberal dressing, with the addition of a compost made of a little barn-manure mixed with rotten sods and other refuse ; on the third a heavy coat of poudrette, (at the rate of thirty bushels to the acre,) with the

addition of unbleached ashes sufficient to cover the poudrette, and on the fourth a good dressing of ashes alone.

The grass throughout the whole lawn came up earlier, and grew more vigorously than it did last year. In the first part it was lightest, and most infested with weeds. The second and third gave a very good crop of hay, the difference between them being hardly perceptible. The fourth was a little better than the first. I ought to add that my soil is a clayey loam, inclining to become parched and cracked in summer.

So far as a judgment can be formed at this season of the year, and from a single experiment, I think there can be no doubt of the value of poudrette as a top-dressing for grass. On stiff, dry soils, a good compost from the barn-yard might be preferable, as that, by mechanical action, loosens the ground and protects the tender roots of the grass from the heats of the mid-summer sun. This region, (Oneida Co.,) is now, (July 25th,) suffering from drouth, and yet my lawn looks much fresher than it did in the midst of a similar drouth last year.

I have tried poudrette also in my garden, on corn, beans, asparagus, grape-vines, &c. In the growth of corn, squashes and beans, there is, thus far, a perceptible improvement. But of these and some other things, I can give you a more complete report next fall.

CHEAP WELLS.

It must be admitted that the present mode of digging and finishing wells for the supply of water for farms and dwellings, is rather behind the modern progress of labor-saving machinery. The shovelling and picking, and the slow and laborious turnings of the windlass, day after day, as the depth is gradually increased under these tedious and heavy labors, should give way to something nearer the horse-power and steam-engine principle. Wells are needed by every farmer, and are as necessary as food and clothing, and an improvement in making them would benefit millions. We are not about to propose anything, but merely to suggest the subject to ingenious men; and in the meantime, by way of assisting such suggestion, we furnish a few of the interesting facts in relation to wells, stated at a late meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society of England.

In soils free from stone, and consisting of sand, clay, marl, or gravel, successful experiments have been recently made, at a very moderate cost, by the following mode:—Instead of digging the common large well, to be walled with hard brick or stone, a hole was first made with an ordinary boring auger, or cylindric scoop, which brings up the soil to the surface. A cast-iron cylinder, half an inch thick, five inches in external diameter, and four feet in length, its lower end being brought to a sharp edge so as to penetrate the earth, is then driven down into the hole by means of a heavy mallet, or beetle. To keep it steady, a collar of wood made by perforating a plank, is placed around it on the surface of the ground. The earth enclosed within it is again removed with the auger; and in order to obtain a further downward passage for the cylinder, a tool is used for the removal of the earth in the form of a circle beneath its cutting rim. It consists of of a rod with a cross-handle like that of an auger, and at its lower end a claw at right angles to the rod, so that in turning the rod, this claw turns round and cuts the earth below the lower edge of the cylinder, which is then again beaten down with the mallet. Successive cylinders are placed one upon another, as they descend. In this way, a well of ordinary depth, or twenty feet deep, is commonly completed in a single day, the sides being incased with iron cylinders from top to bottom. A bed of gravel is then thrown into the bottom, and a metallic pump inserted. It was stated at the meeting above mentioned, that the expense of such wells, where a business was made of it, did not exceed eight to fifteen dollars for a depth of twenty feet, including pump with lead tube; the cost of the iron cylinders is not mentioned, but if they are five inches inner diameter and half an inch thick, calculation would show that they would weigh about 37 lbs. to the foot in length, and could not therefore be afforded in many places in this country at less than a dollar per foot, unless made smaller and thinner. It may be that in soft earth, and especially soft sand, earthen tubing like drain tiles, with the addition of glazing, might be strong enough, and might be adopted to great advantage, especially as some of the speakers at the meeting stated that the use of iron had been found to impart a rusty appearance to clothes washed in the water. From the statements of other members, it appeared that some had found a serious inconvenience from corrosion in the use of iron pumps, while others had experienced no evil whatever, owing undoubtedly to the difference in the water in different localities, and in the substances held in solution. The same difference has been found in the corrosion of lead-pipes, some water not affecting them at all, and others eating them away in a few years. We have known a similar difference in the effect of water in this country. But it may be laid down as a rule that should in no instance be departed from; the water from lead-pipes should never be used for cooking or as drink, which remains any length of time stagnant in the pipe instead of merely passing through.

The preceding mode would be applicable to such localities as contain large subterranean strata of water in beds of gravel, from which it pours out freely. There are many such, well determined, in regions where stone would not impede the sinking of the tubes. In other places where it is important to excavate larger reservoirs for holding slowly collecting waters, this mode would not be applicable.

Artesian Wells.—Will you please to inform me as to the implements used, and manner of using, to make Artesian Wells? If proper, I would ask for a drawing of the implements, or so much that I may understand the process.

Doctor.—I will. Come, Mrs. Grundy.

(*Mrs. Grundy reads:*)

DESCRIPTION OF PLATE.

Silk dress, the skirt with five rows of black lace, set on quite plain: bows of ribbon the color of the dress; ornament the front of skirt *en ta*

bliere : high body *à revers* closing about half way to the throat; the silk *reèvers* is covered by one of lace; the *basquine* is rounded in the front, and has a row of lace set on quite plain; the point at waist, and termination of the *revers* are each finished by a bow corresponding with those on the skirt. Fanchon cap of honiton lace.

REMARKS ON PARIS FASHIONS.

The adaptation of the fashion of past times to the costume of the present day, contributes to produce most charming models; but the immense variety, both in form and embroidery, renders it quite impossible to give anything like a lengthened detail. The peignoirs worn for morning in the country have a plastron formed of insertions of embroidery and narrow tucks, and are composed of nansook, trimmed with deep-pointed embroidery and insertion of Valenciennes. Some ladies have their peignoirs of tulle de Berse, or taffetas flammable, lined with gros de Naples. Casaques are still in favor; they are of taffetas, trimmed with fringe, and worn over a skirt of English embroidered muslin. Morning caps are very small, with long floating strings; they are made of embroidered muslin and narrow Valenciennes, or plain net insertions. The new comb, with double galerie, just invented, may be worn under these caps, as well as with all styles of coiffure; and is particularly pretty for evening dress with a wreath of flowers or a bouquet of roses. Evening dresses for undress parties are composed of white muslin, with three skirts trimmed with Mechlin lace; of tarlatane trimmed with fringe; or taffetas skirts may be worn with muslin bodies. Walking or riding dresses are high to the throat when made of taffetas. Printed muslin, barèges, and taffetas d'Italie skirts are worn with canezous of muslin, embroidered in small dots; a taffetas shawl, edged round with stamped velvet and Chantilly lace, clear muslin scarf, or barège scarf with fringe, or an echarpe mantelet of taffetas with a ruche à la veille upon a ground of black tulle. Leghorn bonnet trimmed with plaid ribbon, embroidered with fruit and flowers, or fancy straw trimmed with ribbon and straw flowers. The glacés silks have given place to the taffetas gorge de pigeon, which is always beautiful for demi-toilette. Nothing can be prettier than a robe formed of one of these patterned taffetas, trimmed with four flounces, on the edge of which is sewn an amaranth of green velvet; the body is flat, open en cœur allonné; chemisette à la chevalière of muslin, in small tucks between insertions of embroidery. Open-worked straw bonnet, trimmed with small bunches of bows; mancines of violets and daisies. English green is still in fashion. A taffetas robe of this shade is distinguée. The number of flounces is left to the taste of the wearer; five or seven are mostly worn; and usually in patterns of colored wreaths, or bunches of flowers in scallops. China crape shawl, bonnet of rice straw, and bouillonnés of crape with Brussels lace fall; a cactus at one side completes this elegant toilette. Velvet being more than ever in vogue as trimming, we find it applied to mantillas, which increases their beauty and value. The stamped velvets are brought to great perfection, and harmonize well with all descriptions of embroideries; flowers and feuillage, en relief, are fastened on the groundwork with chain-stitch, and are beautiful ornaments both for robes and manteaux.

Fall mantelets are in shape the same as the summer style, but made of different colored taffetas, and trimmed profusely with deep black lace over rows of violet ribbon.

Tarlatane scarfs are worn over colored crêpe lisse, with a wreath embroidered round the edges, and the ends trimmed with a deep fringe. These scarfs are very handsome, and beautifully light. An ingenious novelty has just appeared—the scarf, with a double face, composed of two tarlatanes of deep colors, so blended as to produce a most surprising effect; for example, scarlet and blue, green and pink, white and maize, or gold color. They can be worn either side outwards, thus forming two toilettes. Barèges will always be worn, as nothing can be found more useful for summer wear; but, in order to preserve the material from becoming too common, it is made in the most expensive patterns and colors. The flounces are in most beautiful designs, or the skirts ornamented with bands of the same description; we must mention some. A robe of dust color with five flounces; at the edge of each, three rows of small checks, embroidered in white silk so brilliant as to appear like silver when the reflection of the sun falls upon it. At the head of the top flounce a double row of these checks is embroidered on the robe. The body is open in front, and trimmed like the flounces. The garniture forms a shawl upon the chest, turns round to the waist, and descends to the top flounce. The sleeves are loose, and reach half way down the arm; they are covered with five rows of narrow frills in the same style as the flounces. This toilette is accompanied with a white China crape shawl, and a guipure straw bonnet, trimmed with large bouquets of white roses with crape foliage, and white rosebuds inside.

Rich silks are also employed for full-dress robes, and are rendered more expensive by the prodigality of diamonds with which they are ornamented. The little chaperons â l'Elizabeth are also much worn, and are equally ornamented with precious stones.

Fancy straw is much used both for bonnets and trimmings. Rosettes of narrow-pattern straw are mixed with ribbons both for outside and inside ornaments of these light and graceful bonnets.

Capotes are often composed of a mixture of straw and taffetas, or tulle. Taffetas bonnets are also worked with an embroidery of straw in wreaths or detached flowers.

Young ladies' bonnets are mostly composed of white taffetas; the crowns are plaited en coquille, with a ruche of pink taffetas across the head and edge of the front, which is made of a stripe of taffetas and one of plaited crepe lisse; bunches of long ends of narrow white ribbon at each ear, and small flowers inside.

Black-lace bonnets continue to be worn, and are much trimmed with flowers and light-colored fancy ribbons; the crowns are loose, and floating in the fanchon style.

DOCTOR—Now for my music and chess. Come, I'll give chess first—just a page—and then wind up the evening with my song.

Paris Fashions for October.

CHESS.

Chapter I.—The Game.

Amusement has ever been found an indispensable requisite in human life. Whether it be adopted for the sake of relaxation from the toils and anxieties of business, or from the perhaps still more severe stress of pursuits especially mental, experience has proved that it is not only pleasing but necessary. Many who have been stimulated by the promptings of duty or the desires of ambition, have endeavored to do without that rest of the spirit which is found in the engagement of time without any directly profitable object in view, and which is usually designated by one of the two terms that we have applied to it above; but no one ever did so with impunity. Unremitted labour *will* cause a strain, and even the cheat which care has often attempted to put upon itself of obtaining the end desired, by a change of occupation, instead of a cessation of fatigue, has ever proved delusive and vain. Since, then, amusement cannot be dispensed with, the first consideration, and an important one it is, is that the means which are taken to procure it should be innocent, and the next is, that they should, if possible, have a tendency to be useful. Various devices have been resorted to for this purpose; but among them unquestionably the first in importance and value is the Game of Chess. It possesses not only the attraction of intense interest, but so effectually calls forth, nay, absolutely requires the use of the faculties in the nobility of their power, that we will venture to affirm there are few species of discipline so influentially permanent and effective. Indeed, one of our best writers has not hesitated to assert that if two individuals were to set out in the world gifted with equal ability, placed under the same circumstances, with the same education, and having the same opportunities, one of whom played chess well, and the other not, the first would inevitably checkmate his friend in every situation in life, when they should be brought into contest.

Chess is acknowledged by all writers to be the most entertaining and scientific game in existence. It allows the greatest scope to art and strategy, and gives the most extensive employment to the mind. Lord Harvey, in an essay on Chess, says that "Chess is the only game, perhaps, which is played at for nothing, and yet warms the blood and brain as if the gamesters were contending for the deepest stakes. No person easily forgives himself, who loses, though to a superior player. No person is ever known to flatter at this game by underplaying himself."

Deep and abstruse as this game is in its principles, and comparatively complex in its movements, it is yet so ancient that we have no certain account of its origin. However, to a short account of the History of the Game, we will devote another chapter.

We are tired of making apologies for the non-appearance of our chess type: when they come, we assure our readers that we will use them.

ENIGMAS.

No. 7. By Mr. Meymott.

White.—K at K B sq.; R's at K Kt 4th, and Q 7th; B at K 7th; Kt at K 4th; P's at K R 3d, K B 4th, and Q 4th.

Black.—K at K B 2d; R's at K R sq., and Q Kt 3d; B at K R 2d; Kt at Q B 7th; P's at K Kt 4th, and K 3d and 4th.

White to play and mate in four moves.

No. 8. By Mr. A. G. McC.

White.—K at K R 2d; Q at Q Kt sq.; R's at K Kt sq., and Q Kt 3d; B's at Q B 8th, and Q Kt 2d; Kt at K Kt 5th; P's at K R 4th & Q 6th.

Black.—K at K Kt sq.; Q at Q Kt 2d; R at Q R 2d; Kt's at K B 7th and Q B 4th; P at K R 2d.

White to play and mate in three moves.

No. 9. By D. B.

White.—K at K Kt 3d; R at Q Kt 5th; Kt at K B 6th; B at Q 4th; P's at K R 2d and K Kt 4th.

Black.—K at K Kt 2d; Q at her 7th; R at K R sq.; P's at K Kt 3d, and K B 6th.

Either party to play and mate in four moves.

GAME BY CORRESPONDENCE, JUST TERMINATED, BETWEEN STOCKHOLM AND UPSALA.

(The moves appeared originally in the *Stockholm Aftonblatt*, evening paper.)

	BLACK (Stockholm).	WHITE (Upsala).
1.	K P two	K P two
2.	K Kt to B 3d	Q Kt to B 3d
3.	B to Q B 4th	B to Q B 4th
4.	Q Kt P two	B takes Q Kt P
5.	Q B P one	B to Q R 4th
6.	Castles	B to Q Kt 3d
7.	Q P two	Q to K 2d
8.	P takes K P	Q Kt takes P
9.	K Kt takes Kt	Q takes Kt
10.	Q to Q Kt 3d	Q to K R 4th
11.	K P one sq	K Kt to K 2d
12.	K to R sq	Castles
13.	Q B to R 3d	Q takes K P
14.	Kt to Q 2d	Q P two
15.	Q R to K sq	Q P takes B
16.	Kt takes P	Q to Q 4th
17.	B takes Kt	R to K sq
18.	Kt takes B	Q takes Q
19.	R P takes Q	R P takes Kt
20.	B to Q 6th	B to K 3d
21.	B takes Q B P	Q R to Q B sq
22.	B takes P	Q R takes P
23.	Q Kt P one sq	

Drawn Game.

AWAY FROM THE WORLD, LOVE!

A Ballad.

MUSIC, BY BESSY * * *; WORDS BY W. HARRY NORMAN, ESQ.

Andante Affettuoso.

L. H.

Dim- in - u - en - do.

A - way from the world, love, 'tis heart - less and cold; Let us live in a world of our own, for men's hearts are

stones, their blood molten gold, And knees bend to Mammon a - lone, And their knees
their

bend to Mammon a - lone. A - way from the scenes of dis -

Dim.

traction and strife, From the fol - ly and falsehood and crime; And

dear to each other in Death or in Life, Let us float the ocean of Time.
down

Dim. ...

JULIEN'S CONCERTS.

Wonderful as is Julien's band for the vastness of its organization and the perfection of its detail, for its almost stunning power and yet marvellous delicacy, in no respect is it more extraordinary than in the number and excellence of its solo players. Of these we now purpose to speak.

Koenig on the cornet, Bottesini on the double bass, Wuille on the clarionet, Lavigne on the oboe, and Reichart on the flute, constitute the first class of soloists; and the Brothers Mollenhaur on the violin, Schreus on the viola d'amore, Hughes on the ophiclede, Collinet on the flageolet, and Hardy on the bassoon, the second class.

First in importance, as in popularity, we mention Herr Koenig, whose performance on the *cornet à piston* has given him the highest position in the estimation of the public. Of him, as indeed of all the first class soloists, it may be said that he stands confessedly at the head of his profession. He has no peer, he is *par excellence the* player of the world. His tone is distinguished for its purity, fullness, clearness, and correctness. Considered as a mechanical player he surpasses all others in the rapidity and distinctness of his execution and the perfection of his *trille*. His phrasing and expression are the most correct and artistic; but his crowning influence consists in the beautiful delicacy of his intonations and his fine sympathetic powers. Every note is replete with sentiment and pathos; a poetic feeling pervades all; whilst the intensity of his expression is so great as to produce a tremulousness of tone as rare as it is delightful upon this instrument. One of his greatest effects is the wonderful echo which he produces in such a telling manner in the "Echos du Mont Blanc." The peculiar strength of lip required to produce this effect may be best appreciated by those conversant with the mechanical difficulties of the instrument. As a mere mechanician, Herr Koenig has no equal; and when we add that unimpeachable good taste characterizes every phrase and note, we need not wonder at the hold he has taken of popular feeling.

Bottesini is at least an equal prodigy on the ponderous instrument, from which he extracts such wonderful tones. In his hands the *contra-basso* becomes entirely metamorphosed. Divested of its usual orchestral character, it rises to the dignity of a singing Concert instrument. No longer confined to the dull ordinary routine of orchestral substratum, it soars into the regions of the violincello and violin, and vies with these instruments in the delicacy and subtlety of its tones. And yet it loses none of its elementary characteristics, but retains all the fullness, depth, and firmness of tone, which gives it its fundamental importance in the orchestra. It is incomprehensible to us, how Signor Bottesini with his fragile physique, manages to wield this gigantic instrument, requiring as it does the utmost rapidity and dexterity, with the greatest strength of hand and fingers for the production of the lower notes. His harmonics, and that too, in running passages, are equal to those of Ole Bull or Paul Julien. In the "Carnival of Venice" he gives the most remarkable example of his wonderful facility in passages of execution, and in the solos from "Sonnambula" the artistic feeling in singing *sostenuto* passages are not surpassed by any artist of the Italian Opera. He is unapproached and unapproachable in the world.

THE

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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 XI.

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Expedition against Sackett's Harbor, 27th May.

Before entering on the subject of the expedition against Sackett's Harbor, we would premise that we have hitherto endeavoured to do full justice to Sir George Prevost, wherever it appeared that blame had been unjustly imputed to him, and to point out the real quarter to which discredit should attach, whether the causes of his failure might be attributable to the orders from the Home Government, by which he was in a great degree fettered, or arose from the insufficient force under his command, and the extended frontier which he was called upon to defend. We can scarcely, then, be accused of blindly or capriciously joining in a crusade against this officer's memory in the present instance, the more especially as we have diligently sought to discover, in the American accounts of the descent on Sackett's Harbor, some extenuating causes for the failure of a movement, on which the ultimate success of the war seemed so mainly to depend, to which the attention of the entire Province was directed, which, in consequence of the presence and co-operation of the two commanders-in-chief, the inhabitants had flattered themselves would have a very different result, and the failure of which inflicted a blow on the military character of Sir George Prevost from which it never recovered.

Prone to exaggeration as we have in most cases found American historians, it is a singular feature in the present instance, that they seem to have laid aside their natural characteristic, and to have modestly set forth, with but little coloring of misrepresentation, the facts as they really occurred. This moderation bears the harder on Sir George Prevost, as it would almost seem as if his discomfiture appeared in their eyes something scarcely worth boasting of, ready as they always were to lay hold of every circumstance, however trivial, (and of this we have already adduced several striking proofs,) that they could in any manner distort, or magnify into a victory.

Without farther preamble, then, we would remind the reader, that Commodore (Sir James) Yeo's arrival from England, with a party of officers and seamen, had given an impetus to the naval preparations at Kingston, and that the vessels there had been manned and equipped in a manner sufficient to warrant the expectation, that the fleet, under so able a commander, might once more boldly appear on the lake. Great, therefore, was the delight of all, when it was ascertained that Sir George Prevost's consent had been obtained for employing, this acquisition of naval strength, in a combined attack, on the important post of Sackett's Harbor, now considerably weakened in its defences, by the absence of Commodore Chauncey's fleet, and of the numerous army which had recently been stationed there.

All preparations having been made, the fleet, having on board the troops for the expedition, under the command (most unfortunately says Veritas) of Sir George Prevost, set sail. The force embarked, consisted of the grenadier company of the 100th regiment, a section of the Royal Scots, two companies of the 8th, four companies of the 104th, one company of the Glengarry's, two companies of the Canadian volunteers, a small detachment of the Newfoundland regiment, and two six-pounders with the gunners, making in all a body of something less than seven hundred rank and file. The weather was extremely fine, and the fleet arrived off Sackett's Harbor at about noon of the same day (the 27th) it sailed. As a short description of Sackett's Harbor will not be irrelevant, we will here introduce James' account of it. "Sackett's Harbor bears from Kingston, on Lake Ontario, south by east; distant in a straight course, twenty-five, but, by a ship's course, thirty-five miles. It stands on the south-east side of an expansion of the Black River, near to where it flows into Hungry Bay. The harbor is small, but well sheltered. From the north-west runs out a low point of land, upon which is the dock-yard, with large stone houses, and all the buildings requisite for such an establishment. Upon this point there is a strong work called Fort Tomkins; having within a block-house, two stories high: on the land side it is covered by a strong picketing, in which there are embrasures. At the bottom of the harbor is the village, consisting of sixty or seventy houses: to the southward of it is a barrack, capable of containing two thousand men, and generally used for the marines belonging to the fleet. On a point eastward of the harbor, stands Fort Pike, surrounded by a ditch, in advance of which there is a strong line of picketing. About one hundred yards from the village, and a little to the westward of Fort Tomkins, is Smith's cantonment, or barracks, capable of containing two thousand five hundred strong; it is strongly built of logs, forming a square, with a block-house at each corner, and is loop-holed on every side." This was the state of Sackett's Harbor at the date of the attack, at which time also many of the guns belonging to the works had been conveyed to the other end of the lake. The wind was now light and favorable, enabling the vessels either to stand in for the shore or from it; the squadron, therefore, with the *Wolfe* as the leading vessel, having on board Sir George himself, stood in towards the shore, to within about two miles, to reconnoitre the enemys' position. This having been effected, the ships were hove to, the troops were embarked in the boats, and every one anxiously awaited the signal to land. There is here some difference in the British accounts of the affair. After mentioning the embarkation of the troops in the boats, James says, "They waited in this state of suspense for about half an hour, when orders were given for the troops to return on board the fleet. This done, the fleet wore, and with a light wind stood out on its return to Kingston.

"About forty Indians, in their canoes, had accompanied the expedition. Dissatisfied at being called back without effecting anything, particularly as their unsophisticated minds could devise no reason for abandoning the enterprise, they steered round Stony Point, and discovering a party of troops on the American shore, fearlessly paddled in to attack them. These consisted of about seventy dismounted dragoons, who had just been landed from twelve boats, which, along with seven others that had pulled past the point and escaped, were on their way to Sackett's Harbor. As soon as the American troops saw the Indians advancing, they hoisted a white flag, as a signal to the British vessels for protection. The latter immediately hove to, and Lieutenant Dobbs, first of the *Wolfe*, stood in with the ship's boats, and brought off the American dragoons, along with their twelve batteaux. *This fortuitous capture was deemed an auspicious omen; and Sir George Prevost determined to stand back to Sackett's Harbor.*"

It is clear from this account that James desires it to be understood that, in all probability, no attack would have been made, had it not been for what he terms the fortuitous capture, and on another point—the delay—he is equally explicit. This is of importance, as Christie also mentions it, only accounting for it in a different manner, and making it a shade less discreditable to the commander. In speaking of the events of the first day, Christie writes, "the weather was propitious, and the troops were transferred to the batteaux, to

make their landing, under an escort of two gun-boats, commanded by Captain Mulcaster, the whole under the immediate direction of the land and naval commanders-in-chief. They had proceeded but a short distance, when a convoy of American boats, loaded with troops were descried doubling Stony Point, on their way from Oswego, to Sackett's Harbour. The Indians who had previously landed upon an island fired upon them as they passed, and threw them into confusion, when the boats and batteaux bore down and captured twelve of them, with about one hundred and fifty men: the remainder escaped into Sackett's Harbour. *The landing was then deferred until the next morning*, while the Americans raised the alarm and withdrew a detachment of their troops posted upon Horse Island, at the mouth of the harbour, and assumed a position on the Main, opposite a ford, leading from the island to the mainland, where they were reinforced by a body of militia, under General Brown, and prepared for a vigorous defence." This is additional testimony as to the delay, and we must further remark that, all the American accounts concur in stating that the British appeared off the port on two successive days. One, indeed, writes, "the delay and indecision on the part of the British brought in from the neighbouring counties a considerable number of militia, who, naturally thinking the enemy were afraid, betrayed great eagerness to join the contest." All these proofs are necessary, as none of the statements we have given are contained in Col. Bayne's letter,* from which it can only be gathered that the attack failed in consequence of the ships not being able to near the shore. Nor is a syllable to be found relative to waste of time through which the opportunity, afforded by the previous fair wind, had been lost, but only an allusion to *the continuation of the light and adverse winds*, and the insufficiency of the gun-boats to accomplish what the larger vessels, "*still far off*" might have done. It is not often that we have occasion to complain of a "muddled dispatch," but assuredly the one in question seems written for the express purpose of making the best out of what was a very discreditable affair to Sir George Prevost. A shade of excuse for the loss of time is to be found in Christie as he represents the attack as begun on the first day, and only interrupted by the capture of prisoners, to secure whom it was perhaps necessary to return to the ship, rendering it thus too late for further operation on that day; but even this is a poor excuse, and the trifling delay, had an energetic officer been in command, would have been soon repaired, the fair wind profited by, and the attack of the troops covered by the fire from the large vessels of the squadron.

To return, however, to the attack which was finally made early on the morning of the 29th. It began by a mistake, and the troops were landed on Horse Island, "where," (according to James,) "the grenadier company of the 100th, which formed the advance, meeting with some slight opposition from a six-pounder mounted *en barbette*, as well as from three or four hundred militia, stationed

**From Adjutant-General Baynes to Sir George Prevost.*

Kingston, May 30th, 1813.

SIR,—I have the honour to report to your Excellency, that in conformity to an arranged plan of operations with Commodore Sir James Yeo, the fleet of boats assembled a-stern of his ship, at 10 o'clock on the night of the 28th instant, with the troops placed under my command, and, led by a gun-boat, under Captain Mulcaster, royal navy, proceeded towards Sackett's Harbour, in the order prescribed to the troops, in case the detachment was obliged to march in column, viz:—the grenadier company, 100th, with one section of the royal Scots, two companies of the 8th, (or King's,) four of the 104th, two of the Canadian voltigeurs, two six pounders, with their gunners, and a company of Glengarry light infantry, were embarked on board a light schooner, which was proposed to be towed, under the directions of officers of the navy, so as to insure the guns being landed in time to support the advance of the troops. Although the night was dark, with rain, the boats assembled in the vicinity of Sackett's Harbour, by one o'clock, in compact and regular order; and in this position it was intended to remain until the day broke, in the hope of effecting a landing before the enemy could be prepared to line the woods with troops, which surrounded the coast; but, unfortunately, a strong current drifted the boats considerably, while the darkness of the night, and ignorance of the coast, prevented them from recovering their proper station until the day dawned, when the whole pulled for the point of debarkation.

It was my intention to have landed in the cove formed by Horse Island, but, on approaching it, we discovered that the enemy were fully prepared, by a very heavy fire of musketry from the surrounding woods, which were filled with

at that point, carried the six-pounder before a second discharge could be fired from it, and drove the American militia with precipitation into the woods." Christie's account of this is different, he says, "they" (the British) "first attempted to land on the Main, in a cove formed by Horse Island, but on approaching it, they found the enemy prepared for them, by a heavy fire of musketry, from the surrounding woods, supported by a field-piece. *They then pulled round and landed on the outside of the island.*"

After the troops were fairly landed it does not appear that they had any very obstinate resistance to encounter, and it is plain from both Christie's and James' account, that there was nothing to have prevented Sir George Prevost from accomplishing all that he desired. Thompson† is particularly severe on his countrymen, and his account by no means bears out Col. Bayne's assertion of the great resistance offered. "Though," says he, "they were well protected by the breast-work they rose from behind it, and abandoning the honorable promises of noble daring, which they had made but a little while before, fled with equal precipitation and disorder. A strange and unaccountable panic seized the whole line; and with the exception of a very few, terror and dismay were depicted on every countenance." Any remarks on Sir George from Veritas must be taken with due allowance for the animus which marks everything he wrote respecting that commander. His version runs thus: "The troops were disembarked, but without artillery, and advanced with their usual spirit, when the enemy in dismay fled, whilst our men coming to a block-house, which made some resistance, were checked. During this advance so hopeless did the enemy consider their situation, that they burnt a barrack or store, spiked the guns of a battery, and began their retreat through the villages, setting fire to their new frigate, the *Pyke*, then on the stocks, and General Brown, who commanded, had actually written a letter of capitulation, which he had appointed a flag of truce to carry to the commander, whilst a few men were kept in the block-house, to give an appearance of resistance, so as to obtain better terms. At this period, in an evil hour, Sir George Prevost, mistaking the enemy in running away, with the dust thereby thrown up, for a column of reinforcements arriving, immediately gave orders for a re-embarkation, and then was exhibited the extraordinary military spectacle of a retreat, I will not say a flight back to back." This picture is highly colored, but there is still much truth in it, and when Colonel Bayne's letter is stripped of its apologetic character, it will not be found to differ materi-

infantry supported by a field-piece. I directed the boats to pull round to the other side of the island, where a landing was effected in good order and with little loss, although executed in the face of a corps, formed with a field-piece in the wood, and under the enfilade of a heavy gun from the enemy's principal battery. The advance was led by the grenadiers of the 100th regiment, with undaunted gallantry, which no obstacle could arrest. A narrow causeway, in many places under water, not more than four feet wide, and about four hundred paces in length, which connected the island with the mainland, was occupied by the enemy, in great force, with a six-pounder. It was forced, and carried in the most spirited manner, and the gun taken before a second discharge could be made from it; a tumbril, with a few rounds of ammunition, was found; but, unfortunately, the artillerymen were still behind, the schooner not having been able to get up in time, and the troops were exposed to so heavy and galling a fire from a numerous, but almost invisible foe, as to render it impossible to halt for the artillery to come up. At this spot two paths led in opposite directions round the hill; I directed Colonel Young, of the King's regiment, with half of the detachment, to penetrate by the left; and Major Drummond, of the 104th, to force the path by the right, which proved to be more open, and was less occupied by the enemy. On the left the wood was very thick, and was most obstinately maintained by the enemy.

The gun-boats which had covered our landing, afforded material aid, by firing into the woods; but the American soldier, behind a tree, was only to be dislodged by the bayonet. The spirited advance of a section produced the flight of hundreds. From this observation all firing was directed to cease, and the detachment being formed in as regular order as the nature of the ground would admit, pushed forward through the wood upon the enemy, who, although greatly superior in numbers, and supported by field-pieces, and a heavy fire from their fort, fled with precipitation to their block-house, and fort, abandoning one of their guns. The division under Colonel Young was joined in the charge, by that under Major Drummond, which was executed with such spirit and promptness, that many of the enemy fell in their enclosed barracks, which were set on fire by our troops;—at this point the further energies of the troops became

† Sketches of the War, page 148.

ally in substance. James adds his testimony on this point, and after describing the British advance, goes on: "so hopeless did the Americans consider their case, that Lieutenant Chauncey set fire to the Navy barracks, the prize schooner *Duke of Gloucester*, the ship *General Pyke*, and completely destroyed the naval stores and provisions, which had been captured at York." The whole affair of "Sackett's Harbour may be thus summed up. Sir George Prevost, with an adequate force, made his appearance before it, with the intention of striking a blow at the seat of American naval operations on Lake Ontario, and of establishing British supremacy in that quarter. Indecision, we will not call it timidity, prevented his striking the blow, while the weather was yet favorable, and the enemy unprepared. When he did attempt to carry his plans into execution, a change of wind prevented the co-operation of the fleet, on board of which was also the artillery; and this circumstance, joined to the show of resistance, which the enemy, through the time afforded, were enabled to offer, would appear to have completely overthrown what little energy or decision of character he might have possessed. The result, as shown in Colonel Bayne's dispatch, was a retreat which blasted forever his reputatation as a military commander. An aggravation of the mistake committed, is also to be found in the want of necessity for the retreat. The testimony of James, Christie, and of American writers also, proves that it was perfectly practicable for Sir George to have made good his position until the ships could have come to his assistance, and even one passage of Col. Bayne's letter would go to establish the same fact. "But one sentiment of regret and mortification prevailed, on being obliged to quit a beaten enemy, whom a small band had driven before them for three hours."

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unavailing. Their block-house and stockaded battery could not be carried by assault, nor reduced by field-pieces, had we been provided with them; the fire of the gun-boats proved insufficient to attain that end: light and adverse winds continued, and our larger vessels were still far off. The enemy turned the heavy ordnance of the battery to the interior defence of his post. He had set fire to the store-houses in the vicinity of the fort.

Seeing no object within our reach to attain, that could compensate for the loss we were momentarily sustaining from the heavy fire of the enemy's cannon, I directed the troops to take up their position on the crest of the hill we had charged from. From this position we were ordered to re-embark, which was performed at our leisure, and in perfect order, the enemy not presuming to show a single soldier without the limits of his fortress. Your Excellency having been a witness of the zeal and ardent courage of every soldier in the field, it is unnecessary for me to assure your Excellency, that but one sentiment animated every breast, that of discharging to the utmost of their power their duty to their king and country. But one sentiment of regret and mortification prevailed, on being obliged to quit a beaten enemy, whom a small band of British soldiers had driven before them for three hours through a country abounding in strong positions of defence, but not offering a single spot of cleared ground favourable for the operations of disciplined troops, without having fully accomplished the duty we were ordered to perform.

The two divisions of the detachment were ably commanded by Colonel Young, of the King's, and Major Drummond, of the 104th. The detachment of the King's under Major Evans, nobly sustained the high and established character of that distinguished corps; and Captain Burke availed himself of the ample field afforded him in leading the advance, to display the intrepidity of British grenadiers.

The detachment of the 104th regiment, under Major Moodie, Captain M'Pherson's company of Glengarry light infantry, and two companies of Canadian voltigeurs, commanded by Major Hamot, all of them levies in the British Province of North America, evinced most striking proofs of their loyalty, steadiness and courage. The detachment of the royal Newfoundland regiment behaved with great gallantry. Your Excellency will lament the loss of that active and intelligent officer, Captain Gray, acting as deputy quarter-master-general, who fell close to the enemy's work, while reconnoitring it, in the hope to discover some opening to favour an assault. Commodore Sir James Yeo conducted the fleet of boats in the attack, and, accompanying the advance of the troops, directed the co-operation of the gun-boats. I feel most grateful for your Excellency's kind consideration, in allowing your aide-de-camps, Majors Coote and Fulton, to accompany me in the field, and to these officers for the able assistance they afforded me.

I have the honor to be, &c.

EDWARD BAYNES,

Col. Glengarry Light Infantry commanding.

To His Excellency Lieut.-Gen.
Sir George Prevost, Bart., &c.

Return of the killed, wounded, and missing, in an attack on Sackett's Harbour, on the 29th of May, 1813.

1 general staff, 3 sergeants, 44 rank and file, killed; 3 majors, 3 captains, 5 lieutenants, 1 ensign, 7 sergeants, 2 drummers, 172 rank and file, 2 gunners, wounded; 2 captains, 1 ensign, 13 rank and file, wounded and missing.

Had Sir George Prevost not proved his bravery in more than one field, his excess of prudence on this occasion, would almost warrant our giving a harsher appellation to his conduct, when we consider the insufficient causes which led to the precipitate abandonment of an enterprise which had cost so much preparation and loss of life. Besides, what were the causes for a retreat? Sir George assigned as his reason, the want of co-operation between the fleet and army. The Americans ascribe it to fear of being surrounded by General Brown, who, they allege, adopted the following stratagem to deceive the British General. Silently passing through the wood which led towards the point of landing, he evinced an intention to gain the rear of the British force, to take possession of the boats, and effectually to cut off his retreat. This convinced Sir George Prevost of the vast superiority of the American force, and induced him to give the order to retreat. There is some probability in this, although Sir George does not assign it as one of his motives, for if with the enemy in flight before him, he thought the absence of the ships a sufficient reason for his retreating in an opposite direction, the fear of being surrounded would have naturally added to his perplexity. Sir George's whole conduct in this affair, resembles that of a school-boy who has committed an inroad on an orchard, and half-frightened at his temerity, and scared at the sound of his own footsteps, runs away without securing the fruit which he had gathered. Sir James Yeo was quite opposed to the abandonment of the enterprise, and Sir George's conduct on the occasion gave rise to the animosity which afterwards existed between those officers.

What say American historians on this subject?* "He relinquished the further prosecution of an expedition, having for its primary object the capture and destruction of a post, the permanent possession of which only could give to the Americans any hope of a superiority on Lake Ontario; after having succeeded in his enterprise, in a degree which scarcely admits of being termed partial, and, through the predominance of his apprehension over his bravery and foresight, retired from the assault." The consequence which would have resulted had Sir George been bolder are thus set forth: "Its effects would have been long and deplorably felt by the American Government. Immense quantities of naval and military stores, which had been from time to time collected at that depôt, the frames and timbers which had been prepared for the construction of vessels of war, and the rigging and armaments which had been forwarded hither for their final equipment, as well as all the army clothing, camp equipage, provisions, ammunition, and implements of war, which had been previously captured from the enemy, would have fallen into his hands. The destruction of the batteries, the ships then on the stocks, the extensive cantonments, and the public arsenal, would have retarded the building of another naval force; and that which was already in the Lake in separate detachments, could have been intercepted in its attempt to return, and might have been captured in detail. The prize vessel which was then lying in harbor, and which had been taken by the Americans, and the two United States schooners, would have been certainly taken, and the whole energies of the American Government, added to their most vigorous and unwearied struggles, might never again have attained any prospect of an ascendancy on the Lake."

After reading this, and reflecting on what was lost, an inquiry into the number of killed and wounded only places matters in, if possible, a worse position. "The loss," says James, "on this unfortunate expedition was fifty men killed and two hundred and eleven wounded." The Americans acknowledge to have had a loss of one hundred and fifty-seven.

Great was the mortification of the people of Kingston, when, on the morning of the 30th, they saw the return of the fleet, with, instead of the whole garrison of Sackett's Harbor and an immense amount of military and naval stores, about one hundred prisoners. Loud were the animadversions and most bitter the strictures. It must not, however, be lost sight of that not the slightest attempt was made, during the investigation of the disgraceful failure, to throw the faintest imputation on the behaviour of the troops concerned in it. We will conclude this part of our subject by an extract from James, which, though perhaps

* Sketches of the war.

rather fanciful, is yet worthy of consideration. "What should we have gained by even a temporary possession of Sackett's Harbor. The American fleet, having no port to which it could retire, would have been compelled to fight, and Sir James Yeo, having the *Pyke* to add to his squadron, or even without her assistance, would have conquered with ease. The British Ontario fleet no longer wanted; its officers, seamen, and stores would have passed over to Lake Erie, and averted the calamities there; that done, they would have re-passed to Champlain, and prevented the Saranac, that flows into it, from becoming so famous. The least benefit of all would have been the saving to the nation of the incalculable sums expended in the building of ships, and the transportation of ordnance stores. Some will feel that the national pride would have been no loser, and able politicians could, perhaps, expatiate upon fifty other advantages that would have accrued had we retained possession, even for a few days, of Sackett's Harbor."

Speculations of this kind are generally of very little use; still, when we look at the complaints that were then being loudly made, throughout the United States, of the enormous drain on the country's resources, and the squandering of the thewes and sinews of the population, it adds to the regret that a general's timid and wavering conduct should have omitted to inflict a blow, which must have considerably increased the financial embarrassments so complained of. Ingersol, on this subject writes—"The British repulse at Sackett's Harbor was the last American success in 1813 on Lake Ontario or the St. Lawrence, where the enemy's good fortune never afterwards failed, except in Chauncey's partial success on the Lake." After this admission, he proceeds: "Border warfare, the worst of all, the most wasteful of men, money, and character, was our resort during two, for the most part disastrous, years. Nowhere in the world were such costly and fruitless hostilities as those carried on, over many hundreds of miles, from the swamps and wildernesses of Michigan to the mountain gorges of Canada. We recruited armies to be wasted on the borders of the Lakes, built and equipped fleets upon them, at monstrous expense, to wage small border wars. The sum expended on building vessels for Lake Ontario was nearly two millions of dollars, that expendad on Lakes Erie and Champlain four hundred thousand more. The waste of money was enormous; it was estimated that it cost a thousand dollars for every cannon conveyed to Sackett's Harbor! The flour for Harrison's army cost one hundred dollars per barrel. The multiplied incidental but inevitable charges of travel over wild regions without roads required, amongst other things, thousands of pack horses, each of which could only carry half a barrel of provisions, and required to be attended by trains of other horses, with forage for those laden with provisions. The distances were hundreds of miles over trackless deserts. Few horses survived more than one trip; many sunk under one. Of four thousand post-horses to supply Harrison's small army, but eight hundred were alive after the winter of 1812-13. Large quantities of flour were buried in mud and snow, from inability to carry it any further; large quantities damaged when arrived at the place of destination.

"Two-thirds of that deposited at Fort Meigs was spoiled and unfit for use. Fluctuations and increases of price were so great that many contractors were ruined, and it became necessary to purchase of other persons, when disappointed of regular supplies by the contractors. The waste of life in the American armies was also great from want of competent surgeons, instruments and medicines, and from the diseases caused by privations in insalubrious regions."

When we remember how prone our neighbors were to look at the £ s. d. view of matters, and how ill a young country could afford to support an expensive war, we find fresh cause for regret in Sir George Prevost's failure. Nothing would more surely have brought about a peace than the state of affairs recorded by Ingersol, a check had even been given to the national vanity by the capture of the *Chesapeake*, and the salutary lesson taught that they were not yet masters of the sea, and had vigorous measures been taken in the present instance, the movements on the frontiers of Canada, would in all probability, have dwindled down to mere petty skirmishes, until the Americans, wearied of hostilities resulting in nothing but loss of time and money, would have gladly made overtures for peace, even at the risk of com-

promising their new-fledged importance. We are the more inclined to hazard this assertion, from what appears to have been the state of the American army at that time. Stagnation in camps and garrisons on frontiers, bred disease; discontent and desertions, thinned the numbers and soured the tempers, and demoralized both men and officers. In one place we find as many as six soldiers shot for desertion, and such difficulties existed in procuring recruits, that "inveigling dissatisfied, worthless or intoxicated men to enlist, and then disciplining them by cruel and degrading corporal punishment, lashing them into good behaviour, was the only method of marshalling and replenishing our continually wasting armies."* Were our observations merely gleaned from the writings of one party, and that party opposed to the war, they would be as little worthy of attention as the mendacious columns put forth by the Government organ (Nile's Weekly Register), but they are not taken from the mere ebullitions of party feeling, but are the result of examination into Armstrong, the Secretary at War; Ingersol, who does not condemn the war, but only the mode in which it was carried on; and many others. The discussions in some of the State legislatures furnish additional proof that the American nation was beginning by this time to get heartily sick of the war. In short the more closely we examine the position of affairs, the deeper cause of regret do we find that General Brock's valuable life had not been spared, or that at least his mantle had not fallen on the shoulders of either Sir George Prevost or Sir Roger Sheaffe, to whose irresolution it may be ascribed, that a war begun with such vigour by General Brock should not have been checked more speedily. When it was possible to act vigorously without departing from the spirit of the instructions emanating from the Home Government.

Proceedings at west end of Lake Ontario: surprise at Stony Creek.

We left General Dearborn, in our last chapter, just as he had dispatched Generals Chandler and Winder, with two brigades of infantry, a considerable body of cavalry, and a strong detachment of artillery in pursuit of General Vincent, who had by that time received his reinforcements, and was now encamped on Burlington Heights. Determined as was the attitude assumed by General Vincent, his situation was, in reality, extremely critical. York on one side and Fort George on the other had fallen, and with a powerful hostile fleet on the lake, he was left without resources should the enemy approach with such a superior force as not to warrant his risking a battle. Again, did even a favorable opportunity for risking a contest present itself, he had but ninety rounds of ammunition per man, a quantity too small to admit of any very steady or prolonged course of action.

On the evening of the 5th June, the American army had reached Stony Creek, a point but a few miles from the position held by General Vincent, and as it was sunset, the Generals found it necessary to halt, and they proceeded to make the necessary disposition of the troops, so as to pass the night in safety. The proper arrangements were accordingly made, and the camp secured. Vincent, whose critical situation we have just noticed, now saw that to retain his present position, on which all his hopes of eventual success depended, he must, even with his small quantity of ammunition, risk another battle. While still uncertain as to the best course to be adopted, he received intimation of his advanced pickets having been driven in, and he dispatched Lieutenant Colonel Harvey* to reconnoitre and take an accurate view of the enemy's position. Harvey soon ascertained that the enemy's camp guards were few and negligent, that his line of encampment was long and broken; that his artillery was feebly supported, and several of the corps placed too far in the rear to aid in repelling a blow, rapidly and vigorously struck at their front, and reported the result of his observations to General Vincent, accompanied with a proposal to hazard a night attack. This General Vincent consented to, hoping to effect by surprise, what the small number of his force and want of ammunition forbade him to accomplish in the open field. In pursuance of his, or rather, Col. Harvey's plan, he commenced his march about midnight of the 5th June, with a force of seven hundred and four

* Ingersol.

* Afterwards Sir John Harvey, and Governor of New Brunswick.

rank and file. We will now enquire into the strength of the force that lay encamped at Stony Creek, under Generals Chandler and Winder.

When General Dearborn first determined on the pursuit of General Vincent, he had dispatched General Winder with a single brigade. This officer, in the progress of his march, was not long in discovering that the enemy's force would require greater odds to overcome, and he accordingly decided on awaiting, at Forty-mile Creek, the arrival of such reinforcements as, on a representation of the circumstances of the case, the general might think proper to send to his aid. On the 3rd June, Brigadier General Chandler brought up a second brigade, thus accounting for the two brigades we have already mentioned. We will now pause to examine into the numerical strength of these two bodies.

They consisted, according to James (who, however, confesses that the only assistance he could procure from the American accounts was the name of the regiments and corps), of the 5th, 13th, 14th, 16th, 22d, and 23d regiments of infantry, divided into two brigades. The strength of these brigades, if we take the lowest returns in an American work, was fourteen hundred and fifty each. Admitting that only half the artillery force from Fort George was despatched, that would give four hundred more, (and this calculation is not unlikely, when we remember that General Winder had sent for reinforcements, on the plea of his weakness.) Col. Burns' cavalry force was ascertained to be two hundred and fifty. We have now two brigades of fourteen hundred and fifty each, with artillery and the cavalry, making in all, thirty-four hundred and fifty. Armstrong, in noticing Winder's pursuit, speaks of, first, one brigade eight hundred strong, and then mentions the second, but without condescending to numbers, or taking notice of the artillery or cavalry; even this, allowing the strength of the second brigade to have equalled the first, would give, including the cavalry and artillery, twenty-two hundred men. Ingersol states the force at thirteen hundred, but in such a confused manner as to render it difficult to determine whether the thirteen hundred men mentioned formed the whole body, or only the whole of Chandler's reinforcement. Be it as it may, there is every ground for assuming, even from these statements, imperfect as they are, that the American force encamped at Stony Creek, on the night of the 5th June, was not less than twenty-two hundred to twenty-five hundred strong.

To return, however, to the attack which was led by Colonel Harvey in person. The first thing accomplished was the surprise and capture of every man of the American pickets, without giving the slightest alarm to the main body. This effected, the centre of the encampment was attacked. We prefer, however, giving General Vincent's official account, as it is modestly written, although differing somewhat from Ingersol's account, which unblushingly states—"The encampment was confounded by a surprise, which, nevertheless, the officers beat off, all behaving well, and many of the young officers displaying an ardor which only wanted occasion and good commanders." Armstrong, on this subject, writes: "But little more mismanagement was now wanting, to make the campaign of 1813, as much a subject of ridicule at home, and contempt abroad, as that of the preceding year, on the 6th of June, *the day on which Burns was flying when none pursued*, an order was received from the commander-in-chief, recalling, without loss of time, the whole army to Fort George, and virtually abandoning all the objects of the campaign; nor was even this ill-judged movement executed, without a disorder which entailed upon it the loss of twelve boats, principally laden with the baggage of the army." The Burns here mentioned is the officer on whom devolved the command of the American army after the capture of the two Generals, Winder and Chandler.

Is it probable that the Secretary at War would have expressed himself in such strong terms of condemnation had the "surprise" at Stony Creek been as trifling as Ingersol represents? To return, however, to Gen. Vincent's official account:—

Burlington-heights, head of Lake Ontario,
June 6th, 1813.

Sir,—Having yesterday received information of the enemy having advanced from the Forty-mile Creek, with a force consisting of 3500, eight or nine field-pieces, and 250 cavalry, for the avowed purpose of attacking the division under my command in this position,

and having soon afterwards received a report that he had passed the swamp, and driven in my advanced posts from Stony Creek and Brady's, lieutenant-col. Harvey, deputy-adjutant-general, immediately went forward with the light companies of the king's, and 49th regiments; and having advanced close to, and accurately ascertained, the enemy's position, sent back to propose to me a night attack on the camp.

The enemy's camp was distant about seven miles. About half-past eleven I moved forward with five companies of the 8th (or King's), and the 49th regiments, amounting together to seven hundred and four firelocks; lieutenant-colonel Harvey who conducted it with great regularity and judgement, gallantly led on the attack. The enemy was completely surprised, and driven from his camp, after having repeatedly formed into different bodies, and been as often charged by our brave troops, whose conduct, throughout this brilliant enterprise, was above all praise. The action terminated before day light, when three guns and one brass howitzer, with three tumbrils; two brigadier-generals, Chandler and Winder, first and second in command, and upwards of 100 officers, non-commissioned officers, and privates, remained in our hands.

Not conceiving it prudent to expose our small force to the view of the enemy, who, though routed, and dispersed, was still formidable as to numbers and position, he having fled to the surrounding heights, and having still four or five guns, the troops were put in motion at day-break and marched back to their cantonments. After we had retired and it became broad day, the enemy ventured to re-occupy his camp, only, however, for the purpose of destroying his incumbrances, such as blankets, carriages, provisions, spare arms, ammunition, &c; after which, he commenced a precipitate retreat towards the Forty-mile Creek, where he effected a junction with a body of 2000 men, who were on their march from Niagara to reinforce him.

I cannot conclude this despatch without calling your excellency's attention to the following officers:—

To lieutenant-col. Harvey, the deputy-adjutant general, my obligations are particularly due. From the first moment the enemy's approach was known, he watched his movements, and afforded me the earliest information. To him, indeed, I am indebted for the suggestion and plan of operation; nothing could be more clear than his arrangements, nor more completely successful in the result. The conduct of major Plenderleath, who commanded the 49th regiment was very conspicuous. By his decision and prompt efforts, the surprize of the enemy's camp was completed, and all his efforts to make a stand were rendered ineffectual by the bayonet, which overthrew all opposition. A party of the 49th, with major Plenderleath at their head, gallantly charged some of the enemy's field-pieces, and brought off two six-pounders.

Major Ogilvie led on, in the most gallant manner, the five companies of the King's regiment; and whilst one-half of that highly disciplined and distinguished corps supported the 49th regiment, the other part moved to the right, and attacked the enemy's left flank, which decided our midnight contest.

I have also received the greatest assistance from major Glegg, brigade-major to the forces, and beg leave to mention the names of captains M'Dowal and Milnes, your excellency's aides-de-camp, who accompanied me to the attack, and upon all occasions have volunteered their services. I have likewise to acknowledge the assistance of captain Chambers, of the 41st regiment, who had arrived some days before from Amherstburgh; and Mr. Brook, pay-master of the 49th, who assisted me as acting aide-de-camp.

To Mr. Hackett, acting-staff-surgeon to this army, I feel particularly indebted, for his judicious arrangements, by which the wounded have received every attention, and are most of them likely to be restored to the service.

It would be an act of injustice, were I to admit assuring your excellency, that gallantry and discipline were never more conspicuous than during our late short service; and I feel the greatest satisfaction in assuring you, that every officer and individual seemed anxious to rival each other in his efforts to support the honor of His Majesty's arms, and to maintain the high character of British troops.

I beg leave to refer your excellency to the

inclosed reports for particulars respecting our loss, which, I regret, has been very severe.

I have the honor to be, &c.

John Vincent,
Brigadier-gen'l.

General return of killed, wounded, and missing, in action with the enemy near the head of Lake Ontario, June 6th, 1813.

Total; 1 lieutenant, 3 serjeants, 19 rank and file, killed; 2 majors, 5 captains, 2 lieutenants, 1 ensign, 1 adjutant, 1 fort-major, 9 serjeants, 2 drummers, 113 rank and file, wounded; 3 serjeants, 52 rank and file missing.

General Dearborn's official letter is even more absurd than Ingersol's remarks; and it is impossible to reconcile the policy he adopted immediately afterwards with the contents of his despatch. It will be seen by this document, which follows, that he almost claims a victory:

"I have received an express from the head of the Lake this evening, with intelligence that our troops, commanded by Brigadier-General Chandler, were attacked at two o'clock this morning by the whole of the British and Indian force; and by some strange fatality, though our loss was but small (not exceeding thirty), and the enemy completely routed and driven from the field, both Brigadiers Chandler and Winder were taken prisoners. They had advanced to ascertain the position of a company of artillery, when the attack commenced. General Vincent is reported to be amongst the killed of the enemy. Col. Clarke was mortally wounded, and fell into our hands, with fifty prisoners of the 49th British regiment. The whole loss of the enemy is two hundred and fifty. They sent in a flag, with a request to bury their dead. General Lewis, accompanied by Brigadier-General Boyd, goes on to take command of the advanced troops."

An analysis of this letter will be interesting, and really so curious a document deserves the trouble, as it is but seldom that an official paper, written with such an utter disregard of truth, can be found. "The whole of the British and Indian force." The Secretary at War, at least, was not deceived by General Dearborn's letter, for, in his remarks, he speaks of the British force as "seven hundred combatants."

In the next place, as to the Indians, there were not altogether more than thirty, and these were at Burlington Heights, where they remained. General Dearborn's allusion to them was, however, a sufficient foundation on which Mr. O'Connor, in his history, has constructed a very imposing passage. "The army, on this occasion, has proved its firmness and bravery, by keeping its position in a night attack, in which the yells of the Indians mingled with the roaring of the cannon and musketry, were calculated to intimidate." To resume our analysis, General Dearborn pronounces "the enemy completely routed and driven from the field," and yet practically contradicts his own statements by immediately after retiring from before a "routed enemy" again—so far from the British sending in a flag of truce "to bury the dead," the Americans retired,* and *left their own dead to be buried by the British.* Lastly, although General Vincent was killed by Dearborn over night, he had sufficiently recovered from the shock which he must have experienced at hearing of his own death, to entertain the two American generals, at dinner, next day, and to inform them of the capture of four of their guns and one hundred and twenty men, a point on which General Dearborn and others

* One of the American accounts of the Stony Creek business contains the following statement: "Captain Manners, of that regiment, (the 49th) was taken in his bed by lieutenant Riddle; who, from a principle of humanity, put him on his parole, on condition of his not serving the enemy, until he should be exchanged. An engagement which that officer violated, by appearing in arms against the American troops, immediately after the recovery of his health." This is a serious charge against a brave officer, now living. Thus it is answered. Close to captain Manners, on the field, lay a captain Mills, of the American army, still more severely wounded. The two officers agreed, and mutually pledged their honors, that, no matter by which party captured, they should be considered as exchanged and at liberty to serve again. Lieutenant Riddle soon afterwards came up; and, although he could not stay to bring away even his friend, exacted a parole from captain Manners. When the American army subsequently fled, the two officers were found by the British. The instant captain Mills recovered from his wounds, he was sent by a flag to the American lines; and captain Manners became of course, exonerated from his parole. That an American editor should give insertion to any story, reflecting upon a British officer, is not at all strange. But it is so, that an American officer should have allowed three editions of Mr. Thompson's book to pass, every one containing so scandalous a paragraph.

have thought it proper to observe a judicious silence.

Armstrong, in his strictures on this affair, declares that the position of the American army, on the morning of the 6th, was not such as to render a retreat, either necessary or expedient, and blames General Dearborn very severely for withdrawing the troops to Fort George. Could any credit be attached to the American accounts of the events that transpired between the 5th and 10th of June? this condemnation could not be wondered at, but there is such a discrepance between their narrations and the British versions, as almost to induce the belief of his having been in some measure misled by the garbled accounts transmitted to him, and that, in consequence, he condemned the American general for retiring without sufficient cause.

Now, when we consult Christie and James, it will be seen that, to a man of General Dearborn's habits, there was really one, though an insufficient cause for his prudence. It was the appearance of the British fleet, off the coast, that induced Dearborn, under the apprehension that a serious attack was meditated on Fort George, to direct the immediate return of his troops to that point. James says, "On the 3rd of June, Sir James Yeo, with his squadron, on board of which he had some clothing and provisions, and about two hundred and eighty of the 8th regiment, for Major-General Vincent, sailed from Kingston to co-operate with that officer, as well as, by intercepting the enemy's supplies, and otherwise annoying him, to provoke Commodore Chauncey to reappear on the lake." At daylight, on the morning of the 8th, Sir James found himself close to General Lewis' camp, at the Forty-mile Creek. It being calm, the larger vessels could not get in, but the *Beresford* and *Sdiney Smith* schooners, and one or two gun-boats, succeeded in approaching within range of the American batteries. Four pieces of artillery were brought down to the beach; and in less than half an hour a temporary furnace for heating shot was in operation."* Whatever effect the American guns, with their heated shot might have had on the British fleet, it did not prevent General Lewis from breaking up his camp and retreating to Fort George, despatching his camp, equipage and baggage in batteaux to the fort. The fate of these batteaux was soon decided; twelve of them, with their contents, were captured by the *Beresford*, and the remaining five were driven on shore, where they were abandoned by their crews. Sir James Yeo, in order to carry out the instructions he had, by this time, received from General Vincent, landed the detachment of the 8th, under Major Evans, and this corps, joined by the flank companies of the 49th and one battalion company of the 41st, which had arrived from the Heights, now mustering four hundred and fifty rank and file, entered the deserted American camp, where they found five hundred tents, one hundred stand of arms, one hundred and forty barrels of flour, and about seventy wounded, whom they made prisoners. Not one syallable of all this appears in any of the American accounts. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at, that General Armstrong was at a loss to account for Dearborn's precipitate withdrawal of his troops.

Result of the Dearborn and Chauncey expedition.

If the hopes and expectations of the cabinet at Washington had been raised, to any very high pitch by anticipatory sketches of what was to be effected, by the combined attacks of the army and fleet, the actual results fell very far short of the promises held out by the general and the naval commander. The western peninsula, it was confidently anticipated, was to have been occupied, leaving the troops time and opportunity to attack in detail Kingston, Montreal, and Quebec. Instead of this state of affairs, what was the actual position of the American troops and fleet at this time?

Two demonstrations had been made, one at York, the other at Fort George: in the first instance, some munitions of war had been captured, but then, this had just been destroyed at Sackett's Harbour—so nothing had been gained there; in the second instance an untenable fort had been taken possession of. These exploits had cost, besides, much time and men, and money, but had not, in reality, advanced the plan of the campaign one iota. Chauncey had accomplished nothing, and was now at Sackett's Harbour, and Dearborn

*Sketches of the War. Notices of the War in which it is stated—"But a few discharges of hot shot soon convinced the British commanders, that the experiment was not likely to turn out advantageously."

himself was, through tne tactics of Colonel Bisshopp and Gen. Vincent, confined to the precincts of Fort George, which, from a fortress, had been now virtually reduced to a prison, with limits, little, if at all exceeding the range of its cannon. To account for a state of things so unexpected, and, considering the slender means of defence possessed by the British, so unhoped for, we must look for other causes than the mere valour of the British regulars or Canadian militia, as however gallant their conduct might have been in the field, however patient their behaviour during the hardships and privations of the campaign, still the odds brought against them had been so overwhelming as properly directed to have swept away all opposition. We do not, by any means, desire to deprive the British or Canadian soldier of one particle of honor and praise to which he is so justly entitled; we only desire to observe that it was a most fortunate train of events that gave to the Americans a succession of leaders whose incapacity neutralized, in a great measure, their numerical superiority. Whatever Gen. Dearborn might have been, it is very evident that he was at this time quite unfit for the harrassing duties which had devolved upon him. A few extracts will shew this. In a letter of the 4th June, he says, "I am still very feeble, and gain strength very slowly." June 8th. "My ill-state of health rendes it extremely painful to attend to current duties, and unless it improves soon, I fear I shall be compelled to retire to some place where my mind may be more at ease." This state of health will account satisfactorily for the desponding tone of his despatch of 20th June, a short time before his recall from the command of the district. "From resignations, sicknesss, and other causes, the number of regimental officers present and fit for duty is far below what the service requires. A considerable portion of the army being new recruits, and the weather being unfavourable to health, the sick have become so numerous, in addition to the wounded, as to reduce the effective force far below what could have been contemplated. The enemy have been reinforced with about five hundred men of the 104th regiment, whence I conclude that he will endeavour to keep up such a plan, at, and near the head of the lake, as will prevent any part of our force in this quarter from joining, or *proceeding to Sackett's Harbour to attack Kingston;* and such is the state of the roads in this flat country, in consequence of continual rain, as to render any operations against the enemy extremely difficult, without the aid of a fleet for the transportation of provisions, ammunition and other necessary supplies. The enemy would probably retreat on our approach, and keep out of our reach, being covered by one or more armed vessels. The whole of these embarrassments have resulted from a temporary loss of the command of the lake." The poor old general was plainly very willing to find some cause on which to saddle the effect produced by his infirmities, and after reading the account of the two fresh disasters which now befell him, the reader will not be surprised to find that an order was issued on the 6th July, recalling him from the command of the district; and enjoining on his successor "not to prosecute any offensive operation, until our ascendancy on the lake was re-established."* Before closing this subject it may be as well to remind the reader that, at the very time General Dearborn was enumerating the addition of five hundred men to General Vincent's force as a reason for abandoning his plans, he had under his command, at Fort George alone, double the number of regular troops in all Western Canada. Had we not, in our enumeration of his force already shown this, we have a proof of it in Ingersoll's admission. Alluding to Dearborn's recall, he says, "*before* Wilkinson took the command, our forces in Canada, about *four thousand* strong, were shut up in Fort George." At this very time Proctor and Vincent's forces united would not have made up an effective body of two thousand men. And, if we turn to the other end of the lake, we will find the garrisons and other posts equally deficient in point of numbers. What says Armstrong on this head? "1st. Prevost, on his arrival at Prescott, borrowed from that part an escort of soldiers to prevent his being captured on his way to Kingston—a fact utterly inconsistent with the report of his having brought with him large detachments from Quebec and Montreal. 2nd. That Proctor, Barclay, Vin-

* This Act of executive authority originated with that portion of the House of Representatives most active and influential in supporting the war.

cent and Sheaffe, so far from being in a condition to yield any aid to the attack on Sackett's Harbour, were themselves in great want of reinforcements—Proctor postponing on that account, an attack which he had been ordered to make on Perry's fleet, then fitting out. 3rd. That, when late in the month of May, the British commander-in-chief (induced by the continued absence of the American fleet and army at the head of the lake) made an attack on Sackett's Harbour, he was unable to bring against that post more than seven hundred combatants, conduct utterly unaccountable in an old soldier, having at his disposition a force of either* six or eight thousand men. 4th. That the maximum of the British force at Kingston, in 1813, was one thousand men.† And lastly, that Sheaffe's papers, taken at York, and examined by Col. Connor, aide-de-camp to General Dearborn, 'showed satisfactorily that the garrison at Kingston, during the winter and spring of 1813, was *weak*, and much below the force necessary for its defence.'"

These remarks of Armstrong will serve as a proof of our assertion, that had the Americans been well officered, or had the war been so popular as to have admitted of the choice of generals, from other parties besides the one with whom "war measures" had been the ruling policy, their numbers were on all occasions so overwhelmingly superior as to have precluded the hope of any successful opposition, however gallant might have been the behaviour of the regulars, however determined might have been the militia to die in defence of their hearths and homes, or had even every soldier, regular or militia, possessed individually the energy or spirit of the lamented Brock.

Affair at the Beaver Dam.

As soon as General Vincent had, by his reinforcements, and the successful issue of the night attack at Stony Creek, been relieved from the embarrassing situation in which he had been placed, he actively recommenced offensive measures, placing the right division of his little force under the command of Lieutenant Colonel Bisshopp, who pushed forward detachments, and took up two positions, commanding the cross roads at the Ten-mile Creek and the Beaver Dam. It was so arranged by preconcerted signals, that their stations could readily support each other. Dearborn finding that these manœuvres had very materially circumscribed the range of his troops, who were now compelled to live on their own resources, determined to check farther encroachments on his ease, and despatched Lieutenant Colonel Bœrstler, with a detachment of nearly seven hundred men, from Fort George, to attack and disperse that portion of Col. Bisshopp's command which had taken up their position in a stone house near the Beaver Dam. This detachment consisted of thirty men of the one-hundred-and-fourth, and were in communication with a party of Indians, who, under the command of Captain Kerr, and about two hundred strong, occupied the woods. Col. Bœrstler in his march came unexpectedly on this body of Indians, who, lining the woods, their numbers partially concealed by the cover, immediately attacked him. The thirty men of the 104th soon came to the assistance of Captain Kerr, and a warm skirmish ensued, which had lasted for about two hours, when Col. Bœrstler dreading an ambuscade, commenced a retreat towards Lundy's Lane, but was immediately attacked from the wood by a small body of about twenty militia, under Col. Thomas Clark, who, accidentally passing, had been attracted by the firing. Col. Bœrstler now began to think that matters looked serious, but instead of retreating as fast as he could, he sent for reinforcements to Fort George, sixteen miles distant.

While waiting for the arrival of these, and making good his position, Lieutenant Fitzgibbon, of the 49th, arrived on the field (if we may apply that expression to a beechwood), and after reconnoitring, and hearing that reinforcements had been sent for, this officer determined on the bold step of summoning the Americans to surrender.* This proposal, doubtless very

* As stated by Dearborn.

† A fact ascertained by General Brown during the war, and, subsequently, on a visit to that place

* The circumstances connected with the affair at the Beaver Dam, where Col. Fitzgibbon (then Lieut. Fitzgibbon) gained so much praise for the victory achieved by him over the Americans, was owing to information which Mrs. Secord, the widow of James Secord, Esq., deceased, formerly of Queenston, who was wounded at the battle of that place (13th October, 1812), obtained from private sources of the inten-

much to Lieut. Fitzgibbon's surprise, Col. Bœrstler, seeing no prospect of escaping or saving his wounded, who were by this time pretty numerous, consented to, and terms of capitulation were forthwith agreed on.

Just as these were being drawn up, Major de Haren, who had been sent for by Lieutenant Fitzgibbon, arrived, bringing with him about two hundred and twenty men. This body came up in time to secure the prisoners, but not sufficiently so to save Col. Bœrstler the disgrace of having surrendered to a body, which, with the two hundred Indians, did not half equal that under his command.

Capitulation of Colonel Bœrstler and five hundred and forty-one American troops.

Particulars of the capitulation made between Captain M'Dowell, on the part of Lieut.-Col Bœrstler, of the United States' army, and Major De Haren, of His Britannic Majesty's Canadian regiment, on the part of Lieutenant Colonel Bisshopp, commanding the advance of the British, respecting the force under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Bœrstler.

Article I. That Lieut.-Col. Bœrstler, and the force under his command, shall surrender prisoners of war.

Article II. That the officers shall retain their arms, horses, and baggage.

Article III. That the non-commissioned officers and soldiers shall lay down their arms at the head of the British column, and shall become prisoners of war.

Artile IV. That the militia and volunteers, with Lieutenant Colonel Bœrstler, shall be permitted to return to the United States on parole.

ANDREW M'DOWELL,
Capt. of the U. S. Light Artillery.
Acceded to and signed, P. G. BŒRSTLER,
Lieut.-Col. commanding detachment
United States' Army.
P. V. DEHAREN,
Major, Canadian regiment.

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tion of the American troops to surround and take Fitzgibbon and party, which consisted at that time of a detachment of the 49th regiment, some few militia, and a small body of Indians, to oppose some 500 of the American infantry and a detachment of some 50 of mounted American dragoons. The difficulty of reaching Lieut Fitzgibbon's post is thus related in Mrs. Secord's own words:—"I shall commence at the battle of Queenston, where I was at the time the cannon balls were flying around me in every direction. I left the place during the engagement. After the battle I returned to Queenston, and then found that my husband had been wounded; my house plundered and property destroyed. It was while the Americans had possession of the frontier, that I learned the plans of the American commander, and determined to put the British troops under Fitzgibbon in possession of them, and, if possible, to save the British troops from capture, or, perhaps, total destruction. In doing so, I found I should have great difficulty in getting through the American guards, which were out ten miles in the country. Determined to persevere, however, I left early in the morning, walked nineteen miles in the month of June, over a rough and difficult part of the country, when I came to a field belonging to a Mr. Decamp, in the neighborhood of the Beaver Dam. By this time daylight had left me. Here I found all the Indians encamped; by moonlight the scene was terrifying, and to those accustomed to such scenes, might be considered grand. Upon advancing to the Indians they all rose and, with some yells, said "Woman," which made me tremble. I cannot express the awful feeling it gave me; but I did not lose my presence of mind. I was determined to persevere. I went up to one of the chiefs, made him understand that I had great news for Capt. Fitzgibbon, and that he must let me pass to his camp, or that he and his party would be all taken. The chief at first objected to let me pass, but finally consented, after some hesitation, to go with me and accompany me to Fitzgibbon's station, which was at the Beaver Dam, where I had an interview with him. I then told him what I had come for, and what I had heard—that the Americans intended to make an attack upon the troops under his command, and would, from their superior numbers, capture them all. Benefitting by this information, Capt. Fitzgibbon formed his plans accordingly, and captured about five hundred American infantry, about fifty mounted dragoons, and a field-piece or two was taken from the enemy. I returned home next day, exhausted and fatigued. I am now advanced in years, and when I look back I wonder how I could have gone through so much fatigue, with the fortitude to accomplish it.

(*Certificate.*)

I do hereby certify that Mrs. Secord, the wife of James Secord, of Chippewa, Esq., did, in the month of June, 1813, walk from her house in the village of St. Davids to Decamp's house in Thorold, by a circuitous route of about twenty miles, partly through the woods, to acquaint me that the enemy intended to attempt by surprise to capture a detachment of the 49th regiment, then under my command, she having obtained such knowledge from good authority, as the event proved. Mrs. Secord was a person of slight and delicate frame, and made the effort in weather excessively warm, and I dreaded at the time that she must suffer in health in consequence of fatigue and anxiety, she having been exposed to danger from the enemy, through whose line of communication she had to pass. The attempt was made on my detachment, by the enemy and his detachment, consisting of upwards of 500 men, with a field-piece, and fifty dragoons were captured in consequence. I write this certificate in a moment of much hurry and from memory, and it is therefore thus brief.

(Signed) JAMES FITZGIBBON,
Formerly Lieutenant in the 49th Regt.

Reinforcements arrive at Queenston, but return to Fort George.

As soon as General Dearborn heard of Bœrstler's critical situation, he dispatched Col. Christie with a reinforcement of three hundred men. The detachment marched as far as Queenston, where, hearing of Bœrstler's surrender, Col. Christie returned to the camp.

Proceedings in Congress on receipt of news of Bœrstler surrender.

Congress had been in session about a month when the intelligence of this affair reached Washingon, and it served as a sort of climax to the continual tidings of mismanagement and misfortune. Ingersol says, "after a short communion of regret and impatience in the House of Representatives with the Speaker and General Ringold, I was deputed to wait on the President, and request General Dearborn's removal from a command which so far had been thus unfortunate." This remonstrance had the desired effect, and, as we have already seen, Dearborn was recalled, and, according to Ingersol, "the northern army was relieved of a veteran leader, whose age and ill-health, (whatever previous military reputation he might have acquired by distinguished service, bravery, and activity in the war of the Revolution) disqualified him for active and enterprising services, but in his successor, Gen. Wilkinson, did not get a younger, healthier, or more competent commander.

From the date of Bœrstler's surrender to the end of June, no movements of any importance took place in the Niagara district, the British forces gradually closing round Fort George, and watching carefully the American army, who still occupied that position. A negative good was, however, thus effected, as the services of fully four thousand men were lost to the country, while the expense and labour of supplying so large a body were daily becoming more felt, and increased the feelings of dissatisfaction entertained by the more sensible and reflecting portion of the Union. Two expeditions were undertaken early in July, the result of which proved the benefit derived from keeping the American army cooped up at Fort George.

Col. Clark's expedition against Fort Schlosser.

The first expedition was undertaken by Lieut. Col. Thos. Clark, of the Canadian Militia, on the night of the 4th July —Col. Clark's party crossed over, from Chippewa to Fort Schlosser, and succeeded in capturing the guard stationed there, bringing with them, as the fruits of their enterprise, a large quantity of provisions, one brass gun (a six-pounder), besides several stand of arms, with much ammunition! This affair was but trifling, still it serves to show the zeal of the militia, while the loss of the provisions was a serious blow to the enemy. The success which attended Col. Clark's exploit determined Col. Bisshopp to put in execution the plans he had formed against the important post at Black Rock. On the 11th July, therefore, he crossed over at day break with a party of two hundred and forty men, consisting of militia, and drafts from the 8th, 41st and 49th regiments. The surprise of the enemy was complete, and the blockhouses, stores, barracks, dock-yard and one vessel were destroyed, or secured within the Canadian lines. Ingersol, in noticing this, is not very complimentary to his countrymen, "There was a militia force more than sufficient to repel this daring invasion; but they ran away without resisting it!* Unfortunately in his anxiety to secure as much as possible of the captured stores, Col. Bisshopp delayed his return longer than prudence warranted, and afforded time for the Americans to recover from their surprise and consternation. When retiring to their boats the British were attacked by a strong body of American regulars, militia, and *some Indians*, whom General Porter had collected, and the consequence was, that a heavy loss was experienced before the retreat could be effected—amongst the number of those who died from their wounds, was the gallant commander himself, a most promising young officer, of but twenty-seven years old.

Col. Bisshopp's expedition against Black Rock.

* An effect of the Eastern doctrine (on the causes and character of the war), industriously circulated in the Northern and Western frontiers of New York.—*Armstrong's Notes.*

NOVA SCOTIA.

HALIFAX.

The tourist, who may have only seen the coast-line of Nova Scotia, or at most, perhaps, the interior of its rugged harbours, is forcibly reminded of the shores of Sweden and Finland, or the rocks and inlets of the western coasts of Norway, and the conception formed must be that of a region as wild and rugged as any inhabited country can be. It is thus that, by far the greater number of those who have hitherto returned from this part of North America, both Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, have been unjustly depressed in European estimation.

The interior parts of these provinces are not, however, represented by these barren borders—" though, says Professor Johnson, they do contain large tracts of poor and difficult land, yet rich districts recur which rival in natural fertility the most productive counties of Great Britain." The colonists, therefore, complain, and not without reason, that the evil impression conveyed by the rocky surface, the scanty herbage, and the endless pine forests, has diverted the tide of British settlers, British capital, and British enterprise, to more southern regions, in reality not more favoured by nature than they are themselves.

We have dwelt, however, in former papers at such lengths on the capabilities of these districts, that it were unnecessary to pursue the subject farther, the more especially as Johnson in his "Notes" has done much lately to disabuse Europeans of the prejudices which they may have too hastily conceived. We will, therefore, at once introduce the reader to that part of our subject more immediately under notice—Halifax.

The harbour of that city is justly reckoned to be one of the safest and most commodious known, and in it the united navies of the world could securely float. Nature has here been the great workman, and art has only improved one of the natural basins which the Atlantic coast of Nova Scotia, from Cape Canseau to the Bay of Fundy, everywhere presents. The city is built near the centre of a peninsula formed by two inlets, that to the east forming properly Halifax harbour. These inlets extend a considerable distance inland, the entrance being sheltered by N'Nab's Island. The town stretches along the shore for nearly (including the suburbs) three miles, and boasts spacious, regular streets, crossing each other at right angles, with the usual mixture of wooden and handsome cut-stone houses. The churches of the various denominations are numerous, one of the largest of which is the Roman Catholic cathedral. Many of the public buildings are well-built, ornate, and substantial structures, the principal of which is the Province building, containing the chief Government offices, the public library, &c.; this is built of freestone, and is a remarkably handsome building. Amongst the others may be enumerated Dalhousie college, the military hospital, prison, workhouse, exchange, assembly-room, theatre, and several good public schools. The dockyard is one of the finest in the Colonies, and covers about fourteen acres of ground. The harbour directly in front of the town, where ships usually anchor, is not more than a mile broad, but a little farther up it expands into a wide reach called Bedford basin, comprising an area of ten square miles. Along the water's edge, in front of the town, are the numerous wharves, alongside of which the largest vessels can lie, to take in or discharge their cargoes; and immediately above are the principal warehouses. The harbour, which is the principal naval station for North America, is defended by several very strong forts and batteries. The tonnage belonging to Halifax is very considerable, and is every day rapidly on the increase, amounting already to about one hundred and thirty square-rigged vessels, a couple of hundred schooners and brigantines, with a host of smaller craft for the coasting trade. In the city are found the usual manufactories, breweries and distilleries; and amongst the exports are lumber, coals, corn, flour, cattle, butter, cheese, whale and seal oil, furs and fish. The fishing, indeed, is so considerable, as to demand a more particular notice, and this we extract from Johnson's notes:

" There are four circumstances which seem to concur in promising a great future extension to this maritime portion of Nova Scotian industry. In the first place, the sea and bays, and inlets along the whole Atlantic border, swarm with fish of many kinds, which are the natural inheritance of the Nova Scotian

fishermen. Second, this coast is everywhere indented with creeks and harbours, from which the native boats can at all times issue, and to which they can flee for shelter. Thirdly, there exists in the native forests—and over three millions of acres in this province probably always will exist—an inexhaustible supply of excellent timber for the shipbuilder. And, lastly, from the influence of the Gulf stream most probably, the harbours of Nova Scotia are, in ordinary seasons, open and unfrozen during the entire winter; while, north of Cape Canseau, the harbours and rivers of Prince Edward's Island and of the Canadas are closed up by ice. This latter circumstance if a railway should be made from Halifax to the St. Lawrence, ought to place the West India trade of a large portion of the Canadas and of New Brunswick in the hands of the Nova Scotia merchants—while all the circumstances taken together will doubtless, in the end, make them the chief purveyors of fish both to Europe and America. At present, they complain of the bounties given by their several Governments to the French and United States fishermen. But bounties are in all countries only a temporary expedient; one part of a people gets tired at last, of paying another part to do what is not otherwise profitable; bounties are therefore abolished, and employment in consequence languishes. The fisheries of Nova Scotia are the surer to last that they are permitted or encouraged to spring up naturally, without artificial stimulus, and in the face of an ardent competition.

Of the coast fisheries, the most important to the trade of Halifax is that of mackerel. This fish abounds along the whole shores, but the best *takes* are usually made in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, off the shores of Cape Breton and Prince Edward's Island, and especially at Canseau, where the qnantity of fish has been "*so great at times as actually to obstruct navigation.*" The excitement caused by the arrival of a shoal of mackerel, is thus described by Judge Haliburton, in *The Old Judge* :—

"Well, when our friends the mackerel strike in towards the shore, and travel round the province to the northward, the whole coasting population is on the stir too. Perhaps there never was seen, under the blessed light of the sun, anything like the everlasting number of mackerel in one shoal on our sea-coast. Millions is too little a word for it; acres of them is too small a term to give a right notion; miles of them, perhaps, is more like the thing; and, when they rise to the surface, it's a solid body of fish you sail through. It's a beautiful sight to see them come tumbling into a harbor head over tail, and tail over head, jumping and thumping, sputtering and fluttering, lashing and thrashing, with a gurglng kind of sound, as much as to say, "Here we are, my hearties! How are you off for salt? Are your barrels all ready?—because we are. So bear a hand and out with your nets, as we are off to the next harbor to-morrow, and don't wait for such lazy fellows as you be."

A ready market for this fish is found in the United States; and the absolute as well as comparative value of the trade to Nova Scotia, may be judged of from the following return of the quantities of pickled fish of the most plentiful kinds, exported from Halifax in 1847:—

	Brls.
Alewives,	7000
Salmon,	6000
Herrings,	22,000
Mackerel,	190,000

From Cape Breton and Newfoundland the largest export consists of cod-fish."

THE CHRONICLES OF DREEPDAILY.
No. XVII.

SETTING FORTH CERTAIN DIABOLICAL DOINGS WHICH WERE TRANSACTED IN THE CASTLE OF BODDAM.

By the time that the excellent Doctor Patrick Pittendrum had concluded the narration, which I have set forth in the immediately preceding chapter of these incomparable Chronicles, we found ourselves standing in front of the ancient castle of Boddam. And here, if smitten with the disease of book making, I might spend a quire of paper in describing all the outs and ins of this venerable fastness. With Walter Scott I could dwell and dilate upon

> "The battled towers, the donjon keep,
> The loophole grates, where captives weep,
> The flanking walls that round it sweep,"

but I have scanty appetite for such auld warld whig-maleeries! A sentimental miss fresh from the boarding-school, and strongly addicted to novels and fancy worsted work, might perchance lisp out her thanks to me if I filled my pages with havers of this description. Our lines, however, have fallen in utilitarian and common sense days,

and the great bulk of mankind would rather be indoctrinated how to build a kirk or cotton factory, after an improved and economical fashion, than be bothered with plans and specifications of the ruined howfs of their mouldy ancestors.

For these reasous I will not detain the reader standing on the threshold of Boddam castle, but at once invite him to accompany the Doctor and myself into the principal chamber or great hall thereof. It had long ceased to be inhabited, save and except by owls, foumarts, toads, and such like gipsy tribes of the inferior orders of animated creation, and weeds and wild flowers waved upon walls which in Auld Lang Syne had been covered with armour and tapestry. Altogether the place had a grim and ghostly odour; and if the weather had not been warm and genial, the winds which moaned and whistled through its countless cracks and crevices would have pestilently vexed any one who had a tendency to sore throat or the rheumatics.

Having seated ourselves upon a stone bench, the worthy minister directed my attention to the main, or eastern window, whieh presented a more shattered and dilapidated appearance than any of its light-transmitting neighbours. It looked as if it had been subjected to the action of lightning or gunpowder, or perchance to the convulsive spasms of a mighty earthquake.

"That fractured window," said Doctor Pittendrum—"is a stern memento of certain supernatural passages, which some centuries ago took place in this very hall. If you have any predilection for the *outré* and wonderful, I shall have much pleasure in relating to you a legend, which hundreds of my parishioners credit as religiously—perchance more so—than they do the doctrines which weekly I expound in their hearing. The story, I premonish you, is none of the briefest, but as Nancy Nairn will not have our sheep's head broth ready for three hours to come, it may serve to occupy the time pleasantly if not profitably."

You may be certain that I eagerly jumped at the proposition thus made to me, and having craved and obtained license to light my pipe, I prepared to enact the part of an attentive and appetized auditor.

I may mention by way of prologue, that my reverend friend read from a manuscript the story which will be found below. He had written it out as an episodical part of the statistical account of his parish, which in compliance with the request of that erudite agriculturist, Sir John Sinclair, he had compiled, The baronet, however, having but small ideality in his noddle, objected to the tradition as being somewhat plethorically tainted with frivolity and superstition, and thus it remained a nest-egg in the portfolio of the worthy divine. On my importunate petition he suffered me to take a copy of the affair, which I now submit to the perusers of these juicy and nutritious records.

HOW THE BARON OF BODDAM, SPURRED ON BY CUPID, STROVE TO DISCOVER THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE.

Kentigern Keith, tenth Baron of Boddam, was born towards the latter end of the reign of James V. Being left an orphan at an early age he came under the guardianship of Cardinal Beaton, Archbishop of St. Andrews, to whose care he had been commended by his father, the Cardinal being a full cousin of Lady Keith's. Though much occupied with the public affairs of that stormy and feverish period, the prelate faithfully discharged the duty which had been devolved upon him, and when his ward had attained sufficient maturity, he sent him to the University of Salamanca, in order that he might be instructed in philosophy and the classics.

Now every one at all conversant with history, is cognizant of the fact, that in the above mentioned seat of learning, magic, and the occult sciences had from the earliest periods been diligently cultivated. The church, it is true, professedly discountenanced such pursuits, but as hosts of ecclesiastics, from the highest down to the meanest begging friar, were constantly dabbling in the "black art" serious obstacles seldom intervened to their prosecution. Sometimes, at long intervals, a lettered follower of Faust was burned at the stake, in order to keep up appearances, but in general old women who had outlived their wits and pristine bloom, served to satisfy the behests of the statute book.

The youthful baron, being of a dreamy and speculative turn, was not long in becoming inoculated with the favourite study of Salamanca. He diligently sought the acquaintance of all who could put him in the way of plumbing the mysteries of the world of spirits, and no slender per centage of his annnal allowance was invested in the purchase of the writings of the "Satanic Fathers," as the orthodox, and sorcery-hating Dr. Henry More hath it. His shelves could boast of the sinister folios of Baptista Porta, Virgilius, and Fortunius Licetus;—and ere long, so great was his zeal and enthusiasm in studying such authorities, he acquired the reputation of being a conjuror of the first mark and water.

Multiform were the stories told of the wonders which the "Warlock of Boddam," as he soon

came to be called by his Scottish compatriots, was in the habit of working. To use the words of that rare old allegorical poem the "*Houlat*,"

> "He could wirk windaris, quhat may that he wald,
> Mak' a gray gus a gold garland.
> A lang spere of a bittile, for a berne bald,
> Nobilis of nutschelles, and silver of sand."

To the present hour traditions are current in Aberdeenshire of the feats of *glamourie*, perpetrated by the hero of our tale. A brace of these may be cited as samples of the whole.

On one occasion the Baron being on a visit to the Abbot of Cambuskenneth, who had been one of his fellow students at Salamanca, was requested by his mitred host to give him a specimen of his art. Expressing his willingness, Keith led the way to a terrace in front of the abbey, which commanded an extensive view of the windings of the river Forth. It was a balmy and gracious mid-summer's evening, and the glorious landscape bounded magnificently on the west by the rocky towers of Stirling castle, was bathed in the lustre of a cloudless setting sun. Poets and painters may prate as they please, but we will back that panorama against the choicest bit of corresponding scenery which Italy can exhibit

As the Abbot and the Baron were standing enjoying the rare beauty of the picture, a small skiff managed by a solitary boatman, who plied a pair of oars, became developed to the spectators. It was evidently destined for Stirling, and was freighted with a cargo of earthenware, which without any covering occupied all the available space afforded by the tiny vessel. Keith, telling his companion to mark what should ensue, fixed his eye intently upon the navigator, muttering at the same time some cabalistic words, and making a series of manipulations in the air. All of a sudden the rower suspended his labors, and starting to his feet glared upon the fragile mugs and pannikens with an air of absorbing horror and dread. Not long did he remain, however, in this position, for grasping one of the oars he commenced striking with demented energy at the perishable articles of which he was the conveyancer and custodier. In the course of a few seconds the work of destruction was completed, and the boat presented a dismal mass of fractured fragments. Not a single cup was left in its original integrity. The "Warlock" after a short interval, once more uttered a spell, and instantaneously the incomprehensible destructionist appeared to come to his sober senses, and realize the mischief which he had perpetrated. With a yell of despair he cast himself upon the remains of his cargo, and tearing out his matted hair by handfulls, exclaimed that he was ruined for ever! Being invited by the Abbot to come on shore, and explain the cause of his inexplicable proceeding, the poor fellow obeyed. With many a bitter sigh he detailed, that sailing along without care or apprehension of danger, he all at once beheld a hideous serpent hissing, and erecting its savage crest in the fore part of the boat. At the sight of this ghastly phenomenon, every consideration, of course, gave place before the instinct of self-preservation, and he did the deed which reduced him all at once to the ranks of beggary. It is hardly necessary to add that the victim of the *ars magica* was dismissed with a donation which more than compensated for his mischance; and he went on his way with a lightsome heart, and invoking each saint in the calendar to be propitious to the Abbot of Cambuskenneth.

On another occasion Baron Keith was entertaining a large company of guests at his castle during the festal days of the Christmas season. One day after dinner, and when the wine had pretty freely circulated, some of the revellers required as a specimen of his skill, that he should produce for their solacement a supply of grapes, a fruit which at that time could not be met with in Scotland. Kentigern acceded to the request, and before each of the company there appeared full grown vines, laden profusely with bunches of ripe, luscious grapes, tempting enough to provoke St. Anthony himself, to break a vow of abstinence. The sharp-set *bon vivants* anxious to cool their wine-parched throats with these delectable dainties, hastily unsheathed their table knives, and prepared to apppropriate the clusters which dangled in their view. In a peremptory tone, however, the landlord prohibited them from proceeding farther till he had given permission, warning them that untoward consequences would assuredly result should his monition be disregarded. In this tantalizing position he kept them for a number of minutes, which to the eager expectants appeared as many hours, and urgent requests ascended from all sides, that the requisite license should be conceded. At length one pursy, peppery guest—the Prior of Licktheladle—could wrestle with his appetite no longer, and with an exclamation which sounded most unwholesomely like a profane oath, he made a cut at the fruit contiguous to him. This act of disobedience was instantaneously followed by a roar, analogous to one which would be enunciated by the recipient of an embrace from the rack. And small wonder! Instead of a handful of the vinaceous treasures, the miserable Prior grasped

his own pimpled proboscis, which he had shorn off almost to the face. The extempore grapery vanished as speedily as it had appeared, and the balance of the company discovered that if they followed the example of the head of Licktheladle Priory, they would have experienced a similar catastrophe to that which had overtaken the hapless ecclesiastic.

[It is fitting here to state thst the preceding narrations are still currently recited, and obtain no small credit in the north of Scotland. Query —have the *enlightened* disciples of mesmerism and spiritual wrappings any right to discredit the truth of legends, which are not one jot more difficult to swallow than the marvellous manifestations every day occurring? Surely the old withered infidel Robert Owen, would not have the assurance to sneer at the serpent of the Forth, or the grapes of Boddam, when he would have us to believe that he periodically holds gossiping converse with the spirits of Tom Paine, and troops of kindred vagabonds?—Ed. A. A. M.]

Having completed his curriculum at Salamanca, Kentigern Keith returned to Scotland, and commenced house-keeping in his paternal castle. His tendencies inclining neither towards the court or the camp, he passed most of his time at Boddam, and in the pursuit of those studies for which he had obtained an appetite and a craving beyond the seas. In particular, with many a dreaming scholar of that era, the Baron sedulously applied himself to the investigation of the secrets of alchymy; and toilsome days and sleepless nights were spent by him in endeavouring to expiscate the process by which lead and such like ignoble metals might be transmuted into aristocratic gold.

Now it so chanced that in the near vicinity of Boddam Castle there dwelt a cross-grained and miserably old knight, answering to the designation of Sir Humphry Montealto—the same name as I may mention in passing, which has degenerated in these degenerate days, into the singularly perverted appellation of Mowat. Sir Humphry's whole soul was devoted to the service of Mammon, and as the homely adage hath it, he would have skinned the most ignoble flea for the profit which its hide would yield him.

This titled churl boasted of a treasure more precious than all his stores of pelf, viz:—a fair and most winning daughter. Margery Montealto was indeed a peerless maiden, and many a song was composed in laudation of her charms, and numberless hearts pined for a smile from her coral lips.

Amongst others, the young Baron of Boddam confessed the surpassing attractions of the gracious lady, and his passion was reciprocated by the debonair damsel. At St. Ninian's well, a cherished resort of lovers at that time in those parts, they met by moonlight, and pledged their troth either to other, and in token of the compact broke a piece of gold in twain, each hanging a moiety of the same in close proximity to the heart.

Our hero in due form waited upon the fair one's sire, and craved the privilege of becoming his son-in-law, but his suit did not meet with special favour. Sir Humphry certiorated him in the most peremptory manner that the fish which he longed for could only be caught by a golden hook. No one, he swore by the bones of St. Andrew, would ever lead Margery to the altar who could not, prior to that proceeding, pay down ten thousand Jacobus's by way of marriage portion.

This intimation fell like a chill cloud, upon the bright and genial hopes of poor Kentigern. After making an inventory and valuation of his means and estate, he could not see his way to the realization of half the amount of the requisite dower.

With bootless earnestness did he try to obtain more reasonable terms. In vain did he represent that where hearts were united a few pieces more or less of gold could be of little importance. The inexorable Sir Humphry listened with all the stolidity of a deaf man at a concert of music, and asked, with a sardonic grin puckeriug his ungainly visage, whether the baron had not been able to discover anything in his cabalistic researches.

What rendered matters a thousand times more gloomy was a piece of intelligence which the knight volunteered to give to the desponding Keith. It was to the effect that he had received proposals for Margy's hand, from a gentleman, who very nearly could command the sum fixed for the price thereof. The balance, it was expected, would be made good, in the course of a twelvemonth, in which event the nuptials would inevitably proceed, even although the Pope himself should take it upon him to forbid the banns. Montealto would not condescend to disclose the name of the personage in question either to his daughter or her lover, declaring that girls had no occasion to know anything touching their husbands till their fingers had been decked with the mystic symbol of matrimony. By way of concession, however, to the tears and entreaties of his sore tried daughter, the mercenary father declared that should Kentigern be able on or before the ensuing Christmas to pro-

duce the requisite amount he should have the preference over the unknown suitor.

Finding it in vain to hope for better terms, Keith set about churning his brains, in order to devise some ways and means by which his fortune could be doubled. After turning every other scheme inside-out, and heads over heels, he was constrained to come to the conclusion that upon the PHILOSOPHER'S STONE, alone, could he anchor his hopes; and accordingly the operations of the laboratory were prosecuted with greater diligence than ever. The furnace at Boddam Castle was never suffered to become cold, but crackled and burned Sundays as well as Saturdays; and frequently the peasant returning home after dark muttered a fear-extorted *Pater* or *Ave* as he beheld flames of a strange and unorthodox complexion ascending from the suspicious *lum* of the Baron's mysterious study!

Though Kentigern was possessed of the best and most philosophical treatises on the subject which absorbed his time and attention—and though he studied these with a zeal and perseverance not to be surpassed, he made but slender progress towards the attainment of the GRAND SECRET. In vain did he procure the choicest qualities of the drugs and simples prescribed as requisite by the most famous adepts. In vain did he compound and mix the ingredients with a care as great as if his existence depended upon the rectitude of the measures and scales which he employed. In vain did he scorch himself into the hue of parchment in hanging over seething crucibles, and hanging alembics. He might as well have been occupied in spinning ropes out of sand! The value of much gold did he consume in his experiments, but not one particle of the longed for metal ever blessed his sight, amidst the residua which his pots and pans presented.

Of course there could be only one upshot to such a state of matters. Instead of his patrimony becoming more plethorical, the poor Baron found it dwindling away, like a tailor in a galloping consumption. His thousands degenerated to hundreds, and his hundreds evaporated to tens, till at length one fine morning, when he wished to despatch his servitor to Aberdeen for a fresh supply of quick-silver, he made the crushing discovery that the treasury of Boddam Castle could not furnish a plurality of groats!

What was to be done in this dismal predicament? There was but one device to which he could have resource, and that was to borrow a supply of lucre upon the security of his fair domains. His repeated disappointments, so far from extinguishing his hopes, had only served to make them burn with a warmer glow;—and he cherished an unfaltering expectation that he was just on the eve of accomplishing the undertaking which thousands upon thousands had vainly striven to compass.

Accordingly Kentigern without hesitation or scruple set about to procure a loan, convinced that in a few months he would be in a condition to repay it, with any amount of interest which usury could demand.

The person to whom he made application for the desiderated accomodation, was a neighboring medico, denominated Doctor Fergus Foxglove. This worthy in addition to regulating the bowels of the community, likewise professed to attend to the requirements of their exchequers, and in more senses than one prescribed for diseases in the *chest!*

So far as externals were concerned Doctor Foxglove boasted few of the attributes of Adonis. Short in stature and rotund in belly, he suggested the idea of an animated ton supported by a brace of crooked spigots. When we add that one of his visual organs had fallen a victim to the small pox—that the survivor, perchance out of sorrow for the bereavement, had abandoned itself to the dissipation of squinting—and that his feet presented the unpicturesque phenomenon usually described as club—it will readily be conceded that Fergus would have furnished a fitter model for Apollyon than Apollo!

The soul of this learned pharmacologist did not present many features at variance with his physical characteristics. Lust, avarice, hypocrisy, and malice claimed a common share of his inner man, and alternately manifested themselves in his every day walk and conversation. When he had an object to gain, the Doctor's tongue was soft and sweet, as the voice of a scheming mermaid;—but when his end was reached, he became inexorable and vindictive as the aforesaid aquatic myth, when plunging to her ocean den with the victim her strains had seduced to ruin!

To this person the necessitous Baron had recourse, because in the first place the Doctor chanced to be his kinsman, and secondly because from the slender intercourse which he had held with society, he knew of no other dealer in money to whom he might apply.

When Foxglove heard the request of the youth stated, a strange expression lighted up his solitary and sinister optic. It denoted intense satisfaction and the hope of some future triumph—and with a chuckling grin he at once acceded to the proposition, advancing a larger sum upon the security of the Boddam estate than Kentigern had permitted himself to anticipate or hope for.

Thus re-possessed of the sinews of war, our hero resumed his mystical labours with redoubled vim, but alas! with as slender success as ever. The broad pieces obtained from the usurious leech melted, like snow, under the action of the furnace, without producing one grain of the longed for metallic fruit. Only two hundred pounds remained of the sum for which he had mortgaged the broad acres of his forefathers, and when these were expended he would be a penny-less pauper without house or home.

It will be kept in mind that the fate of the lovers was to be fixed and determined on Christmas day.

Christmas eve cast its shadows over the frost-bound, and snow-mantled earth.

Dreary and dismal was the night. The blustering east wind rushed with inexorable bitterness through the forest, and up-hill and down-dale, like a bum-bailiff in search of a debtor who had escaped from his custody.

Solitary and shivering the Baron of Boddam sat in his comfortless laboratory. Having abandoned his experiments in sullen despair, the fire he had suffered to die away, and the flickering light afforded by an iron lamp which hung suspended from the arched ceiling only sufficed to make darkness visible. Sick and sore at heart was the hapless alchymist, and bitter exceedingly were the musings which fevered his brain. The world appeared to his apprehension, a dark and howling wilderness, presenting not a single green spot on which the dove of hope might rest her worn-out foot. Little sorrow was caused by the reflection that the ancient domains of his ancestors, were inevitably doomed to pass from his possession, but the thought that to-morrow's sun would witness Margery another's bride, wrung his soul to madness, and constrained him to curse the hour of his nativity.

Whilst he was thus chewing the cud of bitter fancy, the storm increased in violence a hundred fold. Showers of sleet rattled against the vibrating walls of the castle. Though most unwonted in the winter season, thunder uttered its hoarse summons from the frowning heavens, and angry flashes of lightning fitfully revealed the convulsions with which the tortured clouds were torn. A tall ash tree which sprung from the court yard, waved its sear arms before the grated window of Kentigern's apartment, as if bidding the self-disinherited one farewell; and the deep voice of the ocean pealed forth a valedictory dirge which was chorused by the rocks surrounding the towers of Boddam.

All of a sudden Kentigern thought that he heard the sound produced by a hard ridden steed, in the intervals of the wild hurly burly. Listening attentively he discovered that his ears had not played him false, and ere many seconds had elapsed a strong but not unmusical voice was uplifted in front of the main entrance craving shelter from the storm. Amidst all his troubles the Baron had not forgotten the duties of hospitality, and hastily ordering a fire to be kindled in the great hall, he directed the seneschal to admit the postulant.

[Here Dr. Pittendrum was seized with a severe fit of coughing, provoked, as I much fear, by the fumes of my tobacco pipe, and in consequence had to intermit his narration for a season.]

A NIGHT AT NIAGARA.

BY WILLIAM THOMAS HALEY.

At length, at length, the storm-tried pilgrim stands,
Thou grand Niagara, on thy foamy brink!
The dream of his young Manhood now, at length,
Is realized to his sad and hoary age!
God the Creator! If upon thy vast,
And beautiful, and grand, though wrong-fraught Earth,
(Wrong-fraught, alas! through Man's perverseness solely)!
God the Creator! if upon thine Earth
The full effulgence of thy Deity
Flashes upon the aching sight, and thrills,
Stirs, startles, well nigh maddens the quick soul,
God the Creator! *here* thy power is seen and felt!
Foaming and thundering, down the torrent cometh,
In majesty resistless; the dark Pines
Bend to the breeze, and owe a brighter hue,
To the still upward springing spray; and when
The lightning-eye-flash of the Deity!
Gleams fitfully on the deeply flowing river,
There seems a mine of pure and molten gold,
Into a stream of molten silver falling.
God the Creator! here thy proudest creature
Must learn humility, *must* feel how poor,
How paltry, his achievements to THY works,
Father, and Lord, and Architect of all!
Niagara! thou eternal wonder! when,
Chasing his game or tracking his fleet foe,
The swart, red Indian first beheld thy rush,
Did he not kneel to thee, and deem he knelt
To the great Spirit of all—his worshipp'd Manitou?
And he, the better taught, yet erring, Christian,
Who, fleeing from vile tyranny, that made
The native hearth and the ancestral grave
Hateful, first wandered hither, thou dread torrent!
Did he not more than ever marvel how,
Man, the poor worm, can dare to trample down
His brother worm and fellow weakling, Man?
Thou gloriously majestic scene! How poor,
How powerless the Poet's art to tell
The Poet's thought, the Poet's thrilling thought,
Niagara! As he gazes here on thee!
Father of Mercies! holy ones are singing
Their love and laud to thee in many a hymn;
To "our Father" children dear are praying

As, kneeling at the gentle mother's knee.
With clasped hands and reverent aspect, they
Half wondering, all adoring, lisp their thanks
For life and glorious youthful glow preserved.
Father of Mercies! I, the wanderer kneel;
To thee, dread Lord of all! I kneel, I kneel,
And while both eye and ear are filled with gladness,
My soul is filled with prayerful ecstacy,
And earthly cares and sorrows pass
Away, before the magic of this scene,
This wondrous scene!

'Tis now the solemn hour
Of peace and prayer; the rudest hearts confess
The soothing influence of the dying day;
And, listening to the Torrent's mighty roar
The Wanderer's heart forgets its sadness here,
And communes with high heaven in voiceless thought.
Hark! high, and wildly clear above the roar
Of the grand torrent rises a wild cry.
Is it some night-bird with exulting scream,
Swooping in fatal fierceness on its prey?
It must be so; pass, pass the goblet round,
Who talks of agony or peril here!
'The wine is ruddy, and each gay saloon,
Is bright with lamps and brighter maiden's eyes;
Let dance, and song, and jocund laugh resound,
Till the small hours, and weariness disperse
The silly and the selfish to renew
In morning's dreams the follies of the night.
Again that shrick, again! But fainter, now,
As though from greater distance. and in vain
The musing Wanderer peers into the gloom,
Half fearing to behold some wretch engulphed
Within the mighty torrent's dread abyss.
No sight, save rushing waters, meets his eye.
No sound, save rush of waters, strikes his ear,
And pensive, yet not sad, he quits the scene,
Nor dreams how sad a heart still beateth there.
Alas! Those cries *were* human, *were* the cries
Of mortal dread, and mortal agony!
He who could for an instant pierce the pall
Of awful darkness might, that night have seen
Two hapless wretches borne adown the stream,
Pow'rless and senseless, and, still sadder sight!
A third, with strong convulsive effort grasping,
Poor wretch! a stranded log and wildly striving
Against the furious stream, that seemed a thing
Instinct with life and fell malignity.
That live-long night, amid the "Hell of Waters,"
That hapless man convulsively maintained
His hold; now Hope now Fear possess'd his soul;
Ah! well I ween, unto that hapless man,
That night seemed a long life-time of distress.
Again the East gave out a golden gleam;
From out the groves the small birds gleefully
Hailed the new day, and hymned their Maker's praise;
Each note was torture to the suffering man,
Who envied the small birds their facile wings;
Oh! if but for one moment *he* could fly!
How slowly the day dawns! Will men ne'er rise?
Surely, oh surely, some one comes? Oh, no,
'Twas but some prowling animal—oh God!
When, *when* will it be day, and man be here,
To snatch me from this terrible abyss,
From this most pitiless and mighty torrent?
Thus raved the hapless wretch that long night through.
Hark! Man's astir at last; the cows are lowing,
The cock proclaims that morn is nigh, and sounds
That pierce the heavy air, proclaim that man's afoot,
And, oh! what Hope now stirs that lonely soul,
How sure he feels that rescue now is near!
Vain hope! False confidence! The day wears on;
The night's chill breeze was ill to bear; but now
The poor bare head is madden'd by the glow
Of the down-gleaming sun-rays, and the sheen
Of fiercely-flashing waters; the glazed eye
Grows gradually dim; and, muttering horrid thoughts,
A thousand demon voices seem to sound
Upon the vex'd ears; each quivering nerve
Throbs with a separate torture; every sense,
O'erstrained and rack'd, becomes a fierce tormentor.
Hour follows hour, from morn' to early eve;
A thousand vainly-sympathising men
Crowd to that awful scene of dire distress,
And stalwart arms the Life-boat launch, or heave—
But still in vain; the hawser and the line,
Men's voices, and fair women's bid him hope,
And still, doomed wretch, he hopes and suffers there.
And generous was the competition* now,
And keen anxiety, to snatch, from out
That dread abyss of waters, their poor brother.
Could wealth have purchased his poor life, I trow
He had been quickly saved, for weighty sums,
In their most generous eagerness, the rich
Proffered to stalwart poor men as the guerdon
Of their successful daring; never yet
Did wealth so strive 'gainst wealth for the poosession
Of same much coveted gem, or masterpiece
Of painter's or of sculptor's glorious art,
As now those generous rich men vied in bidding,
Fortunes, yea, fortunes, as the ready price
Of safety for that poor, sad, perilled man—
That haggard, squalid man—but, ah! their brother still!
But vain their noble generosity;
Stern teacher proved that mighty torrent then,
Teaching how vain man's treasured riches be
When Life, and Death, and Safety are the prizes
That man desires, and Nature's might denies
To his most piteous pleadings, and strong efforts.
Though vain that generosity, 'twas good
For saddened hearts to witness its display;
'Twas good to know that all unselfishly
Man *can* thus nobly feel for his poor brother;
Thus passionately burn to spare another
The pain, the peril, woe, and wild dismay
From which himself is happily secure.

This "generous competition" is no mere poetical fiction, but a literal and very creditable fact. Rich men —would we but knew their names!—were actually *bidding against each other* for the safety of poor Avery. One noble heart offered two thousand dollars to whomsoever would save the poor fellow—and another instantly offered double that sum! Such men are an honour to our common nature; and it is to be lamented that while the names of the smallest possible specimens of the nuisances called conquerors, are blazoned by the press, we must live and die in ignorance of these "generous competitors." I tried hard, while on the spot, to obtain their names—but in vain; had I wanted the name of "the winner" in a swindling horse-race, or ruffianly prize-fight, no doubt I should have been more successful.

W. T. H.

Powerless, alas! for good that wealth proved now
Which all too oft for evil is so potent;
And strong men wept like infants as they saw
Their generous strife in vain, that poor doomed wretch to save!
The chill of the long night, the day's fierce heat,
The famine, and the torturing thought of both,
Have done their dreadful work; the stalwart frame
Shudders; the drooping head and filmy eye,
And the less certain grasp of the large hand,
Tell that not long the sufferer can endure
The myriad tortures of his awful state.
Hark! hark! Glad cheers rise from the crowded shore!
Another and a stauncher Life-boat comes,
And once again Hope makes that sad heart bound!
The Life-boat nears him, strikes his narrow raft;
He rises, wildly throws his arms t'wards Heaven,
And, uttering one wild cry, is swept from sight,
Along the foaming waves, and down the horrid steep!
God the Creator! How inscrutable
To thy vain creature, Man, are thy dark ways!
How marvellous thy rule upon thine Earth!
To man's weak, finite gaze, it seems that he,
Poor Avery, long suffering, doomed at last,
'Midst suffering thus prolonged, should envy those
Who, with but one brief moment's agony,
And scarcely conscious of their awful doom,
Were spared his long and awful agonies,
And Hope so oft aroused, to prove but vain at last!
Yea! in our finite and misjudging pity
We well nigh murmur—"hard his fate to theirs!"
But pause! oh, pause! presumptuous man, nor dare
To doubt th' Eternal's Wisdom or His Mercy!
Not all who suffer most are blessed least;
And it may be that Earthly sufferance,
Tremendous and prolonged, is oft' the means,
The blessed means, of urging to repentance
Our else, obdurate souls, and saving us
From pangs Eternal, for Eternal bliss.
For, not in act alone consists man's guilt;
In thought, perchance, we oft' times sin more grossly
More mortally, than when our overt acts
Draw down the censure of our fellow sinners;
And oft, perchance, the seeming sinlessness
Of those whose tortures seem most undeserved,
Hides hideous thoughts, from which, were they *not* hidden,
The worst in act would shrink as from the contact
Of venomed serpent, or blood-hungry tiger.
Pause, then, presumptuous Man! 'Tis well to aid
Our brother in his need, and well to grieve
The woes and agonies ourselves are spared;
Yet 'tis our wisdom, and our duty, too,
While aiding or while grieving, still to say,
WISDOM IS THINE, OH, LORD! AND BE THY WISE WILL DONE!

It is a peculiar felicity to be praised by a person who is himself eminently a subject of praise.

Woman's silence, although it is less frequent, signifies much more than man's.

Every one is at least in one thing, against his will, *original;*—in his manner of sneezing.

There is much novelty that is without hope, much antiquity without sacredness.

Romance is the truth of imagination and boyhood.

ROMANCE AND REALITY.

BY WILLIAM THOMAS HALEY.

EVERY author, and, still more painfully, every publisher, is but too firmly convinced that, at the least as far as the *sale* of verse is concerned, we have "fallen upon evil days"; it would not be difficult to compile a goodly octavo, closely printed of more or less eloquent denunciations and lamentations of the terribly prosaic character of "the age we live in." As regards form, I very cheerfully give my adhesion to the general opinion, prose, no doubt, is at a premium and verse at a fearful discount, and yet, if we but take the trouble to look a little below the surface, if, turning our attention from mere form to substance, we look closely into modern Literature, alike in the old world and in the new, we shall find, in what the few write and the many read as REALITY, a very astounding amount of ROMANCE, as bold as any that ever was perpetrated by Ferdinand Mendez Puito, or the renowned Baron Munchausen. Truly astonnding, in truth, it is to observe how, not merely small coteries, but whole nations, gravely affirm or right passionately propagate and maintain, as Realities, divers and sundry political, literary, and moral nonentities. In the course of above half a century of life, it has often perplexed and still more often annoyed me, to observe the vast powers of self-deception which are, every now and then, manifested by nations otherwise so admirable; and in nothing have I ever witnessed more complete triumph of this self-deluding power than in what that strange compound of eloquence and jargon, truth and error, high moral aspiration and mystic pantheism, Thomas Carlyle, would term Hero worship. Let a people once set up a Hero to their taste, and there are absolutely no bounds to the absurdities which, gravely, earnestly, and in *seeming* good faith, they will perpetrate in his laudation. I have *Italicized* the word *seeming*, because I shall bye and bye have to point out certain discrepancies between national word and national deed, which, after all, cause me some painful doubt as to the entire sincerity of that loud laudation in which nations are every now and then wont to indulge, as to the qualities of their Hero of the hour.

I am old enough to remember the popularity, in France, in England, and in America, of a host of Heroes, Naval, Military, Political, and Literary; and I declare upon my conscience that I am unable to mention more than one or two, who, after a strict examination of their achievements, seem to me to deserve even a tithe of the praise that has been bestowed upon them. Let

us first take a rapid but impartial glance at a few of the most renowned Heroes of my own native England. Ask any superficial reader and hasty thinker, from the school-boy to the grey-headed man, what he thinks of the character of Nelson, and forthwith we shall have quite a torrent of the most hyperbolical and indiscriminate praise. Courage, that quality which men are so prone to over-value, Nelson undoubtedly possessed, and his skill as a commander was fully equal to his courage. High praise that, no doubt; but fully merited. There, however, did we really value truth as highly as we profess to do, I fear we should stop. It is quite painful to read Nelson's letters, so frequently do we come across expressions of a burning ferocity, worthy of a savage, rather than of a Christian commander. Instead of looking upon war as a dreadful necessity he very obviously deems it at once the noblest of pursuits, and the most delightful of pastimes. His horrible expressions of hatred to "the French," have never met my eyes, since I was capable of reasoning, without causing me to shudder. I am well aware that his biographers of various degrees of literary merit are quite unanimous in attributing these expressions to PATRIOTISM; to me they appear not to have the slightest connection with that truly noble virtue, but to spring partly from an intense desire for personal distinction, but mainly from a ferocious idiosyncracy, and how a Christian people can so long have bestowed an indiscriminating laudation upon such a man, is to me a subject of equal astonishment and regret. That he was useful at the particular crisis at which he lived, it would be absurd to deny, the Shark, too is useful, but we do not therefore erect statues to the Shark. After all due allowance is made for the usefulness of Nelson, for his skill and daring, how much, how very much, there is to detest in the moral nature of the man! Look at his infamous connection with the vile Lady Hamilton—and his savage butchery of the venerable Carracioli! And yet this man, who sacrificed the old Neapolitan's grey hairs to the hatred of a lewd woman, is praised alike by men who would not even in thought injure their bitterest foe, and women who are as virtuous as the "great Nelson's" paramour was notoriously and abominably the contrary. Only a very few years ago, there was quite a paper crusade in favour of endowing the natural daughter of this man, either at the expense of the public Treasury, or by subscription, and this, in spite of the fact that in gifts alone, and independent of his pay as an admiral, Nelson received a very large fortune. Moreover, the illegitimate daughter whom it was thus shamefully proposed to endow, was married to a clergyman, by no means poor; and, even had she not been thus provided for, should surely have looked not to the public, but to the living Lord Nelson—always supposing that which the character of Lady Hamilton renders, at the least, doubtful, namely that "the heroic Nelson" really was the father of his putative daughter. A late near and dear relative of mine, who served under Nelson in some of his most famous actions, and who, admiring his courage and skill, spoke with actual horror of his cruelty as an officer, used to say that from circumstances which he had an opportunity of observing, he believed that Lady Hamilton was not a jot more faithful to Nelson, than she was to her husband. And yet humane men and virtuous women praise this cruel man as something of super-human goodness, and move for endowing the daughter of his shameless paramour. Does such conduct become an eminently Christian people?

If we turn from warlike Heroes to Statesmen, we shall find our Hero Worship as preposterous as ever. Of such a man as Wilkes it would, perhaps, be absurd to speak as being entitled to rank among statesmen; but his admirers thought otherwise, and the mere joke which represents one of his most earnest partizans, as declaring that Wilkes "squinted no more than a wit and a gentleman ought to squint," is fully equalled by the sober fact that the great declaimer against ministerial corruption and extravagance sought and obtained the Chamberlainship of the City of London, the richest and most complete sinecure in the United Kingdom. Your civil hero, like your warlike hero, seems to be in the public estimation, absolutely incapable in fact, as the sovereign is in theory, of doing wrong. Is he eloquent? He shall most shamelessly grasp at the very sinecures which he formerly denounced, and uphold the very measures which he won his fame by opposing; and yet it shall be pretty nearly as much as your life is worth to hint that talent alone, irrespective of the use made of it, does not and cannot constitute a really great man. Look at Canning, and at still more highly gifted Brougham! Behold the latter diminishing the *income* of the Chancellorship, which he well knew that he was not likely long to hold, and increasing by one thousand per annum the pension which is life-long! a sadder proof of insincerity and greed I rarely remember, and yet, Brougham is still a hero, and tens of thousands of sensible and just men are his worshippers!

Nor is insincerity alone, or want of moral prin-

ciple, pardoned to the hero, when once the popular voice has proclaimed him such ; he may thunder in the grossest imaginable manner, but he is a hero still. When Cobden and his friends were agitating for the Repeal of the Corn Laws, they were not contented with making full use of all the good as well as not a few of the passably absurd arguments which Colonel Thompson had published years before any of them appeared on the public stage, but they stated that the effect of the repeal would be an immense increase of exportation of manufactures in exchange for bread stuffs. It was in vain that I and other writers pointed out that whatever might be the other merits of their cause, these gentlemen were deceiving themselves, or their auditors, or probably both, at least upon this point; seeing that English enterprise had already got for English manufactures every customer they could possibly have in any corn growing country in the world, and that any considerable increase of English imports of bread stuffs would take out of England *not* manufactures, but hard cash. Cobden and company *pooh-poohed*, and promised more loudly than ever; and in 1846–7, the potato famine winter, England was thrown into a monetary panic, producing an unparallelled extent of bankruptcy, by the export of *hard cash for bread stuffs*, though the shelves of the Manchester folks were groaning beneath their unsold and unsaleable cottons! Again, Mr. Cobden quite laughed at the idea of war; trade and commerce, he argued, were now in a position to supersede nearly all the necessity for armies and armed navies. The words were scarcely uttered, when all Europe was in a blaze! England herself barely escaping the general outbreak. But if any man were to go to England, and especially to Manchester, and point out these blunders, or, if not blunders, still worse; he would be hooted if not pelted for his pains. Mr. Cobden is still a hero!

In literature, as in war and in politics, to be a hero is in some sort to ensure impunity. The Christmas books of Mr. Charles Dickens abound in book-making of the most flagrant kind; whole pages are made up of descriptions which would actually be more forcible if condensed into half a dozen lines, but if an honest critic were to say as much in England, he would be laughed at as a dunce, for "Boz," too, is a hero.*

* We cannot agree with Mr. Haley in his remarks on Mr. Charles Dickens. "Boz" is a writer of fiction, and all fictitious works are to a certain extent samples of book-making, but as long as the author succeeds in interesting his readers, no matter how long drawn his descriptions may be, he cannot be accused of book-making of the most flagrant kind.—Ed. A. A. Magazine.

Let it not be thought that I take a morbid pleasure in thus speaking of some of the foremost of the men whom modern England has delighted to honor. No man can more discriminatingly admire great men more than I do; but while I admire the eloquence of a Shiel, and delight in the poetry of a Moore, I do *not* feel bound to refrain from denouncing the sinecures of the former and the pension of the latter. The Mastership of the Mint, the Commissionership of Greenwich Hospital, and, finally, a sinecure Embassy, seem to me to say but little for the sincerity of Shiel, and Moore's pension obtained and received while he was yet in the prime of life, and the full enjoyment of his powers, and while he was rich enough from other sources to be able to enjoy the unenviable distinction of being, with others, indicted for frequenting a common gaming house, says quite as little for the truth of that patriotism to which he gives such beautiful utterance in his Melodies.

What chiefly annoys one's moral sense in the absurd perversity of Hero Worshippers, is that excuses are made for the faults of heroes precisely on the very grounds which should be considered as aggravating their faults or their blunders. Great station, marvellous powers, almost unbounded opportunity; these, forsooth! are to render great crime, and great blunders, excusable; and if to station, powers, and opportunities, a hero (Marlborough for instance) add great wealth, rely upon it that *that* will induce your Hero Worshippers to pardon him for great avarice. Sad, oh very sad perversity! But merely to point out perversity would be useless, or worse, did we merely point it out, without searching for its cause, it would be to rail as fools rail, and not gravely to rebuke; and for railing even in my youth I had neither tact nor talent. It is chiefly because I imagine that I can point out the cause of this public perversity, and thus, by inference, point to the remedy, too, that I have adventured upon the perilous and anything rather than pleasant task of plainly opposing public opinion as to some of our greatest wonders. It seems to me that, from our very earliest reading years, we have *power*, quite irrespective of the use made of it, held up far too prominently to admiration, till, at length, we learn unconsciously to confound great power with greatness. We are taught, if not directly, by the tone in which Biography is but too generally written, to look rather to the result, the conquest, warlike or intellectual, rather than to the cause in which the war originated, or the tendency and consequences of the intellectual achievement. He fought

valiantly, we exclaim, and we never pause to enquire whether he also fought justly, or used victory humanely; he writes rapidly and skilfully, we exclaim, and but too frequently we neglect to examine whether he also writes usefully or even decently—and even in the commercial sense of the term—honestly. I could point out plagiarisms so gross in some celebrated modern authors that they would astound their admirers, and I am well acquainted with two cases of men who have a high fame, on both sides of the Atlantic, as very voluminous and very useful writers, though, to my positive knowledge, one of those men was too ignorant, and the other too idle, to write one, even of the least voluminous, of all the immense number of volumes which have their names upon the title pages.

To such an extent is the admiration of mere power carried, that the most atrocious moral guilt is sometimes deemed to be palliated, if not actually justified, by the possession of those very powers which should prevent their guilt.

* * * though his productions amount scarcely to as much as an industrious man, with his powers, would have written in twelve months, has quite a sect, if I may use that term, of admirers, so staunch that you cannot say one word, in the way of hostile criticism of either his literary or moral character, without giving personal offence to them. Yet, the greater part of his writings are cloudy, obscure beyond the obscurity of even German mysticism, and, of his so-called religious disquisition, it can only be said that it is pretty equally compounded of ancient Paganism and modern Infidelity. During a very long-life time, though entirely, and in considerable luxury, supported by an admiring disciple, and enjoying no inconsiderable pension from government, he was ever complaining of want, often importuning friends, and, worst of all, he assailed the most liberal of all those friends with the harshest language, when even *that* princely hand wearied with constant and seemingly useless giving. Can this be called a great man? Yet I know of few literary offences, which a large class of both English and American readers would more fiercely resent than they would my censure of this man, if I were to mention his name. *That* I will not do; peace to his ashes say I; but for all that he shall be no hero of mine. Say that this man was idle, mean in getting, extravagant in spending, and frightfully ungrateful, and you are met by loud encomiums of his great and varied knowledge. To what purpose, I pray, is that knowledge which cannot save its owner from the crime of ingratitude, and from the contemptible vices of idleness, extravagance, and meanness?

One of the most caustic of modern satirists, who inveighs in a weekly English paper upon the extravagance, the corruption, and the bribery which he regularly imputes to every successive ministry, spends in the most pernicious and extravagant follies so large a portion of the really princely income which his splendid talents very properly secure him, that he has been constantly in debt and disgrace from his very earliest manhood, that is to say, for very considerably beyond a quarter of a century past. To my own knowledge, he has not only been arrested for debt at least a score of times, but has thrice been outlawed, as the English law terms it, yet he is just as eloquent in denouncing national extravagance and proposing impracticable reforms. Surely, oh! surely, this is to strain at a gnat while swallowing several camels! And this man, too, has his thousands of enthusiastic admirers, who would be furious did you hint that, to make him an even passable hero, common sense as to his own best interests, and common honesty as to the rights of others, are very palpably needed!

But a more frightful case of false admiration of mere power exists—and in this case I am sorry to say that the false worship is paid not to a hero but to a heroine. I have so frequently seen public homage paid to stage heroines in spite of the most notorious and shameful want of morality, and even of common decency, that I begin to fancy that that particular form of popular perversity is epidemic and incurable. But that moral as well as literary excellence should be attributed to a murderess—a matricide! Ah! that is, indeed, horrible! The tale is a strange one, but, strange as is its truth, can unhappily be vouched for by a whole host of the wretched, though highly accomplished, writers' friends. Though renowned as the authoress of moral works for the especial use of youth, the lady in question has from her childhood been remarkable for a violence of temper amounting, on the slightest provocation, to absolute ferocity. While still quite a young woman, she in one of these fits of frantic passion stabbed her own mother to the heart. Closely related to the most powerful writer of a powerful, political, and literary clique, the wretched woman was saved, from the consequences of her foul crime, on the plea of insanity—a plea which, I hesitate not to say, is, in nine cases out of every ten, most improperly allowed. Has it never occurred to my readers that those who come forward to prove the alleged—long existent insanity of those, whom

they desire to save on this plea, do, in reality, prove that they ought, themselves, to be punished, and very severely, too? We are not permitted to let a mad dog or a mad bull loose upon our fellow subjects; is it more excusable to let loose upon them a mad man or woman? I trow not. The unhappy lady, to whom I have alluded, was never for an instant mad, save us all furious people may be said to be so; and I think it a truly disgraceful thing that, not contented with having by a falsa plea saved her from the punishment dueto a matricide, her friends have brought her forward and sedulously puffed her up as, forsooth—a *moral writer for youth!*

The brother of this lady is a modern hero, too! To read the trash that is every day put forth in the papers of the coterie, to which, during his lifetime, he belonged, and of which, indeed, up to the very day of his death he was the Coryphœus, one might suppose that he was the gentlest, most whole-souled, and kindly creature that ever breathed. He was this—on paper! But in private life, I doubt if a more degraded sot, a faithless friend, or a worse brother, ever existed. Blessed with an ample income, and with an excellent education, his attire was the *ne plus ultra* of squalid shabbiness, and his language the *ne plus ultra* of blackguardism. Even his premature death—and it was premature, though he was no longer what is called a young man—was caused by his vile habit of drinking. After one of his almost weekly debauches, he returned to his suburban cottage in a completely helpless state, was thrown down *by his matricide sister* upon a heap of ground in their front garden; and though his injuries were so slight, that a healthy man would not have been confined by them for a single day, was seized with erysipelas in the head, and in six and thirty hours was a corpse! And yet, in spite of a full and minute acquaintance with these frightful facts, this deceased sot, and his living sister are held up, and that, too, by really able and influential men, as pet-writers —a hero, forsooth, and a heroine, for an enlightened and Christian people to set up on a pedestal and pay homage to! Talk of pagan superstition, and of the worship of stocks and stones, if we dare, after that!

Another and very eminent modern hero, in the literary department of this most sad exhibition, is especially set up as a fine specimen of the "gentle," the "tender," and all that sort of thing, alike in prose and in verse. He too, has now lived more than the ordinary term of man's life, and though not quite as idle as * * * * he has in those long years done scarcely the twentieth part of what a man of common industry with such talents as his would have accomplished. A patriot, by profession, yet a shameless sycophant, in fact; this man has, for nearly half a century, derived a third of his income from the booksellers, and two-thirds from his wealthy friends: but in spite of his really large income, he has never known the luxury of being out of debt, has had the beds sold from beneath his wife and children a score of times, has been publicly subscribed for two or three times, and now accepts a pension from the state whose institutions and officials he has libelled and vituperated from his very boyhood. This singularly mean old man is, among certain of the literary cliques of England, quite a pattern hero. A few years before I left England, he wrote a singularly mean letter to a public paper, and enclosed a sovereign towards the "benefit" of a low comedian, (who had spent a vast fortune in filthy extravagance,) our amiable poet and essayist having at that very time a son, and that son's wife and children starving, to his own positive knowledge, in a squalid lodging not two miles from his own luxurious cottage: that son, during the very week, owing his escape from actual death by famine to the aid of my late accomplished friend, Laman Blanchard, Esq., of the Court Journal, and myself, though the father, the "gentle poet," the "humanitarian," *par excellence* was at that time in the receipt of at least £20 sterling per week. This man, too, is a hero! The hero being this, what, oh what, are we to think of the hero worshippers!

At the commencement of this article, I said that in many cases the hero worshippers *seem* to be sincere in their absurd perversity. But, as I there intimated, there are sometimes discrepancies between the words and the deeds of our seemingly enthusiastic hero-worshippers, which lead me strongly to suspect that not a little of the hero worship is merely simulated.

Who among us can be ignorant of the enthusiastic homage which our neighbors of the States professed to pay to Clay and Webster? Yet, both these really great geniuses were denied the Presidency! When Webster died I was in New York, and I solemnly declare that though in my own native England I had seen some pretty strong specimens of what we more forcibly than politely term *Humbug*, I could not think how any intellectual New Yorkers, but more especially how any two New York writers could look at each other—as Cicero said of the Roman Augurs of his time—"without laughing in each others faces." In the streets all was, not *as* usually, but

even *more* than usually, *rowdyish* and riotous, in almost any house into which you entered you heard the most detestably ill-natured speeches made about the great statesman and orator; and all this time the papers were filled with the most fulsome descriptions of that great statesman's death, and of the intense, the overwhelming, the universal, and tearful grief of that rowdyish and riotous population. Truth to say, that specimen of political cant gave a great shock to my belief in the actual sincerity of the seemingly enthusiastic hero worship on the part of other populations besides that of New York. Since that time I have been but very moderately impressed by the eloquent praises heaped by this or that clique upon this or that hero or heroine, military, naval, political, or literary. What people say and what they think, about this or that celebrity of the hour, seem to me, I am sorry to say, to bear small resemblance to each other. But does that mend the matter? Is our *spoken* tolerance of evil, and praise of perverted talent, any the less evil and detestable, because it is insincere? Do we, any the less, mislead the rising generation, because we do not believe a word of the false praise, which they hear us utter upon the subject of our modern celebrities? Do we any the less confound the true and the false, because, while we give to perverted talents the praise due only to the talents which are at once strenuously and to right purposes exerted, we praise insincerely?

Few things, I think, are more extensively fatal to the foundation of a sound public opinion, than this indiscriminate *praise*, whether sincerely, or insincerely, bestowed upon the intellectually or morally undeserving. I have illustrated my meaning by reference only to people who, notwithstanding great blundering or great moral defects, still really do possess, to a very great degree, some of the most important elements of true greatness. But it must be borne in mind, that it is by no means exclusively to the, even partially, deserving that our false Hero worship is paid. On the contrary it may be doubted whether some of the most entirely contemptible, alike as to powers and virtues, have not, at various times and in various nations, been selected as the objects of popular laud, and of popular confidence. In England and in France, there have, within my own memory, been several popular Idols of whom it would be difficult to say, whether they the more lacked morality or ability; and I can vouch for it that, in the former country, the success of the popular heroes of the last thirty-five years has been great, precisely in proportion to their *non*-deserving. I might convincingly illustrate this assertion and establish its truth, did I choose to mention names. But my object, now as ever, is to benefit men and not to pain or censure man the individual, and therefore, I will merely add, to what I have already written, that public morals will never be perfectly healthy, or public opinion perfectly sound, until writers, and more especially the writers of History and Biography, shall make it an invariable law of their writing carefully, and rigorously to distinguish between Romance and Reality.

"IERNE;"*

Or, One Thousand Facts of the Ancient and Renowned Kingdom of Hibernia—its Monarchy and Empire.

BY O'DOODY.

> "Far westward lies an isle of ancient fame,
> By nature blest, Hibernia is her name."

NOTE 1.—Abbé McGeoghegan says, "The nation, whose history I am about to write, is, without doubt, one of the most ancient in Europe."

2.—Independent of her own annals, the best authenticated of any people who could boast of an uninterrupted relation of events, from the Noahchidae to the present date, we are borne out in its truth by the historians of ancient and modern times, domestic and foreign.

3.—Among the latter, we may place the few Englishmen who were prejudiced or rewarded for their injustice—such as Cambrensis, Spencer, &c.

4.—And a few of Scotland; because the Milesian Scots of Lough-Earne record, with Buchannan, Sir Walter Scott, and one hundred others, that the kingdom of Dal-Riada, or Scotia-Minor, was founded by the Hibernians of Scotia-Major.

5.—Under Fergus Mor, first king of the Albyn-Scots, descended from Angus III., monarch of all Ireland—then called Scotia—from which king, through Fergus, is descended the Royal Family of England.

6.—O'Halloran injures his history by romance. Josephus, by relations of physical impossibilities. Hibernian history is clear of both, in McGeoghegan, Moore, &c. &c.

7.—Still these writers are often forced to concede involuntary testimony to the innate virtues of the Hibernian Celt.

8.—The object of these hireling writers was, to palliate seven hundred years of cruelty, oppression, piracy, and usurpation—

* Extracted from a small work now preparing for the press.—ED. A. A. MAG.

presenting such a tissue of barefaced plunder, confiscation, bigotry, and injustice, as in the whole range of history, from the Helotes of Messene to that of the modern Poles, Hungarians, and Italians, could never find a parallel!

9.—The English nation (as a people) have never injured Ireland. When their armies did so, they were composed, one-half of "Erin's faithless sons."

10.—For, as the Irish-Englishman is the curse, so was, and is, the English-Irishman an honor and glory to his adopted country. "*Hibernis ipsis Hiberniores.*"

NAMES OF IRELAND.

FACT OR NOTE 51.—The Phœnicians, who are admitted by all writers to have had a very ancient and intimate intercourse with the Hibernians, called it Hierne-quasi, "Hiarinnis," or Western Island. The Danains, "Innis-Fail," or Island of Destiny. The Greeks, Ferne. Cæsar, Tacitus, Juvenal, P. Mela, &c., Hiberna, Juverna,—Romanized Hibernia.

52.—The Milesian Scuits or Scots, called it Scotia-quasi, Scuthia—and strangers, "Insula Sanctorum et Doctorum,' i. e., "Island of Saints, and the Learned," from having been the school, not only of Britain, but of all Europe.

53.—Also, "Innis-Fodha," or Woody Island, till the Danes and Norman-English barbarians cut and burned down their old forests.

54.—Aristotle mentions two large islands, Jerne and Albion.

55.—Schymnus, of Chios, says, "Juverna has sixteen nations, eleven famous cities, five remarkable promontories, six noted islands, and fifteen principal towns.

IRELAND, NEVER A BRITISH ISLAND.

56.—But gave her name to Albion, under the appellation of "Hiernoi Nesoi," or "Herneides,"—that is, Hibernian Islands.

57.—Thus the attempts to include this most ancient kingdom in maps or otherwise, as a British Isle is unfair, arrogant, and ridiculous.

58.—Tacitus says, "the harbours of Ierne are better known to the Phœnician traders than those of Britain.

59.—Ireland always had a separate nationality, and ever will retain it. The Scotic, or "Hiberno-British" Empire, embraced Scotia-Major and Minor, with Northumberland, Cumberland, Anglesea, Mann, and the Scillies.

60.—And stranger still, forms one of the three kingdoms of the present "Hiberno-British Empire."

O'Mooney says:

65.—"According to the annals of Ireland, she enjoyed an uninterrupted state of independence and a brilliant fame for eighteen hundred years, under her ancient monarchs of the Danain and Milesian princes."

66.—Until A. D. seven hundred and fifty-eight, when her monarchy, under O'Connor, fell by the treachery of Dermod McMurrogh, king of Leinster, who introduced the Norman-English and Welsh pirates.

67.—George the Third's title was, "of Great Britain, France, and Ireland"—king, &c. It now runs, "Great Britain and Ireland." The word Britain, in Celtic, signifies a "Land of Metals," and was applied generically to the whole cluster of the "Tin Islands"—Albion, Mann, and Scilly—but never to Ireland; tin being scarce, especially on her coasts, to this day.—(*Moore.*)

68.—In a word, a foreign nation has appropriated, besides her nationality, letters, arts, and sciences—her soldiers, statesmen, generals, poets, music, &c. &c. &c.; and even her saints have been all be-Britished by the arrogance of "Cockney" ignorance!

69.—Besides, Ireland and her Celtic people were denounced in the English Commons a few years since as "Foreign in language, in religion, and in race." Very true.

ST. GEORGE'S CHANNEL.

245.—A certain saint, who never existed, and who killed an imaginary dragon, has usurped the nether part of this sea. It was anciently called the "Mare Hibernicum."

PORTS AND HARBOURS.

Sir Jonah Barrington says:

209.—Ireland has one hundred and thirty-six ports and harbours; England and Wales but one hundred and twelve, no twenty of which can be compared to forty of the Irish—and these forty rank with the first in the world.

A FEW PROMISCUOUS NOTES OF ANCIENT IRISH LITERATURE.

"THE BOOK OF ARD-MAGH."

"This book, quarto size, three inches high, six wide, three in thickness, with 432 pages, the production of the seventh century, written on vellum, on both sides, in pure Irish characters, covered with black leather, with varnished ornaments, and devices of animals, with antique lock and hasp, &c., &c., &c., was purchased by an unknown Virtuoso, for three hundred pounds, and carried to England."

369.—Camden quoted the Psalter of "Na-Rann," half Latin and half Irish, written by Cormac McCullinan, Bishop of Cashel and King of Munster, still in high esteem.

370.—Ware also adds, that "Cormac wrote in Irish characters some centuries before St. Patrick was born."

376.—Here we should insert Moore's clever exposure of McPherson's piracies, proving that all his Ossianic Poetry was really stolen from Irish Celtic Legends.

390.—Sir James McIntosh says, "The chronology of Ireland, written in the Hibernian

tongue, from the second century to the landing of Henry II, has been recently published with the fullest evidence of their genuine exactness."

391.—A "million of facts" says "The Irish tongue is spoken in Ireland, and the Highlands of Scotland," and "is the same as that spoken by Hannibal and the Carthaginians."

395.—Moore (Morra) says, "The Irish people possess genuine History several centuries more ancient, than any other nation. in its present spoken language."

396.—The Irish is one of the six mother tongues of Europe, and proved by a number of Willis's late work, now published, in MSS., to be pure Punic, or Carthaginian.

397.—Sir James McIntosh again says, "we cannot deny, that the Irish were a lettered people, when the Saxons were immersed in ignorance and barbarism."

397.—Amergin, the arch-Druid or Magian (son of Milesius) commenced Irish records four hundred years only after the death of Moses.

398.—The annals of Cluan, McNuis, and Tighernach, were all written in the Irish Cadmean letter, as were also the "annals of Innis Fail," all of the thirteenth century.

A FEW NOTICES OF THE HIBERNIANS.

608.—Many have imagined that the old Irish were all Milesians. This was not the case. For these Hibernians, which term embraced all their colonies, and was, as a general name, their only legitimate appellation, were all of Scythian extraction, and cognate in blood, as well as identical in tongue, religion, laws, manners and customs.

609.—And most probably as Moore thinks, have emigrated from the same direction of the Euxine into Ireland. But the Milesians became the dominant section, from having brought over sea all the arts, sciences and learning of the Ægypto-Phœnicians.

610.—Ptolemy called them Nations. The Danains claimed descent from the third son, and the Milesians from Phenius, eldest son of Magog, son of Japhet and grandson of Noah.

611.—Niul was son of Phœnius. It was a matter of time only to cause the complete fusion of all these tribes into one mass, and such they are at the present day all over Ireland and North America.

612.—There are about five millions of Hibernian Celts in Ireland, seven and a half in the United States, and one and a half in the North American Colonies, that is about nine millions, or total of fourteen millions.

613.—And they have continued for ages so little altered, that at this day their features, habits, disposition and tongue remain unchanged.

614.—Whereas in Britain there is some difficulty in discovering the various races of which they are composed, as the great mass of the English, are chiefly Norman, French, Deutchen, and other Scandinavians.

615.—In Wales, Cornwall, and Scotland, they have about three millions of pure Celtic blood, and amongst these and in Ireland, there are many who cannot speak English.

We go back to some promiscuous remains of her antiquity.

340.—McGeoghegan says, "A. M. nineteen hundred and sixty-nine, and three hundred years after the Flood, Partholan brought a colony into Erin, next came the Nemedians and Fomorians, then Firbolgs and Danains. But as my business is with the Hiberni in general, I can only touch upon the well authenticated part, and I think we are on firm ground when we land the Milesian Scythic colony from Gallicia."

345.—In Hamilcar's voyage, Moore says, "while characteristics of the Sacred Isle" are dwelt upon with minuteness, a single line remarks that "the Islands of the Albiones extend in her heigbourhood."

346.—O'Moore. Eirin, or Innis Fail, was much more intimately known to the Phœnicians and Greeks than Albion (or Britain).

"In the ancient 'Argonautic' poems supposed of the time of Pisistratus, and from Phœnician sources, Ierne alone is mentioned without any allusion to Albion."

THE IRISH TONGUE.

350.—As I before remarked, the present living Celtic, is now proved, and allowed to be identical with the Punic. Willis of Dublin, has lately given numerous extracts from the Roman Poet Plautus, wherein the conversation of Hanno, a Carthaginian, appears to be literally Irish, the classic of our day.

351.—We must here consider also, that some of our Irish MSS. were written not long after the destruction of Carthage. Another coincidence among thousands may be here quoted, Bishop Nichols tells us that "the ancient Irish knew the composition of the old Phœnician Dye, which was extracted from a small shell-fish found on the Irish coast."

352.—Red, purple, and crimson, are represented as the colors worn by their Heroes, another proof of Tyrian intercourse.

408.—Sir John Stephenson, the great musical composer, member of the Belfast Literary Association, says, "the art of dying purple and scarlet, the Spindle and the Loom were introduced into Erin from Bethsan or Scythopolis, in Syria, fourteen hundred years before Christ."

420.—At a time when the Carthaginians knew so little of Albion, besides the name, the renown of Ierne as a seat of Holiness had already become ancient, and assuredly the primitive seat of the Western Druids. (This word is from the Hiberno-Celtic word *Draoid*, a wise man or Magian," (Moore.)

FREDERICK AND FLEURY;

OR, THE ILLUMINEES.

However strange the following narrative may appear at the present day, it may, nevertheless, not be devoid of interest to those who still bear in remembrance the principal occurrences of the year 1792, and more especially the strong sensation occasioned by a very important and unexpected event to which it has reference. The story rests upon the statement of the Caron de Beaumarchais, a man whose character did not stand sufficiently high in the estimation of his contemporaries to ensure its being received as an unquestionable fact, upon his bare assertion, unsupported by more respectable evidence; they were more likely to have considered it a flight of that lively and prolific imagination which had produced the *Marriage de Figaro*, and other works (displaying very superior genius, but abounding in immorality, as well as wit,) if a variety of circumstances had not combined to render it so highly probable, that it readily obtained credit by all those to whom it was communicated.

Beaumarchais came to England towards the close of 1792, and soon after his arrival, told his story to the Abbé Sabathier de Cabre,* who, struck with the light it appeared to throw upon a circumstance involved in great mystery, and which had annihilated the hopes of the French Royalists, hastened with all possible speed to impart it to several of his emigrant friends, who concurred in giving it implicit belief.

The town of Verdun, had in the month of August, 1792, been summoned to surrender by the Duke of Brunswick Lunenburg, commander of the combined armies of Austria and Prussia, assembled on the frontiers of France, for the avowed purpose of liberating the king and royal family, from the captivity in which they were then held. An ineffectual attempt to defend the place had been made by Monsieur de Beaumepaire, the governor, until finding himself opposed by the inhabitants, and unable to make further resistance, he took the desperate resolution of blowing out his brains, which he actually put into execution in full council. The garrison immediately capitulated, and having obtained leave to retire into the interior of France, the gates of Verdun were thrown open, and the King of Prussia entered at the head of his army, the 2nd of September, 1792.

The occupation of Verdun, by the King of Prussia, was hailed by the Royalists with the utmost of joy; their dearest hopes seemed about to be fulfilled, and only a few days they expected would elapse, ere the King of Prussia would overcome every obstacle, enter Paris, set free the imprisoned monarch, reinstate him upon the throne of his ancestors, overthrow the power usurped by the Revolutionists, and restore to that unhappy country, deluged as it had been by blood, that peace and order which had long been banished from it.

It was at this juncture, and whilst the King of Prussia was still at Verdun, that Beaumarchais called at the house of an actor, named Fleury, who had acquired prodigious applause in his performance at one of the theatres in Paris of the character of Frederick II., King of Prussia. Fleury had got an old coat worn by Frederick, his waistcoat, his hat, his boots, and he had contrived to make even his face bear a strong resemblance to the deceased monarch. Upon Beaumarchais knocking at Fleury's door, it was opened by a little girl of ten or twelve years old, the niece of Fleury, who, in answer to the inquiry, whether her uncle was at home, said that he was in the country.

"Will he be at home to-morrow?" asked Beaumarchais, who wished very much to see him.

"Oh, no," replied the girl, "my uncle will not be at home for eight or ten days; he is gone to Verdun.

Beaumarchais turned from the door. Gone to Verdun, thought he; what can possibly have called Fleury to Verdun? certainly not the exercise of his profession—they have other things to occupy their attention just now—more serious work in hand than to be thinking of acting plays. Thus reasoned Beaumarchais; and as soon as the time fixed for Fleury's return was expired, he made another visit to his house, with better success, and was admitted, as they were upon terms of great intimacy.

Beaumarchais naturally asked Fleury what had occasioned his going from Paris so unexpectedly, and what business could have called him to Verdun. To his astonishment, he found his friend (contrary to his usual communicative manner) very shy of speaking upon the subject of his late journey, evading to answer any direct questions, and seemingly desirous to envelop the whole in an impenetrable veil of mystery. But the more Fleury laboured at concealment, the more Beaumarchais became convinced that this journey was connected with matters of importance; and he strove, by every means he could devise, to obtain the secret. Nothing, however, could he elicit from the cautious Fleury, and the mind of Beaumarchais was still deeply engaged in forming conjectures, when a report was spread, that the King of Prussia, instead of marching to Paris for the relief of the king and the royal family, as set forth in the manifesto of the Duke of Brunswick, had determined upon relinquishing any further attempt, and had actually withdrawn his army. Before the astonishment, which this very unexpected news occasioned, had subsided, an au-

*It was from the Abbé Sabathier de Cabre, that I heard the story of Fleury's journey to Verdun; and who, at one period of his life, had been a person of some celebrity in France. He was a Conseiller a la Grande Chambre du Parlement de Paris, and had rendered himself very conspicuous during the disputes between the King and Parliament, by his strenuous and undaunted opposition to the enregistering of several of the King's edicts, in particular those of the Seance Royal, of the 19th of November, 1787. His popularity was prodigiously increased by the persecutions which he and another Conseiller, Monsieur d'Epremenil, underwent, in consequence of their exertions in supporting the rights of the Parliament. They were both arrested by Lettres de Cachet, and Sabathier was conveyed to the Fortress of Mont St. Michel, in the Bay of Constance, and d'Epremenil to some other. The Duc d'Orleans, who had played a prominent part upon the latter occasion, being at the same time exiled to his own country-seat of Villers Coterets. This Sabathier was afterwards employed by Bonaparte as Ambassador, or Envoy to Sweden.

thentic account arrived confirming the disastrous intelligence, and of the Prussians being in full retreat. A change so sudden, and at a moment when the hopes of the Royalists had been raised to the highest pitch, came upon them like a clap of thunder; they were plunged into the deepest despair, and above all, the gallant band of emigrants, assembled under the banners of the king's two brothers Monsieur and the Comte d'Artois, and commanded by the Prince de Condé; whilst men of noble families, and possessing large estates in France, who were serving in the ranks as common soldiers, submitted to the hardships and privations, which would have been severely felt by persons born in the lower classes of life, but which these gentlemen, sustained as they were by the hope of being the instruments destined by Providence to rescue their king, their country, and their families, from the galling yoke of the Revolutionists, bore, with a patience and devotedness, truly heroic. Every possible endeavour was tried to induce the King of Prussia to revoke this cruel resolve, but in vain; and no alternative was left to them but the heart-rending sacrifice of their long-cherished hopes, and the painful necessity of disbanding their little army.

Conjecture was of course busy in assigning reasons for the King of Prussia's abandonment of a cause, which he had espoused with an ardour that promised the happiest result. One report, which was propagated by the Revolutionists, stated that the measure had originated from a letter written by Louis XVI. to the King of Prussia; but nothing could less bear the semblance of truth, than that the unhappy monarch would himself have assisted to rivet his own fetters, and stop the progress of an army rapidly advancing to Paris for his deliverance; or if, in fact, such a letter had been written by him, was it not obvious that it must have been done under the controul of his jailers, dictated by them, and not expressive of his own sentiments; and ought it not to have been treated as such by the King of Prussia? Another, and by far a more prevalent rumour, affirmed that the King of Prussia had seen the spirit of his uncle, Frederick II., who, in menacing terms, forbad his further advance into the French territory, and commanded him, upon pain of vengeance, to retrace his steps to his own dominions.

This last rumour obtained very general belief, strengthened as it was, by its being well known that his Prussian Majesty was intimately acquainted with several of the Illuminees, disciples of Swedenborg, who affirmed that the favoured few, who were initiated into their unhallowed rites, possessed the power of invoking the dead, of recalling the disembodied spirit back to the earth, compelling it by their incantations, to submit to interrogation, and to answer whatever questions they might think fit to propose. No sooner did this last rumour reach Beaumarchais, than the light seemed to flash upon his mind, and he was convinced that he had got a clue to all Fleury's proceedings. With indefatigable research he ascertained, that Fleury's journey to Verdun tallied exactly with the time that the spirit of Frederick II. was said to have appeared; but his strictest inquiries could not obtain the slightest information respecting Fleury's sojourn at Verdun,—no one had seen him, no one had heard of him, his name had never been mentioned. By comparing all that he had heard, Beaumarchais was confirmed in his opinion, that the talents of Fleury had been brought into action for a great political purpose, that of imposing upon the King of Prussia, whose mind being in some degree predisposed in favour of the power of the Illuminees, was wrought upon to believe that he had actually seen his deceased uncle, of whom, whilst living, he had stood exceedingly in awe: and received from him the order, which struck the death-blow to the unfortunate Louis, his Queen, his Sister, and his Son.

A mind of much less acuteness than that of Beaumarchais, would naturally have drawn the same inference that he did, from the coincidence of the above-mentioned circumstances. If the story of the illusion practised upon the King of Prussia had any foundation in truth, no doubt could be entertained of its having been effected by means of some deep-laid scheme—no common artifice, no stale juggling tricks, had been resorted to; and what stratagem so likely to have been devised, as having recourse to Fleury's resemblance, in person, voice, and manner, to the celebrated Frederick II., the Solomon of the North?

How any person impressed with a just sense of the Divine wisdom and goodness, could for one moment harbor the belief that the Supreme Being ever had delegated, or even would delegate so large a portion of his power to a sinful creature of mere earthly mould, is a question which is quite incomprehensible. Yet, certain it is, that all nations, civilized as well as barbarous, and in all ages, from Jannes and Jambres, who withstood Moses, to the present time, there have been impostors, who, by various artifices, have contrived to deceive mankind with pretended miracles, and supernatural appearances. None more effectually than the Illuminees, who, towards the end of the last century, were so much talked of in every country of Europe, particularly in Germany, which was the principal theatre of their operations. What rendered their success most surprising, was, that the proselytes were not generally credulous, weak-minded persons, easily led astray by such charlatans as Cagliostro, Mesmer, &c., but very many of them were men of strong minds, and highly-cultivated understandings.

I had opportunities of hearing much upon this subject, from both English and Foreigners, who had been personally acquainted with the Comte de St. Germain, Cagliostro, Mesmer, and Le Roi. But I shall, for the present, take my leave of them, with an extraordinary story which I heard told, at an early period of the French Revolution, at the Comtesse de Boufflers's.*

The narrator was the Comtesse de Balbi, at that time the acknowledged favorite of Monsieur,† brother of Louis XVI; the fascination of whose conversation, although unaided by the charms of beauty, fully justified the influence she was said

* The Comtesse de Boufflers, the friend of Walpole, Gibbon, and Hume, was celebrated for her beauty, had been the CHERE AMIE of the Prince de Condé, and had even, at one time, aspired to the honor of becoming his wife, as Madame de Montesson had been of the Duc d'Orleans, father of Egalite.

† Since Louis XVIII.

to hold over her royal friend. She had very lately arrived from Paris, where the Rosicrusians and Illuminees were much spoken of; and, when mentioned at Madame de Boufflers's, Madame de Balbi said she could give a very remarkable instance of the lamentable effects of becoming an Illuminee, produced upon the Comte de Caylus,* not only to the subversion of his understanding, but, as she firmly believed, to the forfeiture of his life.

The Comte de Caylus was known to most of the company, as highly distinguished for his literature, and as having acquired deserved celebrity by his antiquarian researches, and the engravings published from his beautiful drawings; yet this man, endowed, as he undoubtedly was, with a superior and enlightened understanding, was completely deluded into a conviction of himself possessing the power of invoking the spirits of the dead.

Madame de Balbi said, that the story had been told to her by Madame de Bonneuil, with whom she was well acquainted, and whose husband was *premier valet-de-chambre* to *Monsieur*.† The Comte de Caylus lived in great intimacy with Monsieur and Madame Bonneuil, and to the latter he frequently spoke, with most profound reverence, of the wonders, which his command over certain spirits enabled him to perform; and of the extraordinary discoveries he had made, by his intercourse with several illustrious persons, who had ceased to be inhabitants of earth; expatiating, at the same time, upon the vast superiority enjoyed by the Illuminees, over all other human beings. These communications often repeated, and by one so gifted as the Comte de Caylus, could not fail making, in time, some impression upon the mind of Madame de Bonneuil. She listened until she began to consider the improbability of the Comte's having any motive for attempting to deceive her; and from thence she was led to hope, that if in reality he had acquired the ascendency of which he boasted over certain evil spirits, she might, through his agency be indulged with the gratification which she ardently desired, of seeing and conversing with a friend whose memory she cherished. In one of her interviews with the Comte, she made known her wishes, and very earnestly entreated him to invoke the spirits in her behalf. After much solicitation on her part, and some reluctance on his, the Comte consented to her request; but only upon condition that she would solemnly promise to follow implicitly his direction, not to move from the place which he should assign to her; to observe the most profound silence, and not to utter the slightest sound during the performance of the ceremony. To these terms, Madame de Bonneuil gave her ready assent, and waited with great anxiety for the summons which she expected from her friend, appointing a meeting. After a short interval, a day was fixed by the Comte, and Madame de Bonneuil was punctual in her attendance. Arrived at the house of the Comte, he received her at the door of his apartment, dressed in black, and with a more than usual solemnity of countenance and demeanor, he accosted her in a low tone of voice, scarce above a whisper, and reminded her of the pledge she had given, neither to move nor speak; assuring her, at the same time that it was of the utmost consequence, both to her own life and to his, that she should strictly observe the profound silence he had enjoined. Madame de Bonneuil repeated the promise, and again assured the Comte, that he might rely upon her taciturnity, and her conforming rigidly in every respect to his instructions. The Comte then led her through two or three rooms, all hung with black, receiving light from only a few lamps, so sparingly distributed, that they served rather to increase than to dispel the sepulchral gloom. The last room which she entered was darker, and much more *lugubre* than the others, it seemed fitted up for the express purpose of inspiring horror; for, by the very feeble light which a single lamp afforded, she could perceive the sad emblems of mortality, skulls and crossbones affixed to the walls, Madame de Bonneuil shuddered, and was somewhat dismayed; but the presence of the Comte gave her confidence, and after a few minutes consideration, she fancied herself capable of awaiting the result, if not with courage, at least without betraying fear, as the Comte had not imposed upon her any act that could in any way be repugnant to her feelings—all she had to do, was to be passive, silent, and immoveable.

The Comte having conducted her to the seat which she was to occupy, began the ceremony by drawing a circle around himself with a wand, he then proceeded to throw the ingredients, which composed the spell, into a vessel prepared for the purpose, from whence issued a dense smoke, muttering at the same time incantations in a low voice, until he worked himself up to the loudest and most vehement tone of command, accompanied with the wild gestures and horrid contortions of a demoniac. The courage of Madame de Bonneuil began to give way; and at the moment when screams and yells the most dreadful and terrific, assailed her ear, she became so completely appalled, that she lost all self-possession; and, to utter one answering and involuntary scream and to rush from the room before the Comte could stop her, was the work of an instant. Almost breathless, she traversed the apartments, flung herself into her caraiage which was waiting at the door, and by the time she reached her own house, was seriously ill from the effects of the terror she had undergone. During her illness, which lasted several days, she neither saw nor heard of the Comte de Caylus; at last, after some considerable time had elapsed, he came, but so changed in appearance, that she was greatly struck with it; his countenance was woe-begone, and his con-

* "The celebrated Comte de Caylus, had such an antipathy to a Capuchin friar, that he was scarcely able to keep himself from fainting at the sight of one. The origin of this antipathy is referred to an incident said to have happened to him, while playing at the game of Tric-trac, with one of his friends. He suddenly fancied that he perceived on the dice a clot of blood, and lifting up his eyes, he saw the appearance of a Capuchin friar in the apartment. Struck with the extraordinary sight, he cried, 'Heavens, what an omen! My brother who is in the army, has assuredly been killed in battle!' A few days afterwards, a monk of this order, brought him the afflicting news as he had presaged. The hour and even the minute of his brother's death, corresponded exactly with that at which he had discovered the bloody intimation."—LIT. PANORAMA, 1811.

† Louis XVIII.

versation most melancholy. He reproached her with having so strenuously urged him to put forth his power of calling up the dead, and deceiving him by the promise of implicitly following his directions. His reliance upon her had induced him, he said, to make use of the most powerful spells, and summon to his aid malignant deamons, which could only be kept in awe by severity—that her scream had broken the charm—the demons had obtained the mastery over him, and nothing but his life would expiate his offence. Poor Madame de Bonneuil, excessively distressed at hearing the Comte talk in this strain, endeavored to reason with him, but without the slightest effect; and he parted from her as one who "bids the world good night," assuring her that they should never meet again on this side of the grave, for that he had but a short time to live, ere the fiends whom she had insulted would demand him as their victim.

Whether the Comte de Caylus was at the same time suffering from any malady likely to put a speedy period to his existence or whether the mental delusion under which he labored, produced a fatal effect upon his body, certain it is, that very soon, within a few weeks after this interview, Madame de Bonneuil learnt that the Comte de Caylus was dead!!!

THE PATH ACROSS THE HILLS.

I.

In Life's delightful morn,
When love and trust were born,
To thy dwelling in the wooded hills I came;
Thy smile of welcome made
A sunbeam in that shade,
And spring and winter bloomed for me the same.
Tho' the snow hung in the cloud,
And the stormy winds blew loud,
I recked not—all my sunshine was to come:
My heart was blithe and gay,
I went singing all the way,
In the path across the hills to thy home!

II.

The spring, with gentle rain,
Hath woke the flowers,
And summer clothes the leafy woods once more,
But Love's sweet smile is fled,
And Hope's bright flowers are dead,
And thy dear smile no sunshine can restore!
To some less loved abode—
By some more dreary road—
Fate yet may lead my steps in days to come;
But never blithe and gay,
To sing along the way,
As in the path that led me to thy home!

It is good in a fever, much better in anger, to have the tongue kept clean and smooth.

OLD ENGLISH BALLADS.

The songs of the Tyne, and the old ballad of Tynemout Priory, threw us back on our recollections, and sent us once again in search of Barbara Allen, Queen Eleanor, the Fair Maid of Clifton, Jew's Daughter, and others, the ladies of immortal song, whom

> The spinsters and the knittors in the sun,
> And the free maids, that weave their thread with bones,
> Do use to chaunt—

and the best informed of our readers may not object to have his memory refreshed on this subject. We, who have little leisure for discursive reading, must of course, be indebted to the published collections of old Puttenham, and Percy, and querulous John Ritson and other such worthy treasure-seekers: but, assuredly, many an excellent old ballad is still chanted in "Merrie Engolande," which has never yet found its way into print, but has descended orally through generations which yet continue to people the secluded valleys where their single-minded forefathers dwelt—many a "pretty tale," as Michael Drayton said, nearly three hundred years ago, "when a boy, his toothless grandmother often told to him." In the wide and wild counties of Yorkshire and Lincolnshire, where the little villages lie far apart from the towns, and where modern improvements and modern taste have nct yet extended, there must exist many a lay and legend that are purely local.

Right pleasant are many of these "stories of old time," as we shall offer proof; and although some of them may have lost a portion of their rich colouring as they have been handed down to us through long centuries, yet they have retained their feeling and simplicity, and it is owing to this that they have so long continued popular. The old minstrels almost always expressed their thoughts in the most homely language; they shaped their ideas to suit the capacities of their audience, and as they sang them themselves, they were at once competent to judge of the style which they must adhere to, to become popular. Thus it scarcely requires any effort of mind to comprehend their true meaning; like a beautiful figure clothed in plain but becoming attire, instead of being buried under a multiplicity of gay garments, you are at once struck by its fair proportions. Their images, too, are but seldom misplaced; they are simple, expressive, and appropriate, and you marvel at the effects produced by such natural ornaments. Whether they tell a tale of love or wild adventure, of heart-aching sorrow or death, or only describe some rural scene, or pourtray some high-born beauty, all is done in

the simplest manner. You meet with no confusion of thoughts, no display of senseless and high-sounding words; but everything is in its true keeping, and at once both understood and felt. We speak, not of those productions which have no other value than that of being merely ancient, but such as have stood the criticisms of ages, and are yet, and will ever be, read with pleasure. Setting aside the disputes which have arisen respecting the antiquity of the various ballads which pass under the denomination of "ancient," we shall point out the simple beauties of some which are acknowledged by all to have been popular for at least two or three centuries. Disregarding also the order of their dates, which it is almost impossible to ascertain correctly, we shall confine our extracts and remarks to such pieces as come home to our common feelings, and are connected with every day circumstances.

Every reader of Shakspeare remembers that portion of the old ballad which is sung by Desdemona on the eve of her death, with its plaintive burthen of "O willow, willow." The exquisite manner in which the great Bard has himself introduced it, may be looked upon as the master-key to all that is simple and pathetic in this kind of composition, Desdemona says—

My mother had a maid called Barbara,
She was in love; and he she loved proved mad,
And did forsake her: she had a song of "Willow."
An old thing 'twas, but it expressed her fortune,
And she died singing it: that song to-night
Will not go from my mind; I have much ado,
But to go hang my head all one side,
And sing it like poor Barbara.

How exquisitely simple is the whole of this passage! who can read it without feeling a deep sympathy for poor Barbara! We have no mention here of her pale face, her lack-lustre eyes, her low melancholy voice, "sadly sweet;" we are only told that the old song expressed her fortune; we only know that she "hung her head all to one side," and went about her household work singing it; but who can read the passage without seeing "poor Barbara,"

All love lorn and care-begone!

Take now the opening of the plaintive ballad which Barbara sung, and which was an "old thing" in Shakspeare's time—what a picture would the opening lines make:

A poor soul sat sighing under a sycamore tree,
O willow, willow, willow;
With his hand on his bosom, *his* head on *his* knee,*
O willow, willow, willow,
Sing O the green willow shall be my garland.

He sighed in his singing, and after each groan,
Came willow, &c
I am dead to all pleasure, my true love is gone,
Sing O the green willow, &c.

* * * * * * *

The mute birds sat by him, made tame by his moans,
O willow, &c.
The salt tears fell from him, which softened the stones.
Sing O the green willow, &c.

Let nobody blame me, her scornes I do prove:
O willow &c.
She was borne to be fair; I, to die for her love,
Sing O the green willow, &c.

* * * * * *

Come all you forsaken, and sit down by me,
O willow, &c.
He that complains of his false love, mine's falser than she
Sing O the green willow, &c.

This beautiful old ballad is in two parts: we have only quoted a few extracts from the first. That the willow, from its drooping over rivers, and growing in damp, shady, and melancholy places, should naturally suggest itself as an emblem of sorrow, may be readily conceived; and our earliest records describe the daughters of Zion as hanging their harps upon the willows of Babylon, and weeping on the river banks. Green, too, is still called a "forsaken colour," and many a rural maiden in the present day would not wear a green ribbon through this simple cause, while on the other hand, blue is the emblem of true love; "true blue" is a common phrase.

Again, in an old pastoral dialogue which occurs in a small black-letter collection of ancient poetry, entitled "The Golden Garland of Princely Delight," we find the following on "Willow."

Willy. How now, sheperde, what meanest that?
Why that willow in thy hat?
Why thy searffes of red and yellowe
Turned to branches of green willowe?

Cuddy. They are changed and so am I;
Sorrowes live, but pleasures die:
Philis hath forsaken mee,
Which makes me wear the willow tree.

After a brief dialogue, in which Willy argues the folly of repining for love, Cuddy comes to the following resolution:—

Herdsman I'll be ruled by thee,
There lies grief and willow tree;
Henceforth I will do as they,
And love a new-love every day.

In the old Ballad called "Barbara Allen's Cruelty," which still continues popular in our rural and manufacturing districts, we have a clever specimen of that simple style of composition which appeals at once to the feelings. Barbara Allen was so fair, that her beauty made every youth cry well-a-day." In the "merry month of

*Shakespeare has adapted it to suit his female character. In a black letter copy in the "Pepys collection," it is intitled "A Lover's Complainte being forsaken of his Love."—Percy.

May," when "the green buds were swelling," Jemmy Grove lay on his death-bed, "for love of Barbara Allen." The dying lover sends his man to the town where Barbara dwells, and he thus delivers his master's message:

> You must come to my master deare
> If your name is Barbara Allen.
> For death is printed on his face,
> And o'er his heart is stealing;
> Then haste away to comfort him,
> O lovely Barbara Allen.

Barbara, before she goes, says he'll be but little better for her visit. She comes to him slowly—the very lines move sluggishly—and when she does come, poor Jemmy Grove finds but cold comfort.

> And all she said, when there she came,
> "Young man, I think you're dying."

He turns his face to her "with deadly sorrow," and implores her to pity him—

> "I'm on my death-bed lying."

> "If on your death-bed you do lye,
> What needs the tale your'e telling?
> I cannot keep you from your death:
> Farewell!" said Barbara Allen.

> He turned his face unto the wall,
> As deadly pangs he fell in;
> "Adieu! adieu! adieu to all,
> Adieu to Barbara Allen."

> As she was walking o'er the fields
> She heard the bell a knelling;
> And every stroke did seem to say,
> O cruel Barbara Allen.

"She turned her body round about and spied the corpse a coming." She looked down upon it with a scornful eye, while all her friends cried out, "Unworthy Barbara Allen." When he was dead and laid in his grave, "her heart was struck with sorrow,,' and she called on her mother to make her bed, "for I shall die to-morrow." She repents, dies, and is buried beside Jemmy Grove, sorry enough, "that she ever did deny him." Simple as this old ditty is, we have heard it sung with great effect by a plain country girl, while the tears trickle down the cheeks of her companions, as they joined in the chorus. There are many versions of this ballad; a Scotch one, with Sir John Græme for hero, may be found in Ramsay and in Cunningham.

There are several master-strokes in the ballad of "Sir Andrew Barton." The simple complaint of Henrye Hunt is very graphic, where he describes himself as having been a prisoner to the Scotch rover, who bound him down in the hatches. But the gem of the ballad is a description of the Rover's death, and is as follows:—

> "Fight on my men," Sir Andrew says,
> "A little I'm hurt, but not yet slain,
> "I'll but lie down and bleed awhile,
> "And then I'll rise and fight again,
> Fight on, my men," Sir Andrew says,
> "And never flinch before the foe;
> And stand fast by St. Andrew's cross,
> Until you hear my whistle blow."
> They never heard his whistle blow.

The simple effect of the last repetition is excellent; we scarcely know an instance where greater effect is produced by six plain words. The pause between the stanzas is one of life and death. Had the poet described the Rover dying, and entered into every particular of his looks, and his last agony, it would have fallen far short of this brief and expressive announcement. The ballad would occupy more space than we can afford, were we to attempt an analysis of all its beauties, for they are many.

"The Fair Maid of Clifton," or "Bateman's Tragedy," although a local ballad, must be known to thousands, through Henry Kirk White having founded his "Clifton Grove," upon the same story. The full title of this ancient ditty is curious, and cannot fail of reminding our readers of the ballads which Autolycus offers for sale at the sheep-shearing feast, in the "Winter's Tale"; it runs thus, "A Godly Warning to all Maidens, by the Example of God's Judgment, showed on Jerman's Wife of Clifton, in the County of Nottingham, who, lying in child-bed, was borne away, and never heard of after." Although, unlike Autolycus's ballads, it lacks the "midwife's name to it, and five or six honest wives who were present," yet is it still believed in the neighborhood where the scene is placed. A tragedy entitled the "Vow Breaker,' 1636, and in which several of the stanzas are quoted, is founded upon this story; and the whole may be found in Ritson's "Collection." The scene is well worth visiting by those who may chance to wander near "merry Sherwood." The path is still pointed out along which the fiend is supposed to have borne his fair burthen and the tree against which he struck is, we believe, still shown. It is, of course, blasted, and no green thing was ever remembered to have grown on the footpath which the Prince of Darkness traversed. The grove itself is a strange mixture of the pleasing, wild, and melancholy, in scenery. It stands on the brow and side of a steep hill, which in many places is so precipitous, as to be inaccessible, save by clinging to the trees and underwood which shoot out from the sides of the shaggy eminence. Below rolls the river Trent, running dark and deep under the shadows of the over-hanging branches, and offering a fearful rest-

ing-place to the adventurer whose foot slips from the acclivity. Beyond the river opens a goodly prospect, such as is perhaps only to be found embosomed amid the green hills of England. Within the "nodding horror" of the grove, few of the timorous dare to ramble alone when the twilight begins to deepen over it. As to the "Fiend's pathway," rugged, bare, and deep it will ever remain, while the rain-torrent tears down the steep hill-side into the river; for we believe it was at first worn away by such a water-fiend. We have heard that an attempt has been made to stop up this ancient walk; it will be a great pity if this should happen, when after a lapse of nearly three hundred years, it still retains all its poetical associations; and, no doubt, presents the same features as it did when "the rude forefathers of the hamlet" stole through its chequered and haunted shades, and heard, in the roaring of the branches, the shrieks of the "Fair Maid of Clifton." The opening of the ballad has a genuine smack of the olden time about it, and thus it runs:—

> You dainty dames, so finely framed
>   In beauty's chiefest mould
> And you that trip it up and down,
>   Like lambs in Cupid's fold,
> Here is a lesson to be learned;
> *   *   *   *   *   *   *   *
> To such as prove false in love, &c.

We have then a description of this "comely dame," ending with

> The fairest face, the falsest heart,
>   And soonest will deceive.

The fair maiden has many suitors, who make her offers of marriage, but she rejects them all for young Bateman, "a proper handsome youth." The troth is plighted between them; they vow that nothing but death shall sever their love, they break a piece of gold asunder (an old custom of ratifying a love-vow), and the maiden wishes that nothing may thrive with her if she breaks her oath. So pass two months, and they are still unmarried. (One of the copies sends Bateman to sea.) However, she marries one Jerman, a wealthy old widower, "and better in degree," than her poorer lover. She denies her vow to Bateman, defies him, and cares nothing for his threats, although he swears that she shall never enjoy another quiet hour, and that he will have her, either alive or dead, when he is laid in his grave. Then the ballad proceeds as follows:—

> But mark how Bateman died for love,
>   And finished his life,
> The very day she married was,
>   And made old Jerman's wife;
> For with a strangling-cord, God wot,
>   Great moan was made therefore,
> He hanged himself in a desperate sort,
>   Before the bride's own door.
>
> Whereat such sorrow pierced her heart,
>   And troubled sore her mind,
> That she could never after that,
>   One day of comfort find;
> And wheresoever she did go,
>   Her fancy did surmise,
> Young Bateman's pale and ghastly ghost,
>   Appeared before her eyes.
>
> When she in bed at night did lie.
>   Betwixt her husband's arms,
> In hope thereby to sleep at rest,
>   In safety from all harms;
> Great cries, and grievous groans she heard,
>   A voice that sometimes cried,
> "Oh thou art she that I must have,
>   And will not be denied."

The unborn babe, "as God appointed so," preserves her body from the fiend; but no sooner is the infant born, than he again torments her. She entreats her friends to stay with her, telling them that the "spirit of her lover" has come with "with pale and ghastly face," and will not depart without her; and that while they keep awake, he has no power to remove her body. They promise to obey her, but in vain, for in the middle of the night a "sad slumber" falls upon them all—

> So being all full fast asleep,
>   To them unknown which way,
> The child-bed-woman, that woeful night,
>   From thence was born away;
> But to what place no creature knew,
>   Nor to this day can tell.

The ballad then concludes, by advising all maidens never to forsake him to whom they vow their love, for—

> God that hears all secret oaths,
>   Will dreadful vengeance take,
> On such that of a wilful vow
>   Do slender reckoning make.

There appears to have been some truth for the groundwork of this wild ballad, so far as the lover hanging himself, and the maiden marrying the wealthy old widower. As for the rest, there is the blasted tree and the narrow ravine, down which the rain has coursed for centuries. No trace of the building where the fair maiden dwelt has stood within the memory of man.

"The Nut-Browne Mayd" is a ballad of great antiquity, and upon it Prior modelled his "Henry and Emma." It was printed amongst Arnold's historical collections about 1521; and as he, in his "Chronicle," only professed to gather what was rare and ancient, we may suppose that it was considered an old poem above three hundred years ago. It contains thirty stanzas, each consisting of twelve lines, and is therefore too lengthy for our columns. We will, however, give a brief analysis of it, and extract a few of its beauties.

The poem opens with accusing man of complaining of woman's want of constancy; that to love a woman is labor in vain, for they never will return that love, no matter what a man may do to obtain their favor; for if a new lover presents himself, the old one is immediately a "banished man." That men complain, nay, "that it is both writ and said" that woman's faith is all "utterly decayed." This the poet undertakes to prove false, by recording the love of the Nut-brown Maid, who, when her lover came to prove her, would not let him depart, "for in her heart she loved but him alone." The knight comes secretly, and in the dark, to tell the maiden that he is a banished man, and must escape, for he is doomed to suffer a painful death, and he must bid her adieu, and seek a shelter in the green wood. She exclaims, "O Lord, what is this world's bliss!" that changes like the moon; complains that her "summer's day in lusty May, is dark before the noon." She has heard him say "farewell," and replies, "we part not so soon," inquires whither he will go, what he has done, and tells him that, if he leaves her, all her happiness will change to sorrow and care, for she "loves but him alone." He replies that he can well believe his absence will grieve her for a day or two, but after then she will find comfort; that it will be useless to mourn for him, and he prays her heartily not to do it, for he is a banished man, and must be gone. She says, that since he has told her the secret of his mind she must be as plain with him, and that if he will go, she will not be left behind; bids him make ready to depart, for it shall "never be said the Nut-Brown Mayd was to her love unkind." He then asks what men will think if she goes to the green-wood with him; the young and old will call her wanton; and that rather than suffer her to be called an "ill-woman," he will go alone. She replies, that the charge will stand by those who blame her; that true love is devoid of shame; that no true lover would part with him in such "distress and heaviness; nor will she, for "she loves but him alone." He warns her that it is no maiden's pastime to go to the wood with an outlaw: that she will be compelled to carry a bow and arrows constantly in her hands, and like a thief ever live in awe and dread. She replies that she is well aware that it is no maiden's employment; but that, for his sake, she will learn to run a-foot, to hunt, and shoot, and kill deer; that she asks nothing more than his company for a reward; for her heart would soon be cold as a stone were she to part from him. He tells her that if he is caught, he will be hung without pity, and "waver in the wind," asks her what succour she could afford him, and doubts whether both her and her bow would not be far behind in the hour of danger. She replies that a woman is but feeble in the fight; but that if his enemies did assail him, she would withstand them, bow in hand, and do her best to save him from death. The next verses have such a smack of the old forests about them, that we give them entire.

HE.

Yet take good hede, for ever I drede,
That ye could not sustain
The thornie ways. the deep vallies,
The snow, the frost, the rain,
The cold, the heat—for, dry or wete,
We must lodge on the plain;
And us above, none other rofe,
But a brake bush or twayne;
Which soon should grieve you, I believe,
And you would gladly then,
That I had to the green-wood gone
Alone, a banished man.

SHE.

Since I have here been partynere,
With you of joy and blisse;
I must also part of your wo
Endure, as reason is;
Yet am I sure of one pleasure;
And shortly it is this:
That where ye be, it seemeth me,
I could not fare amiss.
Without more speech, I you beseech,
That we were soon agone;
For in my mind, of all mankind,
I love but you alone.

HE.

If ye go thither, ye must consider,
When ye have list to dine,
There shall no mete. for you to gete,
No drink, beere, ale, or wine;
No sheetes clene, to lie betwene,
That's made of thread and twine!
None other house, but leaves and bowes,
To cover your head and mine.
Oh mine heart swete, this evil diete
Would make you pale and wan;
Wherefore I will to the green-wood go
Alone, a banished man.

SHE.

Among the wild deer, such an archere,
As men say that ye be,
We may not fail of good victayle,
Where is so great plentè;
And water clere of the ryvere
Shall be full swete to me;
With which in hele [health] I shall right wele
Endure, as ye shall see;
And ere I go, a bed or two
I can provide anon;
For in my mind, of all mankind,
I love but you alone.

HE.

Lo yet, before ye must do more,
If ye will go with me,

As cut your hair up by your ear,
Your kirtle by the knee;
With bow in hand for to withstand
Your enemies, if need be;
And this same night before daylight,
To wood-ward will I flee.
If that ye will all this fulfil,
Do it as shortly as ye can,
Else will I to the green-wood go
Alone, a banished man.

SHE.

I shall, as now, do more for you
Than 'longeth to womanhede;
To short my hair, a bow to bear,
To shoot in time of nede.
O my sweet mother! before all other
For you I have most drede.
But now adieu, I must pursue,
Where fortune doth me lede,
All this make ye—now let us flee,
The day coms fast upon;
For in my mind, of all mankind,
I love but you alone.

After all this, he accuses her of being too ready to follow him; quotes the old proverb of "soonest hot soonest cold," and applies it to woman. She tells him that she is a baron's daughter, and that although he is but a "squire of low degree," and thus taunts her, she cannot but love him. He would almost provoke a saint, for he tells her that, after all, he has another woman in the forest, whom he loves better than her. She begs to be allowed to wait upon them both, for all that she desires is to be with him. At last he confesses that he is neither an outlaw nor a banished man, but the son of an earl, and that he will take her to Westmoreland, where his possessions lie; and so terminates the "Nut-Brown Maid"—a ballad teeming with beauty, simplicity, and true poetry.

These ballads, we are aware, are well known to many of our readers; but to some, and to the young especially, they may not be; and to all they will call up pleasant recollections.

Modesty in your discourse will give a lustre to truth, and an excuse to your error.

Too much assertion gives ground of suspicion; truth and honesty have no need of loud protestations.

A man who has any good reason to believe in himself, never flourishes himself before the faces of other people in order that they may believe in him.

If you have any excellency, do not vainly endeavour to display it; let it be called into action accidentally, it will infallibly be discovered, and much more to your advantage.

The common miseries of life give us less pain at their birth than during their formation, and the *real* day of sorrow is ever twenty-four hours sooner than others.

FOREST GLEANINGS.

No. XIII.

"A few leaves gathered by the wayside."

THE LODGE IN THE WILDERNESS.

CHAPTER I.

A PRELIMINARY CHAPTER—THE PURCHASE.

The long winter of 1836 was over, the tardy spring had at last unloosed her treasures of fragrance and beauty; the buds of the tacamahac were swelling; the cedars, spruce, hemlock and pine were opening that rich dark gum so refreshing to the eye, weary with the eternal brightness and dazzle of the snow; the tender leaves of many a lowly forest bush and sapling were bursting from their winter cradles; sunbeams were glancing upon the pools of deep blue water, that lay within the ice bound bosom of the still frozen lake—thousands of wild fowl, ducks of all kinds, wild geese, swans, and loons were sporting on the cold bosom of the ice locked pools. The fish-hawk was there sailing in lofty circles above the careless group, the solitary heron winged its flight to some leafless branch that overhung the shore, there to wait and watch for its finny prey. There were sounds of life and joy that told of coming spring. The hollow drumming of the partridge, the tapping of the wood-pecker in the forest, and the soft oft repeated whispering note of the chicadee, were blended not inharmoniously with the breezy wind murmuring through the tufted boughs of the tall pine, making sweet melody and mingling its wailing cadences with

"The still sweet fall of waters far away."

But hark! there are other sounds wakening the lorn echoes of the woods, a sound of busy stirring life. The air is ringing with the dull sound of the axe, and soon the thundering fall of a forest tree meets the ear, and sends the wild fowl in screaming clouds from the surface of the water, but the echoes are once more silent, and again they re-assemble and drop with noisy splash into the pools scattering a cloud of spray from their winnowing wings.

The deep angry baying of a hound startles the herd of deer which had come down to drink of the gushing streamlet that tumultuously hurries over its stony bed from beneath the trailing branches of cedar and silvery birch, to pour its slender tribute of pure cold water to the lake.

All day the sounds went on; and shout, and song, and laughter, were heard. The blue thin

smoke curling through the opening trees, the broad flickering light of the log-fires seen from the open door of the log-huts, shows that the work of clearing has begun.

On the end of a week, a large opening had been made in the dense mass of forest trees fronting the lake, and many a noble pine, tough hemlock, and tall oak, had bowed its head and measured its length upon the ground, and divested of its boughs had been reduced to a pile of naked branchless logs, ready for the devouring flames, which were soon to be kindled in the heaps of brushwood that lay piled among them. In the midst of this desolation stood the choppers shanty, or shed of primitive form, an open space in front served for entrance; windows there were none; a few rough stones cemented with clay and lime raised against the logs formed a security against the fire that piled on the earthen floor, blazed on the rude hearth, and the smoke found ready oulet at the hole cut in the roof, a table of split cedar slabs, a bedstead of the same materiaj covered with boughs and green moss; a rough deal shelf, containing a teapot, three or four tin cups and plates, formed the scanty furni.ure; while a pit dug in the centre of the floor and loosely covered slabs, was the store house, pantry, and cellar, which contained the homely viands on which these foresters fed.

A rapid stream wound its way among tall bushy hemlocks, and tangled cedars whose whitened bark and bleached roots reminded one of some patriarch silvered and furrowed with age, surrounded by youth and freshness. The gurgling of the ever flowing stream was pleasant to the ear, and the tufts of green cress-like emerald cushions adorning its bed, were refreshing to the eye at this early season, when the earth could boast of so little verdure, all its beauty lay wrapped up in gummy buds or buried beneath a carpet of decaying leaves, above which occasional patches of snow still might be noted, in deep hollows and shaded nooks. Beyond the new chopping a wide gap in the forest shows a clearing of older date, at the edge of which a decent log house may be seen. This lot has lately been purchased, and the new clearing made by the directions of the proprietor, to ensure the advantage of a lake view, a thing of small importance in the eyes of the original breaker of the bush, but of vast consequence to the present possessor, a newly arrived Englishman, who thinks much of his water privileges, and would care little for the land if deprived of the water. Already has his speculative mind, though as yet he has not seen his purchase, cleared that vast mass of fores trees to the waters edge, and laid out the plan of village, with a church, tavern, mills, and stores. Street after street is rising and a population thronging them, and he walks exultingly, with proud step, regarded as the public benefactor of his adopted country, but we must pause ere we follow our newly arrived emigrant, for many long years are before him. As yet he has not even seen his purchase, it is to him indeed a chateau en Espagne, it has all been arranged for him by a friend who knows the country and the advantages of the locality, and has inspired our sanguine friend with very exalted notions of a life in the woods. Our emigrant is sure that great things are to be done with very little means, he has read so, and heard so, and he is a man of a liberal way of thinking, an officer and a gentleman, yet prudent withal, and not extravagant, at least so he thinks, full of energy and hope, two excellent ingredients in the character of a Canadian settler, but he wants experience, and this can only be bought, too often very dearly. He is prepared to find things very different to what he has been accustomed to in the way of comforts and conveniences: he does not look for luxuries, he has resolved to be quite stoical as to the delicacies and refinements of life. Our emigrant will become a first-rate settler. He is married too, and brings with him a lovely little wife, as full of hope as himself. They are to lay the foundation of a perfect Arcadia, and to see a little world of their own framing rising up around them, the husband to be the patron and father of his people, the wife the lady Bountiful of the village. She will have an infant school, a Sunday school, and the Indians are to be made happy, domestic, civilized beings under her benign care. These were among the happy day-dreams with which the young bride comforted herself during the wearisome monotony of a voyage across the Atlantic.

The log-house and a block of wild land had been purchased by the lawyer who had acted as Capt. Hardy's agent. The situation was most eligible, on the banks of a wild and beautiful river, finely timbered. An inexhaustible quantity of pines, water-power for saw mills, lime-stone for building, and plenty of game to be had for the trouble of walking after it gun in hand. With fine hardwood land for farming purposes in the rear of the river lots, and all these advantages for *five dollars* an acre. The whole thing would be worth thousands in England, Scotland or Ireland—nothing could be more eligible.

The log house was represented as new and very good for a log house in the backwoods. The very novelty of the thing would give a charm to its

rudeness and primitive simplicity; beside they must not be over nice in a new colony. So argued Capt. Hardy and his young wife, with a look of unutterable affection, responded in the words of some nameless poet,

> "Where e'er thou art is home to me,
> And home without thee cannot be."

She had left all for him to share in his hopes, and the fortune that he fondly thought to make in the new world out of the wreck of what remained to him from a small patrimony, which, overloaded with debts and heavy legacies, had to be sold to enable him to quit his native land a free and honorable man. A few hundreds in cash, his half pay, some elegant articles of home furniture, with a young, portionless, and highly educated wife, were all that Capt. Hardy had brought to his Lodge in the Wilderness.

CHAPTER II.

THE INCOMING—FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

THE month of May was already far advanced, the snowy buds of the Trillium* were unfolding in the warm shelter of the woods, spring beauty† was almost gone, the pendant flowers of the elegant dog-tooth violet‡ had lost their freshness, the starry snow-flower‖ lingered only in shady hollows, fairy fern§ had begun to unravel her delicate pale green fronds, while the young leaves of bass, beech, and elm, with the tremulous aspen were "dancing in breezy mirth" in the warm and genial sunshine. The little creek goes singing merrily over its gravelly bed, and gurgling among the mossy roots of the old cedars that lean all aslant across its light wavelets. There, where those silver bubbles rise, whirl round a minute, then hurry off with the swift current, rises a spring—a cold spring of pure delightful water—it swells out from below that hollow in the bank, and the projecting knots in the bleached roots of the birch that twines with the cedars, hides its source, but John Sullivan, the ragged honest looking Irish boy that comes whistling from the bark covered porch of the log house on the clearing, knows where to dip the old battered spoutless tin tea-pot that he carries in his hand for a drink, and long and deep is the draught that he imbibes of that deliciously cool water. John, it is better than all the fiery whiskey that ever was distilled, there is no folly nor crime in that pure Heaven-given fluid. The boy still lingers for a few minutes to watch the blue beetles that are dancing in mazy whirls upon the eddy—to listen to the soft oft repeated note of the little bird that busily runs up and down the rifted bark of the cedar, and still calls its plaintive cry, chicadee, chicadee-dee, which John translates as he hies to his oxen, "Catch a baby, catch a baby," and wonders at the cunning bird, and still thinks of his baby brother that is sleeping so snugly in the wooden cradle at home. But why does John start and spring upon that big pine log beside him, and look towards the forest road, and hark, crashing over stones, and roots, and dry sticks, with heavy jolts, comes on a lumber waggon, and not far behind, another follows, slowly they emerge from the dense leafy screen of ever-greens, and John Sullivan shouts with excited voice aloud to Biddy Brennan who stands within the posts of the porch, looking with all her eyes and listening with all her ears, "that the master is coming at last." The master and the mistress so long looked for are at hand, and Biddy hurries within doors to sweep the hearth, rouse up the fire, warm though the day be, and hang on the kettle, while John saunters forward to meet the teams, and soon ascertains that the first instalments consist of the household furniture, and that the master and mistress are somewhere on the road.

Soon all was hurry and bustle within doors and without. The teamsters unyoking their weary cattle, and supplying them with hay and oats, while Johnie brings water from the creek, and Biddy all smiles and graces, welcomes the stranger.

"Sure thin, Mister Daly, Sir, and it's welcome ye are to the woods this blessed day." she began addressing the elder of the two men—but Mister Daly seemed by no means in a white satin humour, and passed into the house to the fire, when having duly lighted his short black pipe, he called for whiskey, drank the full of a tin mug, cast the last drops into the fire, as a libation to the fire-water spirit, and seating himself on a corner of the deal table, grumbled out, "Ten miles every inch of it, have we come since nine o'clock this morning, through roads that are not fit for christians to travel, and neither bite nor sup have we, or the beasts had, and 'tis now not far from four o'clock, I guess by the shadows.

"Come Mistress, stir yourself, and let's have some dinner."

"And sure didn't I put on the praties, and hang on the kittle, when I heer'd the first rowl of the wheels," was Biddy's ready reply, "And where is the master and mistress, the craythurs? Haven't the boys and myself been wearyin

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* Trillium.
† Claytonia or spring beauty.
‡ Erythronium dogs-tooth violet.
‖ Hepatica, snow-flower.
§ Adontium, fairy fern.

ourselves with lookin' out for them day after day, till I got a regular heart-scald of it, lookin' at thim black stumps, and fancyin' it was them coming all the time."

"Them black stumps is very desaving, Mistress Biddy," replied Tim O'Donahue the younger of the two teamsters, taking a cup of whiskey from the woman's hand with a good-humoured air; "Here's health and long life to you, Mistress Brennan, an easy death and a handsome buryin' to the old gintleman, yer husband."

"It's not yerself, thin, Tim Donahue, that would supply his place," retorted Biddy, giving her head a toss, "And so the mistress is coming; and what may she be like?"

"Indeed she's not like any of the folk that you seen lately, I warrant you." replied Tim. "She doesn't look fit for a life in the backwoods, that I can tell you. I am sure she knows nothing of work. Why her hands are as small and as white as a baby's, and she's dressed all in silks and velvets and feathers."

"You don't say so," ejaculated Biddy, "The craythur!"

"Her husband seems mighty tender over her!"

"Too tender by half," joined in the elder teamster. For my part I was out of all patience with her whims, I only know what I would have done if she had been a wife of mine—"

"Sure, Mister Daly, and what would you have done?" asked Biddy, suspending the operation of pouring out the tea, and gazing upon the surly visaged speaker.

"I would have lifted her down, and set her on one of the big pine logs, by the road-side, in the bush, and there have left her to find her way home as best she might. Small loss he'd have had of her. She a settler's wife, indeed!" and he grinned savagely.

"Och, but the likes of ye are hard of heart, and she so delicate like, and dressed so fine, too, the craythur. It's a dissolute place for the likes of myself," whined Biddy, "these backwoods; where one doesn't see the face of a christian soul once in a month, I haven't been to a wake or a wedding this year and a half."

"Come, come, good mistress," interrupted Daly impatiently, "pour the water off them praties, and let me have my supper. We have the waggons to unload, and must back again to-night, I am as hungry as a half-starved wolf."

While the men were discussing their homely meal of fried pork, potatoes, and tea, John Sullivan with Biddy's son, Mike Brennan were engaged in unloading the waggons, and much they marvelled where stowage room was to be found in the log-house for the furniture when it was unpacked.

"And what can this three cornered article be, all matted up so carefully," said Mike.

"Oh, that. Why that is the young woman's harp. She was in a great takin' for fear it should be hurt in any way. Set it aside carefully, Missus."

"And what can there be in this tin case, it feels monstrous heavy for its bulk," said John looking towards him.

"That is the chimbley glass," responded Tim, set it by carefully, for its worth pounds upon pounds. I am afeard there is never a room in the house that will fit it."

"Sure thin, can't it stand up foreninst the fire in the kitchen, Mister Tim, and won't it do nicely for Mike to shave by, and for the boys to look at thimselves in, when they come from the work at noon-time."

John Sullivan and Mike Brennan grinned at one another.

"And this box with the bright bands to it that shines as if it were gould," said Biddy, who had poked her fingers between the matting that enveloped the small mahogany brass bound chest.

"It's very heavy for its weight," said Tim, trying to lift it aside. The two boys tested its weight with looks of admiration.

"That's the plate chist," growled out old Daly.

"The best chaney, I suppose," said Biddy.

"Well, and if the old log-house won't be grandly fixed. The master will have to get the carpenter up to make shelves to set it all out on, or there won't be room in the cupboard for it to be seen to advantage."

"Nonsense woman, it's the gould and silver."

Biddy's eyes expanded to double their size, as she repeated "the silver and gould! Why Master Daly, you don't say the Master's fortin is in that box."

"Well, its a fine thing to be rich, it's a thousand pities my man didn't ax twice the money for the land."

"Come, Missus, lend a hand with the piany," and Daly and Biddy, with an air of deep reverence, gave their assistance to lift the large case down from the waggon. "And is it the master or the mistress that plays the music?" she asked.

"The mistress, to be sure; sure he never plays on them things," said Tim. "I guess she won't have much time for the piany, when she has been a few years in the backwoods."

"Don't be picking at them parcels, missus," growled out Daly. "You had better be getting something ready for the master and mistress, for

they will be here in a little while. We left them a mile or two back in the swamp. The young woman didn't like the bad roads and the jolting of the waggon, and chose to walk; in course they'll be tired and hungry when they get here; you had better have a cup of tea ready."

Thus admonished, Biddy reluctantly left her post of inspector-general to clear up the hearth and get tea ready. The boys threw fresh logs on the fire—for though it was almost summer, the evenings were still chilly; and Biddy thought, and thought wisely, that nothing served to give a cheerful look to a room so well as the ruddy blaze of a log fire. Little was known in the remote settlements at that time of elegant parlor stoves, which have, even in the backwoods, now superseded the cheerful aspect and more invigorating warmth of the wood fire and spacious hearth. In those days consumptions and coughs were almost unknown, or of rare occurrence; but now you hear of them daily, but the colonists look for the cause to overheated, stove-heated sitting-rooms and bed-rooms, and return back to the open fire-place and healthy log-fire.

The evening sun threw the lengthened shadows of tall pines and oaks athwart the clearing, brightening the tender tint of green on the newly sprung spring wheat that carpeted the virgin soil. The jangling of the cattle bell, as, freed from the yoke, they slowly took their path in single file towards the deep shade of the forest; the bleating of the calf and answering low of the cow, hastening towards the little open pen in which it was kept—showed that the day was hastening to its close—the long Canadian spring day.

After Biddy had baked hot cakes, set the little round deal table out to the best advantage, burnished the tin teapot till it shone like *real* silver, placed the rocking-chair in the chimney corner for the lady of the house to occupy, and provided an old furred cushion for the ease and comfort of the masther, nothing more remained to be done but to wonder what could keep the travellers so long on the road.

At length a shout from her boy Mike, who had taken his post like a sentinel crow on the top of a pine stump, proclaimed the welcome tidings that the masther and mistress were at hand.

Heavily leaning on her husband's arm, evidently much fatigued, the future mistress of the log-house drew nigh; and greatly Biddy Brennan marvelled at the rich dress of purple satin and costly velvet mantilla and bonnet, the long veil and the delicate tinted gloves of the strange lady; and she came forward with her face radiant with smiles—real genuine Irish smiles—to greet the strangers.

"Yer heartily welcome to the new place, my lady, and sure it's the good fire and the cup of strong tea, with the bit of cake and fresh butter, that has been waiting you this three hours past."

"Thank you, Mrs. Brennan. You are very kind to think of our comfort," graciously responded the weary traveller, looking as if she longed to be at rest in her new home.

"Many years may you live to enjoy your new clearance, yer honor,," said the Irish woman, turning to Capt. Hardy, and holding out her hard work-worn hand, which an instinctive reverence for the delicate, pearl-tinted kid glove that covered the small fingers of her new mistress had restrained her from offering in token of cordial good-will to the lady. Capt. Hardy smiled good-humouredly, shook the brown hand heartily, and felt he had made a good beginning of a backwoodsman's life by not disdaining this transatlantic approach to equality and freedom in one so far beneath him.

Mrs. Hardy looked up curiously at the humble structure before her, choked down a rising tear as she crossed the threshold, and entered the apartment, which, in the present state of affairs, served alike for parlor and kitchen: two small bedrooms, partitioned off by half-seasoned rough boards, and a loft above—being the extent of the accommodations afforded in this Lodge of the Wilderness.

A single glance round the log-house, with its unplaned, uncarpeted floor, the rough-squared log walls and naked rafters, was sufficient to dispel all the preconceived notions of rustic felicity that she had fondly nursed, and, unable to bear up under the woful sense of the rude reality, Mrs. Hardy leaned her head on her hands and burst into tears.

"Sure then your Honor, my lady is tired with the long journey through them rough roads," said the compassionate Biddy, addressing Capt. Hardy.

"The heat of this great fire has overcome your mistress," he replied, as, advancing tenderly towards his young wife, Capt. Hardy loosened the strings of her bonnet and unclasped the collar of her mantilla, handing the bonnet and cloak to Biddy, who stood, with an air of astonishment, gaping on the fragile figure and delicate white hands, through the slender fingers of which the fast tears were dropping.

"And what shall I do wid thim, yer honor?" she said, holding out the velvet bonnet on her fist—"and where shall these go?"

"Anywhere, in the parlour for the present."

"The which?" Biddy knew nothing of parlors and drawing rooms.

"The parlour, my good woman," almost impatiently, retorted Captain Hardy.

"Biddy looked bewildered—"sure an is not the bedroom ye mean—but that is filled up with all them boxes and things that came in the waggon."

"Well, hang them in any of the closets, out of the dust anywhere."

"Sure then, here is a peg fornent the pantry door, where Mick hangs his blanket coat, they'll hang over it and look grand."

A sickly smile of utter hopelessness passed over the tearful face of Mrs. Hardy, as she said, "P,ease hang them where you like, it matters not now. I will take a cup of tea, Mrs. Brennan."

The cup was filled, it was of course common delf, of ill-flavoured tea, that had been simmering on the hot coals till all the coarser particles had been extracted, and the decoction looked marvellously like tobacco water—this was sweetened with maple sugar; this uninviting, unrelishing beverage was swallowed with an effort, and the hot salaratus cake which Biddy, quite un. conscious of the disgust of the fastidiuous female, to whom she offered it, without either plate or tray, was quietly laid aside untasted, a fresh burst of tears being her only answer to the officious hospitality of her hostess.

"Ellen, this is a poor beginning for a backwoodsman's wife," whispered her husband, bending over her and taking her small hand in his. "This is not a home fit for you—not such as you ought to have—but be of good cheer, for my sake, dry your tears. You shall have better shelter than this soon—and the building of the house shall be under our own superintendence. I have been much to blame in trusting to any one's report in this matter, I ought to have preceded you, and had a more comfortable dwelling got ready. I fear we shall be dreadfully crowded," and he then opened the doors of the two small adjoining rooms, and shook his head mournfully. "It is a miserable hut," he exclaimed, when he had completed the survey. "This is but a poor place, Mrs. Brennan." he said, addressing his hostess, whose smiles had vanished and given place to a sullen dogged look, as she began to comprehend the disparaging remarks upon the log house which, in her eyes, was a very commodious and highly respectable tenement, good enough for any gentleman, and almost too genteel for the likes of her husband and herself—who had but a few years before huddled together in a turf cabin, shared equally with the pigs and the fowls. Biddy could hardly repress her indignation and astonishment, that any one could find fault with a log-house of three rooms, forbye the loft, and a porch in front, which served, as she expressed it, for a *back-kitchen.*

"Sich pride," thought the indignant Biddy, as she removed the hardly tasted meal—and "thim quality to give themselves such airs,"—as she proceeded under Capt. Hardy's directions, and with his assistance to unpack a bed and some bedding—with sundry articles of furniture, for the bed chamber. The small room was soon crowded, and many things were obliged to be left unpacked. As to the furnishing of the parlour, Capt. Hardy with no small degree of chagrin, perceived that the *room* had yet to be built, and that when added to the present building, the rosewood, and mahogany, damask curtains, and Brussel's carpet, piano and harp, would be most decidedly out of place, and quite unsuitable to the sort of apartment it must necessarily be, and still more to the locality. Moreover, it had cost in carriage, duties and injury, nearly as large a sum as more suitable articles would have done, at prime cost, at the nearest Provincial town.

At length the bed having been put up—the weeping, weary, heart-sick child of refinement, laid down her aching head, and sobbed herself to sleep, and passed the first night in their Forest Home.

(*To be continued.*)

Oaklands, Rice Lake.

THE HORNED HORSE.

In Scotland, the male-servant of a country clergyman, known by the name of "the Minister's Man," used to be a person of some importance. One of these having rather an economical mistress, who grudged particularly the expense of candle light, John contrived at least to make his master sensible of the inconvenience of darkness. It happened one night that the minister, being sent for in a hurry by one of his parishioners, who was taken ill, John thought proper to saddle the cow instead of the horse. After proceeding a little way, the minister turned back, and called out rather angrily, that the horse had got horns. "If there has been a mistake made," answered John, "the mistress must be responsible, as she chooses to send me to the stable always in the dark."

There are few doors through which, liberality and good-humour will not find their way.

The heart is the mint of all who have no other wealth.

WHAT MUSHROOMS COST.

In spite of never-ending talk about "perfidious Albion," the French cannot justly be reproached with being either a suspicious or a timid people. On the contrary, they often suffer, individually, from placing too much confidence in those who really deserve it not; and nationally, from having no sort of fear or forethought; but rashly rushing forwards into all sorts of messes and disasters, which are as visible as the course of the highway under your feet to every living creature except themselves.

In one point, however, they carry distrust and wariness far beyond a heroic, or even a reasonable point of caution. They are not particularly afraid of facing their enemies; but they are ridiculously fearful of touching a fungus. They will often give credit to a plausible stranger; but they will have nothing to do with any member of the cryptogamic class, of whose antecedents they are not fully cognizant, and for whose future proper behaviour they have not the most trustworthy guarantees. A pair of lovers would as soon shut themselves up in an air-tight chamber, with a dish of burning charcoal for their entertainment, as sit down to sup off a mess of mushrooms which their most trusty friend had gathered in a meadow. The fool-hardiness of those insular experimentalists in *l'eccentrique Angleterre*, who feast themselves on inky toad-stools, cotton-woolly puff-balls, and leathery morels, is to them sufficient proof that, droll as we are, we are by no means deficient in courage. "Ketchup" is a British sauce, which many a Frenchman would label Poison; and it must be honestly confessed that we are not over-nice about the ingredients which enter it. Unless mushrooms can be warranted as garden produce, it is in vain to set them before a Gallic epicure. The mouth may water and the palate may smack—for it is in human nature to suffer temptation; but the head will shake a firm negative, and the lips will utter a decided "*Mercia !*" A wild agaric grilled ever so deliciously, bathed in butter and powdered with blended pepper and salt, would have less chance of being swallowed in a *restaurant* than the very strange things which we are told, are not strained at in such places at all. But if only educated in an authorised seminary, mushrooms, served as a side-dish, are forked up and devoured by ardent admirers before you have time to look at them twice.

We grow mushrooms in England, but on a much smaller scale. Any dark outhouse or convenient cellar, of tolerably equable temperature, will furnish a liberal supply; and they may be cultivated in the midst of the purest country air. Hollow spaces, something like shallow wine-bins, of any size that may be judged convenient, from a yard or two square to larger dimensions, are made with boards upon the floor; or they may be disposed, one above the other, after the fashion of shelves, only leaving between them a space sufficient for the gardener to introduce his head and shoulders. These bins are then filled with animal manure, beaten down firmly with a mallet, and covered an inch or two thick with a layer of garden mould. The object of having a multitude of bins or beds, is to insure a successional supply of mushrooms. The bed is suffered to ferment for a while, without anything more being done to it; but when the heat is reduced to the warmth of milk from the cow (which may be known by thrusting a stick into the bed, and leaving it there for a few minutes before withdrawing it), morsels of what is known to nurserymen as mushroom spawn, about the size of a hen's egg, are stuck here and there in the coating of earth, which is again beaten down firmly and covered with straw. This spawn soon spreads itself through the mass of the bed, in the form of irregular filmy threads, much in the same way as a mouldy Stilton cheese increases in ripeness from day to day. The progress, however, of the spawn is very uncertain; sometimes it will lie dormant for weeks. Too much watering destroys the bed, while a certain degree of humidity is absolutely necessary. Symptoms at last become apparent that the capricious crop is about to burst forth into full bloom. The whole surface of the bed break out with a violent eruption of innumerable little white pimples, at first not bigger than pins' heads. It is actually seized with the mushroom-pox, which has been communicated to it by inoculation, or to coin a more correct word, by the act of *mycelation.* The pimples grow daily bigger and bigger. As you watch them, you see they are coming to a head; but instead of odious boils and and blains, the result is what you find in Covent Garden Market, neatly packed in tempting punnets. A mushroom bed continues productive for a month or six weeks, or thereabouts, after which, you must make another. So far about mushrooms in England; let us now return to those across the water.

Amongst the celebrities of the town of Lille is a restaurateur who entertains *Au Rocher de Cancale*, at the favourite sign of "The Rock of Cancale." The real rock is a hump-backed lump jutting above the surface of the sea, not far from St. Malo, and just visible from the summit of the famous Mont St. Michel. Why a granite rock should be thus selected as the symbol of good living, is explained by the very general belief that the choicest oysters of the Channel hold their readezvous, or general session, there. Accordingly the mere words, Rock of Cancale, are enough to make a gourmand's heart leap. But as a good deal more genuine Champagne wine is drunk than ever was grown in that historic province; so, if all

the oyster shells were gathered together, which have been opened as true and native *Cancales*, they would go a good way towards filling up the Gulf of St. Malo, if they were suddenly restored to their warranted home. There are hundreds of Cancale Rocks in France, all over-hanging the same benevolent establishment, but I doubt whether there be one whose master has undergone mere than him of Lille, in furtherance of his recreative heart. He merits, therefore, to be known by name; and I have little fear of giving offence, by recommending all whom it may concern to taste the good things of M. Puy, of the *Vieux Marché aux Poules*, or Old Chicken Market—which sometimes may have also served as a market for old chickens.

Everybody is aware that the *carte* of a *restaurant* contains a number of delicacies which are not to be had. They are not merely inserted to complete the number—like stuffed or painted supernumeraries on a provincial stage, or leather-backed blocks of wood in a choice but still deficient library. No! They are paraded with a refinement of art, to lash the appetite into a state of irrepressible keenness, so that what does come to hand at last, is devoured with as much esurient relish as if the eater had stood a seven months' siege, or had just returned from a voyage round the world. The knowing reader is also cognizant that there is something which a *restaurant* always has ready; which is often the very best thing you can get, the foundation-stone of the reputation of the house, and of which if you do not speak in terms of respect, you must not be surprised to be shown the door. You have seen a professor of legerdemain fool a grass-green spectator into the idea that he had chosen a card from the offered pack, when it was a Hobson's choice impudently forced upon him. In like manner, the *restaurant* waiter contrives, that while you fancy you are ordering a dinner—you being still in crassest ignorance—the very things for which the place is noted should be the prominent points of your impromptu feast. This is well, and I do not grumble at it, provided that the delicacy be not tripe. To avoid swallowing the dose, whatever it may happen to be, is quite a culinary impossibility. If the dish goes against the grain, the guest had better rush out of the house at once. One of the best cooks in France that I know, compels you to eat chitterlings (*andouillets*) and roasted lobster, if any are to be had within twenty miles round. That, however, is a species of martyrdom which will be quietly submitted to with a little practice.

At Puy's, somehow, you find before you fillet-of-beef steak, with mushroom sauce. Other things, to be sure, are there, all exceedingly good of their kind; but what between the merits of the *plat* and the insinuating influence which pervades the place, it would not be easy to dine there often and refrain from the steak and its mushroom garnish. You sin, too, in the midst of a crowd. The gentleman on your left hand, nearest your table, acts like a spoiled child with a lump of plum-cake. He picks out the plums, or "buttons," one by one, and gobbles them up to the very last, leaving the vulgarer material, the every-day viand, to shift for itself, and be consumed or not, as appetite may allow. It is necessary now to make the statement that this interminable mushroom feast is entirely the result of skilful culture, under circumstances which may be designated as "very peculiar."

M. Puy is a man of energy. At Lezennes, a village a little to the south-east of Lille, he has a garden which produces an abundance of dainties. Tomatoes, melons, cucumbers, and all sorts of forced vegetables start from the earth as if they were escaping for their life. They find a refuge under glass, when the open air gives them too cold a reception. But it is useless to look for mushrooms there. And yet they are nearer than you might imagine.

Besides his garden and his fileds above-ground, M. Puy is lord of a subterranean realm. Other potentates have found their dominions so vast and straggling, as to become in the end unwieldy and dangerous. Exactly such is the fact with M. Puy. Suppose, to bring the case home to yourself, that any kind benefactor were to bequeath to you as an inheritance, the Catacombs of Paris. Pray what would you do with them, sir? M. Puy has the catacombs, or *carrieres* of Lezennes, and he applies them to mushroom growing on a large scale. Permission granted, they are curious to see; but—and I now write in serious warning—if you do go to see, Beware! Do not dare to visit them after a champagne luncheon, nor in company with people who like to play the fool, and who mistake bravado for wit and spirit.

You are conducted to a village inn, to which inn belongs a cellar. In the side of the cellar is a little door, through which you descend by wooden steps to the caverns below. The depth is nothing, and varies scarcely at all; you are only six and thirty feet beneath the surface. You are furnished with a little hand-lamp, and a guide of course accompanies you. There can be no harm or cowardice in requesting one or two others to join the party; and the man who should resolve never to enter these underground quarries without a store of lucifers and wax-lights in one pocket and of biscuits in the other, ought not to be set down as either a fool or a poltroon. I am ashamed to confess to having thrust myself into what might easily prove a fatal dungeon, without the least precaution of the kind.

The spot to which you first descend is the centre of a series of irregular ramifications,

extending hither and thither beneath the earth, running off to the right and left, interlacing and starting away afresh for four or five leagues, no one knows whither, and is not a bit too anxious to ascertain. They are three or four yards wide on the average, and about as many high, cut through the soft limestone rock (which now and then falls in, in places), but are really quite of irregular dimensions, sometimes so low and so narrow as only to allow the passage of a single person. There are cross-ways, branching roads, and blind alleys leading to nothing. As far as the mushroom culture is carried on, a very considerable extent of cavern, there are now and then (rarely) gratings to the upper air, through which the necessary manure is let down, and also serving as ventilators, without which the workmen could not continue their labors. Beyond the mushrooms not a ray of light enters; but even amongst them, and with a light, I should be sorry to be strayed and left to find my way back again in the course of four-and-twenty hours.

Instead of any bins, or shelves, the mushrooms here are grown on ridges about a couple of feet high, and of the same breadth at foot, containing manure and covered with earth flattened close by the back of the spade, like miniature ridges for the preservation of beet-root. No straw is used to cover them, nor is needful in such an invariable condition of moisture, atmosphere, and darkness. They follow the windings, and run along the course of the caverns, which are made to contain one, two, or three ridges, according to their breadth of floor, leaving a convenient pathway between each ridge, for the laborers to walk and gather the produce. At the time of my visit, the growth was slack; I had been told beforehand there were no mushrooms; but I found ridges in all the intermediate states between the first pimply symptoms of the mushroom-pox, to full-sized buttons as big as crown-pieces. Other ridges, again, were exhausted; and were soon to be removed, to be replaced by fresh material for the generation of fungi. Only a small proportion of the crop is consumed in the *restaurant*, although the demand there must be to no trifling amount; the bulk is sent off to distant towns, and is even purchased by "the stranger."

Seven or eight men are constantly employed in mushroom growing in the *carrieres*. They receive higher wages than their friends above ground, and they well deserve every *sou* they earn. "But," said a daylignt-er who walked by my side, "*I* like sunshine, monsieur; so I stick to the garden, though I don't get quite so much pay as they do." The ruddy bronzed complexion of the speaker contrasted strangely with the waxy pallid face of our guide; and delicate ladies ought to know how good it is for the health to be well tanned in the sunbeams at least once or twice a year. The men work twelve hours a day; consequently, in winter they never see sunlight, except on Sundays and fete-days, which they have to themselves. They are more subject to illness than field-labourers are, not only in consequence of losing the stimulus which light affords to the constitution, but also from chills, and the imperfect ventilation of the place and the gases emitted by the fermenting dung intermingled with those from the sprouting mushrooms.

On the 10th of January, 1817, M. Puy entered his caverns, to plan the arrangement of his future crop. He went on and on, thinking of business, without discoveriug that he had lost his way. On attempting to return, he found that he was traversing paths hitherto unknown to him. Sometimes he was obliged to crawl on his hands and knees, to proceed in what he believed the right direction, but still he could not hit upon any beaten and recognizable portion of the interminable grotto. At last his light went out, and further progress, any way, if not impossible, was perfectly useless. He sat down, determined to wait, knowing that he should be missed, and that search would be made for him. It was the wisest, in fact the only thing he could do.

There he remained in the dark all night, seated on the floor of the cavern, he knew not where. Next morning, Madame Puy, his mother—for M. Puy is still a single man—finding that he did not return home to *Lille* to sleep as usual, felt sure that he had wandered too far in the *carrieres*. Madame Puy is still living, and in health, but she well remembers that day, and those which followed it. She immediately called upon her friends and neighbors to assist the workpeople in making a search. They readily answered to the appeal, incurring to themselves no slight danger. The man who guided me through the mushroom beds, in his zeal to find his missing master lost himself for thirteen hours, although well provided with lights.

Another day elapsed, and no M. Puy. The whole population of Lille was filled with anxiety. The authorities were called upon to lend their aid. The troops were ordered down into the caverns. Drums were beaten, and guns were fired; but it is singular, that, in those horrid recesses, the most powerful sounds make but little way. *Douaniers*, or customs-men, were sent for from the frontier, bringing with them their powerful, keen-scented, and well-trained dogs. But instead of the dogs finding M. Puy, they themselves narrowly escaped being lost. One magnificent brute got so completely strayed, that he must have perished had he not been at last discovered. Parties tied one end of various balls of string to frequented portions of the cavern, and then went forward in opposite directions, unrolling them as they proceeded, in the hope that the lost man

might stumble upon the clue. Others penetrated as far as they dared, bearing with them bundles of straw, a single one of which they laid on the ground, at short intervals, with the head or ear pointing the way to go in order to escape from this den of horrors. No fear there that the wind, or an animal, or a human passenger, should disturb so slight and frail an index! Everything, in short, was done that courage and friendship could suggest; but for three days the benevolent hunt was fruitless.

After M. Puy had disappeared for three whole days, he was found at last by a bold young man, in the place where he had determined to remain till sought for. The spot is just under a mill in the neighbouring village, and is a long way from the point of startting. His first inquiry was, how long he had been there? for he had no means of measuring the lapse of time. He was astonished to learn that three days had been passed in that lone concealment, without either food or drink. It was well for him, perhaps, that he was obliged to remain in that state of ignorance. As the hour of his deliverance became more and more delayed, he might otherwise have fallen into a fatal despair. As it was, in spite of every care, six months elapsed before he recovered from the consequent illness; and it was probably at least a twelvemonth before he was exactly himself again.

This, then, is the cost of Mushrooms in France in consequence of people refusing to eat wild ones, even if gathered by persons competent to distinguish the wholesome from the poisonous kinds; namely, the constant deterioration of health, and the occasional risk of life, on the part of those whose profession it is to cultivate them.

THE MAGNITUDE OF LONDON.

Magnitude is the distinguishing characteristic of London, as grandeur of natural position and scenery that of Naples—beauty, that of Florence—moral interest, that of Rome—shops, plate-glass, splendor, that of Paris. But in no other city does the peculiar characteristic of a place so force itself upon one's notice as in London. There you are reminded of magnitude whichever way you turn. You become presently insensible to the beauty of Florence, to the shops of Paris, to the moral glory of Rome, but you never forget for one single moment how big London is, how multitudinous its population. When you find, after spending your first week, or more than that, in doing nothing else than scouring the capital from end to end, in order to catch some general notion of the place, that you are as much a stranger as when you began your travels—that though you have gone so far you have made no progress—though you have seen so much, you know and can remember nothing—that the city is still as new and unsoiled as ever—you receive a very lively, and even painful impression of its enormous size. Everything else is subordinate to size. Churches are nothing. You pass St. Paul's, and give it only a careless look. Columns and statues, Nelson's and the Duke of York's pillar, even Punch's Duke, you overlook. Magnitude alone interests. This not only interests, it astonishes, absorbs, appals you; annihilates every other feeling. Queens, Lords, and Commons, are nothing by the side of this immeasurable vastness. As a stranger, this is the first topic of conversation, and its interest never flags. Yet it is not you, after all, who are so much interested by this size, as the Londoner himself, who is proud of it, and forces the subject upon you. His topics are not of art, pictures, and statues, books, literature—they are not so much to his taste; but of London, its streets, squares, and parks; its extent, the masses always abroad, the crowds in the streets—the number of miles around it, its growth, even at present, like that of New Orleans or San Francisco; the countless omnibuses, the packing and tangling of carriages and other vehicles, fifty times in a day, where Farringdon Street crosses over to Blackfriars' Bridge, and the admirable police for keeping all these masses in order. In the presence of London, it is just as it would be should you meet a man fifty feet high, and of a weight proportionable. You would be in a state of perpetual astonishment. You feel, moreover, as if your individuality were swallowed up, lost, in the enormous mass; as, in the system of the Pantheist, souls are in the divine substance.

WIN AND WEAR.

There's no royal road to greatness,
  Men must ever *climb to fame;*
All the wealth in misers' coffers
  Wouldn't buy a deathless name.
Is a noble goal before you?
  Would you great achievements dare
Brother, then, be up and doing,—
  Brother, you must "Win and Wear."

Toil and labour,—never stopping
  Till you make the prize your own;
For you know, 'tis "constant dropping
  Wears away the hardest stone."
Never slack sublime endeavor,
  Nor 'midst cheerless toil despair;
If you'd rise above your fellows,
  Brother! you must "Win and Wear."

'Tis the lesson Nature teaches
  All throughout her wide domain;
And the text from which she preaches,
  Is "that labour leads to gain."
Moral worth, and honest merit.—
  Brighter crowns than monarchs bear,—
These you never can inherit,—
  Brother! these you "Win to Wear.

A BATTLE FOR LIFE AND DEATH.*

A STORY IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

III.—THE RUN FOR LIFE.

THE cottage of the poacher stood on the outskirts of the little village at which our story opened. A common lay behind it, out of which the old poacher had cut a temporary garden, but he was liable to be dislodged from the place any day by the lord of the manor, who was a non-resident. The hut itself was of the rudest description—its walls were of mud and turf, mixed with furze gathered from the common. The roof was thatched with bulrushes and sedges drawn from a neighbouring slimy pool. Through the walls, and through the roof, the wind blew in gusts when the weather was stormy, and in wet days and nights the rain trickled down through the roof and gathered into little pools on the clay floor. The place was scarcely big enough to swing a cat in. In the dryest bit, raised on stones, over which some old boards were laid, a kind of rude couch had been erected, where lay a straw bed covered with what might once have been blankets, but now looked very like old rags. Two logs of wood served as seats—table there was none; an old kettle, and a few bits of dishes completed the furniture. Some wood burned in the rude fire-place, the smoke of which half filled the hut, the remainder struggling up the mud chimney, or through the numerous crevices in the roof. Such was the wretched house to which the poacher returned on his liberation from gaol. No wonder the old man should hold so loosely to a society which had brought him to a home like this. The homeless are rarely good subjects—generally they belong to the "dangerous classes," but it is too often society's own fault that they are so.

This wretched dwelling had another occupant besides the poacher himself—a woman! She was his wife—had shared his early prosperity, and now shared the wretchedness of his old age. Kingsley has painted that poor woman's life in these graphic lines in his "*Yeast*:"—

I am long past wailing and whining—
  I have wept too much in my life;
I've had twenty years of pining—
  An English labourer's wife.

A labourer in Christian England.
  Where they cant of a Saviour's name,
And yet waste men's lives like the vermin's
  For a few more brace of game.

There's blood on your new foreign shrubs, squire,
  There's blood on your pointers' feet;
There's blood on the game you sell, squire,
  And there's blood on the game you eat!

You have sold the labouring man, squire,
  Body and soul to shame;
To pay for your seat in the House, squire,
  And to pay for the feed of your game.

How she had lived through it all, heaven knows! Her two daughters had gone into service somewhere in London, but she had heard from them rarely. What could they do for her? They had little to spare for her wants, and their own hardships were almost enough for them. Her one son—ah! what a dark history attached to him, and how his mother's heart had been wrung by his fate! Her son had been sent beyond the seas—a convict—in the company of convicts. He, like his father, had been a poacher. A strong, athletic youth, he formed one of a band of poachers associated for mutual defence. In one of their midnight maraudings, they were assailed by a body of game-keepers; a fight took place, in which young Crouch was a prominent actor. The keepers were beaten off, and one of their number was left on the field for dead. Young Crouch was apprehended after a severe contest with the police; he was tried, and sentenced to transportation for seven years. But Crouch, always bold and daring, had not remained long at Sydney. Somehow or other, he managed to escape into the bush, and afterwards got on board an American ship off the coast of Gippsland, in which he worked his passage before the mast to the United States. He had written home to his old and solitary parents, and they had just read his letter when we venture in upon him.

"It might ha' been worse," said old Joe. "The lad will do well yet. He's got the right stuff in him, has Bill."

"God bless him," said the woman! "How I pine to see him again before I die. He was aye a good and dutiful boy, though a venturesome one. But what was the poor lad to do, but seek for a bit of bread in the way his neighbours did?"

"Ay, it's a hard life we have led, Kitty, and thou hast suffered more than either he or I ha' done. It's but a black, raw hole, this I've put you in," casting his eyes about the hut; 'but it's all that was left, and even from this we are bound to go. The squire's just come home, and I bin told the old place is to be torn down over our our heads unless we decamp. Where to go next? Into the workhouse?"

"Nay, Heaven forbid," said the woman, "we've lived together all through; and it isn't the overseer that'll part us now."

"So be it," said Joe; "but we're gettin' old. My blood is growing thin, and my back stiff. Even poaching won't keep us alive now. What say you to Bill's offer—to pay our passage out. Would you go?"

"Ay, indeed! To look on him again I'd go on my knees, if strength were left me, over half the earth. I'll go, indeed I will. What is there to keep us here? Do you know how I lived, Joe, while you were in *the place?* Why, I clemmed, I scarcely lived—I starved! What is there to keep either you or me here, Joe?"

"For me," answered old Joe, "I'm an old wreck—battered to a hulk,—but I'll go! And it'll be the happiest day I have seen for a long time, the day that sees me out of this cursed land, where honest men have no chance against lords, and where we're badgered and baited by them police and keepers, bailiffs, overseers, and attorneys, on whichever hand we turn. Hear again what Bill says in this letter of his:—

"'A man has a fair chance here. Even the poor man may be rich if he will work. There is room for all—wide plains and rich valleys, but they are yet solitudes for want of men. It needs not wealth to secure a footing here, but willing hands and a stout back. There are no huge

* Continued from page 381, vol. 3—concluded.

landlords, half-a-dozen of them owning a country and keeping the labourers serfs, as at home; but the tillers of the soil are its owners too, and the land is open to tens of thousands more, would they but come. The earth seems to call out, 'Till me, put the seed into me, and the harvest will be great.' There are no poor, no starving, no poachers, no gamekeepers; the wild animals are free to all men, and man himself is free. It is a glorious land, fresh as it came from the hand of God, yet uncursed by man's selfish laws; still young, hopeful, vigorous, and thriving. Come here, then, and under your son's roof spend your old age in peace, and in such comfort as I can provide for you.'"

"Well, now, Kitty, it's a settled point—who could stand that? He knew we must go—that we couldn't stay here and he wishing us to join him. But we'll be of little use in that great new land of his. Our hair is gray, and our hands grown feeble. Yet our failing years may be made smooth and easy, compared with the miserable times we have seen."

"He was aye a good-hearted lad, was Bill. And this bit of brass he has sent will keep the wolf from the door for a bit, till he comes for us as he speaks of."

"I'd rather he didn't come," said Joe; he's in danger here, and might be nabbed. I wonder he didn't think of that."

"What do you mean?" asked the wife, with a face of anxiety.

"He's an escaped convict, and if the police laid hold on him, he'd be sent to Norfolk Island; and his home in America would never see him more. I'd rather we set out now, and run all risks, winter though it be."

But it was not to be so. The funds which had been sent to the old couple would not suffice te pay their passage to America, so they were under the necessity of awaiting their son's promised visit with what patience they could.

Months passed; and long they seemed to those who waited. Long days and long nights. The weary hours were weighted with misery, through which hope but faintly gleamed. The very minutes had each one of them their separate sorrow and privation—privation of clothing, privation of warmth, privation of food. That pallid, wrinkled, worn-out couple, why should they live, if only to endure? Indeed they desired not life; only the hope of seeing their son buoyed them up. "When will he come," they asked of each other, until they became weary of devising an answer. "Oh! would that he were here," said the mother, "Would that I saw his face again—my own son!"

The poor couple managed, however to live. Though the old man had lost his gun, which had been seized and carried off in his last midnight struggle, he could stlll springe a bird or hare as deftly as any poacher about the village. Nor were friendly neighbours wanting, though these were of the very poorest—most of them of old Joe's own outlawed class, as familiar with the inside of a county gaol as with that of their own wretched huts. But the poor have a sympathy with each other which the rich know little of; they help each other across many gaps, are always ready with a handful of meal, or a hunch of bread, or a spare blanket, when all other means fail. So old Joe and his wife managed to live, though they avoided exposing their privations to their equally poor neighbours. Knowing what these other poor people suffered, the old pair would rather suffer on patiently than increase the privations of others less able to bear them.

One evening towards the end of winter, or rather at the beginning of spring,—for the buds were already bursting into green leaves—a third person was seated in the hut, on the edge of the miserable bed iu the corner—the choice place in the chamber.

"God help you," said Bill, for it was he,—"what you must have suffered through these long years! And that you should have come to this! "Oh mother! it's a sad coming home!"

"Ah lad!" said she, "the worst's over; for you are with us, and we go with you now to that great new land of yours, where we shall henceforth live together, till we lay down our heads in peace—your poor old father and me."

"I'm good for naught." said Joe; "but I'd like to do an honest stroke of work on your own farm, Bill' before I die."

"And that you shall, father!" said Bill, dashing a tear off his cheek; "you shall have the best, and if my log-house is not a palace, it is at least an honest man's home. You shall be a farmer once more, and your own master—with no screwing landlord, nor tyrannical agent to oppress you, and eat up your crops with the vermin which they make poor farmers keep here for their pleasure and sport."

"And it is really all as you said in that letter of yours, about the new land? Are there no landlords, nor game-keepers, nor rural police there?"

"None," said Bill, his eye brightening. "What I said was all true, every word of it. The land there is the people's who till it. The working men of America are the owners of its soil. They reap its fruits, and enjoy them too. As for game, pshaw! there's better means of living than that—no need for poaching for a livelihood, I assure you. But you shall see! You shall share my home and my land. Not another day shall you stay here—to-morrow morning we all set out together for the Free Land!"

A rush at the frail door of the hut here startled the party, and Bill sprang from the bed on which he was seated. He remembered on the instant that in England he was not free.

Two men burst into the hut—they were police.

"You are my prisoner," said one of them, advancing towards the young man. "Yield yourself up peaceably, and go with me."

"Hold off!" said Bill; stand back! I am no prisoner of yours; nor shall I be, while life's in me."

The policeman drew from his pocket a pistol, which he cocked, and advanced presenting it at the prisoner. The mother, feeble though she might be, was quick to perceive this movement, and sprang upon the policeman with a suddenness that took him off his guard; she dashed the pistol up, and it harmlessly exploded, sending the bullet through the shingle roof. The youth at the same instant rushed at him, and dashed him postrate to the earth.

Meanwhile the old man, who felt all the fierce vigour of his youth renewed at this sudden invasion of his household, had seized a cudgel and rushed upon the second policeman, who vainly endeavoured to ward off with his baton the blows aimed at him by the old poacher. He thus defended himself, retreating, but an inequality on the floor caught his heel, and pushed vigorously at the same time by Joe; he lost his balance, on which the old man's hand was in an instant at his throat.

"Hold him fast," cried Bill, "but don't hurt him; they are our prisoners, and must be so for the night. You must submit, men, to a little overhauling now; but no resistance, no noise,—else—"

Proceeding to explore the men's pockets, Bill took from each a pair of stout handcuffs, intended for his own and his father's wrists, in the event of the latter making resistance, and in a trice had the policeman securely fastened, so far as their hands were concerned.

Now for ropes," said Bill. "Out with them, mother."

"There's no such thing about the house, lad; nothing of the sort."

"There's the old nets," said Joe, "I'll warrant they'll do; and I guess we have no use for them now."

"The very thing!" said Bill; "let's harness them with the old poacher's nets, by all means; they may wear them for trophies, and carry them back to the enemy's camp, as warriors do the colours they have taken!"

The old nets were at once brought from underneath the truss of straw on tho rudc bed, were twisted into the form of ropes, and bound tightly round the prisoners' legs. They were then lashed back to back; a bit of the rag which formed the bed-coverlet was wrapped round each of their mouths, and the job was finished—the prisoners were secure.

"Now," said Bill, "you're safe for the night. You thought to take me, did you? But no! I'm free still, and will be so—though not in this cursed land. No! In another! with a wide sea between; God be thanked! Farewell, men; I bear no ill-will to you. You but tried to do the work you are paid for doing; though the work's dirty—faugh! But we'll take care you're seen to; you'll be sought up in time to-morrow; You'll have only one night of the fare which this old couple have had for years. Now, father and mother, let's be off!"

The old beggared pair had nothing to carry with them—no money, no clothes, save what they wore, no furniture—not even any of those kindly memories which usually cling even about a poor man's home. They carried with them nothing but the memory of hardship and sorrow!

So they went, not venturing one single look back. They turned their faces across tne bleak moor, towards a star which shone bright in the west, the herald, it might be, of a brighter day. The world was again before this old pair, but hope strode by their side, and better days, aged and bankrupt though they were, might yet dawn upon them.

As they crossed the covert, to reach the lane, which skirted its further side, the partridge flew from his nest and the hare skipped from his seat; but the old poacher turned not his head to notice them. He had done with all that. His face was towards the wind, which blew from the west.

"An hour will bring us to Tipton," said the old man, "where I know a friend, who, like me, has seen better days, and he will give us a lift on with his cart to the nearest station."

So they plodded on through the dark night—dark, but brighter far than the nights of many past years had been to them.

We return for a moment to the two men left pinned together on the floor of the hut. By dint of wriggling, they succeeded in working their mouths above the cloths which had been bound, not very tightly, about their faces; but all attempts to free their hands and feet proved unavailing. The poacher and his son had so effectually wrapped and tied them about with the nets, that they lay fixed there as in a vice. They could only moan aud long eagerly for the return of the daylight. The grey dawn at length struggled through the window-hole and under the door of the hut, revealing to them its bare clay walls, through whose crannies the light also here and there peeped. The fire had now burnt down to the embers, and cold gusts of wind blew the ashes about the floor.

"A horrid dog-hole this," said one of the men, speaking in a muffled tone. "A horrid dog-hole to spend a night in."

"Ay, it is," raid the other, "but those beggars who have left it, have lived here for years!"

"Served 'em right, they deserved no better. That old scoundrel was the most desperate poacher in the county. I wish we had taken that son of his—it would have heen a feather in our cap."

"Better as it is perhaps!"

"What do you say?"

"Why, I mean it's better he's gone, and taken that old poacher with him. Depend upon't, the country will see no more of the lot. They're clean off?"

"But we'll raise the hue and cry agen 'em; they've not escaped as yet, by——."

"For my part, I don't see the good of keeping such a lot amongst us. They only breed poachers and paupers amongst us. Besides, what can they turn to but poaching?"

"We've naught to do wi' that. They must be taken, and punished—"

"If they can be caught that's to say. Hallo!"

A step was heard passing the hut. The men shouted again; and a labourer, with a mattock on his shoulder, approached the door, pushed it open, and looked in.

"What, Joe, what's wrong? What's the matter?"

"Joe, indeed! There's no Joe here. Come and undo these abominable nets."

"What! Is this thee, Muffles? Police! Why, what art thou doing in the poacher's nets? Has old Joe springed thee? A clever fellow is old Joe!"

"Off with them! Quick! No parleying!—there! now. I feel a little more easy, but my arms and legs are like lead, and as cold as ice! This confounded poacher's doghole!"

The men were now on their feet, but could scarcely stand through the numbness of their

limbs. They rubbed and stretched themselves, the labourer looking on them open-mouthed, with pretended obtuse gravity, and asking questions to which the policemen however deigned no reply. They moved to the door.

"What! no thanks?" said the man. Not sulky, I hope? I done my best, ye know, to let you out of limbo."

"Well, thank you then, if that's what you you want. But I'm mistaken if you don't know as well about this business as we do; it's nothing but a conspiracy—you are all alike in league against law and justice; and see if you haven't to answer yet before the justices for your share in this night's work."

"Humph!" said the labourer, turning away, "I almost wish I had left them to dinner and supper in the hut. They richly deserved another twenty-four hours in the poacher's dog-hole."

IV.—THE VOYAGE AND THE LANDING.

The emigrants got safe on board, and a fair wind carried them out of the Mersey and away to sea.

It was evening: and the decks were full of passengers, gazing towards the land, which was still in sight. To many it was the last glimpse of Old England which they were destined to enjoy. Their looks lingered about the dear old land,—the home of their childhood, the country of their birth, the land of their fathers. There were few on board who did not feel a thrill through their frame, as they thought of that glorious old mother-country cruel step-mother though she had been to many of them. They were flying from the shores that they loved, towards the unreclaimed wilds of the Far West, across a wide ocean, to find that bountiful subsistence which their own land had denied them. This was but one of a thousand ships steering across that stormy ocean, freighted with the life-blood of the old country; for it is not lords and princes which make a land rich and powerful, but hard-working, industrious men; and it was with this class that these emigrant ships were chiefly laden.

They continued to gaze towards the land, which was now fast receding from their sight. The sun still shone upon the Welsh hills, and tipped them with his golden radiance. The ship's bulwarks were crowded on the side next the shore, and men and women looked their last at the old country. Families stood in groups, whispering to each other,—some sobbing and weeping, others gazing in sad and sorrowful silence. One group contained a manly youth and his mother, whose widow's weeds told of her recent bereavement, and the children who stood round her showed that their appeal for life in a land of plenty, now that their bread-winner had been taken from them, had not been in vain. There were many young couples there, obviously not long married; some with an infant at the breast as their only charge, others with a small group of little children about them. In the case of others, the union had been still more recent; they had married and embarked. Emigration was their first step in life, and a voyage across the Atlantic their venturous wedding-trip. There were many young men there, —mechanics, ploughmen, labourers, blacksmiths, all bronzed with the hue of labour; these men were of the kind that forms the true stamina of a nation,—hard-working men, thoughtful and foreseeing, who did not shrink from braving perils, storms, and hardships, for the sake of ultimate good and eventual well-being. Among them stood old Joe the poacher, his aged wife, and their son, who led them on the way towards the land of his adoption.

"You take it sore to heart," said Joe, in a sympathizing tone of voice, addressing the widow, "cheer up, better times are coming for you and and all of us!"

"Ah sad, indeed! And isn't it a sad thing to leave the land that has bred and nursed us?"

"Not so very sad if the nursing has been starvation." said Joe.

"Ah!" said she, "you speak bitterly; perhaps you have cause. For myself it is like tearing my very life from me to leave England; for I was born there, was kindly nursed there, bore my children there, listened to Sabbath bells there, and alas! I have left the dear partner of my married life under the green sod there?"

"But you have joys in store still," said Bill; "in the country whither you are going, the future of these fine fellows about you will be a bright one."

"It is the hope of that alone which has led me thus far; I thought of them, and consented to go. It was a sad struggle; but I mnst not look back now."

"Right!" said Bill. Look forward, and with hope. America is wide enough for all the dispossessed of Britain and Europe. Her lands are rich enough to feed the starved of all nations See! there is a group who seem to owe little love to the land they are leaving behind them!"

It was a group of Irish emigrants,—the lines of hunger traced deep in their cheeks. They were miserably clad,—a few of them wore the tattered great-coat, which seems almost to form the national uniform of the country, and their shapeless hats were many of them shorn of the rim, or patched, so that the original form had entirely disappeared.

"Yet those wretched-looking fellows make our best and most industrious emigrants," continued he. "In a few years, these men will have exchanged the look of the slave for that of the free man. They will have saved money and bought land, besides paying the passage of ever so many of their relations, old and young, from Ireland to America, who thrive and get on like the rest, but never give up their burning hatred of the oppression and cruelty which has driven them from their own country.

"Why, for that matter," said Joe, "there are thousands now going from England, who carry out no other freight than hatred to the old country, which has hunted them forth from it. What do I owe to the men who ruined me, who drove me to poaching, made my wife a beggar, and my son a ——"

"Hold, father!" said Bill, "let bygones be bygones. Settling in a new country is like a new leaf turned over in a man's life,—let's say no more of the previous ones. But the land is now out of sight, and it grows dark and cold. Let's below!"

The ship sailed on; the little specks of light upon the rocks and headlands along the English coast, came out in the dark one by one, but these too, disappeared, and there was nothing but the crowded emigrant-ship and the wide waste of waters on every side.

Morning came, and now might be seen the Irish emigrants peering into the northwest, whereabout dear Old Ireland lay. They hailed it by the most loving names; all day the shore was seen on the lee-bow, like a low-lying cloud,—the outlines of the land but faintly visible. Still it was Ireland,—dear old Ireland,—the Green Island —the land that had starved and beggared those men and women who had loved it so, and whose hearts clung about it still! The country that had scourged them, dishoused them, driven them forth as outcasts, and which yet they loved! The old women sat rocking themselves to and fro, with their faces towards the land; the girls uttered loud laments; the men wept. One Irish girl there was, of about fourteen, who was alone on board,—she seemed the most indifferent of the party. Her relations are all in America,—she was the last of the family that had been sent for; and now, her passage paid by her brother, who had sent home the funds, she looked forward with joy to the new land. Ireland was nothing to her. She had no kindly memories clinging about it. Ireland had been only sorrow, disaster, and privation of friends to her. All her hopes and joys lay across the wide ocean.

"But Ireland, too, faded from the sight, and now the emigrant-ship was "alone, all alone on the boundless sea."

Dull and wearisome, indeed, passed those long six weeks upon the ocean. Adverse winds, then calms, then a storm, then a favourable breeze, then a calm again. The crowded uncomfortable steerage; the wet decks; the sickening roll of the ship; the unsavoury, ill-cooked victuals; the same round of faces, some complaining, many melancholy, a few merry and sad by turns, but all at length tiresome. Bilge-water, hard biscuit, musty flour, bad coffee, hard hammocks, nausea, foul air, dead timber, tarred ropes, wind, and wet —the emigrant must brave all these horrors, and suffer them, before he can reach his far-off home across the deep.

But there are dangers greater even than these to be encountered by our emigrants,—the perils of the storm raging off a rock-bound shore! One day, about noon, the wind began to freshen, it gradually increased to a gale, and the night closed in black and stormy. The wind howled as it blew through the rigging; the vessel heaved and pitched in the trough of the sea, and then went careering over the summits of the uplifted billows. Occasionally a wave would break against the ship, and make it shiver through all its timbers. But the labouring vessel gallantly recovered herself, and on she went, plunging through the fierce waters.

The morning dawned; the weather was still dark and rough, and no solar observation could be taken. The captain believed himself to be somewhere off the main-land of America, nearing the coast of Nova Scotia; but he had lost reckoning, and all that he could do was to keep the ship before the wind, under double reefed top-sails. While he was pacing the deck in great anxiety, the look-out man on the mast-head cried out, "Breakers a-head!" "Where away?" "On the lee-bow!" Those who still dared to brave the storm on deck, among whom was our old friend the poacher and his son, could see through the gloom the line of white breakers a-head, stretching away right and left. There was but little time to tack, and, indeed, it was scarcely possible in such a storm. In a few seconds the vessel struck with a grinding crash upon a rock. She then swung round broadside on the rock with all her weight, and fell over to windward.

The passengers had by this time rushed on deck, in a frightful state of terror. The water was already rushing in below. Now was heard the voice of prayer from those who had never prayed before. Some shrieked, some moaned, and some cursed. "Clear away the boats!" shouted the captain; and one by one the boats were lowered into the water on the lee-side of the ship, where the water was the smoothest, though the long waves dashed angrily over the doomed vessel. There was a rush to the boats, but old Joe stood forward, and called out,—Not a man stir from on board, until the women and children are safe!" The captain insisted on this order being observed, and the women and children were lowered into the boats, The sea was terrible, yet the boats, tossed as they were on the boiling surf like so many pieces of cork, managed to live. The boats neared the land,—they were safe!

"Now," said the captain, "we must manage to save ourselves as we can, the ship is going to pieces!" Almost while he spoke a wave broke heavily on the stern part of the vessel, and she parted amid-ships. Some clung to pieces of the wreck, and were carried away on the advancing waves. Joe andhis son found themselves clinging to a part of the ship's bulwarks and netting, struggling to keep themselves above water, for neither could swim. Suddenly Joe called out,— "We are safe! I feel the bottom!" They had been washed inside the reef of rocks, and were but a score fathoms from the land. The women and children who had been saved, piteously wailed along the shore, some crying for brothers, others for husbands, whom they dreaded among the lost. They cried and shrieked amidst the shreds of the wreck, which by this time lay strewed along the shore,—timbers, planks, boats, beds, barrels, emigrants' chests and baggage. The ill-fated vessel had now entirely disappeared. Joe and his son reached the strand, and clambered upon dry land. Old Kitty was the first to welcome them. She clung round her old husband, and wept sweet tears for his safety.

"It's a rough landing in the new land," said Joe to his son; "but I hope the worst is over. Now, let us see if we can help the others."

They walked along the strand, upon which the surf was still dashing its spray, washing ashore bits of the wreck, emigrants' trunks, bedding, bulk-heads, and furniture. Little was saved, except the lives of the passengers and crew, and it now seemed almost miraculous that so many should have escaped. But about twenty emigrants and seamen were missing, and occasionally a body was thrown ashore, round which a group would gather hastily, to see whether in its features

they could discern some missing friend or relative. Among one of these groups was seen the poor widow, mourning over her second son, whom a spent wave had just washed upon the beach. Her grief was not loud, but deep. It was another heavy stroke of Providence; before which she bowed her head and wept. But she was not childless. Her other sons were preserved to her, and as she looked upon those who had so mercifully been saved, her mourning was mingled with thankfulness and praise.

The wceck was nearly a total one. A few things were saved,—a few boxes, and a little money which the emigrants carried about their persons; but for the most part they had been made destitute by the calamity which had befallen them. The part of the shore on which they had been cast was on the main-land of Nova Scotia, near the town of Shelbourne, not far from Cape Sable. The inhabitants of the neighbourhood soon obtained intelligence of the disaster, and the people of Halifax, and the other towns along the same coast, extended their aid to the wrecked emigrants with praiseworty alacrity; and not many weeeks had elapsed before the greater part of them were enabled by this kindly help to proceed on their way to their various destinations in Canada and the States.

A year and more passed, and the old poacher is seen sitting under the porch of a timber-built cottage on the verge of one of the great prairies in Illinois. He is mending one of the implements of the farm, of which, with his son, he is the owner. Before him spreads a well-cropped farm, beyond which lies the rolling prairie, with here and there a cottage roof peeping up,—pastures, cornfields, little independent holdings, as far as the eye can reach. Behind extends the deep shelter of the primeval forest, from which the sound of a woodman's axe proceeds,—for his son had gone forth in the evening to cut a fresh store of wood. Old Kitty, the wife, stands by the door-cheek looking out on the smiling landscape.

"Well, Joe," she said, "it's worth coming all this weary way, to rest here in peace and plenty!"

"Rest, wife?" said Joe, looking up. "There's no pleasure in rest; no, no,—work, work! I never felt more willing and able to work in my life. Bringing down a bird on the wing's nothing to farming one's own estate. Think of old Joe the poacher, a landed propietor in the great Republic! Isn't it enough to turn a poor man's head?"

"Ah! it was a bright day that brought us here, Joe, and we never can be too thankful. But here's Bill coming laden with chips; and I must e'en go in and have the supper ready."

And so we leave the poacher's family to peace, plenty and rough comfort, earned by honest industry, in their far-off home in the West.

The Chinese have a saying, that an unlucky word dropped from the tongue cannot be brougnt back again by a coach and six horses.

There are years in the life of both sexes when *everybody* includes the one sex,—nobody, the other.

"QUICKSILVER."

Half the world knows that the quicksilver mine of Almaden, sixteen miles north of Seville, is the finest that exists. Its annual produce is twice as great as that of all the mines of the same kind in Carniola, Hungary, the Palatine and Peru put together. Almaden therefore is worth visiting. The place has its own traffic, and no other. There is no high road in its neighbourhood, and the quicksilver raised is carried by muleteers to the Government stores of Seville, where only it may be distributed; not being delivered at the mine to any purchaser. The muleteers take to Almaden wood, gunpowder, provisions and all necessaries; and thus the town lives and supports its eight thousand inhabitants. It is built chiefly in the form of one very long street, on the ridge of a hill, over the mine, which in every sense forms the foundation upon which it stands. It used to be under the care of a sleepy old hidalgo of a governor, but is now controlled by a scientific officer, entitled the superintendent, and there is a good deal of vigour and practical sense displayed in the arrangements of the place.—There is a town-hall in Almaden, a well-endowed school, and a hospital for the diseases of the miners.

The diseased forms of the men working as excavators belong only too prominently to a picture of Almaden. You meet men in the street with wasted faces, fetid breaths, and trembling hands; blind, paralytic. The heat in the lower workings of the mine is very considerable, the ventilation is imperfect, vapour of quicksilver floats upon the air, and condenses on the walls, down which it trickles in little runlets of pure liquid metal. Even visitors are sensibly affected by it, and retain for some time the metallic flavour in their mouths. The miners—who number more than four thousand—are divided into three gangs, or watches, working six hours each, and leaving the fourth six hours of the twenty-four—from ten at night until four in the morning—as an interval of perfect rest. On account of the heat, and the deleterious nature of the vapour, summer is made the idle time, winter the great period of activity among the population. As the winter closes, the appearance of the miners begins very emphatically to tell its own tale, and great numbers hasten to their native plains and mountains to recruit.

Their homes are chiefly scattered about Estremadura, Andalusia and Portugal. Crowds of Portuguese. after harvest, flock to obtain employment at Almaden, selling not their labour only but their health. The most robust cannot work in the mine longer than for about fourteen days in succession, generally eight or nine days make as long a period of such labour as can be endured without rest.

Those who exceed that time are obliged eventually to give up work and breathe unadulterated air for perhaps two months together.—If they work without due precaution, and almost inevitably if they indulge in wine, miners at Almaden aged between twenty-five and thirty waste away, lose their hair and teeth, acquire an insufferable breath, or become sometimes afflicted with tremblings that render them unable to supply their own wants; they have to be fed like infants. If the disease be not checked vigorously, cramps and nervous attacks of the most agonising kind follow upon these symptoms and lead on to death. They who work within due bounds and live moderately, using a good deal of milk, if they take care always to cleanse their persons thoroughly after each six hours of work—the full day's labour—live not seldom to old age. These diseases afflict the miners only. The men engaged upon the ore and quicksilver outside the mines, in smelting and in other operations, do not suffer.

Storehouses, magazines, and workshops, are the leading features of the little town. Everything manufactured that is used—even to the ropes—is made upon the spot; and the workshops, like the whole engineering details of the mine itself, are planned in an unusually massive way, and carved out of the solid rock. The quicksilver mine belongs to the Crown (under which it is let out in four year leases to contractors rich enough to pay a very large deposit), and its details are all somewhat of a legal character. There used to be disasters frequently occasioned by the sinking of the works, and by fires. The last fire raged for upwards of two years and a half. The employment of wood, except for temporary purposes, has therefore, been abandoned, and magnificent arched galleries of stone are built through every one of the new cuttings. The deposits are almost vertical; and great pains are taken to supply the void left by the removed ore, with a sufficiently strong body of masonry. Half the ore is, however, everywhere left standing as a reserve in case of any future accidents; and the whole yearly supply drawn from the mine is limited to twenty thousand quintals. This supply is drawn by mule power from the bowels of the hill through a grand shaft constructed on the usual impressive scale. There is not much trouble given by water in the mine. What water there is has to be pumped up by means of an engine built for the place by Watt himself, which would be a valuable curiosity in a museum.

The ore lies, as I have said, in a lode, almost perpendicular. There are three veins of it, called respectively St. Nicholas, St. Francisco, and St. Diego, which traverse the length of the hill and intersect it vertically; at the point where they converge, galleries connect them all together. The thickness of the lode varies between fourteen and sixteen feet; it is much thicker where the veins intersect, and seems to be practically inexhaustible; for as the shaft deepens, the ore grows richer both in quality and quantity. The yield consists of a compact, grey quartz, impregnated with cinnabar and red lead. Associated with it, is a conglomerate called by the miners Fraylesca, because in colour it resembles the blue grey of a familiar cassock worn by frayles (friars) of the Franciscan order.

The chief entrance to the mine is out of the town, on the hill side, facing the south, the town itself being on the hill-top. The main adit leads by a gallery to the first ladder, and by galleries and very steep ladders the desscent afterwards continues to be made.—Though the mine is one of the very oldest in the world—the oldest I believe of any kind that still continues to be worked—the workings have not up to this time penetrated deeper than a thousand feet.

The quicksilver is procured out of the ore by sublimation over brick furnaces about five feet in height, and as the furnaces are fed with the wood of cistus and other aromatic shrubs, this part of the process is extremely grateful to the senses. There are thirteen double furnaces and two quadruple ones, partly erected at Almaden, partly at Almadenejos—Little Almaden—in the neighbourhood. The minerals having been sorted, are placed in the chambers over the furnaces according to their quality in different proportions and positions, the best at the bottom.—The whole mass, piled upon open arches in the form of a dome, is then roofed over with soft bricks made of kneaded clay and fine particles of sulphuret of mercury, a free space of about eighteen inches being left between the ore and roof, in which the vapour can collect and circulate. The mercurial vapour finally conducted along stoneware tubes luted together, condensing as it goes, is deposited in gutters, which conduct it across the masonry of a terrace into cisterns prepared to receive it. The quicksilver there carefully collected is then put into jars of wrought iron, weighing about sixteen pounds a-piece, and each holding about twenty-five pounds English of the finished produce of the mines.

As for the antiquity of the mine at Almaden, that is immense. Pliny says, that the Greeks had vermillion from it seven hundred years B. C., and that the Romans in his day were obtaining from it ten thourand pounds of cinnabar yearly, for use in their paintings. The working of the mine fell of course into abeyance in the Dark Ages, but was resumed at some time in the fifteenth century. After the expulsion of the Moors the mine was given as a present to the religious knights of Calatrava, and it reverted finally to the Crown more than three centuries ago.

The present workings are not quite on the

old spot. Fugger Brothers, of Augsburg, farmed it in those past days: and having drawn a fortune out of it, by which they became a byword for wealth ("rich as a Fucar," say the Spanish miners still), they gave up their lease as worthless. Government could make nothing of the mine, and therefore caused the ground to be attentively explored. The extraordinary deposit upon which the miners now are operating was in that way discovered.—*Household Words.*

GODIVA.

INSCRIBED TO JOHN HUNTER OF EDINBURGH.

By Leigh Hunt.

John Hunter, friend of Leigh Hunt's verse, and lover of all duty,
Hear how the boldest naked deed was clothed in saintliest beauty.

Earl Lefric by his hasty oath must solemnly abide;
He thought to put a hopeless bar, and finds it turn'd aside:
His lady, to remove the toll that makes the land forlorn,
Will surely ride through Coventry, naked as she was born;
She said—The people will be kind; they love a gentle deed;
They piously will turn from me, nor shame a friend in need.

Earl Lefric, half in holy dread, and half in loving care,
Hath bade the people all keep close, in penitence and prayer;
The windows are fast boarded up; nor hath a sound been heard
Since yester-eve, save household dog, or latest summer bird;
Only Saint Mary's bell begins at intervals to go,
Which is to last till all be past, to let obedience know.

The mass is said; the priest hath blessed the lady's pious will;
Then down the stairs she comes undress'd, but in a mantle still;
Her ladies are about her close, like mist about a star;
She speaks some little cheerful words, but knows not what they are;
The door is pass'd! the saddle press'd; her body feels the air;
Then down they let, from out its net, her locks of piteous hair.

Oh, then, how every list'ner feels, the palfrey's foot that hears!
The rudest are awed suddenly, the soft and brave in tears;
The poorest that were most in need of what the lady did,
Deem her a blessed creature born, to rescue men forbid;
He that had said they could have died for her beloved sake,
Had rated low the thanks of woe. Death frights not old Heart-ache.

Sweet saint! No shameless brow was hers, who could not bear to see,
For thinking of her happier lot, the pine of poverty;
No unaccustomed deed she did, in scorn of custom's self;
She that but wish'd the daily bread upon the poor man's shelf;
Naked she went, to clothe the naked. New she was, and bold,
Only because she held the laws which Mercy preach'd of old.

They say she blush'd to be beheld e'en of her ladies' eyes,
Then took her way with downward look, and brief, bewilder'd sighs.
A downward look, a beating heart, a sense of the new, vast,
Wide, open, naked world, and yet of every door she pass'd;
A pray'r, a tear, a constant mind, a listening ear that glow'd,
These we may dare to fancy there, on that religious road.

But who shall blind this heart with more? Who dare with lavish guess
Refuse the grace she hoped of us, in her divine distress?
In fancy still she holds her way, for ever pacing on,
The sight unseen, the guiltless Eve, the shame unbreathed upon:
The step that upon Duty's ear is growing more and more,
Though yet, alas! it hath to pass by many a scorner's door.

A heart that is full of love can forgive all severity towards itself, but not towards another; to pardon the first is a duty, but to pardon injustice towards another is to partake of its guilt.

He that has no resources of mind is more to be pitied than he who is in want of necessaries for the body; and to be obliged to beg our daily happiness from others bespeaks a more lamentable poverty than of him who begs his daily bread.

PRETTY MARY.*

BY JOHN MERWYL.

THAT they found such provided for them in a moment of so much agitation as permitted their judgment no play, and left them abandoned to the mere mechanical impulse of instinct, proved how wisely the stranger had calculated his plan of defence. A bedstead raised up against the wall on either side the door formed the outworks behind which the friends crept, and from whence, in comparative security, they could catch a clear view of the extraordinary scene that was going on; and happy was it for them that astonishment and the excess of terror kept them mute.

The room was, as we have said, of pitchy darkness, except a small focus of light, which grew every moment more radiant, and seemed to proceed from the opposite wall, although there was nothing there, nor in any part of the room, to give a solution to its mysterious appearance. Some dark object it at first dimly revealed, writhing on the ground, but gradually lighted it better, until, with sickening eyes, the Germans perceived it to be the figure of a man, deadly pale, with face, hair, and garments, clotted with blood, who, apparently with great effort, rose to a sitting posture, glared wildly round, and putting out the right hand, from which a finger seemed but just severed, motioned as though he would repulse the savage beings, who, with Mary at their head, had rushed over the threshold, but now stood, rooted with amazement, gazing on in silent stupefaction.

"Approach not, murderers," said a deep, hollow voice, proceeding from the ghastly object before them: "you have already wrought your worst upon me, and mortal fear I may no longer know;—but I come to warn—to punish.—Kneel and repent, for the hour of your destruction is at hand.—The avenger of blood is behind you.—Again, I say, though you murdered me, I would fain save your souls.—Repent! repent!"

The sounds expired in a sort of death-rattle within the throat of the bleeding figure, which having crawled to the wall, seemed to vanish through it.

"Repent; for the angel of Mary calls you. Mary, you once implored him," spoke a voice as clear as a silver bell. A strain of music of surpassing sweetness seemed now wafted from above, and floated through the apartment in solemn, thrilling chords, whose strange, harrowing melancholy was almost too painful for pleasure. Sure never had mortal ears drank in such sounds as those. No human touch was that. Mary—who had not been able to restrain her screams on first seeing the accusing phantom, and whose terror had gradually augmented to such a degree, that her husband, in spite of his own consternation, had in pity put his arm around her—now dropped from his hold to the floor, where she lay prostrate, giving no other sign of life but the sobs that ever and anon convulsed her frame. Her companions were themselves now so powerfully agitated, that they no longer noticed her. Indeed, they formed a frightful group to behold; their stalwart, half-clad frames, swarthy visages, with eyes starting out of their heads with fear and wonder; their wild countenances, rendered wilder with terror; their relaxed muscles suffering the instruments of meditated crime to fall harmless, and for once unstained by blood, from their nerveless hands. So absorbed were they that the repeated ejaculations of the two friends fell unnoticed on their ears.

But the mysterious strain had passed away. The light on the opposite wall grew fainter and fainter, until it nearly disappeared; when suddenly playing with renewed brilliancy much higher up, almost reaching, or rather seeming to burst from, the ceiling, it gradually formed a still more dazzling focus, although less extensive than before, from which a man's hand, armed with a dagger, became distinctly visible; whilst a deep, full, brassy voice exclaimed in loud angry tones—

"The time allotted for repentance is rapidly passing away, and you shall all be mine! mine! I am the Angel of Revenge—and you—Hark! your hour is past!"

The large house clock struck one with a harsh sound that grated on every ear, and caused each heart to palpitate; "Now, I am coming—and you are lost,"—said the voice with increased vehemence. A triumphant laugh followed, then a loud voice, seemingly starting from the midst of the terrified group, repeated in exulting accents, "Lost—lost—for I am come!"

With one loud yell, the ruffians now fled; even the half-distracted Mary, uttering scream upon scream, rose from the floor, and with the blind haste of the hunted doe, followed the others through the dark room beyond; and the mingled noise of the hurried tramp of men's feet and the shrieks of Mary, after sounding loud in the gallery, died away in a confused noise, and finally subsided altogether into complete silence. Some time elapsed, during which the bewildered steward and bookseller durst not so much as move a muscle, and scarcely draw their breath. A slow, stealthy step was now heard, as if proceeding from an adjacent apartment—a door was cautiously pushed back—the step came nearer, and the old man was on the point of roaring lustily for help, when a hand, wandering in uncertainty along the wall, enoountered his arm, and grasped it firmly. "It is you," whispered the Italian, "is it not?"

"Sancta Maria!" exclaimed the steward, in scarce audible accents, "are you still alive?

*Continued from page 400, volume 3, concluded.

Well, I scarcely know if I am so.—*Es spuckt.*"

"If you and your friend do not quickly collect your senses," said the stranger, "you will not be alive long—that's all—rouse yourselves, and to horse while we may."

The bookseller had by this time crept out of his own hiding place, and joined the cautious whisperers. He could scarcely be said to be possessed of life, if life should mean aught else but the power of motion. The steward mastered his emotions better. The Italian took the portmanteau from the trembling hand of the young German, who was staggering under its weight, and urging his companions forward with rapid, though noiseless steps, passed with them through the outer chamber. When they emerged into the silent gallery, the gusts of wind were just driving a thick cloud from the face of the moon, that shone for a moment in her pale splendour, showing distinctly the deserted court-yard and the door of the stables which seemed unwatched. The storm was at its height; the wind howled through the distant trees of the surrounding forest, like angry and chafed spirits of the air; tne thunder rolled occasionally in loud,prolonged peals, reverberating awfully through the silence; and more sad still was the sound of the many unfastened doors on the gallery, as they swung heavily on their hinges, the lightning casting, ever and anon, a lurid glare into the deserted chambers, of which each might be supposed to have been the scene of what the imagination dared not dwell upon.

A slight shudder passed over the frame of the travellers. Even the Italian was not free from it; but with him such sensations were but momentary. They had at a glance encompassed and felt what it takes us longer to describe.

"Had I not better try if we can reach the stables in safety?" asked the stranger in low accents.

"Wherever you go, I follow," said the steward, clinging to him; whilst the bookseller, instead of speaking his intention, grasped his other arm tighter. But their fears were groundless. Staircase, passage, and yard, were alike deserted, and the fugitives reached the stables unhindered and unobserved.

The horses were soon found, saddled, and mounted:—there were no others along with them, which greatly comforted the travellers. The only, and apparently insurmountable, difficulty yet remaining was, the notice the clatter of the horses' hoofs must naturally attract to their movements. But the risk was not to be avoided. The Italian bade them suffer him to take the lead, and follow as slowly, and cautiously, as they could. Luckily, the yard was not paved, and the sod was softened by the torrents of rain which had fallen in the course of that night. The Italian's keen eye soon discovered the road from the stables into the open country: and the moment they cleared the outer buildings, they made for the next forest at full gallop. For one instant, a fresh terror froze the blood of the Germans in their veins: the Italian, who had taken the start of them, suddenly turned his horse's head, and rode back to within a few feet of the front of the house which was now in full view. Although prudence should have urged them on, yet, paralysed by fear, they stood still, gazing after him, until they beheld him hurrying back in great haste.

"On, on!" he said, as soon as he was near enough to be heard by them without making too loud a call. "Put forth your utmost speed. I think we are saved."

For a good half hour they galloped on at the utmost speed of their horses, and cleared a considerable space of the forest; but the jaded animals could no longer proceed at such a rate, and flagged every moment more and more. The unusual exertion of the previous day, which had been a very fatiguing one, together with their imperfect rest, had not sufficiently recruited their strength for such a night expeditton. Though the storm had abated in its violence, and the thunder had ceased, the rain poured down in torrents; the night was black as ink; and the forest spread on all sides with its waving, dark masses, like an endless ocean of firs. None of the party knew whither they were riding; it was scarcely possible, in the increasing darkness, to distinguish the undulations of the road; and the risk of being dashed against a tree was every moment more imminent. Each recommended himself aloud, and in his own language, to his patron Saint. Still they rode on; but every now and then they fancied they heard the tramp of pursuing horses and shouting voices behind them, as the wind howled through the long avenues of the elder trees, and the more fragile ones moaned almost with the sound of human complaint to the sweeping blast. The rain, too, and its deceptive pattering, added to the terrors of that night. They rode on as in a dream, unconscious of the difficulties they overcame—of what their path led to—their hearts beating audibly, and all their senses concentrated in that of hearing.

It were useless to say how often they stood still, and listened to the sounds of the abating storm, conceiving the murderers at hand—mistaking the rage of the elements for that of man; but, in what words express the nameless joy that thrilled through every breast, when the first grey dawn showed them the waving outlines of the forest more distinctly, and when they first conceived the hope, from the fair open road they found themselves upon, of being on their way to some large village; nor were they mistaken. Soon after the light on the horizon grew clear-

er, the distant baying of house-dogs sounded gladly in their ears, like a welcome again to life. The high trees gradually gave way to low furze; and, above this, they soon saw rising, not the miserable huts of a poor village, but the neat, white-washed houses of a comfortable little market town.

The dogs were the only beings awake or stirring in the place, and the travellers' pale, haggard countenances, and dripping clothes, met no prying eyes. They all three paused, moved by the same impulse, before the pretty little church, whose gilded cross had just caught the first ray of the rising sun; and, dismounting, knelt in pious humility on the wet stone steps, leading to the principal door, of course yet closed at that early hour. In long, though silent, thanksgivings, did each pour out his gratitude to the Almighty, for the extraordinary mercies of that night.

So absorbed were they in their effusions, that they felt neither the cold of the damp stones, nor the small searching rain, that now, as if to complete, on their devoted persons, the effects of the night's drenching, seemed willing to pierce their very bones. It was the unclosing of a few shutters that first roused them, when remounting, but evidently mechanically, the Germans turned to the Italian, as if to inquire what was next to be done.—Until then they had merely exchanged occasionally some broken sentences, but had scarcely dared to listen to the sounds of their own voices.

"First of all," said the Italian, "we must to the Amtmann (Mayor of the place), and make our depositions. Perhaps the robbers may not yet have escaped."

His two companions suffered him to lead them like children, and after some difficulty, for which the early hour accounted, they at last found, and what was still more fortunate, succeeded in waking the Amtmann. He immediately recognised the Italian, who cut short his kind greetings by the recital of the last night's adventure; but he was interrupted in his turn by the loud and united clamour of his companions, who, seemingly as anxious to take the lead on this occasion as they formerly had been to keep in the back ground, strove each to cry down the other by dint of the strength of lungs, and rapidity of enunciation, with which it had pleased nature to gift them. Here, however, the steward had decidedly the advantage; he clearly beat the bookseller off the field, and eagerly, not to say somewhat incoherently, did he detail to the magistrate all the horrors they had gone through; the bookseller contenting himself, now and then, with confirming the steward's words by some ejaculation or exclamation of assent, with all the emphasis whith which a Greek chorus bears out the hero in his tale of tragic wonder; whilst the Italian, with folded arms, quietly waited the moment when their breath should fairly fail them. And thus did the Amtmann become duly informed of the visible interposition of the saints in behalf of the travellers, in very extraordinary dangers—nay of a palpable miracle having been, at their devout intercession, granted them in their hour of need. Something more the mayor managed to collect from their disjointed and confused account, about an inn, a forest, and a few ghosts, but nothing that he could either comprehend or make sense of.—His patience totally exhausted, he now turned to the stranger, who evidently was none-such for him, and said—"Dear Signor, in the name of Heaven, what is all this about? You must have turned these poor people's heads by some of your singular performance, to which, after all, you *alone* can give a satisfactory clue; for my explanations would only be second hand at least."

"Nay, the affair is more serious than you take it to be, my good master Amtmann;" and he begged the magistrate to allow him a private interview. When they came out of the adjoining room to which they had retired, the Amtmann, with a grave countenance, put to the Germans several questions, bearing reference to the less poetical part of their narrative; and having listened attentively to their replies, he begged them and the Italian to remain in the town until he should be able to collect their further depositions; so long, in short, as might be necessary to the ends of justice. He then explained, in a few brief but emphatic words, how much the travellers were indebted to their companion for their escape from the perils of the night. He had long known, he said, Signor Thomassini, and often admired his wondrous display of talents, in his occasional visits to the neighbouring great towns; but never could have anticipated that, what he considered to be the triumph of jugglery, should prove available for such noble purposes as the Signor had shown they could be turned to.

"Why," answered the Italian, "chance, or rather the mercy of God," piously crossing himself, "permitted circumstances to be altogether in my favour. Besides the advantage of all my paraphernalia about me, such as my far-famed harmonica, my mirrors of reflexion, and sundry other conveniences for my phantasmagorical delusions, which I meant to display in every small town on my road—having taken nothing with me but what I could make use of without the aid of my partner—the rooms were well adapted for the execution of the doings I immediately formed on perceiving our danger. Over each door there was a small opening, or casement, probably provided by the robbers for their own purposes. Indeed, of holes and crevices, in the walls there was no lack. Everything marvellously seconded the plan I had in view to play on the credulity of ignorance, and the superstitious

terrors of guilt ; for I have often had occasion to observe how powerfully my art acts upon gross and untaught minds. I did not, as the result has proved, over-estimate my means."

"And the heavenly music?" said the steward, lost in amazement.

"Was my harmonica," replied the Signor, smiling.

"But still the many different voices, from as many differnt parts of the room?" exclaimed the bookseller, still dubiously.

"Signor Thomassini," answered the magistrate, "is a renowned ventriloquist."

"And the murdered man?" again asked the inquisitive bookseller.

"Was one of my favourite ghosts ; all of which, should I be fortunate enough to recover them, I intend to exhibit in this good town before I depart from it," answered Thomassini.

Althongh these few words of explanation at once made the mysteries of the previous night clear to the Amtmann, not so with Signor Thomassini's new friends. To account satisfactorily for an obtuseness of comprehension, which to the modern reader may seem to border on the crudest ignorance, we must remind him that, in the days we speak of, when Robertson and Ollivier had not yet exhibited the wonder of phantasmagoria and the deceptions of optics, these brancdes of art and science were, if not altogether unknown, at least not spread among the people ; and the unheard of success Cagliostro's tricks obtained, in circles the most distinguished in intelligence as well as rank, form no ample apology for the simple astonishment and awe with which the first attempts of the kind were everywhere received, even among the educated. We find, also, that they who first made the public familiar with those arts and deceptions—the secret of which, in past ages, had been confined to the privileged few, and accordingly made an abuse—met with favour and respect, and were encouraged in every possible manner by the great, with whom it was their luck to come in contact. The harmonica itself, now a toy in almost every boy's hand, was then but a recent discovery, whose effects, together with other complicated and well-adapted means, were likely to impress with the idea of the supernatural, not only the uncultured minds of boors, but even those of men, who, like the steward and bookseller, without being scientific, were by no means uncultivated. It took very long, and required no small patience, to make them comprehend the real nature of the mystery by which they had so largely benefitted, and the extent of their obligations to the Italian.

The surprise of the Germans was boundless ; and when they at last comprehended the whole, they were clamorous in their gratitude. The magistrate now begged them to adjourn to the neighbouring inn, that he might busy himself in collecting what people he could, if possible, to surprise the robbers in their den ; "though I doubt," said he, as his visitors took their leave, "they will already have taken wing."

The friends removed, accordingly, to the Golden Dragon, leaving the Amtmann to take his own measures. Nearly the whole of the morning was taken up with relating over and over again all that had occurred ; for not only had they to satisfy the curiosity of the host and hostess, but also that of a very numerous assemblage of townspeople, collected together expressly to see and speak with them, the rumour of their tale having flown through the place like wildfire, and excited in every breast a feverish curiosity.

The streets were filled with groups of idle talkers, gesticulatlng and resenting in every possible key, and with every possible variation, the tale of horror. Now, indeed, could they account for the frequency, and the extraordinary nature, of the crimes which had of late years happened in their neighbourhood ; and whose perpetrators had, by successfully baffling the efforts of Government for their discovery and apprehension, excited a mysterious awe in all the country round. Now, the solution seemed plain enough ; and the wonder was, how it could have escaped their minds for such a length of time.—The Stichers were so very bad ; all their farm-boys were the most complete scamps in the district ;—for what reason should they have kept so many men to work ground which could yield no crops?—Why, it was as clear as the nose on the face—a child might have hit it:—how could Mary have afforded her silk dresses and Sunday finery, and Sticher and his men the money they squandered in liquor and the *Kegeln*? Government must have been blind indeed?

The popular agitation continued increasing as time wore on, and the party of soldiers gathered from the neighbouring barracks, and the country people armed with pitchforks, whom the authorities had collected in all haste to march against the devoted inn, returned not. Hour passed after hour, and no tidings of their success were heard ; at last, when the sun was on the wane, the more curious of the gazers perceived in the distance a compact, dark mass, moving slowly forward on the high road. Their hopes were soon confirmed—it was their friends returning.

When warned of this circumstance, and that most of the brigands were taken, Peter Sticher among the rest, by a feeling they could scarcely account for, the heroes of the night's adventure, mounted to a private chamber, with the intention of profiting by the window that overlooked the main street, through which the prisoners must pass. It might be, that an innate feeling of terror in-

duced them to avoid meeting face to face those objects which, the evening before, had struck them with so much awe, or, perhaps, a disinclination to triumph over the wretches whom they had been the means of bringing to justice.

Carefully peeping through the close-drawn curtains, they saw the returning party pass slowly through the street, leading the prisoners, strongly bound and guarded, so that escape was impossible. They were generally of a most repulsive aspect, and answered the shouts and triumphant clamours of the populace, who for the most part called upon them by name, with looks of impotent rage. Peter Sticher alone seemed an altered man; the sulky savage expression his features usually bore had given way to one of utter despair; he seemed not to hear, see, or be in any manner conscious of surrounding objects. His eyes were immovably fixed on a shutter borne by four peasants, on which lay stretched a ghastly female corpse—it was Mary.

"Good Heaven!" exclaimed the Italian, clasping his hands together, his cheek growing very pale, "I thought she had merely fainted."

"What do you mean?" inquired with a subdued accent the trembling bookseller, whose heart sickened at the sight.

"Why last night," continued the Italian, in a hurried manner, "when I rode back within view of the public room to see if there were any danger of immediate pursuit, in order to take my measures accordingly, I saw this woman lying on the table, her husband wildly gesticulating over her, and the other men looking on so absorbed and immovable that I imagined we should yet have time to gain a start. But this I had not anticipated. Indeed, I had meant to save, but not to punish."

Tears glistened in the eyes of the old steward. "Poor pretty Mary!" he exclaimed; "giddiness paved thy way to sin and crime, and these have met their reward."

"What a warning should this be to girls of that class," said the bookseller, as he slowly turned away from the casement, for there was nothing more to be seen.

The criminals were shortly after conducted to a town of more importance, whither the friends were compelled to follow them, although most unwillingly, to enact the painful part of witnesses on their trial. But when the multifarious crimes, of which all, especially Peter Sticher and his wife, had been guilty, were brought clearly home to them, and confirmed by the villains' own confessions, they considered themselves as chosen instruments of justice, and fortunate in having been the means of putting an end to such iniquities. Even the old steward himself, who had once taken so fatherly an interest in Mary, and the Italian, who regretted having literally killed her, could not but rejoice in her having met with her deserts, when they learned how upon leaving the post-house where the steward had first known her, Peter Sticher having taken to the woods and his knife for a livelihood, the young girl, availing herself of her charms to decoy unwary travellers into the latter's bloody hands, had occasioned the disappearance of so many foolish youths, whom her situation enabled her to rob at her leisure, once had she made sure of their never returning to claim their own. With the funds this traffic had enabled them to collect, the treacherous pair had set up the solitary inn, where so many more unfortunate travellers had seen their earthly pilgrimage brought to an untimely close. Peter Sticher, according to the prevailing custom of that time, ended his days on the wheel, the fate always allotted to the leader of a gang; the others were executed by the headsman.

To his no small satisfaction, the Italian recovered all his goods which he had well nigh given up for lost; but, for some hidden reason, he did not feel in the humour to make his accustomed use of them. He received, however, not only the warmest expressions of thanks and gratitude, on the part of his travelling companions, but likewise as generous proofs of their sense of obligation as their limited finances permitted. Moreover, the most flattering marks of approbation from the authorities were accorded him for his spirited conduct, which, together with many private donations from unknown hands, enabled him to leave the town a much richer man than he had entered it. Here the young bookseller separated from his companions, promising to write to Signor Thomassini of his safe arrival, the very day the event should take place; and the steward and juggler continued their road together, to the little capital, to which they had originally both been journeying. They were sadder and graver than when they first met, and were heartily glad when they reached their place of destination. Most anxiously had they been expected. The Count of Ratzan, alarmed by confused and exaggerated rumours, had given up his money and his faithful servant for lost; and the countryman and partner of Signor Thomassini was probably even more distressed for the sake of his friend than the Count for both his losses, however serious they might have proved in their consequences. Great was the joy with which the travellers were greeted by those they sought; and the Count presented the Italian with a most munificent remuneration, which as it was perfectly unexpected, and most graciously proferred, gave heartfelt pleasure to the receiver. He took the foreigners under his own immediate patronage, and need we say how brilliantly their exhibitions were attended? The story was soon spread over the capital; the Prince himself, and many others of high rank, showed the utmost fa-

your to Signor Thomassini, who afterwards declared he never in his life had made such a golden harvest. But what he most prided himself upon were the letters he received from the sharers in his perils and their families.—Their thanks, which he declared he did not feel he deserved, were in his eyes the greatest triumph his favourite art ever obtained.

Time has rolled on, and wrought, as it still does, even in its most minute fractions, never-ceasing changes. The little market town has risen to the dignity of a manufacturing city of much importance; the oceans of wood and forest have gradually given way to the fast-increasing development of agriculture in Germany, and there remains of them but what is indispensable to the variety and beauty of the scenery. The lonely inn is still an inn; but as neat, as comfortable a one, as may be met with in any of the minor villages. It now, under the appellation of the Golden Stork, (how it got this name I never could discover) is one of the most important houses of a rich thriving village, and affords, as I have myself experienced, very tolerable accommodation. Start not, gentle reader,—sweet lady, grow not pale,—when I hint at the great probability of your having, at some time or other, when on your continental tour, slept in that very house; nay, as it stands on a most frequented route, you may do so again—be welcomed on that very threshold by a pale, sickly-looking creature, whose wan face will inspire pity but no terror—cross the gallery, and sleep in one of those very rooms, in the very corner, perhaps, where, years ago, a misreable victim groaned in his last agony—carelessly neglect to bolt those doors, whose revolving creak once jarred in the ear of the helpless traveller like a death knell. Then, if what the philosophers of old did say be in any way founded on truth—that the air, and places desecrated by crime be haunted with visions of terror—we will take leave of you, hoping that your dreams, when resting, unconscious of the forgotten past, at the Golden Stork, may not be disturbed by any reminiscence of "Pretty Mary."

Embellished truths are the illuminated alphabet of larger children.

Only trust thyself, and another shall not betray thee.

Few men have a life-plan, although many a week, year, youth, or business plan.

The chambers of the brain are full of seed, for which the feelings and passions are the flower, soil, and the forcing-glasses.

We should have a glorious conflagration, if all who cannot put fire into their books would consent to put their books into the fire.

Childhood knows only the innocent white roses of love; later they become red, and blush with shame.

A PEEP AT KILLARNEY.

Half the world, it seems, must go this year to Dublin to see its very pretty Exhibition. Not to be out of the fashion, we felt that we must go there too: from whence or when, no matter. We are a party of easily pleased people, travelling to amuse ourselves, full of spirits on the fine days, and content to bear patiently a few rainy ones, particularly since the idea of notes-making occurred to some of us—an idea to which you, courteous reader, have your obligations, since to it you are indebted for the following memoranda—not of the Dublin Exhibition—that must be seen; description would quite fail there; but of scenes still further off. For when foot-weary and eyesore after a week spent within its wooden walls, we thought we would try whether fresh air, sun, shade, waters and mountains, nature's own raree-show, in fact, would revive powers a little fatigued by these wonders of art—admired, too, in an atmosphere admirably ventilated certainly, but still, with its bewildering turmoil, the reverse of either healthful or agreeable in the summer season. So we agreed to set off for Killarney, by the train, the first time of its running through the whole way from the fine terminus at the King's Bridge in the City of Dublin, to the handsome one we found in the town within a mile of the far-famed lakes of the County Kerry. It was a thoroughly wet day; the rain was unceasing: it spoiled the view of the rich plains near the capital, and the very beaatiful scenery round Mallow, and made the dreary parts of our long seven hours' journey look still more desolate. We went through a very deep cutting of loose clay, two extensive cuts through rocky soil, and then over bog, bog for ever, in some parts very shaky still, not nearly settled yet since the road was made upon it, obliging us to slacken speed while oscillating on its tremulous surface. The rest of the way we went at a great rate. An omnibus with four horses, and a number of those merry-looking open cars, were in waiting to carry on the visitors from the town of Killarney to the hotels near the lakes. We squeezed ourselves into the crowded omnibus, and soon reached our destination—a handsome country-house, in the midst of neatly kept pleasure-grounds, with a beautiful prospect of the lakes from the front. It was quite full. We were wise to have written to secure our apartments, for the sixty bed-rooms were all occupied, many of them doubly, and the parlours all engaged, as it had been, and as it would be, they told us, during the season, which lasts from May to the end of October. Dinner, though not super-excellent, was very acceptable, the waiters civil but talkative, speaking, as everybody else did, with such a strange drawl as was like nothing ever heard anywhere in the

world beside, except in Wales, where the prevailing tone is almost similar.

On Sunday, between ten and eleven o' clock, we started for church in the friendly omnibus, along with several other properly disposed persons, and reached a small, rather shabby church, very much crowded by strangers, and requiring no particular mention as to the performance of the service. We took a drive afterwards on a very small hard-seated car: no matter—tourists bent on scene-hunting can't afford to be too precise about conveyances. The roads were capital, the views splendid, the trees magnificent, the weather perfect, not too sunny. Besides the lovely views, we looked now and then at lovely women, dark-eyed, clear-skinned, fine-featured Spanish figures, arrayed in the blue cloak and short red petticoat so dear to painters. We went down a new line of road, passing Mucross Abbey, and leading to the railway tunnel, on the top of which some of us climbed, to see a prospect well worth the trouble. The whole road, indeed, presented an endless succession of natural beauty—now skirting the lake by the shore, then lost in the forest, then coming out before the mountains, and turning to the lake again. The carman was a famous guide, in full tongue all the way, introducing every favourite point to us: this was the Eagle's Nest, that the Tom Cascade, there the Toomy Mountains, here an oak! a beech! a Spanish chesnut!—and truly they were trees to boast of, the girth of the stems so great, the branches so vigorous, the heads so luxuriant. The holly here is a tree, and the arbutus—shrubs elsewhere, they and the laurel,—tower here among the forest tribe, one of the many wonders of the scene. We proceeeded to Mucross, quite ready to admire this miniature of an old abbey, its little picturesque ruins of a cloister, Gothic windows, kitchen, refectory, library, cellars, all in small size, but beautifully and carefully preserved. An immense yew-tree, supposed to have been planted by the monks—Franciscans—still flourishes in the tiny square yard of the cloisters, and fully fills it—its boughs really serving for a roof. It is an annoyance here not being allowed to gaze or ramble and reflect at will. The ruins, too, are paled in, the gate of the paling locked. The lodge-keeper would accompany us with his key, and act over officiously as cicerone. We must go here, there; look this way, that way; see best from this arch, that door; turn here, move there, and loiter never. So, rather cross, we left him soon, and proceeded through Lord Kenmare's fine domain to Prospect Hill, which we ascended, and refreshed our rather wearied spirits with a view surpassing most views.

The succeeding very wet day made us defer our intended exhibition to the mountain pass, the Gap of Dunloe, and content ourselves, when the weather cleared, with another drive. Theodore Hook is not altogether wrong: it does rain every second day at Killarney. Again we got a hard seated uneasy machine, suited with a horse which had a will of his own, on which we jolted along to the poor, miserably poor, town of Killarney, to visit the turner's shops, and see and purchase specimens of a thousand inutilities, made from the wood of the Arbutus *tree*, which beautiful evergreen grows in great luxuriance on the islands, so thickly dotted over the lakes. We entered four or five of these shops, and were cruelly tormented, both in shops and street, by venders of all kinds of goods. One old woman followed us everywhere with some cherries for sale, sticking by us doggedly the whole length of the street. Young women from tho rival shops brought their wares after us, even into the abodes of their antagonists, or tried to seduce us from the right way, to step aside along with them. A tribe of barefooted children assailed us with long chains, very neatly made, of horse-hair, and hearts and crosses carved from deers' horns. In short, the press and clamour were extraordinary. We were really glad to be once more upon the road, albeit a bad one, which in little time conducted us to the ruins of Aghadoe Church, as it stands in its old burial-ground. In this old burial-ground was once laid the body of Pat Burke; and as the evening continued to be wet, and our sight-seeing for the day was over, we cannot do better at this very place than relate certain adventures which once befell there.

Pat Burke was an old hedge-schoolmaster, who was very fond of nuts. In the nut-season, he generally went with his scholars to the island of Innisfallen, to fill a large bag for his winter's store; and in this way he died, and was buried in the grave-yard of the old church at Aghadoe with his nuts; for, going with his bag, nearly full, too nigh to the edge of a precipice, he missed his footing, fell, and broke his leg—keeping the nuts all the time, lingered a few weeks, and then slipped away, desiring, as his last request that the bag of nuts stould be buried with him. This was accordingly done, for it was said it was his intention to eat them after his death during the winter; and so the story went the round, and so of course the people did not care to interfere with his occupation, nor to pass the old church-yard after dark. One that had to do it for his sins, or in his business, solemnly declared that he had heard Pat Burke at work cracking away at his nuts with a stone. Well, there was another death and a burial, and a wake not far from the church; and during the feasting and the wailing, the friends of the departed got uproarious in doing honour to his memory. A guest more timid than the rest bade them hush, and not forget Pat Burke was within hearing, and not to disturb him, and he at his nuts. A brave

guest then said he disbelieved such tales; he had never heard this cracking; and added that, for a wager, he'd go and fetch the bag. The wager was made, the money collected, and off our brave wight went, not over-pleased, may be, that his valour was put to the proof, and thinking, perhaps, how he could slip out of the business without loss, when on the road, in full moonlight, and near to the burial-ground, he met a friend.

"Arrah, Jem, and what are you doing here at this time of night too?"

"Why, Tim," was the response, "I might ask then what are you about? I am going to take Pat Burke's bag of nuts away from him, and I'm not rightly certain how to set about it."

"And I," said Tim, "I am going to look a little after some sheep off one's ground on to another's. Take heart, honest man: see who'll have settled matters first."

"Well," said Jem, "I don't mind it in any way; you go your way, I go mine. Who has finished business first, shall wait on t'other at Pat Burke's grave, and we'll share winnings.

Jem finished first, and seizing the bag of nuts, sat him down on the grave to await Tim's coming. Losing patience, and just to make the time pass pleasant, he took some nuts out of the bag, and began to break them with a stone upon a neighbouring grave. Bang! bang! Heated with the work, he stripped off his jacket, and sat in his shirt-sleeves. A neighbour, Jerry, heard the bang! bang! a little more clear than it had ever been heard before, so needs must take a peep to see what disturbed Pat Burke. He crept along all-fours, and from behind another grave saw the white shirt-sleeves and the bang! bang! by the light of the moon; and being very sure it was a ghost, he took to his heels, and never drew breath till he came within sight of his own cabin, and then called out: "Arrah, Judy, child, put out the light.'—There is a popular saying, if you see a light soon after seeing a ghost, you had better tell your beads speedily.—Judy was in great distress on hearing her husband's story. His old mother, who was sick, and happened to be a some sort of relation of Pat Burke's, said to her son: "Jerry, I have twenty-five pounds I always thought of leaving you in my will. Now, if you expect I'll do it, just take me up and carry me on your back to the church-yard, for see Pat Burke this night I will, and ask the poor soul what he is in trouble for, and what I can do to help him. Now, Jerry, as you value my blessing and my money, be off with me at once."

There was no resisting this appeal; so Jerry took his mother on his back, and carried her to the church-yard, where Jem was still sitting waiting on Tim, and bang! bang! at work on his nuts. Jerry, and his mother on his back, heard all that was doing. "Arn't you satisfied?" said he to the mother. "Go a little nearer, Jerry dear, for I must see and speak to him."

Jerry advanced, making a little noise, which aroused Jem, who, thinking it was Tim arrived after gathering his sheep, called out; "So there you are! Are they fat or lean?—meaning the sheep.

Jerry, seeing the ghost, as he thought it was, move and speak, was so terrified, he pitched his old mother off his back over his head, and she broke her old neck, and died on the spot. Jem made off with the rest of the bag of nuts without waiting longer for his friend Tim. When they all came the next day, the priest at their head, to inquire into facts, they found nothing but Jerry's poor old mother dead, and neither ghost nor nuts were ever heard of again. Jerry took possession of the twenty-five pounds. But people don't much care, even now, to pass the old church-yard after dark.

A tolerably fine day enabled us to start for the Gap of Dunloe, with the addition to our party of a young Irish friend. On our way, we were assailed by lots of little ragged boys and girls with pieces of rock crystal for sale, which they call Kerry diamonds—horse-hair chains, bunches of heath, and cups of goats' milk, dirty cups or broken jugs, with a bottle whence a drop of the "creature is added to the milk, producing the compound recognised in that part of the world as mountain-dew. The gentlemen partook of course. With a touch of refinement, they offered no spirits to the ladies. These little Hebes bear the name of mountain-dew girls. Our driver was amusing enough trying to rescue us from this mob of urchins. First he told them, that if they teased his ladies, he would beat them; then he assured them we had no more money—that there was another car full of quality coming, that would give them all they wanted. At last, to a lad with an old red coat on his back he said, that if he kept on botherin', he would have him took up for a desarter. The road to the Gap is wild, with some splendid views; it is more hilly than mountainous, some single-arch bridges being our most difficult ascent; and although, from being told it was customary and necessary to leave the car and mount on ponies, we had ordered them, there was no reason why the car could not have done the whole business of both up and down, until we came to the narrow iron gate with no thoroughfare, placed there by a late proprietor to prevent intrusion. The actual proprietor has thrown open his grounds for the convenience of tourists, only requiring that each person he so obliges should write his or her name in a book he has provided and placed on a bracket with pen and ink beside it. From these grounds we first took boat, and had a charming row down the

lakes. The guide, in general, acts as steersman and bugle-man, names all the rocks and islands, and relates the legends belonging to the scene, with tales of giants and fairies, and the kings of old; he wakes the echoes, too, with shouts and shots, and sound of horn. Moving thus dreamily over the water was so delightful, we spent every morning, during the rest of our stay here, in the boats. In our last trip—a simple five hours' rowing or paddling about in and out of creeks,—our chief boatman, who had accompanied us all the time, made us stop at a pretty little island, which hitherto he pretended had not been named.

We had been laughing at him, and with him, highly amused by his droll stories, and still droller manner of telling them. He had discovered there were single ladies among us; so addressing the prettiest, he begged her, whenever she married, to bring her husband to the lakes, and have him for their boatman. This being promised, he continued, lying upon his oars, to say that he should take possession of this pretty island in her name; and resuming his labour, he turned the head of the boat towards the rocks, where, having fastened it, he bowed us all out on to a level bit of ground; and the crew then jumping ashore after him, they all clambered quickly up the heights, to gather large boughs of the arbutus, off which they broke as many twigs as were needed to decorate our caps and bonnets, their own hats, and our end of the boat. They then proceeded to the christening of the isle, produced a bottle, supposed to contain whiskey, and dashing it against the rocks, pronounced the fair young lady's name. Then came forth a second bottle, really containing the true potheen, with which they brewed a bowl of punch. Each boatman standing up erect in line, his long oar in hand straight upon end, tossed off his glass to the heiress and her heritage, giving three huzzas at the last that resounded far and wide. Nonsense as it was, it was quite inspiring, the good-humour thus created reaching all. As we rowed away, they began in turns to entertain us with their many legends, all told with the gravity of perfect faith. Whether they do believe in these fairy tales—or whether, from oft repeating them, they have grown to think them true—or whether they are merely recited to impose on or amuse the strangers, who can say? One point very certain is, that they tell them well, so as quite to arrest the attention of the hearers.

The O'Donoghue is the hero of most of these romances. He was a giant and a prince of old; his power is even still felt here in his ancient dominions. If the wind blow, he is angry; if the sun shine, he is pleased. There is a rock called his prison, where, as he was good-hearted he allowed his prisoners bread—they found themselves in water. A pretty bay, filled with the water-lily, most of the flowers white, but a few yellow amongst them,—a lovely spot, with its surrounding wooded banks—is O'Donoghue's garden, where strangers may dip for a specimen, but if too greedy in thdir quest, they are reminded of the chief's displeasure. A group of islands, one large, surrounded by less, is his hen and chickens—and so on of all the rest. In truth, the scenery is so remarkable, it could not fail to be particularised by the poetical fancies of its peasantry. Some of the rocks bear very fantastic shapes. One is a fac-simile of an eagle; another has its sides jagged into a correct likeness of the great Duke of Wellington: so perfect is it, that we all exclaimed at once, as to the fact, to the great delight of our boatmen. The waters of the lakes are in general dark coloured, and not very transparent; but there are clearer spaces; and while passing over one of these, we discerned, far below, some rocks of various size, aod broken stony ground, which we were assured was a submerged city. O'Donoghue and the fairies quarrelled, and the people of the town having taken part with O'Donoghue, these little angry beings drowned the city. There was no end to such anecdotes; and there was fun, or what was meant for fun, apparent in many of them. The pretty *Countess*, our green and white painted boat, was checked for a moment before turning round a sort of point, while our friend Connell, our chief boat-man, gravely apologised for carrying us into a little bay, the best bathing-place in all the lakes, and where, not to shock us, we should be sure to find some gentlemen bathing. Down they all bent to their oars, and in a moment swung us round into a little bay, in the middle of which there stood one of these curious rocks exactly resembling a naked figure, that is the back and shoulders, with the head bent down, the lower limbs under water. This rock was, it seems, formerly much more perfect; it had had an upper part resembling the head erect, and two protuberances resembling arms. Unfortunately, some militia officers had been quartered at Killarney during some former disturbances; these officers, to beguile the time, thought it good sport to make this picturesque bit of rock a target, and so shot away the head and arms before any steps could be taken to prevent the mischief. The Lord Kenmare af the day wss furiously angry, but the deed was done.

In our pony or car exhibitions on the solid earth, we had always been committed to the care of the elder Spilane, a veteran guide most peculiarly fitted for his vocation. On the water we resigned ourselves to Connell, who, talking all the while, steered us here and there, and through the crowd of islands, to catch a view of every point of interest. These islands, by-the-by, are in themselves most beautiful. One is quite wild—a sheep-

walk left to nature and Lord Kenmare's flocks; a second is smartly trimmed with gravel-walks and beds of flowers, from out of which shrubby screen just peeps the roof of an ornamented cottage; a third is half wild and half decorated; and all are verdant, waving their evergreen clothing over the waters, whose depths conceal the Hall of O'Donoghue. And here comes another tale, as well accredited as our former ones.

We had been expressing our surprise at the very bearable music of the bagpipes as played by the blind piper Gandsey, who had been sent for to our hotel to amuse some of the company. He was accompanied on the violin by his son; and really, we all agreed, it was very pretty music. Sure it was no wonder, for Gandsey's pipes were once O'Donoghue's, and silver-mounted; and they came to him in this wise. In the old times, there was a blind piper that lived in a village over beyant the bridge there on the Laune—the river. He came frequently into the town of Killarney to play to the people on his pipes. As he had no guide, he always chose a time when the wind was in a certain quarter, "for," he said, "it will blow on my face as I go, and on my back as I return." He played so well, he drank so hard, he never thought of the wind, which changed while he was in the town. So when he set out on his return, he took the contrary road, and walked, and walked, and walked until he was tired walking, saying to himself: "I don't hear the river gurgling; I ought to be over the strame. I believe I've had a drop too much: I'll lay me down and sleep it off." He lay down hindside of the road and fell asleep. He was awakened by a company of horsemen. It was General O'Donoghue and his troop. They knew him to be O'Sullivan, the blind piper. "Ah, Sullivan, I want you. I've a wedding-party at my castle: I want a piper. Get up behind me."

O'Sullivan said he was blind, and could not see to get up. The general bade one of his men dismount, and place the blind piper behind him, behind the general's self. They rode on, and on, and on, and then dashed into the lake. The piper felt the waters rising round, and then that he was slipping off; so he caught a hold of the tail of the horse; and when the water closed over his head, he knew it was a water-spirit or a mermaid that supported him. He knew nothing more until he found himself in a warm hall, and lots of people talking about him, and women's voices. Then General O'Donoghue approached him, and bade him play on his pipes, which he found safe and dry on his knees. He played as he was ordered, and all admired his music. A lady with a sweet voice came to him and asked him if he liked the hall—if it was not very beautiful. O'Sullivan answered, he dared say he should think it very beautiful if he could see, but he was blind. The lady passed her hand over his eyes, and then he saw such lovely ladies, such a fine company, such grand eating and drinking, laughing and dancing. He was bid to play. He played. All praised him, and would dance only to his pipes, till they went to supper. O'Sullivan was alone in the hall when the harper came up to him and abused him for an old rogue to play so well, and took his pipes and broke them, giving him all the abuse in the world. O'Sullivan seized him by his long beard, and kicked him and cuffed him; so he was obliged to call for help, when the general and all his company appeared. O'Sullivan told how the harper had broken his pipes, and he had no others, and so must starve all the rest of his life, for he could do nothing else for his bread. The general took him to a room where he saw many pipes with gold and silver mountings, and bade him choose and keep his choice instead of what the harper broke. He took a set, and played, as no one ever played before. When all were tired, O'Sullivan was left alone and fell asleep. Days passed and no one heard tell of O'Sullivan. All his friends thought he had fallen into the lake and was drowned. At length he was found fast asleep at the end of the lake, with a bran new set of pipes with silver-mountings under his head. He could not tell how he got there, and was still blind. People did not just believe all his story, only there were the pipes, never accounted for in any other way. O'Sullivan died shortly after, leaving, by will, his silver-mounted pipes to the next blind piper; and so they have come down all the way to Gandsey, with little wonder that he plays so well, seeing that they are enchanted pipes, and were once O'Donoghue's.

We were just nearing Innisfail as our tale concluded—the wild island pastured with the Kerry sheep, a small animal like any other mountain mutton—the same sweet juicy tender flesh the *gourmets* all extol. We found here the ruins of a monastery, which are very extensive, and some marvellously large trees—one holly fourteen feet in girth, splendid ash, immense yews, and arbutuses dipping their branches in the water. There is a famous tree at hand, by name the needle-forked, the two stems dividing near the ground, and rising so close together, that only a slight youthful figure can slip through between. Of course, this has been taken advantage of in a place where every chance is turned to profit. We elders were to proceed along the path to a point not far off, from whence we were promised a view of our favourite mountains, the Toomies; and there we were to sit, and rest, and admire, while our young heiress—she who had promised to return with a husband to her inheritance—had to try her luck in looking for one. She

must thread the needle, or live in maiden liberty another year. Loud shouts and merry laughter proclaimed the young lady's success We were half afraid of another punch-making; but fine speeches and good wishes, and wet feet, were sufficient, and sent us merrily back to our boat to proceed on our voyage. We really lived on the lakes during the last day of our pleasant visit to Killarney.

And now, before closing these hasty notes, before taking you back, courteous reader, to Dublin, dear Dublin, that beautiful city of happy people, beautiful sprite of some negligence, happy notwithstanding many rags, gay over much misery, with the ready answer ever at hand, and a queer jaunty sort of politeness never wanting, preferable, some think, to the sober, surly manner met elsewhere—one word on some of the little matters that might be mended in a country improving every day. First, we would have the streets of Dublin cleaner. Then there should be less delay on the railway journey. Next, we would recommend a more moderate scale of charges at the hotel at Killarney, and a little more attention from the landlord. It would not be amiss were he to make it a rule to receive *all* arriving. He might even enter with the first dish at dinner, and take the orders for the wines. Under his eyes, probably, we should have been spared the annoyance of being served one day by a very *confused* waiter, whose unsteady movements endangered our dresses, our shoulders, and the loss to the dishes of their gravy—even a dish itself was in jeopardy—a fine leg of mutton rocked very wildly on its china plate. Also, had the kitchen been more carefully supervised, we should hardly have been presented, on four consecutive days, with four consecutive legs of mutton, although we had urgently called for Kerry beef. The fowls were thin and badly trussed, the pastry heavy, no dressed dishes good, and yet at the head of the kitchen was a *chef* of reputation, with other paper-caps under his sway. Why this high flight should hnve been attempted was the mistake. What more was wanted than the dainty fare the hills, the streams, the farm, the dairy could supply? These plainly but well cooked are fitter viands for the tourists' healthy appetite than ill-arranged *entrées*. Lastly the appearance of the landlord to take leave of those by whose visitings he lives, and to speed them on their further journey, would, with his thanks and good wishes, be a pleasanter last recollection of Killarney, than the formidable array of servants watching for further extras which blocks up the passage to the carriage door. But these are minor grievances. In essentials there was no room for fault-finding: the house was clean, the beds excellent, the servants attentive, and every arrangement was made to facilitate the grand object of the visit—a thorough enjoyment of the scenery. The week we passed there was a happy one, pleasant at the time, and pleasant to think over, a bright spot in memory. Adieu, then, dear Killarney! some day, some of us may hope to wander by those shores again, and take another view of scenes very well worth the very slight trouble of the journey.

"THY WILL BE DONE."

Let the scholar and divine
  Tell us how to pray aright;
Let the truths of Gospel shine
  With their precious hallowed light;
But the prayer a mother taught
  Is to me a matchless one;
Eloquent and spirit-fraught
  Are the words—"Thy will be done."

Though not fairly understood
  Still those words at evening hour,
Imply some Being great and good,
  Of mercy, majesty and power,
Bending low on infant knee,
  And gazing on the setting sun,
I thought that orb his home must be,
  To whom I said—"Thy will be done."

I have searched the sacred page,
  I have heard the godly speech,
But the lore of saint or sage
  Nothing holier can teach.
Pain has wrung my spirit sore,
  But my soul the triumph won,
When the anguish that I bore
  Only breathed,—"Thy will be done."

They have served in pressing need,
  Have nerved my heart in every task,
And howsoe'er my breast may bleed,
  No other balm of prayer I ask,
When my whitened lips declare
  Life's last sands have almost run,
May the dying breath they bear
  Murmur forth—"Thy will be done."

If you take a great deal of pains to serve the world and to benefit your fellow-creatures, and if, after all, the world scarcely thanks you for the trouble you have taken, do not be angry and make a loud talking about the world's ingratitude, for if you do, it will seem that you cared more about the thanks you were to receive than about the blessings which you professed to bestow.

Biography is useless which is not true. The weaknesses of character must be preserved, however insignificant or humbling; they are the errata of genius, and clear up the text.

If we examine the subject, it is not pride that makes us angry, but the want of foundation for pride; and for this reason humility often displeases us as much.

The triumphs of truth are the most glorious, chiefly because they are the most bloodless of all victories, deriving their highest lustre from the number of saved, not of the slain.

A RAILWAY TRIP & ITS CONSEQUENCES.

THERE is much between the cup and the lip, says the old proverb, and universal experience attests the truth of it,—for, is there one of our race, whatever his age, or lot, or condition, who has not to his sorrow realized the fact? I know there is not. Has not the youth who was running full tilt after some coveted indulgence, seen the ripe cherry drop past his lips when his mouth was most wooingly open to receive it?

Has not the coy damsel who was innocently plotting to accomplish some end, on which she, in her simple wisdom thought her happiness depended, found the whole scheme most unexpectedly thwarted?

Has she not, when with all a maiden's inventive ingenuity, she was quietly and steadily manœvering to attain her object, found her mother step in, and versed in all the tactics of girls in their teens, from personal practice in bygone days, frustrate the darling scheme, just when it seemed gliding on to a blissful conclusion?

Has not the merchant laid his plans, wisely and well, in order to realize a darling speculation, and these have gone on for a time as his heart could wish, so that a prosperous issue seemed certain, but just at the eleventh hour, when he was fondly calculating his probable gains, an unforeseen hitch has suddenly upset them, and his high hopes have been utterlv overthrown?

Has not the lawyer been consulted by a heavy pursed country squire, on some question of grievance, which a dogged determination to stand up for his right, had invested with an importance which nothing but law can vindicate and uphold? And has he not chuckled in his inmost soul, as he listened to the goose who seemed so anxious to be plucked,—a long list of pleas, answers, demurrers, replies and duplicates, with their inseparable concomitants of fees for advising, charges for extending, and retainers for pleading, dancing before his mind's eye in all the glory of what is known in Scotland as "a thriving plea," i. e. a Law Suit, with a strong principle of vitality in it. But the atmosphere of a lawyer's office, the ominous bundles of papers, the long ranges of books in professional binding, and above all, the legal jargon of the proceeding, alarmed the simple squire, so that after a sleepless night, he determined to drop the business—pocket the wrong, and keep out of the grasp of a lawyer's clutches, and the legal spider disappointed of his prey, has had to shake his web again and see that its threads were in better trim to secure the next fly that blundered into them.

In short, where is the child of man, who has not by some unforeseen occurrence, been bamboozled out of what he had counted on as a foregone conclusion?

This is a long preamble, but it is pertinent to my purpose, for I am yet aching from the effects of a disappointment on which I did not reckon, when I started the other day, on what I designed to be, a pleasant expedition.

Let me premise, too, that I have been a traveller by sea and land, for somewhat more than thirty years, and never was one minute behind time for ship or steamer, stage-coach or rail-car, on the contrary, I have had always some half hour to spend in superintending the preparations for starting, and watching the arrival of puffing and bustling passengers.

Thus confirmed as I vainly thought in habits of punctuality, I repaired to the railway station of the finest city in the neighboring States, New Haven, to wit, aud took my place in one of the cars, to visit another city some thirty miles distant. Exactly at the stipulated hour the train started, and was soon whirling along a coast which must have cost the sturdy Puritan Fathers many a heartache, ere they wrung out of it the needful aliment for the life that now is.

Our company was as usual in a railway car, a miscellaneous one, it comprehended age and infancy, married folks and single, rich and poor, there were grand-mammas with pet grandchildren, and mothers with their little ones out for a jaunt. Gents trying to read newspapers, and youths poring over some cheap novel,—delicate ladies who dreaded the draft from open windows, and nervous ones who could not breathe while they were shut,—sweet smiling damsels, with moustached and scented dandy acquaintances, to see them safely in and out of the car,—farmers and mechanics,—one young couple with their squalling first born, and an innocent pair, who had very recently plighted their troth to each other, and were as yet under the potent influence of the Honey Moon, for open and unwearied was the billing and cooing in which they indulged, notwithstanding the many eyes of wondering misses which intently watched them.

Such we were a motley assemblage it is true, but all satisfied, and on we rattled, from station to station, now leaving, and no new comers adding to, our numbers.

Like all travellers whose misfortune it is to journey alone, I prefer a seat on which I have no companion, and as in every car there are several of these, I generally choose that next the door, which faces the company, because I can vary the

monotony by a furtive glance at the varied countenances before me, as well as by a sidling look at the landscape which is careering past the window.

I had Le Diable Boiteux in my pocket, but reading was out of the question in that road, nor did I regret it. I had a group before me which Lavater would have delighted to gaze upon, and outside I caught a glimpse of the alternate patches of cultivated land, bare rock, and salt marshes, by which we bolted. Then we would soon be at our journey's end,—I would look on my fellow passengers as they parted, never to meet again under one roof in this world, and I would see the city of whaling vessels.

But alas! in these foreshadowings of coming entertainment, I reckoned without mine host, these little enjoyments were not to fall to my lot, a very different termination of my jaunt awaited me. I was not to see my fellow travellers emerge from their places, and severally wend their ways to their desired havens. I was not to ascertain whether the happy billing couple would be as loving in the street as they had shown themselves in the car, nor was I to watch how the frail grandmamma would pilot her boisterous, wilful pet through the bustle and business of the terminus.

The cup was in my hands it is true, but it was not destined to reach my lips.

All however went smoothly with me, till we reached and were ferried over the Connecticut River, where other cars awaited us; the change was soon made, the swarm of human beings who streamed out of the set of cars, soon found their way into another, and in a few seconds all were humming in their chosen places. I, too, got my customary corner, but there was some delay in starting. The authorities were apparently holding a council; all was hushed and still while they were confabbing, here then was an opportunity for me to catch a look up the river, whose beauties I had heard greatly extolled. I had only to step on to the platform, and round the station-house, and all would be before me. In an evil hour, I forsook my place, and sought the stolen pleasure, and sweet it was, for the instant I enjoyed it, the broad waters were sleeping in sunshine, and their beautiful banks were a fitting fringe to them, "this is indeed a lovely river," said I to one who had followed me out of the car and now stood beside me, but his answer put my poetical feelings to flight,—" the train's off," he shouted and ran, I following but altogether incredulous of the fact, for no bell had rung, nor had the usual cry, "*all aboard*," been uttered, but verily he was right, the train had started, he ran and shouted, and the brakesman saw and heard us; for the last car was not ten yards from the platform on which we were running, but the rascal whose unmistakeable Milesian phiz was dilated at the fun, grinned at our frantic efforts to overtake the train.

These were verily made in vain, for what could two poor mortals do, though their strength had not only been combined, but quadrupled, in contending with the condensed speed of a troop of horses? We nevertheless still ran, yet the distance widened between us, and though we hallooed as if the well-being of the State had been at issue, it booted us not, the steam beat us hollow. Yet we clung in hope to the cars, and strove to comfort one another, as we still trotted on—that the engine would be reversed immediately—we were sure of that—they would never leave two passengers who had paid their fare, to the tender mercies of a scorching sun on an exposed track, they could not but know that scores upon scores had been destroyed lately by *coups de soleil*, and they never would abandon us to the risk of such a casualty,—so we reasoned to our own entire satisfaction,—the thing was inconceivable,—they never could and they never would, but our convictions could not stop the train, for it still sped on till it disappeared in the far distance, and we became at length thoroughly alive to the fact, that we were left behind, with ten miles between us and our goal.

Like wise men and good philosophers, we began now to compare notes, as to our relative misfortune, for there might be a drop of comfort to the one, if the other had more to grieve for, and certainly that comfort was mine, for my brother in tribulation had more abundant cause for lamentations than I, for he had that morning started from New York to see his family after an absence of eleven months, they lived in a village six miles beyond the city we were bound to, and he had to be back to his vessel in New York on the following day; moreover he had already missed a train in the morning, and walked ten miles, and now the probability was, that though he should walk steadily on, he would be too late for the steamboat which sailed in the evening for his village, and he would, therefore, have to walk the six miles farther, so that he would merely have an hour or two with his wife and children, ere he had to leave them again. He had, therefore, ample cause for complaining, whereas, my only ground of complaint was, that I was well stricken in years, and though a tolerable pedestrian on a good path or a plank road, I trembled at the

thought of struggling for 16 miles along a track which was made up of loose sand or looser gravel; moreover, from the detestable station house which had hidden the moving off of the train from us, far onward as the eye could reach, not a single dwelling was visible, so that the journey had every appearance of being a tiresomely lonely one.

So circumstanced, we paused for a little to consider whether we should wait six hours for the next train or push on, trusting that we might ere long come upon some farmers lot where a conveyance might be hired. My companion decided for the latter alternative, and I drawn by sympathy resolved to accompany him.

We began, then, our dreary pilgrimage, and dreary it was, indeed, seeing that in eight miles we saw not a house, nor met a human being, the footing too, was execrable—and to me, at least, intolerably fatiguing, the sand yielding at every step; while to crown my misery we had several bridges to pass along, mere car breadths of sleepers, supported on piles, on which the rails were laid, and stretching across little bays of salt water, some forty or fifty yards, and one at least three times that length.

Now, gentle reader, imagine an old man an amateur traveller, picking his steps along the villainous viaducts, over sleepers nearly three feet apart, with the green, green sea gurgling and billowing in all its tantalizing wantonness under his feet, without one friendly board to hide its restless motion from his aching eyes; and you can judge of the grim exercise I had to go through, and the measure of enjoyment I had in performing it. It was far otherwise with my nautical chum, who, had his feet been garnished with claws, could not have clung to them more securely than he did, his head never swam, his heart never fluttered, his knees never shook, but on, on, on, plank after plank he footed over as deftly as if he had been on dry land.

It was not so with me, my eyes reeled, my head was dizzy, my heart thumped until I gasped from its throbbing, and Belshazzars knees were not more loose in their joints than mine, they literally smote each other, for there was a smart breeze setting in from the sea, and more than once I had to stand still to regain my balance and rally my scattered wits—I felt that there was but a step between me and death—a lustier puff of wind or an extra smiting of my joints might have sent me the way of all the earth, and closed for ever my peregrinations. Oh! how fervently did I give God thanks when I had fairly got over the first of these rascally footways, little knowing that more and mightier were they which I had yet to encounter,—one reflection of my bluff associate cast a gleam of comfort into my troubled spirit. I candidly confess the fact. "What if there's been a blow up in the train? I guess if there has we're better as we are," and I really thought as he did—the thing was possible, and if it did happen, then our being left behind would be a providential escape,—but the comfort did not last, nothing of the kind occurred, no wreck of either car or carcass did we meet with on our solitary way, only the bare weary rails in their misty longitude stretched away indefinitely before us.

I hate a straight road, I have utterly loathed one, ever since when leaving Paris for Boulogne, I passed along the Chaussée Royale, through the forest of Chantilly many years ago, the lumbering diligence entered on it long before noon, and at night-fall was still trundling along it, the Chausee before and behind it, straight and pointed as a needle, and nothing on either side but tall trees, where sombre shade made the solitude more dreary—nay, so irksome did it become, that there was really something enlivening in the crack of the postillions whip; his very "*sacrées*" were rousing, and the tinkling of the miserable ill-assorted bells which were tied here and there upon the sorry harness of the horses was a sort of relief.

Yet grievous as the monotony of the road was —I was perched up in the coupée and stretched at my ease, my annoyances were merely mental, and I managed at times to forget these in a comfortable snoose.

But it was not so now, on this railroad excursion here; there was a miserable monotony to jade the mind, grievous fatigue to exhaust the body, and fear and trembling on the detestable viaducts to give pungency to both—moreover, with a broiling August sun flaming over our heads—thirst—burning thirst filled up the measure of my woes. I fancied that I realized in all its intensity, the misery of pilgrims in the desert,—for we were in a wilderness of salt meadows—not a rill of fresh water was there,—water there was in abundance, but it was that of the sea, and there was no well, for man had with one consent abandoned the coast, as too bleak for his abode and too bare for his culture. During twelve weary miles not a human being did we see, save three laborers on a portion of the road, but these told us there was a house a little further on,—this oasis we at length reached, and moistened our parched throats with copious draughts of sparkling cold water, and here I learned to my unspeakable satisfaction, that the station-house was

a mile distant, and that there the public road could be taken which was as direct to the city as the rail track.

Disgusted as ever exhausted traveller was with the execrable road he had to trudge over, the thought of escaping from its sand and gravel, was a merciful relief, and with a stout heart I set out to master the remaining mile, but alas, I had not as yet emptied my cup of suffering, for we shortly came upon one of the longest viaducts which had yet been met with, and as if to increase my tribulations the sleepers were wider apart than usual. One solatium I had however in this, the extremity of my trial—there was a good deal of undersparring in the framework of the bridge, which hid the motion of the water, and greatly lessened my perplexity—with this as the capping of my calamity, my trouble ended, for we shortly after got upon the main road, and a waggon coming up its hearty owner invited us to come into it, and though his business lay only half a mile further on, yet he kindly drove into the city and up to the railway terminus.

Now, courteous reader, is not the proverb right? Is there not much between the cup and the lip? and in parting let me counsel you never to leave a car—where no profession is made of stopping—but keep your seat, and so you will escape the misery which I endured.

DIOGENES.

WHAT HAPPENED AT CHERRY-TREE TOPPING.

It is strange—nor is this observation a new one—how certain localities become subject, as it were, to certain analogous events; just as in some families a disease may appear to be hereditary, or a predisposition to peculiar eccentricities continue to shew itself for several centuries. I remember an elm-tree near the good town of Taunton, in passing near which so many of our acquaintances had somehow chanced to sprain an ankle, that we gave it the name of the Twistfoot-tree. In like manner I have to relate a series of somewhat romantic facts which took place at the old farmhouse of Cherry-tree Topping, in Somerset, where I was born, where I afterwards became a wife, and where I have since lived many years a widow, with my good kind children and grandchildren around me.

I had no part in the first event of which I have chosen to be the narrator. It occurred before I was born, but was frequently the subject of conversation at our fireside, where my excellent father took great delight in placing it before my mental view in the shape of a warning against what he was inclined to consider as one of the greatest faults in the female character—that nervous timidity which, from the most frivolous causes, induces young women to faint, and shriek, and give way to ridiculous paroxysms of fear, that are sometimes the result of constitutional weakness, but oftener conventional and affected, and then assuredly calling for no sympathy.

It seems that before my father leased the farm of Cherry-tree Topping, a burglary, attended by fatal circumstances, had been committed in the house. The then resident, a Mr. Roby, was an elderly man, accounted wealthy, but of no generous or charitable disposition, though overpartial to the indulgences of the table, and ostentatious in the display of furniture and household luxuries that were justly deemed unsuitable to his condition. His wife was dead, and two daughters composed his family. Educated in that faulty and foolish manner which, by the substitution of superficial and imperfectly acquired accomplishments for substantially useful qualifications, unfits the respectable yeoman's daughter for the station she was born to dignify and ornament, those poor girls had passed a few years at a third-rate boarding-school, where they were taught to smatter imperfect French, to play the pianoforte, for which they had no taste, and to manufacture such ornamental work as neither practically nor æsthetically served to enlarge their capacities for utility, or expand their intellects. The consequences were obvious. Returned to their father's house, they were unfit to manage it, and the conduct of the establishment devolved upon a clever but dishonest upper-servant; whilst their time was swallowed up in a hundred frivolous details, which added neither to their charms as women, nor to their respectability amongst their neighbours. Mr. Roby grumbled at their extravagance, but his vulgar pride reconciled him to a display of his wealth; nor was it until the elopement of his youngest daughter with a reckless young dancing-master at Taunton, who reckoned on receiving a pardon and a portion from the parent of his bride, that he began to question the merits of his own management. The change in his disposition from indifference to querulous tyranny did not mend matters; and when, after a short season of hardship and poverty, his till then unforgiven child was restored to him a widow, she found a household that had been altered, but had not been reformed in her absence.

It was at this time the burglary took place. On a Sabbath night, when the servants had retired, and when Mr. Roby, after an ample supper, sat half stupified over a third tumbler of strong punch, while his daughters were individually devouring the pages of a novel, a loud noise was heard in the room beneath the drawing-room, in which they were seated.—This room, miscalled the study, contained not

only the plate, but the escritoire in which old Roby's cash was treasured. The girls, terrified out of all self-possession by the scarcely mistakable sounds below, started up, screaming loudly for that assistance they had not judgment to look for in themselves; and wakening the old man from his inebriated stupor, vainly called upon him for defence. Men in white frocks, with their faces blackened, burst in upon them, with many oaths, demanding the keys of chest and coffer. Mr. Roby, rising in terrified wrath, was struck down by one of the burglars; while his eldest daughter ran shrieking about the room in the imbecile hysteria of terror; and the other selfishly regardless of aught but her own personal safety, managed to escape from the scene, and lay hid in the coal-cellar, until she was found some hours after the housebreakers had retreated with their booty.

On Miss Roby's recovery from her fit of terror; she found her father lifeless on the floor; but not staying to render him assistance, she rushed from the house, and finding her way to the offices, succeeded at last in rousing some of the men-servants. Mr. Roby was quite dead; there was no mark of violence on his person; and it was just as probable that a fit, occasioned by fright when so suddenty roused from inebriated slumbers, had extinguished the spark of life, as that he had been killed by the blow of the robber, which his married daughter declared she had witnessed. The burglars were never discovered; but it is a fact that the woman, who had so completely ruled the domestic economy of the family, disappeared soon after, having thrown up her situation when it became no longer desirable to retain it.

Now, my father was accustomed to ascribe all the misfortunes that befell the Roby's to pride and self-indulgence in the parent, and want of mental culture in the children.—'These women,' he would say, 'might have saved life and property, had they been properly educated into that self-reliance which teaches us not only to defend ourselves, but to help others.—Now, Nelly'—turning to me —'had I been asleep in that chair, with you beside me, and such a crew breaking into the house, what would you have done?'

'But, father,' I would reply, 'you do not get tipsy; and if such a thing were to happen, I fear I should be very much frightened; but, at the same time'——

'Well?'

'At the same time, I should certainly not leave you to their tender mercies, or hide myself in the coal-hole; and I am very sure that I could control myself sufficiently to prevent all noisy evidence of my alarm. I never fainted in my life; and you and my mother have taught me better things than to scream at the sight of a mouse or a black beetle. I did not even start yesterday, when I *almost* put my hand upon a toad in the garden.'

'But would you stand quietly by, and premit the sideboard to be rifled without a struggle?'

'Nay, father, I should ring the bell if possible, or up poker and at them,' said I smiling: 'besides, there is a pistol in the study, if I could get at it.'

'Yes—a pistol without a lock, and in want of cleaning. But it shall be looked to girl; and, what is more, you shall be taught how to use it. I do not wish to make either a racing sportsman or a hare-hunting sharp-shooter of my daughter, but I see no reason why she should not learn how to prime a pistol—ay, and fire it, too, if need were.'

My mother never interfered in such matters as the above, for she knew that my father had a good reason for most of his resolves; and though I shrunk a little at first from the lesson, I did not try to avert it. I little thought, some weeks afterwards, when he complimented me on my prowess, that I should ever level a pistol at anything less brittle than a black bottle, or more lively than a log of wood?

* * * * *

I have not yet told you, that within half a mile of us rose the old, gray, substantial walls of the manor-house of the Lesters. The family, an ancient one, though no longer rich, had long been patrons of ours. My mother was the foster-sister of Lady Lester, and foster-mother to her second son, Frank. But of this second son I had, up to this time, heard little. My eldest brother, whose place at my mother's breast he had taken, had long been dead, and Frank might now have been nearly thirty years of age. I afterwards came to learn, that for misconduct of more than common baseness he had been discarded by his family, his father having settled a certain annuity on him, provided he lived abroad. At home, his reckless extravagance and dishonourable habits had exhausted the pity or affection of all save his mother: she, with many vain attempts to alter a course of life which seemed prompted by an innate love of vice, at length was obliged to content herself with lavishing upon him all the little cash she could spare; and when, on his father's death, his brother succeeded to the family estates, she made an unavailing attempt to bring about a reconciliation between her sons. Indeed, her partiality for the unworthy Frank amounted to infatuation. She submitted to his exactions, that were not even harbingered by any display of filial tenderness, until Sir George found himself called upon peremptorily to interfere; and the result was, a serious quarrel with his mother, which the friends of the family found it impossible to adjust. The dispute ended in Lady Lester's leaving the manor-house for Cherry-tree Topping, where she

prevailed upon my parents to allot a suit of rooms for her use until such time as her health enabled her to remove elsewhere.

This took place nearly two years after I had acquired the accomplishment of shooting at a mark. To make room for Lady Lester's attendant, I was sent on a visit to an aunt who resided in London. I was the god-daughter of this excellent relative, who had long wished me to reside with her, and I submitted the more cheerfully to the wishes of my parents because of my knowledge of her wise and amiable character. I spent two years with her, proving a useful companion to one who had no other in the world nearer of kindred than my father; and it appeared that, owing to declining health and a disinclination for any change, Lady Lester still continued to reside at the farm. A reconciliation had been effected between herself and the baronet, but she declined living at the manor-house, where, in truth, it is not likely that her presence was desired. Unfortunately her weak, not to say sinful indulgence of her younger son—her compliance, as far as it could go, with his constant demands upon her purse, suffered no diminution; and the respectful interference of my parents had no other effect than irritating her into displeasure, which ended in accesses of severe indisposition. More than once, returning for a time to England, Frank Lester had dared to intrude upon his mother, whom he never left until by menaces of self-destruction he had succeeded in extorting money from her. On one occasion, when in fact she was unable to comply with his requisitions, and when my mother remonstrated with her foster-son on his cruel and unfilial conduct, he insulted them both so grossly, that my father, happening to come in at the time, thrust him out of the house, declaring he should never enter it again.

About this time my good old aunt expired, leaving me mistress of all her humble savings, and I was summoned home. I found no alterations there, saving in the presence of Lady Lester and the absence of my eldest sister, who had recently married. The fragile appearance and gentle disposition of Lady Lester interested me deeply. Her almost childlike dependence on all who surrounded her; aroused my natural desire to make myself useful to the sick or sad; and I became by degrees her constant companion—reading to her, working beside her, administering to her ailments, and listening to the recitals of her happier days, which it was an indulgence to her to repeat to so eager an auditor.

In her details there was one reservation, which, knowing the state of affairs, I sought not to remove: she never mentioned Frank but as the beautiful and clever boy whom my mother had nursed. One day his arrival was announced, after an absence of many months, during which time, however, it appears that more than once small sums of money had been transmitted to him by his mother. My father was absent, or he might have refused admittance to one who, it seems, had often insulted him for a straightforward condemnation of his conduct; but in the breast of his foster-mother still lingered an advocate, and he was ushered into the apartments of Lady Lester. I did not see him, for I was engaged in some domestic matter, from which, however, I was erelong summoned by loud cries and the ringing of a bell. I found Lady Lester in violent hysterics, and my mother so much alarmed as to be incapable of rendering her any assistance. I succeeded, however, in restoring the agitated dowager to some degree of tranquillity, when she confessed that Frank had forced from her all the ready money she possessed at the time; nay, more, had threatened to destroy himself if she did not promise to provide him with £300 in a few days. 'He knows,' she said, 'that in that time I shall receive a sum equal to that amount; but his words were so cruel, his menaces so inhuman, that I have at length taken your husband's advice: I refused to give it. I have sworn to give him no more for a year, nor will I see him till then. I believe he would have struck me, had you not come in.'

On my father's return, we told him all that had occurred; but he seemed to think that, having failed in his object, there was no danger to be apprehended from a repetition of Frank's visits for some time, or until he had soothed his indulgent parent by apologies and cessions. Nor, indeed, did we hear of him for several weeks.

How well do I remember the bright glory of that genial day, whose close was to be darkened by my first sight of Frank Lester. I had seen my father mount his horse and ride away to B——, whence he warned us not to look for his return before a late hour; and as I sauntered back from the gate where I had shaken hands with him, my eyes drank in with rare delight the soft quiet beauty of the scene before me. The farmhouse, which was closely imbosomed in a grove of the exuberant cherry trees from which it derived its name, had no near prospect of agricultural processes or labour, and there was a look of substantial yet graceful antiquity about it, that consorted well with the serenity of the weather. Round every casement and lattice, and winding about and over an ample bower-like porch, ran roses, jessamines, and honeysuckles, profusely covered with flowers in every stage of bloom, amidst which the bees and butterflies hummed and sported. On the green lawn, smoothly shorn, before the windows of the parlour and the drawing-room above it, which was devoted to our inmate, sported a favourite cat and kitten; whilst every cherry tree, richly-clothed in green leaf and white blossom, wafted fragrance around,

that might well be termed incense waved forth from censers of emerald by snowy hands.

We had passed the day pleasantly, and twilight found me in Lady Lester's bedroom, which was on the same floor as the drawing-room, though separated from it by a passage. It was a richly-furnished apartment of considerable size, for she had had some favourite pieces of furniture removed to it from the manor. Near the bed, with its back to the window, stood a richly-carved antique chair, my usual seat as I read to her when she lay down. Opposite, and to the left of the door, before which stood a handsome screen, was a costly cabinet and escritoire, in which she kept her papers and valuables; a picture or two on the wall, through which opened a small dressing-room, the entrance closed by a pall of ancient arras. The house was wonderfully silent, for the kitchen department was quite at the back, and shut out from us by a long corridor. As the dusk deepened, and I lit the candles, I almost fancied the house uninhabited, save by ourselves, for my mother was busy in the laundry, and the only sound that found its way through the open doors, was the twittering of the small birds among the trees. I had read to Lady Lester until she had passed off into a slight slumber, when I lay back in the chair to continue my lecture to myself. Presently I was disturbed by hearing on the staircase footsteps, which anon seemed to stop and again to retire. In the belief that it was my mother, I got up, and stealing softly to the door, addressed her in a low voice. There was no answer; and then all at once I remembered that she had desired me to bring her a bunch of lavender which lay on a table in the drawing-room. I ran across the passage for it, found it readily without any other light than that which poured in dimly and quaintly from the fine clear night-sky, and hastened to the laundry with it. As I passed the outer door, which I recollected having left open, it struck me that some person must have passed by, for it was now ajar, and there was no wind that could have forced it into this position. I shut it, without drawing bolt or bar; but as I left the laundry, having accomplished my task, I asked my mother if she had been near the staircase, or sent anybody thither, for I had fancied that I had heard footsteps. She replied in the negative. 'Silly child,' she added laughing, 'it was your friend Puss, who has been teaching her kitten all manner of noisy tricks.' I left her, and had reached the end of the passage that led to the staircase, when I heard loud voices. Lady Lester was speaking angrily, yet the tremor of her voice evinced fear. In a moment, I conjectured what was really the case—that her unworthy son had found his way to her in my absence; it was he who had stolen into the house in the dusk; it was he who had partly closed the door, and whose footsteps I had heard on the stairs.

My heart beat fast as I listened. What course ought I to pursue? Should I run to my mother? Perhaps it would have been better if had I done so. I heard him say that he must have money—every shilling she had about her; if she refused, he would make her repent it. I heard such cruel words, such harsh accents, as no man should accost a woman with, still less a son address to his mother. I began to tremble, for I heard him demand her keys; and then I heard them rattle, and a gasping cry—and then all was still. In another moment I was at the bedroom door, still open; I stole within it, crouching behind the screen, from which I had a distinct view of what was going on. A man, his back towards the door, was trying to open the escritoire; but his hand trembled with terror or remorse; and he swore fiercely as he forced the unwilling lock. Lady Lester lay back on her pillow in a swoon or dead.—Upon the chair I had occupied, on the very volume I had been reading, lay a pistol. I know not how I came to do it; but I did it. Before he had quite wrenched asunder the lock of the escritoire, I had seized the pistol, unseen, unheard; I retreated with it to the screen, and then I gave utterance to my indignation in a loud cry. Whether the words I uttered were an appeal for help, or a shout of uncontrollable condemnation, I cannot tell; but I never shall forget the horrible expression of the face that turned towards me in startled wonder as well as rage.

'Dare not, for your life, touch what is there!' I said.

A hideous smile crossed his features as he sprang towards the chair. I do not think that until then he became cognizant of my having gained possession of his weapon. He uttered a fearful oath. 'Idiot!' he cried, 'give up that pistol instantly.'

'If you advance a step, I fire,' was my answer, as I cocked the pistol.

There was a noise from the bed—the gasp of returning animation; there was a noise from the stairs behind me; but as he sprang upon me, I discharged the weapon. The room was then to me a scene of mystery and confusion. There were cries which I did not utter; there was a body extended at my feet; there were a woman's arms about its neck; and I lost all sense and sight, all consciousness except that of being carried away by hands that were unknown to me.

A very brief explanation will suffice to clear away the clouds that may chance to linger about the scene which has just been described. My father's return was some hours earlier than had been anticipated, and yet he did not arrive one moment too soon. About six miles from ——, he had come up with a young medical practitioner of his acquaint-

ance, who had been summoned to attend a neighbour of ours, suddenly seized with apoplexy. My father rode with him to the house of Mr. B——, where they were met by a physician from Taunton, who told them all was over. Death had relieved the sufferer, and they who came to administer such relief as life can bestow were no longer needed. My father invited his young friend, Dr. Reveley, to step home with him to supper, and they had opened the outer door at the very moment when the report of firearms alarmed the whole household. If I had boasted of an incapacity to faint some years before, I could no longer lay claim to such an exemption from the weaknesses of my sex, for my father entered the room just in time to receive me senseless in his arms. But exigencies more serious than mine called for assistance, and the presence of Dr. Reveley was no unprized advantage.

Frank Lester, wounded as he was, struggled desperately to release himself from the enfolding arms of his mother, and had dashed her roughly from him, when the entrance, one after another, of every member of the family then at home, prevented him from effecting his escape. Too surely the pistol had been loaded, and with ball—for what object none ever asked, so far as I know. Too surely had my aim done justice to my early practice; for the first and second fingers of his right hand had been so nearly shot away, that Mr. Reveley found it necessary to amputate the mangled remnants,

Lady Lester, in a state of agitation that amounted to frenzy, was at length pacified by the doctor's assurances that her son's life was in nowise endangered; and that son conveyed to a remote apartment, where he submitted without a word to the requisite operation, was left to ruminate on his conduct, until the pity of my mother drew her from other cares to sit by his bedside.

I was not chidden by my father for what had happened, but my own feelings were not so tranquil. Not even the avowed admiration of my conduct testified by the doctor, when he came to know all, sufficed to satisfy me as to what had resulted from my rashness.—Time has, however, convinced me that I was a humble instrument in the hand of Providence. It is impossible to tell by what chinks and crannies the light may first enter upon the darkened soul; but it is very certain the occurrences of that night had a most salutary effect on the mind of Frank Lester. When, after a few days, he was admitted to the chamber of his suffering parent to receive her forgiveness, my mother described his remorse and anguish as painful yet sweet to be witnessed; and when afterwards my father placed before him a vivid picture, not only of what he had done of evil, but of what he had intended to do, and the probable results of such actions had they been permitted, he betrayed feelings that, latent too long, promised an amended future.

Letters were addressed by his mother to her elder son, and details entered into which happily terminated in Frank Lester's being sent abroad in a capacity where opportunities were available for entering upon a different sort of existence from that which had stained his early manhood. But the chastening hand fell upon him before he left us. His mother's constitution, never strong, was so shaken by that night's fearful occurrence, that she did not live more than a week after learning that she had succeeded in obtaining a permanent situation for him. I had not seen him since the accident; but when at last I was summoned to his dying mother's side, and looked upon the pale, haggard face of that man as he knelt by her bed, and at her request told me that he not only forgave but blessed me for the act I had committed, I turned away shuddering, and in tears that I did not attempt to conceal.

Many years passed: my father, my mother, were taken from me in turn, but not before they had given me away in marriage to Dr. Reveley. We were prosperous for many years; but at length the tide of fortune turned, and with four children to provide for we found ourselves fast sinking into abject poverty. When things were at their worst, a letter reached me from a celebrated lawyer at B——, informing me that, by the recent decease of Frank Lester, Esq., &c., at——, I became entitled to an annuity of £400, which was bequeathed "to Helen Marriott, the wife of Robert Reveley, &c., by one whom she had been the means, through Divine Providence, of having prevented from committing a great crime." From public rumor, we learned that Frank Lester, who died an elderly man, had lived a life of practical usefulness in the station which he honorably held abroad, and from whence he had never returned to England.

In everything that is repeated daily there must be three periods: in the first it is new, then old and wearisome; the third is neither, it is habit.

A disposition to calumny is too bad a thing to be the only bad thing in us; a vice of that distinction cannot be without a larger retinue.

Decency and external conscience often produce a fairer outside than is warranted by the stains within.

Flattery is like a flail, which if not adroitly used, will box your own ears instead of tickling those of the corn.

Reality plants a thorny hedge around our dreaming, while the sporting-ground of the *possible* is ever free and open.

Nothing makes one so indifferent to the pin and musquito thrusts of life as the consciousness of growing better.

A PEDESTRIAN EXCURSION.*

BY A MEDICAL STUDENT.

PART II. HONESTY THE BEST POLICY.

The first was a long, lank, shaky, shirtless individual, with a scraggy bare neck, a stubbly beard, washy mouth, watery eyes, and a big reddish-blue nose, with a nasty whitish scarry streak across its ridge. He appeared to walk within and beneath a slight framework of wood and calico, which, though rather puzzling at a distance, on a nearer view appeared plainly to be one of those portable opera-houses whereon Punch, that incomparable artist, electrifies the public by his brilliant and highly appreciated *execution.*

Behind this interesting specimen stumped along a short, squab, but heavy muscular fellow—an ugly customer in every sense of the term—somewhat less dirty, however in aspect than his comrade. This second exquisite carried a box, not unlike our own, on the top of which was fixed a short, coarse drum, daubed with red and yellow paint, with a couple of drumsticks sticking through the cords. From the bosom of his waistcoat projected a soiled red cloth apparatus for securing a set of pandean-pipes, which themselves showed their noses from a side-pocket.

They came up—the first, with a hasty, knock-kneed, shambling shuffle,—the second, with a sturdy, independent trudge; whilst, a few paces behind them, a little, ancient looking cur trotted along upon three legs, the off-hind one being carried in the air like a lance in rest—not so much from any necessity apparently, as from some eccentric whim of the creature's own. It had a phisiog of no small sagacity, with an expression of habitual pensiveness, and appeared to be scrutinizing our appearance with as much attention as its master.

We accosted them by a question with regard to the whereabouts of Drittenbrooks. They inquired in a strong southern accent, the way of Soandso. We informed them of the path we had come by —they us of their own wanderings.

It appeared, they had just been told by a cowboy, that they must go back to an open space marked by a couple of dwarf trees cut into the shape of a bottle and glass, where the way to Soandso branched off southwards, and that to our destination in a north-west direction. Now we also had passed this identical spot, so that we found we should have to retrograde in company with our new friends for several minutes' walk.

*Continued from page 417, vol. 3.

Without more ado, away we padded together. As we went—

"Comrade," said Bob, addressing the lanky fellow, "you, I presume, are the chap that works behind the screen, and originates the queer phenomena that excite so much of our admiration and delight (prithee, friend, let me walk to windward and have this bunch of meadow-green between you and me)—while our pleasant companion here with the pipes and drum, supplies the orchestral department."

"Yes," replied Lanky, "I comes the moves, and Bill there does t'other things, as you says."

"Well," said Bob, "I have a mighty curiosity to know the theory of these same moves: I am an enthusiast in mechanical science, and have indulged in many speculations with regard to the machinery of Punch; and now that there is an opportnnity of practically investigating the facts, it would be unpardonable to let it slip: moreover, as I know from experience that knowledge is not to be had for nothing, I don't object to fork out a small sum for an insight into the working of this microcosm of yours."

"Why, then, as you looks to be gemmen, and not likely to be taking the scran out of a fellow's mouth, in the way of hopposition, I don't care if I do put you up to the wires; and as our concern is slap up, with more than a dozen figures, I hope you won't scruple to come down with summat respectable—a bob, or at least a tizzy."

"Agreed. A tizzy, I consider by no means an overfee to such a distinguished professor, and for so much information; so pray halt your establishment at this green space—here, you see, are the trees the cowboy alluded to—and let me have an autopsy of the anatomy of Punch and Judy. Here's the sixpence for you."

The dirty-devil proprietor of Punch no sooner touched the coppers than he slipped them into a rent in his clothes, which likely led to a pocket, or some other receptacle; then halting, he looked with a hesitating, significant glance at his comrade. The latter, however, thundering an oath that made us stagger, and frighted a brace of sparrows out of a hedge, like the report of a gun, shouted —

"Come along! What the —— do you stand humbugging there for, with a pair of fools? When shall we be in to Soandso, think you?"

"You hear that 'ere, gents—I fear I can't oblige you—Bill, you see, won't allow it."

"Oh, you can't, can't you? Perhaps, then, you can refund the blunt?"

"By no means wotsumever. No money returned is a staandard theatrical rule."

"Then by the soul of Hengist, I'll have it out of you."

With this, flourishing his jacobin club about his head, he brought it down on the fragile theatre of Punch, and laid it a shattered wreck on the earth, with its luckless manager groaning beneath it. As the blow struck it, Punch himself was dashed from its recesses, and appeared to spring upon the grass.

When Bob saw this, he started back in alarm, remembering, with well-founded spprehension, the doughty blows he had seen dealt by that redoubted champion upon the sooty nob of even Old Nick himself. But, alas! the irresistible hero was prevented, had he been ever so eager, from rushing to the rescue, for the dog, Toby, that had erewhile been makingferociousdemonstrations at Bob's shins, the moment he saw the puppet fly from the framework, caught it by the nose, and stood shaking it thereby with a face expressive of a conscientious discharge of duty.

Not so the stalwart and formidable Bill! Throwing his box, drum and pandean pipes upon the ground, he came valorously up, calling upon my friend to stand out if he were a man, and he would speedily make him believe himself in paradise. To this beatific invitation Bob made response by hurriedly divesting himself of his encumbrances, and putting them, along with the club, under my charge, when, falling gracefully into warlike attitude, he stood on the defensive.

The showman, rushing on with bull-dog fury, planted a blow for the stomach of his adversary, which would, no doubt, have *turned* that organ. But Bob was wide awake, and anticipated it by a fearful left-handed counter-hit, sent with his whole strength from his shoulder, straight and swift as an arrow, into the mazzard of the other, extracting with the precision of dental surgery (in which he was a distinguished practitioner) two of his front teeth, which, staggering back, the fellow forthwith spat into his palm to look at.

The reception sent him somewhat abroad. Undaunted, however, he returned to the engagement, and, dashing forward, made rattle upon the ribs of the student a couple of blows that palpably evinced his perfection at least in the drumming part of his profession. But the latter steping backwards, and crying, "Here's a sight for a father!" jobbed him with his left, and finally, watching his opportunity as he came butting on, tipped him the "*upper cut*," with a force and dexterity that laid him nearly senseless on his back, alongside of his comrade, who was now sitting up among the ruins of his theatre, a semi-bewildered spectator of the combat.

He lay motionless for a while, till Bob, calling him and entreating him to come to the scratch, he got up, and, giving his dog a kick that sent it flying into the air as if a bull tossed it, walked to a little drain by the way-side, and, stooping bathed his face, which now had certainly, an altered look. As he did so, he addressed his companion with a voice of woful intonation:—

"Gather up, Joe, and let's be jogging; it ain't no use—give the gemman his tizzy—I've got a skinful, and no mistake. Devil a tooth have I in my mouth now more than a suck—all along of you too—it's always the way!"

"Nay," cried Bob, "keep the tizzy, it may help to set your concern a-going again. Never mind me, I have had a full sixpennyworth of diversion. And now, Grim, after that I think a pull at the Farintosh would not be repugnant to the feelings."

And he suited the action to the word; but, observing the overthrown manager eyeing wistfully his proceedings, his generous nature prevailed, and, looking with compassion on the fallen foe,—

"Alas! poor devil," said he; "would you like a drop of comfort, to set you on your legs once more?"

Slowly the fellow extricated himself from the ruins of his establishment, and getting upon his feet made a grab at the bottle.

"Hillo! my man, this will never do; you must get something to take the liquor in."

"Never mind that—my mouth just holds a glass."

"And do you think I would let your mouth touch my bottle?"

"Is not my mouth as good as yours?"

"There is more of it at all events."

Here the discomfited Bill interrupted him with

"Hold your jaw, and let the gemman have his own way. If yon have nothing else to hold the drink, take the crown of your castor."

But the manager's tile was a ventilator—pervious to liquids as well as aeriform bodies; so without more ado he whipped off one of his shoes, aad held out the heel of it. Into this original drinking-cup, Bob poured a modicum of the contents of the bottle.

Then, shouldering our burdens, and wishing them the top of the morning, we went on our way rejoicing, but, looking back as we went, we saw the two Punchites, with their noses in the villanous receptacle swilling away at the wondrous fluid.

Soon we emerged from the narrow wood upon the moorland—an hour's swift walk over which

would bring us to our destination. It was high, open, breezy, and covered with grass, which the sun of summer had half converted into odorous hay. The higher parts were stony, and heath-covered, and ever and anon you would come to a deep chink in the rocky hillside, through which would be gushing a joyous rivulet, impregnated with iron or other ore—for it was a district abounding in mineral riches. And then the cool wind came so caressingly about your face, while the deep blue sk, and scanty white cloudlets, and every object around us, betokened ardent heat. The march of four miles over the moor was surely one of the most exhilarating portions of that happy excursion!

There were cottages, too, in sheltered nooks, and here and there the mouths of mines, with their engine-houses turreted and ornamented like feudal towers of old, or haply with an object of, to my mind, even more picturesque effect—the atmospheric engine working in the open air, its heavy beams and angular rods, bending and twisting in the sluggish, interrupted motion, peculiar to the machine.

As we walked on, many were the fragments of stones, or of soil that Bob picked up, and, as he chipped them with his hammer, we discussed their nature, the order of formation to which they belonged, the metals whose ores they contained, or the chemical or other properties by which they were distinguished. Some of them he considered of such value as to merit a place in our box; others, when we had done talking of them, he shied at crows or pee-weets as they winged their way over the moorland. Plants, too, and diminutive wild flowers he was continually plucking, identifying them with the descriptions in the "Flora" we carried, and stowing away some of them in our book for preservation.

There was not a butterfly, a moth, or a dragon-fly fluttered across our path, but we pursued it; and when, after a long and mirthful chase, we had run it down, with a needle dipped in nitric acid he would transfix the insect, at once destroying its life and preserving its painted splendor from decay.

At length we came upon a beaten track, then into a rough road, which led us to the little town of Drittenbrook, with its stone cross, its broad main street, and pretty Gothic church. Through it we passed, and made our way along a narrow road, covered with trees, for nearly a mile, to the romantic glen of the little river Dritten.

The glen was an exceedingly deep and precipitous chasm, bearing a forcible resemblance to a cut make by a mighty hatchet in the abrupt wall-like ridge of hills, and allowing the water that fell upon them and the numerous mossy hollows behind them to find its way to the plain in front, where, winding away round the moor we had crossed, it wandered deviously till it met the great river on which stands the town of Soandso, mingled with whose waters it was borne onwards to the sea.

Shortly before entering the dell, a compact little inn offered itself in our way, nicely white-washed and very tidy—and well it might be, for the place, by its beauty, attracted visitors from all parts of the country, nay, even from other lands.

Here we rested, lunched, and replenished our bottle; then emerging, we walked up the banks of the stream, through an avenue completely embowered with noble trees, whose green, cool fragrant shade, combined with the joyous music of the gushing stream beside us, the thrilling notes of the birds among the foliage, and the plashing of a mill-wheel a little in advance, raised in our minds those feelings of delight which the enthusiast of nature alone knows in their intensity.

As we advanced, the mill appeared so exquisitely rural and picturesque, that we stayed a minute to sketch it. Ii was a little white-washed bleaching house of one story fantastically shaped, a branch of an extensive factory down at the village, and had been built here to have the water in its most crystal purity, being used for the finest cambrics and light cotton goods, Its machinery had a wet humming, splashing sound, most musical and refreshing to the ear: and about the door, and all over the open green field hard by, were a number of young girls, busy about their work, singing, talking, and laughing together. The reservoir of water, peopled by tiny fleets of snow-white ducks, added greatly to its beauty, while a thin wavering volume of blue smoke rose among the foliage above it from its slender chimney, itself to appearance scarcely more substantial.

Leaving this place after a mirthful interchange of greetings with the operatives, we ascended the stream and entered the dell.

As we did so, our ears were filled with the sound of numerous cascades, and, looking before us, we seemed to be entering a vast arch of rock and foliage, with snowy sheets of falling water visible here and there amid the leaves. The sides of the ravine (for it was not extensive enough to merit the name of glen) were very rugged, but nearly perpendicular. Yet so many were the chinks and crannies, the angles and platforms of rock, from which trees took root, that it seemed almost as if it had been filled up by bundles of branches thrown in from above.

(To be continued.)

THE EDITOR'S SHANTY.

SEDERUNT XVII.

[*The Laird*, *Major*, *and Doctor.*]

LAIRD.—Weel, but the sight o' ye twa is gude for sair een. Hoo lang is't sin ye've been back, Doctor?

DOCTOR.—Two days only, and a press of business has prevented me from seeing you before my old friend.

LAIRD.—And hoo did ye get on? did ye accomplish a' that you wanted?—and ye too, Major, hoo did the feelings that must have come thick and warm o'er ye when ye trod the field whaur Brock fell, agree with those engendered in that peaceful field where now the mission of man is fulfilled—I mean the thirty-acre field at Hamilton?

MAJOR.—One thing at a time, my dear Laird—let the Doctor have the priority of speech, besides, it is not so easy to answer your question. In one case I was attraacted by the desire of marking whither the spirit and aspirations of the present age tend—to respond to the call. "Come hither and see how the most successful workers accomplish their ends, learn to rival or excel them if you can, and at least admire the convention of the chaplains of industry; on the other hand, I went to see grey veterans leaning on their rusty swords, stirring each other's recollections of Queenston and many a well-fought field, shaking hands once more ere paying the last debt, and blessing God, that while fulfilling a duty to the memory of a hero who died in the sacred cause of his country's freedom, they had yet been spared to see the dove of peace hovering over those waters erst the scene of bloodshed and strife. Aye, Laird, you little know the feelings that stirred this old bosom, the deep sense of thankfulness with which I remembered that now me meet to test the rival products of our looms, the draft of our ploughs, and that instead of vindicating our rights to freedom by the mailed hail, we are now in a new era of industry and concord; however a truce to all this, come, Doctor, begin—what success had you in your trip?

DOCTOR.—I saw a beautiful country teeming everywhere with the most cherishing evidences of prosperity. I landed first at Whitby, and after inspecting the very commodious harbour which had been made there, I walked on to Oshawa, and really, Major, I would have wished for you as a companion had I not remembered your gout.

MAJOR.—Why did you wish for me more particularly there? I know the country well enough.

DOCTOR.—Because I thought it one of the most delightful walks I ever took; the country between Whitby and Oshawa is really beautiful, and the farm steadings are so close to each other along the four miles of road as to give quite a village appearance to it. At Oshawa I made no very long stay, remaining only a sufficient time to see the adjacent country, and to note it down as apparently in a very thriving condition. The steamboat took me on to Bowmanville.

LAIRD.—An' what did ye see there?

DOCTOR.—Another thriving town of which I endeavoured, though unsuccessfully to procure a good sketch—what surprised me in these places was the distance at which they are placed from the lake; I should fancy that the conflicting interests between the various ports of these towns and the towns themselves must be injurious to both.

LAIRD.—Hoo does education progress in these parts, Doctor? Hae they ony gude schules?

DOCTOR.—I took advantage of the kindness of the Principal of the Grammar School to visit his establishment, and I assure you I was very much pleased to see the order and method that prevailed. Mr. Boate seems to have an admirable method, which at the same time that it wins the love must command the respect of his pupils—schools in my young days were very different things, Major. I must not omit to mention that I put up at a very pleasant and comfortable house in Bowmanville—the Eastern Hotel. I saw another very good house there, the Waverly, and both of them offered a striking contrast to the accomodation I found at Port Hope. I shall never forget the twenty-four hours I was compelled to pass there while waiting for the steamer.

MAJOR.—Where did you put up?

DOCTOR.—I really do not know, except that it was the principal hotel in the place, as I was told. Grease, dirt, and common soap, however, not being to my taste, I got out of Port Hope as fast as I could, inwardly vowing never to return till the new hotel now in progress shall have been completed.

LAIRD.—And hoo did ye fare at your next place o' destination?

DOCTOR.—Like a prince, Laird. I have marked Cobourg in my note book as having one of the best houses I have seen in this country. Capital

house is the Globe, I assure you, and Duigenan is particularly attentive and obliging. Whenever you go, Major, or you, Laird, to Cobourg, take my advice and go to the Globe.

LAIRD.—Eh Doctor, but ye'er surely fond o' your ease and comfort.

DOCTOR.—I care not a straw about ease, but all I require is cleanliness, however, I'll not bore you with any further praises or strictures on hotels; but will rather ask if either of you can tell why the Court-house at Cobourg has been placed so very inconveniently for the good citizens. The trudging backwarks and forwards from the town to court, must be a never-ending source of vexation to the people who may unfortunately be compelled to be in attendance, and to those who do not walk, the only alternative is to pay.

LAIRD,—I dinna mind the distance, hoo far is't?

DOCTOR.—I should fancy nearly two miles. I wonder how the Cobourgers stand it, it would make a first rate site for an Hospital, and by adding a wide gallery on the North side so as to screen it somewhat, a very decent Hospital might be had. I would add the gallery as the building occupies rather a high and exposed situation, and the air might be too keen for pulmonary cases.

MAJOR.—I daresay you may be very right, but the Cobourgers, I have no doubt, are better judges of what is convenient than either you or I, so we had better leave them to settle their own business.

DOCTOR.—But, I tell you that I heard the whole thing denounced as having been done merely to serve the selfish ends of a few individuals.

MAJOR.—Never mind the Hospital, enlighten us as to your notions on leaving Cobourg!

DOCTOR.—While still hesitating as to the course I should pursue, and balancing between the claims Peterboro and Belleville, Mr. and Mrs. Traill's arrival settled the matter in favor of the Rice Lake and Pterboro, and I determined in an evil hour to go with ——

MAJOR.—Why do you say? in an evil hour?

DOCTOR.—Because I was not travelling for mere amusement; had that alone been my object, I should have been amply repaid by the beautiful scenery between Cobourg and Gore's landing, and round the Lake itself, besides, I watched with interest the progress of the Railway bridge, and last not least I eat (excuse me Laird) for the first time the Mascalonge in perfection—that is, fresh!

LAIRD.—Ye're just a second Apicius, aye talking and thinking o' eating.

DOCTOR.—I fully agree, Laird, with Dr. Johnson that the Almighty never designed all the good things of this world for fools, however, "an eating offend you masters, we'll none of it!" Mrs. Traill described so graphically, in her last number of Forest Gleanings, Rice Lake and the bridge, that I will not weary you with a recapitulation. I will, however, read you an extract or two from her note-book relative to Peterboro and will then give my own ideas on the subject.

"When I first saw the village, now twenty years ago, it was a lovely spot. The centre of the present town and along the banks of the river was a plain of emerald turf, like a velvet lawn, so short and fine, with a few clumps of noble feathery pine, and grand old oaks, with here and there a light waving birch, and silver poplar. The rushing river flowed between precipitous banks clothed with weeping elms that hung their slender branches down to the water, in frost, they looked like diamonded feathers of gigantic size.

"The church was then held in a simple log-house, that served at other times as a government school-house. It was in that rude shed I returned thanks to Almighty God for my safety from the perils of a sea-voyage, and recovery from cholera, it stood on what were then called the Plains—a natural park of Nature's own planting, among these oaks and pine and shrubbery of wild-roses and evergreens. I used to walk and think of my far off native land, or climb the hills, and at the foot of some noble old tree, watch the fast-flowing river with its rapids and islands beneath my feet. The hills surrounding the town at that time were densely covered with forest trees. The bridge that crossed the river and connected the townships of Monaghan and Otonabee was of logs, which the force of the water one spring swept away, as also it did a second. The wreck of the last was caused by the immense mass of timbers, which floating down with the freshets early in spring, jammed upon each other, caused such a strain upon the timbers, as to be irresistible; it flew up one Good Friday morning. The scene was a striking one, and not easily forgotten by those who witnessed it. Since that time a new bridge has been constructed on a different plan and bids fair to withstand the power of rapids and pine logs united.

There were stumps in the streets of Peterboro' in those days. Now how changed. Man's works have usurped the place of God's, and brick and wooden houses have been built where the fathers of the forest once grew. A fine brick town-hall stands on that fair, green, open space, and streets diverging in every direction are seen on those shrubby plains. The church and court-house occupy the hill that I used to climb, to look over the village, and many of the lovely groups of

trees have been cut down. The squatter-ground now displays a Roman Catholic church, a Scotch Kirk, and many houses inhabited by respectable families. Instead of the two mills that I saw twenty years since, there are many both flour and saw mills, besides carding mills. The old settlement dirty houses are fast disappearing, and in their stead, handsome brick and good stone or wooden ones are yearly rising. The creek that flows through the town to the westward, forms an attractive feature, besides affording a great water power. A wide-extended and well-settled back country produces an abundance of wheat, wool, and dairy produce. From its central position, Peterboro' must necessarily one day become a place of great importance. It is now awaiting the railroad being constructed to give it a fresh impetus. The time may come when this town might be aptly termed the "City of the Plains."

I will now proceed with the narrative of my journey to Montreal, and give a description of the exhibition held in that city.

MAJOR.—Leave the account of your trip down the St. Lawrence for another occasion. We have many things of more importance to chat about at present.

DOCTOR.—Then I'll read a few notes made since my return. [*Doctor reads.*]

The site of the Exhibition in Montreal, is that which is popularly known as the "McTavish property," and for beauty and prominence none could have been more happily selected for the purpose. The view of the city, and scenery beyond, with the magnificent St. Lawrence flowing in front of the former, enhances very much the pleasure afforded by the show itself. The area of the ground, a diagram of which is here before you, contains many acres, and is covered with tents and sheds for the exhibition of the various articles, and animals offered for competition. In the rear, marked O. in the diagram, stands the famous old "Haunted House," and never, I believe, since the days of its original possessors, who died before it was completed, did it entertain such a vast assemblage of curious and interested spectators. A temporary verandah being erected in front of it, afforded shelter to a confectioner for dealing out refreshments, and a sign indicating its purpose is conspicuously placed on the wall of this building in giant characters. From this point let us commence our tour of inspection. Proceeding down a beautiful slope, a large tent containing shrubs and flowers of every clime, is reached, and entering here, we find a botanical museum, which requires no dry glossary to interpret its beauties. The arrangement of the flowers is made in a manner best adapted to secure a fair and comprehensive view at a single glance. I spent much of my time here admiring and contrasting the relative merits of each specimen before me; some were remarkable in the exquisite harmony and richness of their tints, others, from something unusual or grotesque in their figure or size. In daliahs, upwards of one hundred different varieties were exhibited, yet none of them, for I looked particularly, exhibited a blue colour, a colour that horticulturists have never succeeded in giving to that flower.

The next department meriting attention is situated immediately below the one I have just described, and is devoted to the rural implements, apparatuses, and manufactures of the day. Few Canadians, howsoever great might be their patriotic predilections were prepared to meet with so many satisfactory evidences of the great and increasing importance of their country, as were here exhibited; both the fertility of the soil and ingenuity of mechanics, which form the chief elements or basis of national greatness were in this highly interesting department displayed to attest the truth of what strangers say of our country,—though to our humble appreciations of of its value, we may sometimes doubt the sincerity of their eulogy.

Attached to this building and forming a wing thereof, is a department devoted to the fine arts and musical instruments as well as fancy-work of every description. Among the paintings and drawings could be distinctly traced the well-known hand of Duncan, Kreighoff and Lock; there was also a painting of large size representing a young sportsman engaged in pigeon shooting, by a M. Plamondane, whose name I am not familiar with, but whose work I thought reflected great credit upon him as a painter. In a recess of this room, occupied by ladies' work, are some very beautiful specimens of art in wax, by a lady of Montreal, representing human figures, fruit and flowers with all the delicacy and truth of nature. Here, also, are pianos, specimens of carving in wood, framing in leather, &c. &c., all reflecting the greatest credit on their producers.

I would give a description of the grains and vegetables were I any judge of these productions in their *raw* state, it is sufficient for me to say, they looked fine, and I have no doubt that were they to grace our table under Mrs. Grnndy's superintendence, we would find them excellent. The cattle, Durham, Devon, and Ayrshire were hardly as fine as I expected. The poultry was good, but the varieties were not so extensive as I

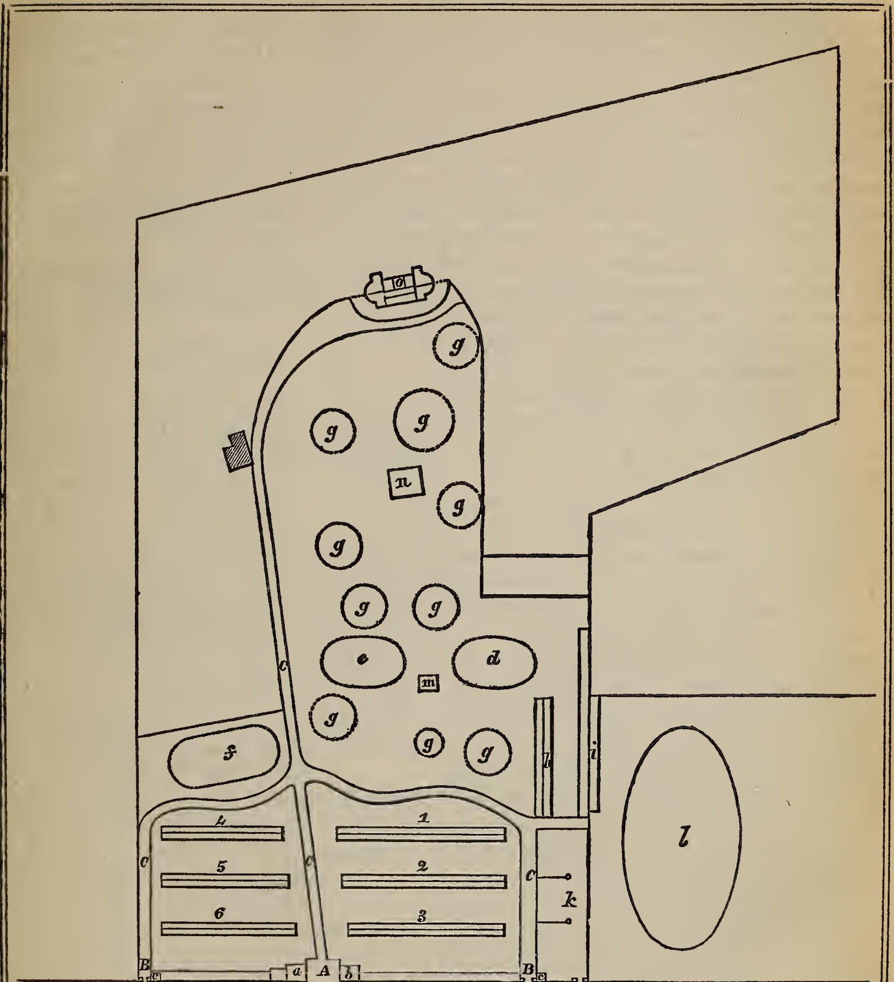
supposed they would have been. The barn-yard fowl were fine, and the Cochin China and Shanghai splendid. There were many strange ducks and geese, comprising the white top-knot and muscovy of the former, and Chinese, wild, and large white, of the latter. Among the pigeons were carriers, pouters, fan-tail, frill-necked and turtle-doves, &c.

I must add, before concluding this very imperfect notice, that the weather at the commencement of the fair was more than disagreeable, the rain in fact descended in torrents during the whole of the second day, deterring thousands from visiting the grounds, however, as if to make amends for this disappointment the third day opened fine, and as many as seventeen or eighteen thousand persons attended the exhibition in fact the conclnding days were eminently successful. Montreal during this week was full, and as gay as full, firemen's procession by torch-light, fancy balls, lectures, Indian games, races, and a ploughing match served to amuse the multitude, and I only hope, Major, that the week you spent in Hamilton was as pleasantly passed as mine in Montreal.

Major.—Indeed, Doctor, I can assure you that I far from regret the few days I was engaged in attending the Hamilton Exhibition, of which I will give you a short account. I was not as successful as you in procuring a diagram of the grounds; it appears that none was published, however, I will endeavor to be as intelligible as possible without one. The show-grounds were beautifully situated to the west of the city and of a gently undulating character, and the show itself equalled anything of its kind that I have yet seen in Upper Canada. The display of horned cattle was the finest I had ever seen. The horses scarcely came up to those exhibited here last year. The sheep, Leicesters and Southdowns, were beyond all praise. I was disappointed in the display of agricultural implements; they were neither numerous, nor did they appear to exhibit any improvement on those shown here in 1852. The exhibition of vegetables, both in quantity and quality, was worthy of commendation. The potatoes, tomatoes, and all the varieties of the pumpkin and melon tribe, as well as onions, carrots, turnips, cabbages, mangel-wurzel, cauliflowers, colrabi, egg plants, celery, were shewn in the greatest profusion and highest state of excellence. However, to be more methodical in my description, I shall commence with the Floral Hall, the largest yet erected, and which proved to be far too small to admit the crowds on Thursday, the day that the public were first admitted. I was puzzled with the immense quantity of ladies' work in the shape of cloaks, shawls, dresses, quilts, both patched and plain, crotchet work, wax work, worsted work, embroidery, &c., and should puzzle you both, Oh Laird and Doctor, were I to attempt any description. In future, I propose that Mrs. Grundy shall attend all exhibitions where the handiwork of gentle woman occupies such a prominent position. Amongst other things in this hall, I noticed a case of edge tools, deserving much praise for their appearance and finish; they were manufactured at Galt. There was also some good carving in wood, and a handsome eight-day clock of Hamilton manufacture. The section of the Fine Arts department devoted to painting was exceedingly well filled and arranged, though I must say that I thought there were far too many portraits exhibited. Mr. P. Kane contributed several of his celebrated Indian sketches, which were much admired. The specimens of crayon and monochromatic drawing were not, as a collection, as fine as I expected they would have been. There were both Canadian steel and wood engravings, and a case of beautiful and artistically executed seals exhibited by artists from this clty. The display in the fruit and the vegetable line I have previously said was very extensive, and it would be useless at this late date to particularize. However, before leaving the Floral Hall, I must not omit to mention a botanical collection of flowers and plants indigenous to this country, prepared by Messrs Cragie and Stinson of Hamilton. This collection deserves great praise, as it shows a desire on the part of Canadians of not only becoming acquainted with the vegetable productions of this colony, but of also imparting to the public the result of their labours. The Mechanics' Hall was a tent in which the visitor found a fine assortment of harness, saddles, trunks, boots and shoes in leather. In iron, appeared several varieties of stoves for parlor and kitchen, some marbleized mantel-pieces from the United States, a couple of locomotive lamps, and several specimens of shovels, spades, &c., from Gananoque. In agricultural productions this show was decidedly the best I have ever witnessed. For the Canada Company's prize of £25 there were eleven competitors, all exhibiting first-rate samples of wheat;* for the other prizes in wheat there were nineteen or twenty competitors. In barley, rye, oats, and pease there were no less than fifty specimens in all, exhibited. There were

* It has been stated that this twenty-five bushel sample of wheat was the product of one hundred bushels sifted down to twenty-five!—P. D

PLAN OF PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION, MONTREAL.



REFERENCES.

A. Entrance.
B, *B.* Exits.
C, *C*, *C.* Carriage Way.
a. Committee Room.
b. Ticket Office.
c, *c.* Offices.
d. Agricultural Implements.
e. Industrial Machinery.
f. Horticultural and Floricultural.
g, *g*, *g.* Tents.
h. Sheep Pens.
i. Stallion Stables.
k. Receiving Yard.
l. Horse Round.
m. Water.
n. Refreshments.
o. Saloon.
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6. Stalls, &c.

also several bales of fine hops, and several creditable specimens of flax seed. There were also a great variety of field seeds and some gigantic stalks of Indian corn. The display of dairy productions was most creditable to the exhibitors. I shall not detain you any longer with my description, a general outline of the Fair being all that is wanted as a record in our Shanty. I will conclude by saying that the weather generally was fine, and the exhibition as a whole eminently successful. During the fair week the Hamiltonians were deluged with amusements. Concerts, theatres, regattas, balls, and bazaars kept all in one whirl of intense excitement. The city itself was crowded to excess, and numberless were the complaints of visitors for want of accommodation; many hundreds nightly slept in chairs or three in a bed; even the steamers lying in port were boarded by a bedless throng, who were happy in finding a resting-place for a fow hours on the tables and chairs of the saloons.

LAIRD.—Ma conscience! an' did ye Major suffer frae ony o' these inconveniences?

MAJOR.—No, I was fortunate in having a friend who kindly rendered me more than comfortable while in Hamilton. To him I owe my most sincere thanks.

DOCTOR.—And now Major, for your description of the Brock monument celebration which took place the other day at Queenston.

MAJOR.—(*Reads.*) We left on Thursday morning, (October 13th) in that fine new steamer, the *Peerless*, at half-past seven, with a goodly company of the old veterans of 1812, many of them in their uniforms. The band of the Royal Canadian Rifles were also in attendance. I was disappointed in seeing so few from Toronto taking an interest in this celebration, and cannot help thinking that, much of the warlike feeling which induced the loyal inhabitants of Canada in 1812 to defend their country and their homes, is dying out, and I question much were any necessity for a war, save invasion, to again arise between us and our republican neighbors, the *necessity* would be done away with without an appeal to arms. After a fair and pleasant run we made the Niagara river, and at Niagara we took on board a detachment of Canadian Rifles and a company of enrolled pensioners, besides a great many visitors both Canadian and American. We landed at Queenston at eleven A.M., and found the village thronged with thousands who had arrived before us. The flags of the American steamers lying at Lewiston were hoisted half-mast high in honor of the occasion. The funeral procession left Queenston at two o'clock, and minute guns were fired from the heights during its progress to the foundation of the new monument.

The remains of General Brock and aide-de-camp, Colonel MacDonnell, were taken up from the vault in Col. Hamilton's garden and placed on the top of rather an ornamental funeral car, decorated with muskets, swords, &c., and drawn by six black horses in funereal trappings. The pall bearers were Colonels E. W. Thomson, W. Thomson, Duggan, Kerby, Zimmerman, Caron, Stanton, Clarke, Servos, Crooks, Thorn, Whitehead and Miller.

The order of procession was as follows, according to the programme I obtained on the grounds:—

Canadian Rifles,
Band.
Enrolled Pensioners.

Colonels and other officers, six in number, as Pall Bearers.	FUNERAL CAR, with the remains of the lamented MAJOR-GENERAL SIR ISAAC BROCK, and his aide-de-camp, LIEUT. COL. MCDONNELL.	Colonels and other officers, six in number, as Pall Bearers.

Colonel Donald McDonnell, Deputy Adjutant General of Militia for Canada West.
Lieut. Col. De Salaberry, Deputy Adjutant General for Canada East.
Col. Tache, late Deputy Adjutant General.
Lieut. Col. Irving, Provincial Aide-de-camp to the Governor General,
And the survivors of 1812, and Indian Chiefs as Chief Mourners.
Military and Militia Officers in uniform.
The Building Committee.
The Architect.
Builder and Clerk of Work.
The Clergy.
The Bar.
Magistrates.
The Indian Band.
The Canadian Society.
The National and other societies, and other persons, subject to the rule of the Marshals.

On the arrival of the funeral procession at the base of the proposed monument, the Canadian Rifles formed around it, and amid three vollies the remains of the lamented hero and his aide-de-camp were consigned to the vaults prepared for their reception, and it is to be hoped that this last interment will be their last, and that they may be suffered to repose in peace on the scene of their last earthly struggle, until such times shall be, when time shall be no more.

After the interment the foundation stone was laid by Col. MacDonnell, brother of the late *aide* to General Brock. In the cavity under the stone was deposited a roll of parchment, containing a descriptive sketch of the departed General, the date of his death, and reasons for re-interment. Over the cavity was placed a brass plate with the following superscription: "This foundation stone of the Brock Mouument was laid 13th October, 1853," and the trowel wherewith the stone was laid, which was of silver and of beautiful workmanship, bore the following inscription: "Presented to Lieut. Colonel Donald MacDonnell, Deputy Adjutant General of Militia for Canada West, by the Building Committee, on the ceremony of laying the foundation stone of the Brock Monument on Queenston Heights, October 13th, 1853." On the corner stone being laid, several interesting speeches were made, which occupied the time until a quarter to four, when the steamer left again for Toronto, at which place I arrived at seven P.M., much pleased with the proceedings of the day.

LAIRD.—May a puir body crave an awmous o' advice at your hands, this evening Crabtree?

MAJOR.—Unless the boon be preposterously impracticable, such as translating a sow's organ of hearing into a silken receptacle for mammon, or denuding a celt of that article of raiment which excites the irregular ambition of insubordinate wives, it is already granted? To use your own mother tongue—what's your wull?

LAIRD.—Ou ye see that I got twa or three pounds in Hamilton, at the Provincial Fair, by way o' premium, for a bit Ayrshire *bill* that I exhibited then and there—and—

DOCTOR.—Hold hard neighbour! Would you leave us to believe that Scottish promissory notes are at such a premium in Canada West, that people will disburse hard cash merely for a sight of them?

LAIRD.—Hech sangrado, but it's a thousand peeties that the Fates hadna' made you a dominie! You would just be in your element snarling and bow-wowing at luckless weans wha' chanced to mak' mistakes in their pronunciation? It was a *bull* I meant to say, ye auld vinegar cruet—and that ye kenned fu' weel, and be hanged to you! Folk wad need to hae a copy o' Walker's dictionary at their elbow when conversing wi sic a philological snap-dragon! I can rap oot a Johnsonian word, when I like, as weel's the best body snatcher in Toronto?

MAJOR.—Order! order! These little peppery episodes are getting a fraction too common at our sederunts. Be pleased thou bucolical petitioner to lay your wants and wishes at the foot of the throne!

LAIRD.—As I was saying when auld sauts and castor oil interrupted me, I hae got a wheen extra dollars to ware, and as I predestined them for investment in literature I wud like if you could recommend to me something new and appeteezing in that line. I dinna want ony thing dry, like sermons or cookery books, but sappy reading for the winter nights noo fast coming on.

MAJOR.—There are one or two works, recently published, which I may with a safe conscience commend to your devoirs.

LAIRD.—Beg your pardon, Major, but I never devour books! I'm no' like a certain medico wha' shall be nameless, that swallows a quarto at a gulp as if it were ane o' Parr's pills. I like to disjeest what I read?

DOCTOR.—[Aside.]—The interminable old chucklehead!

MAJOR.—I think I understand the measure of your literary foot. Here is one of the most sparkling, and at the same time modestly written little duodecimos which I have met with for some time.

LAIRD.—What may be its name?

MAJOR.—"The story of Mont Blanc."

LAIRD.—I dinna like the sound o' that title! I would opine that its the auld thread-bare theme that we have heard repeated till we are as sick o't as a travelling preacher is at the discourse be has repeated for the five hundredth time! By a kind o' instinct I can tell what its a' aboot!

MAJOR.—Pray then let us hear the results of your second sight!

LAIRD.—Nae doubt the concern opens wi an account o' a young German painter—a perfect enthusiast in his art, but puir as a kirk mouse, wha determines to win a name by delineating the features o' what the poet denominates

"The monarch o' mountains."

Am I richt or wrang?

MAJOR.—Go on!

LAIRD.—Weel, the lad, wha has lang hair, and boasts o' linen no ower clean, reaches the hill in company wi his sweet-heart, wha' determines to share his fortunes be they bad or guid. Leaving the lassie seated on a green patch at the bottom o' a precipice o' ice he begins to ascend, wi his portfolio strapped on his back like a gaberlunzie's wallet. Nina, for sic doubtless is the designation o' the maiden, occupies hersell in darning the stockings o' her swain, and thinking upon the blythsome days they will spend together in Munich, when Albert or Heinrich—whatever his name may be—has painted his way to fame and fortune.—

A' o' a sudden she hears something rattling and sliddering aboon her head, and before she can mak' the sign o' the cross bang comes the birzed corpse o' her intended at her feet, wi ane o' the een knocked oot, and the nose crushed as flat as a flounder! In duty bound Nina gets mad as a March hare, and utters a string o' idiotical "ha! ha! ha's!" which occupy the three concluding lines o' the buik! Noo Crabtree, confess that I hae struck the richt nail ou the head for ance?

MAJOR.—Indeed Laird, ingenious though your conjectures unquestionably are, you never were more off your eggs in the whole of your mundane curriculum! "The story of Mont Blanc" is neither more nor less than a collection of odds and ends relating to the snow-crowned mountain, —a large, and by far the most interesting portion of the work being occupied by the author's own adventures in reaching its climax.

LAIRD.—For my part I canna' understand what interest there can be in reading aboot a man speelin' a hill? I made the ascent o' Ben Lomond twice, and never thought o' writing a volume aboot my undertaking!

MAJOR.—Believe me, honest priest of Ceres, that the difference between your feat, and that accomplished by Mr. Smith, is as great as impaling an insect on a needle falls short, in epic importance, to the slaying of a mail-clad giant!

LAIRD.—I canna' see hoo that can be! Its nae joke reaching the tap o' auld Ben in the dog days I can tell you!

MAJOR.—Read the "Story" and you will confess that the annals of enterprise and danger contain few parallel cases to the one under consideration. The brain positively reels at times, when following thé pilgrim through his frightful course. Fiction is rapid and tame when weighed against the stern realities of an ascent of Mont Blanc.-- In justification of my dictum I will read you the account of the last upward stage made by our author.

The Mont Blanc guides are used to little varieties of temper, above the Grand Plateau. In spite of my mad determination to go to sleep, Balmat and another set me up on my legs again, and told me that if I did not exercise every caution, we should all be lost together, for the most really dangerous part of the whole ascent had arrived. I had the greatest difficulty in getting my wondering wits into order; but the risk called for the strongest mental effort; and, with just sense enough to see that our success in scaling this awful precipice was entirely dependent upon "pluck," I got ready for the climb. I have said the Mur de la Cote is some hundred feet high, and is an all but perpendicular iceberg. At one point you can reach it from the snow, but immediately after you begin to ascend it, obliquely, there is nothing below but a chasm in the ice more frightful than anything yet passed. Should the foot slip, or the baton give way, there is no chance for life—you would glide like lightning from one frozen crag to another, and finally be dashed to pieces, hundreds and hundreds of feet below in the horrible depths of the glacier.— Were it in the valley, simply rising up from a glacier *a morine*, its ascent would require great nerve and caution; but here, placed fourteen thousand feet above the level of the sea, terminating in an icy abyss so deep that the bottom is lost in obscurity; exposed in a highly rarified atmosphere, to a wind cold and violent beyond all conception; assailed, with muscular powers already taxed far beyond their strength, and nerves shaken by constantly increasing excitement and want of rest—with bloodshot eyes, and raging thirst, and a pulse leaping rather than beating—with all this, it may be imagined that the frightful Mur de la Côte calls for more than ordinary determination to mount it.

Of course every footstep had to be cut with the adzes; and my blood ran colder still as I saw the first guides creeping like flies upon its smooth glistening surface. The two Tairraiz were in front of me, with the fore part of the rope, and François Favret I think, behind. I scarcely knew what our relative positions were, for we had not spoken much to one another for the last hour; every word was an exertion, and our attention was solely confined to our own progress. In spite of all my exertions, my confusion of ideas and extraordinary drowsiness increased to such a painful degree, that clinging to the hand-holes made in the ice, and surrounded by all this horror, I do believe, if we had halted on our climb for half a minute, I should have gone off asleep. But there was no pause. We kept progressing, very slowly indeed, but still going on—and up so steep a path, that I had to wait until the guide removed his foot, before I could put my hand into the notch. I looked down below two or three times, but was not at all giddy, although the depth lost itself in the blue haze.

For upwards of half an hour we kept on slowly mounting this iceberg, until we reached the foot of the last ascent—the *calotte*, as it is called—the "cap" of Mont Blanc, The danger was now over, but not the labor, for this dome of ice was difficult to mount. The axe was again in requisition; and everybody was so "blown," in common parlance, that we had to stop every three or four minutes. My young companions kept bravely on, like fine fellows as they were, getting ahead, even of some of the guides; but I was perfectly done up. Honest Tairraz had no sinecure to pull me after him, for I was tumbling about, as though completely intoxicated. I could not keep my eyes open, and planted my feet anywhere but in the right place. I know I was exceedingly cross. I have even a recollection of having scolded my "team," because they did not go quicker; and I was exceedingly indignant when one of them dared to call my attention to Monte Rosa. At last, one or two went in front, and thus somewhat quickened our progress. Gradually our speed increased, until I was scrambling almost on my hands and knees: and then, as I found myself on a level, it suddenly stopped. I looked round, and

I saw there was nothing higher. The batons were stuck in the snow, and the guides were grouped about, some lying down, and others standing in little parties. I was on the top of Mont Blanc."

LAIRD.—Oh sake, but that kind o' wark mak's a body's flesh grew! I'll dream o' that wilderness o' ice for a month to com! Mark doon that volume for ane. It will suit Girzy to a hair, as she is unco fond, like a' her sex o' whatever is daring and exciting. But what next will you recommend to me?

MAJOR.—With all due deference to yonr better judgment, the volume which I hold in my hand would form a fitter offering to the fair and virtuous Grizelda, than the records of Albert Smith's peregrinations, excellent though unquestionably they are!

LAIRD.—Name the candidate for my honest sister's affections?

MAJOR.—It is styled "*The New Household Receipt Book*," and emanates from the pen of a clever female writer, Mrs. Sarah Josepha Hale to wit.

LAIRD.—Hoot awa' wi' your receipt books! I hae bought a score o' them in my day, and nane o' them were worth for ony thing but lighting the candle. Last year I consulted ane o' them touching and anent the best method o' taking a stain o' grease oot o' my Sunday coat, and the upshot was that the remedy proved to be ten times waur than the disease! The garment was hopelessly ruinated for ever and a day, and I was glad to mak' a donation o' it to blin' Jamie the sawyer o' cord wood!

MAJOR.—I can certiorate you that Mrs. Hale's production is an exception to what I agree with you, is a too general rule. She has a literary reputation to lose, having pnblished a clever fiction entitled "*Northwood*," and accordingly has taken care to present the public with something vastly superior to the rubbish which you have been denouncing, In her preface she tells us that all her "rules and recipes have been the result of study, observation, experiment, and experience; and so far as I have examined the volume, the assertion appears to be well founded.

LAIRD.—If that be the case the buik must be a perfect treasure to back wood bodies like huz, and ye may as weel put it doon on the list. What green coated gentleman is that below your elbow?

MAJOR.—One of the most contemptible ebullitions of Yankee bitterness against the old country which the press of Dollardom, prolific as it is in that department of letters, has ever spawned.

DOCTOR.—Indeed! that is enunciating a big word! Pray who is John Bnll's present censor, and what is the title of his outpouring?

MAJOR.—The fellow calls himself "Matt. T. Ward," and he has named his outbreak of venom, "*English Items: or microscopic views of Englandand Englishmen*,"

DOCTOR.—And is Matt. indecd so very bilious in his expectorations as you represent him to be?

MAJOR.—You can judge for yourself from the following sample:

"A genuine Englishman delights in rendering himself conspicuous by the multitude of his wants. If on board a steamer, where the number of servants is necessarily limited, he will send one waiter for roast beef, another for a bottle of porter—will order a third, as he approaches the gentleman sitting next to him, who has had nothing to eat, to hand him the radishes, and then complains to the head steward that he can get nobody to wait on him. In the meanwhile,he helps himself successively to every thing he can reach, by sticking his elbows into other people's faces, and pronounces all he tastes unbearable. His beef arrives, which he eyes scornfully, and with upturned nose pushes off from him. He once more bawls for the head steward, and sarcastically asks to be informed what he calls that on his plate. "Roast beef, I think, sir." "Roast beef, is it? Well, I should say that, whatever it may be, it is not fit to be put into a gentleman's mouth." He then continues confidentially to announce to the whole table—whilst professedly addressing the steward—that the cook does not understand his business, that the carvers do not know how to carve, and that he has found nothing since he has been on board that he could eat; although he has been daily in the habit of employing two-thirds of all the servants within call, and devouring every thing he could lay his hands on. The eager haste, amounting almost to a scramble, with which an Englishman seeks to have himself helped before everybody else, appears to me strangely unbecoming in a gentleman,—especially in situations where the wants of all are certain to be attended to, with the exerclse of a slight degree of patience. But he seems to imagine there is distinction in being first served, even when he is compelled to resort to unseemly haste to secure the doubtful honor. He considers selfishness knowing, and a total disregard of the comfort of other people as eminently indicative of an aristocratic turn of mind. He is nervously apprehensive of showing the slightest attention even to a lady at table, such, for instance, as passing her the salt, or filling her wine-glass. He is haunted by the spectral fear that somebody might construe such an encroachment upon the duties of the waiter into evidence of his having emerged from some obscure position. Such scrupulous attention to the preservation of his rank would naturally imply the consciousness of being in a new position, of which he was not altogether secure. What man among us, really entitled to the consideration of a gentleman, would be agitated by such absurd apprehensions. A man, really certain of his position in society, would scarcely fear a sacrifice of it by so simple an act of politeness. An Englishman is always excessively anxious to have his seat near the head even of a public table, as in

England the rank of the guests is determined by the arrangement of their seats. But it seems to me that true nobility would confer honor on that place—not borrow honor from it. Whatever its position at table might be, there it appears to me, would the seat of distinction always be. And when a vulgarian does succeed in rudely elbowing his way to the head of the table, the mere fact of his being there could scarcely impose him even on Englishmen as a gentleman."

DOCTOR.—Cock-a-doodle-doo! The old mess of ignorance and mendacity re-hashed, and served up on a new dish! Why it is self-evident that citizen Ward has never had the good fortune to meet with a genuine specimen of an English gentleman: Beyond all controversy his social experiences have been limited to the lowest grade of commerclal travellers, or gentry of a similar kidney! I will be bound to say that if ever admitted to an aristocratic house, his progress was bounded by the hall, where he was accomodated with a chair by the civil though suspicious porter till his begging petition could be examined by the master of the mansion! Take the carrion out of my sight, it smells pestilently foul!

LAIRD.—I say Doctor, what Yankee-looking newspaper is that sticking oot o' your coat pouch?

DOCTOR.—Your question is *àpropos*, reminding me, as it does, of a sweet copy of verses which I intended reading to *yeez*—as the Squireen would say. The journal in question is the *Boston Transcript*, and it contains the lyric to which I refer.

MAJOR.—Let us have it by all means, if only for the novelty's sake. As a general rule your broad sheet poetasters are, excessively small-beeish and spooney.

DOCTOR.—The truth of your rule I subscribe to, but the present instance furnishes a marked exception thereto.

LAIRD.—Weel, weel, let us judge for oursells, as the hungry tailor o' Tarbolten said to his land-leddy, when she was cracking up her black puddens.

DOCTOR.—Here goes then:

WILLIE—DEAD.

"MANIBUS DATE LILIA PLENIS."

To the gentle Angel Death,
Yielding up his quiet breath,
Softly now his eyelids close,
In a peaceful, calm repose,
Pain and sorrow all are o'er,
He will wake on earth no more.

Very still our darling lies,
All the light gone from his eyes,
With hands together prest,
Folded on his snowy breast,
And the cheeks so cold and white,
All the roses faded quite.

Mother's love cannot beguile
From his little mouth a smile,
Though upon his lips she press
All a mother's tenderness;
Ne'er again his prattling voice
Shall her loving heart rejoice.

Bring the Lily, snowy pale,
Fragrant Lily of the Vale;
Wave amid his golden hair
Pallid rosebuds, frail as fair:
For at Life's fresh dawn of day.
Like a flower he passed away.

Bear him to his quiet rest
On the green Earth's ample breast;
Circled by her loving arm,
Nothing rude our babe can harm,
Very sweet his sleep shall be
'Neath her gentle ministry.

There her loving hands shall bring
All the flagrant flowers of spring,
Flocks of May-bloom, thickly set,
Buttercup and violet,
Violet like Willie's eyes,
Azure-tinted with the skies.

There the golden sunlight falls,
Birds shall sing sweet madrigals,
Singing soft and ever low
To the sleeper far below;
Low as ring dove's brooding cry,
Soft as mother's lullaby.

There our steps shall often stray
Through the balmy summer day,
While we speak with gentle tone
Of the sweet babe who is gone,
Grateful that his soft feet stand
Safely in the spirit-land.

And his memory we will keep
In our fond hearts, treasured deep,
Patient waiting for the day
When we too shall pass away,
And upon the heavenly shore
See our dear child's face once more.

LAIRD.—Rax us your hand, auld frien', for the treat ye hae conferred on us. Od man that metal rings true, and nae mistake. If the author be spared, his name will yet become "familiar as a household word" among the lovers o' the beautiful and touching.

MAJOR.—I entirely agree with the verdict pronounced by the Laird, upon this anonymous gem. My heart has not been so "strangely stirred" by any composition of a kindred description, since I first perused David Macbeth Moir's *Casa Wappy*. Let us hope that the lyre which can discourse such excellent music, will not be permitted to lie dormant.

LAIRD.—Amen, say I! But Crabtree is your catalogue o' new buiks clean exhausted? If I dinna' get spending my premium it will be burning a hole in my breeks' pouch!

MAJOR.—I think you may profitably invest three shillings and ninepence in procuring from our mutual friend Maclear, a copy of James Grant's new historical romance, "*Jane Seaton, or the King's Advocate.*"

LAIRD.—Just the vera' wark I was gauin to precognosce ye anent, but my memory is turning as leaky as a water-stoup wi a hole in its bottom. Is it indeed the grand production that the newspaper tribe describe it to be? If we may believe thae gentry it's little, if onything, inferior to the Waverly Novels.

MAJOR.—No, no, my worthy producer of bread stuffs, that is carrying the joke a fraction overly far! There is a long and dreary distance between the bantling of Mr. Grant, and the very poorest production of the immortal Wizzard of the North. John Galt, and at least half a score of others fell to occupy the middle ground which I have pointed out.

LAIRD.—Deil's in the man! I wonder that ye should be sae ready in advising me to birl my bawbees upon an affair, for which sae little can be said. Just when I supposed I was about to become the owner o' a swan, lo, and behold it dwindled doon and degenerates into a common, every day goose! I may address the "*King's Advocate*" in the words of the auld sang:—

> "I thocht ye were some gentleman,
> At least the Laird o' Brodie,
> But foul fa' your meal pocks
> Your'e but a puir bodie!"

MAJOR.—Laird! Laird! will you never give over jumping rashly at conclusions? Though by no means a first chop romance, "*Jane Seaton*" is respectably removed above twaddle. The author has evidently read up to his subject with care; and if his production be lacking—as it unquestionably is, in the higher attributes of fiction, it merits a perusal, from the mass of antiquarian chit-chat which it entertains. Take the book home with you to Bonniebraes, and I will insure you much pleasing, and even instructive sustentation for the "lang nights o' winter."

DOCTOR.—At what epoch is the scene laid?

MAJOR.—During the reign of James V,—and the stage of the romance is abundantly replenished with the leading personages who flourished in that stormy period of Scottish history.

DOCTOR.—Does Mr. Grant sport a good style?

MAJOR.—Pretty fair, but his diaologue is somewhat stiff. It lacks that attribute called by Thespians *touch and go*, which is so essential for creating the impression of reality. The incidents, too, frequently border on the melo-dramatic;—and the concluding flare-up would take prodigiously with the shilling-gallery audience of Astley's. Still the production can claim a large dividend of praise, and will probably secure a plethoric circulation. The Laird, I doubt not, will read it with appetite.

LAIRD—Oo ay! Onything is gude eneuch for the Laird.

MAJOR.—Will you do me the favour, Laird, to present this volume, with my best respects, to your excellent sister, Miss Girzy?

LAIRD.—Wi' a' my heart—and mony thanks for your considerateness. It is, indeed, a bonnie looking buikie.

MAJOR.—Yes, and better than it's bonnie. The press of Republican America has seldom, if ever issued a more gracefully written volume than "*The Shady Side; or, Life in a Country Parsonage.*"

DOCTOR.—I quite agree with you, Crabtree. The writer, who is evidently a woman, and uncursed with a "strong mind," handles her pen after a singularly engaging feminine fashion. To my mind there is something very pleasing in the following description of a visit paid by a newly-wedded pastor and his young wife,—

"When they crossed the dashing rivulet, and drew up before a low, brown cottage, Mary shrunk from another call. Her frequent alternations of feeling, for the last six hours, had wearied her; and the single remark of Edward, in reference to the dwelling before them, that "it contained the poorest family in his flock," made her anticipate a scene to which she felt inadequate.

Yet, Mr. Vernon did not look as if he were performing an unpleasant duty. Two or three bars were let down, and, stepping over, they were at the door. To Mary's surprise, he led her into a room so clean and cheerful, that she scarce noticed, immediately, how scantily it was furnished. A stinted fire was burning on the broken hearth; a bed in one corner, with a clean, but oft-patched counterpane, a single chair and stool, and an old chest, formed the only furniture, except the much-worn rocking-chair, in which was the venerable woman of nearly fourscore. totally blind; she, with her widowed daughter and grandchild, forming the family. On a rough shelf, under the south window, stood a monthly rose and geranium, carefully nurtured, tokens of the tastes and habits of more prosperous days.

The aged matron was alone when her visitors arrived. She knew her minister's step, and spoke his name before he crossed the threshold; she knew, also, that one was with him of lighter step than himself, and was prepared to welcome his young wife; so preternaturally quickened, upon the loss of one, are the remaining faculties.

Mary sat by her side, and held the wrinkled, wasted hand in hers, and listened with a full heart as this handmaid of the Lord spoke of his great goodness,—of his comforts which delighted her soul, and of that better land where is no darkness, no light. Neither did she omit to mention

the kindness of her pastor in days gone by, and his consideration of her, in bringing his "dear young wife to this humble cottage." In all that she said, there was that peculiar refinement and delicacy of feeling which long years of intimate communion with heaven never fail to produce, be the outward allotment what it may.

She asked Mary several questions; and, being once reminded by her daughter that she had made that inquiry before, replied, with great simplicity, "perhaps I have; but she will excuse me. I do so love to hear her voice; it *reminds me of sunshine and the flowers;* and it helps me to form an idea of her face—a sweet face, I am sure."

Laird.—I am glad that the Yankees are beginning to cultivate the *quiet* and the *natural* in their stories. The lassie that wrote the above must hae been an admirer o' Charles Lamb. Ye could amaist think that the Doctor has been giving us an extract frae *Rosamond Grey.* Girzy will be muckle the better o' "*The Shady Side.*" Her taste had got vitiated wi' that conglomeration of nonsense and rant, *Beatrice;* and she stood sair in need o' a tonic like the present, to restore her moral disjeestion to a healthier state.

Major.—(*Looking at his watch.*) Bless me! I had no idea it was so late. Where is Mrs. Grundy—supper should be ready by this time, if we expect to do much afterwards.

Doctor.—There is an old saying, Major, "No song no supper," and although I will not keep you strictly to the letter of that law, still as I have no song for the evening, suppose we finish our sederunt before refreshing the inner man.

Laird.—What's come o' the sang, Doctor? Hae ye hung your harp on a willow tree?

Doctor.—Not exactly, but press of other business and want of space, have prevented the inttoduction of a song in this number.

Laird.—Weel, weel! Let us cry ben, Mrs. Grundy, (*rings.*) I hae a' wheen facts, (*enter Mrs. Grundy.*) How do ye do, Mem? and I hope ye winna' scump me as you always do.

Mrs. Grundy.—I will not take much room, Laird, as just at this season there is not much novelty in dress, and it is too early for Winter fashions to come out.

Laird.—So much the better, and to make sure o' a hearin', I'll begin at ance wi' something to tell us how to get what we wanted bad enough this fall—water:

HOW TO HAVE PLENTY OF WATER.

Pure, clear water, forming as it does, at the same moment, both the emblem and embodiment of refreshment and comfort, is looked upon as a vital element of satisfactory existence, by all who hate dirt, parched lips, dusty lungs, stratified deposits on the skin, and parti-colored linen. It also forms a most agreeable class of pictures for the eye, in the form of placid sheets, bubbling brooks, springing jets, and flashing fountains: and through the ear, it gives us the music of cascades, the thunder of cataracts, and the grave roar of ocean surges.

It is no wonder that all are ready to labor for and welcome so agreeable a companion. The large cities have brought it many miles in hewn masonary, at a cost of millions, that they may syringe their streets, feed their baths, and keep a ready antidote for incipient conflagration. The country resident longs for the termination of the parching drouth, when drenching rains shall fill his cisterns, replenish his failing well, and set the brooks in motion. Many are looking with envy at some rare and "lucky" neighbor, who happens to have an unfailing spring; and others, as we have often witnessed, placing the water hogshead on the ox-sled, proceed to drag their needful supply from a distance of one to three miles, as the case may be, and as they can get it from the pond, creek, or some better supplied resident. We have positively seen a wealthy farmer drawing rain water a mile, after having allowed five times the amount he ever would have needed to run to waste immediately before his eyes; and we venture to assert that not one farmer in a hundred who has suffered from a want of water during the present year's severe drouth, has not committed a similar waste, though perhaps sometimes less in degree.

The great mass of country residents seem to have no more conception of the enormous floods of clear, pure rain water, that annually pour off the roofs of their dwellings, wood-houses, barns, sheds, and other out-buildings, than if they had never heard of such a huge watering-pot as the clouds in the sky. If all the rain which falls in both the Canadas within a year, should remain upon the surface of the earth without shrinking into it or running off, it would form an average depth of water of about three feet. In the southern states, it would be more; within the American tropics, it would amount to about ten feet; and near Bombay in Asia, to twenty-five feet.

Every inch of rain that falls on a roof, yields two barrels for each space ten feet square; and seventy-two barrels are yielded by the annual rain in this climate, on a similar surface. A barn thirty by forty feet, yields annally 864 barrels—that is, enough *for more than two barrels a day,* for every day in the year. Many of our medium landholders have, however, at least five times that amount of roofing on their farmeries and dwellings, yielding annually more than four thousand barrels of rain water, or about *twvlve barrels or one hundred and fifty ordinary pailfuls, daily.* A very small portion of this great quantity is caught in the puny and contemptable cisterns and tubs placed to catch it; but full-sized, capacious reservoirs, fit to hold this downward deluge, we know not where to find, even in a single instance!

It is true, that where a constant draught is not on a cistern, it need not hold the full year's supply—even one-sixth part, will, in general, answer, as the variations in the wet and dry seasons

do not often amount to more than the rain of two months. But allowing all this, where shall we find a cistern for a thirty-by-forty-feet barn that holds this sixth, or 170 barrels? Or one proportionately large, for a broader roof?

Now what would a large supply of water from sufficient cisterns enable the farmer to do? or rather, what might he *not* do with it?

1. In the first place, all the cattle on a farm well furnished with buildings, might obtain all the water needed for their daily use.

2. Or, if instead, the usual proportion were supplied by streams and wells, a large upper cistern would furnish all the conveniences of showering, washing, and sweeping off feculent matter, which are devived in cities from pipes and hydrants.

3. Or if large cisterns were placed in the upper part of the farm-buildings (where the space they occupy would be of little comparative value,) they would supply a fountain one-fourth of an inch in diameter, spouting fifteen feet high, for two hours every summer afternoon—the cisterns being occupied in winter.

4. In addition to supplying the fountain, they would keep up the water in a pond at the foot of the fountain, thirty feet in diameter, (or with equal surface,) and allow eight barrels to flow off daily for watering cattle or for other purpcses, during the hottest evaporating days of summer.

THE PRESERVATION OF EGGS FOR WINTER USE.

I think I can describe a new mode of preserving eggs, that is at once both cheap and roomy. It should be borne in mind, that eggs are mainly composed of albumen, mixed with a minute quanty of the salts of sulphur, phospherus, lime and magnesia. The shell consists mostly of lime. Of the whole weight, the shell constitutes about one-tenth, the white six-tenths, and the yolk three-tenths. Few animal substances are so putrescent as eggs, unless preserved with care. The shell, composed as it is mostly of lime, glued together with a trifle of animal matter, is its most natural and safe depository. Yet even the shell yields gradually to the action of the atmosphere, so that a part of the watery fluid of the egg escapes, and air occupies it place, thus injuring the quality of it.

The great secret then of preserving eggs, is to keep the interior in an unaltered state. This is best done by lime-water, in which a little common salt is infused. This constitutes a fluid perfectly indestructible by air, and one that is so allied to the nature of the shell as not to be absorbed by it, or through it into the interior of the egg. On the other hand, salt or lime, in a dry state, will act on the moisture of the egg, as will strong ashes. This plan, also, will save more eggs in a given space than any other. It will also admit of keeping them in cellars ever so damp, and, I almost said ever so foul, since nothing will be likely to act on lime-water. As eggs are very nearly of the specific gravity of water, and so near with it, I have little doubt that eggs barreled up tightly, in lime-water, could be tranported as safely as pork.

Lime-water may be made in the most careless manner. Seven hundred pounds of water will dissolve one pound of lime. A pint of lime, therefore, thrown into a barrel of water, is enough, while ten times as much can do no hurt, and all will not alter the strength of it. The salt, which I do not deem very important, should be put in a very small quantity, say a quart to a barrel. All are aware, that a very large quantity of salt may be dissolved in water. Brine, strong enough for pork, would undoubtedly hurt eggs.

Having made your lime-water, in barrels, if you are a merchant, and in stone-pots if you are a smrll honse-holder, drop your eggs on the top of the water, when they will settle down safely. It is probably important that no bad egg go in, as it is supposed by some that they would injure others. To test your eggs put them in clean water, rejecting all that rise. A better remedy is to look at them through a tube—say a roll of paper, by daylight, or hold them between your eyes and a good candle by night. If the eggs are fresh, they will in either case, look transparent. If they are a little injured, they will look darkish. If much injured, they will look entirely dark.

Eggs, well put up and kept in this manner, will keep, I cannot tell how long, but until they are much more plenty and cheap than at present, quite long enough.

Leached ashes well dried, and even grain, have kept eggs very well, in my experience, but no method is so cheap and obvious as the lime-water. As lime absorbs carbonic acid slowly, and thus becomes insoluble, so almost any lime though slacked for months, will answer the purpose. Lime-water, permitted to stand still, will immediately be covered with transparent film. This is the lime of the water uniting with the carbonic acid of the atmosphere, and returning to the state of lime-stone, and does not hurt the eggs.

I send you this long accouut of a small thing, not because it is new, but because many people forget old and familiar things. C. E. GOODRICH.

SALE OF EARL DUCIE'S SHORT HORNS.

The stock of the late Earl Ducie of Gloucestershire, England, has recently been sold at auction, at prices unprecedented in the record of cattle sales, excepting the recent Kentucky sale. The animals sold comprise some of the purest blood in the kingdom, and a considerable number were purchased by American gentlemen.

The Short-Horn herd, consisting of sixty-two lots, realized close upon ten thousand pounds, making an average of upwards of one hundred and fifty pounds each animal. The direct Duchess animals stood highest in the sale, which, it will be recollected are descended from the herd of the late Thomas Bates. A red four year old cow, (Duchess 64) was sold for six hundred guineas to Mr. Thorne of Duchess Co.; a roan heifer, three years old (Duchess 66) was bought by Col. Morris for seven hundred guineas. A heifer calf of the latter, some six or seven weeks old, brought three hundred and ten guineas—a heifer and her calf selling for more than a thousand guineas. The following animals were purchased by American breeders:

BULLS.—*Duke of Gloucester*, red: calved Sept. 14, 1850; got by Grand Duke; dam Duchess 59, for 650 guineas to Mr. Tanqueray, Col. Morris and Mr. Becar of New York.

Fourth Duke of York, roan, calved Dec. 22, 1846; got by 2d Duke of Oxford; dam Duchess 51, for 500 guineas to Mr. Bell for Gen. Cadwallader of Philadelphia. Thirteen bulls and bull calves brought £2,494 16s. being an average of £191 18s. each—$926.

Cows and Heifers.—*Duchess* 66, rich roan, calved Oct. 25, 1850, got by 4th Duke of York, for 700 guineas to Col. Morris, President N. Y. S. Ag. Society. *Duchess* 59, roan, calved Nov. 21, 1847, got by 2d Duke of Oxford, for 350 guineas to Jonathan Thorne of Dutchess county. *Duchess* 64, red, calved Aug. 10, 1849, got by 2d Duke of Oxford, for 600 guineas to Mr. Thorne. *Duchess* 68, red, calved Sept. 13, 1852, got by Duke of Gloucester, for 300 guineas to Mr. Thorne.

There were 49 cows and calves sold, which brought £6,867, making an average of £140 2s. 10d. each, upwards of $680.

On the following day the sale of sheep took place. Eighteen pure Southdown rams and ram lambs brought £326 10s.; 79 lots of ewes, wethers and wether lambs, £2,176 5s.—together, £2,502 15s.

The Cochin Chinas followed. The 64 lots realized £340 4s. "Sir Robert," the celebrated prize bird, fetching 27 guineas; Lord Ducie gave 40 guineas for him in February last.

HIGHER PRICE STILL.

The Mark Lane Express of Sept. 5, states that Mr. Thorne of Dutchess Co., has purchased the celebrated bull "Grand Duke," of Mr. Bolden, near Lancaster, for the large sum of $5,000. This bull was purchased by Mr. B. at the great Kirkleavington sale of Mr. Bates' Short Horns. He was the sire of the "Duke of Gloucester" and "Dutchess 66," alluded to above as having been purchased by Col. Morris and others.

A FEW HINTS ON BUDDING, OR INOCULATION.

Budding or *inoculation*, is one of the most general, and, in this country, by far the most important method of summer propagation. This operation consists in removing a bud from the variety to be propagated, and inserting it on another which is called the stock. Its success depends upon the following conditions—In the first place, there must be a certain degree of affinity between the stock and the parent plant from which we propose to propagate. Thus, among fruit trees, the apple crab, pear, quince, mespilus, and mountain ash, all belong to the same natural family, and work upon each other. The plum, apricot, nectarine, peach, and almond, form another natural division, and work upon each other. The cherry must be worked upon some kind of cherry, and currants and gooseberries go together. In general practice the apple is worked either upon apple seedlings, which are called free stocks, or upon the doucain or paradise, which are dwarf growing species, and are used for the purpose of making small trees. The pear is worked either upon pear seedlings, which are called free stocks, or upon the quince, to make dwarfs; occasionally it is worked upon the mountain ash and thorn. But it must be borne in mind that while all varieties succeed on the pear seedling, a certain number fail entirely on the other stocks we have named. Lists of such as succeed particularly well on the quince will be found in any practical work on the subject. The cherry is worked either upon seedlings of what is known as the mazzard, a small, black, sweet cherry, that forms a very large robust tree; or, for dwarfs, on the Mahaleb, or perfumed cherry, which is a small tree with bitter fruit, about as large as a common pea.

In the second place, the buds must be in a proper state. The shoot, or scion budded from, must be the present season's growth, and it should be mature—that is, it should have completed its growth, which is indicated by the formation of a bud on the point, called the *terminal bud*, and the buds inserted should all be wood buds. On a shoot of this kind there are a number of buds unsuitable for working; those, at the base, being but partially developed, are liable to becoms *dormant*, and those on the point, where the wood is pithy, perish. The ripening, or maturing of the buds, must regulote the period of budding, so that the time at which any given tree, or class of trees should be worked, depends upon the season, the soil, and other circumstances which control the ripening of wood. In our climate, plums usually complete their growth earlier than other fruit trees, and are, therefore, budded first; we usually have ripe buds by the middle of July. In some cases, when the stocks are likely to stop growing early, it becomes necessary to take the buds before the entire shoots have completed their growth, and then the ripe buds from the middle and lower parts are chosen. Cherries come next, and are generally worked about the first of August. The buds *must* be mature, or a failure will be certain.

In the third place, the stock must be in the right condition—that is, the bark must lift freely and cleanly from the wood, and there must be a sufficient quantity of sap between the bark and wood to sustain the inserted bud and form a union with it. Stocks, such as the common sorts of plum, pear, and cherry, that finish their growth early, must be worked early; while such as the peach, quince, wild or native plum, mahaleb cherry, &c., that grow late, must be worked late. If these stocks that grow freely till late in the autumn be budded early, the buds will be either covered—*drowned*, as it is technically called—by the rapid formation of new woody substance, or they will be forced out into a premature growth.

A very great degree of sappiness, in either the stock or bud, makes up in part for the dryness of the other. Thus, in the fall, when plum buds are quite dry, we can work them successfully on stocks that are growing rapidly. This is a very fortunate circumstance, too. Young stocks with a smooth, clean bark, are more easily and successfully worked than older ones, and when it happens that the latter have to be used, young parts of them should be chosen to insert the bud on.

In localities where buds are liable to injury from freezing and thawing in the winter, the buds are safer on the north side of the stock, and when exposed to danger from wind, they should be inserted on the side facing that the most dangerous wind blows from. Attention to this point may

obviate the necessity of tying up, which, in large practice, is an item of some moment.

In the fourth place, the manual operation must be performed with neatness and despatch. If a bud be taken off with ragged edges, or if it be ever so slightly bruised, or if the bark of the stock be not lifted clean without bruising the wood under it, the case will certainly be a failure. The budding-knife must be thin and sharp. A rough edged razor is no more certain to make a painful shave, than a rough-edged budding knife is to make an unsuccessful bud. It takes a good knife, a steady hand, and considerable practice to cut off buds handsomely, well, and quick. As to taking out the particle of wood attached to the bud, it matters little, if the cut be good, and not too deep. In taking out the wood, great care is necessary to saving the root of the entire bud with it. Then, when the bud is in its place, it must be well tied up. Nice, smooth, soft strips of bark, like narrow ribbons, are the best and most convenient in common use.

Mrs. Grundy.—I'll not detain you very long, but before I begin, I would like to introduce to your notice, gentlemen, a new book which has just come out in New York, and is, I think, worthy of your notice—for although I particularly dislike the style in which Yankee ladies dress, still the manner in which the book has been got up deserves praise. The book, I mean, is the "Monitor of Fashion," published in New York, at 130 Broadway, by Scott. The illustrations are by Count Calix and Jules David, and are, I think, superior to the "World of Fashion," however, I'll not detain you. (*Reads:*)

OBSERVATIONS ON PARISIAN FASHIONS.

Our various *Artistes de Modes* are now engaged on the invention of novelties for the approaching Winter Season; our plate for the next month will be for the commencement of the Winter.

For dresses, silk and satins are taking the place of lighter materials; silk for the promenade have three, four, and even five flounces, generally *à disposition: basquine* and jacket bodies are still in favour, they are much worn with *révers*, forming a collar at the back, and narrowing to a point at waist in front.

Scarfs and *mantelettes* in embroidered muslin, *taffetas* aud satin are still worn.

For young ladies and children, silk and poplin skirts, worn with either fulled muslin bodies, or embroidered jacket bodies, are still in favour. Sleeves are worn very wide below the elbow, and rather short; some are rounded to the bend of the arm in front, others left open at the back; with these sleeves, the large *bouillon* under-slseve with deep ruffles falling over the hand is the most in favour for the promenade.

Bonnets continue to be worn far back on the head, but are closer at the sides.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

One of the most distinguished of our fashionable milliners has just received from Paris several elegant bonnets.

Among these bonnets there is one composed entirely of pink satin ribbon, separated by puffings of white blonde. On each side of the bonnet there is a tuft of white marabouts spotted with pink. Small feathers of the same description form the under-trimming at each side of the face; these have a most becoming effect. A bonnet in the same style has been made of blue silk; the ruches separated by black lace, and the feathers blue spotted with black. The under-trimming of this last-mentioned bonnet consists of black feather foliage, intermingled with loops of blue ribbons, and a few small white flowers.

Another bonnet, forming part of the same assortment, is of a very distingué character, and is destined for a showy and beautiful *brunette*. It is of jonquille colour, tulle and satin in alternate bouillonnés. On one side a bouquet of flowers, which may be either white hyacinths or roses of jonquille colour, with leaves of white blonde. This sort of foliage imparts charming lightness and elegance to the bouquet. In the under-trimming, the blonde leaves, without flowers, are intermingled with *bouchettes*, or long curled ends of narrow jonquille coloured gauze ribbon.

We must not omit to notice two bonnets, entirely white, and composed of silk, satin, and blonde; the materials being mingled together with exquisite taste. On one side, bows formed of a combination of the same materials, form an ornament more simple and not less elegant than either flowers or feathers. A bonnet of pansy-coloured satin is ornamented with bouquets of heart's-ease made of velvet and encircled by black lace. A demi-voilette is sewed to the edge of the front of the bonnet; an old fashion, which has lately been partially revived.

We have had an opportunity of inspecting a variety of charming novelties in head-dresses. Some are made of gold ribbon and velvet; others of gauze ribbon, embroidered with gold, silver, and silk, of variegated colours. These are, of course, intended for full evening dress. Others, of a more simple character, but not less pretty, consists of points of blonde or black lace, with lappets, and ornamented with various kinds of ribbon. Plaided ribbons are much employed for trimming caps of this description, and they have a very pretty and showy effect. *Fanchons*, or half-handkerchief caps of lace, are almost always edged with pointed vandykes. In front, the points hang downward on the upper part of the head; and at the back, the intervals between the points are filled up by small coques of ribbon.

For children's dresses, chequered patterns enjoy the highest share of fashionable favour. These patterns are in various colours—as pink and white, blue and white, &c. For a little girl, of five or six years of age, a very neat dress may consist of a skirt of chequered foulard, with narnow flounces, ascending nearly to the height of the waist. The flounces may be scalloped and edged with braid of the colour of the chequers. A casaque, or loose jacket of white muslin, trimmed with Valenciennes lace; or in lieu of the casaque a canezou, fitting closely to the waist at the back and in front, and trimmed with needlework or Valenciennes. Pagoda sleeves, gathered up by bows of pink or blue ribbon. A round garden hat, of Leghorn or broad straw, trimmed with ribbon, completes this costume.

Doctor.—And now for chess, and then to supper, with what appetites ye may.

CHESS.

CHAPTER II.—THE HISTORY OT THE GAME.

Several writers, distinguished in literature and criticism, have given to the world many erroneous and fabulous accounts of the invention of this game, and to support their favorite theory have written many learned disquisitions as to its origin, &c. Certain, however, it is, that a game somewhat similar to our "Royal game of Chess" was practiced in ancient times. It is clear that chess was not known to the Greeks or Romans: indeed, it is commonly supposed not to have been introduced into Europe till the time of the Crusades; but this supposition is incorrect.

The first western authors who have spoken of this noble game, are the old writers of romance; these represent the Saracens to be very expert at this mimic warfare. Sir William Jones and Dr. Hyde favor the claim of the Brahmins of India, and adduce the testimony of certain ancient writers on chess in the Sanscrit. The elephant, which holds a place in the game (the Rook now occupying its place) is also a proof of its Indian origin. The Chinese call chess the game of the Elephant, and say that they had it from the Indians.

It is said that a philosopher, who lived during the reign of a very able but despotic and cruel sovereign, invented this game in order to show him that if a people were disabled by the loss of their king, a sovereign is equally unable to do do without his subjects. The reasoning had its desired effect, and from that time the monarch became as gentle as he was just, and as magnanimous as he was powerful.

It is supposed to have been first brought into Persia from the west of India, during the sixth century; and its progress from Persia into Arabia plainly appears from the number of Persian words only used by the Arabs in this game. With the Arabians it came into Spain, and, in the eleventh century it was brought into England by the French.

It appears to have been immemorially known in Hindostan under the uame of *Chaturanga*, that is, the four *angas*, or members of an army. Through a variety of corruptions, this significant term was changed in the Brahminical dialect into *axedraz*, *sacchi*, *echecs*, *chess;* and by a strange concurrence of circumstances, has given rise to the English word *check*, and even a name to the *Exchequer* of Great Britain; the chequers of a chess-board being called in the phraseology of the scientific, the *Exchequer* or *Field of Battle.*

However, as our diminutive chapters are not intended for those antiquarians who delight in conjecture and find amusement in dry detail, we will now leave the question of its invention to those authors who have more pages to spare, and greater abilities for following out the inquiry.

Our next chapter we will devote to a short account of the principal chess authors, ancient and modern.

ENIGMAS.

No. 10. *By Mr. Grimshaw.*

WHITE—K at Q Kt sq.; B at K B sq.; Kts at K B 4th and Q 4th.

BLACK—K at Q 8th; Ps at Q 6th and 7th.

White to play and mate in three moves.

No. 11. *By R. B. W.*

WHITE—K at Q R 6th; Q at her sq.; R at K R 7th; B at Q R 2d; Kt at K 8th; Ps at Q 5th and Q B 3d.

BLACK—K at Q B 4th; Q at K B 7th; B at K B sq.; Ps at K B 5th, K 2d, Q 3d, and Q Kt 4th.

White to play and mate in three moves.

No. 12. *By Mr. J. Walker.*

WHITE—K at K R 5th; B at Q Kt 6th; Kts at K Kt 5th and Q 4th; Ps at K 3d and 5th, and Q Kt 3d.

BLACK—K at Q 4th.

White to play and mate in three moves.

No. 13. *By C. M. J.*

WHITE—K at Q Kt 2d; R at Q sq.; B at Q R 4th; Ps at K 2d and Q R 3d.

BLACK—K at Q B 5th; Ps at K 4th, Q B 4th, and Q R 2d.

White to play and mate in four moves.

No. 14. *By Judy.*

WHITE—K at K 4th; R at K 3d; B at K 8th; Kt at K B 5th; P at K R 4th.

BLACK—K at K 3d; Ps at K R 3d, K 2d, and Q 3d.

White to play and mate in four moves.

The following game was published a few years since as being the briefest on record, and occurred in actual play at the Cafè de la Regence in Paris between M. M. X. and Y.:—

WHITE (M. X.)	BLACK (M. Y.)
1. K P two.	K P two.
2. Q to K R 5th.	K B P one. (*This being what is called an "impossible move," because it exposes his K to the Ch. of his adverse Q, he is obliged to play his K.*) K to his 2nd.
3. Q tks K P mate!	

The intoxication of anger, like that of the grape, shows us to others, but hides us from ourselves.

That charity is bad which takes from independence its proper pride, from mendicity its salutary shame.

Wholesome sentiment is like rain, which makes the daily fields of life fresh and odorous.

THE

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VOL. III.—TORONTO: DECEMBER, 1853.—No. 6.

HISTORY OF THE WAR

BETWEEN GREAT BRITAIN AND THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,

DURING THE YEARS 1812, 1813, AND 1814.

CHAPTER XI.—(*Continued.*)

Col. Clark's letter.

Col. Clark's letter, taken in connection with our previous remarks, will show the loss of so many stores actually necessary to the vitality of the American army,* as must have considerably added to the perplexities of the war party at Washington, increasing, as it did, the drainage on the resources of a young country, with a public chest by no means overflowing, and a commerce as effectually suspended as if their whole mercantile marine

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Chippewa,
July 12th, 1813.

*SIR,—I have the honor to report to you, for the information of Major-general de Rottenburg, that the detachment under the command of Lieutenant-colonel Bisshopp, consisting of a detachment of royal artillery, under Lieutenant Armstrong, forty of the King's regiment, under Lieutenant Barstow, one hundred of the 41st, under Captain Saunders, forty of the 49th, under Lieutenant Fitz-Gibbon, and about forty of the 2nd and 3rd Lincoln Militia, embarked at two o'clock on the morning of the 11th instant, to attack the enemy's batteries at Black Rock.

The detachment landed half an hour before day-light, without being perceived, and immediately proceeded to attack the batteries, which they carried with little opposition; the enemy heard the firing at their advanced posts, and immediately retreated with great precipitation to Buffalo.

The block-houses, barracks, and navy-yard, with one large schooner, were burnt; and such of the public stores as could be got off were taken possession of, and carried across the river by the troops. Before the whole of the stores were taken away, the enemy advanced, having been reinforced by a considerable body of Indians, whom they posted in the woods on their flanks and in their advance; they were gallantly opposed by the whole of the troops; but finding the Indians could not be driven from the adjoining woods without our sustaining a very great loss, it was deemed prudent to retreat to the boats, and the troops re-crossed the river under a heavy fire.

I am extremely sorry to add, Lieutenant-colonel Bisshopp fell, severely wounded, on our retreat to the boats; fortunately the detachment did not suffer from it, everything having been arranged and completed previous to his receiving his wounds.

Enclosed are the returns of killed, wounded, and missing, with the exception of those of the 49th regiment and militia, which have not yet been received.

I have also enclosed the returns of the ordnance, and other stores captured.

I have the honor to be, &c.
THOMAS CLARK,
Lieut.-col. 2d Lincoln militia.

To Lieut-col. Harvey,
Deputy Ad.-gen.

Return of killed, wounded, and missing, on the morning of the 11th instant.

July 13th, 1813.

Total—13 privates killed; 1 inspecting field-officer, 1 Lieutenant-colonel, 1 Captain, 1 Sergeant, 1 Corporal, 19 Privates, wounded; 6 Privates missing.

JOHN HARVEY,
Lieut.-col. D. A. gen.

Return of ordnance destroyed and captured from the enemy at Black Rock, July 12th, 1813.

Total—4 guns, 177 English and French muskets, 1 3-pounder travelling carriage, 6 ammuni-

had been swept away. Still this success† may be considered to have been dearly purchased by Bisshopp's death. Young and indefatigable in his duties, to his active co-operation much of General Vincent's successful attempts‡ to enclose General Dearborn and his army within the limits of Fort George, may be ascribed.

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tion kegs, a small quantity of round and case shot, (quantity not yet known.)

Taken and destroyed.

Two iron 12-pounders, 2 iron 9-pounders.

R. S. ARMSTRONG,
Lieut.-col. R. A.

Return of stores, &c., &c., captured at, and brought from, Black Rock, on the 14th July, 1813.

One hundred and twenty-three barrels of salt, 46 barrels of whiskey, 11 barrels of flour, 1 barrel of tar, 2 large bales of blankets, (about 200,) 70 large blankets, loose, 5 casks of clothing; 3 cases, containing 396 soldiers' caps, 16 bars of iron, 1 bar of steel, 1 side sole leather, 7 sides of upper leather, (some of them marked serjeant Fitzgerald, 41st regiment, and taken from Fort Erie, to be returned to the 41st regiment,) 7 large batteaux, 1 large scow.

THOS. CLARK,
Lieut.-col. 2d Lincoln Militia.

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†Sir,—I presume that you are willing to award honor to whom honor is due, and I therefore address you to make a small addition to your account of the attack made under Col. Bisshopp on Black Rock. Col. Fitzgibbon has long been known in Canada in both a civil and military capacity, and if he were now present he would be able to give you much interesting and valuable information. At the time of this attack he was a Lieutenant in the 49th, and his daring spirit and energy of character was well known to the whole army. General Vincent had placed him in command of a sort of independent company of Rangers. Volunteers from the different regiments were asked for, and strange to say, so many men of *other regiments* offered that it was difficult to decide who should be permitted to go from the numerous young subs desirous of joining him; he selected his friend Lieut. Winder of the 49th, now Dr. Winder, Librarian to the House of Assembly at Quebec. Volunteer D. A. McDonell of the 8th. Volunteer Augustus Thompson of the 49th, and another youngster of the 49th, were permitted as a great favor to join his corps. We were all dressed in green uniform made from clothing which had been captured from the enemy; we called ourselves "Fitzgibbon's green 'uns." We were the first to cross the river on the expedition in question, and Fitzgibbon pushed on so expeditiously, that the block-house was in our possession long before Col. Bisshopp was ready to move forward. For this piece of impertinence we were repaid by being sent on in advance without any breakfast to watch the enemy near Buffalo, while the army was employed in carrying off the stores. As soon as this had been accomplished we were ordered to return and cover the re-embarkation. Col. Bisshopp, who appeared nettled at not having been in front during the advance, seemed now determined to be the last in retiring.

We had all embarked unmolested, but scarcely had we pushed off from the shore, e'er the enemy's Indians commenced firing on us from the bank, to which, unperceived by us, they had crawled. For the Green 'uns to disembark and drive the enemy to the woods required but a few minutes, but we were not fairly seated in the boats again, before the attack was renewed by the Indians, reinforced by the American advance guard. Out we all leaped a second time, and Nichie and his backers were glad to take shelter in the bush again. We now found that we had "Cotched a Tartar"—Porter with his whole force was upon us. "Sauve qui peut," was now the cry, and as a matter of course the rush to the boats was a very devil take the hindmost affair. In the confusion, some oars in the boat in which Col. Bisshopp embarked, were lost overboard, and she drifted down the stream, while the enemy followed on the bank firing into her. The gallant Bisshopp, the darling of the army, received his death wound; never was any officer, save always the lamented Brock, regretted more than he was.

All the fighting on this occasion was done by the Green 'uns, and if any merit be due, Fitzgibbon is entitled to it. In conclusion, I may as well add, that a part of the "Greens" were over at Fort Schlosser, commanded by Lt. Winder, in Col. Clark's expedition; in truth Winder commanded. On the day following the attack on Schlosser, a large detachment crossed from Buffalo, and the remainder of Fitzgibbon's corps, about twenty-five in number, under Thompson, attacked them. They made a running fight of it of three miles before they reached their boats and got off.

I am, yours,
A GREEN 'UN.

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‡Sir,—To your account of the battle of Stony Creek I would like to add a few particulars which may not prove uninteresting to your readers, and you will find that they differ a little from your account of the surprise.

At eleven o'clock at night the Light Company and Grenadiers of the 49th were under arms; every flint was taken out and every charge was drawn. Shortly after we moved on in sections, left in front, the Light Company leading the way towards the enemy's camp. I had been driven in that afternoon from Stony Creek, and was well acquainted with the ground. The cautious silence observed was most painful; not a whisper was permitted; even our footsteps were not allowed to be heard; I shall never forget the agony caused to the senses by the stealthiness with which we proceeded to the midnight slaughter. I was not aware that any other force accompanied us than the grenadiers, and when we approached near the Creek, I ventured to whisper to Col. Harvey, "We are close to the enemy's camp, Sir;" "Hush! I know it," was his

This affair, too, led to the Americans throwing off the mask, and, after all the vituperations so freely lavished on the British, making use of the same "savage arm of the service" which they had so bitterly and unceasingly condemned.

In describing the British retreat to their boats, we purposely italicised, in our enumeration of the attacking bodies, the words *some Indians*, in order to direct the reader's attention to the fact that the American Government had called in to their assistance, along the shores of the Niagara, "the ruthless ferocity of the merciless savages," (for this expression see History of the United States, vol. 3, page 228.) The plea for this was the invasion of the United States territory, ("*the pollution of a free soil by tyrant governed slaves*,") but it did not perhaps strike Mr. O'Connor that this admission must sanction on the part of the British an alliance with Indians, also—inasmuch as General Hull had set the example of invasion. The Americans appeared certainly as liberators, but, then, the Canadians were so blind to their interests as not to perceive the blessings of freedom which Hull's proclamation held out; hence the Indian alliance.

Indian alliance. Reasons assigned for forming it.

When the public journalists of one nation have been collectively descanting on a particular enormity observable in the course of action pursued by another, should that particular course be adopted by the party previously condemning it? It then becomes the duty of the historian to seek into the reasons for the change, and to ascertain either the *cause* or the *apology*.

We have already shown that, from the ruthless character of the border warfare which had so long been waged between the Americans and Indians, it was hopeless to expect that they would at once bury the hatchet, and, along with it, the recollection of all the wrongs and cruelties inflicted on them. It became, therefore, the policy of the Government, seeing that their own past, "ruthless ferocity" precluded any hope of alliance, to prevent the British from seeking that co-operation and friendship denied to themselves. Hence Hull's first proclamation, and the subsequent tirades against "savage warfare," &c.

We have, also, already shown that, inasmuch as Hull's invasion of Western Canada preceded the occupation of, or incursions into, the American territory, Mr. O'Connor's plea,

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reply. Shortly after a sentry challenged sharply; Lieut. Danford and the leading section rushed forward and killed him with their bayonets; his bleeding corpse was cast aside and we moved on with breathless caution. A second challenge—who comes there?—another rush and the poor sentinel is transfixed, but his agonized dying groans alarmed a third who stood near the watch-fire; he challenged, and immediately fired and fled. We all rushed forward upon the sleeping guard; few escaped; many awoke in another world. The excitement now became intense; the few who had escaped fired as they ran and aroused the sleeping army. All fled precipitately beyond the Creek, leaving their blankets and knapsacks behind.

Our troops deployed into line, and halted in the midst of the camp fires, and immediately began to replace their flints. This, though not a *very* lengthy operation, was one of intense anxiety, for the enemy now opened a most terrific fire, and many a brave fellow was laid low. We could only see the flash of the enemy's firelocks, while we were perfectly visible to them, standing, as we did, in the midst of their camp fires. It was a grand and beautiful sight. No one who has not witnessed a night engagement can form any idea of the awful sublimity of the scene. The first volley from the enemy coming from a spot as "dark as Erebus" seemed like the bursting forth of a volcano. Then again all was dark and still, save the moans of the wounded, the confused click! click! noise made by our men in adjusting their flints, and the ring of the enemy's ramrods in re-loading. Again the flash and roar of the musketry, the whistling of the bullets and the crash of the cannon—"Chaos has come again." The anxious moments (hours in imagination) have passed; the tremblingly excited hands of our men have at last fastened their flints; the comparatively merry sound of the ramrod tells that the charge is driven home; soon the fire is returned with animation; the sky is illumined with continued flashes; after a sharp contest and some changes of position, our men advance in a body and the enemy's troops retire. There were many mistakes made in this action, the two greatest were removing the men's flints and halting in the midst of the camp fires, this is the reason why the loss of the enemy was less than ours, their wounds were mostly made by our bayonets. The changes of position by different portions of each army, in the dark, accounts for the fact of prisoners having been made by both parties. I must give the enemy's troops great credit for having recovered from their confusion, and for having shewn a bold front so very soon after their having been so suddenly and completely surprised.

Yours,

A 49TH MAN.

"The invasion of New York State," cannot be considered tenable; we must, therefore, look further for the cause of this "unnatural alliance with savages."* Mr. Thomson† declares that it was done "by way of intimidating the British and the Indians, as by the Americans incorporating into their armies, the same kind of force, the habitual stratagems of the savages would be counteracted, and their insidious hostilities defeated," and yet, oddly enough, adds, "in the hope, too, of preventing a recurrence of previous barbarities." Smith,‡ by way of proving this, we suppose, cites the following remarkable instance:—

"Of the influence of a cultivated people," writes Dr. Smith, "whose manners and religion the savages respect, to induce them to resign their inhuman treatment of their prisoners, Major Chappin gave an instructive example immediately after uniting his force with the warriors of the Six Nations. A corps, composed of volunteer militia and of these Indians, had completely put to rout a party of the enemy in the vicinity of Fort George. In a council held before the conflict (for all things must be done among them by common consent), the Indians, by his advice, agreed amongst themselves, besides the obligation of their general treaty, which they recognized, that no one should scalp or tomahawk prisoners, or employ towards them any species of savage inhumanity. Accordingly, after the battle, sixteen wounded captives were committed solely to their management, when, governed by a sacred regard to their covenant, and the benevolent advice of their commander, they exhibited as great magnanimity towards their fallen enemy, as they had shown bravery against their foes in battle."

We can easily understand James's astonishment that any American writer should have been found to promulgate the fact that sixteen British captives, writhing under the anguish of their yet bleeding wounds, were, by the orders of an American officer, "committed solely to the management" of a party of hostile Indians, to determine, by way of experiment, whether those *ruthless savages*,‖ that *faithless and perfidious race* would listen to the *advice* of their white and civilised brethren; and to ascertain whether *the influence of a cultivated people* would impose any restraints upon the known habits of Indian warfare. The artful advice to an infuriated mob who had just secured their victim, "Do not nail his ears to the pump," fades in comparison with this example of American feeling for their prisoners. After the battle of the Miami, when the British guard (see chapter nine) in charge of the American prisoners, were overpowered, and some of them killed and wounded in defence of the helpless captives committed to their charge, when forty Americans fell victims to the fury of the Indians, the whole Union resounded with the most exaggerated accounts of British perfidy and cruelty.* This outcry, too, was raised only on the unconfirmed statements of the American press, yet here have we found one of these same historians gravely chronicling an experiment, as to whether the Indians would act the part of good Samaritans, or scalp and otherwise torture their victims. Torture to the feelings of the captives, it must, under all circumstances, have been; a wanton sporting with the fears of his prisoners on the part of the American officer. James expresses himself very strongly on this subject. "Happily, amidst all that has been invented by the hirelings of the American Government, to rouse the passions of the people and gain over to their side the good wishes of other nations, no British officer stands charged with a crime half so heinous as that recorded to have been committed by the American Major Chappin." It is clear from this passage that James, at any rate, does not attribute the American alliance with the Indians to the desire to render less horrible or cruel the warfare of the red men.

Lieutenant Eldridge's massacre.

Another reason has been assigned, and we will investigate its probability. We will begin

* History of the War

† Sketches of the War.

‡ History of the United States.

‖ We carefully employ none but the terms taught us by American writers.

* In our account of the slaughter of Col. Dudley and his party, we adopted Major Richardson's version of the matter (although bearing more hardly on the British), in preference to James's, in which the affair is thus described—"Colonel Dudley and his detachment were drawn into an ambuscade by a body of Indians, stationed in the woods. Here fell the Colonel and the greater part of his men."

with Mr. Thomson's statement.* On the 8th of July Lieutenant Eldridge, of the 13th regiment, was ordered to the support of some American pickets with a detachment of some forty men. In the execution of this service he fell into an ambuscade, and, after a hard contest, his party, with the exception of five, were cut to pieces, by the superior force of *British* and Indians. These five prisoners along with the wounded were then, (according to Mr. Thomson,) "inhumanly murdered," and their persons so savagely mutilated that, "the most temperate recital of the enemy's conduct would, perhaps, scarcely obtain belief." Mr. Thomson here dwells at some length on the atrocities perpetrated—"split skulls," and "torn out hearts," forming part of his catalogue of horrors—he then adds, "Lieutenant Eldridge was supposed to have experienced the same fate."

What were the real facts of this case? Some stores of which the British were in particular want, had been left concealed, at the time of the retreat from Fort George, at a spot not far from an American outpost. The Indian chief Black Bird having been informed of the exigencies of the case, volunteered to bring them into the camp, and he accordingly departed on his expedition with some one hundred and fifty of his warriors. In the performance of his undertaking Lieutenant Eldridge and his party were encountered and captured. After the American officer had surrendered, he drew forth a concealed pistol and shot one of the chiefs, in whose charge he was, through the head, endeavouring to make his escape, for this act of treachery Lieut. Eldridge very deservedly lost his life, and to those who are cognizant of the Indian character it will not appear strange that some of his party should have also paid the penalty of their officer's perfidy. Not one British or Canadian was present on this occasion, (this is proved by Mr. O'Connor himself, in his account,† in which he no where alludes to the British,) yet, Mr. Thomson's rabid feelings have induced him to cite this act of cruelty on the part of the British as a cause for the Indian alliance.

A reference to dates will further disprove Mr. Thomson's statements. "This "act of cruelty" was perpetrated on the 8th of July, now the declaration of war by the six nations of Indians was made three days antecedent, and could not therefore have been occasioned by this "case of barbarity."

Declaration of War, by the Six Nations of Indians.

"We, the chiefs and counsellors of the Six Nations of Indians, residing in the State of New York, do hereby proclaim to all the war-chiefs and warriors of the Six Nations, that war is declared on our part against the Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada. Therefore, we do hereby command and advise all the war-chiefs to call forth the warriors under them, and put them in motion, to protect their rights and liberties, which our brethren the Americans, are now defending.—*By the Grand Counsellors.*"

Real causes of alliance.

It would have been far more honest had American writers come boldly forward and justified, on their real grounds, the alliance which they had all along desired to form. They would have been then spared the trouble of inventing, and the disgrace of circulating, all those marvellous tales which disgrace their pages. The credit of being foremost amongst the ranks of these modern Baron Munchausens is certainly due to the government organ, in which the "*Head of the English Church*" is first vehemently denounced as an "ally of hell-hound murderers," and then contrasted with the United States Government. "From the organization of the governmant of the United States, the constant care of every administration has been to better the condition of the Indian tribes, and preserve profound peace with them. Such is the spirit of our republican institutions. We never began a war with them, or placed the tomahawk in their hands. When the British, in alliance with them, ravaged our frontier and committed murders, until then, unheard of, *we advised* this restless *people to peace*, and resisted their importunity to retaliate on the enemy the wrongs they had inflicted. They have been *sometimes employed as spies or guides but in no other capacity.* At this moment (April 1813) the United States could let loose on the British in Canada, upwards of one thousand Indian warriors, impatient for the field of battle, thirsting for blood. But

* James quotes this case, also, in his history.

† History of the War, page 106.

the same policy prevails; they are retained by force, or persuaded, or pensioned to remain quiet." What a glorious contrast.

It would appear, however, that the Americans discovered that there is a limit beyond which human patience can no further go—hence the expediency of employing them as a means of counteracting the wiles and stratagems of the hostile tribes, and of gradually instilling into their savage minds the lessons of moderation and christian forbearance. Would it not have been far more honest, we repeat, to have frankly admitted, that by representations, and presents, the object of the Americans had been gained, and that some of the Indian tribes had, forgetting past wrongs, rallied under the American standard. This, however, would not have suited the purposes of the American government, which was, even at the time of completing the treaty with the Indians, meditating farther treachery and violence against the hapless and persecuted red man. At the very time of the completion of the treaty, the government organ writes: "*It appears as though the extermination of the faithless race was indispensable to our safety. We have evidences of their ferocity that it would be criminal to forget.*" What follows is even more at variance with the lessons of moderation and forbearance which the humane and considerate commanders of the American army had it so at heart to inculcate. "In the nature of things it will be impossible for them to defend themselves, nor can Great Britain give any security by treaty. She may abandon or support as policy dictates. Thus the time is at hand when they will be swept away from the face of the country as with the besom of destruction." We can scarcely believe that any one who reads the above, can be at a loss to account for the inveterate and determined hostility evinced by the Indians towards the Americans. Most unfortunately for the case of moderation, and so forth, which American writers are so desirous of establishing, Niles *Register* institutes a comparison between the use of the Indians by the British as analogous to the use of blood hounds in Cuba by the Spaniards,* a most unfortunate comparison, as in Mrs. Stowe's late work (the world wide known Uncle Tom's Cabin.) '*Proh! pudor!*' the enlightened Americans of the present day are represented as following the same atrocious customs with reference too, not to their enemies, but to those in whom nature has implanted the same burning desire for freedom which we presume inflamed the breasts of a Washington, a Jackson, or a Lawrence.

This digression is, perhaps, scarcely relevant to our subject, but when we find such atrocious paragraphs in American books, professing to be "Historical Registers," we feel bound to retort the calumnies and fix the stigma of cruelty on the nation to which it more properly belongs, "The United States."

American writers may place what colouring they please on this alliance, and may assign any reason they think proper—but the real fact of the case stands thus—the capture of York, the occupation of Fort Erie and Fort George, and Proctor's withdrawal of his forces from the territory of Michigan, gave an appearance of reality to the vapouring and gasconade of the Americans, and enabled them to hold out such reasonable hopes of conquest or plunder as were sufficient to overbalance that deadly animosity which was the most natural feeling for every Indian to cherish, to whom memory had not been denied.

General Clay's Manifesto.

We omitted, in our account of General Clay's defeat at the Miami, to introduce the manifesto issued by him previous to that action. It will, however, serve here as an illustration of the lesson of moderation inculcated by the American Commanders. It will be remembered that General Clay's army met with precisely the same fate as their butchered brethren whom they were burning with haste to avenge.

General Orders.

Soldiers, You are now about to leave the shores of Kentucky—Many of you can boast that she gave you birth—She is indeed dear to us all.

*Below will be found an account of the educacation of the blood-hounds introduced by the Spaniards into St. Domingo, first to destroy the Indians and afterwards the fugitive negroes. All who have written upon the settlement of America, have endeavored to give immortality to the cruel-

KENTUCKIANS *stand high in the estimation of our common country.* Our brothers in arms, who have gone before us to the scene of action, have acquired a fame, which should never be forgotten by you—a fame worthy your emulation.

I feel conscious you would rather see your country no more, than return to it, under the impression, that by an act of yours, the high character of Kentucky had fallen.

To support this reputation, purchased by valor and by blood, you must with fortitude meet the hardships, and discharge the duties of soldiers. Discipline and subordination mark the real soldier—and are indeed the soul of an army.

In every situation, therefore, the most perfect subordination—the most rigid discharge of duty will be expected from all. Partiality or injustice shall be shown to none.

I have the most perfect confidence in your attachment and support through every difficulty we may encounter.

It is upon you—it is upon your subordination and discipline I rely, for a successful issue of the present campaign. Without this

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ties of the Spaniards in this particular; and many British historians are singularly eloquent on this great theme for censure. But who had the astonishing audacity to justify the Spaniards on the plea that these blood-hounds could not be restrained from thrusting their heads into the bowels and tearing out the living hearts of their victims? No one has had the impudence to do this; but the blame is universally laid where it justly applies, *and the Spaniards, who used the dogs, are considered as responsible for the enormities they committed.*

From the famous speech of Lord Dorchester to the Indians in 1794, to the present day, the British in Canada have constantly trained savages for the very work they are now engaged in. This is not mere assertion. It can be sustained by hosts of testimony; and will be received as an established fact by an impartial posterity. A war with the United States has always been regarded by the British as a probable event, sooner or later; and his "gracious majesty's" officers in Canada have been unremittingly employed to attach the biped blood-hounds to themselves, while they excited their hatred to the Americans, by every means in their power.

NOTE.—BLOOD-HOUNDS.

The following is the mode of rearing blood-hounds and the manner of exercising them by chasseurs:—

The moment the blood-hounds are taken from the dam they are confined in kennels, with iron bars in front, like the dens used by showmen for confining wild beasts, where they are sparingly fed on the blood and entrails of animals. As they grow up, their keepers frequently expose in front of their cage a figure resembling a negro, male and female. and of the same color and dress, the body of which contains the blood and entrails of beasts, which being occasionally suffered to gush out, the figure attracts the attention of the dogs as the source of their food. They are then gradually reduced in their meals till, they are almost famished, while the image is frequently exposed to their view; and when they struggle with redoubled ferocity against their prey the image is brought nearer at intervals, till at last it is abandoned to their hunger, and being of wicker work, is in an instant torn to pieces, and thus they arrive at a copious meal. While they gorge themselves with this, the keeper and his colleagues caress and encourage them. By this execrable artifice the white people ingratiate themselves with the dogs, and teach them to regard a negro as their proper prey.—As soon as the young dogs are thus initiated, they are taken out to be exercised on living objects, and are trained with great care, till they arrive at the necessary nicety and exactness in the pursuit of the poor wretches whom they are doomed to destroy. The common use of these dogs in the Spanish islands was in the chase for run-away negroes in the mountains. —When once they got scent of the object, they speedily ran him down and devoured him, unless he could evade the pursuit by climbing a tree, in which case the dogs remained at the foot of the tree yelping in a most horrid manner till their keepers arrived. If the victim was to be preserved for a public exhibition or a cruel punishment, the dogs were then muzzled and the prisoner loaded with chains.—On his neck was placed a collar with spikes inward and hooks outward; the latter for the purpose of entangling him in the bushes if he should attempt to escape. If the unhappy wretch proceeded faster than his guard, it was construed into an attempt to run from them, and he was given up to the dogs, who instantly devoured him. Not seldom on a journey of considerable length, these causes were feigned by their keepers to relieve them from their prisoners; and the inhuman monster, who perpetrated the act, received a reward of ten dollars from the colony on making oath of his having destroyed his fellow-creature! The keepers, in general, acquire an absolute command over these dogs; but while the French army used them in their late war against St. Domingo, while they had possession of the Cape, the dogs frequently broke loose in that neighborhood, and children were devoured in the public way; and sometimes they surprised a harmless family of laborers (who had submitted and furnished the French themselves with necessaries) at their simple meal, tore the babe from the breast of its mother, and involved the whole party in one common and cruel death, and returned when gorged, with their horrid jaws drenched in human blood. Even the defenceless huts of the negroes have been broken into by these dreadful animals and the sleeping inhabitants have shared a like miserable fate.

confidence and support, we shall achieve nothing honorable or useful.

The same destiny awaits us both. That which exalts or sinks you in the estimation of your country, will produce to me her approbation or condemnation.

Feeling this same common interest, the first wishes of my heart are, that the present campaign should prove honorable to all, and useful to the country.

Should we encounter the enemy—REMEMBER THE DREADFUL FATE OF OUR BUTCHERED BROTHERS AT THE RIVER RAISIN—*that British treachery pooduced their slaughter.*

The justice of our cause—with the aid of an approving Providence, will be sure guarantees to our success.

GREEN CLAY,

BRIGADIER GENERAL.

The tone of this manifesto, and the spirit breathed in the concluding paragraphs, require no comment on our part. The words in capital letters are exactly as they appeared in General Green Clay's own document. In the teeth of such a manifesto the Americans have dared to impute cruelty to the British, while carefully suppressing the well known fact—that just at this very time General Vincent had sat at the head of a committee by whom, as the best means of putting an end to any cruelties, it had been resolved, that ten dollars should be paid, to every Indian, for every American prisoner brought in alive. This resolution, James declares, appeared in a Boston paper, but we regret to state that not one of the numerous officers and men saved by its instrumentality, ever had the good feeling to acknowledge to what cause their safety was due.

Proctor's movements in the West.

General Proctor and the right division of the army now demand our attention. We cannot, however, concur with Major Richardson, who claims for this corps, the proud title of "the fighting division of Canada." We do not mean by our denial to detract one whit from the laurels won by the right division, but only to assert the claim of the other divisions of the army, whether composed of regulars or militia, and this claim we are borne out in making, if we refer to the various general orders issued on different occasions from head quarters. The movements of the right division were undoubtedly attended with the most important and beneficial results, and when we consider that their force very rarely exceeded in numbers a single regiment their exertions and energy become more remarkable.

Expedition against Fort Meigs.

General Proctor was induced, towards the end of July, to prepare, at the instance of Tecumseth, to repeat his attempt on Fort Meigs. Tecumseth's plan, according to Richardson, was as follows:—"Immediately in rear of Fort Meigs, and at right angles with the river, ran the road to Sandusky, distant about thirty miles, upon, or near, which the chief had been apprized by his scouts that General Harrison, (who with a large portion of his force had left the fort soon after its relief from General Proctor's presence,) was at that moment encamped. Having landed some miles lower down the river, the whole of the Indian force was to march through the woods, and gain, unperceived by the troops in the fort, the Sandusky road, where a sham engagement was to take place, leading the garrison to believe a corps, hastening to their relief, had been encountered, and attacked by the Indians, and inducing them to make a sortie for their rescue. The moment they had crossed the open ground, intervening between their position and the skirt of the wood, we were to rise from our ambuscade, and take them in the rear, making at the same time a rush for the fort, before the enemy could have time effectually to close his gates."

This plan was certainly, to all appearance, a good one, and the attempt was made accordingly, but, whether the Americans suspected the ruse or not, they did not stir from the protection of their fort, although, according to Richardson, the fire had become so animated and heavy, as to leave the British half in doubt whether the battle was a sham or real one.

The surprise of Fort Meigs by stratagem having failed, and as any attempt to reduce it by siege was out of the question, what guns there were, being only light six pounders —it was resolved, (Major Richardson says at Tecumseths' earnest request,) to attempt

the reduction of a fort which had been contructed on the west side of the Sandusky river. This fort, about forty miles from the mouth of the river, stood on a rising ground, commanding the river to the east; having a plain to the north and a wood to the west. "The body of the fort was about one hundred yards in length, and fifty in breadth, surrounded, outside of all the other defences, by a row of strong pickets twelve feet high from the ground; each picket armed at the top with a *bayonet.*"* Just outside of this fence, with the embankment reaching to the foot of the pickets, was a ditch twelve feet wide, and seven deep, thus forming a glacis of nineteen feet high. The ditch was protected by a bastion and two strong blockhouses which completely enfiladed it, thus forming a very sufficient and formidable line of defence. We have no means of ascertaining correctly the number of troops that formed the garrison, but as an American account places them at "an *effective* force of one hundred and sixty rank and file," we may safely and without fear of exaggeration, put the numbers down at two hundred and fifty. Of the British there were three hundred and ninety-one officers and privates. Of the Indians there were but two hundred, and they withdrew to a ravine out of gunshot, almost immediately on the action commencing.

On the first day of August a landing was effected, under an ineffectual discharge from the enemy's gnns, and a position taken up in the wood, on the skirt of which the British sixpounders were placed. On the morning of the second a fire was opened on the fort and continued till three, p. m., by which time it having been ascertained that the fire from the light sixes would affect no breach on the stockade, General Proctor resolved to carry the fort by storm. Forming his men accordingly into three columns, about 4 p.m. he began his attack, and although exposed to a most destructive fire, the gallant body reached the ditch. "Not a fascine" says Richardson, "had been provided, and although axes had been distributed among a body of men selected for the purpose, they were so blunt, that it would have been the work of hours to cut through the double line of pickets, even if an enemy had not been there to interrupt our progress."

In defiance of this difficulty, the axe-men leaped without hesitation into the ditch, and attempted to acquit themselves of their duty; but they were speedily swept away by the guns from the batteries, charged with musket balls and slugs and directed with fatal precision. The troops had established themselves on the edge of the ditch, but it was impossible to scale without the aid of ladders or fascines; and within a few paces of the enemy only, they saw their comrades fall on every hand with no hope of avenging their deaths. The second division had only two officers attached to it. Brevet Lieutenant-colonel Short, of the 41st, was killed while descending the ravine at the head of his column, when, the command devolving on Lieutenant Gordon of the same regiment, that officer encouraging his men, and calling upon them to follow his example, was one of the first in the ditch, and was in the act of cutting the picketing with his sabre, when a ball, fired from a wall-piece, struck him in the breast. Although dangerously wounded, he refused to abandon his post, and continued to animate his men by his example, until a second ball, fired from the same piece, and lodging in his brain, left the division without an officer. The action had continued nearly two hours without producing the slightest impression on the enemy, when the bugles sounded the "cease firing," and the men were ordered to lie flat on the ground on the edge of the ravine. The first division were so near the enemy, that they could distinctly hear the various orders given in the fort, and the faint voices of the wounded and dying in the ditch, calling out for water, which the enemy had the humanity to lower to them on the instant. After continuing in this position until nine o'clock, the columns received an order to effect their retreat in silence, which was done accordingly, the enemy merely firing a few vollies of musketry, producing however no material effect. The troops having been re-embarked the same night, the expedition descended the river, and returned to Amherstburg. Our loss in this affair was severe—three officers, one sergeant, twenty-two rank and file killed; three officers, two sergeants, thirty-six rank and file wounded; and one sergeant, twenty-eight

* History of the War, page 131.

rank and file missing. Of this number, the proportion of the first division alone, consisting principally of the light company of the 41st, which had attacked the strongest point of the position, was five and thirty men.

During the assault, no assistance whatever was afforded by the Indians, who, unaccustomed to this mode of warfare, contented themselves with remaining quiet spectators of the scene.

It is a curious circumstance that we do not find in James, General Proctor's official despatch on this subject. Richardson writes, "The only British document referring to the matter at all, is the following brief notice by Sir George Prevost, evidently founded on a more detailed communication from General Proctor. We give Sir George's general order, and the American official version.* The only one we have been able to get at will be found below in our notes:—

General Order.
Head Quarters, Kingston,
Adjutant General's Office, 3d Sept. 1813.

His Excellency the Commander of the Forces has received a despatch from Major General Proctor, reporting the circumstances of an attack, made by a small portion of regular troops and a body of Indian warriors, on the 2d of August, on the American fort of Lower Sandusky, which, owing to the strength of the enemy's works, which resisted the fire of the light field guns brought against it—so that a practicable breach could not be effected—as also from the want of sufficient co-operation on the part of the Indian warriors, unused to that mode of warfare, the assault was not attended with that brilliant success which has so uniformly signalized the gallant exertions of the right division. The Major General extols the intrepid bravery displayed by the detachment under Brevet Lieutenant Colonel

*_Copy of a letter from Major Croghan to Gen. Harrison, dated_

Lower Sandusky, August 5, 1813.

Dear Sir,—I have the honor to inform you, that the combined force of the enemy, amounting to at least 500 regulars, and as many Indians, under the immediate command of Gen. Proctor, made its appearance before this place, early on Sunday evening last; and as soon as the General had made such disposition of his troops, as would cut off my retreat (should I be disposed to make one), he sent Col. Elliott, accompanied by Major Chambers, with a flag, to demand the surrender of the fort, as he was anxious to spare the effusion of blood; which he should probably not have in his power to do, should he be reduced to the necessity of taking the place by storm. My answer to the summons was, that I was determined to defend the place to the last extremity, and that no force, however large, should induce me to surrender it. So soon as the flag had returned, a brisk fire was opened upon us, from the gunboats in the river, and from a five-and-a-half-inch howitzer, on shore, which was kept up with little intermission throughout the night. At an early hour the next morning, three sixes (which had been placed during the night within 250 yards of the pickets), began to play upon us—but with little effect. About four o'clock P.M, discovering that the fire, from all his guns, was concentrated against the N.W. angle of the fort, I became confident that his object was to make a breach, and attempt to storm the works at that point. I therefore ordered out as many men as could be employed, for the purpose of strengthening that part—which was so effectually secured, by means of bags of flour, sand, &c., that the picketing suffered little or no injury; notwithstanding which, the enemy, about 500, having formed in close column, advanced to assault our works, at the expected point; at the same time making two feints on the front of Captain Hunter's lines. The column, which advanced against the north-western angle, consisting of about 350 men, was so completely enveloped in smoke as not to be discovered, until it had approached within 18 or 20 paces of the lines; but the men being all at their posts, and ready to receive it, commenced so heavy and galling a fire as to throw the column a little into confusion; being quickly rallied, it advanced to the outworks, and began to leap into the ditch; just at that moment a fire of grape was opened from our six-pounder (which had been previously arranged, so as to rake in that direction), which, together with the musketry, threw them into such confusion, that they were compelled to retire precipitately to the woods. During the assault, which lasted about half an hour, an incessant fire was kept up by the enemy's artillery (which consisted of five sixes and a howitzer), but without effect. My whole loss, during the siege, was one killed and seven slightly wounded. The loss of the enemy, in killed, wounded, and prisoners, must exceed 150. One Lieutenant Colonel, a Lieutenant, and 50 rank and file, were found in and about the ditch, dead or wounded; those of the remainder, who were not able to escape, were taken off, during the night, by the Indians. Seventy stand of arms and several brace of pistols have been collected near the works. About three in the morning the enemy sailed down the river, leaving behind them a boat, containing clothing and considerable military stores.

Too much praise cannot be bestowed on the officers, non-commissioned officers, and privates under my command, for their gallantry and good conduct during the siege.

Yours, with respect,
G. Croghan,
Major 17th U.S. Inf. commanding

Short, in endeavoring to force a passage into the enemy's fort, and laments the loss of the brave soldiers who have fallen in this gallant although unsuccessful assault.

Return of killed and wounded.

One captain, one lieutenant, one sergeant, one drummer, twenty-one rank and file killed. One sergeant and twenty-eight rank and file missing. Two captains, one lieutenant, two sergeants, one drummer, thirty-five rank and file wounded.

Killed—Brevet Lieut.-Col. Short, Lieut. Gordon, 41st regiment, Lieut. Laussaussiege, Indian department.

Wounded—Capt. Dixon, Royal Engineers, Capt. Muir and Lieut. Macintyre, 41st regiment, all slightly.

By his Excellency's command.

EDWARD BAYNE, Adjutant General.

American remarks on the Sandusky affair.

Although we have such positive evidence as to the share that the Indians had in the attack on the fort at Sandusky, the American writers are determined to drag the Indians within the limits of the ditch which had proved so fatal to the British troops. "The Indians," says Mr. Thomson, "were enraged and mortified at this unparallelled defeat, and carrying their wounded from the field, they indignantly followed the British regulars to the shipping." In all the account given by this writer in his HISTORY, not the slightest notice is taken of the heroic bravery exhibited by Col. Short and his men, although the most lavish encomias are bestowed on Major Croghan and his "band of *heroes*," who snugly ensconced behind their pickets compelled an army *ten times superior to retreat ingloriously*. Mr. O'Connor, more artful although not more liberal, leaves it to be understood that the Indians joined in the attack. "It is a fact worthy of notice," says this gentleman, "that not one Indian was found amongst the dead, although from three to four hundred were present."

General Proctor's movements.

Before following General Proctor's motions, after his retreat, we must return to the Niagara frontier, taking a glance, as we pass, at York and Commodore Chauncey's second descent upon it. The movements also in the lower province demand our attention. So many important events require, however, a fresh chapter.

CHAPTER XII.

Commodore Chauncey's second descent upon York.

COMMODORE Chauncey having completed the equipment of the *General Pike*, a new vessel of about the same tonnage as the *Wasp*, and manned with a very large crew, about one hundred and twenty of whom had been drafted from the *Constitution*, while the rest of her complement had been made up from other vessels in the Atlantic ports, again appeared on the lake to resume offensive operations. We have been particular in noticing the mode in which the *General Pike* was manned, as a body so large as one hundred and twenty from one vessel, all trained to work together, must have inspired her commander with the greatest confidence, especially when aware that, with the exception of the few thorough bred seamen who had been brought from Great Britain by Sir James Yeo, the remainder of the crews of the British Canadian navy were fresh water seamen, picked up hastily, and possessing few recommendations, save dauntless bravery, and an ardent attachment to the cause in which they had been enlisted. Commodore Chauncey's fleet now consisted of fourteen vessels, making up a force of over twenty-seven hundred tons, and manned by about twelve hundred picked men. Sir James Yeo's fleet was just one third inferior to his adversary in tonnage, guns and men; what his men lacked, however, in numbers and discipline, was in some degree made up by the spirit and zeal which animated them.

Demonstration against the stores at Burlington Heights.

Commodore Chauncey's first object was the capture, or destruction, of a considerable quantity of stores that had been collected at Burlington Heights, and which he had ascertained to be but slenderly guarded. Col. Harvey, anxious for the protection of these stores, and suspecting, from Chauncey's manœuvres, his designs, despatched Lieut. Col. Battersby, with part of the Glengarry regiment to strengthen Major Maule, who commanded at Burlington Heights. Col. Battersby by a forced march of extraordinary celerity, arrived with his reinforcement, and the American commodore, finding that his reception was likely to be warmer than he either anticipated or desired, prudently kept his men out of reach of harm, contenting himself with the capture of a few of the neighboring inhabitants. Having ascertained, however, that Col. Battersby's departure had left York undefended, he determined to swell the number of "American victories" by "a second siege and storming. &c." of that place. He accordingly seized his opportunity, and bore away for that port, which he entered on the 31st July.

Col. Scott breaking parole.

Amongst the officers whom Commodore Chauncey had embarked for the expedition against Burlington Heights, we find the name of Lieut. Col. Scott. Now, according to Sir George Prevost, Lieut. Col. Scott was at that time an unexchanged prisoner of war, on his parole. Breaking parole is a severe charge to make against an officer, especially one who, as General Scott, has occupied, since, so prominent a place in the world's history, nevertheless, on Mr. James' authority, and with but faint denial of the charge from American historians, we feel compelled to avow our belief that Lieut. Col. Scott did actually forfeit his pledged word of honor as a soldier, on the occasion of the second descent upon York.

We will now enter on our proof of this charge. All lists of prisoners paroled or exchanged, were necessarily transmitted to the commander-in-chief. In this case it will be found in Sir George Prevost's despatch of the 8th August,* to Lord Bathurst, that *colonel Scott is expressly mentioned as an unparoled prisoner* who had forfeited his pledged word. A faint attempt has been made to clear colonel Scott, from the imputation on the

* This despatch will be found under the next head.

plea that "he believed himself to be an exchanged prisoner," but as no shadow of proof has been brought forward, the defence can not be entertained—The following was the form of parole signed by lieutenant-colonel Scott and others when taken prisoners, "we promise, on honor, not to bear arms, directly or indirectly, against his Britannic Majesty, or his allies, during the present war, until we are regularly exchanged. We likewise engage that the undermentioned non-commissioned officers and privates, soldiers in the service of the United States, who are permitted to accompany us, shall conform to the same conditions." This is no accusation trumped up at this late period to impugn Gen. Scott's character as a man of honor—on the contrary, it was made at the time, and while lieutenant-colonel Scott was yet unknown to fame, and of no more importance in public estimation than any other American officer. It is therefore of consequence, that his friends should, if they can, at least make the attempt to wipe away the imputation.

An extract from James will throw some additional light on the subject, and prove that there were other officers besides colonel Scott, who did not scruple to break their parole, when a convenient opportunity presented itself. "To the doughty quarrel between Mr. President Madison, and general James Wilkinson, * of the American army, we are indebted for some important disclosures relative to the paroled prisoners. The general very candidly tells us, that lieutenant George Read, a witness examined on the part of the prosecution, at the general court martial, held at Troy, in the State of New York, in February, 1814, deposed on oath, "that on the 24th December, 1813, while a prisoner on parole, he received from colonel Larned, an order to repair to Greenbush, in the following words:—

'I am directed by the secretary of war, to call in all the American prisoners of war, at or near this vicinity, to their post, and that the officers join them for drilling, &c.—You will therefore repair to the cantonments at Greenbush, without loss of time.' 'Lieutenant Read further deposeth, that he repaired to Greenbush, in pursuance of the order, and made no objections to doing duty: that on general Wilkinson's arrival at Waterford, in the ensuing January, lieutenant Read called upon him, and exhibited the order received from lieutenant-colonel Larned; that general Wilkinson thought the order very improper, and afterwards issued the following order, dated, Waterford, January, 18th 1814.

'A military officer is bound to obey promptly, and without hesitation, every order he may receive, which does not affect his honor; but this precious inheritance must never be voluntarily forfeited, nor should any earthly power wrest it from him. It follows that, where an officer is made prisoner, and released on his parole of honor, not to bear arms against the enemy, no professional duties can be imposed on him, while he continues in that condition; and under such circumstances, every military man will justify him for disobedience."

"Such," adds James, "are the principles upon which Mr. Madison conducted the late war. Lieutenant-colonel Scott, although perhaps not one of those American officers, who, like lieutenant Read, 'made no objection to doing duty' in compliance with the shameful order of his Government, certainly gave his parole at Queenston, and yet subsequently appeared in arms, both at Fort George, and at York."

We take pleasure in mentioning, that lieutenant Carr, of the United States army, also a prisoner at Queenston, declined obeying the order to perform duty, on the ground, that it was always contrary to the parole. This meritorious case being an exception, as it would appear, enhances its value; and it ought to operate as a lesson to that government, which could thus stab the reputation of its officers, to facilitate the means of conquest.

It is perfectly clear that Lieutenant-Colonel Scott broke his parole in every sense, as he not only joined what might be called the non-combatants in their usual garrison routine of drills, &c.; but he took, according to Sir George, an active part in the more stirring scenes of the campaign, thus rendering his dereliction from the path of honor doubly flagrant. We have found that American writers have been always ready to lay hold of the slightest charge (witness the case of Capt. Manners at Stony Creek) against British

* Wilkinson's Memoirs, vol. 3, page 197.

officers, it will be well for them then in the present case to direct their attention towards clearing the character of one of their most distinguished men from the stain of dishonor resting on it.

Second descent upon York by Chauncey.

To return, however, from our digression, to Commodore Chauncey, whom we left just after his appearance, a second time, before York. This place being left by Colonel Battersby's departure with the Glengarry fencibles, undefended, the Americans landed without opposition and took quiet possession. The first thing done was to lay hold of everything, in the shape of stores, that could possibly be construed into public property, and the decision resting not with a court of judicial enquirers, but rather with men not overburthened with scruples, it may be easily inferred that some private property did by *mistake* find its way to American owners. Their other acts seem to have been attended with the same evidences of republican license, as they opened the gaol and liberated the prisoners, some of whom were in confinement awaiting their trial for capital offences. The few men in the hospital who were so ill as not to bear moving, even in the opinion of American prisoner-hunters, were paroled—the others were removed as trophies won at the "second battle of York." The public store-houses were then all destroyed, and by *mistake* some of the store-houses of the inoffensive inhabitants with large quantities of provisions, were first sacked, and afterwards burnt. This was a fair day's work, and accomplished without so much fighting or loss of life as the capture of the depôt at Burlington would have occasioned. A commander of energy or daring would, perhaps, have been scarcely satisfied to leave himself open to the charge of having been frightened by a handful of men, and prevented, in consequence, from accomplishing an enterprise of some importance. Commodore Chauncey, however, knew better, and as we suppose he must have been the best judge of the value of his character, we leave our readers to form their own estimate of the affair. A second landing was made on the next day, and an *expedition* fitted out which proceeded a *mile or so* up the Don, under the pretext of searching for public stores. The real object was to procure fresh provisions *cheaply* for the shipping. Having succeeded in all their objects, towards evening they embarked, and the fleet sailed for Niagara, taking with them, or having destroyed, five guns, eleven boats, with a quantity of shot, shells and other military stores. Sir George's dispatch* will bear out all we have asserted relative to the injuries inflicted by the enemy on private individuals, by whom, indeed, this visitation was almost entirely felt. This is a circumstance which must not be lost sight of by the reader, as we shall soon have to show how loud was the outcry raised by both the American people and government when retaliatory measures were adopted by the British. Christie mentions a curious coincidence, viz :—that on the very day the American commander and his troops were burning the barracks and stores at York, Lieut.-Col. Murray was no less actively employed on the same business at Plattsburg—we shall, however, have to treat of this in its proper place.

The American fleet remained quietly at Niagara until the appearance of the British fleet on the 8th of August. Sir James had sailed from Kingston, on the 31st of July with supplies for the army, and having duly landed them, he looked into Niagara in hopes of tempting Commodore Chauncey to leave his anchorage. The challenge was accepted and the Americans bore down on the British line with whom they manœuvred for nearly two

* *From Sir G. Prevost to Earl Bathurst.*

Head-quarters, Kingston,
Upper Canada, August 8th, 1813.

My Lord,—I have the honour to acquaint your lordship, that the enemy's fleet, of 12 sail, made its appearance off York on the 31st ultimo. The three square rigged vessels, the Pike, Madison, and Oneida, came to anchor in the offing; but the schooners passed up the harbor, and landed several boats full of troops at the former garrison, and proceeded from thence to the town, of which they took possession. They opened the goal, liberated the prisoners, and took away three soldiers confined for felony: they then went to the hospitals, and paroled the few men that could not be removed. They next entered the store-houses of some of the inhabitants, seized their contents, chiefly flour, and the same being private property. Between 11 and 12 o'clock that night they returned on board their vessels. The next morning, Sunday, the 1st instant, the enemy again landed, and sent three armed boats up the river Don, in search of public stores, of which being disappointed, by sun-set both soldiers and sailors had evacuated the town, the small barrack wood-yard, and store-house, on Gibraltar Point,

days, losing four small vessels during that time, two of them, (the *Julia* and *Growler*) by capture, and the other two, (the *Scourge* of eight guns and the *Hamilton* of nine,) by their being upset in a squall* The entire crews of these vessels, with the exception of sixteen who were saved by the British boats, were lost. Commodore Chauncey, somewhat disheartened at the loss of four of his vessels, and so many men, bore up for Niagara, from whence he sailed soon after to Sackett's Harbor, where he arrived on the 13th of August. As the reader may be scarcely yet aware of the actual superiority in point of force of the Americans over the British fleet, we will give a few extracts from the Naval Register with the detailed account of the occurrences of the 9th and 10th of August.

We will follow Sir James Yeo through all his operations from the date of the return of the fleet, after the Sackett's Harbor attempt, to the affair now under consideration.

Sir James Yeo on Lake Ontario.

We have already shown the valuable service rendered by Sir James, in the attack on the Americans, at the Forty Mile Creek, where it may be remembered much valuable camp equipage, stores, provisions, &c.—were, thro' his instrumentality, captured. On the 13th (June) he made prizes of two schooners and some boats containing supplies, and learning from some of the prisoners, that there was a depôt of provisions at the Genesee River he directed his course thither, and succeeded in securing the whole. On the 19th he captured another supply of stores and provisions from Great Sodus, and returned on the 29th to Kingston.

On his next cruise, after landing the stores at Burlington we found him, as already described, inviting the American fleet to leave the protection of their batteries. We will now quote from the *Naval Chronicle*:

"The Americans, by their own admission, had fourteen vessels, armed, also by their admission, with one hundred and fourteen guns. Nearly one-fourth of the long guns and carronades were on pivot carriages, and were consequently as effective in broadside as twice the number. The fourteen American vessels were manned with eleven hundred and ninety three guns."

When Sir James Yeo made his appearance off Niagara, the Americans could scarcely interpret his manœuvres to aught but what they were intended to convey—a challenge—we therefore find that "Commodore Chauncey immediately got under way, and stood out with his fourteen vessels, formed in line of battle; but, as the six British vessels approached, the American vessels, after discharging their broadsides, wore and stood under their batteries. Light airs and calms prevented Sir James Yeo from closing; and, during the

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having being first set on fire by them; and at day-light the following morning the enemy's fleet sailed.'

The plunder obtained by the enemy upon this predatory expedition has been indeed trifling, and the loss has altogether fallen upon individuals; the public stores of every description having been removed; and the only prisoners taken by them, there, being confined to felons and invalids in the hospital.

The troops which were landed were acting as marines, and appeared to be about 250 men; they were under the command of commodore Chauncey and lieutenant-colonel Scott, an unexchanged prisoner of war on his parole, both of whom landed with the troops. The town, upon the arrival of the enemy, was totally defenceless; the militia were still on their parole; and the principal gentlemen had retired, from an apprehension of being treated with the same severity used towards several of the inhabitants near Fort-George, who had been made prisoners, and sent to the United States. Lieutenant-colonel Battersby, of the Glengarry fencibles, with the detachment of light troops under his command, who had been stationed at York, was, upon the appearance of the enemy's fleet off that place, on the 29th ult. ordered with his detachment and light artillery to proceed for the protection of the depots formed on Burlington Heights, where he had joined major Maule's detachment of the 104th regiment, and concentrated his force on the following evening. The enemy had, during the course of that day, landed from the fleet 500 men, near Brandt's house, with an intention of storming the heights; but finding major Maule well prepared to receive them, and being informed of lieutenant-colonel Battersby's march, they re-embarked, and stood away for York.

My last accounts from major-general De Rottenburg are to the 3d instant, when the enemy's fleet had anchored off Niagara. I have received no tidings of our squadron under sir James Yeo, since its sailing from hence on the 31st ultimo.

I have the honor to be, &c.

GEORGE PREVOST.

Earl Bathurst, &c. &c. &c.

*Christie says, "upset through press of sail in endeavoring to escape."

night, in a heavy squall, two of the American schooners, the *Hamilton* and *Scourge*, upset, and their crews unfortunately perished. On the 9th the two parties were again in sight of each other, and continued manœuvring during that and the succeeding day. On the 10th, at night, a fine breeze sprang up, and Sir James Yeo immediately took advantage of it, by bearing up to attack his powerful opponent; but, just as the *Wolfe* got within gunshot of the *Pike* and *Madison*, these two powerful American ships bore up, fired their stern chase guns, and made sail for Niagara; leaving two fine schooners, the *Julia* and *Growler*, each armed with one long thirty-two and one long twelve pounder on pivots, and manned with a crew of forty men, to be captured without an effort to save them. With his two prizes, and without the loss of a man, and with no greater injury to his ships than a few cut ropes and torn sails, Sir James Yeo returned to Kingston."

We have examined with some care the ministerial organ, (*Niles Register*) for some notice of this affair, with the intention of giving the American account at length, and we were the more desirous of doing this from our having lighted, during our search, on the following choice paragraph—"A Montreal paper speaks of Commodore Chauncey as 'not having learned even the rudiments of war. We have sent him (says the same paper,) a most able teacher (Sir James Yeo) who will carry him through all the inflections peculiar to it in much less time than a school-boy can be taught to conjugate a verb, or understand its principal,'"

"One would think that this paragraph was written by Sir James himself, for it is quite his character. We shall see when Chauncey gets along side of him—"*that's all.*"

After reading this elegant extract which will be found on the two hundred and twenty-seventh page of the fourth volume of *Niles Register*, we were quite prepared for finding a full, true, and particular account of Commodore Chauncey's "brilliant victories over an enemy double his force," and perhaps the surest evidence of Sir James Yeo's success may be found in the fact of Commodore Chauncey's *not* having captured the whole British fleet *on paper.* We give an extract of the Commodore's modest official letter* that the reader may compare it first, with our version, and, secondly, with the only notices in *Niles Register* which bear distinctly on the subject, and which are found in volume five, page twelve. "Commodore Chauncey fell in with the enemy's squadron; of whom, after a good deal of manœuvring, he got the weather gage. "*The British bore away, and he then chased them to Kingston.* "It was thought that the enemy would not give a chance for the combat so earnestly desired by the officers and crews." "It is positively stated that two schooners were captured for want of obedience to orders; perhaps by having too much eagerness to meet the foe. It is agreed upon that our gallant Commodore never yet had the power to bring the enemy to action—his vessels in general sailing much better than ours. The *Sylph*, however, is a valuable auxiliary in catching the foe."

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*Extract of a letter from Commodore Chauncey to the Secretary of the Navy, dated on board the ship General Pike, at Sackett's Harbor, 13th August, 1813.

SIR,—I arrived here this day with this ship, the Madison, Oneida, Governor Tompkins, Conquest, Ontario, Pert, and Lady of the Lake. The Fair American and Asp I left at Niagara. Since I had the honor of addressing you last, I have been much distressed and mortified; distressed at the loss of a part of the force entrusted to my command, and mortified at not being able to bring the enemy to action. The following movements and transactions of the squadron, since the 6th inst., will give you the best idea of the difficulties and mortifications that I have had to encounter.

On the 7th, at daylight, the enemy's fleet, consisting of two ships, two brigs, and two large schooners, were discovered bearing W.N.W., distant about five or six miles, wind at west. At five, weighed with the fleet, and manœuvred to gain the wind. At nine, having passed to leeward of the enemy's line and abreast of his van ship (the Wolfe), hoisted our colors and fired a few guns, to ascertain whether we could reach him with our shot; finding they fell short I wore and hauled upon a wind upon the starboard tack; the rear of our schooners then about six miles apart. The enemy wore in succession and hauled up on a wind on the same tack, but soon finding that we should be able to weather him upon the next tack, he tacked and made all sail to the northward. As soon as our rear vessels could fetch his wake, tacked and made all sail in chase. In the afternoon the wind became very light, and towards night quite calm. The schooners used their sweeps all the afternoon, in order to close with the enemy, but without success.

SIR ROGER H. SHEAFFE AND THE DEFENCE OF YORK.

Fair play has always been, and is our motto,—we therefore most readily give insertion to the following letter, regretting that it did not arrive in time to introduce it among our notes in the present number of the war. We however, wish it to be distinctly understood, that we do not indorse one line of it, nor do we see any proof brought forward which would induce us to alter one tittle of what we have written, respecting the battle of York and Sir R. H. Sheaffe. In the letters of Veritas, (page 50,) and in Christie's history, (page 75,) precisely similar opinions are expressed as those which we adopted and gave publicity to in our notice of the affair—opinions which were based on the testimony of men who could with "Truth" say, "we also saw those things."

We should be glad if "Truth" would explain for us the reasons why Sir Roger Sheaffe was, almost immediately after the battle of York, superseded.—In conclusion, we would remark, that our observations were, in some degree, influenced by the opinions which we have had an opportunity of forming of Sir Roger Sheaffe personally; we shall, however, be most ready, if *convinced* that we have penned aught that is harsh or unfair, to make promptly the "*amende honorable.*"

[*To the writer of "the War of* 1812."]

Sir,—In your October number, giving an account of the battle of York, you have adopted some idle reports detracting from the military character of Sir R. H. Sheaffe: permit me to set you right. It was but too prevailing an opinion in those times, that because Sir Isaac Brock had frightened Gen. Hull out of his propriety, every other commander must do the same, and that in all cases, and under any and every disadvantage, our troops *must be victorious.* Even at this day unthinking people forget that in the *bush* the American ought to be more than a match for the British soldier. The former from his childhood has been accustomed to the woods, he is at home, he was born in them; his dress is not conspicuous, he can change his position almost without being seen; he is accustomed to act independently without separating from his comrades, and having the *Anglo-Saxon* stamp on him—his courage is undoubted. The latter from the impossibility of concealing his scarlet uniform, becomes a sure mark for the quick and unerring aim of his enemy's rifle; and being taught to depend on his officer and act in conjunction with the rest of his company, he is at fault and confused the moment he loses sight of them in the forest. His officer is quite as *green* as himself as he is equally unaccustomed to act in the bush. In truth, the only way during the whole war in which I have known the British troops to be entirely successful in a bush fight was where they pushed forward and dislodged the enemy, trusting to the bayonet alone. Premising thus much, I now come to grapple with your charges.—Until the fleet came to anchor it could not be known at what point the Americans intended to land; as soon as *that* was ascertained, no time was lost in marching to oppose them, and the very circumstance mentioned by you of "the wind driving the boats farther to the west," prevented the 8th from meeting them at the shore. The men in the first brigade o boats had therefore effected a landing and taken cover under the bank which effectually protected them from our fire, while the underbrush on the top of it completely concealed them from our view. A body of riflemen was thrown out in advance,—these we quickly destroyed, and our fire was directed against the second brigade of boats approaching the shore, two of which were sunk from the effects of it; but the moment the grenadiers approached the bank they were cut down like grass before the scythe. Repeated charges were made to get possession of the bank, in the first of these the gallant Capt. McNeil was shot thro' the head. Still the brave fellows rushed forward only to be shot down by an unseen foe. "Show us our enemy" was their constant cry and tho' falling by dozens, no persuasion could induce them to take the cover of a tree. This was their first action in the country, and perhaps many of them had never been in a wood before. Their strength was 110 in the morning, and I believe they mustered about 40 in the evening. I have witnessed many acts of individual gallantry, but never such unyielding determination in a body of men. They never thought of retreating until called off by their officers who found that the increasing numbers of the enemy had out-flanked them, and nearly gained their rear. It has been stated, with what truth I am not aware, that three days after the battle one of them was found with both legs broken; he had fallen in a pool of water and sustained life by drinking of it. He never complained, and died the day he was found. All the other troops, regulars, and militia, conducted themselves with great bravery, but from the position they occupied did not suffer so severely.—

Sir R. H. Sheaffe did right in not bringing his men forward and exposing them to the fire of the shipping; they came forward at the proper time when the enemy had ceased firing for fear of killing their own men. If they failed, from the nature of the ground and the distance they had to march, in arriving in time, it was neither the fault of the troops nor the commander. I feel convinced that no *military* man will condemn Gen. Sheaffe for having placed a portion of his force to protect the only road by which the enemy would gain his rear; this was a necessary precaution never to be neglected. Some have ventured to predict that had the enemy been attacked after the explosion of the magazine, it would have proved an easy conquest. You might as well have expected to accomplish this by throwing your *own magazine* at their heads. You must recollect that it was necessary for the commander to place his own troops beyond the mark of the explosion, and, although you affirm the contrary, he did do so, and this caused a distance of nearly two miles to intervene between the two armies. It was rather an impossibility to ascertain at such a distance, that a panic had been caused, and quite impracticable to make a sudden attack before it had subsided. It strikes me very forcibly that our sadly crippled remaining force of some four or five hundred would have cut a very sorry figure had they attempted to make a rapid movement for *two miles* to attack an army of two thousand, long after they had had time to recover from their confusion.

Serjeant Marshall no doubt thought himself a very clever fellow, but I should like to be informed by *what rule* he intended to compute the time which Gen. Pike proposed to take in marching to the magazine. If he had made no halt, you admit in your account, that, the "port-fire" was just the right length. The truth is, the intention was to give our retreating troops time to avoid the danger, and to prevent the enemy getting the powder, leaving him to his chance of broken heads. However clumsily it may have been done, is nothing to the purpose, *that* was Sergeant Marshall's fault. The object was gained and as I happened to be with the rear guard, I am quite certain that none but stragglers could have been injured. You say that he appeared to have no "fixed plan." He could have had but one, and that was to oppose the landing. This he tried.—He did every thing which the circumstances admitted, and the means within his power enabled him to do. His troops fought and fought bravely; yet they were repulsed. Your own statement of the numbers engaged and the list of killed and wounded on both sides sufficiently prove that our little band did all that men could do against such a superior force. There was no hope left—there was no fortification to retire into, no broken ground, no heights, no passes which could be defended, no expectation of reinforcements, no arms to place in the hands of the militia from the country had they come in.—What more *could have been done?* Had Gen. Sheaffe decided upon making another stand, no doubt the men would have fought bravely—another list of killed and wounded would have been added "to gild the bitter pill" of defeat, and satisfy John Bull's pugnacious idea of a never give up fight. But I ask "Cui bono?" The general is responsible for the lives of his men, and "foul fall him" who unnecessarily sacrifices the life of *one brave soldier* to pander to the *patriotic sentimentality* of those "Gentlemen who live at ease." Gen. Sheaffe was a brave and good man,—we do not find any *military* authority making a charge against him. Instead of being called to an account, he has been since rewarded by his Sovereign with a Regiment. He has had no opportunity of confuting the charges made by scribblers at home, or scribblers in Canada, during his lifetime. He died at a very advanced age, and to the last retained the esteem and respect of those who knew him best. I am not aware that there is one of the regular army in the country, who was present at the battle, to defend him, but myself, and I trust that in common justice to the dead, this letter, lengthy though it be, will find a place in your next issue.

I am, yours &c.,

TRUTH.

Cornwall, November, 1853.

ST. JOHN—NEW BRUNSWICK.

The province of New Brunswick was, until the close of 1783, merely a county of Nova Scotia, with but a few inhabitants, who, scattered here and there along the banks of the magnificent streams which every where intersect the country, gained their subsistence by the products of their industry as fishermen or hunters.

In 1783, it became the home of many most respectable and influential families who had been in the British service, and who, on retirement, settled in the United States; but, in consequence of their attachment to British monarchy, were obliged to abandon the republican territory and seek an asylum under the British flag. In 1784, the first Governor, Honorable T. Carlton, entered on office and continued for two years to conduct

the administration with universal satisfaction. He was succeeded by Hon. G. G. Ludlow, who held the office seven years, and was succeeded in 1803 by the Hon. E. Winslow, who presided for five years, and was succeeded in 1808 by Gen. M. Hunter, who with an *interregnum* of a few months, (during his absence Lieut. Col. G. Johnson holding office) was succeeded in 1811 by General W. Balfour. In 1812, General G. S. Smith was appointed Governor, who, with one or two interruptions, during absence on the public service of the country, was succeeded in 1824 by Gen. Sir Howard Douglass, after whose removal in 1829, the Hon. Wm. Black, president of the present L. L. Council, held the reins of administration for a time. In 1831, Sir Archibald Campbell obtained the office of Governor, and was succeeded by Gen. Sir John Harvey in 1837, and he by Sir William Colebrooke in 1841—a most mild, pacific and excellent man, under whose administration the province advanced very rapidly in all its interests, civil, ecclesiastical, commercial and agricultural. On his removal to the government of the leeward W. I. Islands, Sir Edmund Head was appointed, who is the present Governor, and a man of very considerable talent and shrewdness, possessing tact enough to steer clear of the shoals which usually impede colonial administration. He wisely gives his council full scope, and thus keeps clear of scrapes. He is a very highly accomplished gentleman, and a few years experience in the colonies will make him a first rate diplomatist. He has one man in his cabinet possessed of talent enough to govern any colony under the British crown. We refer to the Hon. J. R. P * * *—without whose head it would be difficult to form any administration which would continue to govern New Brunswick with any degree of peace for any length of time.

The province is divided into fourteen counties, with a population of about 200,000, including 1116 native children of the Milecete tribe. In 1851 the census showed that the ratio of emigrants to this province, was as follows:—

From England	3907
From Scotland	4855
From Ireland	28776
Other British possessions	1550
Foreign countries	1344
With a negro population of	2058

It is obvious that the Irish element is numerically by far the strongest, although a vast amount of the commerce of the province is under the control of Scotch houses and managed by Scotch heads and Scotch capital. Many men who settled in this province from ten to thirty years ago, have risen into opulence and independence, and are now occuping very prominent and influential places in the commercial legislative ranks of New Brunswick. Such men are the Hon. J * * R * * * and the Hon. D * * W * *, the one a native of Scotland, the other of Ulster, are alike an honor to their native land and a benefit to their adopted country.

During the first thirty years the province of New Brunswick did not grow rapidly, not being known in Britain as a very inviting field for emigrants; but, so soon as its vast resources for lumber were made known in the mother country, it became a point of attraction to hundreds of young men of enterprise—and the great commercial metropolis, St. John, then a little fishing village, began to rise rapidly in importance, and, in about fifty years, this city contained a population of some *thirty thousand* inhabitants, although its progress had been much retarded at different times by the destructive element of fire. A view of the growing city will be seen in our frontispiece, and in situation, so far as scenery and especially commercial advantages are concerned, the site was admirably selected. Indeed, the state of the tide, and the falls at the head of the harbour, seem to have conspired for the purpose of making the promontory, on which St. John stands, the seat of a large and powerful city. But for the falls St. John would never have exceeded in dimensions or commercial importance, a small fishing village. Fredericton would have been the capital, both commercial and civil, but the navigation of the river is so much interrupted by the falls or rapids as to prevent vessels of large tonnage from going higher than the harbour, which is navigable at all times. The high tides of the bay of Fundy render the harbour of St. John one of the safest and most commodious on this continent, and this fact combined with the inexhaustible and as yet undeveloped resources of the province must ultimately make this city one of the largest commercial sea-ports in the British Empire. On the landing of the loyalists, upon the 19th of May, 1783—a day which is still commemorated by the inhabitants of the city, by firing guns and other demonstrations of joy,—the city consisted of a few wooden shanties, scattered along the bold and frowning promontory, which has since been crowned with large and magnificent buildings, and is now the emporium of an immense amount of British merchandise. The rugged rock in whose yawning crevices the little log hut was sheltered—scarcely affording a wretched home

to the fisherman and his family—has been shivered, and the huge fabric of massive granite occupies its place. Their cottages which were but a few rods from the harbour, and were then almost inaccessible from being surrounded by dense and bushy thickets, have disappeared, and in their place are found large and magnificently furnished stores well replenished with British imports, and resounding with the busy hum of Anglo Saxon and Celtic industry. On the rugged rocks and over the muddy swamps, where seventy years ago the fish-hawk watched its finny prey and the partridge nestled, are now seen large rows of streets cutting each other at right angles and enlivened by the evidences of intelligent industry—along the wharves where the dark cedar grew, and the slimy serpent sunned itself in the summer day—may be seen immense piles of new houses and store rooms. On the rugged and bold high land, which stretches North West, and which the eye of the reader will notice as the site of two churches built away from the body of the city, some fifty years ago nothing would have been found save the rude wigwam of the wandering Indian; and along those capaciou wharves, which often furnish safe anchorage for 100 sail of vessels of the largest tonnage, was naught save the frail canoe attached by its bark fastening to an overhanging tree or projecting rock: triumphant evidences all of the change a few years make on a colonial city, and proving the wonderful results that flow from the active industry of men who understand and cultivate the principle of self-reliance,—that capital which, based on industry, is the most productive in a young country, and is the boon which the all-wise and beneficent Creator has bestowed on every son of Adam.

We have adverted to the site of the city; a word or two on the topography of this commercial city. Indian tradition and geological observation unite in bearing testimony to the fact, that the ancient *embouchure* of the river St. John was in the rear, and not, as now, in the front of the city, by some convulsion of nature the current was forced through a region of limestone, about two miles above the harbour, called now the *Narrows*, where the stream empties itself into a very large basin, on which the bustling village of Indian Town stands, and from this point the navigation of the river by steamers and other craft commences. On the southern extremity of this basin lies a large breastwork of solid rock, through which the water must have forced itself, falling into the harbour with a tremendous velocity. The rock is now called split rock, and the Falls, so called, possess this peculiarity, that, at low water the fall is into the harbour, while the high tides at St. John force, in their ebb, the stream back again, and reverse the Falls at high water. The Falls are unnavigable from the strength of the current, but at a certain state of ebb and flow the surface is quite smooth, and vessels of some tonnage might pass. The Falls have recently been spanned by one of the finest and most substantial wire bridges on this continent, constructed by W. Reynolds, Esq. The stock of this great undertaking is said to be paying a large per centage, and must still further improve, as it is the only outlet, except by ferry boats, for the entire traffic and travel west, and the only inlet, by land, for all the travel from the United States during the winter season.

Between the ancient and modern bed of the river, the rocky bluff, on which the city of St. John now stands, rises in majestic boldness, and having been laid out by the founders of the city, in blocks, each forming a complete square, is now capped by a beautiful and bustling city. The streets cut each other at right angles, corresponding with the points of the compass. Parallel with the harbour, as represented in our plate, is Prince William Street, which is cut at the south end by the water of the harbour, and terminates, on the north, in front of the beautiful residence of the late Chief Justice Chipman, a distinguished lawyer, and son of one of the loyalists.

Cutting Prince William Street, which is one of the main business streets, at right angles and near the centre of our woodcut, is King Street, which runs east and west, connecting the waters of the harbour with the Bay, which sweeps the eastern part of the city; the western end of this broad street (exceeding in breadth Broadway, New York) is called King Street, and the eastern end Great George Street, while, between the two and in the very midst of the city, is a noble square, called King Square, planted with trees and clothed during the summer in the richest verdure. In the centre of that square is erected a magnificent fountain.

St. John is sustained principally by the lumbering business, and by ship-building, very large quantities of squared lumber and large timber, both cut and uncut, being brought into this port for shipment to the British market, and vessels of the largest tonnage, from European and American ports, may be seen riding in the summer season in this harbour.

The Ashburton Treaty, and, more recently, the amendment in the Navigation Laws of Great Britain, created a temporary panic in the commerce

of this goodly city, but it has survived and triumphed over these commercial difficulties, and it is, at this moment, flourishing as rapidly as any American or Canadian city.

The following list will give our readers an idea of the commercial importance of St. John:—

In 1850, Imports to St. John from—

The United Kingdom	£387,398
British America	129,466
United States	233,457
West Indies	2,049
Elsewhere	18,107
	£770,477

Exports for same year, from St. John to—

United Kingdom	£458,853
British America	54,853
United States	65,230
West Indies	11,637
Elsewhere	13,203
	£603,777
	770,489
	£166,700

The following list of shipping will also afford an idea of the amount of business done in this department alone:—

	Inwards.		Outwards.	
	Nos.	Tonnage.	Nos.	Tonnage.
United Kingdom	233	95,393	766	303,619
British Colonies	1318	81,424	1243	70,155
United States	1457	242,104	937	27,926
Elsewhere	68	17,701	25	3,284
Total	3039	436,622	2671	464,983

The excess of import above the export for 1850, shows a balance in favor of the city alone of £166,700. Now, when it is taken into account that this was just at the close of the fearful depression consequent on the Irish famine, it must appear obvious, that the city was then in a stable and healthy state, and much more so is it now, owing to the railroad speculations, which are infusing fresh vigour into the Province.

The great article of manufacture in this city is the merchantmen, and strangers on arriving at St. John, are not a little surprised at seeing some twenty large ships on the stocks around its suburbs, each varying from seven hundred to two thousand tons burthen. It was at the Courtenay Bay ship-yard that the celebrated ship *Marco Polo* was built, under the superintendence of James Smith, a man of great spirit and enterprize, whose industry and good conduct have not only enriched himself, but the Province also, and brought its capabilities before the empire in such a way, as to create a new epoch in the history of its commerce.

The Australian and Californian gold fever has enriched St. John to a very great extent in this way. Since the emigration to these gold countries began, upwards of six hundred ships of large tonnage have rounded the Capes never to return. Some have been sold for local trade, others, for the Pacific trade, and the remainder have been employed as floating residences in and around San Francisco. This continued drain upon the Imperial and Colonial ports, has necessarily given a great impulse to the ship-building trade, and hence the demand on St. John, and the Province of New Brunswick generally has been very great, and fortunes have been made or greatly augmented, within the last twelve months, from this cause.

The dry goods' business has been a source of great wealth to several houses in this city. Many of the merchants from St. John cross the Atlantic once or twice every year, to select in the home market goods for the provincial trade, and within the last fifteen years new firms have sprung up rivalling the mushroom, in their rapidity of growth and the oak, in stability; and men who arrived in the city almost penniless, by their industry and perseverance have now reached the retiring point. One of the handsomest and most costly blocks of buildings in St. John, on Coffee House Corner,* a block which is at once an ornament to the city and to the two streets on which it stands—is the property of John Gillis, Esq., a retired merchant, and a man of large views and liberal spirit.

There are in the city and suburbs three Roman Catholic churches—one in the City proper, another in Portland, towards the foot of our frontispiece, and the third in Carleton, which is a ward of the city, but separated from it, as our readers will observe, by the harbor. There are six churches connected with the Church of England:—old Trinity, the Stone Church, St. James' Church in Lower Cove, St. Georges' Carleton, St. Luke's in Portland, the most remote on the frontispiece, and the Valley Church, a neat little building, of which the site and the church itself, were a liberal bequest of the late Chief Justice Chipman.

There are also four Presbyterian Churches in the city, viz: the Old Church of Scotland, two Free Churches of Scotland, and one Reformed Presbyterian,—besides, four Methodist, four

*In the early days of the city—the leading commercial corner, was ornamented by a small coffee house, from which it still retains its old Heraldic name.

Baptist, and one Congregational Church. The social element is very strong among the various religious bodies in this city, and on the occasion of the Anniversary of the Bible Society, all Protestant denominations meet most cordially on the same platform.

The people of this city are social, charitable, and kindly disposed to each other, and to strangers, yielding in this respect to no city on the American continent, and there are few spots on the face of our globe in which the inhabitants as a whole attend so regularly upon the public ordinances of religion.

THE CHRONICLES OF DREEPDAILY. No. XVIII.

WHEREIN ARE RECORDED SUNDRY MARVELLOUS AND UNLOOKED FOR PASSAGES; AS THE DILIGENT PERUSER WILL DISCOVER.

THE Baron of Boddam, (continued Dr. Pittendrum,) when speaking of the events now under narration, used frequently to dwell upon the singular expression of countenance presented by the way-farer, who obtained shelter in the castle on that stormy Christmas Eve. Though his face, unquestionably, was striking and majestic in its outlines, there was something about it which repelled rather than attracted the beholder. A smile generally played about the finely shaped mouth, but it never seemed to derive its origin from the heart. It conveyed the idea of a hyena welcoming the prey it was about to devour,—and with all its seeming mirthfulness it was chilling as a sunbeam of mid-winter, resting unlovingly upon the peak of an ice-berg!

Cunning indeed must have been the limner, who could have transferred to canvass a definite presentment of that bewildering and most incomprehensible visage. Never for two minutes did the features thereof tell the same physiognomic story. At one time they reminded the beholder of the ancient sculptures of the demon-God Baal. Anon, they wove themselves into the similitude of Odin. And presently the contemplator would have sworn that he had beheld them portrayed in some illuminated biography of the saints, as appertaining to Heaven's arch-rebel when writhing like a crushed worm under the retributive paws of Michael! Kentigern towards his mysterious guest, found himself drawn by a potent and irresistible attraction. Nor was this much to be wondered at. Strangely fascinating was the manner in which he conversed upon almost every topic which could engage the attention of a cultivated and thoughtful mind. Familiar was he with all the whole range of art and science, and ere half an hour had elapsed, Keith had learned more from his oral communications than he had been able to acquire by the toilsome study of years. No problem was too complicated or abstruse for solution by this incomparable *Magister Artium*, who appeared to have at his finger-ends the concentrated knowledge of every terrestrial university. If the circle could have been squared, unquestionably Boddam castle would have witnessed the performance of the feat, that memorable night!

With theology, likewise, the incognito appeared to be as much at home, as a seraphic doctor, though, to speak the truth, Kentigern by no means deemed him the most orthodox of expounders. He evidently made but small account of faith, and brought every proposition which came upon the tapis, to the touchstone of human reason. Intellect, he placed, if not above Revelation, at least on a footing of perfect equality therewith, and magnified it as the supreme principle which was destined to make earth a second Paradise, and man the co-equal of his Creator!

So intimately acquainted was the Baron's strange *hospes* with the most minute details of history, that one would almost have deemed that he had been present at the occurrences which he described. The motives of statesmen and politicians he dissected with a bold and discriminating hand, and many personages the world had written down as patriots, were demonstrated by this caustic censor to be as unmigitated self-seekers as their neighbours.

The effect produced on Kentigern Keith by the disquisitions of his unknown mentor, was bewildering and morally chaotic in the highest degree. Truths which he had previously regarded as being beyond question or challenge, became invested with a dull haze of dubiety; and propositions which yesterday he recoiled from in horror, began to wear brighter and more winning aspects.

Great as were the stranger's multiform attractions, they were not masterful enough to act as opiates to the disquietude of an anxious, and despairing lover. Ever and anon, sharp and feeverish thoughts of the misery which the coming day would assuredly witness, sickened hi heart, and damped his brow with clammy perspiration. In order to drown reflection he had recourse, with unwonted frequency, to the wine-cup; and as a natural consequence he greatly lost the command of reason and jndgment.

It was at this period that the guest suggested

to his entertainer, that as the night was still young, a match at chess, then as now a favorite pastime, might agreeably occupy some of the remaining hours. Of this aristocratic game the Baron was a devoted admirer, and he gladly closed with the proposition, hoping thereby to elude for a period the cares under whose thraldom he was suffering such misery.

For a season the players contented themselves with risking but slender stakes upon the chances of the game. The deep draughts of malvoisie, however, which Kentigern continued to drain created an appetite in him for more extensive ventures, and producing the two hundred pounds, which it will be remembered constituted the whole of his remaining means, he invited his opponent to play for that amount. The challenge was promptly accepted, and after a short but keen contest, the Baron, by a lucky check-mate doubled the amount of his slender fortune.

Flushed with his success, Keith continued the exciting tournament, and fortune attended him at every step. Ere long, his winnings began to be reckoned by thousands, and hope, for a weary time a stranger to his breast, reassumed its genial sway. "The fair Margery may yet be mine," was his tumultuous mental ejaculation, and with a brighter eye and more elastic pulse, he applied himself to the prosecution of the campaign.

At length the gold which he had acquired, amounted to one-half of the marriage portion which Sir Humphrey Montealto demanded for his daughter, and as the rapid advent of midnight interposed a veto to much longer gaming, Kentigern resolved to risk his fortunes upon one decisive contest. Challenging his opponent to play for five thousand pounds, he met with a ready consent, and the parties devoted themselves with redoubled energy and zeal to their task.

Alas! the fickle and treacherous Goddess deserted her votary in this hour of his utmost need. Every movement which he made proved unpropitious, and just as the deep-toned bell of Boddam Castle proclaimed the birth of a new Christmas morn, Kentigern Keith started from the table a stunned and half-crazed bankrupt!

For a season he paced the stone-floored hall with rapid and agitated steps, tearing his hair, and bitterly anathematizing the hapless hour of his nativity. The future gloomed before him a churlish, sunless desert, and not a speck of green relieved the monotony of misery which it presented.

In the midst of this paroxysm of despair, the stranger, who had never lost his self-possession, grasped the unhappy youth by the arm, and forced him to resume his chair. "Listen to me," he said in a tone at once soothing and commanding, "You have lost what I set but little store upon, for treasures are at my devotion, before which the handful of gold on that board would dwindle into the most utter insignificance. What I covet is not money, but mind! My ambition is to be the lord of intellect! Become my vassal, and the means of accomplishing your cherished desires shall be placed at your disposal this very hour. Sign this bond, placing yourself at my command on the expiry of twenty years, and thrice the sum for which we have been striving will wait your acceptance!"

Like a sapling in the whirlwind, the miserable Baron trembled at the enunciation of this proposal, and shook his head in rejection thereof. "Avaunt, avaunt!" he cried, "my extremity is dismal, but I may not pay such a ghastly price for relief! Hence! begone! and leave me to die at least the death of a Christian man!"

"As you please," the tempter quietly rejoined. "Methinks you make a mighty pother about nothing! I offer you good hard cash in return for your autograph, and I trow that no usurer in broad Scotland, would give a doit for such a thriftless commodity!"

"But my soul!" faltered forth the unhappy Baron.

"Your soul!" sarcastically cried the dealer in intellect. "How can you tell that you have got one? Did you ever see it, or feel it, or touch it, or smell it? Tush, man! Rise superior to the silly prejudices of a doting age, and spurn not an offer which, I can assure you, will never be repeated! If there is a fool in the transaction, it is myself, who am willing to pay so much to gratify an idle whim."

Still Keith answered not, though his resolution appeared to be somewhat shaken. Brightly shone the glittering pieces in the light of the pendant lamp, and intolerably tantalizing was the jingling which they made, as the owner thereof rattled them about.

At this crisis a soft but hurried footstep was heard on the stair, and the door of the chamber being thrown open, Margery Montealto rushed in with her hair dishevelled and garments in disorder, and threw herself wildly at the hapless swain's feet?

This was more than mortal flesh and blood could bear. With a yell, compounded of love and despair, he clutched a pen, and glared around him for the inkstand. Not discovering the object of his search, he dashed his fist upon the table in

a paroxysm of frenzied impatience, causing a copious emission of blood.

With an easy and debonair off-handedness, the stranger unfolded the unorthodox document, and pointed to the warm fluid, which had so recently coursed through the veins of the sore, distraught Kentigern. "Dip your keelivine in this, my friend," he exclaimed, with a grin. "You know the ancient saw, *any harbour in a tempest!* I shall not prize your signature the less, because it beareth a crimson instead of an ebon hue?" Ere he could well finish the sentence, the act which he prompted was completed. The Baron, with averted eyes, adhibited his subscription, and, overcome by conflicting feelings, sank down beside the prostrate Margery!

* * * * *

When he had recovered the full possession of his senses, the mysterious chess-player had conveyed himself away. The scroll was nowhere to be seen, and Kentigern might have fancied the whole affair had been merely an extra-vivid dream, did not the substantial heap of shining Jacobuses which lay upon the board,testify to the reality thereof.

The primary impulse of the Baron was to raise up the poor damsel, for whose love he had done a deed which he could not bear to contemplate; but here a bewildering marvel awaited him. Instead of the gloriously-shaped Margery Montealto, he clasped within his arms the withered, deformed person of the ancient Castle drudge, Bridget Bachles, who was busily employed in scouring the floor from stains of blood! His knowledge of *glamourie* enabled him at once to divine how the deception had been produced; and troubled as he was, he could not avoid admiring the astuteness by which he had been precipitated to his doom!

From the epoch of cock crowing next morning, the mansion house of Montealto presented signs and tokens of unwonted bustle and vitality. Huge logs blazed and crackled in its kitchen's capacious fire place. A generously fattened ox, breathed forth its ultimate breath under the hands of the butcher; and more than one sheep, together with geese and other feathered bipeds beyond calculation, bid adieu to all mundane cares and solacements. Bauldie Brose, the cook in chief, bustled about as if the fate of broad Scotland depended upon his almost preternatural exertions, and loud was the clangor of spits and frying pans which resounded without intermission through his savoury domain. As for Plook, McPimple, the buttler, he was at an early hour of the day constrained to seek the solitude of his dormitory, the strength of his brain not being sufficient to bear up against the combined effects of the liquors which, as in duty bound, it devolved upon him to taste on that eventful Christmas!

Let it not be supposed that such hospitable demonstrations were common at Montealto Hall, even at the most famous festivals marked down for celebration in the ecclesiastical calendar. On the contrary the very reverse was the general rule; and the mendicant Friar would rather have looked for a Christmas symposium from the poorest cotter in the north countrie, than at the sordid and unappetizing board of the penurious Sir Humphrey.

But this was a day of days! Before evening, the fate of the fair Margery was to be irrevocably decided; and the gustatory preparations above alluded to, had reference to the solemnization of the anxious maidens nuptials!

It will be readily imagined that her frame of mind was troubled and feverish in the highest degree. Kentigern had lacked courage to inform her touching the failure of all his mammonic speculations, and consequently she cherished an expectation that he would be in a condition to comply with the exacting behests of her mercenary sire. On the other hand, however, the absence of any cheering communication from her lover, tended to smother the flickering flame of hope which bound in her gentle heart. She could not avoid arguing,that if Kentigern had been favoured by fortune, he would have made her a sharer in his felicity;—and altogether the feelings which she experienced were more germain for a burial than a bridal.

Again the dogged silence preserved by Sir Humphry, touching the other candidate for her hand, aggravated in no small degree the distressing quandary in which the poor damsel was placed. To lose her beloved Baron would be bad enough in all conscience, but to be chained for life to an obnoxious mate, was a contingency which filled her with loathing horror! Bitterly did she weep in her bed chamber, up to the period when she was summoned to accompany her unsympathizing ancestor to mass, and it is very questionable whether Niobe herself ever shed more tears within the same space of time!

The religious services of the morning having been concluded, the father led his child into the great hall of Montealto, which was already filled with all the retainers of the family. At the upper end of the chamber was placed a small table containing writing materials, on one side whereof stood Father Bethune, the domestic chaplain,pre-

pared to rivet the bonds which the skeleton hands of death alone could undo. At the other extremity was seated the Baron of Boddam, closely enveloped in a capacious cloak,—an article of costume selected rather to conceal the thread-bare condition of his doublet and hose, than as a protection against the winter's temperature.

When Margery entered the room leaning upon her father's arm, she darted a keenly scrutinizing glance at Kentigern, in hopes to expiscate how the land lay, but all in vain. Her physiognomical skill was thoroughly baffled, and failed to decypher one line graven upon that incomprehensible countenance. There might be hope there, and there might be despair—or perchance a sample and combination of both. When her eyes had intermitted their investigation they left their perplexed mistress as much in the dark as ever.

Sir Humphry Montealto having deposited himself in his chair of state, commenced proceedings by vigorously clearing his throat, and arming his nose with a huge pair of barnacles.

"Baron of Boddam," quoth he—"I am, as all Aberdeenshire knows, a man of my word, and having promised you the first offer of my daughter's hand, I now proceed to implement my agreement. Are you prepared to comply with your portion of the covenant? To make a long story short, have you got such a matter as ten thousand loyal and sterling Jacobuses in your possession, and if so, will you have the kindness to produce them before this assemblage?"

These words were enunciated by the kiln-dried knight, with a considerable dash of sarcasm and mockery. The tone of his voice was very much analogous to, what it would have exhibited, if he had been inviting the questioned individual to leap over the moon, or stow away Ben Nevis in his breeches pocket!

Without rising from the settle which he occupied, Kentigern pointed to the drooping and trembling Margery, who half supported by the friendly arm of Father Bethune, looked like a snow drop clinging for succour to a tender hearted red cabbage. This latter similitude was naturally suggested by the genial hue of the excellent ecclesiastic's frontispiece, which bespoke a not unfamiliar acquaintance with distilled waters!

"Have you the heart of a father, Sir Humphry?" he exclaimed, pointing as aforesaid—"Is it possible that you can weigh the happiness of your child against a handful of yellow dross? Will all the gold in christendom compensate for blighted affections? Is there virtue in the rarest gems of the east to cure a broken heart?"

"A withered crab apple for your blighted affections!"—interjected the matter of fact knight.—"We are assembled not to talk about broken hearts, but anent good sound cash! I always thought that this would be the spring you would be playing, but if you calculate upon our dancing to such piping, you are pestilently off your eggs! There has been enough, and more than enough, of this tom-foolery. By the winks and signs of Bauldie Brose, I am certiorated that the vivers will be sorely moiled if this dinner be longer delayed, and Father Bethune looketh as if he ought ere this to have uttered *benedicite* over the sirloin! To abbreviate matters, therefore, I shall take the liberty of introducing a worthy gentleman who I hope, ere half an hour hath been measured upon the dial, to greet as my affectionate son-in-law!"

Having thus spoken, Sir Humphry knocked with the dudgeon of his dagger upon the table, and the door of an anti-room slowly opening, there emerged therefrom the ungainly tabernacle of Dr. Fergus Foxglove! His native squint was more portentously repulsive than ever, and his club feet re-echoed through the hall like a dead march played upon a muffled drum of Tartarus!

Wild was the shriek which the agonised, and now thoroughly horrified Margery, uttered, when this monstrous libel upon humanity blasted her vision! Her soul became saturated in one instant with the most overwhelming disgust,—and if she had been certiorated that her destined husband was Mahoun himself, not one additional drop of bitterness could have been added to her cup. It was already brimful, and running over! As for the Baron he preserved the same unreadable expression of countenance, and regarded the hidious leech as a phenomenon, unpalatable, indeed, but one in which he took no special concern. This indifference was almost as overwhelming to the hopeless maiden as the sight of the incarnate night-mare who gloomed before her, and she felt as if instant death would be a climax of mercy, now that she was assured of the cold-heartedness of her professed adorer!

Stumping and shambling up to the table, the frightful suitor placed thereon an iron bound casket, and a parchment document. "Here, Sir Humphry," he exclaimed, in tones harsh and unmusical as the voice of a superannuated carrion crow—"here I have brought the price which you demand for the adorable Mistress Margery. In this ark you will find six thousand yellow beauties, fresh and fair as when they

emerged from the mint—and that parchment is a mortgage over the castle and domains of Boddam, in security of five thousand pounds, advanced by your humble servant to our mutual and esteemed friend the baron of that ilk! Having thus more than come up to the mark, I crave leave to salute my bonnie, blushing bride, and to suggest that the sooner mother church has made us one, the better!"

So saying Foxglove, with the leer of a Satyr, made his way to the half inanimate Margery, and before she could prevent the outrage pressed his blubber lips upon her pale and shrinking cheek. This was more than the seemingly phlegmatic Keith could tolerate. Starting up he grasped his rival by the throat, and hurling him from the lady, exclaimed—"Back, thou accursed usurer! —repeat that sacrilege and I will trample thee to merited perdition!"

The doctor did not appear to be much put about by this unceremonious greeting. Coolly adjusting his deranged collar, he winked with his sinister unit optic at the baron, and observed —"I pardon your choler, fair kinsman, seeing that I can well afford so to do. As the homely saw hath it—*folk may laugh who win!* Touching my usury, it is nothing strange to find the spendthrift borrower, revile the lender, when all is spent and gone; but I am not so churlish a skin-flint as you would fain have this goodly company to believe. In the presence of all who hear me, do I make a tender to thee of this bond, if thou wilt pay me down on the nail one-half of the amount thereof! I would fain prove to the incomparable Margery that my character has sustained foul injury at thy reckless hands!" Having thus delivered himself, Fergus pitched the parchment towards the baron, making at the same time a covert gesture for Sir Humphry's special behoof, as if inviting him to relish the jest which he was playing off upon his impoverished relative.

Kentigern, neither by word nor look expressed the slightest umbrage at this piece of practical impertinence. On the contrary he made a polite congé to the doctor, and after opening the parchment to assure himself that it was the document represented to be, quietly deposited it in his pocket. Foxglove terrified least the joke should be carried a trifle too far, loudly insisted upon the restoration of his property, but was met with a firm, though perfectly civil refusal. "No, no, my learned cousin"—said Keith—"a bargain is a bargain, all the world over, so I will just make bold to retain possession of this dusty piece of sheep's skin, and hand you over, by way of exordium, the sum of two thousand five hundred pounds, which I opine will balance accounts between us!"

The check-mated medico listened to these words, as if he had been in a dream—nor was his self-possession materially restored by Kentigern producing a dropsical-looking leather bag from beneath his cloak, and telling therefrom a series of glittering coins! Fain would Fergus have now represented that his offer had been made merely in sport, but it was too late to advance successfully any such plea. Scores of witnesses professed their readiness to depone that the transaction was a business one, and the mortgage fairly redeemed. Father Bethune threatened to excommunicate the recusant upon the spot if he persisted in refusing to hold a bargain made *exanimo;* and even the knight, desirous as he was to favor a brother miser, was constrained to take the same view of the question.

"You have got back your infernal dirty acres, for half nothing,"—at length hissed forth the crest-fallen doctor,—"but may the foul fiend slay me in sight of Boddam castle, if I do not cheat you out of your lady love! Yes, pridesome madam! though you regard me as little as if I was an unsavoury brock, the time will come, and that speedily, when you shall be humbly assisting to compound the pills and mix the lotions of your lord and master, your humble servant to command videlicet! Come, Father Bethune, get your marrying tools in order, for by the great toe of Galen and the hip bone of Hippocrates, Margery Montealto shall answer to the surname of Foxglove before the world is ten minutes older!"

"Not so fast, neighbour!" again interjected the provokingly imperturbable Kentigern. The longest purse, you know, gains the day. Is not this the law, Sir Humphry?" A grim nod signified the acquiescence of the knight, who by this time was beginning to feel a keener appetite as to how the matter would terminate. "Come, now,"—continued the baron—"let us decide the affair at once, or assuredly we shall have to dine this day upon burned and over-sodden viands! Here, I place ten Jacobi upon the table, do you follow the example, and the party whose purse holds longest out shall win the fair Margery!"

To this proposition no feasible objection could be urged, and for some minutes nothing was heard in the hall save and except the rattling of coin upon the board. After a season the doctor's instalments began to come forth somewhat costively, and at length, a joyous exclamation from

the bride, who had been breathlessly watching the financial combat, proclaimed that victory remained with her adorer. Upon the last Jacobus tabled by Foxglove, Kentigern Keith triumphantly clapped down ten, and enfolding the entranced maiden in his arms, he imprinted upon her not unwilling lips, a running fire of osculations, which were audible from the warder's pepper box turret, to the vinous den of Plook McPimple! * * * * * *

"A murrain confound these pieces!"--exclaimed Sir Humphry Montealto, whilst counting over his daughter's dowery in the evening, after she had become the lady of Boddam—"A murrain confound these pieces, how pestilently do they smell of sulphur. * * * *

Twenty years from the date of the passages recorded as above, the baron of Boddam was seated in his hall, with only one companion. It was again the eve of Christmas day, and won drously quiet and genial was the night, for that hymeneal season. The moon's pale visage was unobscured by a single envious cloud, and so soft was the voice of the whispering wind, that it drowned not the sob of the rippling wave, amorously kissing the shells which slumbered upon the sandy beach!

Ill at ease the baron evidently was. His flaggon of wine stood untasted at his elbow, and ever and anon as the warder proclaimed the lapse of another half hour, he gave a convulsive start, and glowered at the door, as if anticipating the advent of some undesired, and dreaded vision!"

"Calm thyself, my son"—at length observed his associate, who was neither more nor less than our quondum friend Father Bethune, now exceedingly aged, and fast approaching the dotage of senility. "Calm and compose thyself my son, and give ear unto me whilst I recite from the golden legend, how the blessed Saint Dunstan did shrewdly blister the nasal member of the fiend, with a pair of heated tongs. Lo! behold amongst the glowing embers on yonder hearth, a corresponding weapon, which I have sprinkled from the well of the canonized Ninian, and am prepared to use after a corresponding fashion, and questionless with similar success!"

This assurance appeared to afford but slender consolation to the moody Kentigern. He gave a sceptical glance at the indicated forceps, and ejaculated with a deep drawn sigh of anxiety—"Would that Advocate Flawfinder were come! He should have been here an hour before sundown!"

The lawyer whose presence was so emphatically longed for by the baron, was the most eminent jurisconsult who then adorned the Scottish bar. Hundreds of necks had his astuteness rescued from the halter, when they were almost spanned by the hangman's fingers—and no cause was ever regarded as hopeless for which his good offices had been bespoken and secured. Kentigern had transmitted to this favourite son of Themis, a statement of the peculiar difficulty in which he was placed, accompanied with a honorarium sufficiently bountiful to induce him to promise a visit to Boddam castle on the afternoon in question.

Ten o'clock was announced as having been born and expired, and still no tidings of the tardy interpreter, (or, shall we say, mis-interpreter?) of laws and statutes. Keith could no longer retain his seat, so great did his nervous impatience become, but jumping up he strode to the main window, and pressing his flushed forehead against the cold bars, strove to pierce the obscurity which enshrouded the high-road from Edinburgh. As for good Father Bethune, he continued to mumble forth the achievements of his favourite Dunstan, without once lifting his bleared eyes from the brass clasped folios to discover whether his auditor gave heed or not.

Just as the maturity of eleven o'clock had been proclaimed, the jog-trot pace of a methodically progressing steed was heard, and presently Advocate Flawfinder was ushered into the presence of his half demented client.

Denuding himself of a host of upper garments, and neck bandages, which the period of the year rendered prudently precautionary, the pleader proceeded to do justice to a substantial repast placed at his devotion. Of the wine cup he was more sparing, observing in reply to his host's invitations, that "though a long spoon was desirable when supping contiguously to a certain personage, a shallow goblet was then and there equally necessary! It is a kittle case we have to manage," continued the Advocate, "and you know the proverb teaches that *when the drink is in, the wit is out!*"

Hardly had these words issued from the lawyer's mouth, when a fourth personage was beheld seated at the table! Not for twenty long years had the Baron gazed upon that indescribeable countenance, but once seen, it was never to be forgotten. * * * * * *

Father Bethune first took up the cudgels in defence of his penitent, Every species of exorcism and anathema, which he could call to mind, he hurled at the head of the intruder, but without success. In vain did he command him

to betake himself with all convenient speed to the profundities of the Red Sea, threatening him with the canonical pains and penalties in the event of non-compliance. The stranger thanked him cordially for his attention, but declared that he was perfectly comfortable where he was, and besides that he was no special admirer of the cold water cure! Finally the bothered and baffled ecclesiastic had recourse to his carnal weapon, and grasping the red hot tongs, made a grab at the proboscis of the unwholesome and nameless interloper! It was, however, a bootless essay! The fiery utensil fell short of the mark, and recoiling upon the sconce of its wielder, singed away the few gray hairs, which, like a coronet of snow circled his bald climax! "Verily the mantle of Saint Dunstan hath not lighted upon my unworthy shoulders," exclaimed the honest confessor, as he sunk down exhausted into his easy chair, and drained a copious bumper of Rhenish to brace his relaxed and shaken nerves!

The Advocate who beheld this scene with profound indifference, not to say contempt, next interposed his offices.

Addressing the unbidden visitor, in the most cool and business-like manner, he introduced himself as the legal adviser of the Baron of Boddam, and as such entitled to investigate the validity of any demand made either upon his person or property. "Without hinting a suspicion as to who you are, or what you may be," said the grave and formal practitioner,—"I have to certiorate you that in this realm no one is above or below the law; she does not make fish of one and flesh of another, but treats with kindred impartially, peer and peasant, devil and demi—God!"

"Do you mean any thing personal by that last allusion,?" exclaimed the unknown, somewhat pettishly. "If you do, I can tell you that I did not come here to be insulted by any rascally pettifogger in or out of Christendom! I simply claim the implement of a regular agreement. My own is all that I require, and my own I am determined to have!

Mr. Flawfinder blandly waved his hand, and requested the personage, whoever he was, not to put himself into a flurry about nothing. "According to my instructions," said he, "you hold a certain mortgage, or bond, over that chattel of my constituent, commonly called 'his soul.' Now I demand an inspection of that instrument, before its conditions be carried into effect. If executed in a legal and formal manner, you may do with the Baron what you please; if not, I defy you to touch him with the tip of your little finger!"

The stranger—for so he must be termed, in default of a more definite designation—did not seem to relish the lawyer's imperturbable self-possession, which amounted almost to stolidity. He hitched and wriggled about in his seat, as if the cushion thereof had been replete with thorns; but at length, unable to refute the averments of his opponent, he at last drew forth the deed. "There," said he, dashing it down with an irate flourish, "there is the document, and you may make *a kirk and a mill* thereof, as the denizens of this churlish region say. I defy you to ferret out a single flaw or mistake. It would be somewhat surprising if you could, seeing that the bond is an exact counterpart of the one which conveyed away the soul of the renowned Doctor Faustus. The regularity of that transaction was never questioned by the most famous members of the Italian bar, and I humbly flatter myself that what held good there, will hold better in Scotland!"

"That is to be seen, neighbor," was the quiet rejoinder; and unfolding the parchment, the lawyer, having first wiped and adjusted his spectacles, proceeded to bestow upon it a rigid inspection.

During this process, the Baron looked the very incarnation of anxiety. The stranger pretended to be unconcerned, but ever and anon cast the tail of his inexplicable eye upon the reader, as if he was not quite free from harm from that quarter. As for the excellent Father Bethune, he sat looking faggots and halters at the mysterious one, and rapping out, every other minute, one of his thriftless adjurations.

It was close upon the midnight hour ere Mr. Flawfinder concluded his explorations. When he had done so, he pitched the writing from him with a contemptuous pshaw, and snuffing carelessly at a pouncet box, declared that it was worth no more than the value of the raw material. "If you get a groat for it, as a covering for a drum," quoth he, "you may think yourself precious well off."

"And wherein is the deed defective, I should like to know?" exclaimed the now thoroughly alarmed bondholder.

"Why, I could march a troop of archers through a dozen holes in it with ease," was the curt rejoinder. "But to say nothing more, it neglects to state the place and date of subscription, and lacks the signature of witnesses, so that according to the *lex loci contractus*, it is essentially and incurably null and void! Get out of my sight, you miserable, bungling vagabond!" continued the indignant pleader. "You would

have the assurance to speak of the lawyers of Italy and Scotland in the same filthy breath! Begone, you scoundrel, and the next paction you make, secure the services of a person who knows something about such matters!"

Just as the excited advocate had concluded this tirade, the bell of the castle struck twelve! All of a sudden both fire and lamps were extinguished, as if by some stifling, noxious vapour. A clap of thunder, overwhelmingly sonorous, shook the castle from its very foundation, and was followed by a shriek of mingled rage and chagrin, such as never was uttered by mortal voice!

After a season, the clear moonbeams became once more visible, and disclosed a scene of strange devastation. The wall adjoining the great window, was shattered as if by the action of lightning, several massive stones being dislodged and precipitated to the ground. Upon the table lay the shrivelled and charred remains of the ominous indenture, nothing of its contents remaining save the blood-engrossed signature of KentigernKeith!

* * * * *

Next morning the mangled corpse of old Dr. Foxglove was discovered in the court-yard. What had brought him to the castle at such an untimely season, was never thoroughly discovered, but it is conjectured that having witnessed the arrival of the Advocate, he came an eaves-dropping to try and find out the nature of his mission, for he was ever of a prying disposition. The miserable creature had been crushed to death by one of the disrupted blocks of granite; and thus his impious imprecation uttered so many years before, was accomplished, it is to be feared, to the very letter!

As Fergus died intestate, the Baron succeeded to his plethoric hoardings as next of kin, and a large per centage thereof he devoted to masses for the repose of the defunct.

["Such," concluded Dr. Pittendrum, "is the legend of Boddam Castle, and should any question the verity thereof, the rent wall stands there to speak for itself!"]

The improbabilities of experience are many, the impossibilities are few.

Literature is a garden, books are particular views of it, and readers are visitors.

Let every one protect himself from a sullen, egotistical spirit, for there can be none worse.

No man is wholly intolerant; every one forgives little errors without knowing it.

Did you ever know a pic-nic go off without the awful apparition of a "wops?"

A Centipede in Tahiti.—One evening we were sitting in the American hotel playing a game at enone, while nearly the whole native population of the place was walking up and down before the house. It was about half-past seven o'clock, and we heard the girls outside laughing and talking with one another, when there was suddenly a quick repetition of loud screams in a female voice. We of course threw down our cards, and ran to the door to see what was the matter. We had not far to go. Just before the entrance we found a group of persons, and in the centre a young lady was hard at work stripping herself of every particle of dress she had on; and when she had accomplished this—a matter of hardly five seconds—she was surrounded by a crowd of young girls who wrapped their parens around her. The dress was left untouched in the middle of the street. "What in the name of common sense is the matter?" our captain cried, seeing that no one would even go near the garments. The answer was short and perfectly satisfactory. "A centipede," the natives cried; and they all tried to get their naked feet as far away as possible from the place where the much-feared insect was. The girl had felt the monster in her dress, and had thrown off her things as quickly as possible, to get rid of the danger of being stung by this, in fact, very poisonous insect. Having already a bottleful of such enormities, but no centipede as yet, I gave chase, and gathered up the whole of the girl's dress without the least remonstrance from the natives. I carried it, followed by the two skippers, into the American hotel, to unkennel the enemy. It was rather a delicate thing to search a lady's wardrobe in such a way, but a naturalist may go to many places where others are not allowed; and it was not long before we caught the animal. I got it at last in a tumbler half full of brandy, and with a cover upon it the prize was safe.—*Gerstaecker's Journey Round the World.*

Parents cling to their child, not to his gifts.

Did you ever find a "professional" win a game of billiards of you without assigning your defeat entirely to his "flukes?"

Did you ever find a Continental shopkeeper whose "*prix fixe*" might not be proved a *lucus-a*-nonentity?

Did you ever start upon a railway journey without hearing the immortal observation "*Now* we're off?"

Did you ever know an "alarming sacrifice," which in practice did not prove to be completely one of principle?

Did you ever in your life hail a City-bound omnibus that wasn't going "almost directly" back to Bayswater?

Did you ever know a penny-a-liner who, in speaking of a fire, could abstain from calling it "the devouring element?"

A PEDESTRIAN EXCURSION.*

BY A MEDICAL STUDENT.

PART II. HONESTY THE BEST POLICY.

NATHELESS, frequent were the pinnacles and precipices that stood up, gray in their craggy nakedness, although the great majority were covered with ivy, or mantled by overhanging screens of bramble or other creeping brushwood, while ever and anon a spruce fir, or other golden-leaved tree, or haply a scarlet mountain ash (the dear rowan-tree of the north,) would vary, by its richer tint, the every-shaded green.

The bottom of the ravine was a series of tiny cataracts, rolling down a kind of star-like descent, formed by numerous huge masses of rock, tumbled confusedly together, and fixed in the most wild and grotesque positions.

One vast block there was that appeared almost to dangle by two corners across from precipice to precipice, while the water foamed and bubbled through beneath. Another stood up on one point, like a ponderous weight on the chin of an expert balancer; whilst another again had been arrested just on the bank of a lofty ledge, over which the stream made a frantic bound beside it, and looked as if the next heavy rain would hurl it and destruction sheer down into the black pool many fathoms below.

And yet, amid all this ruggedness, vegetation was most luxuriant; there was not a little bank of sand brought down by the stream in winter that the summer sun had not changed into grass and flower-bearing soil—nay, from every hollow and crevice of these isolated masses of stone shot forth knots of grass, with intermingled wild flowers of white, yellow, or blue. Sometimes the ravine narrowed to a strait, through which the water had barely room to make a hurried gush; elsewhere it expanded into rounded cup-like hollows, down into which the sun shone most joyously, the bottom being occupied by a rock-encircled bank of grassy ground, or a deep pool, which on one side washed the base of a precipice, on the other shoaled away to a beach of white pebbly sand.

Nor less eminent in beauty and wildness of aspect were the waterfalls. Some of them were of a most striking and original description, if I may apply the latter term to a natural object. In one instance there was a round pit-like place, with inaccessible, yet completely leaf-concealed sides, and into this was pitched a branch of the stream, from a height so great that it was broken up by the air into myriads of drops, and fell a drizzling shower upon the large stones at the bottom, rendering them continually dark, mossy, wet, and slippery to the tread. But at the point where the column of water fell asunder thus into rain, a most lovely Iris bent her many-tinted brow from tree to tree across the hollow.

At another place the whole body of the stream was projected from a high horizontal shelf of rock completely hollowed out beneath, and fell with a dead sound into the centre of a deep circular pool. You could walk quite round behind the falling water, and in the farther point of the rock-roofed recess a rude seat had been hewn in the soft stone. Here Bob Whyte and I sat down together, and enjoyed a cheroot and a discussion with regard to the geologic phenomena around us.

Upon one side of this dell, and down the opposite, a rude footpath had been worn by the feet of pilgrims of the picturesque, which, however, to render it passable required in some places the aid of ladders several fathoms in height. These, composed of stout beams of wood, wedged between rocks, were constructed by the villagers. The whole aspect of the place, in short, was less like what you would expect to meet with in nature than what you would look for in the fantastic designs on a tea-tray, or the imaginative scenery of a romantic melo-drama.

For hours we rambled over this ravine, climbing trees, chipping rocks, collecting insects and wild flowers, scrambling over precipices and into caves. Finally, emerging at the upper end of the chasm, we roved about upon the hill-side till the sun had sunk low in the sky. Then, hurriedly descending, we again traversed it, till we came to a beautiful clear pool with a rounded grassy bank, from which an old tree stooped its branches till within a couple of feet of the water's surface.

As soon as we had raised our heads above the surface, and while swimming about, exulting in the delicious refreshment of this bath after our travel, we observed an individual on the bank lay down a fishing rod, and, with an inquiry as to the temperature of the water, plunge in along with us, and we soon all three were laughing, splashing, and diving about, springing from the branches of the overhanging tree into the pool, and capering away in all directions. When we had our full of this, we donned our "toggery" again, and, shouldering our boxes of scientific specimens, whilst our new companion slung his well-filled basket across his haunch, away we started together down the ravine to the inn where we had bespoken dinner.

As we went, I took cognizance of the appearance and conversation of our companion. He was a slight, middle-aged looking man, with features well marked and decided, whose habitual expression appeared to be a smile of good humor dashed with a degree of condescension. He wore a sporting suit of light cotton stuff that fitted admirably; everything

*Continued from page 532, vol. 3

about him was evidently clean and neat, and from his bosom to one pocket hung a slender and very graceful gold chain. He displayed, as he talked, a very correct taste, abundance of information on all subjects, and a firm though unassuming way of stating his opinion. From all these circumstances I concluded him to be one of that class of beings entitled to be called "gentlemen" by more than their own assumption of the name.

He had been enjoying a day's sport, he told us, in the upper portion of the stream, and his heavy basket bore witness to his success.

Twenty minutes after reaching our inn, a most respectable country dinner was set before us, during which the stranger and Bob kept up the spirit of the conversation. When we had concluded the repast, we drew the table to the open window, and sat down to a bottle of admirable sherry, which had been cooled in the stream at the foot of the inn garden.

The window looked to the west, and the view of a magnificent summer sunset, the feelings of rest after much fatigue, of a satisfied appetite, and of the delicious, warm calmness of the evening, combined with the rich flavor of the wine, and its exhilarating effect upon our spirits, rendered us as happy as it is possible for care-beset mortals to be.

Our discourse was of lighter scientific objects—later discoveries—recent works—their authors—phrenology—mesmerism—supernaturalism. Illustrative of the last topic, the stranger related an anecdote, which certainly was a curious one, and shall, in all probability, make its appearance in these reminiscences some day or other.

PART III. BOB WHYTE'S EXTRAORDINARY STORY.

[In connexion with the remarkable narrative which follows, the author begs the reader to acquit him of any desire to compel his belief in the truth of the position there laid down, but he would at the same time ask, if he himself cannot call to mind some particular circumstances or occasion, when his imagination had so played with his senses, as to render him, for the time being, a believer in the supernatural.]

There was a pause thereupon, and, he having requested my friend to relate any instance of a similar kind that had come under his knowledge, Bob White, while the pensive languor of the ebbing and dewy twilight was falling upon us, filled his glass, and slightly sipping as he went on, narrated Episode No. II., in the shape of

THE FOOTSTEP.

I think there is one particular period in the life of every man to which he can look back as the most miserable he has ever seen, a point to which there was in his affairs a regular descent, and which passed, there has been again a progressive ascent—the ebb as it were in the tide of his fortunes. This crisis was very marked in my case, and I rejoice to think that it happened in my youth, for I have seen it occur in old age. Misfortunes of every kind were heaped upon me—sudden poverty struck me—and my aged and only parent and I, saw no prospect but wretchedness.

"Now, then," thought I, "all my dreams of honorable independence, nay, of scientific distinction in the world, are dashed to the ground, and I must forego those darling studies and pursuits in which my hopes were bound up, to go out and earn, with toil of body and heaviness of spirit the bread of sorrow for myself and the one who has none but Heaven and me to depend on. O must I leave this dear land, of which my very heart seems part and parcel, and go to scrape gold from among the sun-scorched sands of fever-guarded climes?"

The friends of prosperity forsook me, and I skulked on the shady side of the street, whilst they strutted in the sun and contemptuously looked the other way. Nay, my own relations no longer received me with common kindness; the very bread I ate, which came from them, was given with a grudge, felt and shown if not expressed, and many a taunt was flung at the fool that had aimed at a rank for which by nature and fortune he was totally unfit, and had miserably failed—of course.

All this was bitter—bitter! I felt it cut into my very soul: moreover, I was smitten with a severe and prostrating illness, from a wound received in dissection, and was now but slowly recovering comparative health.

A friend I had too—ours was a schoolboy friendship—he was my most intimate companion—my more than brother—with whom I had lodged, studied, and grown up to manhood—in whom I had placed more confidence than in any other being—from whom I had no hope or purpose concealed: bright prospects were opening before him, and in my distress (alas! for love without wings!) this friend forsook me, and laughed and gloried in the act—he called it "cutting the connexion."

But all this I thought I could bear up against, and I did so, hoping with patience and self-denial to surmount my difficulties—at least to fall before them disputing every inch of ground, and returning to all, scorn for scorn. But the hand of fate was heavy on me. Another visitation came and crushed my spirit utterly. I bowed to the dust before it, and became as those who have no hope.

There was one I loved, and she was fair—oh, how very fair! Do not doubt this from the fact that she doted on a being so uncouth as I am. She was the centre to which all my thoughts did gravitate—the golden evening to the morrow of my hopes.

I never loved another; and when love arises in a mind like mine, it is more than a sentiment or a passion—it is something else, which mental philosophers have not classified or found a name for, never having experienced it, and of course ignorant of its existence.

We had known each other long, our ages differed but in a few months, and our dispositions harmonised most closely. It is not to be believed, I know, but it is true, that never in our long intimacy did one word of ill humor pass between us; for she was one whom no one could find it in his heart to vex—a soft, mild creature, gentle as the lapse of streams, and while her mind was of strength to appreciate the nature and value of my studies, and the zeal with which I pursued them, yet with all the diffidence and all the amiability of her sex she was eminently adorned,—kindness and pity hung around her in a palpable grace, and her sweet quiet laugh made the hearer's heart dance in his bosom.

Ours was not that passion which leads to evil. It seemed to consist of a soul-engrossing desire for each other's good, and a feeling of unspeakable rapture in each other's society. In me it acted as a kind of conscience, for no bad thought, no malice, envy, or hatred, durst arise in my heart while it was there, and it was there always. To it I am convinced I owe those habits of studiousness from which I now feel it painful to deviate, for all that time my thoughts but moved from the subject of my reading to the object of my love, and back again by a dear reaction. Often, long after midnight, when my lamp burned low, and the extinguished embers rattled coldly in my grate, has my mind been quickened to renewed activity as the thought of her last fond smile arose before its vision.

She had a fortune, small comparatively, but still placing her far above my rank in life. Yet her friends were not averse to our union, for they saw that in spirit we were already one. It had been agreed upon between ourselves, and many fond day-dreams did we indulge in, how, when I had obtained my diploma, we should have a year's roving together on the continent, and then return again, when I should wait, with but her and my books for my companions, till a practice should spring up around me.

About two months before the time I particularly allude to, she had gone with her mother to reside temporarily at a country place in the south of England. From time to time I had letters from her. Heaven knows they were my only comforts in my daily increasing distress. At length one came telling me that she had been for some time ill—that she had not hitherto liked to mention it, but now that she was confined to her room she thought it as well to write to me. The next was short, and apparently written under great excitement. It stated that the complaint was styled aneurism, and that all she could learn with regard to it was, that it was a mysterious and fatal disorder. In a week I had another, long, and full of passionate tenderness. There was an expression in it, "if anything should happen to me," that struck coldness to my very heart. The next was from her mother—my angel was removed.

This was the consummation. The weight was now indeed more than my strength could bear, and, shutting myself up for several days, I resigned myself to the flood of my misery. In adversity I had often before experienced great relief in mind from wandering out at nights and walking alone about the country for several miles round the city. On the third night after the receipt of this information, when my anguish was at its height, I resolved to try for similar relief—at all events a change of place.

Though the streets must have been very considerably peopled, for it was little past ten at night, I have no recollection of seeing any one, nor of the course I pursued, till I found myself in a lonely street on the south side of the river, just opening on the country, and inhabited by persons of a superior station in the world.

It was very lonely, with tall, dark houses on one side, and an open park on the other, and not a being did I see—not a watchman nor any moving thing along the extended way, while the few and unfrequent gas-lamps twinkled feebly amid the darkness.

As I walked slowly up the pavement, strange and incoherent ideas filled my brain. Despair, like a black and heavy curtain, seemed to encompass me, till its voluminous folds were all but palpable to my senses. There was a lifting in my mind as if some mighty force from beneath were about to upheave the foundations of my reason and lay the temple, a broken ruin, in the dust.

Presently, as I moved, my ears were filled by a sweet strain of music. It was some time before it found its way from the ear to the mind, in such a tumult of excitement was the latter, and then it was some time before I could satisfy myself it was not a delusion. At length my notice was attracted, and I stood still. The sound came from a house in front of which I was. I listened attentively—it was that beautiful hymn called "Rousseau's Dream," and was sung with a piano and horn accompaniment.

The performance was very good, and the rich harmony descended like a medicated balm upon my bruised and weltering spirit. I had a strange feeling as if something within me was about to give way. I grew faint, and sat down upon the stone steps of the house-door. Presently the music ceased, and I could hear clear, cheerful voices talking and laughing, and apparently complimenting the performers.

(To be Continued.)

OBSERVATIONS ON SOME OF THE IMPORTANT FUNCTIONS OF THE VEGETABLE AND ANIMAL ECONOMY.

In every part of the works of creation, we perceive the clearest evidence of design, and most indubitable proofs of wisdom, goodness and power. The structure of this material world, is not like a rude and undigested mass formed without order and regularity; but the rocks and materials of which it is composed, consist of a series of strata, always deposited in a uniform manner, and so arranged as to become accessible to man, and subservient to his wants and exigencies: the coal, the iron and other metals embedded in the bowels of the earth, and extracted from the different strata, are in perfect adaptation to our necessities, and have proved of the greatest utility to our comfort and happiness; without which our condition as civilised beings could not well be maintained. And if we consider the operations that are continually going on, on the surface of the earth, in connection with the rivers, the oceans, and the atmosphere, we perceive no less proofs of design; the principles of evaporation, radiation of heat, and deposition of dew and of moisture; and the influence which these exert on the vegetable and animal economy; demonstrating a first and a great intelligent Cause.

But it is in the structure of the vegetable and animal kingdom, that we perceive the clearest evidence of design, and adaptation of means to ends that the human mind can contemplate, as each individual is possessed of a distinct and separate existence in itself; and at the same time formed upon a type, and under the influence of laws which pervade the whole of animated nature.

But to comprehend this subject more clearly, let us consider the difference which exists between matter in the inorganic and organised world—between matter as it comes under our observation, in the rocks and strata which compose the globe, and matter as it appears in the vegetable and animal kingdom. If we examine a stone or piece of wood, we perceive that it consists of one simple homogeneous substance, the particles of which are exactly similar, each particle being united to another by what is termed cohesion. No vessels pervade its structure, and there are no changes that are taking place throughout it. But if we examine the structure of a vegetable or an animal, we perceive that it is composed of different tissues, and permeated by innumerable, small vessels, through which fluids are actively circulating, and changes continually going on towards its increase and growth. Hence what at one time appears as the simple seed or the small shoot, afterwards becomes the noble oak, or the stately pine. But in animals there is not merely a building up of the system by the addition of new materials; there is also a constant removal of the old. New particles are added and old particles are removed, by a distinct set of vessels appropriated to these specific functions, till the atoms of which the body is composed become completely changed, and that not merely in the soft and muscular tissue, but in the bones, the brain, and every part of the structure. Man is not the same individual to-day that he was yesterday, and it has been stated that in seven years his whole frame becomes completely changed and re-created but from recent experiments, it appears to be accomplished in a much shorter period than this.

2d. The Laws which regulate the operations of inorganic matter, are entirely different from those which we witness in the vegetable and animal economy. Matter in its inorganic state is possessed of certain properties, termed hard or soft, porous and compressible &c., and its operations are under the influence of certain fixed and determinate laws, as the laws of gravitation and of chemical action, the laws of heat and of electricity &c. A stone when propelled from the hand speedily falls to the earth, because it is attracted by the power of gravitation. Mercury ascends in a tube *in vacuo*, because it is counterbalanced by the weight of the atmosphere. The study and investigation of which laws, constitute distinct branches of science, such as those of natural philosophy and of chemistry &c. And it is by a knowledge of these laws, that those important pieces of mechanism have been produced, and those wonderful changes effected that are witnessed in an advanced state of civilisation—the result of human skill and human ingenuity. But the functions of the vegetable and animal economy cannot be accounted for by any of these laws. No principle with which we are acquainted as belonging to chemical and mechanical science could explain the reason of the ascent of the sap in the vegetable, and the circulation of the blood in an animal, still less could they account for the important functions of respiration and secretion. These all belong to what are termed the laws of vital action, and take place in living organised beings.

It is owing to this principle of vitality that an organised structure has such a power of resisting operation of external causes; and that we are to account for the remarkable phenomena of seeds being found in a state of perfect preservation

after a lapse of centuries. There are seeds lately discovered in the mummies of Egypt, which must have remained there for several thousand years, and yet are as perfect as if they had been recently deposited. When sown they germinate and grow like the grain of the present day, because their vitality is unimpaired.

What constitutes the principle of vitality is a question that we may never be able to determine as we do not even know what constitutes matter, It is only the properties of matter, and laws by which it is regulated with which we are acquainted. Some physiologists consider that vitality is the result of organization —that it is because a structure is organised, that it is possessed of life. Others believe that life is a distinct principle from organization, though inseparably connected with it. But, perhaps, the most correct view, which can be formed of this subject, is that the functions of an organised structure, comprising its growth, nutrition and reproduction of the species, depend upon a cause, and are under the influence of laws, entirely different from chemical or mechanical action.

3d. If the laws which belong to living organised beings, (to vegetables and animals,) are so different from the laws of matter in its inorganic state, it follows that an organised structure must in every instance be considered the result of a distinct creative power, as no physical cause or fortuitous concurrence of atoms could account for the simplest form of life and organization. A notion had long been entertained by mankind, and some philosophers had even countenanced the idea, that certain forms of vegetable and animal existence could be produced by the action of air, and solar light and heat on "organic molecules." Water in which there has been an infusion of vegetable and animal matter, when allowed to remain at rest for a short time during the heat of summer, on being examined by the microscope, appears to teem with life — with numerous animalculœ termed infusoria. Many substances on being exposed to damp, become affected with a species of mould which by the microscope is shown to belong to what are called the cryptogamia and Fungi tribe of plants. Mr. Crosse, a chemist of England even went so far as to maintain that by dissolving neutral salts, on similar inorganic substances in water combined with an acid; and passing a galvanic current through the liquid, that animalculæ were formed at one of the poles of the battery. And he collected these animalculæ and exhibited them in a glass tube at one of the meetings of the British Association for the advancement of science. But the ablest chemists of England on repeating the experiments have not been able to obtain similar results. And Mr. Crosse, we believe, has of late somewhat modified his views on the subject. He states that in performing chemical experiments, when silica and some inorganic compounds had been placed in strong sulphuric and muriatic acids, on passing galvanic currents through the mixture, he beheld in a few days, some remarkable animalculæ emerge from the liquid. Mr. C. however dares not say that these animalculæ were formed there from inorganic elements. All that he now maintains is, that these animalculæ appeared under new and unexpected circumstances, by emerging from a liquid which has hitherto been considered destructive to animal life. But this view does not at all affect the question of equivocal generation, as it leaves undetermined how the animalculæ were produced.

And with regard to the simplest forms of vegetable or animal life being produced from "organic molecules," by the action of air, and solar light and heat, Mr. Schultze of Berlin appears to have set at rest the question. As he has shewn that in all these cases the germ from which they were developed were contained in the air, and conveyed by it to the liquid, and that where air was perfectly purified by being passed through sulphuric acid before being admitted to the infusion, the animalculæ never appeared. "I continued my experiment," says he, "from the 28th of May till the beginning of August, without being able by the aid of a microscope to perceive any living animal or vegetable substance, although during the whole of the time I made my observations, almost daily on the edge of the liquid; and when at last I separated the different parts of the apparatus, I could not find in the whole liquid the slightest trace of infusioria, of confervæ or of mould; but all these presented themselves in great abundance a few days after I left the flask standing open."

In short it appeares to be a general law which pervades the whole of the vegetable and animal kingdom, that life proceeds from life—that every form of organized structure—the most simple as well as the most complicated—the smallest monad as well as the lofty cedar—the almost invisible animalculæ that inhabits the water, as well as the largest animal that moves upon the land, owe their existence to a similar organized structure; and that the commencement of the series was the effect of creative power, and affords the most conclusive evidence of a first and a great intelligent cause.

Hence, it is evident, we know nothing of the

manner in which matter became organized and endowed with life, or in which the vegetable and animal kingdom were called into existence. All that comes under our observation and is the subject of legitimate investigation, is the laws which regulate the system after it has commenced, by which it is maintained and perpetuated in its present existing state. The principles which are in operation are connected with the continuation of the system, not with the commencement of the series.

We forbear to prosecute this subject farther, or enter on an enquiry where data may not be afforded to deduce legitimate conclusions, but we conceive the following remarks are warranted. It is considered an established fact in geological science, that the earth has undergone various revolutions at successive periods of its existence, as manifested by the deposition of the different strata and the organic remains found embedded in them; and if the organic remains that are discovered in one series of strata are of an entirely different character from those that are found in preceding strata, then it follows, that there must have been not only different epochs in this world's history, producing the physical changes that are indicated, but different periods at which distinct creative energy was exerted, in calling these several and successive species of animals into existence. Nothing could have produced these effects but the fiat of Omnipotence.

From these preliminary observations we shall proceed to consider some of the important functions of the vegetable and animal economy, and shew the intimate relation that exists between them; and it may be stated as a general law in nature, that all vegetables and animals, whether they inhabit the land or the water, subsist on food and on air, and their organs, however variously they may be modified, are constructed in adaptation to the attainment of this specific end —1st, to the apprehension of the food—2nd, to its being brought into contact with the air before it be fitted for the growth and nutrition of the system. For the elementary substances which enter into the structure and composition of a vegetable, and the body of an animal, require to be brought into contact with the air and undergo an important chemical change, in order to be employed in the function of nutrition. How then is all this effected?

A vegetable consists of the root—the stalk or stem—and the leaf. The root is employed not merely for fixing the plant in the ground, but for absorbing the elements from the soil on which the plant subsists, and this is accomplished by the numerous small fibres that the root extends in every direction. The stalk may be considered as the body of the plant and similar to the skeleton of an animal, being employed for its strength and support; and the leaf is the organ of respiration, and performs a function to the vegetable similar to that of the lung of an animal, the sap being there brought into contact with the air and undergoing an important chemical change, before it is applied to the purposes of nutrition in the vegetable. But there is this important difference between the function of respiration in vegetables and in animals, that whilst animals breathe pure air or oxygen, plants breathe foul air or carbonic acid, the air that has been expelled from the lungs of animals and is no longer fitted for their respiration. In this process the plant fixes the carbon of the carbonic acid, and appropriates it as one of its constituent elements, and sets free the oxygen; and thus a constantly purifying process is going on in the air of the atmosphere by the leaves of vegetables, the leaves absorbing the carbonic acid or foul air and giving out oxygen or pure air for the respiration of animals. Light has also a strong influence on the functions, as plants always absorb most carbonic acid in sunshine; and rather the contrary effect is produced in the dark, as then the plant absorbs to some extent oxygen, and gives out carbonic acid. In hot and swampy countries also, when vegetation is very luxuriant, plants give out considerable quantities of carbonic acid, which they are unable to consume, and this renders such countries injurious to animal life. But upon the whole, a much greater proportion of carbonic acid than of oxygen gas is absorbed by vegetables, and thus a perfect equilibrium is maintained in the elements of the atmosphere by the respiration of vegetables and of animals. All animals, breathing pure air and deteriorating it, and the vegetables breathing foul air and purifying it, and rendering it again fitted for the respiration of animals.

During the process of growth or vegetation, the numerous fibres of the root are actively engaged in absorbing from the soil the water and elements that constitute the sap or food of the plant. The sap on being taken up by the root ascends directly along the stem till it arrives at the leaf, where it undergoes an important chemical change, as we have shown, by absorbing the carbonic acid of the atmosphere. It is now elaborated or nutritious sap, and fitted for the growth of the tree or vegetable, and descends along the under surface of the leaf and the inner part of the bark, but not in straight and direct tubes as

the ascending sap, but in a zigzag manner, through a beautifully constituted network of vessels, supplying in its descent, every part of the tree, with materials for its growth, and forming a new and additional layer of wood in the course of a season. In this manner the circulation of the sap is performed, and the tree increases not merely in length but in breadth. Hence we can determine the age of a tree by counting the rings or annular segments of which the wood consists, as there is in general an additional layer of wood every year.

But the fibres in the performance of their functions do not absorb or take up indiscriminately every element from the soil with which they come into contact. They select as it were the materials and take up only those elements that are fitted to the nutrition of that particular class of plants. The fibres of the wheat absorb one particular element or substance from the soil—viz. that which is suited to its growth. The fibres of the roots of the flax take their other ingredients in the soil that are appropriate to its nourishment. And the fibres of the clover, of the pea, and of the bean, their other elements by which they are supported. Each selecting with the greatest care their elements, and those alone on which they subsist. And should these elements become exhausted in the soil, this class of plants will languish and decay for want of food. But another class of plants whose elements of nutrition are somewhat different from these, if placed in the same soil, may find an abundant supply of nourishment, as the food on which they subsist has not been exhausted. On this principle you will perceive, depends the important subject of rotation of crops—of changing the vegetables of a field in regular succession, that each individual class may find in the soil a sufficient supply of those elements that are necessary to their increase and growth. And it is of the utmost importance in the science of agriculture to be able to determine the species of food or elementary substances that are adapted to each species of vegetables. A problem which has been solved by Liebig: he burnt the plant, and by analyzing the ashes, ascertained the chemical constituents of different classes of vegetables, and shewed that these elements were contained i n the soil and constituted the real food of the plant.

The character and structure of an animal appears to be very different from that of a vegetable. It is possessed of the power of locomotion, and enabled to move from place to place in search of the food on which it subsists. But the process of nutrition in the absorption of the food or chyle, as it may be more properly termed, is exactly similar to that which we have described in the vegetable. Hence an animal may be said to be possessed of roots as well as a vegetable; but its roots are within it, and constitute a part of its internal structure, that they may act upon the food whilst it undergoes the process of digestion. And at that part of the alimentary canal where real digestion has commenced—where the food has been converted into chyle—a soft prœtacious substance like milk, and rendered fit for the nutrition of the body, numerous small vessels termed lacteals are distributed over the intestine to absorb the chyle, which are in most vigorous exercise during the process of digestion, absorbing through the course of the alimentary canal, portion after portion of chyle as it is formed. The chyle on being absorbed, is conveyed to a fine tube situated along the internal part of the left side of the chest, termed the Thoracic duct which conveys it to the blood in the left subclavian vein, with which it is immediately mixed and straightway distributed through the lungs, to be purified by the oxygen of the air, converted into arterial blood, and rendered fit for the nourishment of the body. It is then sent to the heart to be transmitted by the arteries to every part of the system.

The lungs, as we have stated, perform a function in the animal economy, exactly similar to that of leaves in the vegetables, only with this difference, that whilst animals breathe pure air or oxygen gas, vegetables breathe foul air or carbonic acid gas. Every time that the cavity of the chest expands, which in the human subject, in a state of health, is about eighteen times in a minute, a certain quantity of atmospheric air enters; the oxygen which it contains is absorbed by the blood as it circulates along the fine vessels in the lungs, and at the same time, an equal proportion of carbonic acid or foul air is given off, or exhaled from the blood. In this process consists the important function of respiration—that of purifying the blood—of changing it from dark venous into red arterial blood, and preparing it for the nourishment of the body. A function—the due performance and regularity of which appears much more indispensable to the health of the animal economy than the digestion of the food. For whilst man and many animals can live for several days without food, they cannot survive many minutes without a due supply of air.

We perceive then, how analogous, the function of nutrition in animals is to that of vegetables. The lacteals or absorbent vessels spread over the intestines, take up the digested portion

of the food from the alimentary canal, in the same manner as the fibres in the roots of vegetables absorb the elements from the soil on which they subsist. And these lacteals or absorbent vessels do not absorb indiscriminately every fluid or substance with which they come into contact. They select as it were their materials, and absorb only that portion of food which has been properly converted into chyle, and reject the other portions as not applicable to the nutrition of the body. They then pour their contents into the thoracic duct which conveys it to the venous blood, with which it is intimately mixed and sent immediately to the lungs, as the sap in the vegetable is sent to the leaf of the tree, where being freely exposed to the action of the air it is purified and prepared for the nourishment of the system.

But if such a resemblance exists between the organic functions of vegetables and animals, in what, it may be asked, consist the difference between a vegetable and an animal?

1. Vegetables differ from animals in the law of their development. A vegetable develops itself from the centre to the circumference or extremities. The stalk and the roots prolong themselves indefinitely. They form no organic centre as an important part of their structure, but in their nature and growth new organs are added to the old. Leaf succeeds to leaf and flower to flower. This is a general law which obtains throughout the whole of the vegetable kingdom, and what Physiologists have termed the law of centrefugal development. In animals, on the contrary, the development proceeds most from the circumference to the centre, and always tends to constitute organic centres—as the brain, the throat, and the vertebral column. This is a general law in the animal economy, and has received the name of centrepetal development.

2d. Animals are endowed with the power of locomotion and enabled to move from place to place in quest of food. Vegetables are fixed to the soil and confined to a very limited spot, from which they derive their nourishment. But this is not a grand characteristic distinction between a vegetable and animal. There are some animals situated at the verge of the animal scale, as the sponge and polypus, &c., which are as firmly fixed to the root, on which they may be said to grow, and as limited in the sphere of their operation, as a vegetable. Destitute of the power of locomotion they send forth their tentaculœ and seize the prey which is within their reach, and thus prolong the period of their existence. But a very remarkable phenomenon, connected with the life of these Polypes, is that whilst the parent animal is fixed to the rock, where it is doomed to pass its days, their eggs, contrary to what obtains with the eggs of the higher order of animals, are endowed with the power of locomotion and capable of transporting themselves from one place to another, till they ultimately fix upon a place where they are permanently to remain—thus shewing, as Dumertier observes, that nature has not isolated her laws.

3. Vegetables subsist on inorganic substances or decayed vegetable and animal matters contained in the soil. But animals can only live on what has been alive—on what has gone through a process of life and organization. Even the earth-worm which consumes considerable quantities of earth is nourished by the innate particles of organic substances which it contains. The inhabitants of some countries, as the Otamocs and negroes of Guinea, &c., eat considerable quantities of earth, to which they more particularly have recourse in seasons of scarcity, but the custom generally proves injurious to health, producing what is termed mal d'estomac or disease of the stomach. But if there be any nutriment which it contains, it must be derived from the organic remains of which such earths are generally considered to consist. According to Professor Retzius, the earth at Regentforo, on the frontiers of Lapland, which is eaten in times of scarcity by the inhabitants, made into bread with the flour of corn and bark of trees, contains the remains of nineteen different forms of infusoria with siliceous carapaxes, several of which are similar to those belonging to some of the animalculæ met with in a living state near Berlin—see Davidson and Truman on Diet. Hence whilst vegetables can appropriate the inorganic elements of the soil to become a part of their structure, animals can only subsist on organized tissue—on vegetables or animals.

But the great characteristic distinction between a vegetable and an animal consists in this :—That an animal is possessed of a stomach or internal cavity for the reception of its food, of which a vegetable is entirely destitute. There is nothing like an approach to a stomach throughout the whole of the vegetable economy. They extend their roots into the earth and depend on the elements contained in the soil for their nutrition. But an animal, even the most simply constituted, as the Polypus, has an internal cavity into which the food is received and where it undergoes digestion; and as we ascend in the animal scale, this organ becomes more highly developed in adaptation to the character of the animal.

Having made these observations respecting the intimate relation that exists between the

vegetable and animal economy, let us devote our attention more particularly to the function of respiration in the different classes of animals, and see the various modifications which these organs undergo, and the unity of design that prevails throughout the whole.

The organs of respiration are constructed on one grand type in the different orders of animals, the principles to be obtained being, that the oxygen of the air may be admitted in due proportion to the blood to purify or arterialize it, and render it fit for the nutrition of the body. And these organs undergo various modifications in the different classes of animals, according to the nature and habits of the animal, whether it reside upon the land or in the waters. Nature, however, always economises her power and employs means to the attainment of the end, the most simple, and at the same time the most complete. In the structure of the earthworm, for example, which occupies a low place in the scale of organization, there is neither distinct organs set apart for the process of respiration, nor a heart for the circulation of the blood. But respiration is as effectually accomplished, and the oxygen of the air as duly supplied as in the higher orders of animals, and the mode by which it is effected is this:—

There is a long blood-vessel situated in the internal cavity or body of the animal in which the blood undulates or moves from one extremity to another, and the whole surface of the body is permeated by numerous small pores or air tubes through which the oxygen of the air is freely admitted to the blood, and constantly renewed according to the demands of the system. When the animal moves or contracts its body, the air is expelled through these air tubes, and again a fresh supply of air is admitted; and when the animal crawls quickly along the ground, the process of respiration is carried on with great vigor, as the air is admitted and expelled through these air tubes according to the successive movements of the animal. Simple then as may appear the structure of the earthworm, the process of respiration is most complete; and whatever obstructs the passage of the air along these air tubes to the blood, as the application of any unctuous substance to the surface of the body, inevitably produces the death of the animal. It dies asphyxiated, as it is termed, exactly similar to strangulation in the higher order of animals.

In the snail, on the other hand, the organs of respiration undergo a considerable modification in adaptation to the structure of the animal. As the body of the snail consists of an adipose tissue, and the surface is covered by an unctuous substance it is evident that the mode of respiration adapted in the case of the earthworm, by numerous pores permeating its body, could not be maintained here, as these air tubes would be constantly liable to be filled up and obstructed by this unctuous matter; the consequence of which would be that the air could not gain admission to the blood, and death would inevitably be the result. In short, on this principle the life of the animal could not be maintained. How then is respiration effected? In a very simple manner. Instead of a bloodvessel running along the body, there is a large air-sack or cavity filled with air immediately behind the head and communicating by an open orifice with the atmosphere, and situated along the back of the animal; and a beautiful net work of bloodvessels are spread over the surface of this cavity, so as to expose the blood freely to the action of the air which it contains, by which it is pnrified and rendered fit for the nutrition of the body. The animal has the power of contracting this cavity, to expel the air when it has become deteriorated, and of opening or expanding the cavity, to obtain a fresh supply—an effect which is produced by the movements of the animal as it crawls along the ground. In this simple manner the function of respiration is carried on in the snail, and it is in beautiful adaptation to the structure of the body of the animal; and exactly similar to respiration by cells in the lung of the vertebrata. In short, the air, &c. of the snail, is a rudimentary type of the lung of cold-blooded animals.

The respiratory apparatus of insects as the fly, the bee, the butterfly, &c, demand peculiar attention, and their internal structure will be found to present a subject of no less interest to the Physiologist, than their beautiful forms, their movements and habits afford to the Naturalist. Every one who has contemplated these winged insects on a fine summer's day, flying from field to field, and extracting their food from every opening flower, must have been struck with the energy and vivacity which they display. But there are few who are aware of the beautiful organization of their frame, and the evidence of wisdom which it affords. They possess no distinct organs of respiration, as the construction of lungs. This would have added materially to the weight of the body and impeded their flight; and would moreover, have required another complicated apparatus of circulation, as the heart, arteries and veins for conveying the blood to the organs of respiration to be purified, by being freely exposed to the influence of the air. But

this would have implied a waste of power in the structure of the animal, as it would have been employing a very complicated apparatus in the attainment of an end, when a more simple means would have been equally efficient—a thing which we never witness in any part of the animal economy. But by the plan adopted in the respiration of insects, any complicated system of apparatus is dispensed with—the weight of the body is diminished to the greatest possible degree—and at the same time the blood is as perfectly purified as in animals far higher in the scale of organization. If we examine with the microscope the internal structure of one of these winged insects, we discover numerous air tubes extending along the wings and proceeding to the head, the stomach, the limbs, and every portion of the body—dividing and subdividing like the branches of a tree, so as to convey air to the entire system. Indeed, the whole body of an insect may be considered as a species of lung, employed in the function of respiration, and this produces two important results:—1st, By rendering the animal exceedingly light, it enables it to poise itself in the air and continue its flight from place to place with great ease and freedom. 2d. It endows the animal with great vigor, in accordance with that general law of nature, that whenever a part is well supplied with blood that is highly oxigenated, it is possessed of great power and energy; and as we stated, it is astonishing the vigor which these insects manifest.*

We need not enter into a minute description of the various modifications which these air tubes assume in different classes of insects, in accordance with their situation and habits. In some cases they present an indulatory structural appearance, being enlarged at successive intervals. In others they are dilated into capacious cells in which air is retained in great abundance. But there is one particular structure affording the clearest evidence of design to the attainment of a specific end to which we must advert. An additional means is provided to render the animal more adapted to its external circumstances.—Thus in some classes, the mouths of these air tubes are surrounded by a sort of muscular substance, which enables the insect to shut them at pleasure, to prevent the entrance of any extraneous matter to which it may be exposed. And in beetles, which crawl along the dusty ground, the extremities of the air tubes are invested with a dense portion of minute stiff hairs, which act in the capacity of a sieve, and filter as it were the air before it gains admission to the tubes—thus excluding the minutest portions of dust which might prove injurious to the health of the animal. On the same principle--moustaches and the wearing of the beard have been recommended for the health of artisans engaged in occupations where they are much exposed to the inhalation of minute particles of dust. It is a well known fact that needle pointers, fork grinders, stone masons, miners, colliers, &c. are liable to pulmonary disease, from minute solid particles entering the windpipe during the act of respiration. Of the fork grinders of Sheffield, few live beyond the age of thirty-six years; and of the stone masons of Edinburgh, who are constantly engaged in the hewing and polishing department, few survive beyond the age of forty years, being cut off by pulmonary disease produced by the inhalation of minute particles of matter. To prevent these injurious effects, Dr. Alison and other eminent *medical gentlemen*, of Great Britain, have recommended the constant wearing of moustaches, and a long beard, as a preservative to the lungs in preventing the entrance of minute particles of matter to the windpipe—the same principle as the investment of minute portions of stiff hair at the mouth of the air tubes of insects.

"The energy of muscular contraction appears to be greater in insects, in proportion to their size, than it is in any other animals. Thus a flea has been known to leap sixty times its own length and to move as many times its own weight. The short-limbed beetles, however, which inhabit the ground, manifest the greatest degree of muscular power. The *Lucanus cervus* (stag beetle) has been known to gnaw a hole of an inch diameter, in the side of an iron cannister, in which it had been confined. The *Geotrupes stercorarius* (dung or shard-borne beetle) can support uninjured and even elevate a weight equal to at least 500 times that of its body. And a small *Carabus* has been seen to draw a weight of 85 grains, (about 24 times that of its body,) up a plane of 25°; and a weight of 125 grains, (36 times that of its body) up a plane of 5°; and in both these instances the friction was considerable—the weights being simply laid upon a piece of paper to which the insect was attached by a string!"—Carpenter's Physiology, 396.

Another remarkable circumstance connected with these air tubes is the manner in which they are kept patescent and prevented from collapsing. It might be thought that tubes so exceedingly fine as those which ramify through the bodies of insects, and generally require the aid of the microscope to discern them, would with difficulty

* The energy of muscular contraction appears to be greater in insects in proportion to their size.

remain open, to allow a sufficient supply of air to the system. But this is accomplished in a very beautiful manner—a spiral thread, placed between the two layers or membranes of which the tubes consist, runs throughout the whole length, even to their utmost ramifications, and is so coiled as to produce a cylinder of sufficient strength to prevent the area of the tubes from being diminished. Another object is attained by this structure—the tubes are not merely kept open, but are possessed of great flexibility in adaptation to the movements of the animal. Had they been rigid and unyielding tubes, they would have been wholly unfit for the purpose which they were intended to subserve, as they would not have admitted of that elasticity of body, and freedom of action which we perceive these beautiful and exquisitely articulated animals possess.

From the description which we have given of the respiratory apparatus of insects, the reader will perceive, that the passage which the air traverses in the air tubes for the arterialization of the blood is entirely different from the passage of the food to the stomach by the mouth, consequently an insect has no voice, and the peculiar sounds which we hear in the different tribes of insects, as the buzzing of the fly, the humming of the bee, &c. &c., have been thought by Burmaster,* an eminent physiologist, to depend on the vibration of the air streaming rapidly in and out of the orifices of these air tubes. But we are rather inclined to think that these peculiar sounds are to be accounted for by the rapid vibrations of the wings of insects, which it has been computed, amount in some insects, to many hundred or even many thousand in a second of time.†

We shall now be more able to comprehend the functions of respiration in reptiles, as the frog, salamander, crocodile, &c., which belong to the class of amphibious animals, and are capable of living on the land or in the water. In the respiration of insects, we saw that the air was brought into contact with the blood to purify it, and prepare it for the nutrition of the body; but here the reverse takes place, the blood is brought into contact with the air to be arteralized, organs are constructed for this purpose. These animals have organs specially constructed for the functions of respiration, by the lungs, where the blood is freely exposed to the action of the air, and purified and prepared for the nourishment of the body. In connection with the lungs are a heart, arteries, and veins for propelling the blood and conveying it to and from every part of the system, thus producing what is termed the circulation of the blood. The lungs situated in the cavity of the chest consist of a series of air tubes and air cells, over the surface of which are distributed a beautiful net-work of blood-vessels; and the blood on being propelled from the heart and entering the lungs, passes along this net-work of vessels, by which it is freely exposed to the air contained in the chest, and by absorbing its oxygen is changed from dark into red or arterial blood. But as the lungs of cold-blooded animals are constructed on a very simple plan with large air cells, and not minutely sub-divided, the blood has only a limited surface along which it circulates, on being exposed to the action of the air. Hence it is not so fully arterialised as in the higher order of animals. Besides on entering the heart it is again mixed with the dark or venous blood, and in this condition distributed to every part of the body, so that the blood which circulates through the bodies of reptiles is only partially or imperfectly purified or arterialized, and this is the principle which constitutes them cold-blooded animals, and renders their temperature low and only a little elevated above the surrounding medium. In consequence of which they are unable to move about during the severity of winter, but retire to their recesses, where they remain till the return of the genial days of spring. In fact it is a law in the animal economy, that in proportion to the quantity of air which an animal consumes in respiration, so does its temperature become elevated; and as reptiles consume but a small quantity of air in proportion to the higher order of animals, their temperature is comparatively low, which constitutes, as we have stated, their physiological condition of cold-blooded animals.

But as reptiles breathe air, and have distinct organs constructed for and appropriated to this important function, how does it happen that they are capable of making the water their abode as well as the land, in other words what constitutes their character of amphibious animals?

* Or Grant's Comparative Anatomy.

† "Haller calculated that in the limbs of a dog at full speed muscular contractions must take place in less than one-two-hundredth part of a second for many minutes at least in succession. All these instances, however, are thrown into the shade, by those which may be drawn from the class of Insects. The rapidity of the vibrations of the wings may be estimated from the musical tone which they produce; it being easily ascertained by experiments, what number of vibrations are required to produce any note in the scale. From these data, it appears to be the necessary result, that the wings of many insects strike the air *many hundred* or even *many thousand* times in every *second*."—*Carpenter's Physiology, p.* 397.

All this is accomplished in a very simple manner—in a manner which affords the most striking evidence of design, and adaptation of means to a specific end—all in unison with the character and condition of cold-blooded animals. The aorta, or large vessel which conveys the blood from the heart to be distributed to every part of the body, conveys also the blood which goes to the lungs. And whilst the animal remains upon the land breathing air, a portion of the blood constantly circulates through the lungs to be purified and prepared for the nourishment of the body. But the moment the animal descends into the water, the function of respiration is suspended—the animal ceases to breathe, and the blood, instead of flowing to the lungs, continues its course onwards, and goes to be distributed to every part of the body. In this manner the blood circulates till the animal comes to the surface of the water to breathe, and then a quantity of fresh air being inhaled, the blood flows to the lungs to be purified, and the circulation of the blood is maintained as before.

But if all the blood in the animal's body had circulated through the lungs, instead of a portion of it, the animal could not have remained many minutes under the water without certain suffocation. When the air ceased to enter the lungs, the blood would have ceased to flow—that would have transmitted its influence backwards to the heart, and averted its motion; and the general circulation would immediately have been brought to a stand, and death the inevitable result. In short, the animal would have died trom the want of air to the chest—the same as an animal that is drowned. For in drowning, neither man nor animal dies because water enters the chest, and arrests the action of the lungs—there being seldom any water found there *at the moment of death.* For the epiglottis shuts immediately upon the mouth of the windpipe, and prevents the entrance of the water. But they die because air has been excluded from the lungs, and the function of respiration arrested—the same as in an animal that has been strangulated. But by the mode adopted in the respiration of reptiles all these effects are prevented, and the animals have the power of descending into the water, and of making that element their abode for a considerable period, till the wants of the system demand a supply of fresh air, and then they come to the surface to breathe; hence these reptiles are, properly speaking, land animals, formed to breathe air, but by the peculiar construction of their repiratory organs, they have the power of descending into the water, and continuing there for some time without injurious effects to their system.

A very remarkable phenomenon connected with the life of reptiles, as the frog, salamander or water-newt, &c., is, that in the early period of their existence, and during their tadpole state, they assume the character of a fish, and breathe by gills, and are totally destitute of lungs and unable to live on the land. But as they continue to grow, the lungs are gradually developed, and the gills shrivel up; and then the whole body of the animal undergoes a complete metamorphosis, to adapt it to the new element, air, for which it is destined. The tail disappears, the four limbs are formed, the heart undergoes a great change in its structure. The stomach and intestinal canal become shortened in adaptation to the food on which the animal is to subsist, and the vertebral column loses the type of the fish and assumes that of the reptile.

But should the animal be excluded from the influence of solar light and heat, whilst it is undergoing this metamorphosis the process is arrested? The animal continues to grow as a tadpole, but is no longer changed into the character of a frog. Dr. Edwards of Paris performed some interesting experiments on this subject. He took tadpoles, and supplied them with food and a constant renewal of fresh water, but excluded them from the influence of solar light. The animals continued to grow, but it was as tadpoles; their metamorphosis into frogs was arrested, and did not again proceed till exposed to the rays of the sun—showing, in a remarkable degree, the influence of light upon the animal economy.

We perceive, then, how admirably adapted the structure of every creature is to the circumstances in which it is placed, and the element in which it moves, and that, however great may be the modifications which particular organs may undergo to the attainment of specific ends, they are all accomplished in accordance with the grand general laws of the animal economy. Which shows how superior the works of nature are to the loftiest productions of human skill and human ingenuity. A piece of mechanism, as a watch constructed by man, however beautiful the workmanship and valuable the materials, is designed for one important purpose, which it subserves and that alone, and cannot be appropriated to a different purpose without a total change of the whole materials. But in the structure of the animal economy, by a slight modification of the organs, various and important ends are attained, and the animal is adapted to the air, to the land, or to the waters, and yet the principle is one and indivi-

dually the same—which demonstrates that the whole system is divine, and has been constructed by one great Architect, the Creator and Governor of all; which should lead us in studying the structure and investigating the laws of the animal economy, one of the most interesting and, at the same time, most instructive subjects that the human mind can contemplate—to advance a step further, and "look from nature up to nature's God."—*P**** Bowmanville.*

THE WITCH HAZEL.

"The singularity or witchery of this plant consists in putting forth its blossoms at the same time that its leaves are falling, and when the germens of its neighbors have turned into pericarps. It flowers in October and November, the fruit being produced the next year; thus the ripe fruit and fresh blossoms are frequently commingled on the same trees.—*Comstock's Botany.*

When the frost hath dyed the forest
With a rich and gaudy sheen,
And the crimson'd maple vieth
With the constant pine's deep green,
When the faded leaves flit earth-ward.
In a sad funereal train,
And each sight and sound bespeaketh
The approach of winter's reign:—

Blooms a mystic shrub serenely
When each summer flower is gone,
Spreading forth its tender petals
While its leaves fall one by one;—
Fearless of the snows of winter
Or the icy frosts' keen breath,
It exists a living garland
'Mid the sad remains of death.

What to it the meadow's verdure
Or the balmy gales of spring?
When the tree and shrub are joyous,
To be gay were no hard thing.
But its trust it bravely sheweth
In the Giver of all good,
Who provideth for the widow
And still finds the ravens food.

True and faithful plant, the lesson
Thou impartest all should learn,
Not to droop before misfortune,
But with calmness face the storm.
Let the Hazel be our emblem!
Yes! no other badge display!
With its blossoms shining brightly
'Mid the passing years decay.

B. N.

THE PAGOTA.—A VENETIAN STORY.

(FROM THE FRENCH.)

CHAPTER I.

No tourist in Italy can have failed to observe with pleasure the female water carriers of Venice, running at a gymnastic step, and with an air of haste and business, over the flags which pave the causeways of the great square of St. Mark. Although they speak a dialect but little different from that of the Venetians, it is evident, from their smaller stature, their more picturesque costume, and their more delicate features, that they are not of the same race. They bear the name of *Bigolante* and *Pagote;* the first of them appertaining to their trade, the second to the country whence they come—viz., Pago—a small and sterile island in the Adriatic, situated near the sloping shores of Croatia. In all the large cities of the Continent, there are certain species of industry which are never exercised except by foreigners, and the pursuit of which long use and custom have rendered the peculiar privilege of aliens. After this fashion, the nurses of Paris are all Normans, and all its coal-venders are natives of Auvergne; and in the same way, at Venice the water-carriers all come from Pago. From the far end of the Dalmatian Archipelago, they come—for they are mostly females—to Venice to gain their dowries by carrying water for the *bourgeois* of 'the city in the sea.' These gained, by means of heavy labor and frugality, they return to their own country, where their *fiances* are awaiting them, and marry upon the fruits of their industry. They only receive a Venetian sou for a jug of water, so they must carry a vast number of them before they can amass a sum of money sufficient to enable them to set up house-keeping; but their brazen jugs are not of the largest kind, so they can make many journeys to and from the cisterns in the day, and the young men of Pago do not look for quite such dowries with their brides, as are expected by Parisians with the belles of the salons.

During the summer of 1845, which in France was one of the wettest and coldest upon record, the heat at Venice was intolerable. The atmosphere was filled with heavy and suffocating vapours, which gave to the heavens such a sombre and gloomy hue, as to seem to announce the near approach of some of those wonderful events which are predicted in the Apocalypse. The water of the lagoons being of little depth and but seldom renewed by the feeble tides of the Adriatic, attained a degree of heat so elevated, that baths became for the time an impossibility. It was in the nights alone that the air was at all respirable, and the consequence was, that the whole of the inhabitants of the city were

out-of-doors, from sunset till three or four hours after midnight. One day, my *padrona di casa*, to use the Venetian expression, compassionating my state of physical prostration, proposed that I should have a bath in my own lodgings, made principally of well-water. I eagerly accepted the proposal, and accordingly there was brought up into my room a large wooden bathing-tub; and when this had been filled about one-third full of lagoon water, a Pagota was hired to add thereto a somewhat larger quantity of fresh water, and the result was, that a bath was formed into which I could manage to plunge without fear of scalding. The Pagota employed in this work was a young girl, whose countenance, unless exceedingly deceitful, bore witness to a heart at once pure, innocent and good; whilst a look of simplicity, and yet deep melancholy, with which the observer could not but be struck, threw around her a charm entirely inexpressible. As for her costume, it was the general one of her class, thongh rather neater and more elegant than common, and at the same time less coquettish. Two large clusters of rich brown hair hung over her ears, from which were suspended two large pendants of real gold, whilst upon her head was a felt hat, of elegant shape, but without brim, and ornamented by a sprig of evergreen. She had no shoes on her feet, which was not because of poverty, but merely that she might the better keep her footing when treading upon the banks of the lagoons, upon which is often deposited by the water a green slime.

Whilst the Pagota was passing to and fro, from the wells to the bathing-tub, and from the bathing-tub to the wells again, I perceived that tears, which from time to time she wiped away with the back of her hand, were constantly trickling down her cheeks in silence, and I seized the first opportunity which presented itself to inquire of her the cause of her subdued grief. She fixed upon me, thereupon, her large blue eyes, as though endeavoring to discover whether my question were dictated by mere curiosity or not; and then replied, 'You are free to think of my sorrow what you will, excepting one thing, and that is, that any ill conduct of my own has brought it upon me.'

This proud response augmented my interest, and I wished to insist upon her taking me into her confidence, but she had by this time emptied her last *secchia*, and she hastened away, saying only, '*Bagno pronto!*' Happily, however, my *padrona* had learned, by snatches at various times, all that I was desirous of knowing respecting the *Pagota*, and I had only to speak one word to call forth as full and prolix an account thereof, as any one could possibly be wishful to obtain. Love, as I had conjectured, *was* the cause of the young maidens sorrow. Her griefs, however, had then only just commenced, but, as I remained for the whole of the ensuing year in Venice, I had opportunities of watching to the end the progress of the drama in which she was the chief actor, and the first few scenes of which had then as yet alone been represented.

Digia was the Christian name of the Pagota, and she was the second daughter of a poor tavern-keeper of Pago, who was burdened with a heavy family. For the last three months, she had exercised in Venice the profession of water-carrier. Her elder sister had preceded her there by some months, and had left her on her return to Pago, a considerable *clientila* amongst the inhabitants of the *sestiere* of St. Mark. Already she had been enabled to forward succours to her father, and in a corner of the little chamber in the *Canareggio* which she inhabited, she had hidden a little treasure, the fruit of her frugality. It was all in copper pieces, and would not have weighed upon even one hand very heavily, supposing it to have been converted into silver. Digia always left her dwelling at the break of day, and many of the most industrious servants were still asleep when she knocked gently at their doors with her jug upon her shoulder. It was a long way from her dwelling to St. Mark's, and on her way thither in the mornings she had to pass twenty bridges, and amongst others that which touches upon the vestibule of the palace of the Faliero, whose facade recalls so eloquently the rigour of the laws of the middle ages. Somewhat beyond this bridge, in a *rio* which describes a number of capricious curves, two boatmen were generally cleaning and preparing their gondola. Both wore the belts and the black bonnets of the *nicolitti*—those inveterate night-rovers and contrabandists, and mortal enemies of the red-capped gondoliers, or *castellani*,* as well as the green-habited officers of customs. The eldest seemed about twenty years of age, the youngest about fourteen.

The nicolitti believe themselves to be of noble descent, and are as proud now of their oars as their ancestors were of their swords. Too independent to suffer themselves to enter into any contract which shall bind them to give their labor to one employer for any lengthened period, they will willingly bind themselves by the year or by the month, provided their patron be any ancient Seigneur of the Golden Book. As for foreigners, the *nicolitto* never offers his services to them, except with the intention of duping them. To see and observe him in his native element, it is necessary to go and seek him in the *Canareggio*, an inextricable labyrinth from which he rarely departs, and in which even Venetians

* The war of the *nicolitti* and the *castellani* dates from the 13th century.

are very apt to loose themselves. Without knowing anything correctly of the history of his country, the nicolitto regrets vaguely those old Gothic institutions which are impossible to-day, and of which he is incapable of judging. It is sufficient for him to know that during five centuries they made the glory and the fortune of the Venetians. His character is fickle and inconstant as the old Athenian's, his intellect lively but frivolous, his language of somewhat more than usual elegance, and his aptitude for repartee almost incredible. A *bon-mot*, a pun, or a witty tale, amuse him above all things; and everything graceful and clever, from a turn of cards to an opera tune, excites his enthusiasm, whilst the sight of a fair girl especially elates him. All his tastes are those of the man of civilization, but a nameless malady saddens and consumes him—a malady which resembles more than any thing else nostalgia, and the accesses of which, taking place as they do mostly in the night, inspire those songs imprinted with a gloomy sadness which proceed in the darkness from the gondolas of the nicolitti, and to some of which, upon an ever memorable evening, the mortally wounded heart of the unfortunate Desdemona responded with a melancholy and plaintive echo. It is the gondolier of the present day—whom Rossini listened to—who is accustomed to sing thus, and not the gondolier of the time of Othello. The Miguno of Goethe was born in the land of the sun, and transported to the cold clime of Germany, she wept her far off country; the songs of the nicolitto weep the death of Venice. Interrogate him sympathetically, and he will forget his hunger, to complain of weariness. Thence arises his insubordination, his penchant for infringing the regulations of the police, and his taste for contrabandist enterprises.

When Digia,risen from her nest at the same hour as the birds from theirs, and running, as her custom always was, came up to the buttresses of the palace of Faliero, the eldest of the two gondoliers seldom failed to accost her. Sometimes he offered to take her to the place of her destination in his gondola, sometimes he inquired whether she were not on her way to some rendezvous, and whether the gallant she was going to meet was a merchant of the Merceria or the Rialto. The Pagota, well knowing that such skirmishes with the gondoliers of Venice were very apt to end in unpleasant scenes, always quickened her pace and lowered her eyes as she passed by the two nicolitti; but in the evenings, as she passed by the same spot again, she sometimes cast a stealthy look upon the elder of them, for at such seasons she often saw him lying with his back upward and his head buried in his hands, in the attitude of a man sunk in despair; and in such cases her heart was filled with compassion for him, for she doubted not that his sadness was caused principally by an inability to procure employment for his robust arms during the day. One morning as she passed the *rio* at her customary step, the nicolitto apostrophised the young girl in a more serious tone than ordinary, and begged her to stay a moment, and render him a service. Instead of fleeing as fast as she could, as she did usually when he accosted her, she stopped as requested, and looking the black gondolier full in the face, replied, 'I hope, for your own honor, that you are not mocking me; and if you are not, I will willingly do anything I can for you, on condition that you cease to annoy me when I pass you.'

"Do not fear, gentle Pagota," replied the nicolitto, "I will not jest with you, but will speak to you like an archbishop I want you to repair the vest of my little brother, Coletto. This noble signor whom you see here will hire our gondola for the entire day, on condition that its rowers appear in decent trim: but this condition is imperative, since we are wanted to conduct the ladies of his family to the salt-wells of St. Felix. But Coletto's vest is torn right down the back, and I am but a poor hand with the needle; therefore I would beg you, since you have risen before the sun, to come for a few moments to the aid of the poor gondolier. Take this needle and thread and repair the rent, and you will render us a great service. If you refuse, Colletto and I will miss an important engagement, and lose our day."

Digia, upon this, took the vest of the little Coletto, whose clothes seemed to have been made of an old curtain, or of the cover of an arm chair, and having threaded her needle, seated herself on the edge of the bank, that she might sew the more at ease.

"Although shy," the nicolitto continued, after a while, "I knew that the fair Pagotine was a brave girl. And now," he added, turning to a fourth person who was present, "if agreeable to your lordship, we can make our contract."

The individual thus addressed was a little man, of about fifty years of age, with a grey head, a pale countenance,and a slender frame, together with winking eyes, and an open mouth, which spoke of but little intellect, and still less character. One would have said that he was stupid, had it not been an expression of cunning which lighted up his features every now and then into animation. His black coat, with the shanks of its buttons all plainly visible; his hat almost napless, but brushed with extreme care, with his gloves a dozen times darned, and his shoes as many times mended, all bore witness to desperate resistance to the assaults of the most cruel of miseries—that of the man well born, but without riches, whose education, name, and station in society oblige to endeavor,at all hazards, to "keep up appearance," and preserve

a decent exterior. The black gondolier was not in error in treating this personage as a *signor di qualita*, for he was in reality the last scion of the most illustrious of all the families belonging to the ranks of the Venetian aristocracy. He counted several doges amongst his ancestors, one of them being the author of the celebrated *coup d' etat*, known as the *serraz del consiglio*, which reduced to seven hundred the number of Venetian families whose members could exercise any public functions. From time immemorial the ancestors of this man had occupied the highest offices in the state, and fulfilled the most difficult employments in a government, by turns, so supple and so inflexible, which held itself at the head of Europe during the whole half of the sixteenth century.

"Our contract!" responded the great personage; "it is already made You know well enough what your day's wages are worth."

"Yes, signor," replied the nicolitti; "*ha Napoleone d' Argento.*"

"*Ha Napoleone!*" exclaimed the man of quality; "but you are joking without doubt! Think you I have risen so early to make a bargain such as that? But let us talk of Venetian moneys and not foreign coins, so please you."

"Well, then, how much is it that your excellency will choose to give us?" asked the gondolier in answer; but the grand signor replied only by a gesture, raising four of his fingers in the air, and when he had done this, suddenly closing his hand.

"It is very little," said the gondolier, when he had in this way named the sum. "But he who only gives little ought at least to promise. I have an idea that your excellency will ere long become a senator, perhaps even doge: or, more still, the state inquisitor. Promise me this, that you will in that day recompense me further when I prostrate myself in your path, and that you will place me in your house, when the republic is accorded to us, and then I will willingly serve you for four francs."

The patrician, seeing to what class of dreamers the gondolier belonged, jumped at the chance of striking a bargain. "By my ancestors, the conquerors of Cyprus," exclaimed he, "I will promise you. You shall be, when we have succeeded, my first gondolier, or, if it pleases you better, that of my wife."

"No, yours, yours, magnifico signor," said the gondolier; "I know the signora by reputation, and it is said she is somewhat difficult to please. I have the promise of your protection, and it suffices me. But may I claim further that of the dogaressa for my wife. For, if the republic comes quickly, it will not be long before I marry."

This was still a new idea, and the future doge saw in a moment that it might still more tighten his bargain. I will place your wife amongst the followers of mine," he answered, "as soon as the schemes we have contrived succeed, on condition that you conduct me to-day to St. Felix for three francs."

"Done, cried the gondolier, and then turning towards Digia, he continued, "Gentle Pagota, you have heard the words of the magnifico signor, will you not partake with me the benefits which he will bestow upon me? You are handsome, and I am not ugly; we are both of the same condition in life, and are both industrious. Accept me for your husband, and let his excellency give us the benediction of the first magistrate of the republic. My name is Marco; are you agreed, fair little Pagotine?"

Digia was not much acquainted with political affairs. She knew nothing of the treaties of 1815, and was ignorant of the country to which belonged the canon upon the Piazetta. The isle of Pago, which had always belonged to Venice, had ever been attached to its metropolis; and though the Pagotes were accustomed to drink to the success of the Venetian *borghese* this only proved that they considered them as their patrons and their masters. The Pagotes, were aware, it is true, that the ducal palace was deserted, and that the affairs of the city were administered by soldiers in white habits, who came there from a distance; but this state of things seemed to them evidently only provisional. This being the case, the proposal of the gondolier to Digia appeared to the latter both courteous and sage, thanks to the protection of the generous patrician. That which there was absurd and chimerical in the hopes and dreams of Marco, did not appear so in any wise to Digia, and was indeed just that which the most struck her imagination.

"Marco," she replied to the nicolitto, "your language appears that of an honest man; but one cannot marry, you know, in this way at first sight. And, besides, I am hindered by other and graver motives. Before quitting Pago, I contracted a species of engagement with a young Croat, the son of a friend of my father, who has demanded me in marriage.—Francois Knapen is a violent youth, whose humor very little agrees with mine, and I did not suffer myself to be regularly betrothed.—I have only promised him that I will not encourage another lover without giving him notice. At the bottom, I am not very fond of him, and so I will tell him of your proposition and of our providential encounter with the thrice magnifico signor, who condescends to interest himself in us; and if Francois, astonished by so many extraordinary circumstances, gives me my liberty, and if my father does not require me to return to Pago, I will willingly become your wife, as true as my name

is Digia Dolomir. You see I speak candidly; and now that you know all, I give you my hand, to seal our bargain under the conditions I have named."

"That is right, my children," said the patrician, "be blessed and united conditionally, like the hatchet and the handle, for perpetuity, unless some accident occurs to separate you. And since Coletto's vest is at last repaired, let the gondola attend me in three hours, at the bank of the St. Moise. It is there that my wife and daughter wish to embark, in order that the *beau monde*, in passing the Bocca-di-piazza, may see them depart in their gala-dress. The works at St. Felix were terminated yesterday, and the French engineer, the associate of the most rich Ronzilli, is to give us in consequence a most regal feast. He is an acquaintance whom I mean to make of great importance to the success of my vast projects. Good day, Digia! And Marco,you know, you will serve me regularly at the rate agreed, for I shall often have occasion to go to the wells with my intimate friend, the associate of the immensely rich Ronzilli. In return, you know I have promised you my protection, and have said that when we triumph you shall be the first gondolier in Venice."

Marco, astonished at the imaginary generosity of the patrician, and intensely occupied with the idea of his own fancied great good fortune, did not observe the cunning smile which spread itself over the features of this future doge; and Digia, regarding with attention the new lover who had fallen to her so unexpectedly, and with so many astonishing recommendations, from the clouds, had no eyes excepting for the energetic figure of the gondolier. Coletto, whose part in the grand things to come, both of the political and the other sorts, might be well expressed by the equation 1—1, had alone perceived any thing of the true nature of the bargain just concluded. In the corner in which he smuggled himself, rolled up like a cat, he kept murmuring of his brother's folly, and of the bad bargain he had made: but neither his brother nor Digia took much notice of what he said, for they were too much occupied with their own golden dreams, and with the gorgeous visions of future happiness and greatness which their warm imaginations painted and unrolled before them.

After the departure of the signor, Digia and her lover separated, promising to meet and talk matters over together every morning in the same place. The Pagota made her way, in the first place, to the office of a public writer, and after a short time came out of it again with two letters, one of them for her father, the other for Francois Knapen. Then she ran as fast as she could towards the ducal palace, and soon reached the wells to the left of it, where she found that most of her companions were gathered together, and rendered uneasy by her non appearance. This done, she once more set about the performance of her duties as a water-carrier.

Towards nine o'clock, a little fleet of gondolas passed through the lagoons towards St. Felix. The boatmen rowed with all their might, as is their custom when on pleasure-parties. Marco and his brother were the only nicolitti amongst the band, and they strained every nerve not to be beaten by the red-caps.

"What a fine trade we're driving!" said the little Coletto, as the perspiration poured down his face. "To think of rowing in this way for three livres!"

"What does it matter?" responded Marco; "do you not see behind us the gondola of the French engineer, the associate of the thrice rich Ronzilli, who could buy all Venice and all Italy, if it were for sale? It is not without design that a patrician of a dogal family keeps company with such as him. He will need a loan of ten millions of *svanzicks*, to enable him to re-establish the Council of Ten and the Republic."

"The French engineer," replied Coletto, "and Ronzilli, and the ten million *svanzicks*, are all humbug. I tell you your friend the to-be-doge has mocked you."

"And what for, imbecile? he would not do so without a motive."

"Certainly not—to save a dozen sous!"

CHAPTER II.

The great salt-works of St. Felix, which, with all the works belonging to them, were completed in eighteen months, belong to the number of those grand creations of mechanical skill for which the inhabitants of southern Europe are indebted to French genius. The Venetians, who love better to fold their arms and talk, than to set to work and labor, were fond, during its progress, of discussing the great enterprise, and criticising the details of its execution. Knowing that unforeseen difficulties are always met with in such undertakings, the midnight talkers of the cafés assured each other during the whole year and a half, that the engineer was deceived in his calculations, and that his labors in the end would come to nought, and he and his workmen perish.

It was in order to put an end to all such criticism and incredulity that the engineer of the works, on the occasion mentioned, invited a number of the first Venetians to inspect them, and partake of a little banquet upon the spot. The great reservoirs, embankments, sluices, and canals, together with the two steam engines which they saw there, were exhibited to them in such a manner as to remove every doubt from their minds with respect to the durability of the works, and the possibility of manufacturing salt in them on a

vast scale, and to great profit. The distinguished visitors did ample justice to the collation which was served up, as did also, at another table, the gondoliers who had brought them thither, and the two hundred workmen. As for the gondoliers, they evinced their admiration for French genius by getting tipsy; and little Coletto himself, animated by the wine and the nice tarts, when he saw the engineer offering fruit to the wife and daughter of the patrician, was ready to believe in the vast efficacy of the protection of the future doge, in the friendship of Ronzilli for him, and in the fortune of Marco.

In spite of the fatigue occasioned by this trip to St. Felix, which is a little island about ten miles from Venice, Marco was at his post before the Faliero palace, on the morrow, long before the rising of the sun. From the summit of a little bridge at a short distance, Digia saluted him with her hand, in the Italian manner, and then ran to seat herself beside him, for a short time on the bank, to hear his recital of the events of the preceding day, and to listen to his description of the voyage to St. Felix, and the splendor of the fête. His momentary intercourse with so many patricians had excited the warm imagination of the nicolitto, and had caused it to build numberless "chateaux en Espagne." As soon as the patrician had contracted his loan of ten million *svanzicks*, his gondola would be hired by the year, and ornamented with curtains of silk and a Turkey carpet. He, and his brother, clothed by their patron, would be given gorgeous vests to wear—velvet ones for winter, and nankeen for summer. As for his bonnet and his girdle, they would still remain black, and the doge would consequently see himself engaged to remain by the nicolitti, in opposition to the castellani, all his reign, which would be a grave circumstance to be recorded in the future annals of Venice. Digia, less excited than her lover, observed that Marco's stockings were very old, and promised, *en attendant* the curtains of silk, the vest of velvet, and the Turkey carpet, in her leisure moments to knit him a new pair. By the time she had made this promise, the tinkling of the Angelus announced the sunrise, and she rose immediately, to go about her business. Scarcely was she gone away, ere the patrician arrived, bent upon the performance of new diplomatic stratagems. This time it was a marriage that he talked of. The French engineer had fallen deeply in love with the signorina, whilst handing her a glass of wine; and although this was but a poor match for a daughter of such a house, yet he must bridle his passion, and consent to it, in order that he might not lose the succours and support of the most rich Ronzilli. To carry the matter to a proper ending, it was necessary to make some little show of luxury, and to go every evening in an open gondola to the Fresco, to listen to the music of the military band, with all the fashion and rank of Venice. Until the re-establishment of the republic, the future doge could only afford for such a purpose a single livre per evening. This was only a quarter of the usual price; but in the good time to come, it would be abundantly made up to Marco, who would rise to—no one could say *what* great elevation, The patrician promised as freely as need be, and the nicolitto, dazzled by the prospect of so much good fortune in the future, willingly concluded so very profitable a bargain, in spite of all the opposition that the little Coletto had it in his power to make.

On the evening of the second day, the patrician perceived that, uufortunately he had not his purse in his pocket, and his fit of forgetfulness on this head lasted two or three days. In the end, it became the cause of a slight modification in the contract with the gondolier, and it was agreed that henceforth the patrician should pay only once a month, paying then for four week's daily trips all in one sum. The gondolier made no objection to this arrangement, and indeed he was happy to be thus enabled to associate his fortune with that of his generous patron. Life must be supported, however, whilst the first monthly payment was being waited for; and therefore it was necessary to take a little credit. Digia, partaking the faith and the illusions of her lover, freely offered him her little treasure and her daily savings; and thus it came to pass, that on the poor Pagota fell the principal portion of the task of maintaining the two gondoliers of the magnifico signor. A half-hour's chat per day during a week sufficed to establish between her and the nicolitto that community of sentiment which quickly entrains a community of interests. Moreover, a letter from Pago brought to Digia her parent's authorisation of her marriage with the gondolier—the good man, her father, having too many children, to object to them being taken off his hands and established in life; whilst Francis Knapen, having never answered her epistle to him, the Pagota, attributing his silence to either indifference or pride, rebelled against him violently in her heart, and considered herself entirely delivered from her engagements to him.—Love grows rapidly in the heart of an honest girl, when duty does not interfere to forbid it; and it is not strange, therefore, that the new penchant of the Pagota, being encouraged by the approbation of her parents and the abdication of the young Croat, should shortly break all bounds, and leave no longer any corner of her heart, for either prudence or doubt to think of dwelling in.

At the end of a month, the young couple began to think of making preparations for their marriage, and of endeavoring to purchase the ring and other necessaries. It was the

day in which the little savings of the Pagota found themselves exhausted; but it was now time for the to-be-doge to pay a month's wages to his gondoliers, and the sum due to them was larger by some livres than that of Digia's expended savings. It was one of the evenings in which the patrician was wont to proceed to the Fresco to hear the music, and Marco spent the greater portion of the day in making up a fine speech with which to request payment of his wages. When the evening was come, he attended the patrician at the usual place and the usual time; but, somehow or other, the patrician did not come. Having waited awhile in an agony of anxious expectation, the poor gondolier set out towards the general rendezvous *without* his usual freight. Arrived there, he found that the band was already playing, and surrounded by a perfect shoal of gondolas. Marco looked about him, but could not see the doge, nor any sign of him. Coletto, however, was a little more successful, it would seem, for, after having placed himself in an observant position for some moments, he suddenly turned towards his brother with a rueful countenance, and exclaimed, "What should you say if I said that the patrician was deceiving us? There he is, with his wife and the signorina, in the four-oared gondola belonging to the engineer. The two ladies have each a new white robe and a new fan, and the magnifico signor himself has a new hat, shining like a lantern. I'll be bound he bought it with the money he ought to have paid us with!"

"Pshaw!" was the response of Marco to this last suggestion. "But, by Bacchus!" he continued, after a moment's thought, "this close intimacy with the engineer is a certain sign of great success! The new hat and the new fan together prove as clear as noonday that the loan is already agreed upon, if not actually made. Soon, then, the vests of velvet and the fixed yearly wages!"

"What a fellow you are!" said Coletto, shrugging his shoulders. "Of the velvet vests, and the yearly wages, and the loan, you will receive just nothing, and even the patrician will never even pay you what he owes you. He has no need of you any longer; and all he'll give you for your past services is your *conge.* Not having money to pay you with, he'll find it most convenient to *forget* his debtor!"

"Impossible!" murmured Marco. "Indulge in no such supposition. To do so, is to outrage the majesty both of ancient and modern Venice. Besides, it will assuredly bring upon us misfortune."

"But we've had no dinner to-day, and how are we to sup?" asked Coletto. "Let us think a little also of the majesty of empty stomachs!"

"Well, I'll go to the *herbiere*, and find cousin Ambrosio, who sells roots, and see if he will let me have a measure of potatoes upon credit."

And Marco went accordingy to the *herbiere*, which, situated behind the ancient palace of the Turkish ambassadors, is consecrated to the sale of flowers, herbs, and fruits, He went just at the hour at which the provisions on sale at the *herbiere* are usually at their lowest price, and at which, in consequence, economical cooks and housekeepers are accustomed to make their purchases. A tall, broad-shouldered woman, whom you would have taken for a mendicant, were it not for the chapeau—albeit it was an old one, and much sunburnt—which she wore, was in close conference, when he got there, with Ambrosio, and was doing all that in her lay to abate the price of a dozen of artichokes. The seller asked nine sous, but the beggar offered only three, saying, that that was all they were worth, since she took only the bottoms, and left the leaves. At last Ambrosio descended to five sous, but the woman made a feint of going away, and then he called her back quickly, and gave them at her own price. She accordingly placed them in her basket, which already contained a good-sized fish, and drew out her purse, that she might pay for them. It contained four Venetian sous, and the gardener only required three to pay for the artichokes; but the lady—who, Marco had discovered by this time, was the wife of the patrician—told him that he would require to have the last piece also, for it was necessary for her to take with her additionally a couple of platefuls of dessert. By means of much adroitness and much cunning, she managed to obtain for this one sou as many cherries and mountain strawberries as her basket would now hold (and as many as she ought to have paid four sous for), and she then took her departure.

As soon as she was gone, Marco stated his own errand, and had no trouble in obtaining the wished-for measure of potatoes, with which he immediately set out again homewards. On his way, as he passed by the palace which bears the historic name of the patrician, he perceived the engineer's gondola stationed at its water door, with its cabin lifted off, and placed, with the oars, under the vestibule. At this sight, Marco stood still for a second or two, lost in conjectures, when suddenly the patrician came out of the palace, and passed before his creditor with as indifferent an air as though he now saw him for the first time in his life. When Marco saw that he had fairly passed him, he ran up to him, and whispered, in a low voice, "A word with me, your excellency, for pity's sake!"

"What do you want with me?" replied the patrician, stopping, and knitting his eyebrows, into a frown; "what do you want with me? I know nothing of you, and dont see that you can know much of me."

"What!" cried Marco in astonishment, "what! your excellency! Do you not recognize your servant the nicolitto? Have you forgotten who has carried you so often lately to the Fresco and to St. Felix, with the signor and the signorina, and whom you have promised to make the first gondolier in Venice, when the republic comes?"

The patrician saw this time that it would be difficult to deny his knowledge of the nicolitto, and he, therefore, for the time at least, changed the plan of his operations. He hesitated for a moment or two, and then "Imprudent youth!" he whispered, in a mysterious tone. "will you betray me and my conspiracies? It is always so. Whenever a patrician meditates to strike some stroke for the general welfare, there ever comes some man of the people to betray his secret, either by purpose or by want of cautiousness. Look at me. Am I no longer the nephew of the conqueror of the Candiots? Have you no confidence in me?"

"I have as much faith in you," replied the gondolier, "as though you were my father. But how comes it that you no longer employ me to take you in the evenings to the Fresco, and how is it that the gondola of the Frenchman is moored here as though at home?"

"Accursed wretch! you know my projects, and yet question me in this way,' said the patrician, in a tone of despair. "Learn, then, however," he continued, after a moment, "that the engineer is living with me, having commenced yesterday to partake of my hospitality. To-night he dines with me, and——"

"Not a word more, your excellency," interrupted Marco; "I divine it all. But still it is necessary for me to have bread, and you owe me the little sum of ——"

"Silence!" put in the doge, emphatically. "The profoundest secrecy."

"Yes, I understand," interrupted Marco; "but when will you pay me?"

"In fifteen days, or perhaps a month," responded the doge; "and till then you must not stir."

"No," answered the gondolier, "I will not. May I be strangled, if I give even the least sign of life!"

But, in spite of this oath, Marco—for he was a true child of Venice, and no conspiracies or secrets will prevent a Venetian creditor demanding his money from those who owe it him—knocked the next day at the door of the magnifico signor, and asked him for the wages that were due to him. The patrician at first strode about the chamber without answering; then, as if a sudden thought had struck him, he cried, "You have just arrived at the right moment—follow me." And leaving the apartment, he beckoned the gondolier to do likewise.

When he had reached the end of a long gallery, entirely bare of furniture, the doge knocked gently at a little door. From the interior some one answered "*Avanto!*" and Marco recognized the accents of the French engineer. It was him; and the task he was engaged in was that of preparing the wages of his workmen, piles of écus being ranged on the table before him, glittering with the most fascinating splendor. As soon as he had entered, the patrician, raising his hand towards the heavens, exclaimed, "O my friend, behold into what an abyss I have at last fallen! See what kind of creditors it is whose reproaches I am obliged to bear! He is a poor gondolier, a miserable *farcarol*, who is come to ask me his wages, and I cannot pay them. Speak, Marco, and tell my generous friend yourself how much I owe you."

The gondolier, quite confused, already repented of the step he had taken, and he could only murmur out an inarticulate reply.

The Frenchman, however, quickly came to the rescue, and, addressing the patrician, he said, with a slight smile, "Do not distress yourself at all, signor, I will lend you the sum that you have need of to discharge these little debts. We will speak of the matter again to-morrow, but I warn you that I don't mean to be duped. It is not customary with Venetians ever to salute the people who have opened their purses to them, but I shall require you, if you please, to act differently with me. I shall expect you to give me from month to month a small sum on account, in part repayment of what I lend you, even if your instalment—and I will leave the size of them entirely to you—be only of the value of five francs. Do you agree to this?"

"Delightedly, my generous friend," replied the patrician; "my heart is not that of a Judas. I would ——"

"Come, no rhetoric, signor, and no exaggeration," interrupted the engineer; "business requires neither. To-morrow you shall have the money, if you promise to repay it by monthly instalments. Do you promise?"

"Promise?" asked the doge. "I promise, by the sun that is enlightening us, by the green earth we tread on, by all those who have borne before me the illustrious name of ——"

"Nonsense!" cried the engineer, with difficulty restraining a hearty burst of laughter. "Keep these solemn declarations for more important occasions than this. But there is another point we will agree upon; how much will you give me next month, as the first instalment?"

"Let me see," responded the patrician; "did you not mention about three francs?"

"Five," replied the engineer; "but three will do, if you like it better, and will prove yourself a man of your word."

"Well, three, it shall be then," answered the doge, "and you will see whether I fib or not. But I have still another favor to beg of

you; and it is, that you will put the crown to your generosity, by engaging not to mention the matter to my wife."

"To no one in the world, my dear neighbor," was the reply. "You may rely upon my discretion. But now, *au revoir*. Pardon me for not reconducting you, and remember that the money will be ready for you to-morrow."

Upon this, the patrician made his adieu in a lofty style, and then left the apartment, followed by Marco. When he reached the chamber in which the nicolitto had first found him, he made a few delighted gambols, and seeming utterly incapable of containing himself, kept exclaiming, "To-morrow, to-morrow" and repeating the words of the engineer, "To-morrow your money will be ready for you."

Marco partook of his joy also, and could not restrain himself from crying repeatedly, "The loan is contracted, and so, Hurrah for Venice! Hurrah for the vest of velvet and the yearly hire!"

But at last he managed to calm himself, and gently to insinuate a request that the grand "to-morrow" should see his wages paid. Upon this, the doge entirely changed his mood, and assuming his accustomed stupid look, replied, "It is doubtful; the interests of the state, you know, must be seen to, before the interests of an individual."

"But, your excellency," responded Marco, "I can wait no longer. Everything I had I have now parted with; I have loaded myself with debts, and should have been long carried to the cemetery in the gondola of the paupers, if Digia had not offered me her savings."

"What, silly man!" exclaimed the patrician in reply, "had your mistress savings? Why did you not tell me of them, and then she could have placed them in the great banking concern which I am about to establish with the ècus of Ronzilli, which the engineer has just agreed to lend me, and I would have paid her six per cent. interest."

"We want no interest, but the capital—to marry upon," was Marco's answer, rather harshly uttered.

"Well, you shall have it," was the patrician's reply; "but to-morrow I shall be very much engaged; you cannot contract a loan with a rich financier, without doing a deal of writing and going through many formalities. But do not forget to come for your money the next day, at the *botto*, neither earlier nor ater—do you hear?"

"Yes, signor," answered the gondolier; "you need not fear that I shall forget."

Nor did he; but it is necessary to say that, when he knocked at the door of the doge's palace, on the day after the morrow, at the exact time specified (an hour after mid-day), he found no one at home? I believe not, for the reader will have divined that the magnifico signor had only indicated the precise hour and the precise day, in order that he might have an opportunity of taking himself out of the way before its arrival. Ten times during the afternoon and the next morning, the poor gondolier renewed his attack upon his patron's door, but all in vain, and by the next time that he succeeded in meeting with his debtor, the latter had had opportunities of inventing a thousand fresh excuses. The misery and the debts of the poor nicolitto were thus left to increase themselves day by day, and as the courage and activity of the Pagota were not sufficient for the support of three persons, Coletto, who had very long teeth, commenced to rebel. One evening, Marco, leaning over the parapet of a bridge, observed that a flood of light which illuminated the waters on all sides, was issuing from the windows of his patron's palace, and soon after he saw gondoliers pass under the bridge, and set down ladies decked in ball attire at his doors, whilst pastry-cooks also proceeded thither with baskets upon their heads. It was thus evident that the magnifico signor was giving a grand fête, and Marco, not being able to conceive the slightest reason why the patrician should object to pay his little debt out of the millions which he imagined he had received from the most rich Ronzilli, especially when he could give a splendid banquet like the present, felt his love for the descendants of the conquerors of Chypre profoundly wounded. Still, he continued to believe in the future doge's excellent faith, and in a gorgeous future, to be bought but by these privations. Coletto said it was all fudge, and that the patrician was a bankrupt.

"And may God punish you, Marco," further added his little brother, "for having ceased to be a contrabandist, in order to become a lacquey, like a red gondolier."

"Well," replied poor Marco, in a fit of indignant anger, "a malediction upon all magnifico signors! May accidents for ever defeat their projects, and may the Madonna of the contrabandists, touched by my repentance, accord her protection to the returned wanderer!"

In order that the reader may judge exactly as to how far Coletto's verdict with respect to the state of the finances of the magnifico signor was a true one, we will introduce him for a moment into the necessitous patrician's household.

(*To be continued.*)

We should use a book as a bee does a flower.

Pompous fools may be compared to alembics, for in their slowness of speech, and dulness of apprehension, they give you drop by drop, an extract of the simples they contain.

Men are made to be eternally shaken about, but women are flowers that lose their beautiful colours in the noise and tumult of life.

THE FATHER AND THE DEAD CHILD.

BY J. STANYAN BIGG.

Ah! 'tis but yesterday when thou didst come,
Dower'd with all graces, from God's great right hand;
Thou loveliness epitomised—thou stray,
Wild ray of glory from the starry land!
Thou wert attended by all blissful things;
White-winged smiles across thy face were driven,
Bright, holy, and divinely beautiful,
Like busy, gleaming memories of heaven!

Ah! 'tis but yesterday the living words
Leapt from thy lips as innocent as fawns;
But yesterday thy rich and mellow laugh
Ran like a river o'er the sloping lawns!
But yesterday the sweetest lustre shone
Like starlight on a lake, amid thy tears;
And through thy soul, as through a haunted wood
Went crowds of angel hopes and hooded fears.

But yesterday, along the garden walks,
Thy little feet went bounding in wild glee,
And from behind the tree-boles thy young face
Peep'd radiant as a star at night, for me;—
But yesterday, and thou didst strive to hide
Behind the tangled greenery of the bowers,
But thy gold tresses glimmer'd through the screen,
And gave a richer sunlight to the flowers.

It is but yesterday, and thy sweet talk
Open'd rich wonders to my eager view,
Like ancient pictures with their golden mists,
And forms of shining angels shimmering through;—
But yesterday, and all this weary world
Was sanctified and lovely as a shrine,
For God was near me, speaking through thy lips,
And making *my* life beautiful through *thine.*

Oh, I remember thee, my child! my child!
All lovely things that beautify the globe,
Stars, flowers, and rainbows, and the sunny heavens,
Gather'd about thee like a gorgeous robe.
Even the night with thee forgot her gloom,
And came out calm and holy as a priest,
And the rough storm exchanged his angry roar
For the glad gambols of a sportive beast!

But now! oh, now!—a little, empty chair
Casts its lank shadow on my cottage floor,
And a dark memory ever, ever broods,
Like a black mute, before my open door;—
These, and this little grave, are all of thee
Which the world offers to my straining sight:—
The world how poor!—but, oh, the wealthy heaven
That holds this new-born angel in its light!

Did you ever know a strike which did not hit the workmen harder than the master?

Did you ever know a hotel-keeper, whose "wax" lights would bear the test of a tallow-chandler?

THE CAMEL.

The Camel is an oddity in his way. He looks very well in a picture or on a desert standing under a palm tree; he looks well at a distance with a family of Bedouins on his back; he looks well lying down by the ruins of an old mosque; in an artistical point of view, he looks well almost anywhere; yet when you come to analyze his character, and consider all the fine descriptions that poetical writers have given of his patience, his gentleness, his powers of endurance, his admirable physical construction, and all that, I am rather disposed to regard him in the light of a humbug; and I take the more satisfaction in expressing this opinion because it has a healing influence upon the bruises that I received when Saladin and myself were rolled down the hill. As to his gentleness, he is gentle from pure laziness. He can be vicious enough at times. Let any body who would test the mild spirit of the camel, place his fingers between the teeth of that gentle animal, at certain periods, when he has been pelted, and there will soon be no further room for doubt on the subject. The camel is gentle when he is not savage; patient, when he is not impatient; affectionate when he wants something to eat; docile, when he is taught to understand that the absence of docility is usually filled with a stick. As to his physical strength and powers of endurance: Can he jump as far as a flea? Can he carry as heavy a load on his back; can he endure half the amount of cold? I mean in proportion to his size. Let any body who admires thé beauty of the camel stand behind one and see him go down hill; cast a look at his feet and legs; and ask himself, Is that beautiful? is that picturesque? is that graceful? and he will see how ridiculous the idea is, and what an awkward, ungainly, absurd animal the camel is. I hold that Tokina, the Prince of Asses, has more beauty in his person and more sense in that long head of his, than all the camels in Syria. I am perfectly satisfied with my experience in camels. Once, during a sojourn in Zanzibar, I mounted a camel, and was thrown over his head before I had travelled ten paces. On another occasion, as I was walking by the sea-shore one morning, three frisky old camels, by way of a frolic, ran after me. I was rather brisk at running—especially when three large animals with whose habits I was not familiar were after me—and I gave them a very fair race of it for as much as a mile, and probably might have made them run a mile or two more, had I not run into some quicksand. The camels ran all round the quicksand twice or three times, and then went away about their business, which was more than I did, for I was up to my arm-pits by that time; and I remained there perfectly satisfied that I was gaining on them up to that period, and that I would eventually have beaten them had I retained the free use of my legs. I was not satisfied, however, with the way I was going then, so I shouted to some Arabs who chanced to be near, and they pulled me out.—Ever since that period I have been prejudiced against camels, nor has that prejudice been removed by my experience in Syria. I would recommend all camels in future to keep clear of any body that looks like a General in the Bobtail Militia.—*Yusef, a Crusade in the East.*

DEAD RECKONING AT THE MORGUE.

On the island of the city of Paris, stands the Palace of Justice, with its numerous courts of law and echoing Hall of the Lost Footsteps (*Salle des Pas perdus*); its near and necessary neighbor, the Prison of the Concièrgerie, once vomiting indiscriminately into the guillotine-cart crime and innocence; the Holy Chapel, that marvel of Gothic architecture; the great flower market, which, with its rival on the Place de la Madeleine, supplies all Paris with *bouquets;* the Prefecture of Police, where strangers must go or send, if for no other purpose than to have their passports indorsed; the great cathedral of Notre Dame, alone worthy of a pilgrimage; the hospital of the Hotel Dieu, always dedicated to humanity, and once called by that name, when the virtue was scarce in Paris: and, not the least curious, though, to the majority of sight-seers, perhaps the least agreeable, the Morgue, or "dead-house."

Why the Morgue is so designated, few except philologists can tell. According to Vaugelas, *morgue* is an old French word signifying face; and it is still used to express a consequential look or haughty manner reflected from the countenance. In former times there used to be a small lobby just within the entrance to all the prisons which, in France, was called the *morgue;* because it was there that the gaolers examined the *morgue* or face of each prisoner before he was taken to his cell, that he might be recognised in case of attempted evasion. At a later period, it was in these ante-chambers that the bodies of such as were found dead in the streets or elsewhere, were exposed, for recognition, to the gaze of the public, who peeped at them through a wicket in the prison door. In Paris, the general place of exposure was in the lower gaol or *morgue* of the prison of the great Chatelet, and the principal regulations to be observed in giving effect to the measure were set forth in a police ordinance of the ninth of the month *Floreal*, in the year eight, which means the twenty-eighth of April, eighteen hundred, as follows:—

As soon as a corpse was brought to the lower gaol, it was to be exposed to public view, with all the respect due to decency and propriety, the clothes of the deceased hanging beside it, and it was thus to remain for three days. In case of the body being recognised, those who identified it were to make their declaration before the magistrate of the quarter, or the nearest commissary of police, and he, having furnished the necessary paper, the prefect of police would give an order for the delivery of the remains and their interment in the usual manner. Those who claimed the corpse were expected, if it was in their power, to pay the expenses attendant upon finding and exposing it, and were allowed to have the clothes and other effects found upon the deceased. All the reports relating to the bodies taken to the lower gaol, as well as the orders of interment, were to be inscribed in a register kept for that purpose at the prefecture of police; and a similar book was to be kept at the lower gaol itself, in which, day by day, were to be inscribed the admission of dead bodies, their appearance, the presumed cause of death, and the date of their removal. When fragments of a corpse were fished out of the Seine, those who discovered them were to give intimation of the fact to the nearest commissary of police, who was to take the same steps with regard to them as if the body had been found entire.

This ordinance remained in force for four years; but it being then thought advisable to have a building expressly devoted to the exposure of the dead, the present Morgue was constructed close to the north-eastern extremity of the bridge of Saint Michel, on the Marché Neuf. No change took place in the regulations above cited, nor has any material alteration been made in them since the promulgation of the original ordinance.

The establishment of the Morgue was particularly intended to apply to that class of persons, respecting whose habits of life and place of abode it was difficult to obtain such information as would enable the authorities to register their deaths in a proper manner; and the object which the administration hoped to attain by the institution, was that of universal identification. This has never been altogether possible, but great progress has been made towards it. For instance, in the year eighteen hundred and thirty, the proportion of bodies recognised was not more than four out of ten, while at present they amount to nine-tenths of the whole number exposed; with this material addition that, whereas the bodies formerly remained for the full period prescribed by law, and sometimes even exceeded it, the average time within which recognition now takes place is little more than twenty-four hours.

This information, with what will further be detailed, was communicated to me in a very business-like, and I had almost said, a very pleasant manner, by Monsieur Baptiste, the intelligent *greffier* or clerk of the Morgue.

No "mysterious disappearance of a gentleman," or lady, such as with us produces an advertisement in the *Times*, was the cause of my "looking in" one fine sunny morning while on my way, by the route which most people take, to Notre Dame. I was simply passing along the Marché Neuf when, from the open door of a wine-shop, three or four men in blouses, accompanied by a woman, suddenly rushed out, and exclaiming loudly, "Ah! it is he then!" ran hastily across the street and dashed into the Morgue. I had

often glanced, with an involuntary shudder, at the cold-looking vault-like building, and had always hurried onward; but on this occasion a feeling of curiosity made me pause. I asked myself who it was that had excited the sudden emotion which I had just witnessed? and, as I put the question, I found I was proceeding to answer it by following those who I had no doubt were the relatives or friends of some one newly discovered.

Passing through a wide carriage gate, I entered a large vestibule, and, turning to the left, saw before me the *Salle d'Exposition*, where so many ghastly thousands, the victims of accident or crime, had been brought for identification after death. It was separated from the vestibule by a strong barrier, which, supported a range of upright bars, placed a few inches apart and reaching to the ceiling, and through the interstices everything within could be distinctly seen; this barrier ran the whole length of the chamber, dividing it into two nearly equal parts. It had need to have been strong, if the grief of all who pressed against it had equalled the passionate sorrow of the woman who now clung to the bar in her frenzied eagerness to clasp the dead. I soon learned, from her own sobbing voice, that it was her son. The facts attending his exposure were of every-day occurrence: he had been fished out of the Seine, and there he lay, livid and swollen; but, whether he had accidentally fallen into the river, or had committed suicide, there seemed to be nothing to show. So at least it appeared to me; but the mother of the drowned man—he was under twenty, and she herself had scarcely passed middle age—thought otherwise; for every now and then she moaned forth a female name, which the friends who stood beside her endeavored to hush, and from this I inferred that the deceased had probably acted under one of those impulses of jealousy which, when it does not seek the life of a rival, resolves to suppress its own. But, come by his death how he might, the identification was complete, and defeatured as he was, his mother found the sad task no difficulty. Indeed, the manner of exposure offers every facility for recognition. The clothes are hung up over the corpse in such a manner that they can be readily recognised. The body itself is placed on a dark slab, slightly inclining towards the spectator, with the head resting upon a sort of desk or low block covered with zinc; so that the features are clearly to be seen beneath the light, which comes from windows high up in the wall behind the corpse. There is a tap in the wall for turning on water, which runs off by a small gutter at the foot of the slab. This is all.

It was only after extreme persuasion that the mother ofthe deceased suffered herself to be led away from the Morgue to her dwelling opposite. One of the party remained behind. He, too, had identified the body as that of his cousin; and, upon his declaration, the *greffier* proceeded to draw up the document, which was to be taken to the commissioners of police before the body could be removed from the building, although it was now withdrawn from the *salle d'exposition* and placed in another apartment. Perceiving that I lingered in the vestibule after the departure of the cousin, Monsieur Baptiste accosted me, and civilly conjectured that, as I was alone, perhaps it would afford me some "amusement" to see that part of the building which was not usually shown to the public. He placed himself entirely at my disposition. I accepted his courtesy with many thanks; and, having crossed the vestibule, he opened a door on the right hand, and introduced me into the office over which he presided. "Here," he said, with a slight flourish of his hand, "all the important forms attendant upon the several entries and departures were filled up by himself—a function which he knew he need not assure me, was a highly responsible one. To discover a dead body," he added, "was a sufficiently simple process—to daguerreotype it in pen and ink was another. Even if that *salle d'exposition* did not exist, Monsieur, here," he exclaimed, tapping an enormous folio with brazen clasps, "could be seen, in my own handwriting, all the proofs necessary for establishing a secure identification."

I ventured to suggest, with humility—for I was a stranger in Paris—that some impediment might be offered to this mode of giving general satisfaction, in the possible fact that the relations of at least one- half of the unfortunate people whose bodies were taken to the Morgue might not be able to read.

"Then," replied Monsiour Baptiste, undauntedly, "I would read my description to those poor people."

Of course, it was not for me to doubt the skill of the worthy little *greffier*, but I could not help fancying—from a certain recollection of the portraiture of passports—that it was quite as well the hall of exposure and identification *did* exist. However, I made no comment upon Monsieur Baptiste's triumphant rejoinder, and we passed on.

Apart from a little pleasant personal vanity, I found Monsieur Baptiste a very intelligent companion. From the office he conducted me to the *salle d'autopsie* (dissecting-room), in which were two dissecting tables, one of them supplied with a disinfecting apparatus, communicating with a stove in an adjoining apartment. Beyond this was the *remise* (coach-house) containing the waggon-shaped hearse, which conveyed to the cemetery—without show, and merely shrouded in a coarse cloth—such bodies as were either unclaimed or unrecognised. The next chamber

was called the *salle de lavage*, or washing-room. It was flagged all over, and supplied with a large stone trough, in which the clothes of the persons brought in were washed; it served also for sluicing the bodies. Similarly flagged throughout was another apartment, the *salle de degagement*, or private room, situated between the *salle de lavage* and the *salle d'exposition*, where temporarily deposited on stone tables—out of the reach of insects, from whose attacks they were protected by a covering of prepared cloth—lay the bodies of those who had been identified, such as were in too advanced a stage of decomposition to admit of recognition, and such as were destined for interment. The last apartment in the Morgue that remains to be noticed, but which I did not enter, was the *combles*, a sort of garret, in which that one of the two attendants slept, whose duty it is to pass the night on the premises; his sleep being very frequently disturbed by fresh arrivals.

"And how many admissions take place in the Morgue, in the course of the year?" I inquired of Monsieur Baptiste.

"Faith," replied he, shrugging his shoulders, "of one kind or other, there is scarcely a single day without something fresh. Observe, Monsieur, they do not come in regularly. Not at all. Sometimes we are quite empty for days; and then, again, we are crowded to such a degree as scarcely to be able to find room for all that arrive. In the extremes of the seasons—the height of summer and the depth of winter—the numbers are the greatest. But if Monsieur is curious to know the precise facts, I shall have great pleasure in informing him."

Thereupon Monsieur Baptiste invited me once more to enter his office; and, having accommodated me with a seat, he appealed to the brazen clasped volume to correct his statistics, and communicated to me the following particulars.

The Morgue, he said, was supplied not only from the forty-eight *quartiers* into which Paris is divided; but received a considerable share from the seventy-eight *communes* of the *banlieue*, or townships within the jurisdiction of the capital; from the *communes* of Sèvres, Saint Cloud, and Meudon; from Argenteuil, Saint Germain, and from other places bordering on the river. The average number per annum amounted to three hundred and sixty-four, which Monsieur Baptiste arranged as follows: including the separate fragments of dead bodies, which he rated at eleven entries, there were brought, he said, thirty-eight children prematurely born, twenty-six that had reached the full term, and of adults two hundred and thirty-eight men and fifty-one women. He divided the two last into categories. Of secret homicides, there were the bodies of three men and two women; of such as had died from sickness or very suddenly, thirty-four men and eleven women; of the accidentally hurt where death had supervened, sixty-six men and four women; and of suicides, the large number of one hundred and thirty men and thirty-five women.

I remarked that the disproportion between the sexes was much greater than I had imagined; indeed I had rather expected that the balance would have inclined the other way.

"If Monsieur would permit me," said the polite Baptiste, "I would cause him to observe that men have more reasons for committing suicide than women; or, if this be disputed, that they are less tenacious of existence than the other sex, who understand that their mission is to bear. A woman's hope, Monsieur, is almost as strong as her love, often they are the same. But a man! before the face of adversity he turns pale; the pain of the present is intolerable to him; in preference to that, he severs ties which a woman shudders to think of breaking. A woman never forgets that her children are a part of herself; a man frequently considers them a mere accident."

"But, after all," I remarked, "the sum total which you have named appears to me not enormous, considering the extent of Paris and its dependencies, the number of its inhabitants, and," I added, after a short pause, "the impressionable character of the people."

"That observation would be perfectly just," returned Monsieur Baptiste, "if all who met with violent deaths in Paris were transported to the Morgue. But the fact is different. Those chiefly—I might almost say those only—are brought here, whose place of abode is unknown in the quarter where they are found. The persons accidentally killed at work, a proportion of those who are run over or injured by animals, the victims of poison, or charcoal, or hanging, or duels, have for the most part a fixed residence, and to bring them to the Morgue for identification would be unnecessary. Even such as try the water, and they furnish the majority of cases (this act being the least premeditated), have homes or the dwellings of friends or masters to which they are conveyed by witnesses of the deed. It is the solitary, homeless suicide, who, in the middle of the night, leaps from the parapet of the bridge, and is found in the meshes of the *filets des morts* (the dead-nets) that comes to this establishment. That this is a fact the general returns officially declare; for the number of drowned persons who are exposed in the Morgue are only one-sixth of those whose remains are taken to their own dwellings; and this proportion is exceeded in most of the other cases."

I ventured to suppose that where everything was so methodically ordered, some ap-

proximation as to the cause of the numerous suicides—the last scene of which was witnessed in the Morgue—had been arrived at in the establishment. Monsieur Baptiste told me I was right. Diligent inquiry, voluntary information, and conjecture based upon long experience, had, he believed, arrived very nearly at the truth, and these conclusions were thus set forth.

Taking one hundred and sixty-nine for the annual aggregate, the number of men who committed suicide in a state of insanity or delirium, was twenty-two; of women eight. On account of domestic trouble, the numbers were eighteen and six; of drunkenness, fifteen and two; of misery, thirteen and four; of disgust of life, eleven and three; of disappointed love, ten and three; of misconduct, eight and two; of incurable maladies, eight and one; dread of judicial investigation, seven and one; embezzlement and defalcations, six and one; while, on account of causes that could not be ascertained or guessed at, there remained sixteen men and five women.

It appeared from what Monsieur Baptiste further stated, that self-activity in procuring the means of death was much greater in the men than the women.

"A woman, Monsieur," said the *greffier*, "when she has made up her mind to die, chooses the speediest and most passive form of self-destruction. Shrinking from the thoughts of blood, she seldom employs fire-arms or a sharp instrument—these are a man's weapons; for those who shoot themselves, we have ten men and only one woman; by the knife three men alone; it is merely on the stage that a woman uses the dagger. In suffocation by the fumes of charcoal—the easiest death known—the women exceed the men, the numbers being three and two; in cases of drowning, the general proportion holds twenty-six women and ninety-seven men selecting that mode of death. Sixteen men and two women hang themselves, four men and three women throw themselves from high places, two men end their lives by poison; and in this way, Monsieur, the sum total is made up."

"I have," I said, "but one more question to ask now. What is the period of life at which suicide is most frequent?"

"A man's tendency to shorten his days," replied Monsieur Baptiste, "is principally developed between the ages of twenty and fifty; it is strongest in women before she reaches thirty, diminishes from that age to forty, subsides still more within the next ten years, revives again for another decade, and then becomes almost extinct. Old men become weary of life towards its close much oftener than women. In that *salle d'exposition* I have seen in one year the white hairs of four men of eighty, more or less; but of aged women never more than two. Ah, Monsieur, the Morgue is not a very gay place to live in, but it is a great teacher."

THE SNOWBERRY.

On ev'ry hill, in ev'ry glade,
  Mantled o'er with driven snow,
Rest in sleep the flowers of summer,
  Till the April breezes blow;
Hidden all the grace and beauty
  Of their loved familiar forms,
Safe they lie with buds protected,
  From the winter's ruthless storms.

Safe they lie 'mid forests rocking,
  To the wild December blast;
Calm they sleep in mossy hollows
  Till earth's dreary hour is past;
Save one plant, despis'd, neglect'd,
  'Mid her brighter sister's bloom,
Who now bends a mourning vestal
  O'er their white and chilly tomb.

Sad above their graves she bendeth,
  With her pallid, anxious face,
Which reflecteth e'en the color
  Of the shroud that wraps her race.
Sweet and loving plant! thy modest,
  Unassuming grace and worth
Makes thee loved by all whose favor
  Is a recompense on earth.

R. N.

This native plant, the Symphoricerphera Racemosa, is well known, having been long cultivated in the garden, and is deservedly an universal favorite.

LANNA TIXEL.

Under a stiff hollybush cut like a dragon, the chief glory in the garden of her father, the Burgomaster, little Lanna Tixel lay with her face to the grass, sobbing and quivering. Ten minutes ago she had passed silently out of her father's sick chamber with a white face and eyes large with terror; she had fled through the great still house into the garden, and fallen down under the dragon to give way to the agony of something more than childish grief. Poor little Lanna! Sheltered by the prickly wings of that old garden monster, she had wept many a time for the loss of a pale, blue-eyed mother, who had gone from her to be one of the stars; but that was a grief full of love and tenderness, that led to yearnings heavenward. She lay then grieving with her tearful eyes fixed on the blue sky, watching the clouds or wondering which of the first stars of evening might be the bright soul of her saint. Now she had

her face pressed down into the earth—her father was on his death-bed; but there was something wilder in her agony than childish sorrow. In the twilight the green dragon seemed to hang like a real fiend over the plump little child that had been thrown to it, and that lay cowering within reach of its jaws.

So perhaps thought the sallow-faced Hans Dank, the leanest man in the Low Countries, and yet no skeleton; who, after a time, had followed the child down from the sick chamber, and stood gravely by, lending his ear to her distress. He might have thought so, though he was by no means imaginative, for he had facts in his head that could have, by themselves, suggested such a notion. "Lanna!" She heard nothing. "Your father asks for you." She rose at once, with a fierce shudder, and Mr. Dank led her indoors by the hand.

Burgomaster Tixel was the richest and most friendless man in Amsterdam. He loved only two things, his money and his daughter, and he loved both in a wretched, comfortless and miserably jealous way. He was ignorant and superstitious, as most people were in his time—two or three centuries ago. If he could live to-day, and act as he used to act, he would be very properly confined in Bedlam.

He lay very near death in a large room, gloomy with the shadows of evening and hung with heavy tapestries. Mr. Dank led Lanna to his side. "You will conquer your fear, darling," said the Burgomaster, with a rattle in his harsh voice. "If you have loved me I prepare for you a pleasure. If you have not loved, if my memory is never to be dear to you—be punished."

"O father!"

"You are too young to think—but twelve years old—it is my place to think for you, and Dank will care for you when I am gone, because, dear, it is made his interest to do so. When you know the worth of your inheritance you will not speak as you have spoken. You are a child, what do you know?"

"She knows," said Mr. Dank, in a dry matter-of-fact way, "the value of a father's blessing."

"True," said the Burgomaster, glaring at the child; the signal lights of the great rock of death on which he was fast breaking to pieces, glittered in his eyes. "True, Lanna. Your obedience is the price of my last blessing."

"I will obey you," she said, and he blessed her. Then the little girl fell in a great agony of fear over his hand crying, "O father, I should like to die with you!"

"That is well, darling," said the Burgomaster. "Those are tender words."

He made her nestle on the bed beside him and then put an arm about her; pressing her against his breast. "Now," said he "let the priests come in!" and the last rites of the Church were celebrated over the Burgomaster, while his little daughter remained thus imprisoned. And the dead arm of the Burgomaster, when his miserly and miserable soul was fled, still pressed the little girl to his dead heart.

Eight years after the death in Amsterdam of Burgomaster Tixel, there was born at Blickford, in Devonshire, the first and last child of Hodge Noddison, a tiller of the soil, with a large body, a hard hand, and a heart to match it. He was not naturally a bad fellow, but he was intensely stupid (as hand-labourers in those days usually were) for want of teaching; and so through sheer stupidity he was made callous, obstinate, and cruel. He beat his wife every day more or less; amused himself on holidays with brutal sports, and very much preferred strong drinks to the coarse bread then eaten by the poorer classes in this country. Noddison had been twelve years married and had only recently been blessed with a child, solely in consequence of the aid of some scrapings from the tooth of a crocodile, mixed with a little hedgehog's fat and eaten off a fig-leaf.

One May evening Hodge Noddison was rolling home by the field path from a rough drinking party at the Bull Inn near Blickford, when the fat ribs of the fattest man in Devonshire came in his way, and he was not sober enough to see reason why he should not pummel them. To work he set with such drunken exasperation, that he belaboured his victim too frantically to find out that he was driving, as fast as he was able, the life out of the tyrannical Dutchman whom he called master; the dreadful old Dank, upon whom at that time, himself, his wife, and his first-born were dependent for bread. The fat old foreigner roared and screamed and bellowed with pain to such an excess, that his cries flew over the blossoms of the blackthorn hedge from the ditch in which he was lying, and reached the ears of Mrs. Noddison. Out she flew; and found Dank, although not seriously hurt, lying insensible behind the hedge. Noddison's wife had time to discover what deed had been done, and to take counsel with herself, before law and vengeance knocked at the door of their miserable shed.

They lived in a sort of grotto, made by a rude heap of stones piled together on the edge of a great moor. There was a piece of muddy water close by, known to the Blickford people as Nick's Pond, in which it was the custom of the place to drown all the black kittens that were born, and through which all the black cats of the parish had gone down to perdition years ago.

Mrs. Noddison got her husband home with difficulty, and commenced maturing her plans. It was quite evident that he would not get any work again on the Dutch farm, and she did not mind that, for the estate was

not in good repute among the neighbours; it was also evident that he would be required to go to jail if he could not escape the constables. How should he do that when he had his liquor to sleep off, and was already snoring at full length on the earthen floor? Her good man might be carted off to safety; but she had no cart, and he was much too heavy to be carried pick-a-back. There was no chimney up which he might be thrust; there was, of course, no cupboard; for indeed there was not so much as a second room in the fine old cottage where they dwelt, all of the olden time. There was the straw they slept upon; but there was not enough of that to cover him. Besides, if there had been chimneys, cupboards, or whole waggon loads of straw, how could they conceal a man who snored so mightily?

Mistress Noddison, living in a lone place, had no near neighbors to whom she might run for counsel; great was her joy, therefore, when Goody Fubs happened to come in, late as it was, with a bit of frog's bile, which she had promised and avowed, as a godmother, should be her present to the baby. A most precious remedy against all mundane ills.

"Do you think, Goody, it would put my husband out o'harm?" Mrs. Noddison added to her question an exceedingly long narrative. Mrs. Fubs responded with long maledictions on the Dutch; and wished to know what right foreign wenches had eating up the corn in Devonshire. Mrs. Noddison didn't so much mind the wench; she was a bit mad to be sure; but if, as folks said, the heretics were out in her own country, and the powers of evil were let loose, and there were burnings, and quartering,, and cannon roarings, perhaps she was no fool to have come to Devonshire for peace and quiet. For herself, too, she was free enough of money and pleasant enough.—"When she is not possessed," said Goody Fubs. The gossips then proceeded to discuss how far the evil one had power over Lanna Tixel, who had a queer stare betimes about the eyes and wandered about unseemly and—Holy Mary! what was that?

A white figure flitted, like a phantom, by the open door. The two women looked out together. It was she of whom they talked. It was Lanna. When the moon shone out from among the flying clouds they recognized her, hurrying along like one pursued.

They came in and shut the door, and fastened it, and shook their heads at one another. Goody Fubs presently drawing a long breath hoped the Dutch witch might not be off to meeting. She looked, said Mistress Noddison, as if she had a mighty way to travel before midnight. A loud knocking at the door aroused them, and its clumsy fastenings were almost in the same instant burst open. The women overlooked Hodge altogether; justice had not. No lamentation hindering, he was at once bound wrist and ancle and dragged, grunting like a pig, to jail.

On the same evening, but somewhat earlier before the night clouds had begun to flock into the sky, a young English soldier, captain of a regiment, had ridden from the stables of the manor house, leaving the squire, his father, comfortably coiled under his own dinner table, and had galloped down the lane, between the hedges full of May blossoms, to pay a visit to his neighbours of the Grange, known commonly as the Dutch Farm. He saw from his saddle over the hedge-top how Hodge Noddison was helping his unsteady homeward walk by steering with his cudgel. Moreover, he was not sorry presently to see the portly frame of Mr. Dank, surmounted by his very saturnine and ugly face, moving towards him, with his back turned to the Grange. The soldier greeted Dutch Dank with unwonted cordiality as he rode by, whispering to himself, "Lanna will be alone."

The Dutch Farm answered to its title; Cuyp might have painted scenes out of it. The Grange itself had a trim, closely shaven aspect; and, on a wide smooth lawn that stretched before the windows of the house, there were yew and box trees cut into fantastic shapes of cocks and men, and even fishes; one tree, a large hollybush, was being clipped and trained into the form of a green dragon with expanded wings. There were no fragrant flower-beds or pleasant bowers; there was nothing gayer than a clump of gueldres roses and laburnums near an open window.

At the window Lanna sat and saw the soldier coming. She was a girl of twenty, lovely as a girl can be who has a colourless face. She had a great wealth of brown hair, and had also large blue wondering eyes. She knew that she looked well in a white dress, and she, in some odd, boding way, expected Capt. Arthur—the young soldier, in his father's neighborhood, went by his Christian name—she was, therefore, dressed in white.

"Dear lady, you have never before looked so pale," he said.

The captain's horse was soon tied by its bridle to the hollybush, and Lanna, hurrying out upon the lawn, expressed her regret that Mr. Dank was absent. Yet, since she loved Captain Arthur—the first man who had taken pains to win her heart—with all the ardor of a young girl who is fatherless and motherless; who lives exposed to daily check and chill; in whom a flood of repressed feeling has for years been accumulating, she could not have regretted much the absence of the watchful steward. Captain Arthur was no genius, as Lanna would have known had she been ten years older, but he was in a passion of what they call love, with Lanna. And he had persisted in it, notwithstanding much that he had

heard. He did not care if it were true, as the old squire swore, indignantly, that she bewitched him with her glances. To say that of a young lady is now a very pretty album phrase. Then it conveyed coarser imputations than can decently be specified. Lanna, holy as an angel in her maiden's heart, guessed her friend's love, and wished to hear it spoken.

Capt. Arthur did not disappoint her wishes. He spoke boldly out. When he would have placed the trembling girl upon a bench erected close under the clump of gueldres roses, she looked at him, and said with a quivering face that would not lend itself to an attempt at smiles, "Let us sit under the dragon." So they did sit under the dragon; and there the captain made an end of speaking, and left off so confident of her answer, that, while she remained fixed as the statue of a listener, he must needs turn from the main theme to ask her why her humour favored that extremely ugly hollybush, and why she must pronounce his sentence under such a canopy. Lanna broke out into a wild fit of sobbing; Captain Arthur comforted her clumsily; but suddenly she became calm.

"Here," she said, "is best; I shall talk to this dragon when you are gone. We had such a dragon that knew my secrets at home. If you would know my secrets this is a good tree for you to be under. Here is your horse close by within reach. Should the wish suddenly seize you to leave me alone and forlorn, you have but to mount and fly."

The captain moved restlessly; did she mean to confirm the worst suspicions of the parish before answering his question? "I have no right to say what I would say to you," he began, "but there is an odd question I would if I dare"—He stopped suddenly—the stars of evening were coming out, and Lanna looked up at them.

"Help me, mother!" she cried; and Capt. Arthur, running his thoughts on in the old groove, remarked that she demanded help of mother somebody, and (a suspicious fact) did not cry, "Help me, God!"

"I cannot let my heart loose, or answer you any question that takes so much hesitation to ask," Lanna said, "until you know the terrible condition by which torment is prepared for any man who marries me."

The captain shrank from her side, and looked up with a shudder at the wings of the green dragon under which they sat enshadowed.

"There is a doom upon me," Lanna murmured; "and it is I now, who am waiting to be sentenced."

The captain had risen, and was stroking nervously his horse's mane.

"Yet it is no great thing," Lanna continued, "that it should so much affright me. You are a man, and perhaps may laugh at it, and teach me to laugh at it with you." Still she spoke in a reckless, hopeless way, and Capt. Arthur was more shocked than he had been before.

"Leave your horse but for one minute," Lanna said, "and come into the house."

The captain wavered for a little while; but there was yet love—or his sort of love—manfully wrestling in his heart with superstition. He followed Lanna through the rambling passages of the great house, lit dimly by the twilight out of doors. With a key taken from her girdle she opened the way for him into a room, over the floor of which he walked some steps and instantly turned back in affright, and meeting her on the threshold, with uplifted hands and an imploring face, he pushed her from him with a heavy hand, mounted his horse and galloped away. She reeled; but the blow gave no pain to her flesh. It seemed to her that but an instant passed before she heard the rapid gallop of his horse. The first impulse she obeyed was absurd; she followed him. If she had told her story more methodically it could never have affected him so much, although it would no doubt have ended in his quitting her. She must explain all, or what would he think? But Captain Arthur galloped as though he were pursued by somebody not quite so innocent as Lanna Tixel. A few minutes of running through cool evening air caused that first impulse to die out.

Then she sat down under the blossoms of a Maythorn hedge, picking industriously at its leaves; and so she sat in a long reverie, till the moon rose, and she heard groans of which she had not earlier been conscious. At the same time she saw, behind the opposite hedge a face covered with blood, which she took to be a dead face. It was the living face of Mr. Dank, who had returned to sense after his thrashing. She could not go home to rest. Terrified and vexed in spirit, she fled, looking like a shrouded corpse herself, towards the moor, and then it was that she interrupted the gossips' learned conversation.

"And how does the frog's bile act?" asked Mrs. Noddison. "That," said Goody Fubs, "I quite forgot to ask, I had it from a gossip who is dead. No doubt it must be eaten." Mrs. Noddison was not at all comfortless over the departure of her husband. Free he would earn nothing, after his last evening's work. He might as well therefore be fed in jail. Her skin too would be the sounder for a rest. The baby was just one of those puny squalid things that used to perish by thousands in the wretched huts of a fine old English peasantry, all of the olden time. Mrs. Noddison was full of mother's care about it. Goody Fubs was full of neighbourly advice, and very eloquent upon the subject of her nostrum, a black fetid mess containing nobody knows what.

While the two gossips talked, the flying clouds let fall a flying shower. Lanna was still on the moor, and the sudden rain recalled

her to a sense of her position. She was out, she recollected, at a strange hour. It must be at the earliest ten o'clock, an hour later than bed-time. Lanna turned homewards, though there was no place so terrible to her as home.

"Well, then, if you will hold the child," said Goody Fubs to Mistress Noddison, "I'll give it the remedy, and then it never shall know harm again in this world." "Amen, Goody, and thank you." When the child felt the frog's bile in its throat it began to scream mightily and choke, but the stuff nevertheless was swallowed. At that instant, as Goody stated afterwards, the rain suddenly ceased to patter on the shingles. The child screamed more and more. It went into convulsions. The hut door had been left open, and indeed almost broken to pieces by the constables. A white figure glided by. "Ave Maria!" groaned old Goody Fubs, not to be heard through the screaming of the child, "there's Lanna Tixel!" The child's face was black. The fierceness of the screaming caused Lanna to turn back, and stand irresolutely in the doorway, ready to enter and bring help if she were able. Goody Fubs made a great cross with her fingers over her own wrinkled forehead, and then flew at the delicate cheeks of Lanna with her nails. Lanna fled again, followed by loud shrieks from Mrs. Noddison; the child's voice was gone, it lay dumb in a death struggle.

"O, the bile!" moaned Mrs. Noddison.

"The witch!" groaned Goody Fubs.

The two or three domestics living in the Grange were in attendance on the barber surgeon, busy, Lanna found, with Mr. Dank, who had been waylaid and beaten, as she understood. She knew then that it was no ghost she had seen, and, pitying his condition, though he was no friend to her, she tended by the steward's bedside half the night through, after she had paid a visit to her secret chamber. His bruises were not serious, the cut upon his head had been bound up, he had been comfortably shaved, had been bled in the arm, and had received an emetic. His case, therefore, promised well, and towards morning the surgeon left him quietly asleep, and recommended Lanna to retire, at the same time suggesting that she should bathe her swollen nose with vinegar, and take a powder, for she seemed to have had a very ugly fall.

Lanna slept heavily for a great many hours, and in the morning found that Mr. Dank, though very much weakened, was not confined to his bed; he was up and out, gone to encounter Noddison in a formal and judicial way before the Squire and his brother justices. Lanna, with aching heart and throbbing nose, and a wide border of black round one of her blue eyes, endeavored to go through her usual routine of duties. In the course of the day they took her into Blickford.

Two little boys at play in a ditch about a quarter of a mile out of the village, leaped up when they saw her coming, and scampered on before as fast as they were able, shouting her name aloud. They had been put there as scouts or look-out men, and had beguiled their time while on their post with pitch and toss. Lanna understood nothing of that, and could not at all tell what it meant, when a turn in the road brought her in sight of the first houses in Blickford, and she saw the whole village turning out with brooms to meet her. Goody Fubs advancing as the village champion, struck the poor orphan with her broom, and then throwing away the weapon, grappled with her. Men threw stones at her, women pressed round, grappled together, and fought for the privilege of pinching her and pulling at the rich locks of brown hair that Goody their leader had set floating.

"Nick's Pond!" was the cry. The young foreign witch must be tried by water—innocent if she drowned, and guilty if she swam. In a wild and terrible procession of the whole population of the village, with the children screaming and dancing joyously about in the excitement of a witch-ducking, Lanna was dragged to the moor, where Mistress Noddison flew from her cottage as a tigress from her lair, and tore the flesh and garments of the witch, and showed her the dead child. Mounted constables were hurrying in the direction of the riot, but they only came in time to drag the wretched girl out of the pond into which she was thrust, and they came not to protect but to arrest her. There was fresh evidence, some of the men hinted to the villagers, and a most aggravated case against her. She was therefore carried to the round-house, and spent the next thirty hours, half suffocated, and locked up with very filthy people.

Then she was brought out on one of the last and finest days of the merry month of May, and taken into the presence of the justices, with Squire Cauffe at their head, who had long been of opinion that she had bewitched his son by wicked arts, and now was sure of it. The case was then gone into.

It was shown that on a certain evening Hodge Noddison maltreated the companion of the accused, a foreigner named Hans Dank, who, it was now ascertained, had secretly made his escape out of the neighbourhood, and had gone no one could find out whither. It was presumed that she received instant information from some imp of the deed that Noddison had done, for she was out in the direction of Noddison's house before any human tidings could have reached her. It was proved that Noddison was cast into a deadly lethargy, during which the witch was seen flitting about on the moor before his door, and that, immediately after she had vanished, Noddison was taken by the constables. It was proved that in further punishment of

Noddison, the accused Lanna Tixel did by her arts throw his only child into violent convulsions, during which she again appeared at the door and gazed in upon the child with her large blue eyes, immediately after the infliction of which gaze it died. It was shown, also, that the rain ceased when she appeared, and that Goody Fubs lost a young porker, and suffered more than usually from her rheumatism on the day that she assisted at the ducking of the wicked woman.

These revelations were not necessary to induce Captain Arthur to appear against the siren who had practised on him with her arts. He proved that when he had been drawn by her devices—especially, he thought, by her large eyes—to declare love towards her, she, believing that she had him in her toils, confessed to him in plain words that she had a familiar in the shape of a dragon or a holly-bush with which she often talked, and that it was acquainted with her secrets. The dragon on the lawn was, therefore, part of her enchantment, and it was natural to consider that the strange figures of cocks and fishes to be seen on the Dutch farm, though they looked like box, and yew, and holly trees, must be really and truly demons. The captain further proved, that being in some trouble, and sobbing, the witch called for help upon a certain Mother Somebody, he did not catch the name, because she, the said witch, sobbed while she was speaking.

In answer to a question from the bench he said that it was not "Mother of God." "She further," he said, "ventured so far as to tell me that I was to marry upon the condition of suffering eternal torment." (Here a thrill ran through the whole assembly.) "She told me that she herself was doomed, but that it was a light matter, and that we might laugh at it together."

During this revelation Lanna fainted. She showed no trace of her former beauty, for no change of dress or means of cleanliness had been provided for her since she was taken from the filthy pond, and she appeared to have caught some kind of fever in the round-house. When she recovered she was compelled to stand up, that her face might be seen during the rest of the examination. Her house had been searched. A white object was brought through a lane made in the shuddering crowd, and suddenly presented before Lanna. She was seized with violent hysterics. It was the waxen image of a corpse robed in its grave-clothes—an exact effigy of the dead body of her father.

"She took me to a room,'. said Captain Arthur, "in which lay this image. I thought it had been taken from the grave, and felt at once that she was one of the worst kind of witches. I see now that it is made of wax."

While Lanna remained still insensible, a learned priest stood forward, and gave evidence that the use of these waxen images by witches was well known. They were the figures of men to whom they wished evil. The witches moulded them and caused them to waste slowly, and as the wax wasted, so wasted the victim's flesh. They also pricked and stabbed them, and when they did so, the true flesh felt every hurt that was inflicted. This was undoubtedly the image of some person whom the witch Tixel had killed by her enchantments.

The learned justices then waited until Lanna was so far recovered that she could be made to speak; pains being made to expedite her recollection of herself by means not altogether free from cruelty. She said, however, very little. There was no escape for her, she said, and she desired none. She had lived too long. But she desired Capt. Arthur to reflect upon the words she had used, and hear now, if he would, the story she designed to tell him.

She was ordered to address the court, and did so, Captain Arthur being present. "That image was the doom I spoke of. It is the image of my father as he lay dead when, if I might, I would have died with him. He was superstitious, as you all are who accuse me here to-day of witchcraft. He was jealous of my love, and wished to be remembered by me daily when I had his wealth. I would have rejected that, for his desire was horrible to me. But next, on the peril of losing his blessing, I was made to promise that, where-ever I lived, I would preserve the effigy of my dead father, every day eat my dinner in his presence, and every night kiss it before I went to rest. I was a child then, and a terror seized me which I have never been able to shake off. I have not dared to disobey. Hans Dank was my father's steward, who was privy to it all, and who was made by will my guardian and inquisitor. Let him prove that I speak truth in this. There is one thing more which concerns me little now. My father thought that while the image of his body lasted, the body itself would remain whole in the tomb, awaiting mine that was to be placed beside it. Then our dust was to mingle. He was a superstitious man, as you are superstitious men. I shall be burnt: you will defeat his wishes. That is the truth which I wish Captain Arthur now to hear. My mother died when I was four years old. I am friendless; and there is no one but the man who offered me his love for whose sake I care whether or not I die disgraced."

The squire was very wroth at these allusions to his son, and said, when she had made an end of speaking, "Witch, you know truly what will be your end. If your accomplice were indeed here, he could not save you, but you can have no support from him, because, knowing his guilt, he fled when he first heard that these proceedings would be taken. For your tale, by which you artfully endeavor to

mislead my son, it cannot serve you. It touches in nothing what has been proved against you in the case of the Noddisons, your victims. With what mysterious designs you caused this dreadful image to be made, and kept it secretly within your house, we cannot tell, nor does it concern us very much to know. The meaning of the image we know well, and we know also," said the squire, with a malicious grin, " to what good use it can be put. Truly it will be a fine thing to save faggots in the burning of a witch so worthless."

And the law took its course, and solemn trial led in due time to solemn sentence, and Lanna Tixel, with the fatal waxen effigy bound in her arms, was made the core of a great holiday bonfire, which enlivened the inhabitants of Blickford. When the wax caught, the blaze made even babies in their mothers' arms crow out, and clap their hands with pleasure.

A brilliant ending to this very pleasant story of the good old times! They are quite gone, and never will come back again. And so, nothing is left for us to do, but to regret their memory, we puny men, we miserable shams!

MY GRANDMOTHER'S GHOST.

FINE TALES FOR THE CHRISTMAS HEARTH.

My grandmother was a singularly shrewd woman —not one easily led away by flights of imagination herself, and very intolerant of any thing approaching to superstition in those about her, she looked on both sides of a subject before she gave her assent to it. She was a rather rare specimen of a reasoning woman, faith she had none but what rose from positive conviction; she would sift a matter to the bottom, cross question in every direction, and often ended by triumphantly eliciting the truth, when every other person had quietly settled down into a belief or disbelief of a story. She was a tiresome and inconvenient person in a gossipping neighborhood, for her incredulity and love of truth often put a stop to a scandalous story that was going the rounds of the village, some people declare it was merely out of spirit of contradiction that she resolutely refused to believe or to circulate a tale to the discredit of her neighbors till she had proved every part to be correct, and woe to him or her, especially if the delinquent was young who had been the inventor or exaggerator of evil reports when after having gone through the ordeal of my stern old grandmother's cross-questioning, they were weighed in the balance and found wanting—with what a torrent of words did she visit the detected slanderer; then did she draw her tall, thin figure to its fullest height as she descanted upon the sin of breaking the ninth commandment; how at church did her old severe eye seek out the offender when the minister in emphatic tones read :—"thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." Truly it were well for all country places, where scandalous stories are circulated, without due and careful consideration of the facts, that there were more such women as my revered grandmother residing among them; but I have been led aside from the subject, and, in describing one of my grandmother's characteristics, have forgotten what I proposed when I put pen to paper, which was to treat of her disbelief in ghosts, witchcraft and all spiritual delusions, as she termed them; but while deriding her grandchildren or servants for their folly in listening with eager ears, as we undoubtedly did, to all marvellous tales, she afforded us infinite amusement by recording a number of instances which had come within her own especial knowledge, to prove to us the fallacy of giving credit to such stories, however well attested they might seem to be.

One of my sisters who took a special delight in the wild and wonderful, just for the excitement that it created, would often slily dance a ghost upon the carpet, just to mount grandmamma on her hobby; we were then sure to hear a good ghost story, or perhaps if she were judiciously contradicted, a dozen.

As spiritual agencies, spirit rappings, mesmeric influence, animal magnetism, and all these mysteries have received an interest in all matters connected with the old belief in ghosts and witchcrafts,—the power of mind over matter as exerted by the strong over the weak—a few pages devoted to a subject which has always possessed an interest for old as well as young, may not be out of keeping, and some of my gradmother's stories may serve to shew how often persons of credulity have been deceived by artful actors, or, for want of due consideration, by natural causes. I will not confine myself to my grandmother's stories alone, but will vouch for the authenticity of others as coming within my own actual knowledge.

The first anecdote that I shall relate is not a ghost story, but it may serve to prove how deceptions are often practiced by people who bear the reputation of fortune-tellers.

When I was a young girl of fifteen years of age, said my grandmother, I came up to London to stay with an old friend of my mother's, who had a daughter about my own age—she was very pretty, but weak and vain as pretty girls often are, she fancied herself in love with a young man who

had paid her some attention, and was very desirous of knowing if she were to be his wife, but as she could not ask him his intentions, she took it into her head to adopt the advice of a female servant, (bad advisers ignorant people of that rank are,) and go to a fortune-teller or cunning man to hear her destiny or fate as she called it. She confided to me her plan and I consented to bear her company, for I had some curiosity to hear what the fortune-teller had to say, I thought I should be wise enough to discover some trickery if I kept my eyes and ears open.

We put on our commonest clothes not wishing to be detected, and after some difficulty found out the necromancer or astrologer, for he chose to be called by those high sounding titles; we knocked at the door of a dirty shabby forlorn looking house in a narrow dirty lane leading out of High Holborn into Chancery Lane, where we saw none but slip-shod women and dirty unwashed children and suspicious looking men. This seemed to me a singular place for a man who had the fortunes and destinies of all ranks of people in his hands, as it were. We were ushered into a half furnished miserable apartment, and bade to wait our turn, as the great astrologer was engaged with a lady of quality. This sounded well and my friend and I sat down on one old fashioned rickety chair that looked as if it had been a fragment of household furniture saved from the deluge.

We began as girls will do, to talk to one another, to surmise this and that about the fortune-teller, or to speak of the young gentleman we were interested in. My friend was very confidential and discussed her hopes and fears without reserve to me, a piece of folly which young women are only too apt to practice, often to their own great disadvantage. At last having worn out our theme we began to grow weary, and my eyes wandering about the scanty furniture of the room noticed a paper folding screen at one end, it nearly reached the ceiling, and formed as I supposed a partition for another room. My eyes fell by chance on a dark shade at the foot of the screen, and my suspicions being awakened, I kept my eye riveted on the floor till I ascertained that the dark shade was caused by the feet of some one in light slippers of cloth or felt. There then was the secret agent through whose help the revelations were made that startled the most incredulous into faith in the hidden knownowledge of the astrologer. I silently pointed to the feet beneath the screen, and rising said to my companion, we will call another time when the astrologer is less engaged; this was a useful lesson and cured us both of such folly as going to fortune-tellers.

My grandmother lived in Greenwich at the time that the Cocklane Ghost made such a stir in the neighbourhood. She was a decided sceptic in the reality of this mysterious piece of jugglery and ridiculed Dr. Johnson for taking any interest in the matter. Indeed, that learned man sank below zero in her estimation on that account. She used to relate to us an adventure that happened in the house of my grandmother, where she was on a visit in Dorsetshire, which I will give as nearly as I can in her own words:—

MY GRANDMOTHER'S GHOST STORY.

"My aunt Russell was a rich widow, who lived in the old Grange at White-hollow—a place noted in past ages for having been once a convent of white nuns, and for being haunted by ghosts innumerable. My aunt was a woman of fearless courage. She was a good woman, very charitable to the poor, read her Bible very faithfully, and had too much good sense to put any trust in the wild stories that ignorant people were fond of relating. It was from having been brought up so much under her influence that I date my own want of credulity, which was confirmed by a circumstance that occurred one autumn that I was on a visit at the Grange.

"Among my aunt's relatives on the paternal side, was a cousin, whose parents had died, leaving their only daughter, a woman of thirty years of age, with very scanty means of support. She was neither handsome nor pleasing; her temper was soured by disappointments, and there was a degree of closeness and oddity about her that made her far from being considered an agreeable companion. She was tolerated among her rich relations rather on account of her helplessness than from love or respect. She was mean and artful; there was a crooked twist in her mind—in other words, she was a great hypocrite. She fawned upon my aunt, and caballed with the servants, acting the part of the unjust steward and striving to make herself friends of the mammon of unrighteousness.

She always viewed me with an evil eye, and I must confess there was little love on my side towards her. Among her other eccentricities, Miss Rainer wished to be thought a very small eater—nay, she carried this affectation so far that she excited the pity of every one who saw her at meals. She fasted like the most rigid anchorite. In those days the strict high church people approached very much nearer towards the members of the Roman Catholic Church than they do now. We were, in fact, all rank Puseyites, only we

knew nothing of those modern distinctions, and fancied ourselves good Protestant reformers. We obeyed the regulations of our Church, because we thought our worthy old bishops and divines knew best what discipline was good for us, having made these things the study of their lives. Miss Rainer passed among the household for a self-denying pious woman. My aunt, good soul, was uneasy lest her health should suffer for her extreme abstinence, and often tried to tempt her to eat—but she only gave her a wan smile, shook her head, and zealously adhered to her dry bread and cold water regimen.

About this time rumours began to get abroad of strange sights and mysterious steps being heard in the long gallery at midnight, and a white flitting figure had been observed crossing the stone hall. The old terrors of white nuns and shrieking ladies, and a hundred other wild tales of the sort, began to be rife in the village. The tradesmen—such as the butcher and grocer—made hasty calls for orders, and seemed uneasy if the shades of evening were advancing before they left the house. The servants began to talk of leaving on account of the ghosts. The Grange was haunted, and no mistake. My aunt Russell was annoyed; the whole quiet economy of her household was disarranged. Miss Rainer alone seemed unmoved, she lectured most piously on the sinful state of the souls of these poor deluded creatures whose consciences were so easily alarmed; she spoke pharisaically of her own purity of heart, which no evil spirit had power to affright. But all her sermons and my good aunt's entreaties were of no effect—fear was stronger even than respect to their mistress or their worldy interest. Men and maids all came to us one day in a body, and declared that they must go. The laundry-maid had met the ghost in a long white shroud, with saucer eyes and fiery breath, which had blown out her candle in the butlery passage, and flesh and blood could stand no more such terrors. The poor girl had been sick ever since, and believed that she was going to die--that the spectre had come with a special warrant to warn her of her death. My aunt reasoned; Miss Rainer smiled scornfully; and I tried to comfort the poor girl; but nothing would do, and that very day three out of the six servants departed to spread the fame and terrors of the ghost of White-hollow.

"Something must be done. My aunt consulted with the old whiteheaded butler; she said not a word of her plan to Miss Rainer or myself; but that very night she sat up alone in the dining room. It was a moonlight night, and she burned no candle. The butler also took his post in a little back room where he kept the plate; it opened on the passage where the butlery or large pantry was situated—the two doors being opposite—for it was in this long passage, which communicated by a fight of steps with the large stone hall into which the sitting-room, dining-room, drawing-room, and the great staircase all opened—that the ghost had been most generally seen.

"It was about one o'clock in the morning that a rustling sound and very cautious footfall was heard by my aunt. On looking towards the open door she very distinctly saw, by the light of the moon, which fell through the range of windows that lighted the hall, a tall figure wrapped from head to foot in a white sheet; a small dark lantern, held against the breast of the figure, shed a ghostly radiance on the thin, white hand that held it, and cast its rays upwards on the pale face of the ghost.

"The glance of that face was sufficient. The spirit passed on down the stairs and into the long dark passage, the phantom might have made a stout heart tremble, but Mrs. Russell was not easily daunted, she began to suspect it was a mortal form that was enveloped in the winding sheet, a vague suspicion had crossed her mind more than once that day as to the identity of the ghost. With swift noiseless steps the figure moved forward. With caution, and keeping in the shade as much as possible, my aunt followed. Presently the hand of the ghost turned the key in the butlery door, opened it, and soon was deeply engaged with the contents of the wire safe. The sheet was thrown aside, the slides of the lantern opened, and by the light which fell upon the face, Mrs. Russel discerned her relative, the pious abstemious Miss Rainer. Slice after slice was cut with dexterous hand from a fine Westphalia ham, a cold chicken pie next was attacked, with considerable relish, a delicate custard and a slice of Stilton cheese with white bread finished the repast. The ghost was now satisfied, and resuming her ghostly robe and lantern prepared to retrace her steps, when the firm hand of my aunt Russel was placed upon her arm, and uttering a fearful cry, she sank down on her knees. The noise awakened the old butler, who now came forward and recognized in the pale, agitated female at his mistress's feet, the lady whom he had so often pitied for her want of taste in preferring a dry crust to the good nourishing food that was placed on the table before her. The despicable hypocrite humbled and degraded in the eyes of her relative

and the old man, after many abject apologies was allowed to retire, but left the Grange the next day. My aunt from that time allowed her a small annuity in preference to her company. The old butler who was a discreet man, did not like to expose the young lady to public ridicule, but said she had walked in her sleep in her white night-dress, and this had been the cause of so much alarm in the house.

"When my father was a young man he was a devoted lover of the angle, and often stole a holiday from his business to wander with his rod and line along the favorite haunts of old Isaac Walton, especially the banks of the Lee, which possessed for him a double attraction, as in a pleasant cottage somewhere within sight of its sylvan meadows lived a widow lady, a niece of the great Sir Isaac Newton's, and with her, her two daughters, the elder of whom a young lady of great personal beauty, had entangled the heart of the young fisherman with cords more difficult to break than were his most trusty lines. Every Saturday morning saw the lover walking the green meads of Waltham and Cheshunt, a locality once renowned for its beautiful nuns, now equally celebrated for the loveliness of its graceful women, who are free to choose and to be chosen as those fair but hapless recluses were not, till bluff King Hal seized upon one of the richest abbacies in England, and left open the temptations of the world to the monks and nuns of Cheshunt and Waltham.*

"So very strict was the mother of my fathers lady love, that though he was an accepted suitor, under no circumstances was he permitted to pass the night at Woodford: as soon as the hand of the dial pointed to ten o'clock, my father was obliged to depart, the decree was inexorable, were the night ever so dark or dismal, go he must. The way was a lonely one, so he seldom returned to town, but usually passed the night at the old abbey inn at Waltham, a large old-fashioned tavern that had once formed a part of the abbey, many of its spacious corridors and dormitories having been in use before the reformation was even dreamed of. The very room was shown, and I believe exists to this day, where Henry VIII. of unblessed memory was entertained by the Abbot of Waltham. He played him a scurvy trick in return for his hospitality, and finally stripped this wealthy house of its accumulated riches. Many are the historic legends related of this famed place, but it is not the ancient tales we have to tell just now, but of an adventure that befel my father one night on his way from Woodford to Waltham.

"To enable barges and crafts to go up to London, a new canal or embanked cut from the old river Lee had been constructed with a cradle bridge, which opened to let them pass and pay toll, a narrow bridge for foot passengers was also established, which was ascended by open steps. This bridge was neither very safe nor very pleasant for nervous passengers to pass over on very dark nights. After passsing the cradle-bridge, a steep path led down to the foot of the bank of the river, which then lay high above. A narrow foot-path lay close to the foot of the high embankment on the other side, this path ran by a broad and deep ditch, skirted by a row of stunted old willows. So narrow was this foot-path, that two persons could with difficulty pass each other without risk of one or the other falling into the ditch. This lonely spot had been the scene of more than one fearful murder, and few persons cared to frequent it. My father was a man of much personal courage, he feared neither ghost nor robber, relying on the aid of a very powerful frame and a formidable weapon in the shape of a walking stick, which consisted of a sea unicorns horn, topped with silver. The weight of this trusty shilelah he had more than once tested; it was of pure ivory, very white and very solid; it is still held in reverence in my mothers house.

"On the night in question, he left Mrs Brett's house at the usual hour, it was very dark, the moon nor stars being visible, the wind sighed through the trees in fitful gusts, it was certainly far from inviting, but he knew that there was no appeal. The laws of that house, like those of the Medes and Persians, altered not, so grasping his good white staff, he bade a tender farewell to his lady fair, and departed through the darksome night.

"It was late when he reached the cradle bridge. Dark and sullenly the waters gurgled along the piers, he could just distinguish the dull gleam of the river between the open steps of the bridge, and was not very sorry when he was over it, and had safely descended to the narrow path at the foot of the bank. He had not proceeded more than half-a-mile, when he heard a sound that rung on his listening ear like the dull clanking of a heavy chain, this was followed by a groan, and then another and another, then the rattle of the chain and a lumbering noise as if some

* There is an old record extant, how the Abbot of Waltham suspecting clandestine meetings between the monks and the fair nuns of Cheshunt, set pit-falls in certain meadows where the lovers met, and entrapped several of the recreants, to the no small scandal of the neighbor convent.

body was being dragged along the path. My father stopped and listened intently, there was also a cessation of the chains, and the groans seemed fainter, he tried to pierce the darkness and to discern the cause of these strange and appalling sounds, but nothing could he make out. The breeze swept through the dark elders and waved the long, sickly, faded branches of the willows to and fro, murmuring with hollow cadences through the long sedges that skirted the banks of the ditch, but he saw nothing, and moved briskly on. Again came the rattling chains, again the heavy groans, and now a figure appeared in sight, within a few yards of him, it was wrapped in a white robe, and seemed of gigantic dimensions, nearer and nearer the phantom came, and a desperate courage nerved my father's arm, he raised his ivory stick, and advancing exclaimed aloud, 'Whatever thou art, man or devil, one of us two must go down into the ditch.' 'Horr, horr, horr,' groaned the spectre, the hot breath now puffed into the face of the speaker. With a violent blow, my father struck the advancing figure, there was a rattling dull sound as if the blow had been aimed on the bare ribs of a skeleton, a deeper groan, and then a heavy plunge, and the waters received the fearful spectre, and closed over it with sweeping, bubbling sound. Not long tarrying I ween was my good father, brave though he was, he never stopped till he reached his inn at Waltham abbey, where to wondering auditors he related his adventure. The quiet inn was soon in a bustle. The story was circulated in the village, late though it was, and the towns folk came crowding in to hear the fearful tale, and make their surmises upon it. Tales of ghosts and murders, of wrong and robbery, were rife in every one's mouth. My father would have returned with a lantern to ascertain who it was that had found a watery grave that night, for that some one had been struck down he was certain, but no one dared second the move. A person had lately been robbed and murdered on that lonely path among the willow trees, and doubtless the mysterious person wrapped in the white sheet and with the clanking chain, was either the ghost of the murdered haunting the scene of its disastrous death, or the wretch who had done the deed watching for other victims.

As soon as the first streaks of light brightened the east, my father accompanied by a party from the village, hastened to the scene of the catastrophe, and a load of painful feeling was removed from his mind, when the body of a large superannuated old grey horse of wasted, skeleton-like appearance, to whose hinder foot was attached a wooden clog and chain, was discovered in the ditch, it had been turned out to graze at large, and had found its way by some means on to the green bank of the river, its groans arose from its asthmatic state. The adventure ended in my father having to stand treat to the good people whose rest had been so disturbed the night before.

"The inn itself, however, was the scene of a midnight adventure which I must defer till another month."

LAND OF DREAMS.

FROM "FLIGHTS OF FANCY."

'Tis night; but through the welkin dark
  A lambent meteor gleams;
It shines for me—no eye can mark,
  Save mine, its 'luring beams.
It shines afar, like a glimmering spark;
I have set my sails, I have trimmed my bark
  For the shadowy "Land of Dreams."

Oh! the Land of Dreams is a fairy land
  Of never-fading flowers,
And blighted hopes bloom sweetly there
  That withered so fast in ours.
I stood upon its golden sand
  Beneath the enchanted clime,
And the breeze that fanned that dreamy land
  Rolled back the tide of Time;
And the bright, bright dreams—regretted dreams
  Of Life's gay morning hours
Were glassed upon the crystal streams
  That laved its dewy flowers.

But alas! alas! for a land so fair
  In vain we heave a sigh;
For never bark was *anchored* there,
  Beneath its cloudless sky.
Though its ever-ebbing and flowing waves
  May waft the lost ship fair.
And we sport awhile o'er the nameless graves
  Of young hopes buried there,
As surely its returning streams
  Will waft us back again;
And we cry, alas! for the land of dreams,
  Who must live in a land of pain.

Still, come with me to the land of dreams.
  Though not to *all* so fair;
For the raven croaks, and the night-bird screams,
  And the corpse-light glimmers there;
And the pale-eyed ghosts of cherished thoughts
  Stalk in the spell-bound air.
And there are castles dark and grim,
  And moon-lit haunted towers,

With caverns deep and valleys dim,
Where bloom, nor trees, nor flowers,
And long, long dreary wastes to pass
Where we must grope alone,
Where serpents hiss among the grass,
And satyrs hoot us on.

Yet by its streams and on its shores
Hope spreads her sunny wings,
And Fancy heaps her golden stores—
Bright uncreated things!
Strange shadowings in the twilight sky
That flash in rays of light,
Which mock alike the mind, the eye,
And transient, are as bright
Faint halos of the bright unseen,
Far glories that arise
In the spirit land, as through a screen,
And veiled from mortal eyes.

'Tis, bliss to tread its shores and quaff
The pure Lethean waters,
To list the song and merry laugh
Of Fancy's blue-eyed daughters.
Tis there I am a sceptred king,
And wear a wizard crown.
call to the spirits of air, they bring
My wish ere wished, and I proudly fling
My earthly trammels down.

I stretch my wand o'er the lordly seas,
And on their bosom rise
Green isles, with glittering palaces
And banners flapping in the breeze,
'Neath ever-cloudless skies.
There is a vocal sound above, around,
The voice of the fair, the gay, and young,
Far down the flowery vales of spring
I hear the shrilly laughter ring
Of girlhood's silver tongue.

I'm monarch of this phantom throng,
And wear a diadem;
But yet, but yet I sigh and fret,
I am not *one* of them;
I call them from the rayless shades.
They come right merrily,
With laugh and song—a smiling throng,
But the smile is not for *me*.
I see them flit around me now.
That maiden of pensive mien
With the sweetest tongue that ever rung
In fevered mortal's ear!

She comes to me in the dreamy land,
With her pale, sad thoughtful brow;
Yet she is not of the phantom band,
I've kissed her cheek, and clasped her hand
Full many a time ere now.

Why does she wait life's dreary weird,*
On earth still left to roam?
Or has the shepherd's voice been heard
To call that loved one home?

* * * * *

Are these but thoughts that haunt the brain,
In Reason's pale and sickly reign?
When chaos broods around her throne,
And only to the *moonstruck* known?
The harping low of breeze-waked strings—
Sensation strange that viewless wings
Are hovering o'er us. Are they all
But presage sad of Reason's fall?
They come to me mid night and noon—
The breezy round, the "quiet tune,"
The presence *felt* of the *unseen*,
When fields are waste, when fields are green;
On thoroughfare, in forest wood,
Quickening the current of the blood;
Over the waste and waters wide,
Flowering the desert and peopling the void,
Until they have become to me
A faith and a reality.

BUSHWHACKER.

FLOWER-BELLS.

SOFT Midsummer air, cheery with sunshine and perfumed with all the scents that it had robbed out of his nursery garden, crept in through the monthly roses at the porch and half-open cottage door, to make itself at home in George Swayne's room. It busied itself there, sweeping and rustling about, as if it had as much right to the place and was as much the tenant of it, as the gardener himself. It had also a sort of feminine and wifely claim on George; who, having been spending half an hour over a short letter written upon a large sheet, was invited by the Midsummer air to look after his garden. The best efforts were being made by his gentle friend to tear the paper from his hand. A bee had come into the room—George kept bees—and had been hovering about the letter; so drunk, possibly, with honey that he had mistaken it for a great lily. Certainly he did at last settle upon it. The lily was a legal document to this effect:—

"SIR,—We are instructed hereby to give you notice of the death of Mr. Thomas Queeks of Edmonton, the last of the three lives for which your lease was granted, and to inform you, that you may obtain a renewal of the same on payment of one hundred guineas to the undersigned. We are, Sir,
"Your (here the bee sat on the obedient servants),
"FLINT AND GRINSTON."

Mr. Swayne granted himself a rule to consider in his own mind what the lawyers meant by their uncertain phraseology. It did not mean, he concluded, that Messrs. F. and G. were willing, for one hundred pounds, to renew the life of Mr. Queeks, of Edmonton; but it did mean that he

* Weird used by the Scotch for destiny or fate, although differently rendered by Johnson.

must turn out of the house and grounds (which had been Swayne's Nursery Garden for three generations past) unless he would pay a large fine for the renewal of his lease. He was but a young fellow of five-and-twenty; who, until recently, had been at work for the support of an old father and mother. His mother had been dead a twelvemonth last Midsummer-day; and his father, who had been well while his dame was with him, sickened after she was gone, and died before the apple-gathering was over. The cottage and the garden were more precious to George as a home than as a place of business. There were thoughts of parting—like thoughts of another loss by death, or of all past losses again to be suffered freshly and together—which so clouded the eyes of Mr. Swayne, that at last he could scarcely tell when he looked at the letter, whether the bee was or was not a portion of the writing.

An old woman came in, with a Midsummer cough, sounding as hollow as an empty coffin. She was a poor old crone who came to do for George small services as a domestic for an hour or two every day; for he lighted his own fires, and served up to himself in the first style of cottage cookery his own fat bacon and potatoes.

"I shall be out for three hours, Milly," said George, and he put on his best clothes and went into the sunshine. "I can do nothing better," he thought, "than go and see the lawyers."

They lived in the City; George lived at the east end of London, in a part now covered with very dirty streets; but then covered with copse and field, and by Swayne's old fashioned nursery ground; then crowded with stocks and wallflowers, lupins, sweet peas, pinks, lavender, heart's-ease, boy's love, old man, and other old-fashioned plants; for it contained nothing so tremendous as Schizanthuses, Escholzias, or Clarkia pulchellas, which are weedy little atomies, though they sound big enough to rival any tree on Lebanon. George was an old-fashioned gardener in an old-fashioned time; for we have here to do with events which occurred in the middle of the reign of George the Third. George, then—I mean George Swayne, not Georgius Rex—marched off to see the lawyers, who lived in a dark court in the City. He found their clerk in the front office, with a marigold in one of his button-holes; but there was nothing else that looked like summer in the place. It smelled like a mouldy shut-up tool-house; and there was parchment enough in it to make scare-crows for all the gardens in Kent, Middlesex, and Surrey.

George saw the junior partner, Mr. Grinston, who told him, when he heard his business, that it was in Mr. Flint's department. When he was shown into Mr. Flint's room, Mr. Flint could only repeat, he said, the instructions of the landlord.

"You see, my lad," he said, "these holdings that have been let hitherto for thirty pounds per annum, are now worth fifty. Yet my client, Mr. Crote, is ready to renew the lease for three more lives at the very slight fine we have named to you. What would you have more reasonable?"

"Sir, I make no complaint," George answered; "only I want to abide by the ground, and I have not so much money as you require. I owe nobody a penny; and, to pay my way and lay by enough money for next year's seeds and roots, has been the most that I can manage. I have saved fifteen pounds. Here it is, sir: take it, if it will help me in this business."

"Well, Mr. Flint suggested, "what do you say to this? I make no promise, but I think I can persuade Mr. Crote to let you retain possession of your land, for—shall we say?—two years, at the rent of fifty pounds; and, at the expiration of that term, you may perhaps be able to pay the fine and to renew your lease."

"I will accept that offer, sir," a homespun man clings to the walls of home. Swayne's nursery would not support so high a rental; but let the future take thought for itself—to postpone for two years the doom to quit the roof-tree under which his mother suckled him was gain enough for George.

So he turned homeward and went cheerfully upon his way, by a short cut through narrow streets and lanes that bordered on the Thames. His gardener's eye discovered all the lonely little pots of mignionette in the upper windows of the tottering old houses; and, in the trimmer streets, where there were rows of little houses in all shades of whitewash, some quite fresh looking, inhabited by people who had kept their windows clean, he sometimes saw as many as four flower-pots upon a window sill. Then, there were the squares of turf, put, in weekly instalments of six inches, to the credit of caged larks, for the slow liquidation of the debt of green fields due to them. There were also parrots; for a large number of the houses in those river streets were tenanted by sailors who brought birds from abroad. There were also all sorts of grotesque shells; and one house that receded from its neighbors, had a small garden in front, which was sown over with shells instead of flowers. The walks were bordered with shell instead of box, and there were conchs upon the wall instead of wall-flowers. The summer-house was a grotto; but the great centre ornament was a large figure-head, at the foot of which there was a bench erected, so that the owner sat under its shadow. It represented a man with a great beard, holding over his shoulder a large three-pronged fork; which George believed to be meant for Neptune. That was a poor garden, thought George; for it never waved nor rustled, and did not, by one change of feature—except that it grew daily dirtier—show itself conscious of the passage of the hours, and days, and months, and seasons.

It interested George a great deal more to notice here and there the dirty leaf of new kinds of plants; which brought home by some among the sailors, struggled to grow from seed or root. Through the window of one house that was very poor, but very neat and clean, he saw put upon a table to catch the rays of summer sun, a strange plant in blossom. It had a reddish stalk, small-pointed leaves; and from every cluster of leaves hung elegant red flower-bells with purple tongues. That plant excited him greatly; and, when he stopped to look at it, he felt some such emotion as might stir an artist who should see a work by Rubens hung up in a pawnbroker's shop-window. He knocked at the green door, and a pale girl opened it, holding in one hand a piece of unfinished needlework. Her paleness left her

for a minute when she saw that it was a stranger who had knocked. Her blue eyes made George glance away from them before he had finished his respectful inquiry. "I beg your pardon," he said, "but may I ask the name of the flower in the window, and where it came from?"

"Will you walk in, if you please, sir," said the girl, "mother will tell you all she knows about it."

With two steps, the young gardener strode into the small front room where a sick and feeble woman sat in an arm-chair. The room was clean and little furnished. There was only sand upon the floor; and, on the table with some more of the girl's work, was part of a stale loaf, flanked with two mugs that contained some exceedingly blue and limpid milk. George apologised for his intrusion; but said what his calling was, and pleaded in excuse the great beauty and novelty of the plant that attracted him.

"Ay, ay, but I prize it far more than that," said Mrs. Ellis, "it was brought to me by my son. He took it as a cutting, and he brought it a long way, the dear fellow, all the way from the West Indies, nursing it for me. Often he let his own lips parch, sir, on the voyage that he might give water enough to the flower that he took home for his mother. He is a tender-hearted boy, my Harry."

"He is young then?"

"Well, he is not exactly a boy, sir; but they are all boys on board ship, you understand. He could carry off the house upon his back, Harry could; he is so wonderful broad-chested. He's just gone a long voyage, sir, and I'm feared I shall be gone a longer before he comes back; and he said when he went, 'Take care of the plant, mother, it 'll have hundreds of bells to ring when I come back to you next year.' He is always full of his fun, sir, my Harry."

"Then, Ma'am," George stammered, "it's a plant you wouldn't like to part with."

The poor woman looked angry for a moment; and then, after a pause, answered gently, "No, sir, not until my time comes."

The young gardener—who ought to have gone away—still bent over the flower. The plant was very beautiful, and evidently stood the climate well, and it was of a kind to propagate by slips. George did not well know what to say or do. The girl who had been nimbly stitching, ceased from work and looked up wonderingly at the stranger, who had nothing more to say and yet remained with them. At last, the young man, with the colour of the flower on his cheeks, said, "I'm a poor man, Ma'am, and not much taught. If I'm going to say anything unbecoming, I hope you'll forgive it: but, if you could—if you could bring your heart to part with this plant, I would give you ten guineas for it, and the first good cutting I raise shall be yours."

The girl looked up in the greatest astonishment. "Ten guineas!" she cried, "why, mother, ten guineas would make you comfortable for the whole winter. How glad Harry will be!"

The poor old woman trembled nervously: "Harry told me to keep it for his sake," she whispered to her daughter who bent fondly over her.

"Does Harry love a flower better than your health and comfort?" pleaded Harry's sister.

A long debate was carried on in low tones, while George Swayne endeavored to look as though he were a hundred miles off, listening to nothing. But the loving accents of the girl debating with her mother tenderly, caused Mr. Swayne—a stout and true-hearted young fellow of twenty-five—to feel that there were certainly some new thoughts and sensations working in him. He considered it important to discover from her mother's manner of addressing her that the name of the young woman was Susan. When the old lady at last consented with a sigh to George's offer, he placed ten guineas on the table beside the needlework, and only stole one glance at Susan as he bade good-bye and took the flower-pot away, promising again earnestly that he would bring back to them the first good cutting that took root.

George Swayne then, having the lawyers put out of his head, carried the plant home and duly busied himself in his green-house over the multiplication of his treasure. Months went by, during which the young gardener worked hard and ate sparely. He had left to himself but five pounds for the general maintenance of his garden; more was needed, and that he had to pinch, as far as he dared, out of his humble food and other necessaries of existence. He had, however, nothing to regret. The cuttings of the flower-bells throve, and the thought of Susan was better to him than roast beef. He did not again visit the widow's house. He had no right to go there until he went to redeem his promise.

A year went by; and, when the next July came, George Swayne's garden and green-houses were in the best condition. The new plant had multiplied by slips and had thriven more readily than he could have ventured to expect. The best plant was set by until it should have reached the utmost perfection of blossom, to be carried in redemption of the promise made to widow Ellis. In some vague way, too, Mr. Swayne now and then pondered whether the bells it was to set ringing after Harry had returned might not be after all the bells of Stepney parish church. And Susan Swayne did sound well, that was certain. Not that he thought of marrying the pale girl, whose blue eyes he had only seen, and whose soft voice he had only heard once; but he was a young fellow, and he thought about her, and young fellows have their fancies which do now and then shoot out in unaccountable directions.

A desired event happened one morning. The best customer of Swayne's nursery ground, the wife of a city knight, Lady Salter, who had a fine seat in the neighborhood, alighted from her carriage at the garden gate. She had come to buy flowers for the decorations of her annual grand summer party; and George with much perturbation ushered her into his greenhouse, which was glowing with the crimson and purple blossoms of his new plant. When Lady Salter had her admiration duly heightened by the information that there were no other plants in all the country like them—that, in fact, Mr. Swayne's new flowers were unique, she instantly bought two slips at a guinea each and took them home in triumph. Of course

the flower-bells attracted the attention of her guests; and of course she was very proud to draw attention to them. The result was that the carriages of the great people of the neighborhood so clogged up the road at Swayne's nursery day after day that there was no getting by for them. George sold, for a guinea each, all the slips that he had potted; keeping only enough for the continuance of his trade, and carefully reserving his finest specimen. That in due time he took to Harry's mother.

The ten guineas added to the produce of Susan's labor—she had not slackened it a jot—had maintained the sickly woman through the winter; and, when there came to her a letter one morning in July in Harry's dear scrawl posted from Portsmouth, she was half restored to health. He would be with them in a day or two, he said. The two women listened in a feverish state for every knock at the green door. Next day a knock came; but it was not Harry. Susan again opened to George Swayne. He had brought their flower-bells back; and, apparently, handsomer than ever. He was very much abashed and stammered something; and, when he came in, he could find nothing to say. The handsome china vase which he had substituted for the widow's flowerpot, said something however, for him. The widow and her daughter greeted him with hearty smiles and thanks; but he had something else to do than to return them—something of which he seemed to be exceedingly ashamed. At last he did it. "I mean no offence," he said; "but this is much more yours than mine." He laid upon the table twenty guineas. They refused the money with surprise; Susan with eagerness. He told them his story; how the plant had saved him from the chance of being turned out of his home; how he was making money by the flower, and how fairly he considered half the profits to be due to its real owner. Thereupon the three became fast friends and began to quarrel. While they were quarrelling there was a bouncing knock at the door. Mother and daughter hurried to the door; but Susan stood aside that Harry might go first into his mother's arms.

"Here's a fine chime of bells," said Harry, looking at his plant after a few minutes. "Why it looks no handsomer in the West Indies. But where ever did you get that splendid pot?"

George was immediately introduced. The whole story was told, and Harry was made referee upon the twenty guinea question.

"God bless you, Mr. Swayne," said Harry, "keep that money if we are to be friends. Give us your hand, my boy; and, mother, let us all have something to eat." They made a little festival that evening in the widow's house, and George thought more than ever of the chiming of the bells as Susan laid her needlework aside to bustle to and fro. Harry had tales to tell over his pipe; "and I tell you what, Swayne," said he, "I'm glad you are the better for my love of rooting. If I wasn't a sailor myself I'd be a gardener. I've a small cargo of roots and seeds in my box that I brought home for mother to try what she can do with. My opinion is that you're the man to turn 'em to account; and so, mate, you shall have 'em. If you get a lucky penny out of any one among 'em, you're welcome; for it's more than we could do."

How these poor folks labored to be liberal towards each other; how Harry amused himself on holidays before his next ship sailed with rake and spade about his friend's nursery: how George Swayne spent summer and autumn evenings in the little parlour: how there was really and truly a chime rung from Stepney steeple to give joy to a little needlewoman's heart: how Susan Swayne became much rosier than Susan Ellis had been: how luxuriously George's bees were fed upon new dainties; how Flint and Grinston conveyed the nursery-ground to Mr. Swayne in freehold to him and his heirs for ever, in consideration of the whole purchase money which Swayne had accumulated: how the old house was enlarged: how, a year or two later, little Harry Swayne damaged the borders and was abetted by grandmother Ellis in so doing: how, a year or two after that, Susan Swayne the lesser dug with a small wooden spade side by side with giant Uncle Harry; who was a man to find the centre of the earth under Swayne's garden when he came home ever and anon from beyond the seas, always with roots and seeds his home being Swayne's nursery: and, finally, how happy and how populous a home the house in Swayne's nursery grew to be—these are results connecting pleasant thoughts with the true story of the earliest cultivation in this country of the flower now known as the Fuchsia.

SARA'S VENTURE.

One morning, just as I had finished breakfast, I received a note from my friend Sara Hall, begging me, if possible, to go over for a few hours in the course of the day. "Don't be alarmed," she added in a postscript; "nothing is the matter."

I was therefore not alarmed, but I was somewhat curious; and as I hurried over my light domestic duties, being housekeeper in my mother's absence, I taxed conjecture as to what could have prompted so urgent a summons. I had seen her but two days before; what could have arisen since then?—The character of my friend stimulated my anxiety. I was afraid lest the self-willed, vehement, over-indulged girl should be meditating some wild unheard-of scheme, in which she wanted my co-operation.

"I will not give it," decided I with laudable firmness, unless I heartily and spontaneously approve. At length I had seen my two brothers fairly off on their way to the City of London School; had made every necessary arrangement for their early dinner at one o'clock, and my father's and mine at five; and felt myself at liberty to follow my wishes, and make my way to Mr. Hall's house.

It was an intensely cold but clear day in the early part of January, but I enjoyed such weather. I walked quickly, but taking in, as was my wont, the effect of things. The buildings stood out hard and well defined against

the deep blue sky; above all, I greeted with kindling glance the superb cupola and majestic proportions of St. Paul's. I loved and admired that magnificent cathedral, as perhaps none but one born under its shadow can. I had studied it from childhood: I knew how it looked under every aspect of season and weather from every point of view; without ever having set my foot out of England, I was prepared to maintain its absolute superiority over every edifice in Europe. I gave it now my proud all hail! as I hurried past. When I got into Cheapside, there was nothing but human faces to study, and I was amply occupied with them, and in taking my somewhat presumptuous measure of the individual from attire, expression and gait. There was one point, however,—a picture-dealer's shop windows,—at which I always halted, and I did so now.

There was a large painting prominently exhibited, and it deserved its position. It represented a wild sea shore, girt with low black rocks, the peaks of which were wonderfully aglow with the setting sun, as were the foamy crests of the incoming waves. There was not a trace of vegetation, not a symptom of human life. A sterile subject some would say, but it captivated me. That setting sun poured its rays through a boundless atmosphere; that sea stretched beyond the limits of the picture into fathomless immensity; those rocks conveyed palpably a sense of silence and solitude. Amidst the turmoil of the great thoroughfare, my imagination had penetrated into the very locality. "Now," thought I, "beneath this clear frozen sky that sea is at this moment raging."

I walked on to my destination in a somewhat dreamy mood, until my proximity to the house recalled my thoughts to the matter in hand. Mr. Hall was a surgeon in excellent practice, and it was at the door of one of the stately but not aristocratic mansions in Finsbury Square at which I knocked. Sara was an only child, and uncontrolled mistress of her father's house-hold, for Mr. Hall had lost his wife very many years ago.

A few moments more found me in my friend's pretty private room; it was as elegantly fitted up as a fashionable lady's boudoir, and derserved to be so called, but Sara set her face resolutely against all unnecessary Gallicisms, and would never suffer the appellation.

"I am glad you are come," said Sara emphatically as I entered, and giving me a chair by the blazing fire; but then came a pause, and she resumed the occupation I had for a moment interrupted—that of walking up and down the room. Knowing her temper I left her to declare her business in her own time and way: and divesting myself of bonnet and shawl, ensconced myself in the luxurious easy-chair, crossed my feet, which I had effectually cooled on the wild sea-shore, over the fender, defiant of the impropriety, and prepared to wait in patience and in comfort. While waiting, I made a few observations; I saw that Sara's escritoire was covered with scattered manuscripts, and that upon them lay a letter sealed and addressed. I knew my friend's avocations too well to be surprised at the sight of manuscripts, but the letter, the direction of which I could not help reading, puzzled me not a little. Amongst other things, I noticed the character and beauty of Sara's face, and that its habitual expression of pride and dissatisfaction was more strongly marked than usual. Her figure was particularly small and girlish, but what an air of resolution it nevertheless possessed!

Presently she drew the escritoire close to the fire, sat down before it, and folding her arms over her papers, fixed her glittering black eyes on my face.

"Carry," she said, pointing to the letter, "do you see what I mean to do?" The letter being addressed to a celebrated west-end publisher, and seen in conjunction with a heap of manuscripts, did not leave much to natural sagacity. I mentioned the conclusion I drew therefrom.

"But Sara," I asked, "what has become of your old opinions? What is the motive, when you do not want money, and have always asserted you did not care about fame, at least such as you were likely to get?"

"I have the reputation of being capricious," was her answer, "and I am disposed to think if I get what I deserve, I shall care about fame. Do you think I shall be likely to find any difficulty in getting my novel published?"

I was quite ignorant of such matters, but I asked, with an air of competent authority: "On what terms do you mean to offer it?"

"On condition that I may publish it under an assumed name, and that my secret is sedulously kept – that is the first and most important item. Secondly, that all pecuniary risk is born by the publishers; as for pecuniary profits, I care nothing about them; Messrs. ——may easily make with me a most unfair bargain."

"Perhaps," said I, drily, "they won't attempt to take advantage of your indifference to profit; if reputation is all you care about, you ought to be pretty sure of the deserts of your work."

"I am pretty sure," said Sara, turning over the leaves.

I reflected, then ventured to say; "I am not." Sara looked up quietly. I went on.—"You are aware," said I, playing the critic, "so much is required now-a-days, in a novel. They make a sort of science of this kind of literature, and judge it by such strict rules.—"As a work of art," begin the reviewers—my dear Sara, as a work of art, what have you to say for your novel?"

"Nothing," returned she with cool contempt.

"You think the power it shews, and the promise it has, will cover a multitude of deficiencies?" asked I, "Well, I hope others will think so too; still"——— I hesitated, but Sara insisted on my saying all I thought. "I believe you have written it as a sort of safety-valve for the emotions, passions, and opinions you do not choose to show and express, and which, perhaps, you ought not to express, in your intercourse with the world. Could you endure Sara, to have what you have written with such deep conviction and intense earnestness, sneered at and ridiculed by some cold-blooded, sharp-witted reviewer?"

Sara's cheek flushed. "That is possible," she said, drawing a deep breath; "and it would be hard to bear; still"—— Now she paused in her turn, and pushing back her chair, resumed her pacing of the room. I could see how her mind worked; there was something more in that conflict than she suffered to appear. After a while she came back and leaned over the mantel-piece. I waited for her to resume the conversation, which she did presently.

"How do you think my book would appear to a noble,discriminating,unprejudiced mind?" There was a vibration in the tone of her voice that made me look steadily at her. She was gazing into the fire with a dreamy, softened expression of countenance.

"Most interesting—most attractive," said I with fervor, "as shewing a mind enamoured of moral greatness. Such a reader would not carp at the elevation of your ideal, or say yours were impossible principles; but then, Sara, such minds are not very common, and are not those likely to seize upon the last new novel."

"How long, Carry, have you taken out a judge's patent?" asked Sara smiling. "I shall publish my novel—if I can."

In the way of dissuasion I said no more, and we immediately fell to a discussion of ways and means. I was to take the manuscripts up to —— Street; and Sara had arranged that all communications on the subject should be addressed to me. She had laid her plans so well, that there was little chance, we thought, of her identity being ever discovered. When we had exhausted the topic of possibilities connected with the rejection, re-application, acceptance, and public reception of her work. I asked, "But what has induced this sudden resolution? I heard nothing about publication on Tuesday."

"All my resolutions are sudden, the result of mere impulse," was her answer. "I have no other explanation to give."

I said no more,although I was not satisfied. There was that in the repressed energy and excitement of her manner, that convinced me some second, or rather primary motive lurked behind.

The next day I left the manuscript at the publisher's. I had rather dreaded this exploit; but I found nothing formidable in it. A grave-looking man met me on the very threshold of the office, took the packet I timidly presented, gave it a quick glance, and then set it down in a dusky corner of the dusky room, where I had an uneasy dread it would be forgotten, and moulder away in that obscurity.

"Very good," he enunciated, "quite right," and I felt there was not another word to say on the subject, and forthwith took my departure. I must, however state, that before Sara took me into her confidence, she had written to the firm, asking if they were disposed to examine her manuscript, and had received a civil reply, expressing their good pleasure so to do, and begging her to forward it.

A period of intense anxiety set in while we waited for the result. When alone, Sara and I had but one topic, but it was an exhaustless one. Then our dire ignorance of these matters pressed heavily; we had no idea what would be considered a reasonable time to give before we could venture to request to be favored with a decision; a step the impatient haughty young authoress would soon have taken had I not restrained her. My secret anxiety was—of course never breathed to Sara—that the manuscript had never found its way to the proper person. Life, however,did not stand still in sympathy with our suspense; Sara, indeed, seemed fuller than ever of that restless vitality which I sometimes found almost burdensome. It was evident to me it was not only the chances of her novel that harassed her; but she was a strange girl, and I did not venture to question her At length a light fell upon my understanding.

I came one afternoon to spend a few days with Sara, leaving strict orders at home that any letters addressed to me should be brought by my brother Charles. My friend was dressing for dinner when I entered her pleasant warm bedroom, and I had not been in it many moments before I discovered that she was taking especial pains with her toilet.

"Is any one coming?" I asked.

"Yes," said Sara with a sudden glow and a scornful laugh; "Mr. Godfrey Knight is coming."

I was completely puzzled. I had never seen, but I had heard a good deal of this gentleman. By profession he was a barrister, and of rising repute; but in society he was less successful. I had heard some of my young lady-friends mercilessly ridicule the plainness and insignificance of his appearance; and even Sara had made some most ungenerous but ironically witty observations thereon. From better authority, I had heard strictures on his displeasing deportment in society, his uncourte-

ous silence as if he considered himself a spectator of the scene, or his cynical severity, as if he had the right of censorship. On this point, too, Sara had strongly expressed herself.

"What are you going to do?" asked I anxiously; "not condescend to play the coquette, surely?" Sara smiled, but without giving me any satisfaction on the point. I had no particular fault to find with Mr. Knight. Plain indubitably he was, and what was far worse —short; but then he had an expression of intelligence which would have refined coarser features. True he spoke but little; but he was attentive to the courtesies of the table, and Mr. Hall's organ of language prompted him at all times to take the burden of conversation chiefly on himself. Sara, too, talked a good deal—that is, whenever Mr. Knight said anything sufficiently near an opinion for her to oppose, or whenever her fathers discourse gave her an opportunity of stating some unheard of or paradoxical sentiment. I had never seen her in such a mood before, or heard her say so many extravagant or absurd things in the course of an evening. Mr. Knight let her have all her own way, listening to her with an irritating smile, and never defending his own words. When we retired to the drawing room I expressed my feelings.

"You must have been trying to appear ridiculous," said I, "is Mr. Knight's contempt worth so much pains?"

She gave me an angry, almost fierce look, but softened immediately.

"I am playing no part, Carry; that is what his presence always makes of me. He despises girls from the bottom of his heart; he tempts me beyond my power of resistance to justify his estimate."

I saw her lip quiver as she spoke, but it might be with wounded pride; to the same feeling I attributed the glow of her cheeks and the unusual glitter of her eyes. I did not pursue the subject, and when the two gentlemen came in to tea, they interrupted a debate on the usual topic. After tea Mr. Hall asked his daughter for some music; she complied with unusual eagerness.

"But Mr. Knight," she said, pausing on her way to the piano, "detests music."

"The feeling is not quite so strong," said that gentleman, taking up a book. "I shall scarcely hear you."

Sara sat down to her instrument, and played for about half an hour certain elaborate tuneless rondos and divertissements she had learned at school. I felt it must be by design, for music, in the true acceptation of the phrase, was her particular talent, and her present performance had no merit but exactness. Her father fell into a dose at length, and then Sara rose. Mr. Knight had been reading his book very diligently, but he closed it politely enough as the mu ic ceased, and the musician drew near to the fire. Sara leaned over the mantel-piece in the graceful careless attitude which was habitual to her.

"That is an unnecessary courtesy," said she, addressing Mr. Knight, and stretching out her hand to take from him the book he was on the point of putting down. She turned to the title page, and remarked with rather a doubtful smile; "I should never have supposed you read poetry."

"I read it so little, that your supposition is justified."

Sara stopped here, but I asked: "Don't you like poetry?"

Mr. Knight smiled, perhaps at the ignorant way in which I proposed my question, and Sara added: "I should like to know whether you consider it above or below your attention?"

"I have never given attention to it—lacking time and opportunity; so I can scarcely answer the question. Amongst the talents committed to my keeping, leisure is not one."

"A strong natural love of poetry," said Sara, "would have enabled you to make leisure to indulge it."

"Well, then, I can safely say, I have not such a love. Pray," he added, smiling, "is this deficiency very great in your eyes?"

"Very. It is a deficiency that involves so many others."

"Perhaps," said I, "you are not a reader of books at all?"

"No; not what you mean by a reader.—The few books I do read indispose me for the many."

"I am happy to say," remarked Sara, "my mind is not above my generation."

Mr. Knight smiled very comfortably under the satire, and took his leave as soon as Mr. Hall roused himself. I made no comment to Sara on her behaviour, but drew quietly my own inferences.

The next morning the servant brought me a letter, left by my brother on his way from school. I recognized it at once as a missive from —— Street. On one point I am convinced; no letter received before or since ever excited such a tumult of feeling. It was not for me, however, to break the seal, and I carried it to Sara. I had a hunt through nearly all the rooms in the house before I found her, and when I did find her, she was in no responsive mood. She was standing in the cold, cheerless drawing-room—the fire never being lighted till mid-day—with the morning newspaper spread out on the table before her, over which she was bowed in a posture indicative of no ordinary absorption in its contents.

"Sara," I cried, holding the letter above my head. "look here?" She did not seem to guess what it was, for she made a movement of impatience, and looked down at her paper again.

I threw the letter playfully on the paper be-

fore her eyes. She snatched it up as if it could have conveyed some kind of pollution to the page, and in so doing perceived what it was. Then her indifference changed to excitement. "Open and read it, Carry," she said; "I cant."

The first glance was enough. I made a little bound of joy. Sara, catching the result from this very expressive gesture, took the letter from me and read it herself.

"Madam—I am desired by Messrs. —— to inform you, that they are willing to undertake the publication of your novel on their usual terms." Then followed a business-like statement of these terms, which, novice, as I was at that time, seemed to me very magnificent.

"That will do" said Sara; "but I must know how soon they will publish it."

There was an expression of softened exultation in her face, and I observed that her eyes dwelt on the newspaper. "You see." said I, reading over the letter to myself, "we have no means of contradicting their statement.—We have only their word for it that these are their usual terms."

"True, but I care nothing about the money; let them publish my book, and they can't cheat me of my object."

In a few days, the whole matter was settled; formal agreements were drawn up and signed, and the book was to appear immediately. Popular authors during the preceding months had been pouring forth their favours on the public, and were now resting on their oars and receipts. The novel-reading world just then was unemployed; it was the exact point of time for a new writer to make her appeal. No objection had been made to her pseudo name, and in order the better to preserve her secresy, the correction of the proofs was taken off her hands. It was evident to my mind, from the complaisance of the publishers, that they considered that they had got a good thing.

"Sara," I said one day, "I begin to think this book will make you famous."

Sara shook her head

"If it does," I asked, prudently desirous of preparing for an event that might never be realised, "will you declare yourself?"

"I will wait till I am famous before I decide," said Sara, who, so far as I could see, was almost as indifferent to the fame as to the profit.

During this period Mr. Knight was so frequent a visitor, that we had little chance of forgetting him. Why he came I could not tell, for he was a very different man from Mr. Hall, whose loquacity obviously wearied him; and Sara did not seem to attract him. He watched her a good deal, it was true, but it seemed less from individual interest, than from the philosophical tendency to examine carefully every new subject presented to him.—Sara, too, always showed under her worst aspect in his presence. In her behaviour to him she was rude and satirical; in her behaviour to others before him, extravagant and even frivolous. I tried to hope that Mr. Knight would detect her real character beneath the disguise she so strangely assumed; then, again, I thought it was requiring too much from his penetration. For my own part, I had a growing admiration and esteem for him. I had learned that of his public and private life which indicated a character of no ordinary decision and purity of principle. A late political lawsuit, in which he had borne a distinguished part, had raised his reputation beyond all dispute; in society far higher than ours, we knew he was courted and flattered.—Moreover, more than once at Mr. Hall's I had heard him defend certain principles and opinions which had been carelessly or maliciously attacked, in a manner that had aroused a warm response from all the best part of my nature. He was not by any means a rhetorician; his strength lay in the clearness and force of his thoughts, and in the pure relation his words bore to them. Truth never received any artificial adornment at his hands; it was her naked beauty he worshipped and presented for worship. Then he was thoroughly in earnest; his strong self-conviction carried conviction to the candid hearer. My friend Sara, had a far more emotional and passionate admiration than I for moral greatness; and at such times as those to which I have referred, it was beyond the power of her art to check the glow of enthusiasm that rose to her cheek, or to hide the kindling glance of recognition and sympathy. My only regret was, that it was precisely at these moments that Mr. Knight, interested in his subject, did not look at her.

Then, also, I knew that Sara secretly admired him; she followed the lawsuit through all its windings, and read Mr. Knight's speeches with a diligence I was unable to emulate; for, good as no doubt they were, they were very dry. I had heard her once defend him with an eloquence from which he might have learned a lesson, and with so minute an acquaintance with his individual excellencies, that I discovered that hitherto I had done him very imperfect justice. With all my female ingenuity and knowledge of my friend, I could not quite reconcile her conduct with her sentiments, and her own explanations thereupon only involved the matter more and more.

At length a new interest called me off from Mr. Knight. Sara's novel was announced for publication in a way calculated to whet public curiosity, but that strongly displeased the author.

"Such tricks of the trade humiliate me," she said, "I almost hope they will defeat their own end."

There was one singularity in this transac-

tion that I had noticed before; Sara always spoke as if her interests were quite separate from those of her publishers. The book came out duly; and, to sum up its success in a phrase, created a perfect furor. Sagacity was on the rack to discover the author, but sagacity was at fault. Sara Hall, together with the rest of the world, read the new novel, but was more sparing of her opinions thereupon than was her custom. What she had said about her indifference to fame, her conduct justified. I was far more full of exultation than herself; she would put down the most laudatory review with a dissatisfied sigh; she would hear it praised and wondered about in society, with scarely a change of color. I had repeatedly expressed my curiosity to know whether Mr. Knight had read it, and one evening, when he happened to call during one of my visits, I abruptly put the question to him.

"I never read novels," he answered, "I have not time."

"But so remarkable a one" I suggested, studiously avoiding looking at Sara.

"Well," he said relentingly, "if it comes in my way."

I longed to ask him if he expected the book would meet him, but I dared say no more. He appeared to be reflecting on the subject, for presently he asked, "Have you read it, Miss Hall?"

"Yes," said Sara, with a self-possession no amount of training would ever enable me to attain. The next question was inevitable.

"What do you think of it?" he asked.

"More than I can say at a moment's notice," replied Sara, turning away with her usual incivility.

A few minutes after, Mr. Hall came in with an evening paper in his hand.

"Here's a cut-up," he exclaimed, rubbing his hands, as if it were a personal gratification. "Here's a cut-up of the new novel! Late in the field, but the slaughter's tremendous! Sara, my girl, you're a capital reader, let us have it aloud—we have all read the book."

I was never so nearly committing myself in my life, but Sara restored me to a sense of the present necessity. She took the paper quietly her father held out to her, and his perceptions were not quick enough to see that her hands trembled. It was the only sign of agitation. She sat down, and carelessly glanced it over before commencing again.

"Mr. Knight has not read the book," she said, glancing up at him; "it is perhaps hardly fair for the author." There was a vibration in her voice that I am sure the person addressed must have felt.

"A disparaging criticism," he replied, "has often disposed me favorably towards the book condemned."

Sara began to read, and read the article through to the end with no interruption beyond Mr. Hall's keen enjoyment of its coarse wit. Merciless ridicule was the sole weapon employed; it had evidently been dictated by a mind thoroughly antagonistic to the writer's, for there was much cordiality in its invective. A book, such as I have before described Sara's, presented strong temptations to such mode of attack—my wonder was that it had not been had recourse to before.

"It is clever," said Sara, putting it down; "and perhaps the writer is honest; but it is unjust."

I marvelled at her self-command, but it was not perfect; there was a deep flush on her cheek, a scintillation in her eyes she could not control. I observed that Mr. Knight sat gazing at her, seemingly in a state of abstraction. When he took his leave, he said to her, "I shall read that book, and form my own judgment; it is but an act of justice."

I could see that night that Sara was strongly excited, though she repressed the signs as well as she could. I attributed it to the review, but on saying something in the way of sympathetic indignation, I found my condolences were quite superfluous. The next few days, Sara was very quiet and self-contained, but I detected an under-current of emotion and anxiety, which always seemed at its flux as the evening drew nigh. It was evident to me that she was expecting Mr. Knight.

After the lapse of a week, he came late one evening. If anything had been needed to confirm the idea I entertained, Sara's flush of color would have supplied it. To my extreme disappointment and annoyance, Mr. Hall at once engaged him in some political discussion. Sara went to her piano, and played some exquisite airs in *Norma* as no one else, in my opinion, could have done. I watched Mr. Knight with interest. Laugh at my woman's intuition, dear reader, if you like, but I felt certain he had read Sara's book, and, more than that, had divined that it was hers. I saw his eyes rest upon her with an expression that told me more than that; that a veil had been lifted from the past; that, by the aid of that crude but noble production, he read my friend's character aright. Did he read more than this? Mr. Hall was presently called out, on some professional emergency, and then Mr. Knight drew near Sara's piano. "I have read that book," he said; "would you care to have my opinion?"

Surely, interested in the matter as I was, I had a right to his critical observations; nevertheless, an instinct kept me in my seat, which was at the further end of the room. Sara softly touched the keys while he spoke—at least she did at first; after a while, the sound ceased; she lifted up her before bowed face, flushed and radiant. As he bent towards her, I slipped out of the room.

Still, as I walked up and down Sara's room,

could not quite understand it, and having perplexed myself in vain, resolved to wait for the explanation I was determined to extract from my friend. Wait in truth I did. More than one hour passed, and the second was far spent, when I heard Mr. Hall's impatient knock at the house-door, and a few moments after I heard Sara's coming footsteps. "Sara," I exclaimed, trying to seize her floating skirts as she ran past the door—"Sara, I must say one word." She evaded me, however, shaking herself free with a mocking laugh, and locking herself securely in the stronghold of her bedroom. It was too bad; but there was nothing for it but submission.

But the next morning I secured her at the confessional. "Am I then to understand," asked I, in my untiring effort to comprehend the matter fully—"am I, then, to understand that your chief motive in publishing this novel, was the chance of Mr. Knight's reading it, and taking a true measure of your character thereby? Have you loved him so long?"

"Even so," said Sara, with crimsoning cheeks. "It was a romantic venture—a chance, as you call it; but I could think of no other means of showing him what I really was—how much he was mistaken."

"But you took such pains to mislead him, Sara."

"Carry, how ignorant you are! Could I venture to show him how solicitous I was for his good opinion? I cared so much for it, there was no middle course open to me."

"Sensible men," said I sententiously, "should be careful how they guage the character of a high-spirited, frivolous-seeming girl."

"He had exercised more penetration than most sensible men. He had formed a pretty fair estimate of me before he guessed I wrote that book, or had read it. What generous things he said last night," added Sara, with a flush of ardor. "Under his guidance, I may do better things than that."

"They say," said I, laughing, "that pure fame is never enough for a woman."

"That heart," returned Sara, with a well-pleased smile, "whether belonging to man or woman, must be narrow indeed which pure fame would satisfy. Carry, I long to see you as happy as I am now!"

THE CASKET.

Within a casket of corporeal clay
There lies enshrined a vast unvalued treasure;
Whose sparkling gems flash brightly day by day,
Dazzling, or soothing, in their various measure.

Some lock the casket jealously, and hide
Its brilliant wealth within the dark recesses;
That not a truant sparkle thence can glide
To fall in secret on the world it blesses.

Some cautiously and gently raise the lid,
Yet stop half-way and fear to open wider;
As though it were Pandora's box, or hid,
The winged steed, with its enchanted rider.

Others, less chary, spread them forth to view,
By world wide gratitude and fame rewarded;
None in Time's records have been found to rue
The use of gifts which timid misers hoard.

Yet must those gems still in their casket lie,
And oft imperfect be the light they render:
The lids may be uncovered, but no eye
Of mortal man may see their fullest splendour.

Let them blaze forth with all the brilliance, now,
That they can yield within their earthly prison;
With gleaming wealth a darkened world endow,
To serve its need, till endless day has risen.

THE AFFINITY BETWEEN SCIENCE AND REVELATION.—We have little doubt that the ultimately converging, though it may be, transiently discrepant conclusions of the sciences of philology, enthology, and geology (in all of which we may rest assured great discoveries are yet to be made), will tend to harmonise with the ultimate results of a more thorough study of the records of the human race, as contained in the book of Revelation. Let us be permitted to imagine one example of such possible harmony. We think that the philologist may engage to make it out, on the strictest principles of induction, from the tenacity with which all communities cling to their language, and the slow observed rate of change by which they alter; by which Anglo-Saxon, for example, has been transformed into English, Latin into Italian, and ancient Greek into modern (though these languages have been affected by every conceivable cause of variation and depravation); that it would require hundreds of thousands, nay, millions, of years to account for the production, by known natural causes, of the vast multitude of totally distinct languages, and tens of thousands of dialects, which man now utters. On the other hand, the geologist is more and more persuaded of the comparatively recent origin of the human race. What, then, is to harmonise these conflicting statements? Will it not be curious if it should turn out that nothing can possibly harmonise them but the statement of Genesis, that in order to prevent the natural tendency of the race to accumulate on one spot, and facilitate their dispersion and destined occupancy of the globe, a preternatural intervention expedited the operation of the causes which would gradually have given birth to distinct languages? Of the probability of this intervention some profound philologists have on scientific grounds alone, expressed their conviction."—*Rogers on Reason and Truth.*

LECTURE ON THE RELATION BETWEEN THE ART OF DESIGN AND THE ARTS OF PRODUCTION.

BY CARDINAL WISEMAN.

(ABRIDGED.)

The topic on which I have to address you is the connection or relation between the arts of design and the arts of production. By the arts of production I mean naturally those arts by which what is but a raw material assumes a form, a shape, a new existence, adapted for some necessity or some use in the many wants of life—such as pottery, such as carving, in various branches, whether gold, or wood, or stone; such as the working of metals, whether of gold, or silver, or brass, or iron: such as the production of textile matters,—or objects of whatever sort and for whatever purpose, such as construction in its different branches, whether commencing with the smallest piece of furniture or ascending to a great and majestic edifice. By the arts of design, I understand those arts which represent nature to us in any form, or which brings before us beauty, whether in form or in colour. Now, these arts ought, as every one agrees, to be in close harmony the one with the other; but that harmony which I wish to establish between them must be an honorable union an equal compact, a noble league. There is not to be the one the servant, and the other the master. Each must be aware of the advantages which it can receive as well as of those which it can confer. Thus the art, for instance, of design will have to give elegance of form, grace of outline, beauty of ornament, to what is produced by the other class of arts; and they, in their turn, have to transmit, and multiply, and perpetuate the creations of the arts of design. Now, it is agreed on all hands that, as yet, this complete harmony does not exist, that we have far from arrived at that mutual application of the one class to the other which gives us a satisfactory result. It is unnecessary, I believe, to bring evidence of this. As we proceed, I trust opportunities will present themselves of bringing before you authorities enough for that assertion. But I may say at the very outset that the report just published by the Department of Practical Art is almost based upon the acknowledgement, that, as yet, we have not attained that application of the arts of design to the arts of production which we desire, and which it is most advisable, even for our own interests, to obtain. It acknowledges the existence of a necessity for much more instruction than has as yet been given. It allows that after several years, thirteen years at least, of the existence of schools of design, they have not been found fully to attain their purpose; and a new organization and a new system have now begun to be adopted. No one can appreciate, I trust, more than I am inclined to do myself, the advantages which must result from the multiplication of these schools of design as applied to manufactures, and of the great improvement which they have already begun to confer, and will continue, no doubt, still more to bestow upon the industrial classes. I believe it is most important to propagate to the utmost the love of art; I believe it most useful to every child, even to its first rudiments, its elementary state; I think that if we can make drawing a part of universal education, a great deal will be gained. But this, certainly, cannot be enough. I am willing, also, to grant that we shall have a great improvement upon what we have produced, until now, in the form of art; I believe that we will see better designers, persons of richer imaginations, men who understand the harmony and combination of colours better, and who can give to the artizans patterns which will greatly improve every department of our industry. But, I may ask, Is this sufficient? Will this bring art up to what we desire? This is the great question; this is the subject upon which I am going to treat. And it appears that there is a simple mode of arriving at it, and it is the one, consequently, which I will adopt. It is a question partly of experience. It is a lesson, much of which history can teach us; and I desire to bring before you such facts as seem to me to bear upon the question, and to enable us to come to a satisfactory and practical conclusion. I will endeavour to put my view before you, to state the question under a very simple, but perhaps it may appear, not a very practical form. There is now a great desire to form, not only in the capital, but also in all your cities, where industry prevails, museums which should contain all the most perfect specimens of what antiquity in every age has left us of beauty in design and elegance in form. We wish that our artizans should have frequently before them what may be considered not merely actual copies of such works, but such objects as will gradually impress their minds with feelings of taste. Now, I should like to have the construction, the formation of such a museum as this city should enjoy; and in describing it, I will confine myself entirely to one small department—that of classical art, classical antiquity, because I know that for a museum intended to be practical to the eyes of artizans, there is a far wider range of collection to be taken than that to which I confine myself. I imagine to myself a hall at least as large as this, and of more elegant and classical architecture. I will suppose it formed on a more classical form. Around it, in places adapted for the purpose, would be not merely copies or plaster casts, but real marble statues and busts collected from antiquity. I would arrange them round the room so that each could be enjoyed at leisure by the student, so as there could be room for the draughtsman

to take a copy at the least. In the centre, I would have spread out a beautiful Mosaic, such as may be found in the museums of Rome - a pavement in rich colours, representing some beautiful scene, which should be most carefully railed off, that it might not be worn or soiled by the profane tread of modern men. There should be cabinets of metals and sculptured gems enclosed carefully in glass, so that there should be no danger of accident. There should also be the finest specimens of the old Etruscan vases of every size, of every shape, plain and coloured, enriched with those beautiful drawings upon them which give them such character and such perfection. And, on the other side, I would have collected for you some specimens of the choicest produce of the excavations of Herculaneum. There should be bronze vessels of the most elegant form, and of the most exquisite curve. And there should be all sorts of even household utensils, such as are found there, of the most beautiful shape and exquisite finish On the walls I would have some of those paintings, which have yet remained almost unharmed after being buried for so many hundreds of years, and which retain freshness and glow upon the walls, and clothe them with beauty, and, at the same time, with instruction. And then I would have a most choice cabinet, containing medals in gold, and silver, and bronze, of as great an extent as possible, but chiefly selected for the beauty of their workmanship. And so with engraved gems, every one of which should, if possible, be a treasure in itself. Now, if such a museum could be collected, you would say, I am sure, that classical antiquity, classical so far as art goes, we have everything we could desire; and we have as noble, as splendid, as beautiful a collection of artistic objects as it is within the reach of modern wealth and influence to collect. In fact you would say, if you could not make artists now by the study of these objects, it was a hopeless matter, because here was everything that antiquity has given us of the most beautiful. Now I am afraid, that while you have been following me in this formation of an ideal museum, you have thought it required great stretch of imagination to suppose it possible that such a collection could be brought together in any city. I will ask you, then, to spread your wings a little more, and fly with me even into a more imaginary idea than this. Let us suppose that, by some chance, all these objects which we have collected were, at some given period in the first century of Christianity, collected together in an ancient Roman house; and let us suppose that the owner of that house suddenly appeared amongst us, and had a right to claim all these beautiful works of art which we so greatly prize, and which we have taken so much trouble and laid out so much money to collect. What does he do with them when he has got them back? Why, what will he do with these statues which we have been copying, and drawing, and admiring so much? Pliny finds great fault, is very indignant with the people of his age, because he says they had begun to form galleries, that such a thing was unknown before, that no one, no real Roman, should value a statue merely as a work of art, but that a Roman ought to value them as being the statues of his ancestors. And this Roman values them as nothing else. He takes the statues and puts them, not in the centre of a room to be admired, but as they are to him a piece of furniture, he puts them with their fellows into the niches from which they were taken, and where, perhaps, they are in a very bad light. His statues, if they do not represent his ancestors, it is very probable that, instead of allowing them to remain in a very beautiful hall prepared for them, he will send them to the garden to stand out in the open air and receive all the rain of heaven. The Mosaic which we have valued as such a beautiful piece of work, he will put most probably in the porch of the house to be trodden under foot by every slave that comes in and goes out. And now he looks about him at that beautiful collection of Etruscan vases which we got together. He recognizes them at once. "Take that to the kitchen, that is to hold oil; take that to the scullery, that is for water; take those plates and drinking cups to the pantry, I shall want them for dinner; and these beautiful vessels which yet retain, as they do, the very scent of the rich odors formerly kept in them, take them to the dressing room; I want these for the toilet. This is the washing-basin I must use. What have they been making of all these things to put them so carefully in expensive glass-cases, and treat them as works of art?" And so of the beautiful vessels; some belong to the kitchen, some to other apartments, but every one is a new piece of furniture. And then he looks into the beautiful cabinet; and he sends those exquisite gems into his room to be worn by himself and his family—they are but their ordinary rings. And your gold medals, and your silver medals, and your bronze medals, he absolutely puts in his purse; for to him they are only common money. Now, then, here your magnificent collection of the arts of design we have treated as the result, the production of art; and in reality these were but the fruits of the arts of production. Now, what are we to say to this?—That there was a period in Rome, and there were similar periods in other countries at different times, when there was no distinction between the arts of design and the arts of production; but those very things which to us are now so great objects of admiration as artistic works were then merely things made and fashioned as we see them, for the ordinary use to which we adapt

other things of perhaps similar substance, but certainly of different form. For, in fact, if you had these vessels, you would not know what to do with them. We could not cook a dinner in them. We certainly could not adapt them to our common wants. But to the Romans they were the very objects which were used for those purposes. And although now in reading the old writers, and trying to make out the dreadful hard names by which all these different kinds of pottery were called; yet, learned and classical as all that may be, when we come to translate those high-sounding Greek names, we get to very humble results—pipkins, pitchers, flagons, ewers, and such like homely names as these. Now where is the art there? Is it that these were designed by some man of reputation, and then that they were all carefully copied, exactly imitated from his design? —Oh, certainly nothing of the sort. The art that is in these beautiful things is a part of themselves—is bestowed upon them in their very fabrication. You may take an Etruscan vase, and you may scratch away from it if you please every line which has been traced by the pencil of the embellisher upon it; and after that, the seal of mutual design, grace, and elegance of true art are so stamped upon it, that if you wish to destroy or to remove them you must smash the vase. It is inherent in it. It was created with it. Then what we, I fancy, desire is that we should bring art back to the same state in which the arts of design are so interwoven with the arts of production, that the one cannot be separated from the other; but that which is made, is by a certain necessity made beautiful. And this can only be when we are able to fill the minds of our artisans with true principles, until real taste pervades their souls, and until the true feeling of art is at their fingers'-ends. You will see, I think, from the example which I have given you, what is the principle at which I am aiming, and which I wish to establish. It is this, that at any period in which there has been a real close union between the arts of production and the arts of design, it has resulted from the union in one person of the artist and the artisan. Such, now, is the principle that I am going to develope. And in doing so, I must distinguish between arts of production belonging to two distinct classes. There are those in which necessarily there is manipulation, the use of the hand or of such instruments as the hand directly employs. There are those in which mechanical ingenuity is employed in the art of production. It is clear that these two must be treated distinctly; and I begin with the first, which affords the greatest number of illustrations and examples in proof of the principles which I have laid down. We will begin first, then, with illustrations from metal-work. Now the period in which there was the greatest perfection in this sort of work, as is universally acknowledged, is from about the fourteenth century, 1300 till 1500. It is singular that in that period five at least, very probably more—but we have it recorded th t five—of the most distinguished sculptors, whose works are now most highly prized, were originally working goldsmiths and silversmiths. These as given us in their respective lives are Vasari, Cellini, Ghiberti, Brunelleschi, and Bandinelli—all of whom began as mere silversmiths, jewellers, workmen, and developed most extraordinary talents as sculptors. Now, how was this done? Can we conceive now a person merely engaged as a journeyman, for instance, working upon such plate as is put before him becoming a man of the very highest character in art? There have been examples, as we shall see, but they are rare. But here we have five men within a limited period becoming most eminent. What was the reason of that?—Because the jeweller, the silversmith who worked with his hands, was considered of necessity to be educated not only as an artist, but as an artist of the highest class; and Vasari observes that in these times no man was reputed a good goldsmith who was not a good tradesman, and could not work well in relief (in those days, not simple casting). We have, therefore, a principle established in the working of the finer metals, that the person who did the material work of them must be an artist who could draw and model, and who could not only draw a model, but do the same also with the model itself; for that is the nature of the work of which I have spoken. Now take the life of Cellini. There was a man who originally was put to a totally different employment. His father had no higher ambition for him than that he should become a great player on the flute; and he teased him during the best years of his life because he had no taste for this, but ran after goldsmiths and others, and thus learned different branches of his profession. He led a most trying life. He went about from place to place. One day he was at Rome, on another he was at Naples, and at Florence a third, and at Venice, and so on to France. Then he would go back again. In fact, it seems incredible that he did any work; but any one who reads his life will soon learn the numerous subjects which he brought to light. He did not travel by train, or any public conveyance. He travelled on horseback, each time, from Rome to Paris. He had no luggage. He was a poor man; and wherever he came, he began by starting a shop. Then he commenced business by making his own tools and worked with his scholars, who were generally young men who afterwards became eminent, in the little shop looking to the street. There he hammered, and cast, and shaped, and did whatever else was necessary for the work. He was truly a

working goldsmith. And the beauty of his works consists in this: that the impress of ingenuity is so marked in them, that it is easy to see that they were not designed by one person and executed by another. There is to such art only one language; in every enamel, in every setting of a stone, it is exactly as nature designed. Nor does he speak in treating of himself in any other way. He went on from step to step, until he produced the most magnificent works, on a large scale, in marble and brass. And he describes how he constructed his furnaces. He went and bought one day the materials, and began to build; and when he was casting that most magnificent and exquisite statue of the Perseus, which is said to be one of the wonders of art, he had every sort of misfortune. His furnace was built up, an explosion took place which blew off the roof, and the rain came down in torrents in the fire. By his ingenuity, by his extraordinary perseverance, instead of being baffled by the accident, he kept on and brought out, almost without flaw, that most exquisite piece of workmanship. We may, however, imagine the state to which he was reduced, when, as the metal was ready to be poured out, the explosion took place. He had no remedy, but to run to the kitchen and take all the pans, and goblets, and coppers he could find and throw them into the fire; and from those, that splendid statue came forth. It is a glorious instance of the man's ingenuity. He tells us, on one occasion, that a surgeon came into the shop to perform an operation on one of his pupils. Upon looking at his instruments, he found them so exceedingly rude and clumsy that he said, "If you will only wait for a little, I will give you better instruments." And he went into the workshop, and took a piece of steel and brought out a most beautifully-finished knife, with which the operation was successfully performed. Now, this man, at the time you thus see him working as a common workman, was modelling in the most exquisite manner in wax, spending his evenings in the private apartment of the Grand Duke, assisting him in his presence with a hundred little trifles which are now considered treasures of art. And so, wherever he was, under all circumstances, he acted as an artist, but at the same time as a truly labouring artisan. It was the same with others in the same profession. He was not the only one, by any means, whose genius was so universal; because we find him telling us repeatedly that when he heard of a goldsmith (and in those days a goldsmith was a real artist) who excelled in any branch, he labored to rival and excel him. Thus he rivalled. In fact, there was not a branch of the art in which he did not consider it his duty to excel. With this spirit, it is wonderful that men of really great taste should have been produced—men who, observe, looked upon every branch of productive art as really a branch of the highest design, and thus in one person combined the power of the two? There was another celebrated jeweller of that time, Antonio Foppi, who is better known in the history of art by the name of Caradoso, which he received in Spain, and which signifies a bear's face. Cellini describes to us the process by which he produced his works. They were so carefully executed, and required such accurate knowledge of art that, as he acknowledges, he must have been very superior indeed in the arts of design. As an instance of what was the latitude, the extent of art, and how really a jeweller or a goldsmith in those days was not above work which now adays no one would dare to offer to a person of that profession, we have a case recorded in the history of a very particular friend of Cellini, of the name of Piloto. He was a jeweller, a goldsmith. He went to the Grand Duke of Tuscany when building his palace, who gave him the commission to make the metal blinds for the ground floor of it. And it is considered a pity that a work of so noble a nature should have perished, because there can be no doubt whatever, that it was a work of exquisite beauty. So that, you see, upon what may be considered the lowest stage of common production, the artist was not ashamed and did not feel it beneath him to condescend not only to give designs, but to do it, to execute it himself. We have in the collections, particularly of Italy, in the palaces, evident proofs of the great extent to which this combination of various arts must have been carried in works exceedingly complicated, extremely beautiful, and at the same time necessarily requiring a great deal of ability to execute. There are the rich cabinets in which may be found mixed together works in marble, in wood, in stone, and in metals, and in enamelling, and in painting, and all combined together, and by one idea, and all executed by one hand, but of the authors it seems impossible to find any good trace. They were probably produced by these men who, while called goldsmiths, as I said before, could work well upon any of these substances, and thus bring them harmoniously to form one beautiful whole.

Now let us proceed to what may be considered a higher branch of art, and that is sculpture. We shall find exactly the same principles go throughout. All the greatest artists of the most flourishing period were men who did their own work. You are probably aware—many, no doubt, are—that at the present day, when a sculptor has to produce a statue, he first of all makes his model in clay. It is probably a drawing first, then a small model, then a model of the same size as he intends the statue to be, full sized and completely finished. From this a cast is

taken in plaster. The block of marble is placed beside it; a frame is put over it, from which hang threads with weights attached. These form the points from which the workman measures every corresponding line, first to the model, and then those from the cast to the marble itself; and by means of a mere mechanical process, he gradually cuts away the marble to the shape of the cast, and often brings it so near to the finished work that the artist himself barely spends a few weeks upon it. This was not how the ancients wrought. They knew perfectly well that more feeling in touch can be imparted by a master's hand, even in the very beginning of a work, than there can be in the slow and plodding process of a mechanical labourer. And we find that those really exquisite sculptures of ancient times were those of their own workmanship. Vasari tells us of Oresgni that he made in a portico in Florence seven figures, all with his own hands, in marble, which yet exist. Now Oresgni was certainly a remarkable person. He was a sculptor, painter, architect; and was so justly vain, if I may so speak, of this varied character of his art, that upon his monuments of sculpture he calls himself painter, and upon his paintings he designates himself a sculptor. His paintings are to be found in the cemetery at Pisa. The most beautiful and splendid of his works is in a church at Florence, of which, I am glad to say, an exact copy is to have a place in the new Crystal Palace. This artist, whose works were most beautiful and most finished, did the work with his own hands, carved the whole of the marble himself. I shall have occasion to speak of another celebrated artist under another head; and I therefore mention one who became very celebrated, and from whose life it was very evident that he did the whole of the carving with his own hands, that is Brunelleschi. He lived at the period when art was becoming most beautiful, the period which just preceded tne appearance of still greater artists, but who in some respects departed from the purest principles of art. He was the contemporary of Donatello; and both were great friends and worked in the same church. An anecdote is related in the life of Donatello, which will show us that Brunelleschi was one who not merely called himself a sculptor but a carver, who performed the work with his own hands. He tells us that Donatello received a commission to carve a crucifix in St. Croce, and that he produced what was considered a very fine work. But he was anxious that his friend Brunelleschi should see it and approve of it. He invited him, therefore, one day to inspect it. Brunelleschi went. The work was covered up, as usual, during its execution. Brunelleschi looked at it when the covering was removed, and said nothing. Donatello felt hurt, and said, "I have brought you here to give your opinion, and tell me candidly what you think of it." He said immediately, "That figure is not a figure of Christ, but a peasant. Donatello was indignant. It was perhaps one of the most beautiful specimens of carving which had ever been produced, and he used an expression which became proverbial; and I cannot help remarking how many expressions of artists under peculiar circumstances have assumed the form of proverbs. The expression, when rendered into English from the Italian, means, "Take you a piece of wood and make one." Brunelleschi did not reply. He went home. He got a piece of wood. He said nothing to Donatello, and carved his crucifix. When it was quite finished, he met Donatello and said, "Will you come and sup with me this evening?"—I relate the anecdote to show what artists were; that they were not great gentlemen living in any particular style.—"I will do so with pleasure," said Donatello. "Then, come along;" and Brunelleschi, as they were going home, bought some eggs and cheese for supper. He put them in his apron, and said to Donatello, "Will you bring them to the house, while I purchase some other things, and I will follow you shortly?" Donatello consented. He entered the room, saw the crucifix, started in astonishment, let fall the apron, and——smashed his eggs. Brunelleschi soon followed, and found Donatello, with his hands stretched, his mouth open, and looking intently at the wonderful work. "Come," said he, "Where is my supper?" "I have had my supper, you get what you can out of what is left." And then he looked at his friend, and the noble-hearted, generous artist took him by the hand, and said, "You are made to represent Christ, I to represent peasants." This shows us, as I said before, that those poor artists carved or worked with their own hands, shut up in their own house; in fact, as Vasari tells us, they kept thus working, and never allowed any one to see it until it was quite completed. There can be no doubt that, among all the names celebrated in art, there is not one that can be put in comparison with that of Michael Angelo, a man, who not merely from his follower, disciple, and intimate friend, Vasari, but even from the jealous, envious, and ill-tempered Cellini, receives constantly the epithets of "The Divine." No man, certainly, ever had such a wonderful taste for art in every department—his great creations—as an architect, his Moses and his Christ; as a sculptor, his last Judgment and the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel as a painter, are all monuments which must have made the eternal fame not of three, but of a hundred artists in different departments. Great, noble, generous, and though, perhaps, somewhat in his temper not amiable, but yet sternly honest in all his dealings, he seems to have been the great centre around which art at this

period revolved. There was no one so great, so sublime in any branch of it that did not look up to Michael Angelo, and consider him as superior. It is considered that Raphael stole into the Sistine Chapel to see his wonderful work, and changed his style entirely upon beholding it; and it is perfectly acknowledged by writers of that time, that in other departments he was considered equally supreme. Now, one might consider that this man, upon whom commissions poured in every day for great works, would have employed a number of artisans to assist him, that he would have carefully prepared models, made and entrusted to skilful artificers, so as to lighten his labour. No such thing. There is every evidence, from the beginning to the end, that Michael Angelo performed every piece of work which he undertook, that he began with the blocks of stone taken from the quarry, that pretty generally he did not condescend to make designs in wax models, but immediately set to work with his chisel and mallet until he brought out the figures already existing in his imagination, and which he knew were as truly lurking in that inanimate block. Vasari shews us in fact from his unfinished pieces in what way he must have chipped out the marble from the block which he himself had begun to fashion, and which many afford as a reason for his having so many unfinished pieces about him. Either the idea did not come out, or he drove the stroke too far into the marble,—and so spoiled it; but certain it is, that most, if not all of the gigantic works which he executed were actually the products of his own hands, as well as of his own intellect. When he was getting an old man; when he was about the age of seventy-five, Vasari tells us that he used to be just as indefatigable with his hammer and chisel as when he was a young man. He had near his bedroom, if not in his bedroom itself (for he lived in a primitive and simple manner), a block of marble; and when he had nothing to do he used to be hammering at it; and when he was asked why he continually wrought at this branch of his art, he used to reply that it was for amusement, to pass away his time, and because it was good for his health to take exercise with a mallet.

He undertook at that advanced age to cut out of the enormous block of marble four figures as large as life intended to represent the Descent from the Cross. He had nearly completed the figure of our Lord, when, happening to meet with a large vein, he broke it one day into half a dozen pieces. It was seen in this state by one of his friends, who got them put together again, and transferred it to Florence, where it is now to be seen. But Vasari says, that in order to give himself occupation, he got another equally large block of marble, and began another group of the same sort. This was when he was seventy-five years of age. Vasari gives us an interesting account of how he worked. He says that he was remarkably sober; and while performing the greatest of his works, such as that at Rome, he rarely took more than a crust of bread and a glass of wine. This sobriety made him more vigilant, and requiring not so much sleep. And there he worked away with his chisel, having made for himself a sort of helmet, or cap of pasteboard, on which he put his light, so that the shadow of his body was never thrown on the work. *Apropos* of this, Vasari tells us an anecdote, which, though it does not directly bear on this subject, has been and is interesting, as showing the character of Michael Angelo and his times. Vasari observes that he never used wax candles for the purpose of working with, but candles of goat's tallow, which Vasari says were particularly excellent. Wishing to make him a present, he sent his servant one day with a large box of these candles, containing about forty pounds. The servant brought the box in, and Michael, who never accepted presents, told him that he might again take it with him. The servant said that he had no idea of taking it back, as his arms were nearly broken from having carried it the distance he did. "Then do what you like with it," said Michael. "Well," said the servant, "I will tell you what I will do; as I was coming, I observed before the door a nice bit of hardened earth; I will go and stick the candles in that, light them, and leave them all burning." Michael said, "I cannot allow such confusion as that would make at my door; you may, therefore, leave them." This shows the homely friendly way in which the artists lived among themselves. Now, we have a very interesting account of the manner in which he used to work at his marble by another contemporary writer, a Frenchman. Speaking of this subject, he says, "I can say that I have seen Michael Angelo, when he was past sixty years of age, and then, when at work, he would make the fragments of the marble fly about at such a rate, that he cut off more in a quarter of an hour than three strong young men could have done in an hour—a thing most incredible to any one who has not seen him. And he set to work with such fury, with such an impetus, that I was afraid that he would have dashed the whole marble in pieces, making at each stroke chips of three or four fingers thick fly about the air, and that with a material in which, if he had only gone a hair's breadth too far, he would have totally destroyed the work, which could not be restored like plaster or clay." Bernard Palissy was an artist, a painter; but he seems to have been a painter of rather humble pretensions. He tells us that he used to paint figures of images, and so on; but still he was an artist to some extent. He tells us, in his biography written by himself, that in 1544 there does

not seem to have been anything approaching to ornamental pottery in France. He happened to see an Italian cup, which struck him as being very beautiful; and he thought, "Why could not this be produced in France?" He set to work. He was a poor man. He had a good talent for chemistry, and was particularly desirous of finding out a system of enamelling pottery, and especially that white enamel which he contrived to make himself. He took his work to be baked in a glass-house, but found it completely failed. He set to work in his own house, and built a furnace. He set the ingredients in it, but found that they would not harden. Having nothing left, he pawned all his clothes. He burnt every article of furniture which he possessed. He went to his garden, pulled up the trellis, took the floor out of his house to keep up the fire, but his proportions not being exact, he could not get the glazing to set. Still he persevered. People charged him with being mad. He was subjected to every sort of annoyance, but still he went on. Finding that his furnace would not act, he built another, carrying the sand and water, mixing the lime, and building it with his own hands. He sat six days and six nights watching it. He received a little money from a commission, and returned to his work again, and this in the midst of the trials and annoyances to which he was subjected. He had everything set, the furnace lighted. He was sitting watching as before, when he heard crack after crack in every direction around him; the pebbles in his mortar flew out and stuck in his enamelled models and vessels, so that they were completely spoiled. He set to work again. He prepared materials once more; he put them into the fire, and this time there was a tremendous explosion, and all his work was again spoiled. He says that for sixteen years he persevered in this way, and at the end was crowned with success. He produced the first specimens in beautiful pottery, such as to this day are sought by the curious. He afterwards received a situation in the king's household, and ended the rest of his days in comfort and respectability. We are told by Pliny, to whom we must constantly recur for information on the subject of ancient art, that it was in the time of Augustus that the practice was introduced of painting the walls of houses. Temples had undoubtedly been painted before. The whole of the walls were covered with paintings. He tells us himself that when the temple of Ceres, near the Circus Maximus was restored, they cut away from the walls the works of Damophilus and Gorgasus, and framed them, as we do with pictures we wish to preserve. We know that on on one occasion the city was saved, when Demetrius besieged it, because he was afraid that if he destroyed it, the beautiful paintings which it contained would be lost. Now, observe that this painting of the walls corresponds to our paper-hanging. They did it by the craft and skill of the artist. How did they do this? I again must refer you to the cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii. They covered not only public buildings, but also private houses with beautiful paintings. They are not mere arabesques; they are not merely ornaments; but they are such a mixture of ornament and figures, perfectly designed and coloured, as show that there was no distinction between the architect and the painter of the house. The artist was himself the performer of the work. And so beautiful are these that we have hardly anything in modern things that is superior to some of these paintings, and they were so common that they were in all the houses. And we may observe that they are found on the walls of cities remote from the capital. They give a specimen of the condition of the provincial cities of the empire. Thus we find that great artists condescended to paint the walls of private houses as well as of public buildings. We have an instance in modern times, perhaps forming in itself one of the most beautiful productions of art—the painting of the gallery to which I have already alluded. Raphael undertook to do what we would not now think of committing but into the hands of a common decorator. There was no distinction, in his time, between the higher and lower state of art. The whole of art was one thing. A great artist considered that it was his place, and in his power, and in reality what he professes to do, even to make the smallest work, that was insignificant in itself, great and noble, and to stamp the very highest impress of art upon the commonest and most ordinary commissions that were given to him. I must now say a few words on another class of art, both of design and production, which will probably interest you more than any of those to which I have already adverted. It is art applied to textile fabrics. I must observe that there is a great difference between what art can do in this department, and what it can do in those others through which I have passed. Because the others are of a permanent and lasting nature, which are to continue for a time, they are worthy, therefore, of the care and attention of the artist of the very highest class. The others are perishable, and in all respects capricious, and always changeable; therefore it is impossible to bestow upon them the time, the leisure, and the degree of labour that is necessary to produce a great work of art. I have read with pleasure, and bear testimony to the important suggestions contained in a lecture delivered by Mr. Potter in this city. He is quite correct in his estimate of the somewhat exaggerated ideas which may exist on the power of art in connection with that which is not durable, and in reality has necessarily its value only for a brief period. I agree with him, therefore, in all that refers to

that subject; but, on the other hand, I accept his concessions that, even with regard to that amount, that extent of art, which is compatible with the nature of the substance on which it is to be displayed, we do not what we ought to do, and that we fall short of our neighbors, that while in that which is of a secondary nature, we have, by degrees, by perseverance and study, attained equality with them, yet there is a point more delicate and perfect which we have not yet reached. This is a concession which is important to what I have to say. It appears that there is some reason why in France they can produce, even in printed fabrics, a superior, a more delicate, and a more beautiful artistic effect than can as yet be given here. I shall have to speak upon the reason of this, which you will find accords in principle with what I have said. Because, observe, in these works, not made actually by handicraft, but with the assistance of mechanical skill, there must be a distinction between the designer and the mere workman, the man who puts the machine in motion, and puts work through it; although there can be no doubt it is necessary for the designer also to have considerable acquaintance with the process through which the design is brought out in actual manufacture. I only wish to observe, however, how the principle comes out here. You know the cartoons—the most perfect, the most finished work of art that exists—the cartoons of Raphael at Hampton Court. They are the labour of years; for they were all worked by his own hands; and nothing can be more beautiful than the perfection of outline, the artistic distribution of the different parts of the paintings, and, in fact, the whole of their merits. Now, what were these cartoons? Why, they were simply drawings for the loom. Raphael did not think it again below him to draw patterns which were to be sent to Holland and Belgium, and there executed by mechanics who wrought at that occupation. This shows, therefore, how the very highest talent may bend without degradation to assist practical art with all its power and with all its resources—and that where the union of the two cannot be got in the same person, then we have to think of the means by which the harmonious combination of both may be brought to produce one effect. While upon this subject, from the difficulties which oppose the bringing of this sort of art to its perfection, I am tempted to quote some beautiful lines upon the subject from one of our oldest but wisest poets—one who calls himself upon his tomb the servant of Queen Elizabeth and the counsellor of King James. I mean Lord Brooke. Considering that in those days the principal impulse to industry had to be given by the ruling power, he speaks of the duty of that power in regard to the production of manufactures; and he writes in these words:—

> Now, though wise kings do by advantage play
> With other states, by setting tax on toys,
> Which, if leagues do permit, they quietly may,
> As punishment for that vice which destroys,
> Of real things yet must they careful be,
> Here and abroad to keep their custom free.
>
> To which end power must nurseries erect,
> And those trades cherish which use many hands,
> Yet such as more by pains than skill effect,
> And so by spirits more than vigour stands,
> Whereby each creature may itself sustain;
> And who excel, add honour to their gain.

Perhaps you will excuse me having taken up this quotation, but I will read you another that occurs in the same page, because it seems at that time to be so wisely prophetic of what may be considered the commercial policy of this day—that policy which owes its greatest impulse, if not its origin, to this city. He says:—

> Providing cloth and food no burthen bear
> Then equally distributing of trade,
> So as no one rule what we eat or wear,
> Or any town the gulf of all be made:
> For tho' from few, wealth can be had and known,
> And still the rich kept servile by their own;
>
> Yet no one city rich or exchequer full,
> Gives states such credit, strength, or reputation,
> As that foreseeing, long-breathed wisdom will,
> Which, by a well disposing of creation,
> Breeds universal wealth, gives all content,
> Is both the mine and scale of government.

In conclusion, let us look upon art as the highest homage that can be paid to nature. And while religion is the greatest and noblest mode in which we acknowledge the munificence, the all-wise majesty of God, in what He has done both for the spiritual and for the physical existence of man, let us look upon art as the most graceful tribute of homage which we can pay to Him for the beauties He has so lavishly scattered over creation. Art, then, is to my mind, and I trust it is so to you all, a sacred and a reverend thing, and one which must be treated with all nobleness of feeling, all dignity of aim. We must not depress it. We must not lower it. The education of our artists must always be tending higher and higher. We must fear the possibility of our creating a lower class of artists, who will degrade the higher department, instead of endeavoring to blend and harmonize every department, so that there shall cease to exist in the minds of men the distinction between high and low art. And I conclude by reading another beautiful sentiment taken from the same poet:—

> The bee may teach thee industrious care:
> A worm in skill thy master thou must own;
> With higher spirits wisdom thou dost share;
> But Art, O man! hast thou alone!

People should travel, if for no other reason than to receive every now and then a letter from home; the place of our birth never appears so beautiful as when it is out of sight.

Did you ever know a Continental tourist who, if he unfortunately happened to speak English, didn't everywhere discover he was charged at least double for it?

SONG OF THE VILLAGE CHURCH BELL.

Up with the rooks where none can reach,
A goodly priest am I,
And the world may hear my loud voice preach
As the busy winds go by;
Over the bridge with her orange flowers,
Over the dead man's form,
Now I make merry the bridal hours,
Then I arouse the worm.
Ding, dong! I ring or I toll
For the young child's life or the old man's soul.

Up where nothing but moss can grow,
And the arms of the ivy trail,
I chime with the mourner's sob below,
And the new-born infant's wail.
The banner has waved o'er my belfry home,
While I've pealed with a nation's pride,
But ere that day had passed away,
I proclaimed that a king had died.
Ding, dong! I ring or I toll
For the young child's life or the old man's soul.

Up with the rooks where none can reach,
A goodly priest am I,
And the world may hear my loud voice preach
As the busy winds go by.
Oh! many shall wake and many shall sleep
'Neath the varied tales I tell,
And many a heart shall dance and weep
To the tune of the Old Church Bell.
Ding, dong! I ring or I toll
For the young child's life or the old man's soul.

FANCY'S SKETCH.

Stretched at full length on two sofas, which occupied opposite corners of an immense fire-place, were two young men busily engaged smoking from long Turkish pipes.

"What is the matter with you, Alfred? You are not saying a word."

"Nothing in the world. I was waiting for you to break silence."

"Then we might have waited long enough for each other."

"I was thinking of a most delightful adventure."

"Well, then, you might as well think aloud."

"With all my heart, only that you may think I play somewhat too conspicuous a part in it."

"Pray begin; I promise you only to believe half."

"It is now about a week since I received a card of invitation to a ball. The name was wholly unknown to me, so I lighted my pipe with the note. But stay; I must fill it now. There. And now to proceed.

"Some days after, feeling rather depressed and a little out of sorts, I thought a little gay society would do me no harm. 'By my faith,' said I to myself, 'I ought to have gone to this ball.' And a moment after I said again, 'I wish I had gone to this ball.' Ha! there is actually a scrap of the invitation left; and it is for this evening. What is to prevent my going?' Accordingly I dressed, and that, be it remarked, *en passant*, for reasons best known to my tailor and myself, was a matter of no slight difficulty. My toilet once made, such as it was, everything went on smoothly enough. I sent the porter for a cab to take me to the appointed house. You know the house—that magnificent one in the Rue St. Honoré, in front of which are those two splendid statues, before which I have so often stood lost in admiration. I entered, was announced, and could see that my name made a great sensation. I made my way to the lady of the house to pay my respects, Beside her was a young lady, evidently her daughter, who blushed deeply, and appeared somewhat embarrassed as I approached. In a few moments, there being no listeners near us, she whispered quickly to me—

"Be sure you do not forget that it was Ernest gave you an introduction."

Thereupon she left me, and joined a lady who had just entered the room.

Not to forget that it was Ernest gave me the introduction! But who and what was this Ernest? Why had he given me an introduction?

As I was puzzling over it all, I was accosted by a stout gentleman—

"You are taking nothing, sir. The refreshment room is quite near."

I answered by a bow, and he immediately led the way to it.

"Where is Ernest? I want to thank him for having brought you to us."

"On the contrary, sir, it is I who am deeply indebted to Ernest."

"Can you tell me how this law-suit is going on?"

"What law-suit?"

"Oh, the great family suit."

"Oh! it is going on exceedingly well."

"I am glad to hear it. Have you spoken to my wife and daughter?"

"Yes, I have had the honour."

"Now tell me honestly, do you follow Ernest's example?"

"Follow Ernest's example! You may fancy how embarrassed I was to find a ready answer to this question, but a hem and a haw got me out of the scrape, for my stout friend went on to say—

"Ernest is good for nothing; he neither plays nor dances."

"I, on the contrary, am very fond of dancing, and if I am not, as I fear, quite too late, I would beg permission to engage your daughter."

"I rather think her card must be full by this time. Still I know that she generally reserves a dance or two for any late comers she may wish to favour. Come, I will make your request for you." And so saying, he led me up to his daughter, whose first words, when her eye fell upon us, were—

"I see you have not forgotten our engagement for the next quadrille."

"How is this?" inquired my portly friend; you said just now——"

"I was as much surprised as he was, but hastened to say, "I had asked the young lady, but she turned to speak to some one who was just coming into the room, and left me in doubt whether she would accede to my request."

"So you see my mediation was quite unnecessary; and now I will leave you. When you see

Ernest, pray tell him I have got something to say to him."

Being left alone with my own thoughts in the midst of this perfectly strange world, I began to try and bring them into some order. Everybody here, thought I, seems to know me, and I know not a human being. It is very evident this fair damsel is wondrously smitten with me, and would have no objection to a little love-making. It is easily guessed what she wants to say to me. At all events I shall soon know; but what am I to say to her? If I only knew who this Ernest is.

In the meantime the music for the quadrille began, and I hastened to secure my partner. She is a handsome fine-looking girl of about twenty. We danced the first figure without uttering a word, but when the turn of the side-couples came, the young lady said to me:

"As far as papa is concerned, there is no danger, but do not trust Ernest. He knows nothing, as you may easily perceive. He is a friend, a sincere friend, but I should be quite ashamed of his knowing, and yet it was necessary that we should come to some explanation. You may speak without any risk now."

"What was I to explain? I was perfectly bewildered. Fortunately, we were just at this moment separated by the figure of the dance, and when we rejoined each other, she had, to my inexpressible relief, entirely forgotten that it was my turn to speak. I could quite understand the poor girl's falling in love with me at first sight, but the previous knowledge of me implied utterly perplexed me. She herself resumed the conversation by saying,—

"The first thing I must do is to return your letters."

This is confusion worse confounded, thought I; I have to my knowledge never written a line to her in my life. But she continued:—

"You could have been guilty of no greater imprudence than to write to me in such a manner. It has always been my habit to hand my mother every letter I receive before I break the seal, and it was by a most lucky chance that I did not do so with either of your letters. I have not replied to them, as I thought it better to do so by word of mouth. But I would not venture to have a private interview with you: here amongst so many people I shall have more courage. You must really not write to me any more, nor remain for so many hours before my door. There is no knowing what people may say."

My goodness! What a game of cross purposes! I who stood before the door merely to look at the statues! However, now I saw my way, and I answered boldly, that being once admitted into her house, I should no longer have occasion to remain standing before the door, and that if she would permit me to speak to her, I need not write.

Another movement of the dance again separated us. After which my fair partner went on:

"No, it is far better that we should not see each other again. I am, as you know, engaged to another, and all intercourse ought to be henceforth out of the question."

"What, madam, not see you again? After devoting my whole life for so long a time to you alone; after having accustomed myself to make you the subject of every thought, the object of every hope. No! no! for ever, no! If you will not allow me to *say* to you how much I love you, I will *write* it ten times a day. If you will not concede me the privilege of seeing you in your own house, I will station myself as a shoe-black opposite your door, brushes and all, and never leave my post for an instant."

"You terrify me!"

"Oh! could I ever have thought, ever have expected, to meet only hatred in return for such undying love and devotion."

"I did not say that it was only hatred I felt for you, but this I say, that it is the only feeling it would be allowable for me to express."

The country-dance came at length to an end. As I led her to a seat, I whispered, "Remember the shoe-brushes."

She smiled as I left her, and mingled with the crowd. I had enough to occupy my thoughts in trying to unravel of what romance she was making me the hero. What part did this Ernest play in it, and who is he? Still, however that might be, I saw in the whole thing up to this nothing but a rare frolic. I was to be favoured with another country-dance after three other engagements which my fair partner was obliged to keep.

The time came, and our conversation was resumed.

"I have been thinking ever since, fair lady, of my polishing brushes."

"And so have I, but I am afraid of them."

"You have only to forbid me to do it, then."

"Oh certainly; I forbid you most positively."

"A thousand thanks."

"For what? I do not understand you."

"For what? For the permission you give me to visit you very often."

"Indeed, I do not see why you may not come. Many other young people visit here. But first, you must renew the pledge you gave me in your last letter."

I was again in the mire, and deeper than ever. What promise had I given? But there was no time to hesitate, so I answered boldly—

"I swore dear lady, by my love to you."

She smiled.

"This is a strange way of inspiring me with confidence in you."

"What can you mean? I swore by all that is most sacred and precious to me."

"'Ah! so by your love you swore never more to speak to me of your love.'

"'This then is what I had sworn. I was all right again.'

"Dear me, dear lady; I will not deceive you. I will say whatever you wish; I will converse with you on any topic you please: but you are to remember that henceforth whatever I say, be the subject what it may, I shall always mean one and the same thing—I love you.'

"'But what is to be done with Ernest?'

"'Bah! what on earth is Ernest to me?'

"'But he is much to me, and his feelings must be spared as much as possible.'

"'Oh, I will be as considerate to him as you could wish."

"'Thank you, that will oblige me greatly.'

"'But I do not know him.'

"'How? You do not know him! Was it not he that took you the invitation?'

"'The note was given to my porter without a word being said of whom it came from.'

"'He told me he knew you very well.'"

"'I have not got a single acquaintance of that name.'

"In short, dear friend, by the time our long conversation was at an end, I had learned part of the secret and guessed the rest.

"Mademoiselle de—had seen me countless times standing before her door, admiring, as you know, the statues. She had also received two anonymous love letters, in which, amongst other impassioned phrases, was the following:—'The sweetest moments of my life are those which I spend gazing at the spot privileged to hold you..' As Mademoiselle de— was fully persuaded that I was desperately in love with her, so these letters were most naturally put down to my account. Some days after, she was going out to drive with a friend, as I came in front of the door. Her companion saw me, and said—

"'Look, there is M. Alfred de Bussault.'

"'Who, that young man?'

"'Yes,' said the friend. 'Do you not know him?'

"'No. Are you acquainted with him?'

"'Only by name. He is a celebrated young artist.'

"What a handsome, interesting face! Altogether he is quite divine,' said my inamorata."

But here Alfred was interrupted by his auditor.

"Heyday, man; who on earth reported this conversation to you?"

"Nobody. This is part of what I told you I guessed."

"Oh, I understand; very well, go on."

"You will allow this was not doing badly for a first appearance. The two young ladies, particularly my fair friend, were so charmed with me, that they settled between them that I must be invited to the house. But how was this to be managed?"

"Some days after, the conversation was dexterously turned upon the young artist, and they repeated many flattering things which, according to them, were publicly said of my unworthy self. Ernest, who had been so long engaged to her that she had time to forget that he was her lover, though she did not forget to claim from him every attention, and the fullest submission to her every caprice,—Ernest, who was always at hand precisely whenever he was wanted, was not without his hobby; and this was, a desire to be considered as the particular friend, or the acquaintance at least, of any person of notoriety. And so when my name was mentioned he said at once—

"'Bussault, I know him intimately.'

"'Do bring him then to pass an evening with us. But you must take the whole thing upon yourself, with my father. If I were to ask papa myself, he would insist upon mamma's admitting some old twaddle to our party, and this would be paying too dear for M. de Bussault's presence.

"'Very well; I will ask your father for a card for one of my friends, and will bring him to you.'

"And thus it happened that Ernest who did not know me in the least, but who easily found out where I lived, merely sent me the invitation, hoping, before the evening of the ball, to find some one who would introduce me to him; but some family circumstances obliged him to leave Paris unexpectedly for some days. Meanwhile, I went to the ball, and told you the delightful evening I had, and the conquest I had made."

"Ah! now I understand why you were in such a deep reverie. I cannot, however, help saying that the whole story appears to me a little improbable. Be candid with me. Lay aside all the embroidery and let me see the naked canvas."

"With all my heart. The truth, the plain truth, unadorned and unvarnished is simply this;—While smoking, I was thinking of an invitation which I actually had to a ball given at this young lady's house, and which quite surprised me, as I knew none of the family. It came off the day before yesterday, and all that I have been telling you is just fancy's sketch of what it is most likely would have taken place had I gone to the ball, which I should have done, but that my black coat was somewhat too shabby, and my tailor would not listen to reason."

THE WONDERS OF OMNIBUS TRAFFIC.

There are daily plying through the streets of London 3,000 omnibuses, each carrying 300 passengers daily, or 2,000 a week, which makes for the entire omnibuses 6,000,000 a week, or the enormous number of 300,000,000 passengers a year. Supposing each passenger paid a threepenny fare, the amount expended annually upon omnibuses would be £3,750,-000. An omnibus coachman driving an omnibus 60 miles a day—which is below the average—although he may not drive a greater distance than five miles each journey, yet passing the same ground over and over again, would in the course of seven years perform the extraordinary distance of 173,880 miles, or 521,640 miles in twenty-one years, which several coachmen have done without varying their route—say from Chelsea to the Bank. And yet, after all this labour and all this travelling, although each day they carry in their hands, from eight, A. M. to ten, P. M., a hundred and a half (the supposed weight of the strain upon the horses,) they have not but in very few instances, saved sufficient to pay their funeral expenses. The manual labour employed comprises the following:—Coachmen and conductors, 6,000; horsekeepers, 3,000; occasional drivers and hangers-on, 2,000; total, 11,000. The value of the metropolitan omnibus establishments is estimated at £962,000,, viz., horses worth £600,000; omnibuses, £300,000; harness, 6,000; and sundries, 2,000. The expenditure figures £787,000 for corn; £225,000 for straw; £750,000 for hay; and £7,800 for horseshoeing; to which are to be added £156,000 for wear and tear, and £180,000 for harness, exclusive of stabling and its accidentals. The Government duty, at 1½d. per mile, amounts to £393,756.

DONNINGTON GIBBET, A LEGEND OF BERKSHIRE.

About 150 years ago, during the reign of King Charles II., there lurked about these parts a most daring and dangerous villain, who had from his youth upwards lived a lawless life of plunder and outrage. His parents, poor but honest folk, perhaps unfortunately for him, but certainly most fortunately for them, died while he was yet a mere boy; but, young as he was, he had already discovered talents of no common order for that turn of life which alone his evil mind led him to look on with pleasure. Learning of every description was his particular aversion, and the only evidences on record of his being aware that there was in the village such a building as a church, were the many attempts which he made to pilfer from it the few valuables it contained. He was as ugly in his person as he was deformed in his mind; and his swarthy complexion, and dark-shaggy hair and eyebrows, had gained for him from his earliest years the nickname of "Black Tom."

At a fair held at Donnington Cross, the place we had just passed, and to which he had, when about fifteen years old, gone in the hope of there exercising to some profit his petty larceny propensities, there chanced to come an old woman not a little celebrated throughout Berkshire for her skill in fortune-telling, and whose peculiar dwelling-place had obtained for her the familiar appellation of the Witch of the Wood. Between this person and Tom there existed, from what original cause is not known, settled enmity and continued warfare. Two of a trade, they say, can seldom agree; and it may be supposed that on more than one occasion this pair of practitioners in the art of abstraction had interfered professionally one with the other.

With the true cunning of her art, she of whom we speak, on arriving at the present scene of action, of course promised more or less of prosperity in the world to her youthful customers accordingly as they varied in the amount of the retaining-fee offered at the shrine of her mystical knowledge. Tom, who had, unobserved, for some time stood by in sullen silence, at length caught her eye, and, seeing that she changed the expression of her features the moment they rested on his, he cried out, with a mixture of spite and banter—

"Now, mother, don't you know your favorite son?"

"Ay, that I do, and much better, too, than he thinks or likes," was the ready reply.

A titter, which ran through the surrounding crowd of half and full grown urchins, did not seem to increase Tom's small stock of good humor, and with his teeth set and his fist clenched, he blustered up to the old woman, the juvenile bystanders, to whom his prowess in the fight was most fully known, making at the first moment most respectful way for him. For an instant there seemed to be some doubt in the mind of the sibyl as to whether her divine art might prove sufficient defence against this flesh and blood assault; but her confidence in it being suddenly restored by the appearance of the parish beadle, she mustered up her forces, and, putting on her most imposing air, she exclaimed, "Never swell nor swagger here; I am not a chicken in Farmer Grouse's hen-roost to be fluttered at by you, stretching out your felon fore-paw." This little allusion to one of Tom's well-known pastimes was only making bad worse, and there is no saying to what extent of violence that, and the loud laugh which it caused, might have driven him, had he not just then caught sight of the great parish authority before alluded to—the only human being, indeed, for whom Tom had ever known to be guilty of the smallest sign of respect. In a moment, changing his scowl into a bitter smile, he said—

"Well done, mother! I forgot that on my last visit to neighbor Grouse you were my help-mate; and yet I might have remembered it too, for by the same token I well recollect who it was that ate the chicken, broth, barley, bones, and all. But, come, I bear you no grudge for it, and, if you answer me one civil question, we'll part friends as usual."

The old woman looked at him a moment, and then, as if impatient to hear what he evidently intended should be a poser, she exclaimed—

"Out with it, then, in a breath, and don't make as many mouthfuls of your words as you did of the oatcake you stole this morning out of Nelly Jones's corner cupboard."

"What! peaching again!" said Tom, with great coolness; for he had by this time recovered himself sufficiently to be a match, as he thought, for all the chattering old women in the country, "now, I tell you what, mother, from this time you and I dissolve partnership. I am not going to run whole risks for half profits; at any rate, I won't be such a fool for one who can't keep her tongue between her teeth; so answer my question, and then good bye."

"Out with it, I say again, limb of the devil!"

"So I will, hag of ——"

The remainder of the compliment was lost in the loud cry which was at this moment uttered

on the sudden coming in contact of the beadle's staff with the speaker's sconce; but this was caused more by surprise than by suffering, for to the latter he was tolerably hardened, and in a few moments, looking round at the burly functionary, who was, with all his wonted dignity of office, motioning him to withdraw from the scene of action, he muttered out, "Well, let her answer my question, and I will." The gold-laced hat was observed to move in token of compliance, and Tom, gathering up his scattered powers, darted on the subject of his inquiry one of his most hideous scowls, and then said—

"Tell me this—When will you be ordered your first whipping at Donnington Cross?"

The look was returned with interest, and with cool and slow delivery this answer was given—

"The same day that you get your second hanging on Donnington gibbet."

This strange reply evidently had its effect both on him to whom it was addressed, and on the bystanders, for it caused even the great staff officer himself to open his eyes, and to raise their brows in wonderment; nay, he actually went so far as to break through the proud silence which he was wont to observe whenever he was clothed in his gilded robes of state; and something of "second hanging—umph! first generally—umph! quite sufficient—umph!" actually escaped his lips; but, perceiving, at this moment, that his unusual loquacity was causing his astonished hearers to approach his person with far too much of familiarity, he gave a most awful clearing of the throat, struck his ponderous mace with violence against the ground, and was in a moment himself again.

Tom had kept strictly to the articles of agreement, for, whether he liked not the old woman's reply, or from whatever other cause, he was by this time nearly clear of the crowd, and mingled no more with it that day. But although the actual scene was thus brief; the concluding words of it were long remembered by those present, who used, in after years, while sitting in their chimney-corners, to recur to them with the same wonder as to their fulfilment as was excited as to their meaning when first they had heard them.

I could go on for an hour detailing to you various minor events of Black Tom's lawless life, but time, and fear of tiring you, equally forbid it; I shall, therefore, content myself with a recital of the singular circumstances which put the final close to his criminal career, and which were of such a nature as to bear out, in many people's minds, the strange prophecy uttered concerning him ten years before by the Witch of the Wood.

A very extensive robbery took place in this immediate neighbourhood. It had been planned by London practitioners in the art of plunder; but, as they were in want of some important local information for a due execution of the project, they naturally addressed themselves to Tom, who, for a promise of a sufficient share in the booty, undertook to be their pilot. This proved an unlucky job for him; for one of the gang, being afterwards taken, and carried before the magistracy there, compromised for the sparing of his own life by denouncing Tom, of whose part in the crime till then no suspicion had existed. The evidence, however, was so clear, and the feeling so strong against him, that his trial was a mere ceremony; at the close of which sentence of death was passed upon him, and he was condemned to be executed, and afterwards hanged in chains, the shortest time the law allowed then, being given to him for preparation. The gibbet was erected at Donnington-cross, on a spot ever since called Gallows Corner; and to this the unfortunate malefactor was led early on the day appointed for his execution.

Such a spectacle being then, happily, of rare occurrence in these parts, vast crowds were attracted to the spot by that strange curiosity common to common minds, which can find excitement alike in scenes of mourning or of merriment. At the eleventh hour, however, a difficulty, as unexpected as it was unwelcome, arose; for it was necessary that the iron hoops which were to encircle the body immediately after death should, for that purpose, be fitted on during life; and the smith (the only one in that part of the country) proving but a bungler at his trade, had, it seemed, wofully mistaken his measure, so that on the day of execution, when this tailor of death brought home his client's "last suit," merely basted as it were together, to be tried on, it was found to be in some instances as much too ample as in others it was too scanty. The ceremony was, therefore, delayed while the knight of the iron goose endeavoured to alter and adjust his work; but so completely were the few wits, which he at cooler moments possessed, now scattered by the novelty and responsibility of his situation, that hour after hour passed away, and still found and left the last work of the law unfinished. Towards evening the spectators, who had long been murmuring at the inconvenient delay thus occasioned, began to vent their dissatisfaction more audibly, and more palpably, both in word and in deed. Hisses, and groans, and sticks, and stones, were

heard and felt, and the rising storm was, for a short time, hushed only by the following occurrence :—

"Just as the evening sun was sinking behind the neighbouring hills, there appeared suddenly upon the ground a lengthened shadow, which ran along it, stretching on to the fatal gallows-tree, and there terminating on the very face of the condemned, whose glazed eye that instant fell on the gaunt figure of the Witch of the Wood. For the moment a cold tremor seized him as he recollected her last parting words to him; but, as if ashamed of quailing before her of all people, he almost in the same breath called for a glass of strong liquor, which being supplied him, he tossed it off to her health, and then, with a bitter jocularity, he thus addressed her :—

"Now, mother of darkness, what do you there, standing between Heaven's sun and your own, to make us believe we have seen each other for the last time—and how is this? I thought you promised me a treat in this world before I left it. Keep you not your word, false hag! Where is the whipping you were to have the day that I get my hanging?"

All faces were directly turned towards the new comer, who, after remaining portentously silent for a few moments, thus slowly answered :—

"The mother of darkness can cast nothing but shade; but that matters little to eyes like yours, that never yet could bear to look on the light of truth; and, for the whipping—if your sore fright at going out of the world can let you remember anything that took place in it, look back to my words of ten years since. I promised you then that Donnington-cross should hear me ordered my first whipping, the day that Donnington gibbet should see you get your second hanging; and as sure as hemp shall make the lash that shall almost flourish over me, and the noose that shall quite strangle you, so sure shall my words come true."

"With the conclusion of this mysterious sentence she strode from the spot, and the impatience of the multitude being only increased by this momentary check to its expression, now burst forth with more than renewed vigour; and soon, the violence swelling into open tumult, the civil authorities were attacked and dispersed, and Jack Ketch himself with his friend the iron smith were glad to compound for their personal safety by the abandonment of the latter's handiwork, and by the hurried and half complete performance of the former's.

The fast coming-darkness of the night hid from the view of almost all the assembly the agonized face of the victim, as to the last he struggled for life itself, while the noise and confusion of may tongues drowned his single cry for mercy. In a few moments all was over, or at least was thought to be so, for the cause and object of the affray having given what was believed to be his last convulsive movement, those to whom he had just before been everything, now turning their thoughts to some more substantial excitement, as by universal consent, dispersed over the face of the country. This was done with so much of haste, that where there had lately been but noise and life, there now remained but silence and death. The first sound that broke upon the stillness of the scene was that of a solitary pair of wheels, and there soon arrived upon the spot the light cart of a market-gardener and his son. On their way home from a distant employment, they had fallen in with some of the retiring multitude, and, to the great regret of the younger of the two found they had arrived just in time to be too late. Increasing their speed, however, they made for the gallows, and driving straight to its foot, they sat some time looking up in a sort of stupid wonderment at that which, as Macbeth says, "might appal the Devil."

The night breeze was just then rising, and as it sighed through the branches of the neighboring trees, and slightly stirred their fading leaves, both sight and sound gave such solemnity to the scene, that by degrees, a natural awe came over the minds of those rude sons of the soil, who had at first regarded the breathless corpse only as they would have looked on a withered cabbage. This new feeling once aroused, grew on them with a rapidity known only to those that have but impulse to guide them; and, when it is remembered how strong is the effect produced by the contemplation of the lifeless, soulless body upon all reflective minds, that never pause in their maddest gaiety, to think that to this complexion they must come at last, it cannot be matter of wonder that to these children of ignorance such a spectacle acted as a perfect bewilderment of all understanding. Each turned his eyes ever and anon from the dreadful object to seek in the other some look of encouragement, some gesture of animation; but the mutual hope was, as a matter of course, a mutual failure. Whether market-gardeners, like modern ladies, have or have not those troublesome appendages called nerves, I cannot take upon me to decide; but this I know that in a very short space of time the unfortunate pair of whom I am speaking were in such a state of

highly wrought excitement, that to their sight the body actually moved. It might now be truly said of them that "their eyes were made the fools of the other senses, or else were worth them all,"—and they were worth them all for the body did move: not as it had already done in one mass, slowly swinging in the breeze, but by parts and portions: now a hand, now a foot, and now both at once! They nearly fell from their vehicle with horror and affright, when, at that moment, to crown all, a moan came upon their ears. They stared and stood aghast—they looked and listened. It might be the wind along the summer grass, or through the hawthorn hedge. No, it was neither, for a second came—a clear, distinct and human moan—and this was immediately followed by a convulsive movement of the whole frame, so long and strong, as to remove any doubt that there was yet life in the supposed defunct.

"He is not dead!" they both cried out at once, and, at that instant, a voice replied, "not dead!"

"Who's that?" exclaimed the father, almost screaming with affright.

"Not I," replied the son, in a similar tone, and then, after a few moments, he added, "it must have been the echo! come, father, see how the poor wretch struggles! shall we not save him?"

"Save him!" cried the same voice which they had before heard, and which this time seemed to come from behind the spinny by which the gibbet was backed, and again their alarm was, for a short space, at its height; but common compassion soon took the place of uncommon terror, and, setting to work heart and hand, they quickly cut the rope, and divested the sufferer of the noose, which, in the hurry and fright of the unskilful practitioner, had been so put about the neck as to cause only half-strangulation. They then stripped the body, and, with their strong hands, well rubbed the vital regions to restore circulation, and, finally, opened the clenched teeth, and poured down the throat a good dose of that invigorating fluid of which they were themselves too fond ever to stir any distance without it. The effect of this treatment was soon apparent, for the dead-alive opened his eyes, and, after some small but homely expressions of doubt as to which world he was actually in, he was easily prevailed on to take another draught of brandy in order to prove beyond a doubt that he was not in the land of spirits. By repeated administrations of this much-praised, much condemned liquid, which Black Tom thus at his second entrance into life sucked in like mother's milk, which it had always been to him the work of restoration was completed, and in less than an hour he was by the side of his humane companions on his way to their hospitable fireside, where bed and board and every care were lavished upon him.

Thus passed the night; and in the morning, when the dismayed and defeated authorities returned to Donnington-cross to complete their work, by enclosing Black Tom in iron hoops, as ordered by law, what was their astonishment to find no vestige of the body! Consternation, was, for the time, the order of the day, which soon, however, settled itself down into the quiet belief, on the part of the better informed, that the culprit's friends had been at hand, and, ready and active to take advantage of the confusion, had carried him off in the hope of restoring animation, while the more ignorant were, as is their wont, not slow to attribute to mankind's arch enemy himself this peculiar care of his favorite offspring. In the mean time, the worthy gardener's compassion did not stop at this mere point of restoration: it had, indeed, been well for him if it had done so; for, if ever the gallows-tree grew to any real good purpose, it was to hang such a heartless, hopeless, unvaried, and unmitigated scoundrel as was he who had just escaped his well-merited doom there.

The honest, well-meaning pair who had saved him from death, and who afterwards concealed, sheltered, protected, and supported him, in the new life they might be said to have given him, too soon, and too severely, felt the sting which this human serpent, warmed into existence by their kindness, first darted upon his preservers and benefactors. He began by such petty pilferings and small outrages as were scarcely perceived, or speedily overlooked. But it was not in his nature to stop at these; and not a twelvemonth had elapsed, when, after one particular occasion, for which, in consequence of his misdoings, his host had ventured to call him to a severe account, he quitted the house, abstracting at the same time such articles as were most easy of removal. The good folks were too glad to be rid of such an inmate at any price to make any serious stir about his departure; besides that, for their own sakes, remembering what they had done in the face of the law, they judged it more prudent as well as humane to be silent. Fate, however, had willed that they should suffer still more for their misplaced compassion; and thus Black Tom, having speedily associated himself with others of a like spirit, re-commenced his quondam trade of daily plunder and nightly marauding; and, in the fulness of his gratitude,

soon marked out his late protectors for his present prey.

Being so well aware, as he naturally was, of their habits and movements, he was of course enabled to shape his plan of attack to the best advantage; and there is no doubt that their property, and if necessary their lives, would have fallen the sacrifice, but for an act of his own, arising out of his revengeful nature. Accident just then brought him in contact with his old enemy, the Witch of the Wood, and, suspicions having fallen on her of being by her spells the cause of a foul disease amongst the cattle then prevalent in the neighbourhood, Black Tom, in order to insure her punishment, having first disguised himself as a wayfaring traveller, came voluntarily forward, and deposed to the midnight spells and sorceries on her part, to which, as he swore, he had by chance been witness. His statement was so clear, and his interference seemed so completely the result only of a kindly feeling for the sufferers, that it was readily believed, and the reported witch was sentenced by the purblind old magistrate, who had heard the case in his own parlour, to be severely whipped at Donnington-cross. The beadle was about to remove her for that purpose, when, thrown off his guard by his extreme joy, her accuser stepped up to her, and whispered in her ear, in his own natural voice—

"So, mother, they've ordered you your whipping at Donnington-cross."

"Ha!" exclaimed the prisoner, at once recognizing her inveterate foe, "'tis Black Tom; I know him now, in spite of his sandy wig."

"Black Tom!" cried the feeble old magistrate.

"Black Tom!" echoed the burly beadle.

"Then," continued his worship, "the devil has not yet got his own; seize on the villain and hold him fast."

"I will," replied the functionary; but before he could put his ponderous weight in movement Tom had burst through the glazed door, that opened on the lawn, and throwing off as soon as he could the heavy driving-coat which formed his chief disguise, he darted with lightning speed over hedge and ditch, and had soon distanced all pursuit. Intent upon one desire of securing the flying criminal, no one heeded her who had so lately been the object of universal attention, and she had just the sense to profit by the turn things had taken, and to withdraw herself altogether from that by which she had nothing to gain and everything to lose. Not to throw a chance away, she, however, very quietly took up the coat which Black Tom had abandoned, never disdaining to accept of what might be useful even from an enemy. She found on a cursory inspection that its appearance without was not of a very promising nature, but, like Hamlet, it had "that within which passeth show;" for, on a more careful examination of the pockets, to which indeed, her usual habits naturally led her, she found among some papers of inferior import one by which her attention was in a moment riveted. This was the plan entered into between Tom and two confederates, with whose names she was acquainted, to rob, that very night, the house of his former protectors, situated some miles from the spot where she then was, and the plunder of which it was agreed should be shared equally among them. This intention, however, having by these extraordinary means become known to the Witch of the Wood, she, with all speed, repaired to the dwelling of the devoted father and son, and in all haste warned them that in a few hours it would be attacked by thieves. They were instantly for seeking aid from the civil power, or at least from their friends; but this their informant would not hear of.

"They are but three," said she.

"But three!" was the reply. "How know you that?"

"No matter," she rejoined. "What I know, and not how I know it, is all that you need mind; I tell you they are but three:" and then drawing herself up to her full height, she added indignantly, "are not we the like number?"

Those she was addressing seemed somewhat astonished to find that the old woman thus included herself in the number of defenders; but their wonder was much greater when she thus proceeded—

"Talk of calling constables and neighbours, indeed! What for, unless it may be to listen to Black Tom's story of who came between him and the just sentence of the law last Lammas-tide?"

The father and the son stared at each other in utter amazement; for this was the first time they ever heard a suspicion breathed that they were suspected of having had any hand in the removal of the body from the gallows.

At length, "Black Tom," said the father, "is he not dead!"

"Not dead!" exclaimed the visitor, with a tone of emphasis which it seemed to them they had heard before.

"And if he was cut down the night he was hanged, what had we to do with that?" asked the son; and then with an attempt at a searching glance, as if to discover how much the reputed witch really knew, and how much she only

pretended to know, he added, "we did not save him."

"Save him!" ejaculated the hag; and in an instant both father and son recognized the peculiar voice and the self-same words which they heard with such terror on the night of the execution. Their looks fell to the ground, while the hag, regarding the pair for a few moments with the most contemptuous composure as she leaned on her long staff, thus spoke:—

"I tell you no list'ner need be at a loss,
For an echo there lives around Donnington Cross:
And though what was done there to no one was known,
Yet Donnington gibbet would soon have its own."

"What do you mean mother?" asked the young man anxiously.

"You shall know time enough," answered she quickly. "At present there is business to be done; put out your lights, bar your doors and windows, look to your firelocks, and above all, call up a manly courage to your breasts. Come, my warning's worth a dram at least, we weak women need something to support us when we are to do the work of men. With brandy you brought the dead culprit to life, and now 'tis brandy shall help the live culprit to death:—there;" continued she, drinking off the full measure they gave her, "and now, I say, once more—to business."

This female commander now disposed her small force to the greatest advantage, and then all was silent, until the hour arrived at which she knew the attempt was to be made. It was bright moonlight, and, as the first footsteps were heard treading the narrow footway that separated the dwelling from the high road, the besieged, from the concealed corner in which they had stationed themselves, took deliberate aim, and fired on their assailants. A loud cry was heard, and one fell, the other two, without the delay of an instant, betaking themselves to flight. The party within immediately descending, approached the prostrate man, and quickly discovered it to be Black Tom himself. The wound had taken effect about the knee, but being only from duck-shot, was clearly not of a dangerous nature; and, lifting him up with too little caution, the father nearly fell a sacrifice to his heedless haste, for the villain, who was armed with a knife of formidable dimensions, seized a favorable moment and struck at him with all his vengeance. A loud cry, however, from the witch, who had followed them closely down, gave notice to the son, who with a heavy blow, felled the miscreant to the earth. Then, wrestling the knife from him, he would in his rage have put an end at once to his crimes and his life, but his arm was at that moment stayed by the tone that had before urged it on.

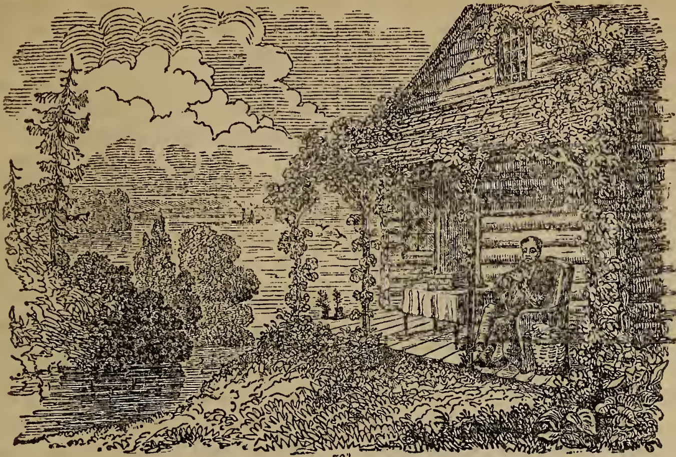
"Hold! hold!", said she, "the fates must be fulfilled. He is not to die by lead or steel, but by oaken board and twisted cord. Out at once with your cart, harness your fastest horse, and bring your strongest rope; give me the knife in this hand, and let me get the other well about the catiff's throat; nay, never writhe and wriggle, man!" continued she, as her victim vainly endeavoured to release himself from her savage grasp. "Your neck must be grappled tighter than this before your breath is quite squeezed out."

She now seemed so completely the master-spirit of the whole scene, that the others appeared only as subordinate agents to do her bidding.

Accordingly, the vehicle was quickly brought out, the prisoner fast bound and placed in it; then, all three mounting, they drove over hill and through vale as she directed them, until, by a by-way known to few but herself, they suddenly came upon Donnington Cross. Here they stopped; and, in the shortest time in which it could be accomplished, the culprit was, in spite of his cries and struggles, once more fastened to the very beam from which not a twelve-month before he had been cut down; and the very same hands that then had rescued him, now themselves did the work of death upon him!

HOW TO CHOOSE A DOMESTIC.

"Old P***** sent to the register-office that he wanted a good girl for general housework. About the time he expected an applicant he laid a broom down in the yard, near the gate. Presently a girl comes up to the gate, opens it, and strolls up to the house; the broom being immediately in the path, Miss Betsy strides over it. The old man was on the watch, and the first salute the girl got was, "I don't want *you!*" The girl *sloped*, and suddenly another bullet-headed Nancy appears. Seeing the old broom in her way, she gives it a kick, and waddles up to the house. "You won't suit me, that's certain, Miss Mopsy!" bawls P*****. She disappeared in a hurry; and finally a third appears, opened the gate, and coming into the yard, she carefully closes the gate behind her, and walks up—the broom is still in the path; this she picks up, and carries along to the house, where she deposits it alongside the wood-shed. Before the girl could explain her business there, P***** bawls out, "Yes, yes, come in, *you'll* suit me!" And she did; for that girl lived with P***** seven years, and only quitted it to go housekeeping on her own hook; and a capital wife she made. P**** was right."



THE EDITOR'S SHANTY.

SEDERUNT XVIII.

[*The Laird, Major, and Doctor.*]

LAIRD.—Hech! lads, ye're unco warm on baith sides, and if ye gang along that gate for a ony time Deil a fit nearer we'll be to a settlement and the hail, or, perhaps, absit pun, I may just say the Haley question at issue. So, instead of answering your question, Doctor, or yours my esteemed and gallant Major I'll do a much better thing; in plain English, or. what's better still, in guid lowland Scotch, I'll just play Prœses or Moderator. Sae, now, just ding awa lads and I'll call you to order, as need may be.

MAJOR.—Be it as you please thou man of Scotia, but I still maintain that I am right and the Niagara critic is right, too.

DOCTOR.—And of course that Mr. Haley and I are miserably wrong, eh? Complimentary that?

MAJOR.—Can't say I see any very fitting occasion for compliments. The real question is just simply this, has or has not Mr. Haley most presumptuously set himself up as the Censor of the greatest Naval hero the world ever yet saw or is ever likely to see? Has not he, a mere individual though a tolerably clever writer, as witness his Night at Niagara, with which I am exceedingly well pleased, has he not most presumptuously set himself up as the Censor of that great warrior who for fifty years has been the idol of England and the wonder of the world? To me it seems that he has done so, and I am not only not grieved that the Niagara writer has given him a rap on the knuckles, but I would have you add to the force of that rap by a few words of censure from your own pen. What! Speak of Nelson as though he were some common man, for common men to judge by common rules! I declare I have no patience.

DOCTOR.—Not too much: that I will at once concede to you, though I stoutly oppose all the rest. So far am I from feeling inclined to join in the censure of which you so highly approve, that I cannot, after a fair and yet severely critical re-perusal of his article, see how he has in the slightest degree misrepresented or undervalued Nelson. If any man were to deny the courage, the fiery and chivalrous courage of Nelson or his marvellous skill, or his sleepless vigilance and activity, I should set that man down as a mere madman or a mere idiot, and assuredly his article containing such absurd denial would find its way, not into the Magazine but into the fire. But how does the case really stand as to this much censured article? Mr. Haley as distinctly and as emphatically admits Nelson's great fighting merits as you and I do. He——"

MAJOR.—Really, really my dear fellow, you must not defend him. Admits his fighting merits! Yes, but does he not impugn his moral character, does he not call his very courage——

LAIRD.—As Prœses of this respectable, though not very numerous assemblage, I must remind the gallant Major that in all cases of disputation ane at ae time's guid English forbye Scotch, for fair play. The Doctor has possession of the floor!

MAJOR.—I bow to your decision; Doctor proceed.

DOCTOR.—It seems to me, then, that the whole intent of the article about which you are so angry, is precisely to show that Heroes, and more

especially naval and military heroes are most thoughtlessly, and upon very insufficient grounds, set up for public worship. As I have already said, not one word is said against the courage or the skill of Nelson, on the contrary they are fully and frankly acknowledged, and the very brevity of the terms in which they are so only proves that Mr. Haley shares our own opinion, that those merits so undeniably and so pre-eminently belong to Nelson, that denial of them would be ridiculous, and that even an acknowledgement of them is in some sort a mere supererogation.—But Mr. Haley speaks of Nelson as being by no means so great as a man as he was as an officer. Well! Was it so, or was it *not* so? All that you say about presumption is, forgive me for reminding you, altogether beside the question. If a veteran writer is to be silenced because he ventures to enquire instead of taking for granted, and to discriminate instead of either lauding or censuring, just simply because other men, laud or censure, what security, I pray you, should we have for either public morals or public liberty? Presumption, indeed! I well know, Major, that you feel warmly on the subject:

> "A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind;"

you to whom a tale of war is stirring and inspiring as the war trumpet to the war steed most naturally feel a strong sympathy with all that is gallant. But you must remember, that in this same working day world, men have some other duties besides fighting, however bravely. The question raised by this so much censured article is not whether Nelson fought bravely and skilfully, but whether he was, morally that, all but perfect, that benevolent, and, above all, that exclusively patriotic captain that the world has so long persisted in calling him. Instead of censuring a writer in general terms for this or that assertion, would it not consist better with both moral justice and sound logic to enquire into the truth of his assertions? Did Nelson habitually use, in his letters language indicative rather of a frantic ferocity, of a cruel tone of war and bloodshed for their own sake, than of the calm and half sorrowing and fighting courage that becomes the Christian hero? *Did* Nelson disgrace himself, and us, as his admirers, by an infamous connection with an infamously bad woman, and *did* he, to gratify her vile malice, murder the old Caraccioli, an officer and a veteran? If these things be not true, then indeed, the article was unfit for the Magazine: if they are true, as, unhappily we all know that they are, then the article, by discriminating between the good and the evil qualities of a man whom the world has hitherto *inidscriminatingly* idolized, seems to me to be as fully justified as any candid and truth-loving article can be.

Major.—Truth itself ought not rashly to be forced upon our attention. I cannot endure to see such a man as Nelson brought before the bar of public opinion as though he were a common man.

Doctor.—*Why should he not?* There lies the gist of the dispute. Truth, truth above all things should be the object of all our literary labours, and I really must say that Mr. Haley appears to me to be quite right in censuring the world for allowing a kind of impunity of vice precisely to those men to whom God has given the powers and gifts which should preserve from vice.

Major.—So absurd, too, of the man to talk about Nelson's ferocity! Would he have Nelson to be cold-blooded as a Quaker—not love the stir and the glow of war, not feel the *certaminis gaudia*, the rapture of the fight? Pray who among us, fighting by land or fighting by sea does not so?

Doctor.—Do not be unjust either to yourself or to your gallant profession. I can readily conceive that in the actual hour of combat, sabre in hand, and leading on your serried squadrons, you have felt all that rapture, the mere memory of which caused your eyes to kindle and your tones to fall upon ones ears as loudly and almost as inspiringly as the blast of the trumpet. He would, I dare say, make but a poor commander, either on land or at sea, who could not, while in actual fight, experience that fierce joy, that very agony of daring and of prowess. Shame to the man who would dare to censure our brave Nelson because, bravest of the brave, he also felt this enthusiasm *in* the fight. But, out of the fight, do his letters indicate one touch of that equally humane and philosophical temper which made our other great hero, *the* hero, par excellence, of your own gallant service, the glorious Wellington, look upon war as a very sad, a very terrible necessity.

Major.—Something in that, something in that, no doubt; but it somehow jars sadly in one's ears to hear Nelson spoken of as aught less than the hero of heroes.

Doctor.—I think that we may be well contented to call him, as we can with truth, the fearless knight, without also, which we can*not* with truth, calling him the irreproachable; and after all that we have been saying, and all the time that we have consumed in saying it, we shall probably do no better than look back to the article itself. What says Mr. Haley? Does he deny Nelson's really great qualities? Hear him:

"After all due allowance is made for the usefulness of Nelson, for his skill and for his daring, how much, how very much there is to detest in the moral nature of the man." Now, major, setting aside all mere prejudice, professional or personal, can either of us, as moralists or as logicians, deny this. If not can we blame the author because, speaking of the romance and reality of life and literature, he took, as one among many, Nelson as an illustration? I trow not.

Major.—Enough, enough,—"Convince a man against his will, and he's of the same opinion still,"—in spite of all that you have said, I still must say that I adore the memory of Nelson and that I do not like the article in question.

Doctor.—Exactly so; and I fear your dislike of it is only another proof that the very best of us, cultivate both heart and head as we best may, still remain and are still likely to remain, what some quaint old author calls "a great bundle of prejudices," hating this, that or the other for the profound reason of the school boy:

> "I do not love thee doctor Fell,
> The reason why I cannot tell;
> But this I know, aud know full well,
> I do *not* love thee doctor Fell."

Laird.—How say ye, then, gentlemen, the article is not censured?

Major.—Nor implicitly adopted.

Doctor.—Surely not; there are few articles which, unless written by one of ourselves, and discussed and corrected by us all, which I, for one, should care to adopt in every work; and in the case of the very article in question, you may remember that I added a foot note in express and very sincere dissent from the author's censure of that admirable writer, Mr. Charles Dickens. But we must not forget that it is no more possible for all writers to think alike on all things, than for all men to be of the same stature. Within certain limits a magazine should allow of a very considerable difference of opinion among its contributors.

Laird.—Aweel, aweel; I'm no that fashed that ye're baith amaist agreed, and quite done upon this unlucky article; for my certes the lad that wrote it's no that blate, he's sent an oreeginal article aboot that pawky Abbott's Napoleon.

Major.—Ah!—Of course praising Napoleon up to the skies, and only wishing that Abbott had laid on the praise a little thicker.

Doctor.—Ony thing but that, major, ony thing but that! giving full credit to Napoleon for all that he either did or had of good or great; he at the same time handles both Mr. Abbott, and that gentleman's hero, in a style to do every English heart good. Such a heartiness of denunciation, such a keenness of perception, alike of the short comings of the New York critic, and of the evil nature of the deified French tyrant, I never remember to have seen. The article will make from four to six insertions, the first of which is to my great regret crowded out of the December number, but shall most certainly go into the January number. The series, some four or at most, as I just now said, six papers will serve as the best possible introduction to Bourrienne's work, which, with literally invaluable notes, you are aware that we are thinking of giving insertion to.

Laird.—(Who has been reading)—Hech man! but yon Haley's a braw lad, at plain speaking. Wow! but the New York lads will look about them. Never tell; but I could fancy that I was reading ane of thae slaughtering reviews in Blackwood, when Wilson and Lockhart were in their prime. Pity's sake, doctor, hae't in this verd nimber, nae mitter what stays oot.

Doctor.—A sheer impossibility or it should be done; had it arrived a week earlier, in it should have gone; but Mr. Haley probably thinks that we are as late in going to press here as they are in London: I shall take care to let him know how the case stands with us. Well, major, I see you also have read a page or two. Pretty strong, eh?

Major.—By Jove, yes! Both strong and just.

Laird.—(Who has just taken up another book.) Just, wha is talking aboot justice, od man but it is time we were just to oorsels—hear till this major.

Major.—What on earth are you interrupting us for Laird; what is the matter now?

Laird.—Just listen: I've been looking over the last report of the Grand Division of the sons o' temperance, and I hae just come upon this:

Seymour West, Feb. 2, 1853.

"Intemperance in this township is fearful. The corporation have increased the license duty to £7 10s., with the view of checking it, but I am afraid it will not abate the dreadful curse. In a population of about 2500 souls, one store-keeper alone sells 200 gallons per week; one small tavern-keeper buys 200 gallons at a time; besides which we have three other store-keepers who take out licenses to retail liquor, and I make no doubt, sell an immense quantity. Several parties sell by the glass, without taking out license, and from the dislike people have of informing against their neighbors, seldom or ever get punished. The Reeve is the only acting magistrate within eight or ten miles, so that persons who might give information are often deterred,

from the great distance they have to travel. You of course are aware that I do not belong to any temperance organization, but wish them every success in their endeavors to stay the horrors of intemperance. One reason that our township consumes so much alcohol is, that it is the resort of Lumbermen, but the inhabitants I really believe to be worse than they are."

Noo, major, what can you say to that—is it na maist fearsome to think o', the reading o't maks me sick—rax me my hat, doctor, I'll awa and sign the peteetion for the Maine law this vera nicht.

Doctor.—Not so fast, Laird, let us argue the point first.

Laird.—I want nane o' your arguments. It's a' vera weel for you and the major to argue while sae mony o' oor brethren are just ganging headlong to perdition; but I say act, and without loss o' time.

Doctor.—So we are acting—look here,—in the grand division you will find alone that there are seventeen thousand, seven hundred and forty-nine members, all true and faithful sons of temperance; this, too, does not include those who formerly belonged to the society and who, though not belonging to any particular section, are still setting an example to the rising generation through every corner of the country, and may fairly be estimated at as many more. We have besides the cadets of temperance, who muster one hundred and fifty sections amounting to over six thousand members; and last, though not least, we have Father Matthew's society, numbering in Toronto alone four thousand three hundred and fifty members, of whom, I am happy to say, there were only fifty-seven backsliders in the last year. In addition to these figures we have to add those who belong to Father Matthew's order in other parts of the province, (and they make a formidable muster, I can tell you,) in London alone there are one thousand; so you see, Laird, we have not been idle; still, I grant you that intemperance has increased most fearfully, and I really begin to think that something ought to be done.

Major.—It is a grave subject, doctor, and not to be approached rashly; but I think the plan I can suggest, will meet your wishes and the Laird's. Open the pages of the *Anglo* to writers on the subject, and let the proposal of a prohibitory law receive fair play—even at the present moment, the question has been brought forward in England, and we shall thus have the benefit of the opinions expressed by our statesmen and political economists at home.

Doctor.—And in the meantime I will trouble any opponent of the Maine liquor law to answer satisfactorily the following extract, from this report which I have just come to. (Reads).

"And in this sense, who can say that the subject of Temperance is not one of a grave political character, and a proper subject for legislation? Or, to present it in another light—Political economy is defined 'the science of national wealth.' A nation's wealth consists not in the hoarded acquisitions of the miser; but in riches properly expended in promoting its greatness and true prosperity—in such an application and disposition of the property of each citizen, that while it promotes the comfort and security of the individual, it at the same time advances the interests of the public generally. Now, surely anything which interferes with such a disposition of wealth, and turns it into channels in which it is wasted, or worse than wasted, employed in deluging the land with streams of corruption, may well be denominated a subject of the first political importance. Again, an eminent political writer says:—'The cheapest defence of nations, I suppose to be, the exercise of public justice and benevolence.' Certainly, anything which obliterates all sense of justice, and crushes every feeling akin to benevolence, is a subject to which statesmen and patriots, legislating for their country's good, may with propriety direct their attention.

Consider the influence of intemperance upon the morality and virtue of our country; and not only the propriety of, but the urgent necessity for, legislation on this subject, cannot fail to strike every reflecting mind. If there be in this fair land of ours an evil of giant power, confined to no class or individual, but insidiously pervading all classes—polluting our courts of justice and halls of legislation—desecrating the pulpit, corrupting society in its very foundations, and in all its ramifications—laying its death-dealing hand upon the young and rising generation, and forcing them, with hasty strides, to irremediable destruction, or, with unerring certainty, preparing them not to be benefactors of their race, but foul and hellish destroyers of all that is pure and good. I say if there be such an evil as this, then verily is it one which the voice of the eloquent should be raised to denounce, and to arrest which, the abilities of the wisest statesmen and patriotic politicians, should be exerted to the utmost; and one which demands immediate legislative action. Is there then such an evil abroad in this land? There is, brothers, there is. In our family circles, around our firesides, in our social intercourse, on the highways, in the house of God, the monster meets, and confronts us; and worse than all, by the present laws of the land, we cherish, encourage, invite him to the work of destruction in the communities where we live. So rapidly is this evil growing, that, ere long, legislation of any kind will be too late to arrest it. I again urge you to give this matter your careful consideration; and should our deliberations on this occasion result in nothing but the devising of an efficient and effectual plan, not only of bringing this important subject again before our legislature, but also for actually securing a wise and judicious prohibitory liquor law

for this province, our session will not have been held in vain. We should not be content with merely prescribing a plan, and recommending the prosecution thereof by others; but all should zealously and actively so work together as to secure a successful result. What we need is, as happily expressed by the late M. W. P. Carey: "A missionary spirit—a spirit that will be content to labor and suffer, practise self denial, and not yield while there is a distillery or a grog shop, or a drunkard to curse the earth. We must not listen to the clamors of pretended friends, nor fear the vengeance of enemies. *
* * * * * * * *
We must be united in our determination to expel the enemy from his legal fastnesses, tear off his judicial vestments, and show him in all his naked and vile deformity." * * *

DOCTOR.—I say Laird, what in the name of Trophonius has come over you? Since you entered the Shanty, not one pinch of pulverised tobacco has solaced your nut-brown proboscis; and you have been looking as miserable and devour-like, as a tailor caught in the act of abducting a goose!

LAIRD.—'Deed, my man, I hae some cause to exhibit the symptoms of which ye hae given sic an accurate *dig-a-noses*, as you *flay bottomists* say! The stark naked truth is that two days ago I vowed a total abstinence frae sneeshin, and I hae been in a state bordering upon dementation ever since!

DOCTOR.—How long had you been in the practice of using the olfactory stimulant?

LAIRD.—If by that grand encyclopedian phrase ye mean black rappee, it is better than thirty years since I first carried a mull.

DOCTOR.—Small wonder then that your nervous system is a fraction out of order. What prompted you to make such a sacrifice?

LAIRD.—Oo, you see, that I had gotten oot o' a' bounds in my consumption o' the stimulant, as you term it. For the last eighteen months I had discarded a box, and carried the snuff in my waist-coat pouch. At night I had aye a worsted sock fu o' the commodity, pinned at the head of my bed;—and at meal times a tea-cup fu' o' the same did duty on the table, along side o' the mustard pat. In fact, to mak' a lang story short, I began to fear that I was becoming the slave o' a bad habit!

DOCTOR.—*Becoming* indeed!

LAIRD.—Weel, I made up my mind on Monday last to "strike a blow for liberty," as the Irish pawtriot said when he broke the head o' an exciseman! So I got up wi skreigh o' day, ae cauld morning it was—and emptied my entire stock—half a pound at the very least—on the midden.

DOCTOR.—What were your sensations after this plucksome sacrifice.

LAIRD.—For the first half hour, I didna experience ony thing very remarkable, except an inclination to stap my finger and thumb into the accustomed pouch. Ere lang, however, my head began to grow dizzy as if I had been standing on ae leg on the tap o' a lofty pine. Then my knees commenced to shake and tremble as if I had been beholding the ghaist o' my great-grandfather, and my hands got so unsteady that I could nae mair hae written my name than danced a reel on the point o' a needle!

DOCTOR.—And what kind of rest had you during the night?

LAIRD.—Dinna mention it! The horrors o' that nicht I'll never forget, if I should reach the age o' Washington's black nurse, or auld Parr! I didna sleep, and I wasna' wakin! I was the Laird, and yet I wasna' the Laird! Brawly did I ken that I was in my bed at Bonnie Braes, and yet I was just as positive that I was some where else!

DOCTOR.—A second edition of De Quincy's confessions!

LAIRD.—The adventures I passed through were of the most varied and tantaleezin description.

DOCTOR.—Give us a sample thereof?

LAIRD.—I had been wandering for the better part o' a month through an Arabian desert, the sand o' which was nearly red hot, and I couldna see sae muckle as a kail stock, let alane a tree, to shelter my blistered pow (which I may add was shaven) frae the fiery beams o' the cloudless sun! During a' this weary time I had naething to eat but saut herrin without a mouthfu o' water to slocken the infernal thirst that fevered my craig! At length I cam in sight o' the sea, and lo and behold instead o' brine the fluid whilk composed it was ginger beer! Hoo I rushed to the shore, spittin saxpences as I ran! Hoo I threw mysel on the beach, for the purpose o' sookin in the glorious, entrancing, bizzin beverage!

DOCTOR.—Most enviable moment!

LAIRD.—Enviable! Preserve us a' frae sic envy! Just as I dived doon my neb, presto! the effervescing flood receded, leaving naething behind but its maddening odour! Up I got, and on I ran, but back, back, back rolled the treacherous tide! Back for thousands and millions o' miles, till it cam to the edge o' the warld, and there it emptied itself into spaceless chaos, leaving me parched as a mummy or a birsled pea! Oh what a heavy heart I had, as I retraced my steps, treading every minute upon rusty cork-screws, rotten

corks, and the necks o' stane bottles wi which the channel was replenished instead o' shells!

Doctor.—Alas poor Laird!

Laird.—After this adventure, I found myself a prisoner under sentence o' death, for a crime that I had never committed—to wit, murdering our respected friend Mr. McQuarto. The Major and you did your best to get me oot o' the condemned cell, and got a key conveyed to me in the heart o' a prime doo tert. Wi' this implement I opened a' the doors o' the prison, and soon stood on the public street. Just at this moment I took sic a cramp in my left leg, that I could na' progress a single inch! There I stood in helpless despair till Mr. Allan, the Governor o' the Jail, on looking out in his night cap to see what kind o' a morning it was, discovered my position! Back was I carried to the cell! Ten tons' weight o' chains were riveted to my ancles, and pie was strictly prohibited to me as an article o' diet for the balance o' my short lease o' life!

Doctor.—Well, what next?

Laird.—The days sped on, and the night preceding my execution arrived. Till twelve o'clock the minister (worthy Dr. Scaud-the-deil!) sat wi' me, urging me to confess, but, of course, I wasna ganging to dee wi' a lee in my mouth! When he left, he advised me to try and get some sleep, and following his counsel, I dropped aff intil a slumber. Oh, hoo sweet were my dreams! I was sitting below the big hawthorn bush at the west end o' Bonnie-Braes Cottage, reading *The Gentle Shepherd!* The sangs o' birds were in my lugs! The odour o' new-mown hay, mingled wi' the scent o' roses and apple ringy, delectified my smell. And Girzy stood beside me wi' a bowlfu' o' glorious, snow-white curds for my solacement and sustentation!

Doctor.—Rural felicity, and no mistake!

Laird.—A' on a sudden, a craw, which had perched in the bush under which I lay, geid a hoarse cry, and I started up. Alas! I wasna' at Bonnie-Braes, but in the gousty prison, and my cell was ringing wi' the hideous knocking o' the carpenters, putting the finishing touch to the scaffold on which I was to die like a dog!

Doctor.—Most miserable of agriculturalists!

Laird.—At sax o'clock the turnkey let in the minister, and lang and sair he wrastled wi' me to mak a clean breast, but, of course, a' in vain. Seven o'clock cam, and Mr. Allan sent me some toasted bread and coffee, but I couldna' swallow a morsel! Half an hour after, the Sheriff arrived wi' the hangman, wearing an auld battered cocked hat, and having his face covered wi' crape. O, hoo I shuddered, mair wi' disgust than fear, when the wretch took hold o' me and tied doon my arms wi' a rope! The touch o' that monster was waur than the idea o' death itsel!

Doctor.—Rather an undesirable valet is Mr. John Ketch, I must admit!

Laird.—Eight o'clock chappit, and the procession moved on; and before I could ken whaur I was, I was standing exposed to the glower o' thousands! It was dreadfu' to think that each ane o' thae gaping, cruel, idle faces was fixed upon me, and eagerly marking every flush o' my countenance, and every shudder that my limbs exhibited! I noticed, too, scores and hundreds o' women, young and auld, some o' them wi' weans in their arms, who had come oot frae their warm hames that cauld, grey morning, to see a fellow-being put to death by inches! Confound them! The jauds looked like sae mony deils in petticoats, and their brats like sooking imps!

Doctor.—I thoroughly coincide with you in your estimate of female amateurs in hangings.

Laird.—Let me gang on wi' my tale. Just as the executioner was drawing the stiff linen cap ower my een, wha do you think I saw coming towards the prison? Wha, but Mr. M'Quarto, the very man for murdering whom I was aboot to be launched into eternity, as newspaper writers express it!

Doctor.—The plot waxeth interesting!

Laird.—Though our friend was a considerable way off, I could notice a paper sticking oot o' his pouch, and my een, doubtless rendered supernaturally gleg by the circumstances in which I was placed, plainly decyphered the endorsement thereof. It was to this effect—"Pardon to the Laird!"

Doctor.—How delicious your sensations must have been at that moment!

Laird.—Delicious! Preserve me frae sic deliciousness! There was I standing wi' the rope aboot my thrapple, wi' naething but a thin board between me and the invisible warld. Instead o' hurrying on, as ony reasonable man would hae done in a matter o' life and death, the worthy man progressed wi' a' the deliberation o' a fly through a glue pot. I roared to him to mak' haste, but catch my gentleman putting himsel' oot o' his snail-like pace. The cap was drawn doon over my face, but through a hole I could see, as weel as before. "Look sharp!" whispered the sheriff to the hangman—"and draw the bolt when I make the signal." Still the auld sinner lingered. "Make ready!" again interjected the sheriff—and lo the tardy pardon bearer became stationary! He had fallen in wi' a friend, and

commenced to indoctrinate him touching the late discoveries in the speerit warld. "Off with him!" hissed the sheriff—and the drop fell!

* * * * * * * *

DOCTOR.—Did you struggle much?

LAIRD.—I dinna ken! When I cam' to mysel', there was I lying on the floor, the cords o' the bed having given way; and Girzy, and Bauldie Blain, my hired man, were trying to extricate me frae the ruins o' the demolished couch.

DOCTOR.—Why you must have been almost in as bad a case as that of

> "The auld wife ayont the fire
> Wha dee'd for lack o' sneeshin."

MAJOR.—Our friend the Laird having recounted his non-snuffy experiences, let us now call a new cause. What have you been reading, Doctor, since our last sederunt?

DOCTOR.—Why not much, if the truth must be told. With the exception of Fredrika Bremer's new work, "*The Homes of the New World*," I have mentally masticated nothing.

MAJOR.—I trust that you found the affair appetizing?

DOCTOR.—Tolerably so, but there was too much of it. Miss Bremer is inclined at all times to be long-winded, and forgets the adage which inculcates that a dog may be choked with a plethora of pudding.

MAJOR.—Pray help us to a few morsels of the pudding aforesaid.

DOCTOR.—With pleasure. I take them just as they come to hand.

A BRACE OF ESCAPED SLAVES.

"This gentleman brought to us two lately escaped slaves, William and Ellen Craft, She was almost white; her countenance, which was rather sallow, had the features of the white, and though not handsome, a very intelligent expression. They had escaped by means of her being dressed as a man; he acting as her servant. In order to avoid the necessity of signing her name in the travellers' books, for she could not write, she carried her right arm in a sling, under the plea of having injured it. Thus they had succeeded in travelling by railway from the South to the Free States of the North. They appeared to be sincerely happy.

"'Why did you escape from your masters?' I asked; 'did they treat you with severity?'

"'No,' replied she; 'they always treated me well; but I fled from them because they would not give me my rights as a human being. I could never learn anything, neither to read nor to write.'

"I remarked in her the desire for learning peculiar to the white race.

MAJOR.—Hold there. I deny that in toto—Miss Bremer evidently either knows nothing whatever of what she is describing, or she wilfully adopts the absurd fables respecting the colored classes having no desire for learning. I can declare from my own observation that the reverse is the case, and the crowded state of the schools throughout the West Indies will prove my assertions. In one small island alone, where the colored population was not more than thirty-seven thousand, there were seven thousand eight hundred and fifty-nine children at school. In this number too, I do not include the children of the wealthier colored class, but only those who attended the schools which answer to our common schools here; however, go on.

"'How is it,' said some one in company to the negro, 'that the assertions of the anti-slavery party regarding the treatment of the slaves, that they are often flogged and severely beaten, are declared to be false? Travellers come to the North who have long resided among the plantations of the South, aud have never seen anything of the kind.'

"William smiled, and said with a keen expression, 'Nor are children whipped in the presence of strangers; this is done when they do not see.'"

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.

"I was two evenings at the theatre, and saw Miss Charlotte Cushman—the principal actress in the United States—in two characters, in which she produced a great effect, both here and in England, namely, Meg Merrilies and Lady Macbeth. Miss Cushman, immediately on my arrival in New York, had written very kindly to me, offering to be of any use to me in her power. Here, in Boston, she placed a box at the theatre at my service, which was very agreeable to me, as I could thus invite my friends to accompany me. Miss Cushman is a powerful actress; she possesses great energy, but is deficient in feminine grace, and wants more color in her acting, especially of the softer tone. This has reference principally to her Meg Merrilies, which is a fearful creation. Miss Cushman has represented in her merely the witch, merely the horrible in nature. But even the most horrible nature has moments and traits of beauty; it has sun, repose, dew, and the song of birds. Her Meg Merrilies is a wild rock in the sea, around which tempests are incessantly roaring, aud which unceasingly contend with clouds and waves. She was also too hard and masculine for Lady Macbeth. It was merely in the night scene that her acting struck me as beautiful, and that deploring cry so full of anguish which she utters when she cannot wash the blood from her hands, that—I feel I shall *never* forget. It thrilled through my whole being, and I can still hear it; I can hear it in gloomy moments and scenes.

"I like Miss Cushman personally very much. One sees evidently in her an honest, earnest, and powerful soul, which regards life and her vocation with a noble earnestness. She has, through great difficulties, made her own way to the position which, by universal recognition and with universal esteem, she now occupies. She belongs to an old Puritanic family, and after her father's misfortune, she supported by her talent, for

some years, her mother and her younger sister. She looks almost better in private than on the stage; the frank blue eye, the strong, clever forehead, and the honest, sensible expression of her whole demeanor and conversation make one like to be with her."

WHITTIER.

"I had almost forgotten—and that I ought not to do—to tell you of a visit I have had this evening from the Quaker and poet Whittier, one of the purest and most gifted of the poetical minds of the Northern States, glowing for freedom, truth, and justice, combating for them in his songs, and against their enemies in the social life of the New World—one of those Puritans who will not bend to, or endure injustice in any form. He has a good exterior, in figure is slender and tall, a beautiful head with refined features, black eyes full of fire, dark complexion, a fine smile, and lively, but very nervous manner. Both soul and spirit have overstrained the nervous chords and wasted the body. He belongs to those natures who would advance with firmness and joy to martyrdom in a good cause, and yet who are never comfortable in society, and who look as if they would run out of the door every moment. He lives with his mother and sister in a country-house, to which I have promised to go. I feel that I should enjoy myself with Whittier, and could make him feel at ease with me. I know from my own experience what this nervous bashfulness, caused by the over-exertion of the brain, requires, and how persons who suffer therefrom ought to be met and treated."

LAIRD.—Hech! sirs, but the lassie Bremer speaks highly of the Quaker poet.

YANKEE FINISHING SCHOOLS.

"These finishing schools for young girls give unquestionably a deal of finish, various kinds of knowledge, demeanor in society, self-possession, &c. But are they calculated to develop that which is best in woman? I doubt it; and I have heard sensible women in this country, even among the young, doubt also, or rather deny that they are. They may be good as a temporary means of leading women into those spheres of knowledge from which they have hitherto been excluded. Thus these young ladies are universally commended for the progress which they make, and for their skill in mathematical studies, in algebra, and physics. But it is clear to me that the pursuit of these scholastic studies must involve the neglect of much domestic virtue and pleasure. The young girl, in her zeal to prepare her lessons, snubs her mother, and looks cross at her father, if they venture to interrupt her. They call forth her ambition at the expense of her heart. They lay too much stress upon school learning. The highest object of schools should be to prepare people to do without them. At all events, the life of the young girl ought to be divided between the school and home, so that the school may have but a small part of it. The good home is the true high school."

SOUTH CAROLINA.

"I see a feeble Southern beauty reposing upon a luxuriant bed of flowers in a nectarine grove, surrounded by willing slaves, who at her nod bring to her the most precious fruits and ornaments in the world. But all her beauty, the splendor of her eye, the delicate crimson of her cheek, the pomp which surrounds her couch, cannot conceal the want of health and vigor, the worm which devours her vitals. This, weak luxurious beauty is—*South Carolina.*"

LAIRD.—I see a novel at your oxter, Major, entitled "*Clouded Happiness*," and purporting to be translated from the French of the Countess D'Orsay. Is it worth onything?

MAJOR.—There is no lack of ability in the work, but its morality is more than questionable. The authoress *may* be a virtuous woman, and boast of a pure mind, but if so, her novel is a strange anomaly.

DOCTOR.—How so?

MAJOR.—Why in almost every chapter you stumble upon the most revolting exhibitions of human depravity, which it is possible to conceive, and treated in a wondrously off-hand, matter-of-fact manner. The noble widow (for the Countess, you are aware, wears the insignia of bereavement,) deals with seduction and adultery as coolly as she would deal with lace and gimp.

LAIRD.—Wha publishes sic unwholesome trash?

MAJOR.—The Harpers.

LAIRD.—I opined that the Harpers had mair sense o' morality and decency than to trade in wares o' that description.

MAJOR.—It would be too much to say that this novel we are discussing is absolutely indecent. A Frenchman would deem it, perchance, to be a fraction overly precise. It presents no *warm colouring*, and, in the upshot, vice is punished, and virtue rewarded, according to the morality of melo-dramas. What I would mean to infer is that the unhesitating glibness with which widow D'Orsay refers to the doings of rakes and demi-reps, makes me suspicious that *experience* has something to do with the matter. At all events, Laird, put not this book into the fair hands of the virtuous Girzy. With my concurrence no female should ever peruse it.

LAIRD.—Thanks for your caution Crabtree. Though Girzy *has* seen the sunset o' her forty-second birth-day, and is garnished about the mou' wi' a wheen black hairs, there is nae need putting harm in her road. I mind o' seeing a spinster upon the cutty stool in Carmunnock, wha for fifty years preceding, had born an unexceptionable character; but, Doctor, I'm sick o' books—gie's a sang, or tell us hoo you liket Ole Bull's concert.

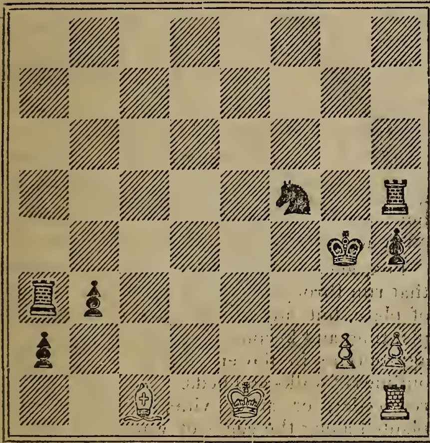
DOCTOR.—I am sorry to say that I have not had

time to get a song for this number, and, if even there had been time, there would not have been room, for I am sorry to tell you, Laird, that your facts must be of the shortest; and Mrs. Grundy, too (Major, ring the bell for Mrs. Grundy), will be, I am afraid, not over well pleased at the limited space I can afford her. [*Enter Mrs. Grundy.*] I must ask you, my dear Madam, to make your observations for this month as short as possible. We are already rather late, from an accident which has happened to Mr. Taylor's paper mill, and has thrown us a little behind hand. We must, therefore, husband both our space and time. I have, however, received the chess type, and I have prepared a problem, which I will now read. Laird, I will tell you about Ole Bull by and bye. In the meantime, listen. [*Doctor reads.*]

PBOBLEM No. I.

BY A CANADIAN.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

CHESS.

CHAP. III.—THE OLD WRITERS ON CHESS.

It is said that the first book printed in London was a work on chess, and entitled "William Caxton of Chesse," it appeared in folio, with figures, in the year 1474.

Damiano, a Portuguese, was the first chess author of any note, the date of his birth is uncertain, but he died in 1544. His treatise was originally written in Spanish and Italian, and early editions are now very scarce. The best portion of his works are the problems, which, in point of simplicity, beauty, and skill, have rarely, if ever, been surpassed. About thirty years after this publication, appeared a work by Ruy Lopez, a Spaniard. Towards the end of the sixteenth century, chess seems to have been much studied, if we may judge from the many excellent players who flourished at that time. Among the most celebrated may be mentioned Paoli, Boi, Lionardo, Gianutio, Salvio, and Carrera.

In the year 1596, Gianutio published his treatise on chess, at Turin; and the superior work of Alessandro Salvio made its appearance in 1604. Sarratt published translations of the above authors, but they are of little value, owing to his abridgments. An excellent translation of Carrera's work, by W. Lewis, was published in 1822. Carrera's recommendation of chess is very quaint and worth quoting. He says—"I do not deny that the time which is spent in playing might be better spent in holy and praiseworthy works; but human weakness does not permit us to find ease in the constant practice of virtue, so we are easily inclined to pleasures, to vanities, and to vices; and in order not to be led into them, and offend the Creator, we choose to apply ourselves to exercises of the body and mind. Whence, that youth who employs himself at chess, though he may have played all day, will have gained this much, that he has not played at dice, and that he has eschewed idleness, which abounds in sins."

Contemporary with Carrera was a noble author, Augustus, Duke of Brunswick, Luneburg, who published a work under the cognomen of Gustavus Selenus. The next author on our list was a very brilliant player in his day, Gioachino Greco. His work abounds in brilliant and instructive situations, and the attacks in some of his games are conducted in so brilliant a manner, that a careful study of his works cannot fail to delight the student. A small work, called "The noble Game of Chess," by Capt. Bertin, was published in 1735. Stamma, a native of Aleppo, published, in 1738, a small work, composed chiefly of situations and ends of games.

In 1750, Ercole del Rio published his work, under the name of "The Anonymous Modenese." This same work was, in the year 1763, the groundwork of Lollis' great work on chess, which Mr. Walker pronounces to be the most classical work on chess extant. Philidor, the greatest player of his time, published his celebrated analysis of chess in the year 1749. In 1786, a very remarkable work on chess, by a society of amateurs, who frequented the cafe de la Regence, was published, under the title of "Traite des Amateurs." Portions only of this capital work have been translated into English.

In our next we will speak of the more modern writers who have given to the world works on this most interesting game.

CHESS ENIGMA.

No. 15 *by Mr. W. Bone.*

WHITE.—K at K 4th; Q at K B 3rd; R at Q B 6th; B at Q R 5th; P at K Kt 7th.

BLACK.—K at his sq.; Q at Q Kt 6th; R at Q 4th; B at K R 3rd.

White compels Black to mate in three moves.

Now, Laird, your facts.

LAIRD.—Hoo much do you want?

DOCTOR.—Read, and I will tell you where to stop. (*Laird Reads.*)

HINTS ON THE MANAGEMENT OF SMALL GARDENS.

ONE of the finest features in the country towns of America is that almost every dwelling has its garden—small in many cases it may be, but still a garden, and capable of yielding many of the comforts and pleasures of gardening. The most active improvers of our day, the men who are really doing most for the diffusion of a taste for gardening, are the residents of country towns and villages, with their acre, half acre, and even quarter acre lots. Taking this view of the subject, we naturally regard the management of small gardens with much interest; and therefore propose, now and hereafter, to offer a few hints, in order, if possible, to establish more correct views in regard to the principles which should regulate their formation and treatment.

From pretty extensive observation, we have come to the conclusion that one of the most serious and prevalent errors in the management of small gardens, *is attempting too much.* This grows very naturally out of the desire that every man feels to gather around his residence the greatest possible variety of interesting scenes and objects; in other words, to make the most of his limited space. In laying out a garden, the design may be good, and it may, in the first place, be properly executed; but no sooner is this done than new trees or plants are fancied, and probably a neighbor's garden suggests some new walks or divisions—and thus one little alteration after another is introduced, until the original plan is effaced, and the whole becomes a piece of patchwork. We have seen many charming little gardens utterly ruined in this way. Now, the beauty of a small garden, and the pleasure it may afford, lies not in a great variety of embellishments, but in *simplicity* and *high keeping*—few walks and few trees.

Numerous walks destroy the unity and extent of a small piece of ground, and add very materially to the cost of keeping; and as a regular gardener is seldom employed in such places, the walks become neglected and grown over with grass and weeds, resembling more a cattle path than anything else. The principle, there, should be rigidly adhered to, of having only such walks as are absolutely indispensable, and these to be kept in the best order. A good, well kept walk is not only a great beauty but a great comfort, whereas nothing is so useless and ill-looking as a bad or neglected one. In most cases a single walk, and that a foot walk, six or eight feet wide in proportion to the extent of the ground, will be quite enough.

The position of the entrance gate and the course of the walk must be determined by the shape of the grounds and the situation of the front door of the dwelling. If the space between the house and street be narrow—say twenty or thirty feet—and the front door be in the centre of the building, the most convenient, and probably the best, arrangement is the common one—having the gate opposite the door, and the walk straight. It would be much better if houses of this kind were so constructed as to have the main entrance on one side, so that the ground in front of the principal rooms might be kept in a lawn, embellished with a few appropriate trees. This would be a more agreeable sight from the windows than a gravel walk, and persons approaching the house would not be directly in front of the windows. When the house stands back a sufficient distance, even if the front door be in the centre facing the street, the walk should approach it by as easy curves as possible from one side, leaving the ground in front unbroken. A curved walk, however, is not only inconvenient, but obviously inconsistent, in a very limited space.

Box, and all other kinds of edgings, to walks that run through grass plots, are not only out of place, but add greatly to the expense of planting and keeping. Such things are only appropriate in flower gardens, to mark the outlines of walks and beds. Hedges of privet, red cedar, or arbor vitæ, are occasionally planted along the edges of walks, but are entirely superfluous, and have a bad effect, unless to screen a wagon road to out-buildings, or to separate a front garden or lawn from the kitchen garden, or such objects as it may be desirable to conceal. Such hedges have also a very good effect when placed immediately behind an open front fence, forming, in that case, a background to the lawn, when viewed from the dwelling.

DOCTOR.—That will do. Now, Mrs. Grundy, will you oblige us, and pray remember to give us nothing but what it is absolutely necessary that our fair countrywomen should be informed of.

(*Mrs. Grundy reads.*)

DESCRIPTION OF THE PLATE.

"Dress of light purple silk: the skirt, opening in the front on a breadth of white lutestring, has the edges slightly festooned and

trimmed with a broad black lace laid on plain; bows of pink ribbon with floating ends are placed three on each side the opening. Jacket body opening to the waist, with double *revers* of black lace narrowing to a point in front and furnished by a small bow; two others are placed above this on the *chemisette*: the jacket is trimmed round with lace and ornamented with small bows. The sleeves reach only to the elbow and have three rows of black lace, the last row forming a deep ruffle: a bow of pink ribbon is placed in the front of the arm under the second a fall of lace, and another at the point of the elbow. *Chemisette* of plaited cambric with lace collar and frill."

LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS.

In our present number we commence our series of Winter Fashions, with explanations of the styles which will be worn the ensuing season: we give also a further indication of those which our *Artistes des Modes* have been engaged in inventing, and which have been the most approved of by the Courts and Aristocracy of London and Paris.

The *caraco* and jacket bodies are still worn, with various modifications of the pagoda sleeves; some of the aristocracy are giving their exclusive patronage to the full bishop sleeve, and the *bouillon* sleeve, which has the fulness divided by narrow bands into several puffs; they are exactly in the same style that we gave last winter in our plates of costume. Flounces for morning dresses are worn trimmed with fringe or black lace.

Cloaks are trimmed with a profusion of black lace: others bordered with *moire antique* or watered silk, with deep fringe on the capes and collars. The *Empress* Mantle is still a great favourite. For the warm winter cloak, the Windsor Cloak can be made in cloth, *vecuna* or any other warm material; different shades of drab or grey are the most fashionable; this is of a light drab trimmed with ruby velvet; the cloak fits close on the shoulders, and falls in full folds at the back; the top is trimmed by three rows of velvet, in the form of a collar or cape; the fronts are faced with velvet, vandyked at the edge.

Doctor.—That will do, my dear Madam. Now, Laird, I will give you my opinion of the concert which was very well attended. I was, as every one must be, thoroughly delighted with Ole Bull's execution, which is everything that the world has given him credit for. But I candidly confess I was disappointed with the music which he played, which was, with only one exception, entirely his own. Strakosch is not only a brilliant but a most expressive pianist, and one little piece, in particular that he played, "The youth, love, and folly Polka," was a most graceful and delightful morceau. Of the little prodigy, Adelina Patti, I can only say that her execution is most wonderful; but her voice, as you may easily imagine, wants sostenuto, and I noticed that when she came to a high note, she did not, as singers with a more powerful organ would have done, grapple with it boldly, but approached it, as it were, by feeling her way. She is, however, a most charming little girl, and would sing very sweetly in a room where she was not obliged to strain her voice. And now for my books for the month. [*Doctor reads.*]

The Tell tale, or Home Secrets, told by old travellers, by H. Trusta, author of "Sunny Side," Phillips, Sampson, & Co., Boston, 1853. *Tenth thousand.*

The last leaf from Sunny Side, by H. Trusta, author of "Peep at Number Five," &c. Tenth thousand. Boston; Phillips, Sampson, & Co., 1853.

Peep at Number five, by H. Trusta. Thirty-first thousand. Phillips, Sampson, & Co., Boston, 1853.

Father Bright Hopes, or, an Old Clergyman's Vacation, by Paul Creyton. Fourth thousand. Phillips, Sampson, & Co., 1853.

Hearts and Faces, or Home life unveiled, by Paul Creyton; Phillips, Sampson, & Co., Boston, 1853.

The five little volumes arranged in the above list, are books of peculiar interest and have received an unprecedentedly rapid sale in the United States. They are grouped together in the order noticed above, because they are uniform in style, structure, letter press, and binding, and are entitled to a high place in our juvenile Literature.

H. Trusta, has become almost as renowned as Mrs. Beecher Stowe. "Sunny Side," is quite the rage at this moment in Great Britain as well as in America, and one edition is hunting another through the press with railroad speed.

We would therefore commend the perusal of these interesting little volumes to every one who has any taste for the *utile* and *dulce*.

The Shady Side, or Life in a Country Parsonage, by a Pastor's wife. Thirty-second thousand.

Boston, John J. Jewett & Co., 1853.

T. Maclear.

Sometime ago a work appeared by H. Trusta, bearing the title of Sunny Side. The scope and tenor of which were appropriately indicated by the title adopted for the strange but truly interesting work. The pastor and the pastor's household were well and graphically sketched; but after all the book only gave one side of the picture, and the other side was wanted. In the volume before us we have the admirable offset to the former. Here we have a most graphic picture of the gloomy side, or life in a country parson's house, all that he is to be, to do, and to suffer, are sketched to the very life. The work is obtaining a very deserved and most extensive circulation in the old country. Nor are we aware that any work on this subject has ever gone forth from the American press, so deserving of univer-

sal circulation. The book ought to be read in every parish of this country that people may see the Truth, and be ashamed of it, and it ought to be read in every manse in the mother country that the beauties of the ministerial life in America may be correctly understood in the Imperial dominions.

Similitudes from the Ocean and Prairie, by Lucy Lacram, Boston ; John P. Jewett & Co., 1853. *T. Maclear.*

This is one of the most engaging little things we have ever read. In travelling from Boston to Springfield, at four hours run, we managed to run through the subjects chosen as the basis of moral reflection and found in the vast amplitude of creation. The sketches are admirably drawn—the powers of description which this little book discovers are worthy the genius of a Byron, and might be most profitably brought to bear on subjects involving a more elaborate treatise. The use and application of these metaphors, as illustrating great moral principles and leading the mind to serions reflection, shews the tone of the author's own mind and renders the book at once pleasing and profitable.

"*Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci.*"

Memoir of the Life and Labours of the Rev. Adomiram Judson, D.D., by Frances Weyland, President of the Brown University—*2 volumes. Boston ; Phillips, Sampson, & Co.*, 1853.

There is no species of Christian Literature so well calculated to promote the good of the masses, as the biography of the pious and the good. Nor is there any argument in the whole compass of Christian evidence so convincing as the argument derived from the experience, and the life and the labours of the man who from the pure love of the truth devotes his entire time and talent to its propagation. There are few even in the humbler ranks of a Christian life whose experience would be unworthy of publicity, for the benefit of others, but such men as Dr. Judson are set forth by Providence as great models for our imitation. In them the work of grace has been very signal, and we ought to copy their excellencies and seek for their spirit. This eminent and honored divine was a missionary in Burmah and after many faithful services rendered to the cause of Christianity, amid privation, imprisonment, and peril, died in peace. His life is pourtrayed in these pages with a master hand, and "He being dead yet speaketh."

(Mrs. Grundy interrupting the Doctor.)

Mrs. Grundy.—Stop, my good Sir, I forgot to give you the last fashion for wearing the hair; here it is:—

Frederick.—"Good gracious, Angelica, you don't mean to go out with your hair in that style?"

Angelica.—"Indeed, Sir, I do. It's extremely classical, and taken from the 'Ionic.'"